

All the horses in England that are able to work are worth to their owners at least their keep, and if able-bodied men, with heads on their shoulders, who are willing to work, are not worth *their* keep to their owners—i.e., the nation—then their owners are in a bad way.

General Booth will organize a Waste Not, Want Not Brigade, whose duty it should be to collect from house-to-house broken victuals, old clothes, old newspapers, and such like exuviae. From the waste food and waste clothing of the population, collected by two thousand workers, General Booth maintains that he will be able to feed and clothe and house a vast army. Old umbrellas, old shoes, sardine cans, old bottles, rags and bones, meat tins, and the like, are no longer to be thrown into the dust-bin, but the waste of London is to be utilized for the food of the million.

Then the workers are to be sent to till the land. General Booth, unlike Don Quixote, can distinguish windmills from armies, and, therefore, does not expect large crops from Salisbury Plain, nor from the slopes of Snowdon. But he believes that he might secure an estate of some thousand acres in Kent or Essex, which could be used as a training-ground for emigrants, as well as a great market-garden for the supply of the rations with which he undertakes to provide for the out-of-works of the city.

In addition to market-gardens there is to be a Farm Colony, for sorting and utilizing the refuse of the city, which the Waste Not, Want Not Brigade have collected. Barges are to take the refuse to the farm. Broken victuals are to be steamed and dressed for human food. Other crusts are to be used as diet for horses. The poultry will eat up what the horses cannot consume, and what the poultry despise is to go to the pig as the residuary legatee. The Army piggery will be the largest in the land. Bacon factories, brush works, saddlery of all kinds will be created and run by the Army. The old bones will create button works; the grease and fat will give material for soap works; and the waste paper and rags will enable the Army to manufacture its own paper.

The third and final stage of this great remedial scheme is the establishment of a colony in the Britain over sea. A Salvation Ship would take men and women who had passed their probation on the Farm Colony to South Africa, where they would be taken in hand by officers, and set to work under favourable conditions. These emigrants would be charged with the cost of their passage, and thus, after the first initial expense, the money might be used again and again without any serious shrinkage of the capital.

The slums are to be regenerated by a Sisterhood, who will introduce the gospel of soap-suds and of the scrubbing-brush into the most dirty and verminous regions of our rookeries. The prison gates are to be visited by workers, who will endeavour to restore the criminal class to the ranks of the virtuous and self-supporting. Cheap inebriate asylums are to be opened for the cure of drunkenness, and Rescue Homes are to be multiplied for fallen women. There is to be a Poor Man's Bank, and a Poor Man's Lawyer, an Inquiry Office for Lost People, and Industrial School Refuges for street children. We are almost afraid to add that there *may be* in addition to all these a Matrimonial Bureau, for the idea may excite the ridicule of the injudicious. But if General Booth could lessen the number of premature marriages and ill-assorted alliances, he would render a great service to the community.