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By THE EDITOR.

JAMES LEATHAM



BY NEAR MAC DONALD, I greet with gladness
this *February* which you say we
must "get back on to our Socialism." In
the end, it alone matters."

Taken in conjunction with recent events
and pronouncements, is this the preliminary
and informal announcement of a change of
policy which will really follow us from an old
friend and a propagandist of over forty years.

Political Writings

The Past.

The Government of which you were the head denationalised the town and works of Gretna, getting very poor prices for what was a sacrifice both of principle and of property. Your Government increased the expenditure on aircraft, and built unnecessary cruisers in fulfilment of the Admiralty's programme. The English sailor who broke the sea-power of Spain and of France did it with the odds always against them; but the British admirals of to-day appear to feel uneasy if they do not outnumber the enemy in ships, guns, and men alike.

Your Government that was the policy
Your Government
was a promise sol

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e the railways, although
as far back as 1918.
he mines, though there
half of the Coalition

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OMNIBUS NEW GATEWAY VOLUME 1:
2016
POLITICAL WRITINGS

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An Eight Hours Day.

How to Get it and How to Keep it.

First published by James Leatham in
1890

PREFACE.

THE following essay forms an attempt to recommend the adoption of an eight hours day by showing the necessity for it and the advantages of it, and by meeting the main objections urged against its adoption. The matter contained in these

pages appeared originally in the columns of the *People's Journal* about a year ago, and was subsequently reprinted in the now defunct Labour Elector. Having been amplified, and the most note worthy recent objections met, it is now published in collected form in the hope that it may serve to assist politicians and social reformers in making up their minds that the statutory limitation of the hours of labour is not only needful, but possible and desirable.

Those who read to the close will see that I regard the Eight Hours Day more as a means to an end than as anything like a permanently satisfactory adjustment of economic relationships. While as a Socialist I hold that this world will never be a

tolerable place for the mass of mankind to live in so long as they allow the landlord and capitalist to monopolise the means of production, yet the Conservative forces in society are so strong the working class is itself so strong a Conservative force-that the shortening of the working day seems the most beneficial instalment of social progress at all possible of more or less immediate realisation. Some of our friends tell us that in advocating State interference with the hours of labour we are "off the scent." The Land Nationalizer says you must destroy private property in the soil; the Co-operator says working men must become their own capitalists; the uncompromising Socialist contends that no

good can come out of the Individualistic System-that the only way to amend it is to end it. This is all so true that it seems a pity they should speak to a public which has neither the knowledge and penetration to see that they are right, nor the courage, confidence and public-spiritedness to follow their advice. While the unemployed clamour for work and food and the employed for more rest and better pay, it seems like trying to fill their bellies with the east wind to tell them they must nationalise land or communise capital. It is indeed high time that we had made up our minds what good thing it is we want first.

The shortening of the working day is important (1) Because it will find work

for the unemployed, with all the added comfort and happiness which that involves;

(2) Because it will give the masses more leisure to read and think, and, by abating the tendency which their labour has to absorb their energy, both mental and physical, it will leave them the mental alertness necessary to an understanding of their position, and the courage, hope, and initiative - largely a matter of health-to set about improving it.

From a Socialist point of view the short-hours movement is specially important because of the effect which it would exercise on profits in all industries subject to foreign competition. Inasmuch as to pay the same rates of wages for the

shorter hours would trench on the already vanishing margin, it would tend to hasten the end of the system of production for profit. Were the whole industrial world to simultaneously introduce the eight hours system, the capitalist could simply raise his prices, and Capital and Labour would still stand on the same relative footing. But although some continental countries are anxious for the shortening of the working day, it would be too much to expect that the whole world will introduce the eight hours system within measurable distance; and with even one or two countries working long hours at low wages the British, French, and German bourgeoisie will not be able to command the higher

prices which would be necessary to recoup them for the increase in cost of production. The consequence will be that trade will go more and more to the countries where the cheapest goods can be produced, until the bourgeoisie, working for low profits, and occasionally for none at all, will get as tired of the individualistic system of production and distribution as the workers are already; and they will make haste to clear out in favour of the community in its organised capacity. What will happen then is too long a story to tell here: I reserve it for another early occasion.

I ought to say, however, that the Eight Hours Day, as a positive amelioration of the lot of the worker, and quite apart from

any ulterior effects which it would have, is a benefit to assist in obtaining which is worthy of the best powers ever devoted to the service of mankind. It is sometimes contended that to give the worker shorter hours or better wages is to make him contented. I contend, on the other hand, that the periods of prosperity are the periods of progress. "The outlook then takes the form of hope": and hope is a better working stimulus than despair. A down trodden people are a spiritless people, a more prosperous people are comparatively high-spirited, and are jealous of their rights and aggressive for still greater benefits than they have ever before enjoyed. The more we get the more

we want.

J. L.

AN EIGHT HOURS DAY

The Necessity of it.

HEREIN lies the utility of mechanical inventions, of the improvements in machines already invented, and of the increase in productive power brought about by the subdivision of labour? Production has been enormously increased during the last half-century; but are our wages so

very much higher, our hours so very much shorter, or our work so very much lighter while we are at it than the work, the hours, and the wages of the last generation of workers? We were told that the sewing-machine would very much lighten the toil of the over-worked seamstress; but were we to consult the sweater machinist, who lives in a slum, and on several days of the week works eighteen hours on a stretch, I am afraid he would not dilate with much exuberance on the blessings of machinery as applied to the making of slop pants; nor would the woman who makes a dozen shirts for 10d. be more lavish in her admiration.

In Professor Leone Levi's "*Work and Pay*" we read "Seventy years ago, with the old-fashioned handloom, one weaver could produce six yards, narrow width, per day. With the steam power-loom today at Accrington a weaver attending to four looms can produce 160 yards every day—that is, the amount of human labour is 1-27th now of what it was 70 years ago." Yet the handloom weaver had better wages, his work was more pleasant because less mechanical, his working day was very little longer than that of the power-loom weaver today, while the cloth he turned out was greatly superior in quality and not much dearer in price.

A similar acceleration in the rate of

production has, to a greater or less extent, been going on all round. In the various processes of agriculture, in the many departments of the iron industry, in shipbuilding and house-building, in the printing-office and the watch-factory—everywhere machinery lessens at least the necessity for labour.

Surely all this means that a very substantial reduction in the hours of labour is possible! Competition, machinery, and the greater subdivision of labour have given us cheap goods; the working day has been shortened; and amongst the aristocracy of labour wages have been increased. But few people pretend that wages yet bear a decent proportion to the

value of the product; and most humane and sensible men are favourable to a further shortening of the working day, if, say they, it could only be done. There does not, however, appear to be any very definite general desire for an eight hours day. That the employing class should oppose a reduction of the hours of labour is perfectly natural. But that the working class should be so indifferent to the condition of a million of their fellow-countrymen, workless and starving, as to evince their present apathy with respect to the most feasible proposal that has been mooted as a means of dealing with the unemployed, only shows how selfishly hard-hearted "the struggle for existence" tends to make

us: while, at the same time, the absence of any very general anxiety for additional leisure to themselves shows how little of enlightened self-interest the workers possess.

If you are in employment, and find your spare time hang heavily upon your hands; if you speak of "pastimes," and have no better use for your evenings than to spend them in dangling about the gallery of a theatre or the bar of a public-house; or if you yawn during holidays, and wish you were back at your work, then I do not wonder that you are careless as to whether we are to have an eight hours day or not. But among the working class there is a large and growing minority who want more

time for physical and mental recreation than our present industrial system allows. The main attraction which an eight hours day has for them is that it would add another hour or two to their own time on every working day. There are young men possessed with an ever-increasing desire to know more of the contents of the thousands of books that pour from the press every year. They want to read "the fairy tales of science"-to follow in their researches "the wise men seeking out marvels." They desire to enjoy the glowing fancies of "the poet's teeming head," to learn from the historian how society has come to be what it is, to gather from all the best sources some knowledge of what is

going on in the world around them both near and remote. They long for additional opportunities of getting to the baths and the gymnasium, the cricket field in the summer time, the football field in the winter. They are sorry to have to miss an hour of social intercourse when they are required to be at evening classes or the Literary Society. In all these directions do the tastes of a mentally and physically healthy youth lead him; but with things as they are he dare not hope to do even moderate justice to them. And are there not many fathers who want to be able to spend more time at their own fireside without neglecting their social duties at the Oddfellows' Lodge, the political meeting,

the church or the School Board, in the Trades Union, and where not? They would like to be able to take "the bairns" to the seaside oftener on Saturday afternoons; but they are always so tired by the end of the week! And it would be so fine to wheel baby out into the country in the perambulator, and see the older ones scamper along the breezy highway, up on the green banks by the wayside, or in and out among the trees in some wood or belting where they are not menaced by the notice-"Trespassers will be prosecuted!" Such a father remembers an occasional holiday when he was able to take his entire household for an outing, and with what appetites they all came back to tea; and

as he looks up from his writing or reading into the wan, patient face of the overworked house mother, and recalls how the colour mounted in her cheeks that day, he sighs- "Oh, I wish I had more time!" I know of few complaints more commonly uttered than this cry of want of time; and, although it may now and again be the mere subterfuge of a lazy person, there is a very real reason for it as a rule.

The toilers have a right to enjoy all these social pleasures and opportunities. And considerations of health require that the working day should be shortened. Medical men tell us (as has been pointed out before now) that eight hours' work take as much out of a man's system as he can

return to it by eight hours' sleep and eight hours' recreation. If this be true -and there is no good reason to doubt it- then it follows that those who are compelled to work nine, ten, and twelve hours a-day must be wearing themselves out at a rapid rate. That such a devitalising process is going is made evident by the results of medical investigation as embodied in statistics. If we consult such a life-table as most actuaries keep on their book-shelves we shall find the average duration of life of the workers to be only 29 years, whilst that of the leisured classes reaches 56 years. This simply means that the worker is killed out 27 years before his time. The degenerative effects of our industrial

system are rendered manifest by a comparison between the physique of the factory-worker and that of the field-worker; though the latter is overworked too. The workers in towns are never healthy in the third generation if the parents on both sides have been town-born and town-bred; and we can only wonder what would become of the stature and stamina of the urban working class were it not recuperated by a constant stream of immigrants from the country, bringing with them fresh bone and blood.

In the meantime we live to work, whereas, more properly, we ought to work to live. As a matter of fact the worker does not live: he merely vegetates. His existence

is a dull round of up in the morning, and down at night: and if he were to start a diary, with the intention of recording in it the incidents of each passing day, he would find it such a dull, monotonous, uneventful affair, that he would in a short time throw it up in disgust. The lives of birds and beasts unless they have been domesticated, constitute one long holiday; the lives of the great mass of mankind are one long term of penal servitude, with hard labour, and the fare too often little better than bread and water.

That the progress of civilization has been largely one-sided in its ameliorative influence on the conditions of life is rendered glaringly apparent to us when

we learn that, in regard to the main elements of happiness and wellbeing, our forefathers were better situated 400 years ago than we are today. In the works of reliable historians we read that in the fifteenth century the labourers only worked a normal day of Eight Hours! Their work, moreover, was, as we know, more pleasant than our work is today. The creative, artistic faculty of the craftsman entered more largely into it; more labour was expended upon it; better materials were embodied in it. In short, the product was made to use and enjoy rather than to sell : quality was more of a desideratum than cheapness. In spite of occasional periods of warfare and

turmoil, the social atmosphere of medieval life was, on the whole, more leisurely, more rational, and less feverish than that of today.

Finally, there is abundant evidence that the remuneration was such as to justify Thorold Rogers in characterising this period as the Golden Age of Labour.

The time will come when the worker will laugh at the timidity which made him hesitate to believe an eight hours day possible, and to demand it from the employing class. If the vast amount of waste labour that goes on in every industrial community were put an end to, and if everyone did his fair share of the

world's work, not eight, nor six, but three or four hours' work a-day would be adequate to supply all of us with more of the comforts and refinements of life than we enjoy at present.

The Objections to It.

Probably the best method of recommending an eight hours day as a practical instalment of reform is to meet the arguments that have been advanced against it. In the absence of a more definite statement of the case against the Governmental enforcement of an eight hours day, the following may be given as

the categorical objections:-(1) That it is impossible from an industrial and commercial point of view-that is, the business of the country could not be conveniently transacted under the eight hours system; (2) That it is economically impossible -that is, the employing class cannot afford to pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work; (3) That if the workers want it they can get it for themselves - that is, by refusing to work more than eight hours a-day.

That it is impossible from an industrial and commercial point of view has never been shown. Those who urge this objection have in view the difficulty of managing distributive businesses from

shops and warehouses, of running trains, and of working concerns such as paper, gas, and chemical works, the Post Office and newspaper offices where the labour is more or less continuous, and requires shifts or relays of workers to do it.

In the case of shops there certainly is a disadvantage attending the limitation of the hours. Early closing always carries with it certain inconveniences to the public; though to the shopkeepers and their assistants it is a clear gain. In this, as in many another case, we must choose the lesser of two evils. If the eight hours day becomes law it will simply mean that people will have to do their shopping early in the day; and, as the factories

and workshops would close earlier, it would be possible for them to do that. Under the eight hours system operatives would begin work some hours before the shops were open, and the shops would remain open a corresponding length of time after the works had closed. The chief reason why certain classes of shops are kept open so late in the meantime is, not because it furthers public convenience, but because one grasping dealer, by keeping open late, forces all the dealers in his neighbourhood into doing the same, so that they may not lose custom. However, an Eight Hours Bill need not necessarily enforce the closing of shops. Let the

owner of the establishment stay in it as long as he pleases; only make it illegal for him to detain his assistants longer than eight hours per day in his service. To ensure strict observance of the Law, an increase of inspectors would doubtless be necessary ; but in such a matter public opinion would form a tolerably effective deterrent to breaches of the law. If a tradesman be asked whether he could manage all his sales during eight hours of the day, as a rule he will tell you that he could do so in half the time. As things are, shopkeepers and their assistants spend a large proportion of their time in mere waiting for custom, shifting about of the goods, gossiping with customers, and

watching the people on the other side of the way. So far as shops are concerned the proposed limitation of the hours seems readily applicable. In the case of druggists' shops and public-houses the attendants would simply have to work in relays. This means that two persons would have to be employed where one serves at present, which would in turn necessitate an increase in the expense of management; but both druggists and publicans are credited with being able to afford that. Now, as to the railways. Of course trains are run during more than eight hours out of the twenty-four. But they could be run throughout the whole twenty-four, and yet the railway servants need not work more

than eight hours a-piece per day. Indeed, the signalmen at very busy parts of a line do not work more than eight hours as it is. By working in "shifts" the carrying business of the country could be as efficiently managed as it is at present. Nay, by shortening the hours of labour it could be conducted more efficiently than it is at present; for it has been found that not a few of the terrible railway disasters which occur from time to time have happened through fatigue and want of alertness on the part of the overworked signalmen and pointsmen. The hours worked by railway servants vary; but it is stated on good authority that on English railways it is not uncommon for a man to

hand in a time-bill for the week of 112 hours, which, divided by seven, gives 16 hours a day! This, of course, includes overtime; but it is said that overtime is systematically worked. In answering a question as to whether he was prepared to support a measure enforcing an eight hours day on railways, Mr. John Morley has stated that such a regulation could not be put into operation all over, as there were many stationmasters at small country stations who had only to work for a few minutes now and again throughout the day. Well, whether these officials are constantly employed or not, if they are "on the spot" they deserve all the remuneration they get at present for eight hours' work.

But in any case these sinecurists form the rare exceptions to a rule; and the Legislature can frame exceptional regulations to deal with exceptional cases. Another difficulty was raised by a writer in the *Newcastle Chronicle*. He argued that the proposed limitation of the hours was not applicable to railways, because a certain driver would have to do a twelve hours' journey regularly. Well, let him drive today, take a holiday tomorrow, and go on duty the next day again. Thus he could in each week put in four days' work of twelve hours each, which would be equal to six days' work of eight hours a-day. Such an arrangement would afford employment for three drivers where two now suffice to

do the work, and would give more leisure to all three. It is for such purposes that an eight hours day is advocated. Or better still, dispense with twelve-hour journeys. There is a limit to the length of a journey as it is: why not reduce that limit - making the longest journey one of eight hours? Eight hours a day among engine-smoke and water, in all weathers, for weeks, months, years on end, seems enough to satisfy the veriest glutton for driving work.

As to paper works and chemical works, let them have three shifts instead of two. The labour in chemical works especially is notoriously unhealthy; and, as exceptionally good profits are made in this industry, the employers can afford to pay

the same rate of wages as at present for a very much shorter day and to a greater number of men.

But other objections still remain to be considered.

Mr. Bradlaugh (and Mr. Bryce after him) has urged that the enforcement of an eight hours day would simply lead to the work being taken home. Admitting that there is some little force in this plea, it is worthwhile pointing out what is too generally overlooked by objectors-that the motive to work overtime would be greatly lessened under the eight hours system.

Men may frequently work overtime from cupidity or from mere carelessness as to how they employ their time; but the chief motive, the *raison d'etre* of overtime will be found to be low pay. The causes of low pay, in turn, are an overstocked labour market and the want of combination among the workers. This latter source of helplessness, however, is steadily being overcome; and if the working day were shortened and the unemployed absorbed, the workers would be enabled to determine many things that they cannot touch so long as there are plenty of idle hands to take their place should they demur to the terms on which they are employed. They would, among other matters, be able to

secure better pay, and, with better pay, the necessity for working at home in their own time would either disappear altogether or else be very much minimised. Be that as it may, in the great majority of industries to take home the work would be impossible, even if the operatives were willing to do it. Industrial pressure would have to become severe indeed before we should find the mason, blacksmith, rivetter, boilermaker, printer, &c., &c., doing a part of their day's work in the kitchen or the coal-cellar.

Another objection is that the eight hours limitation could not be generally applied because in some industries-tailoring, for example-there is a dull season and a busy season, when it is sometimes

necessary that the work should be carried on "night and day." This seems somewhat of a difficulty so far as the tailors are concerned; but it would be rather a hardship if, because the tailors found it difficult to limit the working day to eight hours all the year round, other workers should be forced to work nine or ten hours a-day all the year round. This is an aspect of the eight hours question which will perhaps be made the subject of special legislative provision; although there is no strict necessity why it should be so. If an Eight Hours Act were extended so as to include tailors' workshops, it would simply have the effect of spreading the work over a greater length of time; and that, surely,

is not in itself an undesirable thing. If we are asked whether the comfort and convenience of the tailor should be conserved, or Tom, Dick, and Hany should be able to get their summer suits whenever they choose to order them, few sober-minded persons will hesitate as to their answer. Here, indeed, the work might readily be taken home -if the workmen were sufficiently foolish or selfish to do it; but it is to be hoped that the tailors themselves, either through their Unions or as individuals, would have something to say on that matter. In any case, there is no good reason why other trades should be denied a reduction in their hours of labour because the tailors cannot get it. If they

wish to be exempted from the provisions of an Eight Hours Act, that, of course, can be managed without much difficulty; though any such exemption would be a thing to be regretted.

I come now to deal with the most important objection that has been advanced against the shortening of the hours. As stated before, it is (2) That an eight hours day is economically impossible - that is, the employing class cannot afford to pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work.

Those who advocate a reduction of the hours of labour have for the most part contented themselves with showing that it

was possible to adopt an eight hours day in Government and municipal employments and on the railways, whilst leaving the present rates of wages untouched.

Although I propose to carry the discussion of this subject a good deal further than that, I will follow their example by dealing, in the first place at least, with the economic applicability of an eight hours day to Government and municipal works and the railways. Where the State is the direct employer of labour, as in the case of the Arsenal and Dockyards, and where the municipality is the direct employer, as in gasworks, water-works, and the various departments of police service, the limitation of the hours could be introduced

without much trouble. But even where the State and municipalities are only the indirect employers of labour they can exercise a powerful influence on the conditions under which their work is performed. For example, they might, in giving out work to contractors, stipulate that the working day of the employees shall not exceed eight hours -the wages remaining as at present. Stipulations similar in principle to this have been inserted in the specialisation schedules issued by the London School Board; and there is no good reason why the same policy should not be adopted by all public bodies. Were this done it would obviously improve the position of a very considerable

section of the working class; and, even if nothing more could be gained, this alone would be worth striving for. The community does not want anybody in its service to be either overworked or underpaid.

So far the reduction in the hours of labour could be instituted without Act of Parliament and without reduction in wages. But henceforth we have to deal with cases where an Act of Parliament and something more would be necessary in order to secure for the workers the present rate of wages for a normal working day of eight hours.

Let us begin with the railways-these

being the most extensive private monopolies in the kingdom. Can the Railway Companies afford to pay the present rate of wages for eight hours' work a-day from each employee? I unhesitatingly say they can. These Companies have had it all their own way in Britain since they started; and yet when we speak of improving the position of the railway servants we are told that the profits of railway companies will not stand an increase in wages, as they do not average more than 4 per cent. -no indication being given of what this very moderate-looking percentage actually means in the shape of gross profit. It is only by analysing an occasional balance-

sheet that one realises "the meaning of railway dividends," and the extent to which railway labour is fleeced. Here are a few figures from balance-sheets of companies which are reputed to work their lines with a fair degree of liberality.

In the official return of the receipts and expenditure of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway for the half-year ending June, 1888, we find that, whilst the income was £993,656 8s. 3d., the expenditure was only £491,935 15s. 11d., leaving a balance to the share and debenture holders of £501,720 12s. 4d. This means that the profit on the expenditure for the half-year was 102 per cent. That the half-year was not an

exceptional one, and that this line is not an exceptionally profitable one, are amply shown by a comparison with the reports of other companies. The average profits on the North Eastern, the Midland, and the Sheffield, Lincolnshire, and District Railways are similar to those of the first-mentioned railway. As we saw, the directors of this Company paid to the share and debenture holders £501,720 12s. 4d., whereas I find by adding the various items of wages together that the entire working staff got only £227,000 as their share of the wealth they had created. Now, I do not know the amount of capital that may be invested in this concern, and therefore cannot say what dividend may be

represented by £501,720 12s. 4d; but without reference to what the profit may mean in the shape of dividend, it is important to note the gross disparity between the return to labour and that to capital, If the meaning of these figures is fairly grasped, we may now pass on to the consideration of the alleged 4 per cent. dividend, how it arises, and what can be done with it.

The amount of capital invested in the railways of the United Kingdom is roundly stated at £800,000,000. The dividends annually paid on that sum amount to £33,000,000. This, indeed, gives a return of only 4 per cent. on the money invested. But no authority on railway statistics will

contend that the actual capital sunk reaches anything like £800,000,000. Waring, Fleming, Keddel, Macdonell all agree in saying that the value put on railroad systems is largely fictitious; though to indicate all the methods by which this fictitious value is run up would require more space than is at my disposal. Difficult as it is to determine the capital sunk and the dividends actually paid, the foregoing figures, showing how the incomes of Railway companies are divided, are sufficient to show that Edward Carpenter (himself a railway shareholder) is justified in saying that each railway servant carries a share or debenture holder on his back.

Taking the case on its last and lowest

ground, and accepting the statement that 4 ½ per cent. represents the average dividend, I contend that even off that percentage of profit the Companies can afford to pay the present rate of wages for eight hours' work a day from each of their employees. This is how the matter stands:-- There are something like 350,000 railway employees all told, and these are said to work an average day of twelve hours. To work the railways on the eight hours plan would thus require one-third more "hands." By reducing the dividends somewhat less than 1 per cent. as much would be gained as would suffice to pay the present rate of wages on the average 9s. 3d. -to the necessary number of extra hands, which

would be about 116,000. Are the workers (on the railways or elsewhere) to be killed outright by overwork half a lifetime before the age at which the leisured class die so that $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. may be saved to their masters? It will be for the workers themselves to say.

It is clear that public bodies and the railway companies can afford to pay the present rate of wages for an eight hours day. But that is not enough. We must carry our inquiry further, and endeavour to ascertain whether or not capitalists generally are able to do so. We are not likely to evoke general enthusiasm on behalf of this "measure" unless it can be shown to be capable of general application;

although it must be confessed that general enthusiasm has been evoked by "measures" of much less importance than even this limited application of the eight hours day.

In attempting to show that the employing class can afford to pay nine or ten hours' wages for eight hours' work, I feel that I am in deep and troubled waters, and I can excuse the advocates of an eight hours day for having invariably steered clear of this aspect of the question. For those employers who at present work their employees nine hours a day to pay the present rate of wages for eight hours' work would mean an increase of wages to the extent of 12 ½ per cent., and, in the case of those who work their employees ten

hours a day, an increase of 25 per cent,. Such an advance would at any time have meant a good deal, but at the present juncture it means a very great deal indeed.

Everywhere we find that profits are on the down grade; now and again we hear of concerns being run at a loss; here and there factories are being shut down; sometimes the trade of a town is virtually paralysed—closed shops and vacant tenement's meeting the eye on every hand; whilst rings, corners, syndicates, trusts arise one after another as spasmodic efforts to stem the downward tendency of profits. It seems tolerably clear that all capitalists cannot afford to pay the necessary increase. Yet the burden of labour is so

grievous to bear, the woes and wants of the unemployed are so crying, and the existence in our midst of these social outlaws threatens to become so dangerous to society, that whatever may be the difficulties attending a general application of the proposed temporary remedy, it is in the last degree imperative that we should ascertain what can be done.

One phenomenon which accompanies the downward movement of profits is the tendency for labour to get more and more socialised. Production and distribution are conducted on an ever-increasing scale. The manufacturer best able to stand his ground is the one who has a large capital invested, who runs

many machines, and those powerful and efficient, who subdivides minutely the labour in his factory, and who, by virtue of his large overturn, can afford to sell on a comparatively low percentage of profit. Much of this holds good of the merchant - the mere distributor of products - as well as of the manufacturer. The manufacturer and the shopkeeper in a small way find that they have to maintain an increasingly unequal contest with their big rivals. In trade, as in everything else, success is to the strong. It may be noted in passing that this aggregation of labour is paving the way for the community in its organised capacity to take over these big monopolies, and, its trustees, for the whole

people, become itself the sole monopolist. In the meantime, however, a knowledge of the small percentage of profit gained under this consolidated system of trade acts as a deterrent to the worker when he feels disposed to strike for better terms with his employer. It frequently affords the latter an excuse for refusing to grant an increase in wages when it could be done, and it stays the denunciation of the labour agitator, who feels that he cannot make much of a "case" out of the capitalist whose dividends do not exceed 6 per cent. All are liable to forget that 6 per cent. may mean a larger gross profit in one instance than 20 per cent. means in another instance where the

amount of capital and the yearly overturn are not so great. I have dealt at some length with this phase of the labour problem, because it is of paramount importance in any consideration of the ability of capitalists to pay higher wages.

It is well nigh impossible to ascertain what profits are being made in particular industries. We occasionally fall in with the balance-sheet of a manufacturing company, and at least learn how some concerns are paying. But every concern does not pay alike; and we have to consider whether the particular business whose profits we have ascertained may be taken as constituting an average, and if not, how much above or below the average those profits may be. In

short, we have to guess at the relation which those particular profits bear to profits in general within the same industry. Let me analyse one of these representative cases. Some eighteen months ago a strike at an Aberdeen cotton mill was occupying public attention. The directors represented that they carried on their business at a disadvantage, being so far from the markets and the coalfields that the cost of transportation of raw material and manufactured goods handicapped them in competing with Lancashire firms in the cotton trade. In spite of these disabilities their profits for the half-year immediately preceding the strike were over 11 per cent., and since

1880 have never been less than 7 ½ per cent., although, by a "writing off " device, the dividend has been made to appear as if it did not exceed 3 ½ per cent. year by year.*

**A correspondent of The Labour Tribune supplies the following list of manufacturing companies, with their dividends, fully justifying the conclusions here arrived at:*

Crawford Co. Rochdale - 10 per cent. Star Co, Royton - 10 per cent

Arkwright Co, Rochdale 15 per cent Shaw Co, Royton -8 ½ per cent

Thorham co, Royton 10 ½ per

cent United Co, Oldham 10 per cent

Central Mill, Oldham 10 per

cent Gladstone Co, Failsworth 16

per cent

These figures were communicated to me by two members of the local Trades Council, who took part in the negotiations connected with the dispute. My informants further ascertained by an analysis of the profits made and wages paid that in order to pay the 5 per cent. increase in wages demanded by the strikers a deduction from the profits of the then last half-year of only 1 per cent. would have been required.

Now, here is a factory running at a disadvantage in an industry subject to keen home and foreign competition; yet we find that they can net a profit of 11 per cent., and that 1 per cent. of these profits would mean 5 per cent. of wages. If 1 per cent. profit is equal to 5 per cent. wages, it follows that 5 per cent. profit is equal to 25 per cent. wages.

The foregoing may be taken as a typical case, showing the profits made in the staple industries of the country, and affording likewise an example of the relation which wages bear to profits. If we take it as a representative case, and institute a comparison between it and other concerns, we must make allowances

that are favourable to our view (that the average capitalist can afford to pay the present rate of wages for eight hours' work), as the capitalists here appear to stand on an unfavourable competitive footing. Textile industries and the iron trade are perhaps harder pressed by external competitive forces than any other department of production, and to take a cotton factory as a specimen case is to adopt a particularly safe average. I need only remind you that a) little way back we found $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the railway dividend to be equal to as much as 50 per cent. of wages according to the present rates paid to railway servants.

Our analysis of these figures, then,

shows that the employing class can afford to pay 25 per cent more wages, and still have something left. But even if less were left for employers than is the case here the increase should still be demanded. One of the main advantages of an eight hours day is that, with the retention of the present rates of wages, it would have the effect of forcing profits down to the lowest point. The friends of labour are too prone to forget that "The wit of man can devise no scheme by which the poor can become less poor without the rich becoming less rich," with the unemployed labour once absorbed, Capital will for a time be as much at the mercy of Labour as Labour has hitherto been at the mercy of Capital.

Those few capitalists who are not able to maintain the present rates of wages under the short hours system must simply go to the wall in the interests of the general good. Even with the existing labour day there are those who are unable to pay the current rates of wages and at the same time keep their heads long above water. There have always been bankrupts, and the reduction of the hours may make rather more than ever. The greatest good of the greatest number cannot always be secured without sacrifice and suffering somewhere. It may seem remorseless to plan disaster to the capitalist in this cold-blooded way; but, in engaging in his enterprise, the capitalist

knew, or ought to have known, that he ran certain risks; and he must now be prepared to accept the fortune of war. This prospective immolation of capital on the altar of progress is neither so cruel nor so devastating as the cruelty and the devastation that are carried into the camp of Labour every day by the introduction of a new labour-starving machine. It is the turn of capital to suffer now. But it may be said that I am forgetting the bearing of foreign competition on all this. Well, it is not strictly necessary that we should consider this factor in trade, as it has been shown that in spite of foreign competition the average British capitalist is at present able to pay

higher wages. However, I am willing to admit that there is great likelihood of an increase of foreign competition in coming years, and that as a consequence further encroachments will be made on the profits of British manufacturers. But there is good reason to believe that Continental peoples are as anxious to reduce the working day as we are. In Germany, from the throne downwards, the question is being actively discussed by politicians; the Swiss Government has made overtures to the other Powers with a view to some international regulation of labour being agreed upon; and the French Chamber of Deputies some time ago passed a Bill enacting a ten hours day,

with a weekly holiday-thus making a greater reduction on the hours than we propose to make here, as the French have hitherto worked twelve hours a day on six days of the week.

The causes which create an unemployed class in Britain have similar effects abroad; though Continental Governments have a more humane method of dealing with their unemployed. When in France or Germany it is found that a number of men are out of employment a draft is made upon the public funds, and a grant is given to certain capitalists to be applied to increased production on condition that they will provide work for the idle hands, and that they will send the

goods manufactured in this way out of the country. This is what is known as the bounty system, which is telling so severely on some of our own industries -foreign capitalists so subsidised being able to greatly undersell British manufacturers. It is reasonable to suppose that Continental politicians should be desirous of seeing the working day shortened, as a reduction of the hours would relieve them of the necessity of appropriating public funds for the carrying on of this bounty system.

It will thus be seen that the chief obstacle to the introduction of an eight hours day is neither an industrial nor an economic obstacle, but an intellectual one; that the main difficulty which advocates of

this scheme of adjustment have to surmount is the difficulty of getting people to believe it possible and desirable of realisation.

I have endeavoured to answer the first and second categorical objections to the enforcement by Government of an eight hours day: with the third and last and least important objection I shall now deal. Re-stated it is: That if the workers want it they can get it for themselves -that is, by refusing to work more than eight hours a day.

It is worth noting that this statement, with the objection to State interference which it embodies, has been advanced, not

so much by Trades Unionists themselves, as by middle-class members of Parliament. Thirty years ago the capitalist class denounced Trades Unions because of their alleged tendency to sap the manly independence which had formerly characterised the British workman; and when today we find the same class extolling these combinations as the self-helpful perfection of this manly independence, we cannot help viewing with suspicion the change of front on the part of these gentlemen. This much may be depended on with certainty: that the capitalist class is not likely to manifest any great anxiety to acquaint the workers with the best method of improving their position

at the expense of capitalism. Surely the wolf is the last creature we should expect to supply the sheep with good counsel as to the best manner of avoiding his clutches.

Through the influence which they have brought to bear on Parliament the Trade Unions have been able to accomplish much that would have been impossible of attainment by their ordinary tactics of strikes, intimidation, picketting, rattening, and so on. But it will be observed that the proposition we have to consider is one which asserts that they are capable of securing an eight hours day without legislative assistance.

Well, can the Trades Societies, by

means of strikes, secure an eight hours day along with the present rates of wages? There is every reason to believe that they cannot. We find that in an increasing degree strikes are unsuccessful. There are always large bodies of unemployed workers so pressed by poverty that they are ready to step into the places vacated by the strikers. If these are not to be found near at hand, they can be, and frequently are, imported from a distance; though in most cases it is not necessary for the employer to put himself to that trouble, as he can afford to wait the short time requisite to starve his refractory hands into compliance with his terms. Many of our largest manufacturers have factories abroad; and,

in the event of a strike occurring, the orders which cannot be completed at home can be sent there. Any concessions gained during the past fourteen or fifteen years have been gained because they did not think it worthwhile to make a determined stand, because there may have been a temporary inflation or "boom" in the particular industry where the successful strike occurred, or because in some way or another special circumstances favoured the strikers. The enthusiastic Trades Unionist who cannot see beyond his cult will say that Trades Unionism only fails because the workers do not more largely embrace its principles and practices, and he will comment with some little heat and a good

deal of pardonable contempt, on the behaviour of the rats or scabs who refuse to join the union, and the many classes of unorganised workers who stand at the mercy of capitalism through their want of combination. I submit, however, that no matter how extensive and inclusive the combination may be, it is incapable of substantially improving the condition of its members without Government aid unless the circumstances are very exceptional.

The Trades Unions of Britain are more and more sinking into the position of mere benefit societies. The strongest of them cannot put a stop to overtime nor regulate the number of apprentices-two of the leading objects for which they exist.

Everywhere we find engineers working overtime more or less, and everywhere we find engineers in greater or less numbers helping to swell the army of unemployed; yet the Amalgamated Society of Engineers is the most powerful and inclusive trade combination in the kingdom. With the Scottish Typographical Association (also a strong and well-supported organisation) the apprentice question constitutes a standing difficulty, the rule fixing the proportion of apprentices to journeymen being in most branches of the Association more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The Executive has sent to the Aberdeen Branch (of which I am a member*) one admonitory remit after

another, urging upon the Branch the necessity of taking action to bring the proportion of apprentices into conformity with the rule. Committees have been formed to deal with the matter, on one of which I have sat. The Committees have deliberated, reported, and suggested compromises, which have been rejected; circulars have been sent to the employers, soliciting, and latterly demanding, their co-operation in limiting the number of apprentices; but nothing has yet been accomplished, nor is the outlook at all hopeful. During the last six years hundreds of pounds have been paid out of the funds in out-of-work benefit and removal grants; yet the numbers signing the call-

book as unemployed are this year substantially the same as ever. To make matters more desperate for the Unions, in the printing as in many other industries female labour is in some quarters largely employed.

**Since the above was written I have become an employer, and am thus ineligible for membership in the Union. I ought to add that some progress has been made with the apprentice question: the influx of boys to the trade has been at least considerably abated.*

What has been said of the Engineers' and Printers' Unions is in a greater or less degree true of all trade societies. In view of

such facts as these, is it not a little preposterous for Members of Parliament to tell the workers that if they want an eight hours day they can get it by striking for it?

But even if the Trades Unions could secure an eight hours day by means of strikes, no sincere friend of the workers would advise them to make the attempt if their end could be gained by other means. A strike is a pitched battle which, however it may end, entails loss and suffering on all parties in the strife.

Probably the comparative powerlessness of Trades Unions is largely the result of a want of solidarity among the workers; but I ask my Trades Unionist

friends: "Are you not likely to experience more difficulty in getting your fellows to combine and contribute towards your funds than in getting them to demand a fair day's work and a fair day's wage through the Legislature?".

And why should they be asked to abstain from seeking the aid of Parliament to better their position? Does Parliament belong only to the classes? Should it exist simply for the purpose of extending privileges to private companies of capitalistic exploiters? for turning out the discontented and impoverished tenants of the Clanricardes and Gladstones? or for providing policemen to baton the rebellious spirit out of the

workless proletarian? The workers are lectured about relying on the State as if the State were an outside agency which gave them charity. But in reality the working class is the State. As Frederic Harrison says, "The working class is the only class which is not a class. It is the nation. It represents, so to speak, the body as a whole, of which the other classes only represent special organs." In using the legislature to wring better terms from their masters, the workers will simply be using their own to get their own.

An eight hours day, then, would secure more leisure for those in employment, and employment for those who are idle. By providing the unemployed with work and

wages it would make them consumers and purchasers, demand would proportionally increase, and production would consequently be stimulated. It would enable all workers to command better wages, and, by lessening the returns to capital, it would hasten the culmination of the economic and social revolution even now in process. The easiest and speediest way of obtaining any such reform is the best.

How to keep it.

As has been pointed out already, the mere shortening of the working day would, by absorbing that element of weakness, the margin of surplus labour, secure to the

workers a large measure of control over the conditions on which they were to work. But It will doubtless occur to some that unless the advantage thus gained at the outset were steadily improved upon it could only be temporary in its duration. It must always be remembered that there is no finality in the reduction of the hours from ten to eight. With the further development of machinery, the increase of the working population, and the improvements and greater economies in methods of production, an unemployed class will again arise if the hours of labour be not reduced in conformity with the growth and progress in other respects;

and if the Individualistic System lasts long enough, it is not difficult to foresee that a necessity may arise for reducing the hours to seven a day. Although the labour market would be temporarily cleared by the statutory limitation of the hours of labour, yet, if it were to become again overstocked, the capitalist could reduce wages, and justify his action by saying he could not afford to pay more. There are many specious pretexts for lowering wages; the workers in a concern have, as things are, very imperfect opportunities of definitely ascertaining the state of their employers' profits ; and they will suffer much rather than come out on strike. But I am now to submit a scheme

by means of which, if adopted, the workers might readily ascertain what wages their employers were able to pay, and at the same time secure the maximum reward of their labour under the eight hours system, without having recourse to strikes.

At given centres of industry let Labour Bureaux be established for the collecting of trade statistics. Render it compulsory for every employer of labour to make returns to these Bureaux of the profits made and the wages paid by him during each half-year. Should any employer refuse to furnish such periodical statements, or should he be detected supplying false information, let a fine or other penalty be

imposed upon him, and grant powers to the Chief Labour Commissioner or his agents to demand inspection of the books of any concern at any reasonable time, so that assurance might be obtained that the statistics supplied to the Bureaux authorities represented the whole truth. Having in this way got your information, the next step would be to establish Labour Courts to work in concert with the Bureaux, fixing what the Chartists called a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, but what might more properly be described as the most that the employer could in the circumstances spare as wages. With properly organised Bureaux, with Labour Courts not wholly constituted of employers

of labour, and with full publicity given to the work done by both classes of organisations, the maximum reward of labour could in most cases be secured.

But much more might be accomplished by these institutions. If they performed their work efficiently they would of necessity so harass the employing class, and profits would be so much cut down, that the game of capitalist production would not be worth the candle. Already there are economic forces at work which are steadily minimising the returns to capital, and otherwise worsening the position of the capitalist; and it ought to be our aim to hasten, by whatever fair means we can devise, the end of production for

profit.

"What an intolerable interference with the liberty of the subject!" the unsympathetic capitalist will say. "What a cumbrous method of getting the earnings to the earner!" the uncompromising Socialist will justly exclaim. To the latter I regretfully reply, "You are right, comrade; but, you see, society will not have our simple, drastic, and abiding remedy-at least, not yet; and it must therefore take a remedy much more complicated in its workings and much less satisfactory in its results." To the capitalist impatient of interference with the liberty (to plunder) of the subject our reply simply is that all political action must be determined by the

consideration of what is best calculated to promote "the greatest good of the greatest number," and that it is a less hardship that one man should have small profits than that a number of workers should have low wages.

There are clear precedents for the establishment of both the institutions we propose. In the American Republic there is a Labour Bureau for each separate State, and these Bureaux have collected much valuable information relative to the position of labour-information all too much neglected by certain writers on the American Commonwealth. It may be mentioned parenthetically that great difficulty has been experienced in getting

employers to send in returns such as we have indicated - many having absolutely refused to give any information whatever. It is also interesting to learn that, with one solitary exception, the Commissioners in these Bureaux invariably see good reason to take the side of the workers in any trade dispute-one of them, Col. Wright, of the Massachusetts Bureau, being a well-known friend of the workers. The drawback to the efficiency of these institutions is that they have no powers. For the proposed Labour Tribunals we have an undoubted precedent in the Land Courts which have been set up in Ireland to fix fair rents for agricultural holdings, and which have already done such good service.

We may be sure that after the general enforcement of an eight hours law; employers will use more cunning devices than any yet employed to recoup themselves for the loss which ten hours' pay for an eight hours day will entail upon them; and, to prevent the possibility of an encroachment on wages, the Courts and the Bureaux will pretty surely be found necessary. Of course, I hasten to add that these are not necessary to the getting of an eight hours day; but, in accordance with the title of this pamphlet, I am also concerned to show the method of keeping an eight hours day *with ten hours' pay*.

A P P E N D I X.

It may seem to some that I have not laid sufficient stress on the increase in consumption and demand which would ensue from the finding of work and wages for the million of unemployed workers, many of them having dependents. It appears to be contended that this increase in home demand would serve as an offset to a considerable loss of foreign trade. Although I admit that to give purchasing power to a million families means an important increase in home consumption, it must be borne in mind that we supply many million families abroad with the goods manufactured in our staple industries, and that it would by no means

make up for the loss of our foreign markets to gain a million buyers at home. It will require something more revolutionary than an eight hours day to enable us to dispense with our foreign customers; though in the long-run we shall have to do so.

Socialization: Does It Come Before or After the Living Wage?

James Leatham

'THE GREATEST SOCIALIST ARGUMENT IN THE WORLD.'

I have had lying by me for some time a deadly, detailed, pedestrian analysis and denunciation of the new I.L.P. policy of Rationalization and the Living Wage as the combined substitute for Socialization.

'Socialism and the Living Wage' (Communist Party, London. 2s.) is by Mr. R. Palme Dutt, the editor of *The Labour Monthly*, and I take no pleasure in writing that it is a devastating expose of the new attitude of a large section of the Labour Movement in Britain. I am sorry that the position here revealed should be so true. Mr. Palme Dutt is, I understand, a notable chess player. The patience required for that game has carried him through these 238 pages of citation and argument to the conclusion that the I.L.P.'s Living Wage policy, and admiration for Fordism and High Wages, have taken the place of nationalization and municipalization. The villains of the piece are numerous. They

include Mr. Brailsford, Ben Turner, John Wheatley, and Tom Johnston. For once, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's name does not figure in the indictment. Because he does not even fall in with the Rationalising movement, he is represented as a mere conservative.

Wheatley and Johnston.

As usual, Mr. Wheatley's clearness of statement causes him to be singled out as an exponent of the policy of desertion and substitution. Writing in *Forward* (30/10/26), he said:

The idea behind that proposal [the

I.L.P, living wage proposal] is that the State should be the authority in fixing wages and incomes *even while industries are privately owned* . . . , We should begin our Socialism by socialising . . . the purchasing power of the workers *before embarking on the* nationalization of the means of production.

On this Tom Johnston makes the comment:-

Mr. Wheatley has come to the conclusion that *nationalization of this or that industry might well wait* until it has customers capable of purchasing the goods which the industry produces. And that means an assault upon poverty first.

When Mr. Palme Dutt characterises these statements as 'cheap-jack electioneering' rather than 'serious economics' one is bound to agree. For it has always been our claim, supported by the facts, that socialization is itself 'an assault on poverty.' In their own city of Glasgow, Messrs. Wheatley and Johnston will find tramcar drivers and conductors whose wages are much higher and their working day much shorter than those of the private-enterprise busmen, while the service was long since immensely cheapened to the public, and better and cleaner cars were at once provided by the municipality than those run by the old

sweating private company. The margin of 'profits' remaining after all these improvements has been used (1) to pay off the capital cost of the service, and (2) in relief of local rates. Thus the workers, the users of the cars, and the general community all have their poverty ameliorated by the socialization.

Lack of Imagination - Cold Feet.

These simple facts are not worth stating so far as the Living-Wage stunt-mongers themselves are concerned. They know them perfectly well. But there are probably thousands of rank-and-filers- I have met a

few in my propagandist travels - who have taken cold feet so far as both nationalization and municipalization are concerned. They envisage the spread of national and local ownership as a slow and tedious process in which the great mass of the electorate will take no particular interest. Their theory appears to be that, unless the worker's own particular industry is being socialised he cannot get up enthusiasm for the extension of collectivist benefits to other people.

If this were true, if it were the case that the average wage-earner cared only for immediate benefits to himself, then we might very well ask: What hope would there be that we should ever see industries

and services socialised on any fairly general scale? I grant at once, not very much.

Socialization Never Made an Election Issue.

Happily it is not true. The truth is that plain nationalization and municipalization have never been made election issues by any party in the State, not even by the Labour Party. Scores of industries and services *have* been socialized; there is hardly a business, from rabbit-raising at Torquay and oyster beds at Colchester to horse-racing at Doncaster, pyrotechnic displays at Bournemouth, and sports grounds everywhere, that has not been

taken up even by Individualist corporations, simply as matters of good business. Every day sees some Collectivist departure somewhere, though we do not hear of them all. It has not been reported, for instance, in any ordinary newspaper that the Labour Councillors of Clydebank run a successful cinema, or that the corporation gas department of Huddersfield has long sold cheap coal to manufacturers there.

The striking success of Sheffield's municipal printing office will not be starred by any ordinary newspaper. This concern was started on the footing that the various items of municipal printing would be charged at the prices that had been paid to

the private firms for them. It was not required that the new establishment should show a profit all at once; but the report on the first eight months' working shows a credit balance of over £3800, the work is better done, and the number of employees has been increased from seven to seventy-one. This is entirely what was to be expected, and but adds to the long tale of triumphs for Direct Labour.

Sheffield City Council has a Collectivist majority; but the services indicated have mostly been socialised by administrators who think they do not believe in Socialism. Is it not reasonable to suppose that if socialising were a declared policy in elections, specific businesses or services

being selected for the application of the principle, the electorate would not become much more habituated and converted to the idea of public ownership?

Yet one sees elections turn on anything rather than the idea of making the community master in its own house.

Elections are fought over a Red Letter, Reparations and the hanging of the Kaiser, Chinese Labour in a remote colony, free robbery as against protected robbery, a shortage of cordite, or William O'Brien's trousers.

The Living Wage an Electioneering Stunt.

The Living Wage is not really much better.

As Mr. Palme Dutt shows, even its own protagonists do not believe in it. Mr. Brailsford, writing in *The New Leader* (8/1/26) said:

If we talked of a living wage of £8 or £12 for every worker, the agricultural worker would most justly laugh at us. Nor would it be much more honest at this stage to talk of a wage of £4 for every worker. The whole of the wealth produced in this country to-day, however ruthlessly you divided it, would not yield such a wage all round. Ours is a poor country under the present management. UNTIL INDUSTRY HAS BEEN DRASTICALLY RE-ORGANISED, IT CANNOT PAY A GENUINE LIVING WAGE. Any figure

which we could honestly promise at once would mean a big gain in the basic wage only to men and women in the more depressed trades.

Not much enthusiasm for the one and only slogan here. Surely agriculture is 'a depressed trade.' Even with wages as low as they are, land is put under grass to reduce working expenses, and the number of employees steadily falls. For British grain and British beef have to contend with grain grown on prairie land and with beef fed on ranches where the labour employed is peon (that is, serf) labour. Even so, the grain and the beef are brought to the British market at freight rates which help still further to lower prices, while the

British railways impose rates for inland transport which cripple the British agriculture and pamper the foreign importer. To nationalise the railways and *help* the British farmer instead of penalising him would be a benefit as obvious and feasible as the Living Wage is cumbrous and impossible. Where, under capitalism, is a living wage to be found for the miner? Export coal has to compete with coal from Poland, where the miner's wage is just about a third of even the present wage paid to the British miner, while the French miner's wage is little more than half the British wage. Again the remedy is nationalization, with consolidation and the stoppage of waste in both the getting and

the marketing of coal.

But when all would be done, there would not be much of a revival for coal, which has, *happily*, seen its best days.

That the remedy is nationalization Tom Johnston is equally well aware. In the *Forward* of October 27 he writes of 'The Greatest Socialist Argument in the World.' It is an account of the publicly-controlled electricity supply provided by the harnessing of Niagara. The Commission which manages it for the State, with the municipalities as share-holders on the Canadian side, supplies current at *one-third the price* charged by private enterprise on the American side. The

American official investigator, Mr. Judson King, in a report issued by the American Government Printing Office, Washington, said in 1924:-

As I started out to see the great Chippewa Canal, and went around the famous falls, I passed the International Railway Bridge over the Niagara River. The cost of lighting the bridge is another study in efficiency. The west, or Canadian side, is lighted by the Hydro people; the east, American half, by a New York Company. The same number of lights, the same bridge, the same river, the same method of production; average monthly cost for 1921 on the Canadian side 8.43 dollars, and on American side 43.10 dollars.

The private-enterprise price there is five times the Collectivist price; but the ratio does not hold throughout. Mr. Johnston quotes a published statement by Senator Morris that the Canadian publicly-owned system 'serves more than a million customers at less than one-third the rate charged by private companies on the American side.'

Even so, the Commission and the Municipalities make good profits. Last year the Commission's surplus, after providing for interest and reserve fund, was over £100,000 while the municipalities had net surpluses amounting 1,291,086 dollars. The Canadian public-enterprise price is 2d. per kilo hour as against the American private-

enterprise charge of 6d. We are not surprised to learn that the American hundred dollar-shares are quoted at 1700, thanks to several waterings and the usual gambling.

Tories Nationalise.

These are the bovrilised facts of Mr. Johnston's seven-column article. I thank him for having the candour to say that the Canadian scheme was floated by Tory politicians. Quite so. And it was Coalition (mostly Tory) politicians who built Gretna, and it was Labour politicians who threw it away to help Philip Snowden's Budget

(though it did not help *much*.) During the railway strike of 1911 I sent a long telegram to Mr. Winston Churchill and to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald suggesting that the Board of Trade should take over the service and run it till the companies came to an agreement with the men, and if they did not come to a satisfactory agreement, for the public as well as the men, that the Board of Trade should go on running the service. Mr. Churchill's reply was formal, but rather encouraging. Mr. MacDonald's reply was that a time of strike was not the time to nationalise. I was not suggesting nationalization, but a temporary expedient on governmental lines which might pave the way for nationalization. But it is never

the time to nationalise if you don't want to do it.

Seven years later Mr, Churchill said the policy of the Government *was* to nationalise. But A. M. Thompson, the late Frank Rose, and other professed Socialists long since wrote against Nationalization on the ground that a better system of transport could be devised. Sir Eric Geddes, in the worst of the post-war slump years, said publicly-controlled transport was the 'one bright spot' in the business horizon; and here in the same *Forward* in which the benefits of socialised electricity are praised by Tom Johnston as 'The Greatest Socialist Argument in the World,' official figures are also given by the Acting

Editor of *Forward* showing the immense success of the nationalised railways of Canada, whose net surplus after paying interest on capital had risen rapidly from three millions in 1922 (first year under public enterprise) to 48 millions in 1926, while rates had been reduced. Under private enterprise there was a *loss* of 36,000,000 dols. in 1920.

Fordism Creates Unemployment.

Surely there would be more money for a living wage where the revenue was increased twelve-fold. As a matter of fact, operating expenses were reduced, though

not by wage cuts. Very obviously the way to enable a business to pay better wages is to make the business more of a success from the revenue-earning point of view, and nationalization and municipalization always do that.

I have dealt with Fordism on previous occasions. The figures showing that America had 10 per cent. of unemployment (four millions out of 40 million workers) have appeared since Mr. Palme Dutt wrote his book. This increase of unemployment is confessedly due to 'prosperity' and mechanization. If high wages were the outcome of low profits - if Labour were securing a larger share of the cake - it would be possible to regard them as

representing progress. But there is abundant evidence that the high wages of the United States (and high wages are by no means universal there) have the usual capitalistic complement of high profits, with re-investment of the profits and gambling with shares, so that, as we have seen, a hundred dollar share sells at 1700 dollars, and electricity which is sold in Canada at twopence costs sixpence on the American side of the river. Labour is advancing in status when it is able to buy back a bigger *share* of the goods it has produced; but with 11,000 millionaires in the States how can it be pretended that Labour is any nearer getting its own there than here?

Are not nationalization and municipalization infinitely better than any of the strange gods to which the reformists of capitalism have ostensibly transferred their allegiance? Or is the transference conscious humbug, dust for the eyes of the electorate, or, in Mr. Dutt's phrase, 'Cheap-Jack electioneering'?

No Communist Remedy Offered.

Probably Mr. Dutt believes no more in piecemeal socialising than the I.L.P. does. His exposure offers no alternative to the Living-Wage humbug. As a chess-player he is content to play a game which has no

results, except that he probably finds both the chess and the exposure amusing. He may answer that Capitalism is breaking down, that the Revolution is inevitable, and that it is not necessary to advocate constructive Socialism by instalments. The answer is to be found in the present state of Russia, which is falling back upon capitalism, as Stalin complains, because of a lack of constructive genius, plus the determined opposition of the peasants not to give the Revolution more of a chance.

I am very sorry that the first Collectivist State should not be a striking success for all the world to see and imitate. I am no more in love with *slow* Gradualism than is Mr. Palme Dutt, and would like to

believe that Gradualism could be made *rapid*. But Russia is a peasant State, and the peasant is a fierce Individualist. In Russia as in Britain the peasant has been neglected by the propagandists of the Collective way of life. Concentration on rural propaganda, and the re-peopling of depopulated areas with men from the towns having truly social instincts, seems to be the moral deducible from our failure in the Sleepy Hollows. In the prologue to *'The Earthly Paradise'* Morris asks us to

Forget six counties overhung with
smoke,

Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,

Forget the spreading of the hideous town.

Yes; it is just six counties of England and one in Scotland that we have to forget. We have to forget Lanarkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Stafford, Warwick, and Middlesex, and remember that the 40 counties of England, the 12 of Wales, and the 34 of Scotland are fundamentally agricultural and pastoral, with crafts and callings galore that are not yet essentially altered by the advent of the machine

industry. Our entire approach to the Social Revolution must be conditioned by that pleasant fact. Coal, cotton, metallurgy, and engineering are going, and as export trades will more and more continue to go, our one-time customers catering for themselves, and even competing with us. The new adjustment will be based upon agriculture, forestry, fishing, and crafts, producing for a home market vastly increased by a more widely diffused purchasing power; for the population will no longer be exploited in furtherance of the nightmare chimera of commercialism. Capitalism is busy writing off its millionfold losses. The end is not yet. The final loss of capitalism itself will be the nation's gain.

The Factors of Civilization.

**The 2nd Edition, entirely re-
written.**

James Leatham

The Factors of Civilization.

WHAT are the factors of civilization? What causes one community to grow and prosper materially and mentally, while another declines in population, wealth, all the real elements of greatness? The question is immensely practical. Scotland is bleeding white. Since the war over 300,000 of some of the best of her people have emigrated for

good. In 1926 four times as many emigrants left Glasgow as went from all the English ports together. Scotland has some of the admittedly worst slums in the world. But for the wholesale invasion of Irish immigrants, the population would have shown a decline, It is said that every fifth child born in Scotland is Irish. In Glasgow in 1924 the figure was 284 per cent. They may be healthy babies—the Irish are of good physique—the point is that they were not the native population of the country, and that they were born to parents accustomed to a lower standard of life who came to Scotland, not to better her condition, but to better their own.

Asleep.

Our land goes back to pasture. Our grave social problems are relatively neglected. If there is no wealth but life, then we are losing the best part of our wealth—our people. Scotland's railways and banks are affiliated to English banks and English railways. The head offices of her great businesses are more and more situated in England. Her education only helps to swell the number of persons who seek careers in England and abroad; and as regards the education itself, it is said to sacrifice quality to quantity. She has no literary class. Her books are written and published in England. Her music, dramatic art, politics, machinery, newspapers,

magazines, films are all made in England or abroad. Even her food is largely grown abroad. Her politics and public life are a disgraceful wrangle with Yahoos who can only bark and boo at their public servants.

Are these things beyond hope of remedy? Is it desirable that they should be remedied? Or is it right and inevitable that we should be absorbed, body, soul, and land, in the predominant partner, the American millionaire taking over the Highland wildernesses, and the Irish Catholic the Lowland slums?

The Nightmare City.

Do you recall the horrible cities of Wellsian fiction—piled up in story above story like American skyscrapers, roofed over with glass to keep off the rain and the cleansing, health-giving winds? Their people are serfs speaking a jargon of which "I seen it " and "He done it" are the beginnings. They wear a uniform, the mark of the beast being apparently insufficiently indicated by their degraded speech, accent, and faces. The news is no longer printed, but is galumphed out by mechanical loud speakers at the airless street corners, The country is for the most part a wilderness all round these huge Bastilles of the wretched. The women look you coolly and wantonly in the face, the relationship of

the sexes being a matter on which no ethic has been promulgated. From these nightmare cities of the future the last pretence of religion or morals seems to have been stripped.

Make what discounts you please from this as an imaginary picture, it is impossible to deny that we are in several respects tending towards such conditions; and I say no man or woman of goodwill—the goodwill backed by some intellect—can view such a prospect with any feelings save those of dread and abhorrence.

Our forefathers fought to drive out the English conqueror, though he came with a superior civilization, and in our own day

we have fought to keep out the German would-be invader. It seems an anti-climax not only to allow ourselves to be invaded by Irish and Americans, but to shake from our feet the dust of the country for which we fought, or, remaining in it, make no effort to develop its civilization.

The Doric.

I am not concerned for the preservation of the Doric; still less for the revival of Gaelic. The tongue that Shakespeare and Milton wrote, that Pitt and Bright spoke, the language in which the Bible is printed, is abundantly good enough for me. Lowland

Scots in its various dialects is mostly just English corrupted, and I am not concerned about the preservation of corruption. I am not even concerned about the Anglicising of our institutions. We have learned most of our civilised habits from England, and we cannot do better than go on learning more. One of the chief English habits I should wish to see adopted in Scotland is the English habit of staying at home and working to make the land better worth living in. The cult of the dialect is fostered chiefly by Scotsmen in England. Your Scot abroad develops a tremendous amount of sentiment for his native land; but he will not live in it. When one hears the supposedly exiled Scot sing "O why left I

my hame?" the natural question is: Well, why did you? Was it just for more money? Or had you to run for it? The greatest service a man can do his native land is clearly to live in it, increasing its wealth and developing whatever is best in its life.

Real Patriotism.

Nobody makes such outcry about patriotism as the Scot, and nobody shows less of the sincere patriotism which consists in living and working in and for one's own land. When we read that four times as many Scots as English left their country in a given year we do not pause to

consider that it means 30 Scots emigrating for one Englishman, the population of South Britain being as eight to one of the northern land.

Let us consider the question in the light of broad principle, beginning with a definition.

Civilization is the progressive development *and diffusion* of intelligence and morals and the progress *and diffusion* of those arts and appurtenances of life that render morals, manners, and religion possible.

The first factor of civilization is population. The second is industry. The

third is fair dealing between man and man. Race, climate, geographical position, natural resources, as will be seen, have very little to do with social progress. The human factor is all.

Ethnography.

Ethnography affords no certain key; for the character of a race is not homogeneous. The Japs are of the same Mongolian race as the Koreans whom they dominate and the Chinese whom they beat in war, as they beat the Russians, both by land and sea. Latitude and climate give us no definite clue; for alert and aggressive Japan

is in much the same latitude as lethargic Turkey and stagnant Morocco. An insular position in a temperate zone is probably a helpful factor in the furtherance of civilization, Britain and Japan are both island kingdoms. But so are Madagascar and Ceylon, where every prospect pleases, and man alone is vile.

Whatever the factors of civilization may be, none of them has the permanence of situation or of race. The centres of population and the seats of power and prosperity change; and new peoples every now and again come to the front among the nations. Egypt and Persia are succeeded on the world-stage by Greece and Rome, who in turn give way to the Turk and the Moor.

Spain has her glorious day, and ceases to be. In population, in the arts, and in science France has yielded place to Germany, as Britain in some respects does to America,

The composite character of a people is often credited with the honour of its achievements; but, while the British people are highly composite, the Japs, so far as we know, are not.

The Paradox of Environment.

Apart from the well-established fact that progress lies with the people of temperate latitudes, one other apparently universal

law emerges from the mass of unrelated facts—the law, namely, that environment exercises a paradoxical influence on the achievements and progress of mankind.

A fine climate, a fertile soil, a favourable situation, instead of stimulating man to energetic and intelligent co-operation with Nature, which has done so much for him, has everywhere and always the opposite effect. It is so as between races, it is so as between nations, it is so as between provinces and towns. Man—combative, resourceful, interested in obstacles, nerved by difficulties—is made or unmade by the presence or absence of natural disadvantages in his surroundings.

There is a stage in the history of all communities when natural disabilities seem to set a final limit to social progress. Doubtless the primitive Cave Man had serious thoughts as to the increase of population, in view of the limited supply of cave dwellings, and for a time either the birth-rate would show a falling-off or else the superfluous children would be knocked on the head from a stern sense of parental duty. Child murder would be one of the virtues of stagnation. At length a genius would conceive the idea of a burrow in the ground, and the Cave Man would be succeeded, or largely accompanied, by the Eird, or Earth, Man. Thus again we see population forcing the pace of civilization.

Holland.

Holland, low-lying, inundated by the sea from without and by rivers from within, had, over great tracts of it, to be rescued by man from the grasp of Father Neptune, who was walled out by dykes, and is now being steadily expelled, at great and wise expense, from the Zuyder Zee, as he was during age-long strife and effort, from the Polders. By the energy of man an apparently worthless collection of mud-flats has been protected, drained, and practically made into a country, and a garden country at that, whose people have for centuries taught horticulture and

floriculture to the world. So far from the natural defects of the "ollant," or marshy, ground having retarded the progress or prejudiced the status of Holland, those very defects have been the making of the people and the salvation of the State. The energy and initiative developed in the struggle with Nature have naturally found expression in other directions. The Dutch were the first to curb the once all-embracing power of Spain. At that great crisis, as in subsequent stages of their history, they set the powerful invader at defiance by opening the dykes and letting in the sea. Rendered resolute and resourceful by difficulties surmounted and dangers over-passed, the people of Holland

have been for centuries a free, enlightened, progressive, and commercially and industrially successful nation.

Venice.

The story of Venice has much in common with that of Holland. The Queen of the Adriatic arose on a small group of salt-crusted islets, largely devoid of fresh water, piles having to be driven to secure foundations for the palaces and warehouses which in course of time took the place of the fisher-men's huts of early Venice. But while Protestant Holland, under free institutions, waxed, the Catholic

City-State of the Doges, under corrupt and despotic rule, waned or stagnated.

The triumph of man over his surroundings, and the gains derived by him from the struggle, have been exemplified nearer home.

Manchester.

Manchester, handicapped by forty miles of overland transit to the sea at Liverpool, spent fifteen millions sterling on a Ship Canal, the corporation coming to the rescue of private enterprise with one-third of the capital (45,000,000) raised on the security of the rates. But already before the making

of the Ship Canal Manchester had managed to keep pace with Liverpool, despite Liverpool's seaboard situation at the mouth of the Mersey. And with the Canal opened, another new town has sprung up at its Manchester end. In the ancient demesne* where a few years ago the deer stole in and out among the trees, the bell of the electric car is heard, and the site of sylvan glades is occupied by streets of houses, shops, and factories, with here and there a church, hotel, or school.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Manchester had a population of only 8000. At that time Chester had 30,000 inhabitants within her city walls, which, by the way, are still standing. She had the

noble estuary of the Dee at her doors, and fleets and armies came to and went from her across the sea. But Chester stood still ; and Manchester, some thirty miles distant, from being a poor market town, situated in an ill-watered plain, steadily grew till her population stands little short of a million, and, with her libraries, colleges, music, drama, and splendid press, she is not undeserving of the title of Modern Athens, conferred upon her by Gladstone in a complimentary mood; and this despite the smoke and soot.

What has Nature done for Manchester? There is coal at no great distance; but other communities have coal, and fail to turn it to account. Durham has coal, and

languishes. Fife has coal, and falls back. Manchester is built up on cotton, and the cotton has to come thousands of miles by sea from the more favoured but stagnant southern States of America. Manchester has been made by man in disregard, if not in despite, of the environment.

*[*Trafford Park, the seat of the de Traffords.]*

Glasgow.

Again, little over a century ago the Clyde was so shallow and innavigable that the story is told of a skipper, stranded for want of water, who threatened with physical

chastisement a girl who came to draw a bucketful from the river, and so, as he feared, delay his progress. But the Clyde was deepened by successive generations of patriotic Glaswegians, till today the leviathans of war and of the Atlantic service may swim in ample draught where the shallow skiffs of former days stuck in the mud. And Glasgow, again, has been made by plain, homely men—men, allowing for the difference of nationality, like those early cotton-spinners of Manchester whom John Morley, in the "Life of Richard Cobden," describes as drinking ale and smoking clay pipes at the tavern in the evening: they "thee'd" and "thou'd" each other in the drawling dialect

of Lancashire, but made fortunes and had correspondents in the ends of the earth.

Climate.

So far as the Caucasian race, living in a temperate climate, is concerned, the flow and ebb of population would appear to depend mainly on the superficially adverse influence of natural surroundings. The white man, transplanted to India or the Gold Coast of Africa, wilts in the heat and the malaria. But outside the tropical belt—in Australasia, in South Africa, in North America—he bids fair to attain a material civilisation not inferior to that of Western

Europe. The influence of climate shows in a relaxation of energy in very hot or in very cold countries; though heat is a more effective check to industry than cold.

Warm climates are usually accompanied by fertile soils—the Sahara is an exception—and while the heat is a deterrent to strenuous labour, the fertility of the soil renders such labour less necessary. But where, as in Scotland and Denmark, both climate and soil have been naturally unfavourable, man has been stimulated to increased exertion, with such results that Art is seen to accomplish more for man than Nature has done for him; though, of course, Art is but an application of means which Nature supplies.

Agriculture.

As the growth of grass is increased by mowing, as the growth of hair is encouraged by cutting, as the health of shrubs is improved by pruning, so man's energy is braced by natural difficulties. The stony terraces of the Rhine valley have been clothed with earth carried up in baskets on the backs of men and women. The sandy soil of East Flanders has been made to support 700 persons to the square mile, and large quantities of agricultural produce are exported besides. The decomposed granite of Jersey, with no more organic matter than it consumes. So

little suited for agriculture was Jersey in it, feeds 1300 persons to the square mile, and exports more naturally than a century ago the population lived chiefly on imported food. Its latter-day fertility is largely due to the use of sea-weed and bones. The wet clay of Scotland was broken up, aerated, drained, and fertilised by dressings of a drying character, till districts, remote from the markets, and formerly given over to barrenness, or producing but scanty and precarious crops, became great areas of agricultural production. On the other hand, the land of Essex, near the great market of London, and the lands of the Campagna around Rome, have, after centuries of cultivation

under a favourable climate, gone very largely out of tillage.

Man can make soil and can alter climate. Afforestation and enclosures raise the temperature. When the Parisian market-gardeners' carts take vegetables to the city they bring back manure, and so much soil is made that tons of it are yearly carted off a single acre, and sold to dress lighter lands.

Driving Men Indoors.

An inhospitable climate drives men indoors, and their recreations, their arts of life, and not least their intelligence, benefit by the enforced sedentary habits. The

people of inclement Iceland and the Scandinavian countries have long been famous for their love of song and saga, their zeal for education, and their cherishing of free institutions. The people of Catholic Italy and of Mahometan Turkey, cursed, as it seems, by an enervating climate and fertile soils, and by government long despotic in both, are ignorant, slothful, backward in the arts of life, and degraded as regards their standard of comfort.

Climate, soil, and situation, then, count in the opposite way to what might be expected as regards the contributions they make to the sum of material wellbeing.

Seaboard.

It might be supposed that long established seaboard communities, with the ocean as their ready means of communication and transport, would grow in population, trade, and wealth, faster than inland communities. But it is not so. Indeed, so much is it the reverse that few considerations more strongly confirm the paradox of environment.

Natural advantages, unsupported by industry in the people—and they appear to be seldom so supported—are as much a bugbear to a community as an inheritance

is to a careless and easy-going youth. London is the first city of the world, Glasgow is the second city of the empire; her claim no longer contested by Manchester and Liverpool. No one of the four was by nature a seaport town: they have equipped themselves with the facilities proper to seaports. On the other hand, such old-established and typical British seaports as Harwich, Dover, Plymouth, Southampton, Leith, Dundee, Peterhead, Fraserburgh, and Macduff make comparatively little of their position.

Bristol.

Bristol was the second port of the kingdom when Liverpool had only 200 seamen, and when the now broad estuary of the Mersey was a shallow "Lither Pool." But despite her long start, the public-spirited munificence of her citizens, her queenly position on the mingled waters of the Avon and the Frome, her proximity to the sea and to coalfields both north and south, Bristol has long been outdistanced by Liverpool and by Glasgow. Superbly swimming in waters, her streets seeming to the poet to teem with ships, Bristol is at the same time a well-built and splendidly appointed city, and has fine suburbs and beautiful surroundings. With 320,000 of a population, Bristol is in all conscience big

enough. But if the Bristolians wished to keep pace with their neighbours on the West Coast, they must be disappointed; for they certainly have not done so.

Harwich.

Harwich, again, from the fourteenth century till 1867 was a Parliamentary borough returning two members. Time and again fleets of warships rode in its harbour, one of the finest on the east coast. Favoured by railway and shipping companies as a packet station, and by Government as a military station, having large imports of duty-paying goods —

Harwich, with all its natural advantages and acquired favours, has still a population of only 10,000.

That a seaboard position, with a good roadstead, is of value only if the community has manufactures to export and raw material to import, should be self-evident, London became a great port only as it became a great centre of trade and population. Liverpool has the whole export and import trade of Lancashire and the Midlands to feed it. Glasgow is not only the passenger port of Scotland, but it is, needless to say, a great emporium of the chemical, metallurgical, and ship-building industries, Cardiff has the coal and metals of Wales to carry. Hull has textiles, coal,

organs, feeding stuffs, chemicals, and much general merchandise to export, in addition to fish.

The Inland Towns.

That towns may prosper without harbours, and languish with them, is strikingly shown by the statistics of population. Keeping away from the very large cities, the five typical inland towns Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Leicester, and Nottingham – all of modern growth – have combined populations numbering 1,957,070 persons. The populations of the five, typical seaport towns Plymouth,

Devonport, Dover and Portsmouth (this last including three others) number together only 528,389 inhabitants, for practically eight seaboard townships, although all of them are of ancient standing, and most of them have had millions of pounds sterling of Imperial taxes spent upon them. That the finest roadstead in the world will not necessarily lead to a development of trade is shown on the seaboard of the Australian Commonwealth. On harbours there much borrowed money has been spent; but improvements, extensions, and even natural advantages, as at Sydney, have not been followed by great industrial expansion on land. Trade not only may and does

flourish remote from seaboard: it even flourishes better inland than on the coast.

Man the Master.

Caucasian man at least masters his environment. The flow and ebb of population lie almost entirely with the people themselves. Industry, courage, a spirit of mutual helpfulness, encouragement to a new departure rather than criticism of it, faith in our neighbours, local patriotism—such are the requisites of civic success and the civilisation that goes with "the swarming of men." It is not geographical position, it is not coalfields, it

is not cotton or iron, and it is not proximity to the sea that make a people. It is attachment to industrial processes, it is the willingness to make rather than merely to sell things, the courage resolutely to adventure in new and untried directions, the creation of wealth by intelligent labour rather than the hunting of wild beasts, or fishing, or the breeding and feeding and slaughter of domestic animals; though all these pursuits have their place and value. Communities succeed or fail in proportion to the intelligence expended by their people in many and varied directions, by the extent to which they refuse to put all their eggs in one basket, all their cargoes in one "bottom," and, above all, by the amount of

industry and intelligence they display in the branches of business, whatever these may be, to which they set their hands.

The Application.

Do these seem harmless generalities ? Let us apply them.

The small community does not find place for its young people. It is from it that the haemorrhage of the country takes place. The small community has health and peace and much superficial good fellowship, even where there may be the contempt of

an intimacy which is unbrightened by personal gifts or graces. By these the rustic mentality sets no store as a rule; though it develops mild enthusiasms for such accomplishments as throwing the hammer and playing whist. It tends to measure men by what they have rather than what they are.

The Land of Do Without.

The small community may have beautiful surroundings; but to the young people who know they will have to leave it these fine things do but increase the irony of the fate that sends them forth as exiles, never

again to return for permanent residence in most cases. For the rest, a small community is a Land of Do Without. The small community has no variety of industries, and the young people are denied the interest and education of looking on at varied processes, and making choice of the calling they would best prefer. Frequent funerals—for there is a large proportion of old people—represent the chief attempt at pageantry, the procession consisting of indifferently dressed men bobbing along out of step. Local gossip takes the place of large general interests. The small community often has no public baths, swimming ponds, or gymnasium. It does not possess public libraries, reading rooms,

museums, or galleries of pictures and statuary. It has no theatre, no good concerts, and is rarely visited by great preachers or platform orators. These are the extras, the graces of life that ennoble it, raising man from the position of the muck-raker, the hewer of wood and drawer of water; nay, divested of literature, music, and oratory, he is little above the beasts of the field; for they also eat, drink, sleep, work, and enjoy other pleasures of the senses. *Vita sine literis mors est* (Life without literature is death) ran the old Roman saying.

Economically, the small communities are parasitical. A healthy community absorbs its own natural increase. But the

small communities obviously do not do this, or they would not remain small. The villages, little towns, and open country shed their natural increase upon the cities, and complicate all the standing problems of urban life. The small community looks to the city to take its sons and daughters almost as a matter of course. The cities have to absorb, not only their own natural increase, but the increase of the rural districts as well.

Stopping Emigration.

One of the many arrestive steps taken by the Italian Dictator Mussolini is to stop

emigration from Italy. He rightly holds that the name and fame of Italy, oldest of the large European States, are dragged in the mire by the, degraded position her sons take abroad as vendors of ice-cream, organ-grinders with monkey colleagues, vendors of roast chestnuts, and, in the United States, navvies. If the Duce sees his way to support the rapidly increasing population of the Italian Peninsular, with its high birth-rate, he must have found a key to social prosperity for which statesmanship elsewhere is not even looking.

One speculates how Mussolini will approach this problem of making Italy support its own sons. Will he, for one thing, go to employers and say, "I find that two of

your apprentices finish their time next month. Your income and business show that you can afford to keep them on as journeymen. Your bread (or clothes, or joinery, as the case may be) is the same price as or dearer than the loaf in the nearest city, and as you have had the services of these young men for years at a low wage, it is your duty to keep them on at the city wage. If they are discharged merely because their apprenticeship has expired, you will be fined periodically the amount that they would have earned as journeymen at standard rates."

I suggest that as one of the possible methods, short of socialising industry, whereby the problem of absorbing the

natural increase of population may be solved. That the country employer should automatically dump his apprentices upon the City is not only obviously unfair to the city, but to the small community as well. For the parents who have brought up a son and maintained him on a nominal wage during the period of his apprenticeship have a real grievance against the employer who, by turning him off as soon as he becomes a journeyman, passes sentence of expulsion from home and kindred upon him, and this usually for no other reason than greed or unenterprising timidity. The youth has been educated at the expense of the township, and the community as a whole has a moral right to object to its

money being wasted upon the training of those from whom it is not to derive any benefit.

Mussolini, doubtless, has nothing to say against the young journeyman going upon his travels voluntarily in order to acquire experience and see the world. But the process of creating an army of unemployed workmen must stop somewhere, and to arrest it where I have indicated is to deal with it at the fountain-head.

The Prime Cause of Unemployment.

The problem of unemployment is primarily

created by low wages. The largest body of consumers is the wage-earning class; but obviously they cannot consume if they are not allowed to produce and earn full wages. Even so, to retain population in a country or a district is the best way to beget a demand for the produce of labour. Careless people speak of a large centre as affording more openings for the young person in quest of employment; but the truth really is that, in proportion to the number of openings, there will always be more candidates for those in a large centre than in a small.

Pessimism of Small Communities.

In the small community all new departures are viewed with pessimism. The newcomer spends his money on shop, factory, or printing office to an accompaniment of head-shaking, and no attempt is made to help, but the reverse.

The people spend their money, by preference, more and more out of town, the motor bus and reduced rail fares helping this anti-social tendency. Goods will be bought in the city at higher prices from an idea that the quality is better. The saying that "No good thing cometh out of Nazareth" was doubtless coined by the Nazarenes themselves. Lower wages are paid because usually there is no trade unionism to force them up. The employer is

thus able to take it easy, play golf and bowls, run about in a car, and shoot clay pigeons. He breaks his promises every day from sheer inertia and lack of conscience. Thus all life goes slowly. Everything hangs fire. Three men will be seen winding an empty bucket up out of a hole, and often an entire staff will be seen smoking, talking, and looking at something done or to be done.

Public improvements are resisted on the ground of the expense, nobody considering that the money is spent locally. Men starve their own business and practise personal economies, in order to invest their savings elsewhere; and then they ask, What are we to do with our boys?

If the big city can carry out big schemes, the small town can carry out small schemes; for the expense will be proportionate in either case. But in a city those at the head of affairs are not so amenable to criticism, and there is next to none anyhow, the citizens rejoicing in the expenditure that increases prosperity by circulating money, and the improvement remaining as an asset.

Seven Points.

To ensure the development of civilization that comes with population the inhabitants of small communities need—

(1) To believe in themselves and their neighbours.

(2) To encourage local trade and industry by spending money at home wherever possible.

(3) The son should oftener follow the father's calling, instead of seeking to become a professional man away from home. A scavenger living in the town is of more use to it than a great man who has left it.

(4) Wages should be as high as the business can afford. A community of slums on the one hand and palaces on the other is a congeries of human hogs; and this is a

matter of wages.

(5) Slums should be ordered to be destroyed by the local authority, and no congestion of buildings should be allowed.

(6) Saving money may be wasteful. A community is rich, not by the money it saves, but by the money it spends. Britain is being crippled by the saving of the New Rich, who invest their savings abroad, and help to intensify foreign competition. The old county families lived up to and even beyond their incomes, and the money was mostly spent at home. Money left to sons is usually a curse sooner or later. It is better to live rich than to die rich. Money inherited represents that which is lightly

come by, and it usually goes as lightly, the prodigal suffering in the process of living idly and spending, as the saver suffered in working and saving.

(7) Agriculture is the basis of all civilization, and any country that neglects its soil or allows it to lapse from cultivation is on the road to ruin. The British farmer does not work, and he will not co-operate for marketing. £20 worth of produce is taken from each acre of naturally poor land in Flanders, as compared with from each acre of better land in Britain. There is 80 per cent. of co-operation among Canadian farmers as compared with 10 per cent. in buying and 4 per cent. in selling with the British farmer. £400,000,000 go abroad

every year for foodstuffs that we could grow ourselves. That is the root of the whole evil of British and especially Scottish decay. The expenditure of that money in the home market would make the difference between depression and decadence on the one hand and prosperity and progress on the other.

The Mainsprings.

Civilization goes forward as a result of the capacity for not becoming tired, and there are more world-novelties to keep us alert than ever there were There is no sign that we are becoming tired as a nation. We

have, for one thing, more zest in non-intellectual pleasures than ever we had, and, just at present, a horror of any attempt to teach us. Our aversion from anything "highbrow" (as if the brain were not, as it is, the chief muscle in the human organism) reverses the excellent attitude of our parents and grandparents, who revelled in mechanics' institutes, libraries, lectures, and classes. They fell away from that because science, they found, was being used chiefly as an instrument of trade competition, which intensified the working pace of life.

When, as the result of pending changes, we realise that work has become the service of ourselves and our fellows

instead of a means of earning dividends for people who cannot spend them; when we realise, with more than Elizabethan spaciousness, how absorbingly interesting is the world and the life of man upon it, civilization will go forward, as never before, under social arrangements that are at last really worthy of that most social of all animals—Man.

" Back on to our Socialism."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE
RIGHT HON. J. RAMSAY
MACDONALD.

My Dear MAcDONALD, I note with gladness that, in *Forward* this week, you say we must "get back on to our Socialism. In the end, it alone matters."

Taken in conjunction with recent events and pronouncements, is this the preliminary and informal announcement of a change of policy ? Perhaps you will read what follows as from an old friend and a

propagandist of over forty years.

The Past.

The Government of which you were the head denationalised the town and works of Gretna, getting very poor prices for what was a sacrifice both of principle and of property. Your Government increased the expenditure on aircraft, and built unnecessary cruisers in fulfilment of the Admiralty's program me. The English sailors who broke the sea-power of Spain and of France did it with the odds always against them ; but the British admirals of to-day appear to feel uneasy if they do not

outnumber the enemy in ships, guns, and men alike.

Your Government did not nationalise the railways, although that was the policy of the Coalition as far back as 1918. Your Government did not nationalise the mines, though there was a promise solemnly made on behalf of the Coalition Government, in advance, that the recommendations of the Sankey Commission would be carried out both in the spirit and the letter, and although nationalization has been indicated, when not specifically recommended, by one Royal Commission after another for a generation past. Indeed, so little has nationalization been in favour with you recently that even

when moving a vote of censure on the Government for its failure to implement the recommendations of its own Coal Commission, you suggested, not public ownership, but 'a public utility organization imposed upon a trust organization' This nebulous demi-semi suggestion promptly found favour with Mr. Lloyd-George, who described it as "very significant," and appeared to think that it offered possibilities for co-operation from his following such as could not be given for the Socialist policy of public ownership.

Roads.

When Mr. Lloyd-George first imposed the petrol tax in 1909 he said the motor traffic had increased so much that the time was rapidly arriving when additional roads would be necessary to carry it, the tax being designed to augment the road funds. Since then the traffic has increased hundreds fold, while the smooth road necessary for it is neither necessary nor even suitable for the horse traffic of agricultural districts. Your Minister of Transport, at the end of months, had not got beyond the surveying stage for new roads.

For over a generation attention has been called to the immense energy generated by the tidal waters of the

Severn. If harnessed it would suffice, say enthusiasts, to drive all the machinery in Britain. Your Government, after months, had not got beyond a reported preliminary survey, and now your successors turn to other widely remote fields for water-power, in some cases carrying out extensive cuttings to bring the water to the practicable point, while here is a wide river in a suitable area offering exceptional power and facilities still lying neglected.

Foreign v. Home Politics.

You were a success as Foreign Secretary, introducing a new spirit in to

international diplomacy ; but the achievements of even the best foreign minister are often writ in water-so much depends upon continuity of policy both from his side and from the other. The improved relations with France were a feather in your cap ; but Heriot the Possible has gone, and Poincare the Impossible again reigns in his stead ; not a penny of France's debt has been paid; and in France as elsewhere our foreign relations are very much as if you had never been in the Foreign Office.

Some of us cannot but regret that your pre-occupation with foreign policy took your attention off domestic matters upon which a fruitful beginning, committing your successors, might have been made.

For even a Government in a minority has great powers.

To have made a definite Socialist beginning with all the matters I have specified would have been perfectly possible. These things were not only expected of a Socialist Ministry, but all of them are so much in the line of natural evolution that it would not be too much to expect any or all of them from a ministry of any party sooner or later. The socialization of essential services is an elementary principle now with all schools of politics.

The Categorical Claim.

But the convinced Socialist believes that all large-scale production would be immensely improved in every way by being socialised. This is not a mere hope : it is a matter of experience. All services that have been nationalised or municipalised have been improved out of recognition.

We have all, I hope, been reading the excellent little book, "Practical Socialism," by Dr. Addison, whose collection of specimen facts and figures from the experience of the Ministry of Munitions is worth a library of theory or academic discussion. The ex-Minister of Munitions has been converted to an acceptance of

Socialism by the irrefragible evidence of how much quicker, cheaper, and better production could be carried on in the State factories than in private works.

State Efficiency.

The best equipped private factories could deliver only a third of the shells promised by a given date, whereas the State works were always well ahead with their deliveries. It was found that in three different well-equipped private munition factories the time taken on a given process varied from 4 to 15 and from 3 to 10, the differences being due to degrees of bad

management. By the collaboration which the Ministry secured, conditions more uniform were obtained, and waste was eliminated by the Government experts giving the private managers the benefit of their advice. In the manufacture of sulphuric acid, for instance, it was found that the proportion of unnecessary ash created was much in excess of what it ought to have been. Metal scrap-tin, steel, iron, and brass-often represents up to 50 per cent. of the material actually used. The Army Salvage Department and the Ministry of Munitions Scrap Department effected "immense savings " by turning over mountains of refuse to be treated in special factories which private enterprise

would not have had any motive to set up.

As Dr. Addison shows, it was necessary to set up State factories, not merely to augment the supply of shells and explosives, but to show how much more cheaply the work could be done by Government servants than by private-enterprise patriots. After allowing handsome profits, it was found that using the experience of the State factories as a basis of costing, prices could be, and were, reduced by two thirds. The private-enterprise patriots required 23s. for an 18-pounder shell ; but the national factories at Dundee, Keighley, and elsewhere could produce them for 9s. The metal discs for which the armament firms

charged 10d. were made by the national factories at 4d., and tubes for which the private price was 1/6 were made by servants of the Ministry of Munitions for 4 1/2 d.

A State Departure.

Not only so. The Ministry made explosives that had not till then been made in this country on any scale at all. The acid, oleum, had to be got from America at £12 a-ton. But the Ministry set up a factory at a cost of £750,000, and by May 1916 it was found that the cost of erection had been saved, with £225,000

of a surplus, the gross saving being £97 5,050. For the oleum which cost £12 a ton to buy from America could be manufactured by State employees at 55s., allowing for all reasonable overhead charges, and paying exceptionally good wages. This was practically a new industry as founded by the Department of Explosives. The factory produced 2050 tons per week. Previous to this great experiment the British price for oleum, procurable only in small quantities, had been £30 per ton.

When, therefore, we are told that the State mismanages everything, we are justified in reversing the saying and claiming that the worst State and

municipal management is better than the best private management so far as the results to the public are concerned. The different motives explain this. The private management exists to take from the public ; the public management exists to give and serve.

The working folk of this country are not so dull as to miss the moral of the many facts that have been placed before them showing the advantages of public over private enterprise ; and if this be the Socialism on which you are to fall back, my dear MacDonald, it is very safe ground and the only feasible line of social progress.

A Fantastic Alternative.

But of late there have been "many inventions." The very latest is the Living Wage. I was amused to read last week-end an I.L.P. advertisement headed "Socialism in our Time-The Living Wage." The lecturer was Bailie Dollan, who has made two appearances in this district-at Maud and Aberdeen-for the purpose of turning down Public Ownership and setting up the new demand for "A Living Wage." In cross discussion it appears that Bailie Dollan , like Messrs. Brailsford and J. A. Hobson, does not believe in nationalization of mines and railways, because they do not pay, but pins his faith to the idea of a living wage being demanded for every worker whether

the industry in which he (or she) is employed can pay it or not. The idea is that the people who are making high profits are to be taxed to pay a living wage to the employees of those who are not making such profits, even with wages as low as they are.

This is a new and non-Socialist stunt, like those other discarded I.L.P. novelties, the Right to Work and the Abolition of the Poor Law. That the Living Wage should be announced under the caption "Socialism in our Time " is a ghastly revelation of the widely diverse expectations of two different kinds of foolish people.

I was not present at either of Bailie

Dalian's meetings. Had I been at the Maud meeting (which is in my division) I should have applied his demand to the chief local industry, farming. At present farm servants are working for round about £30 per six months. To a married man who has "fee'd single," who gets his own food at the farm, and has no cottar allowance of cottage, milk, potatoes, and coal for his family, 22/6 a-week has to serve as a wage upon which to keep a wife and usually bairns, to feed him at week-ends, and to find him in clothes, washing, and boots. In his case a living wage means three times as much as he is getting.

I believe you know as well as I do that £3 7s. 6d. a-week to a farm hand is an

impossibility in any country of the world. You may alter agriculture-I hope we shall improve it out of recognition, by first Control and then complete Socialization-but in the meantime it is beginning at the wrong end of the process altogether to say you must first have out of the industry what is not in it. To pay £2 5s. more a-week to a million and a quarter farmhands would require £ 146,240,000 a-year. Don't Messrs. Hobson and Brailsford wish they may get this modest instalment of their total demand ! The idea of everybody working hard in order to hand over the surplus as subsidy to the unprofitable industries is the most fantastic conception ever launched in the

name of politics.

A Time to be Bold.

The electorate is with us now. We cannot do more than win every by-election that takes place. Our men win on programmes of nationalization and municipalization, public ownership, Britain for the British, in increasing measure. There is nothing unreasonable, nothing new in that demand. It does not mean "Socialism in our time"- not the whole of Socialism-not the socialization of all industries and services in our time. But it means the steady, gradual extension of the sphere of Collective Ownership, the steady exclusion of the predatory classes from one

field of exploitation after another. If a Tory Government, hating Socialism, is nevertheless driven or tempted to nationalise two services in one year—broadcasting and electricity—is it not reasonable to expect rather more from a Government which has nationalization as its chief business? This is not asking for the extraction of rabbits from hats, but only that the nation's business shall be managed by the nation's responsible servants instead of by the nation's irresponsible and often incompetent masters.

In the long run men hit only that at which they aim. To make up our minds as to what we want is the first essential. We

need not be afraid of saying we want unlimited Socialization, the continuation of the process already long since begun, whereby the State in the country and the local authorities in the towns have become the largest and the best servants of the public, neither scamping the work nor over charging the price, the last and best and only unfailing friend of the citizen when all other friends fail him. There need be no confiscation, no violent dislocations, no injustice done to any one. Nay, it is only by this process that the daily injustices, confiscations, and dislocations of capitalistic society can be ended.

During the War years new departures were made, experiments launched, records

beaten, and all very rapidly. This is not necessary in peace. All we ask is that Collectivist principles which have proved efficacious in the hands of non-Socialists should have a trial from the party to which they properly belong.

Collectivism-the communal way of doing things-is really the oldest principle in politics. Liberalism and Toryism are growths of yesterday by comparison.

Collectivism is not a wild, "red," foolish, or desperate last resort, but the extension of law and order over chaos and inefficiency, the fulfilment of that "increasing purpose " which runs through the ages of social evolution. We must have

it in increasing measure no matter what set of politicians we elect. But progress is faster with willing agents, and time is precious. The double holocaust of last week in our murderously mismanaged mines is proof that the poet was right when he wrote "on every wind of heaven a wasted life goes by." Individualism is the enemy. Have at it, old friend, in the name of Humanity ! There is no better work to which a man may set his hand, and, unlike Mr. Baldwin, you have the touch stone of great principles to guide you.

Since the first sentinel was nominated by brute selection to keep watch for the feeding herd, since the first naked post

runner was elected to carry other people's messages, since the later time when the folk-moot abdicated its functions in favour of one elected representative to a Witana gemote (or assembly of the wise), the Socialist principle has increasingly been at work. It is not the Collectivist who is the heretic and rebel, but those who would keep society a chaos of warring atoms, each secreting with feeble greed and stupid jealousy for itself, and incapable of co-operating for the grander results of associated effort in which man diminishes his disabilities and increases his powers a millionfold.

Yours in real fraternity,

JAMES LEATHAM.

'WHAT we want is to stop the State being used for the benefit of a small number of individuals at the expense of all the rest.'

If I Were Dictator

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

If a whole company are gamesters play must cease, for there is nothing to be won. When all nations are traders there is nothing to be gained by trade, and it will stop first where it is brought to the greatest perfection. - SAMUEL JOHNSON.

I have no wish to be a dictator. The value of a political system is that it expresses the wishes of the people who maintain it, for

good or evil. The value of democracy is that it is based on the freedom of the individual will so far as that is compatible with majority rule, the alternative to the often regrettable will of the majority being the still more regrettable will of the minority. It often happens, indeed, that the majority abdicates to the minority, as in the case of the partition of Ireland and the hanging up of changes generally because a minority is strongly opposed to the wishes of the major portion of the electorate. But in amusing myself with setting down what I would do if dictator, I do not disclaim a wish to persuade someone here and there that what I would do compulsorily might be and should be done by a free and intelligent

electorate voluntarily.

For as things are it is idle to deny or belittle the glaring position that the basic industries of the country are in a state of collapse, with every prospect that the position will become worse instead of better unless fundamental changes are made.

The annual reviews of agriculture and the coal, cotton, and metallurgical trades would be deplorable reading if we did not feel that things will only become better by becoming worse and so forcing on the changes that should long since have been made voluntarily. In this world, and with human nature as it is, great changes are not made merely because they are

desirable, but only because at last they have become necessary, and even then the Reaction does its best to preserve some evil feature of the old way of doing things. In matters of taste and fashion a mere hint is enough to set men and especially women off on the new tack; but in public affairs men cling to the old ways with all the logic and all the practical convenience equally against them.

Success of Collective Control.

Nothing is clearer than the success of public control of public business. There is, for example, only one conspicuously

successful railway in the world at the present moment, and that is the State-owned railway system of Canada, which was as much of a failure under private enterprise as coal and cotton are now. The private banks of the belligerent countries during the early days of the war had all but pulled the blinds down till the State came to the rescue with its credit. The private munitions factories could not turn out shells fast enough, even at grossly inflated prices, till the State experts filled the breach, and not only taught them better technical methods, but showed by their own practice in the national factories that munitions could be produced more quickly and cheaply and of a better quality,

while the employees were paid better wages.

The tale could be carried much further; but the cases were cited as they came to light, and I must pay my readers the compliment of assuming that they have not forgotten.

We are a nation of shopkeepers, and the shopkeeper, wholesale or retail, is in a sheltered industry which may jog along almost irrespective of what is happening in the productive field, short of a general strike and the stoppage of all ability to pay for the shopkeeper's wares. The pipe that feeds a motor engine with petrol is a small part of the mechanism. But let it be

clogged or otherwise stopped, and how soon the car will come to a stand! All the elaborate mechanism is there; but for want of the tiny trickle of life-giving spirit it is inert, dead.

The Trickle of Exports.

It is so with our few staple industries. The exports are a relatively small part of British trade - from a seventh to an eighth of the total home market, meaning by home market the national income from goods, services, and investments. In 1928 exports were only £723,000,000, as compared with close on £1,197,000,000 of

imports. The value of British exports do not meet, by 100 millions, the expenses of government. That the home market and the domestic life of the nation should be subordinated to the retention of this dear-bought moiety is our present mistaken policy, based on the illusion that we cannot do without it.

Bleeding of the Basic Industry.

I turn to a really indispensable trade. The small market towns dotted at intervals of a few miles throughout the country depend upon agriculture. And agriculture and the population which lives by it are both

dwindling steadily and even rapidly. The November hirings again absorbed a smaller number of men; the men not engaged hived off to the large centres; and they will inevitably be followed by a drop in the small-town populations. In the town where I write, in spite of relatively heavy expenditure on publicly-owned housing schemes, the population fell from 2152 in 1921 to 1939 in 1928, or fully 10 per cent. in seven years. Obviously such a process cannot be allowed to go on indefinitely, although those most responsible in the various localities do not seem to realise that the position is at all serious, and profess to regard all reference to it and suggested remedy for it as 'irrelevant' and

superfluous. The same fatalistic contentment was doubtless shown by the public men of vanished Babylon, Thebes, Tyre, and Carthage, as if the growth and decay of cities were a matter of mere fortuity beyond the help or hindrance of man.

First Things First.

Were I dictator one of the first things I should attack is the retrogression from agriculture to the pastoral stage represented in the substitution of sheep for crops and the laying down of arable land to grass. It is said that we cannot blame the

farmer; that he finds cattle and corn unprofitable, and turns to sheep and poultry because there is more money in these, with less trouble and a lower wage-bill. As, however, the lower wage-bill means turning men off the land, clearly the State has an interest and a duty in the matter. With unemployment as the great problem in Britain as in America, a Government cannot allow its territory to be depleted of population and its resources to be wasted in the maintenance of able-bodied men in idleness.

Britain is too small a country to be wasted on sheep-feeding, still less on deer, which are crowding out even sheep. The corn lands of Scotland are the best in the

temperate zones, producing, in 1928, 21.2 cwts. of wheat to the acre, as compared with 17.2 for England and Wales, and 23 and 24 bushels of oats and of wheat for Canada, and 16 bushels of winter wheat for the United States. Taking the bushel at 56 lbs., this gives only a little more than half the weight for Canada and a little over a third of the weight for America. And as the Canadian and American grain has to cross thousands of miles of land and sea before it reaches the ports of the United Kingdom,* it may well be asked: How is it able to compete successfully with British-grown cereals? *(On 31st December, 1929, grain freights were quoted: River Plate to United Kingdom up-river ports, 15/9 per ton; Gulf

to U.K., 2/6 per quarter (that is, 12/6 per ton); North Pacific Coast to U.K. and Continent, 24/6 per ton; San Francisco to U.K. and Continent, 25s. Since the Commonwealth Line was sacrificed to enable the Shipping Ring to pay inflated dividends, Australian rates are not quoted. The report adds, with the usual vagueness: 'Australia quotes a few orders for grain; but rates weak on liberal tonnage supplies.')

For one thing, there is less of a rent burden. Then there is a small or non-existent manure-bill, freight rates are very low, and the crops are marketed in bulk. On the other hand, labour costs are higher in Canada and the United States. Anyhow,

the proof that Canada and the States can out-compete British cereals is that they do it.

The truth is, agriculture is a sweated industry all over the world, and whatever tended to improve conditions here would tend to improve them in all countries from which supplies were derived, unless and until a time came when we should be able to do without cereals from these countries entirely. Rural depopulation is going on in the States as well as in Britain, and a great contributory cause is low prices. There is probably systematic over-production of foodstuffs.

Control of Imports.

If I were dictator I should institute control of agriculture from top to bottom, in the interests alike of the rural population and the nation.

A first step would be the nationalization of the railways and the complete readjustment of freight rates. Side by side with this I would strictly limit the issue of motor licences for road transport, much of which is entirely uneconomical. As I have repeatedly pointed out, a locomotive engine will pull 60 loaded trucks on rails, with three men in charge. The same traffic on the road would require 60 motors, 60 trucks, and at least 120 men

in charge, while the roads would suffer much more than the rails.

As it is, motor licences are given as a matter of course and in the interests of trade and revenue, no account being taken of the subsidy of £40,000,000 a-year given to road transport by the British public in the form of taxation for road maintenance.

Railway Nationalization.

The nationalization of the railways would effect many savings in duplicated staffs and directorates, but the help it would give to agriculture would be in the reduction of freight rates to the home user and their

increase to the foreign importer. At present the preference to the latter is as four to one against the home user, he having to pay the higher rate because the foreigner has to have the lower. If the foreign importer had to pay the home rate his produce would be automatically and quite fairly and naturally excluded, A Government Department would very properly impose a flat mileage rate to all comers.

Marketing.

The exclusion of artificially cheapened produce - foreign produce which does not pay its passage - would go far to help the

British farmer. But an equalization so far of the conditions of competition would not of itself be enough.

Complaint is made of the difference between the price paid to the farmer for say potatoes and the price charged in the retail shop. This is often a question of marketing. It is not uncommon for produce to pass through several sets of hands between the field and the shop. One consignment of potatoes was traced through six firms of distributors, the potatoes being repeatedly re-sacked. After they had been from Forfarshire to Aberdeen city, they travelled, as seed, via Glasgow back to the district from which they came. If each of the handlers added

even a small moiety of profit it would be no wonder if the price were at least doubled. The public is itself to blame for the existence of so many middle-men by neglecting to deal with the producer direct.

If I were dictator, regardless of public opinion and independent of a sectional vote, I should give farmers six weeks in which to get together for co-operative marketing, failure to comply being penalised. All blacklegs profit by the co-operation of those who do co-operate, and all should be compelled to contribute to the result by which they benefit.

With Government control of imports, the amount and bulk of consignments could

be regulated. Dumping could be regulated or checked altogether. The price could be regulated. And given a living price, the farmer would be encouraged once again, as in war-time, to keep the plough going, to break up the 2 million acres that have lapsed to grass since 1918, and to employ more and more labour.

But would such encouragement be enough? We may be sure that, as in war-time, it would not. Control meant higher farming, and it must mean that again. For even war prices did not provide sufficient stimulus to speed the plough, and there had to be pains and penalties for bad farming. The problem is to raise immensely our food production, since the home market

is more and more the only market that is being left to us.

What We Produce and What We Buy.

In 1928 we produced only six million quarters of wheat, and we consumed 35 millions; so that the production needs to be increased five-fold. We produced six million quarters of barley, and imported four million quarters. So that the production of barley has to be nearly doubled. Of oats we produced 21 million quarters, and imported three millions, and in 1929 the import figure was considerably exceeded. So that here again a 14 per cent. increase is

needed. I do not know that maize has ever been or could be grown in Britain; but we imported 10 million quarters of it in 1928. Doubtless it has substitutes, and if we could grow other feeding stuffs in sufficient quantity we need not import so much maize. It is a heating grain, and is held responsible for the widespread prevalence in Italy of the disease of malnutrition called pollagra.

There are many other crops in which, with all our facilities of soil, climate, and proximity to great markets, we are lamentably deficient.

Inspection, advice, and discipline would be as necessary and salutary under control

as they are in proving in Ireland, where the visits of the inspector are welcomed and his expert counsel readily followed. No class of men do their best; no broad class of men *know* how to do the best. The best of us can do with advice.

Individualism.

I have said that agriculture needs control - that is, compulsory organization - from top to bottom. The need of control is shown by the hostility of many farmers to any form of organization, advice, or interference. One would think their industry was successfully expanding the area of

cultivation, increasing the number of persons employed, and providing these workers with a high standard of life. The facts being all the other way, it behoves the nation to say: 'The land of Britain is in the last resort our land, and we have an interest in seeing that as much is got out of it as possible. From this standpoint everything is as different as possible from what it ought to be.'

But any week one pleases, farmers will be found objecting to something proposed in the interest of the nation and the consumer, though it is the consumer who gives agriculture or any other business its sole value. A Liberal M.P. has recently started a Potato Marketing Board in order

to deal with the price-collapse in this branch of food production. Mr. Blindell, the founder, proposed that the Board should have representatives of the consumers and the agricultural workers, as well as farmers, and should work, in concert with the Food Council, to stabilise prices.

The National Union of Farmers (English) denounces all these proposals. They say the Food Council is no friend of theirs, and that they do not want prices stabilised. They say that the years when prices are high recoup the grower for the years when prices are low, without offering any hint of when the prices are to be high, Anything rather than regulation or the removal of grievances. Not to have a

grievance would in itself apparently be a grievance.

Overproduction Due to Lack of Organization.

As regards potatoes, the position is that farmers never know exactly what acreage is to be sown. The year 1929 saw an increase of 591,000 tons, and 1928 had increased by 691,000 on the previous year. The consequences have been glut and unremunerative prices. In the absence of any organization or agreement, the probability is that 1930 will see a scarcity, since there is no means of finding out what

acreage is likely to be planted, and farmers will shy off from an unprofitable crop.

It is the same with turnips - a glut one year, a famine the next, and this not merely because turnips are a ticklish crop, but because there is no arrangement as to the quantity to be sown. It is true that turnips are not grown for sale as other crops are, but chiefly to be used on the farm. Sales do go on, however, and one has seen truck loads of turnips being carried on the railways from centres where there was a glut, owing to extensive sowing, to parts where there was a scarcity from the opposite cause, while ploughing in of the excessive and useless fodder represented a sad waste of labour, land, and seed.

Overproduction of food is like no other production in respect that food is perishable; and consequently central organization, both of home production and foreign importation, can alone prevent excess, waste, and unremunerative prices. Apples rotting in Kent and apples from Canada and America selling briskly are the proofs of unfair freights and no organization. If farmers have not had enough of this, the public has.

Beggars Cannot be Choosers.

If the rural districts could retain their population, and deal with the consequences

of bad housing, sanitation, and low standards of life they would have a better claim to be allowed to mismanage their business; but as it is they slough their problems on the large centres - unemployed people, the feeble-minded, the diseased, accidents due to happy-go-lucky methods, and an immense burden of litigation. The county courts are kept going with rustic civil cases and rustic crimes out of all proportion to the numbers of the rural population. The ailing folk of the city must wait for a bed and treatment in their own hospitals; but cases from the country are forwarded as a matter of course and are accepted because humanity forbids their being returned untreated.

Farming a Business.

It is said by apologists that farming is 'not a business, but a way of living.' That is precisely what is amiss with farming. The farmer is not typically a business man. Struggling with weather, obstinate folk, and obstinate beasts, his hallmark is stolidity; and he is excused from keeping account-books because of his assumed dislike to, and probable incapacity for, book-keeping and his assumed disregard of whether his business is paying or not.

If I were dictator, then, I should control imports, stabilise prices, insist upon

high farming and the maximum employment of labour compatible with remunerative business, and I should vest the Food Council with powers to enforce its findings. The business of the Food Council is not to be specially the friend of the farmer, but of the nation.

Grow Bigger or/and Bust.

I deal with this matter at special length, not merely because it is neglected in the policy of statesmen and the advocacy of publicists, but because it is in itself all-important to Britain. She is on the absolutely wrong road at present because

her public men have the utterly unfounded idea (1) that she cannot feed her people with home-grown food, and (2) that she can go on depending indefinitely upon export trade. It is an essential feature of capitalism that its expansion means its ultimate extinction, since it obviously cannot expand except by equipping the nations of the earth to become their own producers. We send them money, machines, managers.

An Agricultural-Fiscal Decalogue.

So far, then, we have:

1. Set up a system of import control by a Government Department, whose officials would buy supplies from abroad in lessening quantities, liberating them on the market as wanted and at prices enabling the home producers to live and live well. This would be protection without tariffs, without speculative profits to Cartels, and without the trouble of collecting duties. If supplies were cheap from countries with low standards, the cheapness would be used, not to lower home prices, but would be State profits which would accrue to the nation.

2. We have nationalised the railways, equalised freights, improved the entire railway system in the interests of safety,

efficiency, and the comfort and convenience of the travelling public. This, not as an expedient forced upon us, but as the best way of managing the service.

3. We have, unfortunately only on paper, restricted the issue of motor licences. The saving of the roads from heavy commercial traffic would mean that more labour and material could be expended upon the neglected third-class roads upon which agricultural traffic is mostly carried.

4. If I were dictator I should reduce the hours in all sheltered industries at once. After all the mechanical inventions and improvements that have taken place, a

working day of eight hours is too long. As many shifts as you please, but none to work more than seven hours for a start. Russia is forging ahead with a seven-hour day at present. In competitive industries arrangements could be made with continental nations to reduce the labour day. Such international arrangements are the aim of the Washington Convention and the business of the International Labour Office.

5. An embargo upon the investment of money abroad was sound in war-time, and it would be sound now. At present one-third to one-half of the investments passing through the Stock Exchange represent British capital abstracted from the British

pool and suicidally invested abroad to enable the cheap labour of Poles, Hindoos, and Chinese to be used to lower British standards and destroy British trade.

6. Nationalization of the land upon its present assessed value, the present holder to be given interest-paying scrip. Landlords no longer give improvements or repairs, and roads, drainage, tree-planting, and the provision of houses have long since become public concerns. As the landlords, thus pauperised, say land is a costly luxury, they ought to be glad to have 3 per cent. on the assessable value. Improvements in the countryside would then be improvements of the nation's own property.

7. A thoroughgoing policy of afforestation associated with small holdings and country crafts.

8. Electrification to be carried out in all directions, not through companies, but by direct labour under expert public servants, the amenity of the landscape to be conserved as against cheapness.

9. Recruiting for the army, navy, and air force to be stopped, as many men would be wanted for constructive work. There are millions of trained soldiers in the country who could be mobilised at once if need were. And there need be no need.

10. Slum clearances to be carried out

as rapidly as new houses can be built for the transplanted population, labour being drafted from the mining and other distressed areas to do work and save doles.

The Great Contradiction.

These ten commandments of reconstruction are but a beginning. They are all not merely feasible, but changes that follow established precedents and cry aloud to be made. The organisation of labour is the State's most primary and important concern. To neglect it is both crime and folly. To attempt to find employment by the capitalist methods that have created

and are still creating unemployment is to stereotype obvious mismanagement, is an abandonment of principle, and a shutting of eyes to all the signs of the times - not merely of the immediate hour, but the whole stream of tendency of the last fifty years, which is for the great industries to go abroad, the work being carried on where the products are required. The more that capitalism succeeds in its object of making profits the sooner it will fail as a social method, which it has never pretended to be anyhow. America with its 4,000,000 of unemployed, and much working of short time as an admitted result of capitalist 'prosperity' proves that capitalism is the Great Contradiction of history.

The moderate proposals here made should not require draconian powers or methods for their enforcement. The United States Farm Board is attempting, with some success, despite the opposition of the wheat speculators, to help the basic industry in the direction of organising marketing and eliminating middlemen, among other aims; and most of the main products of the soil are the subject of compulsory regulation, from eggs in Ireland, sugar in Cuba, to hemp and sisal in Manilla, with proposed compulsory co-operation among wheat-growers in Alberta. And the State railways of Canada carry Canadian wheat at about a fourth of the rates imposed in Britain. Other countries

turn more and more to the control which Britain possessed and abandoned, although, on the undisputed claim of its authors, it saved the country £400,000,000 during the short period of its operation.

Draconian powers are here assumed chiefly because Labour in office has for the moment dropped its proposals for control through an Imports Board, apparently in deference to the opposition of vested interests. If this is not the case the best way to allay suspicion and meet the needs of agriculture is to revive in a Bill the proposals advocated during the General Election.

The Bleeding of Britain

Our Annual Loss by Emigration:
300,000 souls.

Fifteen Millions a year in money.

What's to be done about it?

By the Editor.

(First published in June 1912)

The Emigration statistics are such increasingly distressing reading that even Liberal publicists are at last taking the matter up. For more than twenty years some of us have been hammering at the

disastrous folly of leaving a rich old country to go to a new and poor one, and at last the 'practical men' are beginning to see that all the talk about empire and all the laudation of the 'pioneers' and 'adventurers' who run away from difficulties at home is proving, and is likely to prove, immensely hurtful to the Homeland, without any corresponding benefit to the new countries.

I have written and spoken so often and over such a long period against this anti-social movement of the population away from civilisation that I would now willingly avoid it. But the evil effects of it are so forced upon one's notice that I cannot forbear speaking out again. I have just returned from the North of Scotland,

where I have been saddened to see the number of empty shops and houses built of the good granite; have been wae to hear of the continued exodus from a fine country, and to see all along the route the nakedness of the land as regards population. Every other day I see busloads of men and women, in the very prime of life and usefulness, being driven from the docks to the railway station, on the way from their German, Russian and Scandinavian homes to the frozen wilds of Canada. Sometimes I travel with these people across country on their way to Liverpool, and to be an hour in their company means that you cannot escape being impressed with their pre-occupation,

their amazing pre-occupation with the idea that they are on the way to El Dorado. The idea that life can be economically different in one country as compared with another, the simple faith that one can get away from the rent-taker, the profit-monger, the Black Coast who consumes without producing, who destroys without creating, who demands service without giving it – that idea is always painful to me.

How Many?

The latest statistics show that in the month of March no fewer than 39,442 British subjects 'left these shores for places

out of Europe, declaring that they intended to take up permanent residence abroad.' In the same month, significantly enough, 5,250 persons arrived here from 'places out of Europe,' to take up 'permanent residence' in the United Kingdom, according to their own declaration. This reduces the loss for the month to 34,192. The summer months will probably show an increase in the March figures; but on the one hand the winter months are slacker in the emigration trade, at least so far as Britain is concerned, though the drain of Continental emigration would appear to continue all the year round. The annual loss of population to the United Kingdom will not be less than 300,000 human souls.

And let there be no mistake about the character of those who go. If the wastrels went we should have cause only for rejoicing. But ordinary observation satisfies one that the men who go are in some essential respects just precisely those whom we should be anxious to retain. The March figures show that the total loss was made up as follows: Males 23,573; females, 10,314; children under twelve, 5,555.

By comparison with other months, March showed a large proportion of 'females.' Usually the figure shows about three men to one woman. And they are young men and young women.

What do these figures mean? They

mean that the Homeland, the centre of the Empire's life, the centre in a way of the world's life, is to be increasingly left to the old men and old women and children, the more virile portion of the population draining off to the colonies. These figures mean a loss of national wealth, a loss of national energy, a falling into the ways of old fageyism. For 300,000 is just about the amount of the excess of births over deaths, and with a decreasing birth-rate and this appalling drain of emigration, we shall doubtless soon see the population of England and Wales showing a decrease, as the population of Ireland has long done, and the population of Scotland is now doing.

At what cost?

If we take the low figure of 300,000 as representing the annual human loss by emigration, and put the consequent money loss at £50 a head (a safe estimate), we are losing £15,000,000 a year of trade for the home market. And it is not fifteen millions in one year and done with. It is fifteen million times fifteen millions in fifteen years. In other words, if the three and a half million people who have emigrated to South Africa, Australia, and Canada within the last fifteen years had stayed at home we should be richer in purchasing power by no less than 225 million pounds; for,

remember, it is not women who mostly go, and still less is it children who go. It is men in the prime of their lives and of their value to the community. Think of how much busier all our industries would be with 3 ½ millions of adult male wage-earners and wage-spenders in the country, to be housed, fed, clothed, warmed, shod and amused. Three and a half million is fully one-fourth of the entire wage-earning class. And it must not be forgotten that the children who left home fifteen years ago will now be men and woman, just as most of the 5,555 children who left in March this year will be men and women fifteen years hence.

Is it good to go?

But if it would be a good thing for us that these people should stay, is it a good thing for them that they should go?

One cannot see but that, outside of despotically governed countries, one civilised State is pretty much as good as another. What is perfectly clear is that if wages are high, prices must be in proportion, since labour is a first charge upon all commodities made or services rendered. If anything, prices will tend to be lower, and real wages will tend to be highest, in old countries, where the use of machinery and the organization of labour both inside and outside the factory or

workshop have been carried to the highest point. Thus England is an older-settled country than Scotland, and wages are on the whole higher, while the cost of living is less, machinery and competition among capitalists keeping prices down, while organization among the workers keeps wages up.

The economic conditions of Britain are freer and more natural than those of any other country in the world. Protectionist States, including all our colonies, raise the cost of living in the interests of the rings and cartels who wax fat at the expense of the consumer, so that we have had the spectacle of the French and German working classes paying sevenpence a pound

for beetroot sugar in the country where it was manufactured, while the same sugar was exported and sold to the Britisher at twopence a pound.

Australis.

Mr Henry Stead, writing from Melbourne to the 'Daily News' says:-

The Tariff makes all imports costly to buy; the high rate of wages ruling throughout the Commonwealth makes local products dear. Until this is realized, the newcomer is amazed to find he must pay such high prices for foodstuffs which are easily produced in Australia, some of

which, indeed, she exports in huge quantities. It is galling, for instance to have to pay more for butter in Melbourne than he has been accustomed to pay for the article when it reaches London, 12,000 miles away.

About the only thing which is cheaper in Australia than at home is meat. The mutton is not very tasty: it sells at 6d a lb. The lamb is good and costs 7d the lb. Beef 6d; veal 5d: and pork 8d – all good meat. Fowls are, however, costly, running from 4s to 6s each. Jam, marmalade, tinned fruits, and soap are about the same price in Australia as in England.

Nearly every other foodstuff is dearer

than at home – rice 4d the pound, flour 2d the pound. The 1 ½ loaf of England sells for 3 1/2 d, common cheese 9d the pound, potatoes 2d to 4d the pound, lemons 3d each, cabbages 5d each, beetroots 5d each, milk 5d to 6d a quart, eggs 1s 3d a dozen (the very cheapest), lard 1s 4d a pound (and very poor stuff at that) candles 8d the pound, wood fuel 30 s the ton (and hard Australian wood is very heavy), and coal 30s the tone, the best of it much inferior to English coal. There is very little variety in the fish available in Australian ports; it is very expensive and very poor.

Rents are high in Melbourne, and still higher in Sydney. In both cities it is impossible to obtain a house; the rapid

growth of Sydney, especially having kept the builders so busy that house-seekers gladly paid rent from the moment digging the foundations was commenced! A seven or eight room villa could not be got for less than £100 per annum, but as the rates here are paid by the landlord, that would mean £80-£85 at home. The laundry, too, is a heavy item in the household budget. Chinese or Japanese laundry will charge 2s for a tablecloth and 6d for a shirt.

How could it be otherwise? If Labour has to have a high wage, how shall the produce of labour be cheap? The capitalist is there to take his profit as well as here, and there as well he wastes money on advertising, sending out travellers, and all

the other unnecessary costs of competitive commerce.

It is true that by means of wages boards and other slavery-regulating pieces of legislation the Australian workman enjoys relatively good conditions, but even this state of affairs cannot long endure without very much more fundamental economic changes than have at yet taken place. Australia is largely living on borrowed money. Mr Froude long ago pointed out that the people of Australia hugged the seaboard; that the interior of the country remained comparatively underdeveloped, the settlers having no liking for agriculture or pastoral work; that harbours and other public works were

constructed with borrowed money and in excess of the requirements of actual trade and traffic. This feature of Australian public life has not altered for the better. New South Wales is now borrowing at the rate of £9,000,000 a year, and a few months ago the Sydney Buletin printed the following piece of editorial candour:

During the year 1912 the Commonwealth went to the bad... to the extent of £14,000,000 solely through not doing enough work to pay for the things it wanted. This is to say, its exports failed, by that amount, to pay for its imports and the interest on its foreign debts. Either it didn't work long enough hours, or it didn't work hard enough during its hours of work, or

too large a proportion of the community didn't work at all, or else the community insisted on living on an impossibly scale of lavishness. One or some of these explanations must be correct.

The fact probably is that Australia will never be much of a country for white men. Its climate consists of alternate devastating drought or disasterous floods, and the floods at least obtain in New Zealand as well. Anyhow, these lands cannot meet the elementary test of paying their debts. For an insolvent country to vaunt its advantages, while all the time it is borrowing money from the nations it professes to despise, is on the face of it above impudence – a sort of international

confidence trick. A young man settled in one of these colonies – very likely Australia – in writing home to his father and mother for money, used to address them as ‘My dear pay-rents.’ Was that symbolical?

South Africa.

We hear much less of South Africa as a white man’s country, nowadays. There is no war to excuse. South Africa never was and never will be a white man’s country. There are beautiful spots in Natal and Cape Colony; but the veldt is naked, naturally naked; and with its torrid sun, its sudden floods, its unkindly soil scattered

thinly upon on flinty bottom, its fevers and its plagues of ticks and other vermin, South Africa cannot hope ever to tempt sensible men from the more kindly latitudes of the green earth.

The fact that the aboriginal inhabitants were and are black shows what Nature would do with any race that settled there long enough. The thick skulls, woolly thatch, deep-set eyes, and greasy black skins of the Kaffir are Nature's protection against the heat and glare of these naked plains and barren kopjes. The Boers have taken a touch of the tar-brush in the course of a few generations, and a few centuries more of South Africa, with little rejuvenating admixture of European blood,

would see Brother Boer become a black man. Nature does not suspend her law of adaptation or her influence of environment to suit imperialist theories. National types have not been evolved by nothing. In spite of the constant stream of immigrants to the United States, the Yankee face, conical head, lank hair, and hairlessness, represent an appreciable approximation to the Red Indian type. Climate, water, the elemental properties of earth and air, are not negligible quantities in their influence on the stock. A black man's country will remain a black man's country.

Our Lady of Snows.

But Canada is the favoured field at present. Every Canadian settler becomes an emigration agent. A Scots friend settled in that land of seven months Arctic winter writes of how destitute the country is of the finer fruits of civilization. He has nothing but contempt for its shrieking unidea'd press. He calls it a 'godless country,' and inveighs against the persistency of the word 'dollars' in all conversations. While he is fully alive to the knowledge that everybody there is 'on the make,' and is not enamoured of the civilization thereby produced, he drops into a typical Canadian touch which, as Carlyle says, 'is significant of much.' Writing on the last day of March, when we were

having rather nice weather in England, he says: -

‘Since the New Year the mercury has not reached the zero point, and for long weeks has been hovering around 1 degree and below. This of course, means that you do not care to go out more than is absolutely necessary, nor can you remain out for any length of time. ‘

No Saturday afternoon football there I reckon, and that’s a blessing anyhow. But after these blood-congealing details as to 18 and 20 below zeros the letter amusingly concludes:

Do you ever think seriously of coming

out here yourself? There is a splendid opening for men of your profession. I am sure you would make good and, since this is a British colony, the sacrifice of principle would be but infinitesimal.

Making Good.

It is not 'the sacrifice of principle' one thinks about, but the tremendous sacrifice of comfort and pleasure. More than most people I can find my pleasure by the ingle nook. But with the temperature at 20 below I fancy there would be little enough pleasure even there. As to 'openings' for journalists, I should say it is all opening

there. The field is wide, and from all I have seen, unoccupied. A public which is absorbed in the hunt for dollars is not the public for me. I find England and Scotland more than enough materialistic. It is the finer things of life for which one lives. I have enough food, clothes, house-room, thousands of books to read, abundance of good tobacco always handy, a pint of beer for my supper. The theatres and concerts are numerous, and the temperature never anywhere near 20 degrees below zero to prevent one going out at nights. When my work is done there is the ancient walled city of York, with its glorious cathedral, within an hour's run. Beverley, with its minster and bells is the next station to

Cottingham on one hand, and the next station in the other direction is Hull, where there are I know not how many theatres and music halls, besides an art gallery, a public library, and all the stir of a world-wide traffic with the uttermost ends of the earth to be sampled by the banks and quays and landing-stages of the mighty yellow Humber.

‘Make good!’ I have a garden behind both my home and workplace. I walk to my work past market gardens and a beautiful twelfth century church surrounded by immemorial trees and a lovely lawn between the tombstones. When The Gateway is off my hands I can and do break away to Oxford, Cambridge, London,

Windsor, Warwick, Whitby, Kent, Chester, the Burns country or Aberdeen. I want to work with my hands among the beloved types and the beautiful books, to write and print my own articles and occasionally to harangue the lieges. All this I can do. I cannot conceive of any change of place that would not be a change for the worse.

One lives, not for bread and butter – he is a poor man who cannot get enough of that – but for the extras. Literature of the best, and leisure to enjoy it; music, good plays and good acting; friends who are not hungry for orders or money; a keen interest in the passing show as reflected in a really good newspaper; pleasant surroundings in the country, but near

enough to a great city to be able to run in for the shows; the romance of the old world as embodied in stone-and-lime, stained glass, the best orators, actors and musicians – that is my idea of ‘making good,’ and for me to go to Canada would be to make bad in every one of these respects.

A Matter of Taste.

This question of emigration is a matter of taste. For a great object one might be willing to go into the wilds of Canada for a year or two, as Macaulay went to India to revise the Penal Code. He was tempted by

the two thousand a year, and after all India is an interesting country with an ancient civilization to it. With the savings of his four years' exile he returned to England and settled down to write his history. That had been the programme, and one can understand a man going abroad for such a purpose. But to emigrate with the deliberate purpose of going into 'permanent residence' would be an appalling prospect.

England, with its green fields and blossoming hedgerows, its great farms that soar aloft in the quiet countryside amid the jackdaws in the elms and the warbling thrushes on the lawns; its stately homes that show how men might be housed; it's

creeping canal boats and its crawling wagon, with the driver sleeping under the tilt; its snuggling farmsteads and ribbons of yellow road running over the horizon's edge; its orators, actors, singers, and musicians; its busy presses; the varied industries of its people; the individuality of its old towns on their old, man-clustered rivers; the wealth, ease and unhasting leisure and good nature of its people — there, and all the other long results of time are enough for me.

Some of my young men have gone to South Africa, some to Canada, to do inferior work in an inferior civilization. I could understand a provincial printer wishing to go to London, Edinburgh or

Oxford to perfect himself in his business and to at least bear a hand in the doing of good work. But some of these youths went to a small border town in South Africa, where a small edition of a country press was printed off on a handpress by a couple of Zulus! The paper itself was pretty much of a collection of country gossip interspersed with advertisements (and blocks) of mangles, bassinettes, mealies, tea and typewriters. One of them said he did not care as long as the money was good! As I said before, it's all a question of taste – or the want of it. I happen to prefer civilization, good work, decent surroundings and a climate which neither bakes nor freezes one.

Adventure at Home

There are faults and cruelties enough in the old Homeland: but I shall not run away from the task of ameliorating them at the bidding of any man, and especially one who has gathered the wealth of many to himself and who is *not* going. Let the wastrels and wildbloods, or those who have 'made a hash of it' and need to start over again – let them go (if they can no better!) to lands where the flowers have no fragrance, where the birds do not attempt to sing, or

where the mercury hovers for months in the neighbourhood of twenty below zero.

‘Go away,’ says Midas. ‘This old country is no place for a man of enterprise and spirit to stay in. There is cheap land; yeas, there is free land, to be got in Canada.’ Under his breath Midas says: ‘You are growing old and a little wiser. You had better clear out before you grow too wise for me. There are plenty of young fools coming on, and they and the dotards and the women and children will serve my turn. You are not doing any good here; and if you wait much longer you will begin to think that I am in the way. Clear out and good luck to you; but hands off my little lot.’ I for one am not going, to leave him in

undisputed possession.

What would have happened had Charles the First been a believer in emigration? Cromwell, Sir Arthur Hazelrig and other Parliament men of spirit, seeing the oppression and the struggle which lay before them, ought to run away from their duty. Seven ships lay in the Thames waiting to take them to the New World. In an evil hour for himself, but a blessed one for the country, Charles forbade the emigration! It cost him his head and altered the whole course of British history. The English Revolution, like the French Revolution, might have been delayed a hundred years if these seven king-quellers had been allowed to emigrate.

Robert Burns was on the point of taking ship for Jamaica when Dr. Blacklock's praise of the Kilmarnock poems reached him and made him stay to serve Scotland and humanity. Had he gone, he would doubtless have succeeded as a planter and been lost to poetry. There would have been on 'Edinburgh' edition, no 'Tam o' Shanter,' no 'Scots wha hae; for these and many another poem and song of his best were written after his plan of emigration was abandoned.

The Chartist agitation was stifled by the discovery of gold in Australia and the emigration of the 'agitators.'

What would happen in Russia, what

would have happened long ago, had the unhappy subjects of the Czar no constantly open outlet to other lands. Probably the Russian Revolution would have long since taken place. As it is, Russian despotism is tolerated because emigration serves as a safety valve.

Empty Britain

The green fields of Britain are empty of human souls. The United Kingdom is becoming a place of sport and antiquarian shows. 'What would we not give for your churches, your lawns, and your old houses' say Colonial visitors. One may go down to

Scotland by all three routes through hundreds of miles of empty country. From Newcastle to Edinburgh, from Leeds to Edinburgh, from Manchester to Glasgow, the train travels without passing a single great city or notable town on the way, with perhaps the one exception of Preston on the west coast route. Carlisle is a mere railway station. Berwick has a bridge. Dumfries is small, sordid and save for its unhappy memorials of Burns, uninteresting. From Edinburgh to Glasgow on to Dundee and Aberdeen, Scotland is again a place of empty fields and a bracing climate. The population of Britain is huddled into the towns, which, except in Lancashire and Yorkshire, are surrounded by blanks in the

map.

With our coal, our iron, our railways, canals and good roads, our many rivers, extensive seaboard, easy distances, profitable fisheries, the fertilising rain, the favoured geographical position, and the skill of our workers, there is plenty of room and a crying need for many times the population that these islands support, and there is abundance of adventure and the worthiest of struggles before the men who will lend a hand to set the house in order. Enterprise needs to begin at home. There is nothing a man may do abroad that he cannot do at his own hallan door. There is gold everywhere, says Dooley, if you will dig for it, it must be added, not that you

get the fruits of your digging!

The Remedy.

To be sent into exile used to be regarded as punishment; and banishment is so regarded today by educated persons who value the comforts and pleasures that only civilization can give. The French officer went to Algeria, is broken hearted till he can return to the amenities of La Patrie, the hub of his universe. The officer who has to live on his pay considers it the greatest of his hardships to have to stew in India. Siberia, which is a sort of European

Canada, is a word of horror to the well to do Russian. But, persuaded out of ordinary horse-sense by the prevailing cant about emigration, men sell their business or give up a good post and rush to book a passage to an erstwhile penal settlement, where men were formerly sent only in punishment for their misdeeds. To anyone who appreciates the fine fruits of an ordered and slowly perfected civilization, it is surely a punishment to have to go into the wilderness, leaving behind the tramcars, trains, baths, libraries, the water, gas and electricity laid on; to go to a wilderness where there are no paved footways, no macadamised roads, no bridges, no telephones; where the doctor,

the church, the shops are twenty miles distant, where there are no libraries, theatres, art galleries, where a man has to be his own mason, carpenter, blacksmith, veterinary surgeon, butcher, nacker, navvy, and letter and parcel carrier.

A Manufactured Exodus.

The exodus is not a natural movement of population. It is made by advertisement and press puffs, and the great shipping companies are as much dependent on the continuance of this illusion as the armament firms are upon the illusion that national security means ships and guns.

Huge showcases of colonial produce are now among the recognised decorations at big railway stations; as if we could not show far finer products than they can! From the hoardings gleam coloured picture-postcards of waving grain and snug farmsteads to lure the simple, credulous man away from his own kind acres and old green hills. Fortunes are being made by the many agents of the emigration pressgang, who rob their own country of its finest asset, its people, while taking good care not to go themselves! The effete old country is good enough for them! If it pays the Colonies so well to secure emigrants, is it not equally to our advantage to induce them to stay and work for the progress and

glory of the Homeland, in which their own true wellbeing is involved.

The Settling of Britain.

The *raison d'être* of these historical notes is that the essentials of history find next to no place in the school text-books in current use, The compilers of school histories tell us the year in which the Battle of Flodden was fought, or that in which Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded, though these events have no very discernible effects on the lives of the people of Scotland and England to-day. On the other hand, they do not tell us when or why the Feudal System was introduced, or when and how that system was abolished, though the consequences of both the introduction and the abolition

remain of momentous importance in the lives of the people to-day. The purely military and sensational episodes of history are narrated with comparative wealth of detail; the rise and growth of fundamental institutions are ignored. Thus every schoolboy knows about the Death of De Bohun, the Douglas's pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and the battle of Otterbourne; but ask a class of secondary-school pupils when the British Political Revolution took place, and you will be told 'We never got that.'

When the school historians do, rarely, indulge in constitutional details they are sometimes wrong in the most elementary particulars. 'A History of the British

Empire,' long popular, misled the scholars and teachers of a generation with the information that 'the Three Estates of the Realm, or constituent parts of the Parliament, are the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons.' The truth is, of course that the Three Estates are the Barons Spiritual, the Barons Temporal, and the Commons. The Sovereign is not, and, never was, an Estate of the Realm. The making of such a mistake regarding such a matter is, as Carlyle would have said, 'significant of much.' The attitude of mind which makes for elaborate attention to personal details regarding a dead king, while lightly and inaccurately treating a great and permanent institution of most civilised

countries, does not tend to sound or large views of the relative importance of historic facts. It is merely interesting to learn that Curtmantle had bow legs and that Elizabeth had red hair; whereas it is important to know that Parliament was in its origin, as it still is in its composition, an assemblage of *direct* representatives of certain classes in society. The fact is that, to the average historian, history is still a collection of battles, sieges, court intrigues, and individual biographies rather than, as it should be, an account of the corporate life and growth of a nation; is still a series of separate incidents, connected only by the sequence of time, rather than a synthetic view of the evolution of a people, in which

politics, industry, art, religion, commerce, warfare, geographical discovery, technical invention, and the popular standard of comfort act and re-act one upon another, shaping, fusing, and determining the character of the national life as a whole.

In spite of the oft-repeated protests of such historical critics as Macaulay, and the example which some few modern historians have set of how history should be written,* the subject, as taught in schools, continues to be a chronicle of the unedifying deeds and misdeeds of sovereigns and generals. The lives of the great body of the nation, and the social, industrial, and even political changes that took place, are alike ignored, or, at best, but slightly treated. For the

details and meaning of these changes, as for the features of a given age, we have to turn to Social histories, Constitutional histories, Histories of Civilization, of Prices, of Work and Wages, 'Economic Interpretations of History,' works on 'The Duties of Civic Life,' and other books of a special historic character, If such details are not of the essentials of history, there are none. That the general history of a period or a country, as ordinarily narrated, fails to include such particulars forms the reason for these pages.

*Justin M'Carthy's 'Short History of Our Own Times,' for instance. Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' though neither accurate nor up-to-date, is

wonderfully comprehensive in conception and method, despite the 'brave neglect' of its style and its excusably romantic bias.

The Period.

The four centuries from the accession of Alfred the Great (871) to the death of Henry III. (1272) represent the period of the settling or founding of Britain upon the main lines - political, economic, and judicial - on which the United Kingdom stands to-day.

POLITICAL.

Consolidation.

When Alfred became King of the West Saxons the island-contained at least ten more or less independent rulers. When Edward I. became King of England and Ireland there were but two besides himself, and before the end of his reign the death of Llewellyn of Wales left but one, the King of Scotland (Alexander III.). During this period (1172) the kilted Kings of Ireland, the Dermods and Donalds, the Murtoughs and Malachies and Mahons, of Leinster and Munster, of Meath and Thomond and Ulster, paid homage to Henry II., as did also the Danish rulers of Dublin and

Wexford. As an annalist writes with pathetic brevity, 'Earl Strongbow came into Erin with Dermot M'Murrough to avenge his expulsion by Roderick, son of Turlough O'Connor; and Dermot gave him his own daughter and a part of his patrimony; and Saxon foreigners have been in Erin since then.'

These four centuries not only witnessed a union of principalities: they also saw a consolidation of the English in England and of the Scots in Scotland for purposes of really national defence and government.

Lack of Public Spirit.

The bugbear of the Saxon kings and a great contributory cause of the successful Danish and Norman invasions and occupations was the incapacity of the Saxons to hold together, to act unitedly. The Saxon freeman would repel, if he could, an invader who appeared in his own neighbourhood; but he did not willingly leave the shire, and he was easily persuaded to believe that an enemy was completely routed when he had only temporarily fallen back on suffering a slight reverse. Home-loving by instinct, the thought of the good wife, the bairns, and the farmstead left unprotected, sometimes inclined the Saxon to panic when the day

seemed to be going against him afield.

But in truth the parochial character of Saxon defence was not merely a matter of feeling. It was a matter of institutions as well. The *fyrð*, or shire levy, was required, legally, to serve only within its own county, and that for a short period at a time, the service including the manning of the district forts and stockaded mounds which the Saxons had copied as a defensive device from the Danish ravagers. Of course this merely local obligation was in practice frequently departed from; but the danger had to be very great and clear, and that its gravity and clearness were not always recognised is shown by the repeated successes of the Danes, the Scots, and the

Welsh. Alfred tried to secure more willing and effective service from the *fryd* by calling up only one half of the available levy at a time, so that the civil work of the community need not be entirely suspended. That, however, does not appear to have removed the objection of peaceful men to the business of war, although Alfred and some of his successors were able to expel, and for long periods to keep out, the Danes.

Stolid, unimaginative, with no political ideas beyond the folk-moot where he said Ay, Nay, or merely clattered his weapons in token of assent, the Saxon freeman, with all his good qualities, was no active friend to the peace and good order of the land as a whole. He was an Individualist,

as his descendants still are to too great an extent. He was the primitive prototype of the man who to-day takes no interest in politics, and selfishly boasts that he 'minds his own business.'

Penalty - The Feudal System.

With this absence of a national ideal, and its practical drawbacks of selfish personal 'independence' and lack of social cohesion, Alfred and the later Saxon kings did their utmost to cope. The 'lordless man' was declared an outlaw and was treated as such. The freeholding Saxon tribesman, himself a master of serfs, had now to set

about finding a master in one or other of the neighbouring thegns, at whose hands he would receive in fief the lands he already held in his own right. This was the beginning of the Feudal System in Britain,

Thus the best men of the time - Alfred himself and, later, the great Premier Archbishop, Dunstan - had to degrade the freeman to the position of a vassal as a penalty for his lack of public spirit - a lack which usually carries, sooner or later, its due penalty everywhere.

The Continued Lack.

But to make the freeholder a villein, liable

to compulsory military service under his lord's banner, did not suffice to consolidate and render effective the defence of the country, either on land or on sea. The feudal machinery of defence could not supply the lack of public spirit and a national ideal.

The Danes might ravage Northumbria; but the West Saxons behaved as if that were none of their affair. William of Normandy might land in Sussex as the starting-point of a general invasion; but the Northumbrians, instead of hastening to help Harold against the foreign invader, joined with the Danes under Hardrada and Tostig, the King's own rebel brother, to make the task of their monarch still more

impossible. Harold had to defeat this rebellious coalition of his own subjects with the Danish invader ere, by marching night and day, he could give his attention to the Norman. Even then a large part of Harold's muster consisted of ill-armed rustics. That the chivalry of France was repulsed again and again from the rough stockade behind which the Saxons plied their fearful axes, was chiefly due to the desperate valour of Harold's own house-carles or bodyguard*1 rather than to the general support accorded by the Saxon people to the Saxon king.

Harold's navy, it is believed, would have been more than a match for the mere transport boats in which William crossed

the Channel - burning them when he landed at Pevensey - but the Saxon Buscarles,*2 locally raised, had gone home to their own ports at the time of crisis, and the Saxon fleet was useless save for a career of piracy after the kingdom had fallen into the hands of the Norman.

The numerous serious revolts which took place at intervals, long after the conquest of England, had at least the one feature in common, that they were planless, sporadic, spasmodic, devoid of national unity. The English were not yet a nation.*3

*1 The house-carles of Harold's time were a very much stronger force than the

handful of *gesiths* who formed the bodyguards of the early Saxon kings. From the time of Canute they numbered several thousands strong.

*2 Boatmen. The Yarmouth herring boats were called 'busses,' as the Dutch herring boats still are.

*3 We can now afford to regard the Norman Conquest as representing a beneficial infusion of new blood and new ideas; but the price of this higher civilization must have seemed exorbitant to the six generations of the conquered race that paid it.

Scotland.

Nor were the Scots. In the time of Alfred there was in Scotland the British kingdom of Strathclyde, having its capital at Alcluyd (Dumbarton). There was an Anglian kingdom of Lothian, occupying the south-east corner from the Forth to a shifting boundary in Northumbria. The Picts and Scots, united under Kenneth Macalpine, occupied Scotland from sea to sea, with Scone as their capital city. Mar and Moray were under independent Celtic mormaers. The Hebrides, Caithness, Orkney, Shetland, and Sutherland were still held by the Norse jarls. But while these five provinces became united under Malcolm Canmore, that king did homage to the

English monarch for his possessions in England. It was not till the reign of Alexander I. that the complete separation and independence of Scotland within its own boundaries was established and recognised.

Parliament.

The Saxon Witanagemote, or Assembly of the Wise, had great powers, including that of choosing the king; though the succession extended, apparently as a matter of course, collaterally among the king's brothers before it descended to his sons. Descent did not determine the succession; it merely

indicated the field of selection; and sometimes, as in the case of Harold the Last, a king was adopted from a source outside the blood royal altogether.

In England.

With the coming of the Conqueror a period of absolute monarchy set in. The *Curia Regis* of the early Norman Kings was simply a committee of the king's creatures. This regime lasted till the end of Henry III.'s reign, when the first elective Parliament of the Three Estates of the Realm was convened by Simon de

Montfort, Earl of Leicester, called by the men of his day Sir Simon the Righteous' The Witanagemote was composed of men of rank, who held seats and voted, not as the delegates of a constituency, but merely by virtue of their social position. They represented only themselves.

The Parliament of 1265, on the other hand, was, in its most important chamber, both elective and representative. The Commons, or Third Estate, consisted, not only of knights of the shire (who alone formed the Third Estate in continental Parliaments), but burgesses of the towns in addition. The voters were freeholders of the annual value of not less than 40s. The word Estate is derived from the Latin *status* - a

condition in life. The founders of Parliaments everywhere recognised that the various classes in society could be properly represented only by men belonging to each particular class - a sound view, of which the return of 150 Labour members to Parliament is a partial recognition to-day. The Labour Party represents a Fourth Estate of the Realm. Members of the House of Commons were remunerated on a scale which varied from time to time, and differed as between the knights of the shire and the burgesses, the former being assumed to live more expensively. In the time of Edward III. the rate was fixed at 4s. a-day for a knight and 2s. a-day for a burgess - sums equal to 40s.

and 20s, respectively of our money.

In Ireland.

In Ireland informal meetings of 'eminent persons' belonging, of course, to the English colony, led to the convocation of a Parliament in 1295. Knights of the shire only were summoned at first. Burgesses were not added till 1310. The Parliament of 1354 numbered only 20 members. When the Irish Parliament was abolished, by gross corruption, in 1800, it numbered 300 members.

Scotland.

The introduction of Parliamentary government into Scotland does not fall within our period. The first regular Scottish Parliament met in 1318, in the reign of Robert the Bruce, that, indeed, being the act of most abiding significance in the Scottish Deliverer's reign. Well-informed men, making light of the sentiment of nationalism and the passion for independence, have questioned whether the results of Bannockburn did not simply delay the spread of civilization in Scotland. But, so far as we know, no one has ever denied the utility of the great body of Scots Law enacted by successive Parliaments during the four centuries of Scottish

legislative independence. The Scots Parliament, abolished by suborned votes in 1707, was a Parliament of one chamber only. After 1427 the members were paid £5 Scots (8s. 4d. sterling) per day during the session of Parliament, this allowance extending to time spent in travelling to and from the place of assembly.

Rise of the Towns.

The growth and prosperity of the towns was looked at with unfriendly eyes by the aristocracy. Writing of the granting of a constitution to London in 1191, Richard of Devizes said: 'What evils spring from these

communes can be gathered from the saying about them, that they mean an upheaval of the rabble, a menace to the kingdom, and a lukewarmness in religion.' Prior to this the burgh had practically belonged to one overlord or another; but now the government was vested in the craft guilds, the lord's taxes were commuted, and the burgh was freed from the grosser forms of seignorial oppression.

ECONOMIC.

Slavery.

The Saxon conqueror found the soil of England cultivated by a population of

slaves and free and half-free *coloni*. For centuries he kept it so. There was a great export trade in slaves. It was the sight of fair-haired lads from Northumbria exposed for sale in the market-place of Rome that made Pope Gregory the Great vow to transmit Christianity to England. The landing of Augustine, with forty monks, in 597, was the result. The debtor who could not pay was sold into slavery. Slaves were bred and reared for the market. Unnatural fathers sold their sons into bondage. Bristol traded in slaves till the eighteenth century, and the Scottish ports were not free of the same scandal. Sometimes, as in the case of Peter Williamson, of Aberdeen, the kidnapped bondman escaped and returned;

though he got little redress from the merchant magistrates who were themselves interested in this white-slave trade.

Norman Feudalism.

The feudal system, introduced by the Saxon rulers, was made more rigid and formal by the Normans. 'Hear, my lord,' swore the vassal as he knelt bareheaded, his hands placed within those of the superior, 'I become liegeman of yours for life and limb and earthly regard, and I will keep faith and loyalty to you for life and death; God help me.' Yet the superior was

only a tenant of the Crown, as the vassal was a tenant of the superior. The basis of tenure was military service in the case of both, though this could be escaped by the payment of scutage or quit money, with which the king could and did hire foreign troops. The system of military tenure obtained in England, as a matter of law if not of practice, till 1660, when by an act of the Convention Parliament of Charles II. the landholders voted themselves out of their feudal obligations, making themselves in fact if not in law landowners; though it is but fair to say that they imposed upon themselves a tax of twenty per cent. of their rentals. Except where it has been commuted by the payment of a

lump sum, this tax is still paid on the basis of a valuation made in the reign of William and Mary (1692), since when, of course, the value of the land has enormously increased.

Feudalism in Scotland.

We have seen how feudalism was introduced in England by Alfred and Dunstan as a natural punitive consequence of the Saxon's lack of public spirit. The Feudal System was introduced into Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Canmore. Desiring to see his dominions more thickly peopled, and the refinements

of life diffused among his Celtic subjects, Malcolm tempted both Norman and Saxon settlers to his northern kingdom by gifts of land, to be held in fief according to the feudal system whose workings he had seen during his residence in England. In Scotland in the eleventh century, as in Canada to-day, land was of less value than population.*

The feudal system in Scotland did not penetrate to the Highlands. The clan tenure was in theory, if latterly not in practice, different from the ordinary tenure of these islands. The clansmen owed fealty to the chief of their sept and name, but it was a fealty based, not on the use of property derived from him, but on

considerations of blood ties, protection accorded, and the sentiment of personal loyalty. The tribesmen were co-owners with the chief of the lands occupied by the clan.

At the Reformation, one half of the land of Scotland (according to Sir Walter Scott) belonged to the Church, and one cause of the ready acceptance of Protestantism by the Scottish nobility was the renunciation, by the Reformed clergy, of Prelacy, of formal political power, and of legal claims upon the confiscated lands. It is possible to admire this unworldly spirit of the Scottish clergy while regretting its practical consequences in the diversion of the Church lands from public to private

uses. The endowments and teinds of the Scottish Church are an insignificant substitute for the vast properties administered by the Church in pre-Reformation days, largely for hospitable, charitable, and educational purposes, in addition to religious teaching. What the Church renounced and the poor lost, the nobles hungrily devoured, without gratitude and as a matter of course.

For Scotland the military tenure was not legally abolished till 1747, the Jacobite rising of 1745-6 having called attention to the mischievous power which the Scottish feudal superiors still possessed of dragging peaceable men out to fight in quarrels in which they had no interest.

*Nowadays philanthropy reverses King Malcolm's wise policy, and encourages emigration, especially from the parts already most thinly peopled. These are now, on the principle of contraries, termed 'congested districts.'

The Appropriation of Britain.

But while the feudal system provided for the defence of the country, which to-day costs us over £116,000,000 annually,* there were, side by side with the feudal estates, millions of acres of common land. According to the Domesday Book, there

were, in addition, in England alone, 1922 manors, 68 royal forests, 13 chases, and 781 parks whose revenues went into the public purse. According to constitutional authorities, these properties were strictly inalienable; but they have mostly been alienated; and the net revenue from the Crown Lands was in 1925-6 only £950,000. At the Reformation Henry VIII. resumed possession of the monastery lands as being Crown property, and it is calculated that the capitalised value of these would now be over a hundred millions sterling. But the monastery lands, the common lands, and the Crown lands have mostly been either enclosed by Act of Parliament, given away to royal favourites, or gradually and

covertly filched by the neighbouring proprietors. Thus in the reign of Charles I. it was found that Rockingham Forest, one of the royal demesnes, had been encroached upon by the adjoining landholders till it had shrunk from sixty to six miles in width. A Commission being appointed, in 1633, to deal with these appropriations, many noble depredators were not only deprived of large tracts of the land they had annexed, but were fined in addition. An old rhyme runs:-

Why prosecute the man or woman

Who steals the goose from off the
common,

And leave the larger felon loose

Who steals the common from the
goose?

The enclosure of public lands, however, continued long after the time of Charles I. So late as 1820 the Duke of Rutland of the period enclosed 2,000 acres of common land in the Derbyshire parish of Holmesfield, and actually charged the parishioners with the expense of the Act under which his appropriations were made! In the hundred and twenty years from 1760 to 1880 no less than ten million acres were transferred from public to private ownership.

Thus by a process spread over a thousand years, and natural and necessary enough in its beginnings in the time of Alfred, but in its later stages plain robbery, whether legal or illegal, were the people of Britain made aliens in the land of their birth, the soil passing to a handful of owners who have done less to give it the value it now bears than the meanest hind who lives upon it by their sufferance.

*The cost of the Navy was £58,100,000 in 1926-7, of the Army, £42,500,000, and of the Air-Force, £16,000,000.

Serf Tenures.

The serf and his unfree dependants (who could be married only with the consent of the seigneur) constituted the majority of the population, which in the middle ages was distributed over the country instead of being huddled in towns. Under Saxon as well as under Norman rule the craftsmen were freemen, some of them, such as the potter, travelling from village to village. But the cottager, the copyholder, and the field labourers were serfs, although the actual conditions of life of these classes varied in detail. In the early days of the Saxon occupation the house servants were absolute chattel slaves, to be bought and sold. The Saxon cottager had a minimum holding of five acres; his Norman successor

half a virgate - not less than twelve acres. He owned stock and paid rent, never more than sixpence an acre, and usually considerably less. One demand of the labourers in the Peasants' Revolt was that the rent of land should not exceed fourpence an acre. Sometimes the rents were nominal. By one free tenant a pound of pepper (value 1s. 6d.) is given annually for nine acres. On Cuxham Manor, in Oxfordshire, the serfs gave (for their twelve acres) a halfpenny on November 12, a penny every time they brewed, a quarter of seed-wheat at Michaelmas, a peck of wheat, four bushels of oats, and three hens on November 12, and at Christmas a cock and two hens and twopenceworth of bread.

The value of these payments and services is put at 9s. per annum, 3s. only being rent for the house and land occupied by the serf, the remaining 6s. simply the penalty of serfage. In addition, the cottage serf (Saxon, *cotsetla*; Norman, *coterelli*) had to give labour on the lord's demesne at the call of the bailiff.

Wages and Prices.

Under the Normans the cottagers became practically freemen. They paid 1s. 2d, to 2s. a-year for their cottages, and had to give a day or two at hay-making, for which they

were paid a halfpenny. They were also bound to give one to four days at harvest-work, when they were fed at the lord's table, were allowed a loaf of bread each, and had sixpenceworth of beer among them. During the rest of the year they were free to work for wages on the lord's demesne.

But while fare and lodging were as described, there was at least rude plenty. There was much hiring of casual labour, and before the great rise in wages caused by increasing prosperity and the Black Death (1348), which cut off one-half of the labourers, wages are given as 6d. an acre for ploughing, a penny for hoeing, and 2½d. for mowing. Women were paid a penny a-

day for such work as weeding. Cultivation cost the lord of the demesne about £1 an acre, and at this rate all authorities are agreed that the labourer was fairly well off - a penny having 30 to 40 times its present purchasing power. By the fourteenth century wages for artisans were, as recorded, sixpence a-day, and for labourers fourpence. A list of prices obtaining in the fifteenth century gives eggs at 25 a-penny, hens and rabbits 2d. each, chickens ½d. to 1d., hogs 2s. 3d., sheep 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d., oats 1s. 2d. to 2s. 4d. a quarter. The outside price of a labourer's board was a shilling a-week. The working day did not exceed eight hours. These conditions relate to what is described as "The Golden Age of

Labour.’

The Scottish Golden Age is placed in the period of peace and prosperity extending from the reign of Malcolm Canmore to the death of Alexander III.; but the nearest approach to definite data is the elegy in Wyntoun’s ‘Cronykil’ beginning -

Quhen Alysander oure King was dede
That Scotland led in luive and le,
Away wes sons of Ale and Brede,
Of Wyne and Wax, of Gamyn and Gle.
Oure gold was changyd into lede.

JUDICIAL.

The Wergild.

In Saxon times the law had been administered by the thegns in the hundred-moots, or courts of the hundred or district. But each family had to be its own policeman. If a member of the family was slain his kindred had the right to maintain a blood-feud with the family of the transgressor till recompense was made. The State had the right to make the injured family accept a price or 'wergild' for the dead man's life. Every man had his price. Thus a thegn was worth six ceorls,

and if a ceorl killed a thegn he was either sold into slavery or his own life paid the forfeit, since he had not the wherewithal to pay the wergild.

Trial by Jury.

In the reign of bustling Henry II. trial by jury began to be introduced. Prior to the last quarter of the thirteenth century the guilt or innocence of an accused person was in the eye of the law established by one or other of the three ordeals - fire, water, or battle - or by compurgation, the sworn testimony of eleven of the accused's neighbours that he was innocent. It was

from the practice of summoning witnesses that the jury system originated. The possession of a mind unbiassed as regarded the crime to be tried would have been no recommendation of a juryman in those early days. The jurymen were the neighbours of the accused. They were witnesses who came to give evidence themselves rather than adjudicators to decide upon the testimony given by others. It was only as population grew and life became more complex that the office of juror assumed its present character.

Peine forte et dure.

But an accused person could, as late as the eighteenth century, refuse to be tried by a jury. Fearing the prejudices of his neighbours, or having only too good reason to fear their just award, he could offer himself for any of the three ordeals. To compel the recalcitrant one to accept a trial by jury, they could imprison him, starve him, and heap weights upon his naked body as he lay on a dungeon floor till they squeezed the life out of him. But if he died in this way his heirs still inherited his property, whereas had he accepted trial and been convicted, his effects might have been confiscated. The *peine forte et dure* was not abolished till 1772, nor the last of the ordeals till 1819.

The Great Charter, granted by John in 1215, while it curbed the royal power and initiated the reign of statute law in place of government by royal charter so far as England was concerned, established also several important judicial rights. Two of the grand clauses of the Charter run:-

No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways destroyed, nor will we pass upon him, nor will we condemn him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the laws of the land.

To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay right or justice.

The rights thus granted had to be re-affirmed and fought for over again in the reign of Charles I.; but it was a great matter to have the Charter to which appeal could be made.

SOCIAL.

The Condition of the People.

But this progress - political, judicial, feudal, municipal - was confined to the freemen. The lot of the serf showed little improvement. Even so late as the time of Chaucer that kindly observer could, with

only too much truth, describe the widow's home in the line,

Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall.

The cottage of the labourers consisted of one apartment partitioned across the floor, the pigs and poultry being housed on one side, the family eating and sleeping on the other. There was no chimney. The smoke had to escape as it might by the doorway and the chinks in the ill-joined wooden or wattled walls. Living miserable lives, it was little wonder that both men and women should spend much of their time carousing, gossiping, and quarrelling at the village alehouse. Disease was

common, though cases of leprosy were not so rife as the number and extent of the lazar houses would lead us to suppose. Drunkenness, to which, primitively, most people are prone, was encouraged by the amount of salted food eaten. With no root crops to serve as winter food for cattle, beeves were mostly slaughtered at the end of autumn and the flesh salted for winter use. Save game and fish, there was during the winter no flesh food that was not pickled. In six shires there were no fewer than 727 salt-works. Although in the time of the Angevin kings there were thirty-eight vineyards in England, there were few potherbs to act as anti-scorbutics in the dietary of the people. To the introducers of

carrots, cabbages, and turnips we owe more than to the kings and generals who consumed but created not.

Housing of the Well-to-do.

The house of the well-to-do Saxon was a wooden hall, with bedrooms and a bower surrounding it, all on the ground floor. The kitchen and other offices were outhouses, and in fine weather (as shown in illuminated manuscripts) cooking was done out of doors. This applies also to the Norman times. The Norman house, whether built of stone or wood, was, fundamentally, an affair three rooms - the

hall, a lofty apartment occupying the whole height of the main building; behind it, and on a lower level, a vaulted cellar which served as general storeplace; and, over the cellar, the *solar* or private apartment of the master of the house and his family. The title of *solar*, meaning sun-chamber, is a significant commentary on the mediaeval idea of a house as a darksome place of safety and shelter rather than of pleasure. The *solar* is confessedly the only decently-lighted room in the house. And even in it the windows, as may be seen from existing examples, were small.

Access was gained to the solar from the dais, or raised platform at the upper end of the hall. It was the sitting-room and

bedchamber, not only of the family, but of the guests, male or female, of their station in life. A measure of privacy was secured by hangings suspended between the beds; but on this there was no very strict insistence. The 'chivalry' of the middle ages was superficial, and the relations of dame and squire were free and easy. The walls of the solar were wainscoted and the floor carpeted.

The floor of the hall was called the *marsh*, a name which would often be appropriate enough, despite the covering of rushes and boughs with which it was strewn. It had no fireplace. When there was a fire it was made in the centre of the floor, the smoke escaping as it might by a

louvre or lantern in the roof. Through the high-set, narrow, unglazed windows birds entered and flitted overhead. The family ate at a cross table set on a dais, the servants from boards set on trestles along the sides of the hall. At the conclusion of the meal these boards were removed, and the servants, male and female slept where they had eaten, sometimes on mattresses spread on the floor, but often on straw or rushes. Saxon and Norman alike slept 'in naked bed.' An amusing series of instructions for the management of a household enjoins the mistress to teach her servants 'prudently to extinguish their candles before they go into their bed, with the mouth or with the hand, and not with

their shirt.' That is, they were not to undress in bed and throw their last garment over the candle to put it out.

In the high, narrow Scottish keep of later days the cellar, hall, and solar were set one on top of another.

Hours.

Late hours are a luxury of civilization. The Saxons and early Normans rose early. The rhyme which extols the virtues of 'early to bed and early to rise' does not specify an hour for either the lying down or the rising up. But the Norman rhyme ran -

Lever á cinq, diner á neuf,

Souper á cinq, toucher á neuf,

Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

That is to say -

To rise at five, to dine at nine,

To sup at five, to bed at nine,

Makes a man live to ninety and nine.

Travel.

‘The Canterbury Tales’ convey the impression that, despite the bad roads, the absence of wheeled conveyances, and the dangers from thieves both high and low, there was a good deal of moving from place to place. The impression is heightened by the explanation given of some of the words, referring to locomotion, that have come down to us from the Middle Ages. Thus roamer meant a person who had repeatedly travelled to Rome; a saunterer was a person who had made, or was making, the pilgrimage to the Sainte Terre or Holy Land; to canter was to pursue the amble associated with those who rode to Canterbury. But travel was confined to the well-to-do or to those who preyed upon

them, such as the crafty Pardoner sketched by Chaucer. The knight, the franklin, the merchant, the master mariner, the well-conditioned Wife of Bath might be able to afford the time and money required for a journey to London and thence to Canterbury; but the only industrious person of humble means who is found in the company is the Ploughman, who, however, is not a serf or even a free wage-labourer, but a small farmer. The unfree villager of the period had neither the means nor the liberty to travel beyond his own parish, much as he would have wished to make the pilgrimage to all manner of holy places; for, with all his grossness, the serf was intensely devout and credulous.

CONCLUSION.

We are apt think of the middle ages as non-progressive, as stagnant with an oriental stagnation, But the many changes briefly indicated in these pages as having taken place in the four centuries 871 - 1272 show that Britain has never stood still for long; that if her peoples acquire increased liberties and rights it is only by the public spirit and sustained civic courage of the best men among them; and that if liberty and right languish or are curtailed, the explanation is to be sought in popular apathy quite as much as in any necessary aggressiveness or stubbornness of the

powers that be.

The fact, indeed, is that popular rights have in this country been multiplied with little effort or endurance on the part of the people as a whole, except, indeed, in Ireland, where the 'tree of liberty' has been abundantly watered with the blood of martyrs. Where Italians, Poles, and Irishmen often fought and died in vain, Englishmen and Scotsmen succeeded in gaining their ends with a comparatively moderate amount of agitation. At the least promise of redress of grievances the mass of the people promptly fell away from their leaders. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the great armies of the two Peasants' Revolts went home contented

with promises that were not fulfilled; and the death of Walter the Tiler in 1381, the death of John Cade in 1450, were alike accepted by their followers with fatalistic resignation as proofs that the popular will could not count in public affairs. By a happy process, in which they have borne little part, the people of Britain now possess both political power and a measure of education, and the more intelligent workmen are turning both to account for the political, economic, and social ends of the largest class in the nation. The future at last has elements of hope for the masses, who, having helped the aristocracy and then the plutocracy to fight their battles, are now arming and mustering for a great

victory on their own account.

The Liberties Bought with a Price.

ARE THEY WORTH DEFENDING?

(Since the following pages were first printed in THE GATEWAY, glorious events have, happily, robbed them of some of their point. There is still enough point left, however, to justify their issue in pamphlet form, as the public demand already shows.)

We have received from two foreign Socialist organizations in London a long manifesto discussing 'The Rights of Foreigners' in which some highly extraordinary claims are made. The

document may indeed be taken as representing that frank desertion of Socialism by Socialists, and that entire perversion of Socialist principles and practice by men who still call themselves Socialist, which this time of test and trial has witnessed. Conscientious objectors declare themselves Socialists whose names never appeared on the roll of any of the Socialist organizations, and who are not known to have done any service on behalf of Socialism whatever. More than once we have had special raids upon dance parties held under professed Socialist auspices, the authorities having come to the conclusion that these gatherings offer special facilities for the easy capture of a heavy bag of

young men eligible for military service.

The bitter unfairness of this misrepresentation of Socialism by weeds and weaklings who do not realise the very rudiments of the exacting creed they profess is seen when we recollect that the intellectual leaders of Socialism are everywhere on the side of the Allies. And be it said that Socialism has everywhere owed its inception to intellectuals. Even in Germany itself, Dr. Leibknecht, Kautsky, Haase, Ledebour, Bernstein, level much the same indictment against Prussian world-policy that the publicists of the civilised world have been compelled to formulate against it. Sweden is said to be pro-German; but Branting, the leader of

the Social-Democrats in the Swedish Parliament, has given his voice for the Allies, doubtless with the consent of his followers. Dr. Vandervelde and Professor Huysmans for Belgium; Thomas, Marcel Sembat, Viviani, and Briand for France; the gallant, single-minded Leonida Bissolati, Socialist leader and Cabinet minister, who served as a private in the Italian army and has just been decorated for conspicuous bravery - make a very good showing for the attitude of international Socialism towards this world-crisis. With Hyndman, Bax, Cunninghame-Graham, Blatchford, and A. M. Thompson vehemently pro-Ally in this country, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald on the fence, and Mr.

Snowden a mere preacher of stalemate who does not say the Allies do not deserve to win, but only that neither side is likely to win, it is intolerable that Socialism should be persistently associated with pro-Germanism. Pro-Germanism never did have a leg to stand with, and those responsible for the successive developments of its policy of outrage are now revealed to the world as criminals beside whom the vilest private-enterprise offenders, from Christie of the Cleek and Burke and Hare down to Charles Peace, appear as mere retail traders in the anti-social.

Who and What are the Manifestants?

The manifestants are Russian and Jewish Socialists who are faced with the alternative of either returning to Russia and accepting military service there, or, on the other hand, accepting the burden of citizenship and military service on behalf of the land which has given them shelter, freedom, and the opportunity of doing fairly well for themselves - as many Russians and Russian Jews have undoubtedly done.

The Open Safety-Valve.

Some of these men are probably political refugees, whose efforts to lift the blight

from Holy Russia had secured them the unwelcome attentions of the Tsar's police. To hand them back to the clutches of the despotism from which they have escaped would be distasteful in the last degree; though let me say here - what I have often said in pre-war times - that the open safety-valve for European despotisms has proved an excellent thing for the despots and a very evil thing for the peoples they misgovern. No despotism was ever scotched - no people ever attained constitutional rights and freedoms - by its leaders running away from the fight. Where the issue involved is one of certain death to stay, it is no more than prudence to go, and it would be a hard saying to declare that

life should not be cherished till a more favourable opportunity arises for striking the blow for a better day.

But most of those who come away from Russia have left to escape dangers much less than that of death or prison-exile. And how on earth is popular liberty to be secured in Russia or anywhere else if the popular leaders abandon the cause and the country together?

In this connection one often thinks of a certain vastly luminous incident. In 1637, before the storm broke that established the supremacy of Parliament in Britain, Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, Sir Arthur Haselrig, and other revolutionary leaders,

had actually booked their passages in a small flotilla which awaited them in the Thames. The sailing of the ships was prohibited by royal proclamation, and the interdicted emigrants returned to the struggle which, among other incidents, cost King Charles his head. Had they been allowed to sail for New England, who can say how events might have gone in old England?

Brooking Tyrants.

There is no honourable way of escape from political tyranny. The English tyrant-quellers saw that as against Charles it was

a question of Your head or mine. It is no chauvinism, but necessary defensive pride, to point out that we in this country have again and again brooked our tyrants to the teeth. Cromwell declared, while still only a colonel of horse, that if he met the king face to face in the field he would fire his pistol at him as at another. The British way is not the way of the cowardly hedge-shooter. We do not throw bombs and run away. We do not slaughter the tyrant's wife and his servants in order to get at him with clumsy, irresponsible vengeance. We indict him by legal process, as we did Charles First; we meet him in battle array as we did Richard Second, twice over; or we put him in terror of death and send him

skipping over the seas as we did the last of the Stewart kings. British kings have been assassinated it is true. Rufus was cleanly shot in the eye with an arrow; the *faineant* Edward Second was done to death horribly in Berkeley Castle; and the first and third Jameses of Scotland were stabbed from motives of private vengeance by men who had at least no recoil of horror from letting the blood of kings. But our national way is the open way, the fair way, the constitutional way. It is a dangerous way for the citizen; but we have never lacked citizens who were prepared to run the risk. And that it is a way which kings and other tyrants hold in wholesome dread there are many examples to prove. King John, the

ablest and boldest of the Plantagenets, signed the Great Charter, thereafter rolling in fury on the floor of his tent and tearing up handfuls of turf as he exclaimed, 'They have given me four-and-twenty overlords!' meaning the twenty-four provisions of the Charter. Haughty Elizabeth wept tears of penitence before her angry subjects later in the day, and withdrew the obnoxious measures that had provoked the storm. Charles the Infatuated broke his solemn pledge, and signed the death-warrant of his all-too-faithful Strafford, rather than rouse the Commons. William Fourth swore, but did as he was told.

Some of the Centuries' Martyrs.

The bearding of tyrants and repressors was not always safe - very far from it. The blood of Simon the Righteous, perishing, sword in hand, in the defeat of Evesham, after incomparable services in a benighted age; the deaths of Tyler and Ball, of Cade and Kett, of Latimer and Ridley, of Vane and Argyle and Russell and Sidney; the death of Sir John Eliot hastened by confinement in the Tower, from which his appeals for liberation were found by Charles to be 'Not humble enough'; the cropped ears of Prynne and Bastwick and Burton; the many martyrs of reform in Scotland and England banished beyond the seas or dying by the hand of the hangman -

these and hundreds and thousands more of the named and nameless dead have purchased our liberties with a great price.

Do our Jewish and Russian guests hope to enter into the heritage of freedom and right so dearly won, and now again as dearly defended, free, gratis, for nothing?

A Pre-Empted World.

Man, heaven help him, is not born to freedom in any spot of earth. He comes into a world pre-empted. The landlord claims the earth, the capitalist claims the tools and raw material, the priest claims his mind, the military caste claims his thews and sinews and stoutly-beating

heart. In this favoured spot of earth we long since Conquered the kings and were preparing to conquer landlords and capitalists, the way being free of all constitutional barriers - of all barriers save those of the mind. We had no conscription - we alone among the great nations of Europe. We had secured the freedom of the press, of the platform, and of combination - which some of the European nations were without. Our people were so far emancipated that the great majority of the population never went to church and made jokes about hell-fire, as about harps and trumpets and crowns. Envious of the blessings we had won from the powers of despotism, aliens abandoned the contest

with these powers in their own lands and flocked to the Isles of Inheritance, there to bask and prosper in a sunshine of liberty and right which, such as it is, had never yet been made to shine upon their own country by the blood and sufferings of their more tame-spirited kin.

The Menace.

And then two of the greatest of the despotisms attacked a republic and three limited monarchies, and for a time the whole promise and prophecy of liberty and right hung in the balance. The assaulting despotisms had nothing whatever to give

the world, except, in the case of Germany, the dulness of regimentation and organization - life regulated on the system of the card index. Germany's achievements - the Protestant Reformation, her nurture of music, her encouragement of philosophy - all belong to the period before the Prussification of the German States as a whole. The triumph of Germany would have spread an iron-handed blight over the self-governing nations of Europe, in which all forms of native genius, all forms of the democratic spirit, would have gone under. For, unlike the Roman, who was disdainfully tolerant towards the subject races whom he conquered, as the Briton is to-day, the Teutonic temper is to

Prussianise all. A victory for Prussianism would have meant not only slavery for the outside world, but it would have killed Social-Democracy in Germany itself.

Hohenzollernism had become a laughing-stock in Germany. To the Social-Democrat the Kaiser was 'Genosse Wilhelm' - Comrade William - whose royalist rhodomontade got them adherents daily; and if they cursed at Zabernism, they chuckled at the memory of 'Captain' Koepenick's exploit.

But already all that hostility to imperialism is forgotten. The Kaiser never was so popular. The military class never till now seemed at once the bulwark of the

nation's defence and the great extender of and contributor to, its glory. If that feeling persists through starvation, death, and the defeat of all Germany's ultimate aims, what madness of dull pride would the world have witnessed had Kaiserism succeeded?

The Call of the Hour.

If ever men lived in a time when the liberty of the world was menaced it is now. If ever there was a time when it was necessary to show what democracy can achieve it is now. And if the races who make up the composite British

Commonwealth are prepared to defend with their own bodies and lives the rights and status which their forefathers gloriously won at no less cost and hazard, on what ground of equity or reason shall the refugee refuse to contribute his share to the defence of liberties which he is so glad to share? Is the alien of all men the only man who shall share the rights of freedom without sharing its duties?

A 'Law' and a 'Principle.'

Nothing less than that is the claim made in this impudent manifesto. The claim is even made with the tongue of derision in the

cheek of effrontery. It is made in name of the law of nations, which these denationalised men cannot forbear from alluding to contemptuously as 'the *so-called* law of nations.' It is only a 'so-called' law, but it contains, they say, 'the principle of the Right of Foreigners.' Did ever a despised whole contain so valuable a part? If the whole is only 'so-called,' why is not the 'principle' also but 'so-called'?

The Basis of Democratic Power.

These outlaws of a benighted empire appeal to 'modern democratic ideology' as having given 'the full development of the

principle of the Right of Foreigners.' But what right have they to appeal to democratic ideology if they have made no contribution to it, and avow their distaste to making any contribution to it now? Far be it from me to say that Democracy has not an ideological basis. It is because it has its foundations in the eternal equities that the worst democracy is better than the best oligarchy. If men were automata oligarchy would be right; but the best conducted nation walking in leading-strings is less admirable than even the errors of men who live free, responsible lives in which they strive to find the more excellent way. It is because democracy is so right for the masses and so inconvenient for the classes

that it has so often to be fought for. And the world (or human nature) being as it is, the institution of democracy has its only basis in the power of democracy. Democracy is a power in western Europe, the United States, and the British Colonies because our forefathers 'died and slew to leave us free.' The democracy did not win its power by appeals to ideology. It won its power by appeals to the pike. The Swiss democracy won its status with the spear at Sempach and Morgarten. The Scots won it at Bannockburn. The English won it at Marston Moor, Naseby, and Worcester. The French won it by razing the Bastille, executing Louis XVI., and making their own republic.

There's no receipt like pike and drum

For crazy constitutions

sang Macaulay in jest which it is impossible not to accept as truth. The Reform Bill of '32 was carried only because the land was full of riotings and burnings, and the soldiers, it was declared, could not be relied on to shoot their own class and kin, the rioters.

The nation had so proved its temper in past times that the authorities needed only a hint that its blood was up. When on July 23, 1866, a Reformers' procession, barred out of Hyde Park, threw down half-a-mile of railings and took possession of the park

in spite of the police, a Tory Government made up its mind that the Household Suffrage Bill had to be passed. It knew that if it did not, there would be plenty more to follow.

Force is the *ultima ratio* of democracies as of kings, and the peoples of western Europe are free because they have used the strike and the pike and have burned ricks and smashed machinery, while at the same time they have no cossack tools of despotism prepared to dragoon a nation at the bidding of a tyrant. Dirty work is often done in free communities still; but there is a limit to even military discipline, and it has often been reached in all the western nations.

That it has never been reached in the Russian or German armies is the disgrace of these armies and of the nations to which they belong, for whence does the subservience of an army derive except from the subservience of the people who recruit it?

The Retort Direct.

To the Russians and Jews who send me this manifesto I say: You have now an opportunity of fighting for freedom under favourable circumstances. Our statesmen are not, like your Russian statesmen, in league with Germany for a secret peace.

Our officers have not to be exhorted to refrain from stealing, as the Grand Duke Nicholas exhorted the Russian commanders. We do not fight for a tyrant emperor, but for our own free institutions - indeed for freedom the World over, the freedom that is menaced by the bare thought of Teutonic ascendancy.

You ask for 'equality before the law' with British citizens, but the whole purpose of your manifesto is just precisely to escape that equality. You declare that 'democratic principles . . . involve opposition to all that restricts human liberties and support for all that develops them.' Those are the very grounds upon which we ask you to fight the Teuton and

to destroy the despotism which has placed the millions of the Central Powers at the mercy of their non-elected war lords.

You invoke the statement of the American Secretary of State, Seward, that

There is no principle more distinctly and clearly settled in the law of nations than the rule that resident aliens not naturalised are not liable to perform military service.

But this only means that it has been so for a long time - not that it should for ever continue to be so. New occasions demand new duties. Generous-minded men rush to perform a merely human duty such as the

service of freedom and humanity wherever they are threatened. When Italy strove against the tyranny of the Pope and of the House of Hapsburg hundreds of gallant young Englishmen rushed to put their lives at her service in a glorious cause, and Algernon Charles Swinburne, democracy's greatest poet, sang his most impassioned songs over the spectacle of an ancient dismembered nation rightly struggling to be free and united once again. All this is the natural impulse of generous young manhood, and you are evidently young, since service is demanded of you.

When the republic of France was harassed by the Germans seven and forty years ago Garibaldi left his island home to

help in its defence, bringing a band of his devoted red-shirts with him. His elderly crippled son and his gallant grandsons were among the first volunteers from other lands who came to help the French Republic once more at this time. Some of the flower of America's young manhood have fought and died in the early days of the present struggle, taking their stand as a sacred duty on the side of the free nations as against the old and damned imperialism which you thralls of eastern and central Europe have allowed to grow up and become bloated, to curse and decimate and devastate the homes and lives of better and braver men than yourselves.

Many hard things have been written and said of the Jews, but the hardest thing of all is this which you write of your selves. Naked, unashamed, perhaps unconscious of the infernal impudence of the claim, you say you wish to have all and more than all the rights of British citizenship, while at the same time your main purpose is to claim immunity from the supreme service and sacrifice that our young British manhood gives and makes with a song and a jest upon its lips. And you address this appeal to one who has given thirty years' unrequited service to the democracy, while you and your tribe have been feathering your nests, reaping where other men have sown, and still you want only to go on

profiting by the sacrifice of better men than yourselves, taking their places, their businesses, their posts, and their emoluments. It is little wonder if the Russians still wallow in religious superstition and political disability; little wonder if the Jews are a scattered, despised, and persecuted race, if these be your conceptions of the great game of life.

But you are neither Russians nor Jews. Are you men at all True men have generous emotions of pity for suffering, of rage at injustice, of hatred for tyranny. But you must be pigeon-livered and lack gall. It will be doing a service to the world, not only to put you in the fighting line, but to put you in the hottest forefront of the

battle, so that you may stop the bullets that would otherwise cut short the lives of men having some element of manhood and good citizenship in them. It is such things as you who people the world with bad citizens and bad neighbours. It is such worms as you who keep nations in the mire. You, equally with the Germans, are our enemies, the enemies of all free men. The Teuton fights to perpetuate tyranny in the world. You refuse to fight against tyranny. Your inaction has the same result as his action. You are both enemies of the human race, vertebrate vermin to be dealt with after the manner of that kind. For the moment, the fighting line will serve. We give our own brave and bonny lads not

without sorrow and rage and hatred; but we shall weep no tears for you.

A Last Word.

We are very far from forgetting the noble company of heroes and martyrs, men and women alike, who lived and died for the cause of popular liberty in Russia. No country in the world ever had such a galaxy of consecrated lives during the few decades covered by Herzen and Bakounine to Vera Sassoulitch, Sophie Perovskaya, Kropotkin, and Stepniak. But the struggle was not continued long enough, the passion for liberty and right was not sufficiently

diffused among the people, and Russia has always had too many traitors and sycophants. A nation has the government and institutions it deserves to have, and it cannot be an accident that Russia is still politically five hundred years behind Britain, the most rebellious country in the world, where kings and governments have been put up and knocked down like ninepins in a bowling alley.

It is the men that make the nation. The spirit of liberty is not a chance thing; it is human, individual; it persists in families and localities. The West Riding towns that recruited and sheltered the victorious army of General Fairfax now vote for Labour and Socialist representatives, just as the city of

Aberdeen, which supported William Wallace and Robert Bruce, is still always in the forefront of political and municipal progress.

Here is your parable. I do not despair even of you. You have sins of omission to repent of. Accept the present call to service, either on behalf of your own country or on behalf of the hospitable land which has entertained you in security under the law. Try to believe and understand that it is even more blessed to give than to receive. A deathblow to imperialism in any part of the world is a blow to it in all parts of the world. The defeat of Germany cannot but mean better days in Russia. The cause of the Allies is

one and the same thing in all parts of the field. If you would bring forth fruits meet for repentance, go afield and there repent.

Principles and Palliatives.

The Maxton-Cook 'Ginger' Socialist
Opponents of Socialism. Is Socialism in
Our Time Possible?

First published in July 1928.

Principles and Palliatives.

I doubt if the conferences between Ben Turner and Lord Melchett will make very much difference when Capital is bent upon a wage-cut, as it probably will be, more and more, with world-prices falling as they are bound to do in the staple industries. But these harmless and quite sensible

conversations have had an extraordinary outcome in the alleged 'revolt' of Messrs. Maxton and Cook. There have been gingering revolts before. Lansbury led one; and it had for sole tangible result the founding of a Ginger Bookshop. Lansbury did not have a press for his effort, The Maxton-Cook-Wheatley banner of revolt has, however, been raised in what is for the press the Silly or Dead Season. Politics are in the doldrums. There has been nothing more sensational on the Parliamentary *tapis* than the discussions over the Prayer-Book, and the country regards that sort of controversy as not belonging to the Twentieth Century at all. It is a mediæval squabble. So the Maxton

revolt has been featured with scareheads day after day, and those who would like to see a 'split' say there is one. Yet there is, to the view of any serious sociologist, next to nothing in it.

No Split.

A man may be a good Socialist and also a good Trade Unionist, just as he may be a good Socialist and a good carpenter as well. Trade Unionism exists primarily and originally for the defence of the employee under capitalist conditions. Socialism exists to make an end of capitalism. But while the Socialist would like the Co-operative

Commonwealth now, he knows that he must wait (and work) till he gets it. Two things may be different without being mutually hostile.

It is right to try to keep the peace in industry. We have to live through the days that are till we come to the days that will be; and till the working class make up their minds that the organization of production and distribution is a public concern with which the shareholder has no more to do than he has with any other public service, it is necessary and desirable that the peace should be kept, were it only for the reason that a breach of the peace always costs the working class more than it does the *rentiers*. When the worker stops work he

stops earning, but the interest-mill goes on all the same. The interest-monger charges, not by the piece, but by all the time. He never loses a quarter. His is not a season trade; it is independent of weather, climate, flood, fire, earthquake, or barratry of the king's enemies. 'I think I hear a noise in the shop,' said Rachel to Ikey as they lay in bed. 'It's only the securities accumulatin' interest, ma tear,' said Ikey, after he had listened and heard nothing. There is only one way of stopping accumulation on the securities, and that is by the nation being its own security.

Palliatives.

Although the Peace-in-Industry movement is not reckoning with that, it is not necessarily a wrong movement for Socialists to have to do with. We are living under capitalism, and must accept the conditions more or less so long as we are. Ben Turner, though one of the oldest Socialists in Britain, is a trade union official, and he can no more say that he will not take any part in capitalistic arrangements than the rest of us can say that we will not eat bread, wear clothes, or live in houses provided all three of them by capitalist arrangements.

Like myself, Ben is, I think, an old S.D.F.er. The S.D.F. programme declared that nothing else and nothing less than

Social-Democracy would solve our social problems. It nevertheless had a list of palliatives of capitalism, its executive realising that while we lived and worked with the ideal before us, it was necessary to make current conditions as little onerous as they could be made by minor adjustments under capitalism. Peace under capitalism - in any case an avoidance of strikes - is a palliative.

But - and here arises the danger - if the leaders of the Labour Party became widely identified with a policy of this kind, if it in any way came to be regarded as the aim, or even one of the important objects, of the Labour Party, such a view would tend to beget a highly undesirable mental

confusion in the electorate. The average man is no politician, still less the average woman, The Labour Party is a Socialist Party, and Socialism does not mean a working arrangement with the Monds which will secure them in complete immunity to go on taking Something for Nothing indefinitely. Socialism means Stopping Their Game, gradually of necessity, but as rapidly as possible.

Socialism in Our Time.

As to Socialism in Our Time, certainly let us have as much *more* of that as possible. We have got a lot of Socialism already -

even of Communism. The man who has no children pays for the education of the man who has ten. That is neither Socialism nor Individualism. It is Communism. Communism means every man according to his needs; Socialism every man according to his deeds. We shall doubtless have more of both even within the lifetime of Ben Turner and myself, who are both of us considerably older than Mr. Maxton or Mr. Cook.

By all means let us get on with the work, already well begun, of transferring the business of the community from wasteful, incompetent, irresponsible Capitalism, with its touts and its advertising, its duplication of officials and

premises and clerks, and the army of inspectors required to watch it and tax it and regulate it, to the organised community with its large-scale efficiency, its economy, its abolition of the swarms of officials in small private businesses, its matter-of-course honesty and integrity.

But complete Socialism in our time - all land, capital, machinery, and raw material in the hands of the State, the Municipalities, and the County Councils - that is a boyish conception, boyish even if we had the Labour Party in a permanent majority, as the Soviets are in Russia. I am not saying it could not be. I believe it could be done, if - but what an If is there! - we could get the majority of the people

converted to desire it.

Doubtless Messrs. Maxton and Cook believe that the majority of the nation would fall into line at the behest of a Socialist Government, and they may argue that there would have to be a Socialist majority in the country before there would be a Socialist majority in Parliament. But it does not at all follow. It has not followed in Russia, great as are the powers of the Dictatorship there, and relatively simple as is the problem in an undeveloped homogeneous agricultural country.

A Socialist Government in this country would be a pacific government. Woolwich, Deptford, Chatham, Enfield, Portsmouth,

Gosport, all the armament, garrison, and naval depot and dockyard towns, would have to turn to other ways of getting a living, and would have to recast their whole outlook upon and attitude to life. I do not say they could not do it. Krupp's works and the people of Essen have had to do it, under external compulsion. But how could external compulsion do it for Woolwich and the rest? Gradual disarmament if you like; imperceptible denudation of these places. But would the electors vote for candidates who were to take away their means of livelihood? I know that Harry Snell, a good Socialist for many years, represents Woolwich, and I should very much like to know the lines

upon which he fought his elections. Probably on the plea that armament work should not be given out to private firms - a sound enough plea from present-day standpoints, but not the standpoint of more or less complete disarmament.

Let us assume, however, that Woolwich could be persuaded that the Arsenal works could be and would be turned over to peace production. What displacement this would cause elsewhere - say in Sheffield, Birmingham, Lancashire, Durham, and Glasgow; and what problems of readjustment would be caused all round, taking time and pains to solve!

Agriculture and Crafts.

Britain is an exporting country. Textiles, machinery, hardware, clothing, coal - all are export industries, and all are in a bad way, which must become worse. Other countries already supply and will more and more supply their own requirements as manufactured in the great machine industries. The fall of exports means a fall in shipping, so that Clyde, Tyne, Mersey, Wear, Tees, and Thames are all to be hit.

With the foreign markets largely lost, agriculture has to be re-organised so that we shall grow the bulk of our own food once more. And this will be the most stupendous problem of all. For the rural

worker does not like his work or his life, and the town worker would like them still less. Address a city audience, even of professed Socialists, and see how they receive the propaganda of back to the land. Last month I cited the case of a rich man of goodwill who set up a number of unemployed city slummites in a poultry farm, leaving them freely to work out their own social salvation. They not only did not make good, but one of them committed suicide, believing that he was doomed to a life of hopeless degradation, a view with which the survivors on the farm seem largely to have agreed.

I do not say this ridiculous outlook cannot be got over. Necessity is a grand

persuader. But I do claim that the necessary adjustments - *individual* as well as social - will take a long time.

This is not making love to the inevitableness of gradualness. To accept the inevitable is not making love to it. But at least let us not blind ourselves to the great obstacles. The chief of these for the moment is to get our urban Labour friends to see that the problem is not to socialise all industry as it is, but to help to secure industries - agriculture, horticulture, fisheries, and crafts - that would be worth socialising. The export industries are doomed. They can survive only if those employed are prepared to compete with the sweated labour of the world.

If, with a Labour Government in power, we socialised one industry a month, would it not be tremendously good going? But there are hundreds of industries, and thousands of towns, in which the adjustments would have to be carried out - obsolete plant scrapped, unsuitable premises closed, new premises built, office staffs abolished, endless consolidations effected slowly and carefully, tens of thousands of small concerns being left alone as not worth socialising. The mines would probably be rapidly closed down, white coal for power, light, and heat being substituted. What would Mr. Cook propose to do with the miners enfranchised from the deadly slavery of the pit? Put them to

navvying, road-making, and agricultural work of course; but think of the labour and time required for that sort of adjustment! It can all be done and will be done; but the improvisations effected in war-time all took time, and everybody was willing for them *then*, because the upset was regarded as only temporary.

Then there is, of course, the contingency of a change of Government, with a reversal of policy.

Ignoring the Pioneers.

One is amused to see Mr. Maxton date the Socialist movement from thirty years ago,

and his invocation of the memory of Keir Hardie. Hardie was dour and staunch, and he was the first representative of independent Labour in Parliament. But there were brave and wise and cultured men before Agamemnon. Has Mr. Maxton forgotten Marx and Morris and Bebel and Liebknecht and Bellamy and Gronlund and Hyndman and Champion and Cunninghame-Graham - the latter two the advisers and inspirers of Hardie, whom I knew in 1888 as by no means free of Liberal attachments. During his candidature for Mid-Lanark he came to Aberdeen along with Cunninghame-Graham and spoke under the auspices of the Junior Liberal Association, with

Professor Minto in the chair. His utterances that night were so little Socialist and so little Independent Labour that Peter Esslemont, the Liberal M.P. for East Aberdeenshire, who spoke from the same platform, said to Hardie, 'See that you win the seat.' I was there, and have not forgotten.

The Class Antagonism in History and in Fact.

There never *was* anything clean-cut about Hardie. He repudiated the Class Antagonism, but himself fought with a dour class bitterness never shown by

earlier Socialists, who accepted the antagonism as a matter of fact and therefore of logic, but themselves often belonged to the well-to-do class, and had the urbanity of their class. The *fact* of Class Antagonism is historically so clear that to gainsay it is to put oneself out of court as lacking either in perception or in sincerity. If two men build a boat and three men claim it, there is a clear antagonism of interest between these two and the third claimant. One of the two may be a simple fellow who, hocused by soft white hands and pleasant speech, is good-naturedly prepared to let the plausible idler go shares in the boat and its earnings, even to give the lion's share to the onlooker who has

hypnotised him. But if the other boatbuilder says 'Hands off! you have no claim,' he may be in the minority, but is he not right? Multiply those three into classes, and we have society as it is,

Plato stated the Class Antagonism in words of trenchant clearness. So did Sir Thomas More. So did Montaigne. The very constitution of Parliament as an assembly of 'estates,' or conditions in life, each class being *directly represented as such*, showed that the idea of a conflict of interests between classes was inherent in the minds of those* who framed the basis of representation seven centuries ago.

**Simon de Montfort, 'the Great Earl'*

(of Leicester), as the chief of those who fought King John and his son Henry III., and secured Magna Charta and the Mother of Parliaments. See 'The Evolution of the Fourth Estate' (5th edition), and 'The Class War' (8th edition), published from the office of THE GATEWAY. Why has no one written a book doing honour to 'Simon the Righteous,' far-sighted statesman and hero?

That there is no antagonism of interest between those who live *by* labour and those who live *upon* it, as the mistletoe upon the oak, is a claim as preposterous as would be the claim that there is no antagonism between the slave and the master, the

hunted and the hunter, the killer and his victim, the buyer who wishes to buy cheaply and the seller who seeks to sell dearly. Workmen who are not Socialists have always recognised the Class Antagonism, and the meetings of trades unions have been barred to members of the employing class. It is true that workers forget their antagonism on polling day, and vote for the employer they fight through their union; but that is an anomaly which the other side will not imitate: *they* will not vote Labour.

No 'Faction Fight.'

Mr. Hardie said that the theory of the Class Antagonism lowered Socialism to the level of a faction fight. But the 19½ millions 'gainfully occupied,' with their wives, sisters, mothers, and daughters usefully 'occupied' with house-work to the number of many millions more, are not a faction. They are the nation. That they should take measures to compel the minority of hangers-on to do their share of the nation's work does not constitute a faction fight. It is the nation protecting itself against parasitism.

Messrs. Maxton, Cook, and Wheatley do right to emphasise the abolition of capitalism as being the policy of Labour. But Ben Turner is equally right to do all he

can to stop the strike, which, even when 'successful,' represents the dog trying to catch his tail, in Mr. Smillie's true figure. So that there is certainly no conflict between Turner's Tactics and Maxton's Manifesto. It is said the employers associated with Lord Melchett are not comprehensively representative. There is a Conciliation Board already, and it does not seem to function to much purpose. There is probably no danger of a large-scale strike for a long time to come. The fatality of 1926 cast unforgettable discredit upon the strike as a weapon. Even so, the withdrawal of labour can never be finally abandoned under capitalism. It would still remain to the individual worker even if it

were forbidden to or abandoned by the group,

A Field Providing Legitimate 'Sensations.'

That there should be restlessness in the Labour camp is not unnatural, human nature loving stir and sensations as it does. Labour is not in office. The politics of the hour are devoid of interest. But politics can be made interesting in a quite legitimate way, either in Parliament or out of doors, without dissensions in the ranks, or any appearance of turning our guns upon one another,

Homework for Labour M.P.s.

If Mr. Maxton wants to get on with any specific political job of work, it can be done without raising any standard of general revolt. If he will unearth some of the many scandals, as Mr. Tom Johnston does, and ventilate them in the House, as Messrs, Johnston, Kenworthy, and John Beckett do, he is on the very ground to do it. Somerset House is close by St. Stephen's Hall. If, on the other hand, he wants to carry the evangel into the dark places of the land, there is abundance of room for that, and it can be done at week-ends and in the off-season when Parliament is not sitting. The North of Scotland is a neglected area. The migrants are pouring

out of it into Aberdeen and the South, as well as across the seas. We need somebody to come here and tell the people to sit tight and to set their own house in order so that men shall not be driven from home if they wish to stay. Mr. Tom Johnston has given much attention to the scandals of the West Highlands, the landless crofters, the men of Erribol, the hold-up practised by the McBraynes with their extortionate freight rates and the killing tolls extorted for the use of their private bridges.

If Mr. Maxton wants to be useful, there is plenty of work to be done in the small northern places. Somebody is needed to correct the over awing influence of Maharajahs, Millionaires, and Colonels in

the Highlands, and a member of Parliament could do more than any citizen without a handle to his name.

There are millions of people in county constituencies who have never heard a Labour speaker. In the little town where I write we have had no public Labour meeting for months, and no meeting addressed by a Labour M.P. has been held for years. The press assures its readers that British farming is the best in the world. There is no Maxton or other to supplement what I have told them again and again that the originally poor soil of Flanders produces £20 worth of crops to the acre as compared with an average of £4 per acre in Britain,

Neglected Areas.

On all this and much more there is the greatest need for propaganda. To run candidates without years of steady preparation is to seek to reap where we have not sown. And the northern counties of Scotland form one of the neglected areas.

The annual report just issued by the Scottish Board of Agriculture gives figures which are typical of the rural areas in England as well.

In 1927 another 237,838 acres went out of arable cultivation. And although this

land would revert to grass, there was nevertheless a fall in the production of meat of nearly a million cwt., as compared with the previous year. It is not surprising that there was a further heavy decrease in the number of agricultural workers, fully double that of the preceding year in fact.

If agriculture shows these figures, need we be surprised if the statistics of Poor Law relief should be equally eloquent of the failure of capitalism? In Scotland in 1878, with no old age pensions, no widows' pensions, and no 'dole,' there were 26 persons per 1000 of population in receipt of Poor Law relief. Last year, *with* all the latter-day relieving agencies, there were 49 persons per 1000 in receipt of Poor relief.

So that we may put the amount of indigence at fully double what it was half-a-century ago. In 1927 the number of unemployed persons was 10.1 per cent. of the insured population.

In spite of all assurances received as to the improvement in trade and the diminution in unemployment, the Ministry of Health reports that 'The expenditure incurred during 1927 by about 100 Parish Councils was £1,636,400, as compared with an expenditure in 1925 of £725,373 and in 1926 of £1,346,300. Examination of the figures for the various parishes shows that the improvement [of trade] was almost wholly confined to the parishes in the Clyde area, and is probably due to the

improved position in the shipbuiding industry.'

The Sleepy Hollows.

Is there not still plenty to do in the way of carrying the war into the enemy's territory - that is to say, the constituencies? Labour M.P.s go where they get the biggest meetings. They ought to do the reverse. It is the sleepy hollows that keep Labour out of power, and setting up flags of negation against party leadership would seem to be the last thing that is needed.

Let us get on with the nationalization and municipalization which Socialism

stands and has always stood for - the advocacy of them in detail now and the carrying of them whenever and wherever we have the power to do so. The Labour Party has just issued a programme of 22,000 words, which, while it re-affirms the nationalization of land, coal, transport, motive power, and life insurance, is mainly concerned with re-adjustments of, or restrictions upon, Individualism, such as control of banking, increased taxation of the rich and relief to the smaller payers of income tax, pensions, credits to farmers, publicity given to business accounts, hours and wages of agricultural workers, and so on, some of them slightly questionable and debatable perhaps.

No Fashions in Socialism.

This multiplicity of detail is necessary in *progressive* political electioneering, though a reactionary party needs nothing of the kind. These minor items, however, give rise to an idea that we have abated, or at any rate indefinitely deferred, the indispensable demand for Public Ownership of all Public Utilities. They also give rise to the idea that there are *fashions* in Socialism. Thus a Labour M.P., probably with these programmes of palliatives in mind, writes of my advocacy of the Socialism that was current 'twenty years ago,' and a Bootle correspondent, who is a

magistrate and an old campaigner, told me that his son regarded his and my Socialism as old-fashioned.

But there are no fashions in Social-Democracy. There can be no Socialist substitute for collective ownership and administration of the means of production and service. Many professed Socialists hang back from the application of their principles, and propound 'novelties' such as the Minimum Wage, which is simply the Law of Maximum and Minimum refurbished 130 years after it was tried (and failed) in Revolutionary France. Danton, the most constructive genius of the Revolution, not only aimed at fixing a minimum wage, but also saw that its

necessary complement was the fixing of maximum prices. The complex combination broke down, as said, for a variety of reasons, not difficult to estimate.

The Doubts of Professed Disciples.

On the other hand, the believers in the minimum wage are doubting Thomases as regards Socialism. They say they do not want to socialise the railways, because they are not paying, and are threatened by other means of transport, Gasworks, because electricity is the illuminant of the future, Tramways, because they are being crippled by motor buses, Coal, because the

mines are a losing enterprise, and water for the generation of electricity is the motive power of the future.

These Socialist opponents of Socialism do not see that our industries are being killed by capitalism and that Socialism would save such of them as are worth saving. They do not see that Control is the grand power which is needed for social functions as it is for the individual. Over-production, over-capitalization, over-competition, with under-remuneration, are the great causes why our staple industries and services are so rapidly tending towards bankruptcy. Socialism and Socialism alone would cure all these forms of reciprocal excess and shortage.

There may be changes in the productions and the services we need to socialise; but that modern society can go on much longer without social organization is incredible as it is undesirable. Is it not enough that the State and the Municipality can do what the capitalist cannot do and knows better than to attempt? Is it not enough that public authorities do what the capitalist once did, and does it infinitely better, cheaper, and more efficiently than he did?

Collectivism in Operation.

I have just returned from a visitation of

the quarries, plant, and road work in process under the District Committee of the County Council of which I am a member. As one watched the powerful machinery, the diligent workers, and the way in which stretches of road were covered with tar-mixed metal, grouting, blinding, and rolling going on with ideal rapidity, and then turned to the makeshift buildings and the ill-fenced fields, yellow with weeds where they had not returned to grass, and thought of the difference between the wages, hours, and housing conditions of the farm labourers as compared with those of the road workers, how could anyone fear the soundness and workability of the Socialist principle?

'In the Meantime.'

I have stressed the difference between principles and palliatives because too many people fail to distinguish between an ideal to be kept in view as a standard, on the one hand, and temporary expedients or instalments of the ideal, on the other. Control of banking is, for instance, a step towards the national ownership of banks.

The press alleges that the Labour Programme is adapted from the Liberal Yellow Book. But the question of priority is easily settled where proposals tending towards public ownership are concerned.

The Liberal Party has always till now regarded public ownership as at best a necessary evil, to be adopted only when nothing else will serve, whereas the Labour Party has all along been avowedly Socialist. The Liberal Party still repudiates Socialism, yet as to all main problems - Coal, Power, Land, Labour - has only diluted Socialism to offer, the dilutions intended to save capitalism. The Labour Party adapts its Socialism only to existing conditions, with the ending of capitalism always in view. The Liberal Party has a rich man for leader, and a war-chest provided by the sale of titles to rich men, and its outstanding members live, and want to continue to live, upon dividends.

The Labour Party is a party of workers with hand and brain, whose published balance sheets show an income derived from the regular contributions of wage and salary earners. Which party is most likely to have a programme of the strongest Socialist tendency and to be sincere in its desire to carry it?

The Capitalist Press

(originally published in The Gateway –
1920)

There is a story of an innocent man who boasted his impartiality, saying ‘*The Daily Mail* comes to the house in the morning. I take home the *Evening News* at night. We get the *Weekly Despatch* and the *Sunday Pictorial* on Sundays, and my daughter takes in the *Daily Mirror*. So that we hear all sides at our house.

If this poor man should read ‘*The Capitalist Press*’ (I.L.P. Information Committee, 5 York Buildings, London

WC2, 2d) he will find that all his 'sides' emanate from the same Harmsworth Group of journalists and business managers. This very useful pamphlet shows what the newspaper press is (an agency for 'the preservation of capitalist supremacy'): who owns each paper, who directs policy, and what this means to the nation in practice.

Thus the *Western Mail* opposes the findings of the Sankey Commission and systematically denounces the nationalization of the mines; and it transpires, as is here pointed out, that the paper is controlled by Lord Rhondda, and other colliery owners, one of whom stated in court, under cross-examination, that

'Lord Rhondda was largely interested in coal mines, and is getting control of the *Western Mail*... he would have an opportunity of advocating the non-nationalization of the coal mines... He was to use his own control for his own benefit... and that control was looked upon as a matter of great financial importance... great commercial value.'

But as a newspaper director Lord Rhondda was not at all singular. All the directors here listed are directors of many other companies. That the capitalist press should denounce collective control of what should be public undertakings is no more than natural when we find the owners and controllers of that press figuring as

directors, also, of concerns whose dividends would be socialised if the public interest were considered. Thus William May, one of the directors of the London Daily Express, is also a director of the Reading Electrical Supply Co. (chairman), the South Metropolitan Electric Light and Power Co; the West Kent Electrical Co, and the Electrical Times Co. Sir E.A.Goulding, M.P, another member of the Express board, is also a director of two electrical companies, a gas company, a mining company, and five other companies, all of whose interests are up against the public advantage.

But I am not to say that there is not here and there a disinterested newspaper

proprietor whose views are reflected in the paper he controls. This pamphlet shows that 234,050 shares of the *Daily News* are held by members of the Cadbury family. But the eldest of the Cadburys, George is, or used to be, a member of the Independent Labour Party, and the other day he wrote in the *Daily News* explaining that he was 81, had been for sixty years a supporter of the Liberal Party, 'but during the last few years my sympathies have been with the best aspirations of Labour.' His bona fide sympathies were proved by the fact that he founded the Garden Village of Bournville, which he handed over to a guild of the villagers to manage as seemed best to them. What is fully as much to the point,

his paper supports all Collectivist tendencies and Labour aspirations and movements.

The Class War

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION;

The substance of the following pages was originally delivered as a lecture in Glasgow and Aberdeen as long ago as 1891; but the successive reprints called for seem to show that it still meets a need.

In view of the number of middle-class men who have all along been associated with the Socialist movement - which, in fact, was everywhere initiated by middle-class men - there is specious warrant for the view that Socialism is not at all

necessarily a proletarian cause. But the proletariat does not mean merely the manual-labour class. It means all who get their living by labour - the work of their heads or hands or both. The middle-class men who have helped in the propaganda of Socialism mostly belong to the intellectual proletariat. They live on salaries rather than on rent, profit, or interest. They are wage-earners differing from the manual-labourer only in respect that their wages are better. Macaulay's famous cheque for £20,000 from Longmans & Co. for his History of England, represented wages. It was the reward of many years' work upon that particular job, plus, of course, exceptional ability and the reading and

experience of a lifetime.

But while we gladly receive the help of professional men, the presence of these in our movement does not appreciably affect its class character. Socialism is an attack upon the only means whereby millions of men and women in the upper and middle classes live, and the whole lesson of history is that they will fight savagely for the retention of their rents, their interest, and their dividends.

It is true that men of the classes have helped to carry schemes of socialization whereby public enterprise has supplanted private enterprise. But it is the shareholder in a company rather than the man who has

built up a business for himself who is supplanted. The mere investor, barred out in one direction, knows that as yet there are other fields for his capital, and he does not resent municipalization as the man will do who is driven to the wall by it in his own personal calling. Let the Socialists in Parliament and the local bodies introduce any clear general attack upon private enterprise, as they must sooner or later do when they are strong enough, and then we shall see war. If men fight for territory, the flag, or 'patriotism,' will they not fight with tenfold more tenacity for their living, even if that living be as ill gotten as the territory?

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH EDITION.

In issuing an eighth edition of 'The Class War' so long after the date of its original publication, one might expect to find many changes on the face of the problem as here stated. But in essentials the more the position changes the more it remains the same.

The handful of Haves have more than ever; the vast multitude of Havenots have less; for prices have risen and wages at their highest during the war never kept pace with the cost of living. At the same time British Capital 'does so well' that it cannot find safe and profitable investment for the surplus. All 'new issues' are 'over-

subscribed within a few hours. In one year (1924) no less than £60,000,000 of British capital was invested abroad, mostly on precarious security, and Mr. Keynes said that in 1923 we invested abroad about two-thirds of what passed through the investment markets, and probably between a half and a third of our total savings. Yet the investors talk of 'foreign competition'! The national income of Britain in 1800 is put at £174,000,000. This had risen by 1920 to £4,000,000 - a *twenty-four-fold* increase. But the income per head of population had increased only *five* times - from £16 14s. per head in 1800 to £85 per head in 1920. Two and a half million breadgetters secure more than half of the

national income. Seventeen and a quarter million breadwinners get less than half.

With the trade unionism of the inconclusive demand - the dog chasing his tail - too many workers are still content. Yet the unrest is permanent. Nothing is done to remove the fundamental causes of it. The strike remedy only increases the dis-ease, which is poverty; for it means an immediate loss of wages, and, if successful, a rise in the cost of living.

The strike method is destructive, and destruction may be the work of an instant. Socialism is constructive, and by its very nature the process is slow even if the human agents were willing. And they are

not willing. Socialism is long and life is short. On the other hand, the workers strike with pleasure. The mine is a place of darksome misery and danger. The stokehold is a hell of torture. The noisy mill, the icy rigging, the stifling retort-house, the stuffy printing shop, the clanging shipyard, the fume-laden foundry are all places from which the workers are glad to escape, especially if there be the hope of better wages at the end of a brief holiday. The workers gladly respond to the call of the strike-leader to come out. That is where the dangerous power of Syndicalism lies.

But Socialism involves reading. It involves attendance at meetings. It

involves committee work, electioneering, speech-making, canvassing. And when the Socialist representative is returned, he is only, after all, at the beginning of his work.

The one thing the working class has not tried on any scale is definite Socialist representation on all the assemblies its votes control, with a view to the steady socialization of industry. In State or Municipal employ alone are wages increased and price lowered.

This new edition is issued in the hope that the pamphlet will help towards a more general and fruitful realization of the irreconcilable antagonism that must exist between Capitalism and Labour, and the

adoption of the idea and practice of Public ownership and Socialistic administration as the only possible basis of industrial 'peace with honour.'

The Class War.

The wit of man can devise no scheme by which the poor can become less poor without the rich becoming less rich, - *The Star*.

The more there is allotted to labour the less there will remain to be appropriated as rent. - FAWCETT; *Manual of Political Economy*.

What agreement is there between the hyena and a dog? and what peace between the rich and the poor? As the wild ass is the lion's prey in the wilderness, so the rich eat up the poor. As the proud hate humility, so doth the rich abhor the poor. — *The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach*, xiii. 18-20.

A state in which classes exist is not one but two. The poor constitute one state and the rich another, and both, living in the closest proximity, are constantly on the watch against each other. The ruling class is finally unable to go to war, because to do so it requires the services of the mass, which, when armed, inspires it with terror than the enemy.- PLATO; *The Republic*.

Disguise it as we may by feudal benevolence or the kindly attempts of philanthropists, the material interests of the small nation privileged to exact rent for its monopolies, and of the great nation thereby driven to receive only the remainder of the product, are permanently opposed. – FABIAN TRACT; *Facts for Socialists*.

No man profiteth but by the losse of others; by which reason a man should condemne all manner of gaine. The Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousnesse of youth; the husbandman by dearth of corne; the Architect but by the ruine of houses; the Lawyer by suits and controversies between men; Honour it

selfe, and practice of religious ministers, is drawne from our death and vices. 'No physitian delighteth in the health of his owne friend, saith the ancient Greeke Comike; 'nor no Soldier is pleased with the peace of his citie, and so of the rest.' - MONTAIGNE; *Essay XXI. (Florio's Translation).*

It was a safe thing for Jesus to say; 'I come not to bring peace, but a sword.' He that comes to the world with a message bearing in it the promise and potency of great and far-reaching changes is a revolutionist; and the methods of revolution are and ever must be of the nature of war. The war may

not and should not be one of balls and bayonets; but the feelings evoked will not be less vengeful, and the efforts put forth not less strenuous, than in the case of actual physical conflict. The glory of victory will be there, the deep chagrin of defeat, the patient determination, the generalship, the heroisms of men in the ranks, the surprises, the invincible hopefulness of the opposing legions, the headlong partisanship, the impetuous devotion to leaders - nothing of all this will be wanting in the war which pioneers and prophets bring into the world,

The Victories of Peace.

'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than those of war' we are told; but the word 'war' is used there in the limited lethal sense. The so-called victories of peace have actually been won in battle with the hosts of ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness - the soldier of rationalism against the mercenary of superstition, the friends of freedom and justice against the trained bands of privilege, despotism, and hoary use-and-wont. The victories of peace are the increase of knowledge, the development of the arts, the application of the sciences the growth of liberty, the diffusion of happiness; and every step in the onward march has been hotly contested. The army of invasion has been

met at every point; and the deeds done in the many fields of battle fill the brightest pages in history, and are the glory and the stimulus of every fighting, forward-looking spirit in the world to-day.

Contrasts.

The greatness of a man's message to the world is determined by the amount of good it is capable of doing to mankind; and the more it promises to better the lot of mankind in general the more it will threaten to disturb the interests of favoured classes in particular. The theory of Socialism is that the division of society

into classes renders social warfare inevitable while the class divisions continue to exist. Socialism contends that the poverty of the poor is caused by robbery on the part of the rich. The mansion explains the hovel; Belgravia has its counterpart in Shoreditch. The factory, the foundry, the shipbuilding yard account for the shooting-lodge, the yacht, and the tours in foreign lands. The long day's toil of one class renders possible the lifelong play of the other. The withdrawal from school at any early age of the worker's son enables the gilded youth to put in years at college. If there were no antagonism between the classes, all members of the community ought to suffer by the loss of any one

among them. As it is, one man's loss is another man's gain. If there were community of interests throughout society, fire, flood, or shipwreck ought to be disastrous to every member of society. But because the interests of the classes are not identical, the destruction of buildings by fire, the inundation of the wealthy quarter of a town, the loss of ships at sea, give employment to the artizan who repairs the loss and damage, and transform the hoard of the capitalist into the wage of the labourer.

'Peace! Peace!'

Commonplaces of demagogues, you may say. No! For does not the political economist, and all who are of his way of thinking, contend that the class interests can be reconciled? Are there not millions of men - working men even - who accept the political economist's view? Are there not scores of men in this hall at the present moment who believe that there is no necessary antagonism between landlord and tenant, between capitalist and labourer, between rich and poor? Who believe that the prevailing want of harmony between the classes arises from the individuals rather than the institutions? You are not all of you want to put an end to capitalism. Many of you

believe that it would be stealing to take back your own country from the men whose ancestors stole it long ago. If the air were stored in tanks, or the sunshine bottled up, you would many of you accept the situation as a matter of course. You would pay for the air at so much per 1000 cubic feet - for the sunshine at so much per dozen beams in bottle.

Marking Time.

And you will come out on strike again, many of you. You can't get along *with* the capitalist; but you still think you couldn't get along *without* him. When, in good

times, your strike secures you an increase of a shilling or two in your week's wages you imagine that you have acquitted yourselves nobly, and that the social problem is so much nearer solution. You leave out of account the fact that if good times bring you an extra shilling they bring your employer an extra sovereign; that, while you are absolutely getting more, you are relatively getting less. You will forget that if you get more wages while in employment, yet that employment is more insecure – that you or some of your comrades will be oftener among the unemployed – and that every year your labour becomes more and more intensified. You are content to mark time with Trades

Unionism, instead of marching forward with Socialism. You vote for the nominee of the whisky ring. You work like little giants to secure the return to the Town Council or to Parliament of the man who has made his fortune by sending coffin ships to sea, and pocketing the insurance money. You prefer the man with money to the man with brains and good intentions. You snub your political friends, and send them away sick at heart, and despairing of you and your cause. It is little wonder if at times we get sick of you, get sick of talking to you, get sick of our own comrades-in-arms even, and take to 'slating' one another. Yet you pretend that you do not need us to preach the Class War to you! But we will

preach, and you will hear us, and ultimately you will be forced to recognise that the Class War exists.

Class Treason

You say you recognise that already! Why, then, are so many of you *there* and not *here*? Socialists stand along among social reformers in recognising the existence of the Class War. Political Economists, mere Trades Unionists, and Liberals believe that the best way to bring good times to working men is to bring good times to their masters. They want to see Britain able to keep her markets. They believe in technical

education as a thing that will enable them to beat the foreigner. When an employer voluntarily grants a reduction of hours, his Trades Unionist employees hasten to pass a vote of thanks to him for the concession; and if a Socialist reminds them that, after all, the employer is only neglecting an opportunity of taking that last ounce of his pound of flesh, with which he is already pretty well gorged at their expense, they turn on that Socialist and rend him. His alleged churlishness is the subject of talk with them for months, and they recriminated with dogged malice on the party to which he belongs.

When you start a trade union what do you take as your motto? Do you go to the

Communist Manifesto for some of its barbed and glancing epigrams, or to Kropotkin's 'Appeal to the Young,' or to some of the many revolutionary passages in Isaiah, James, or Paul's Epistles? No. You print on your stationery an antiquated piece of bunkum which sets forth that you are 'United to protect, but not combined to injure.' As if the aim and end of the Labour movement were not to inaugurate a system of society in which the occupation and emoluments of the landlord and the capitalist would no longer exist! I have heard a titled person state that Trade Unionism, so far from being inimical to the interests of capitalists, was a good thing for them. And the working men present

applauded the statements as though it were quite right and comforting that it should be so. When I pointed out, as I took occasion to do, that the only way to help the worker to the full reward of his labour was to make an end of capitalistic profits and of landlordial rents, the more Socialistic ones among them rode off on the plea that even that would be a good thing for the capitalists and landlords.

The Successful Business Man.

I advise you not to wait till you convince them of that! I meet capitalists in the cars, at public dining tables, and in their own

homes sometimes, and I find that their faces are *not* set in the direction of 'the cities of the Commune.' They do not, like Falstaff, 'babble of green fields,' nor pine and sigh for liberty, equality, and fraternity. They have a good deal to say, though, about Copper and Rubber and Imperial Tobacco. At election time they manifest a bashful interest in municipal politics, as if they were ashamed to be detected taking any interest in such vanities; and it is easy to see that anything outside of business is outside their beat. They have a good-humoured contempt for politicians of all sorts; and for the enthusiastic politician their contempt is undisguised. A business man may drink

and fornicate, may play billiards, shoot pigeons, bet on racehorses, spend his time and money on a hundred and one useless or positively hurtful things, and these will be regarded as the legitimate recreations, or, at worst, the excusable failings of a busy man. But let him dabble in politics, and immediately his business friends will begin to sneer and indulge in scornful head-tossings; and there will be a general agreement that it would become him better to attend to his business. Old Middlewick, in the play of 'Our Boys,' is a typical capitalist; and when old Middlewick was consulted on any question in art, science, or literature, you remember his answer always was — 'Well, I don't know anything

about that; but you must allow that I'm an authority on butter!' The leopard cannot change his spots, and even if the typical capitalist saw that capitalism were doomed, as it is, he must needs resist us.

I have known men retire from a distasteful business in which they had made enough money to enable them to spend the rest of their lives in comfort, even affluence. But so completely were they wedded to the ignoble excitement of money-getting that they had to return, like the sow that was washed, to their wallowing in the mire, Russell Sage, the mean millionaire who pushed another man in front of him to save him from the flying projectiles of a bomb, shortly afterwards

closed his own magpie life of gathering, and left his millions to be fought over. What is said by these lunatics on behalf of their craze is that if those who come after them have as much pleasure in spending the money as they have had in making it, they are quite welcome. What an inversion of healthy sentiment is this! Many a jolly bagman who is pleased to book your order hates to collect the account on his next journey. He wants to give you discount, wants to make abatements if you grumble, offers to stand you your dinner or at least a drink, in return for favours conferred. But the typical successful man grabs your cash with an eager eye and a greedy, nervous hand; he grudges to give discounts; his

‘Thank you’ is cool and perfunctory; and he passes as promptly to the next deal as if he had conferred a favour on you instead of having enriched himself. And so soon as he has got his order or completed his bargain he is off for the next victim, hardly waiting to shake hands. What idea can such men have of the truth there is in the saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive? Yet so perversely are we constituted that some of us, worshipping success, can actually find in our hearts to admire this incarnation of calculating selfishness, recognising that if *we* could be equally bloodless and inhuman we also should ‘succeed’ as he does.

Take these men away from their

stocks, their shares, their ledgers, and their economics, and you take the life interests away from them. Take them out of the harness of commercialism, and they will, as the tramp said, 'be eternally blasted and knocked out of shape.' The chances are that, as servants of a Socialistic Municipality which did not cheat anybody, they would pine and die under what would seem to them such degenerate conditions. So that on any understanding these men must suffer before we can secure the greatest good of the greatest number. Let us clear our minds of cant, then, and preach the Class war without holding any cards up our sleeve, and without bringing upon ourselves the

necessity of 'winking the other eye.' Peasants and mechanics write immortal poems, and lead the people to great democratic victories. Though now

They toil in penury and grief,

Unknown, if not maligned,

Forlorn, forlorn, hearing the scorn

Of the meanest of mankind –

they will be remembered by posterity as men who did something to leave the world better than they found it. But the swag-bellied money lords, who have spent their lives in getting and hoarding, will go down voiceless to ignoble graves, and

history will be read as if they had not been, and succeeding generations will know them not.

The Moralisation of Capital.

You probably have not heard the phrase, ‘moralisation of capital’ – used by the Positivists – but you believe in the thing which the phrase denotes. We hold that ‘moralised capital’ is of a piece with ‘honest stealing,’ ‘virtuous vice,’ ‘truthful mendacity,’ or ‘beautiful ugliness.’ The only way in which the capitalist can ‘moralise’ himself is by ceasing to be a capitalist altogether.

Capitalism is a fraud in its inception, and still more fraudulent in its subsequent workings. A man, by starving his mind and body, is able to save money. He borrows books instead of buying them. He starves his emotional nature by neglecting to go to the theatre, because to go to the theatre costs money. He doesn't go to concerts because concerts cost money. He is a teetotaller, not so much because he wishes to keep his stomach clean and his head clear, but because his ideal men are teetotallers, gradgrinds who mortify the flesh in order to save. He doesn't marry: he can't afford it – yet. He either suppresses his natural desires – desires as healthy as the craving for food - or else, like a tom-

cat, he prowls around at night. When he goes to the races or to some fête or fair he leaves his purse at home for he should be tempted to spend. When a subscription is being taken for a public purpose he does not approve of the object; or if it is for some unfortunate fellow-worker he thinks So-and-so has been careless, and doesn't deserve help. While the flowers and the birds are arrayed more gloriously a Solomon, the saving man dons the ancient, verdant overcoat for another winter, sends his summer suit to the washtub, and continues to sport the hat that was in fashion, so to say, when George the Fourth was king. Thus stultifying his life, and by refusing to do his duty to himself and his

fellows, he is able to save money. And the money is saved with a bad intention. The aim is either to start independently in business, or else to secure shares in the undertaking paying the highest dividends compatible with security. The object of this man is to leave his class behind him, and to live *upon* labour rather than *by* it.

But the working man can never save very much, let him be never so stingy. If he start in business he must necessarily do so in a humble way, and should he die rich his riches will represent, not his own savings, but surplus value of other people's labour. We do not ask you to have an over-abundant respect for wealth so accumulated. The best men are not able to

save money. The best men are not seldom in debt. The man who has store of money with a banker while men, women, and children are starving, and while great movements languish for want of money, is in need being of being experimented upon by Acts of Parliament taking the form of something different from an Income Tax.

The War in Operation.

‘The wit of man can devise no scheme by which the poor can become less poor without the rich becoming less rich.’ Men who tell you that you can be well off without hurting anybody’s pecuniary

interests are either insincere or don't understand the Social Question. Proper State Insurance would 'rob' the insurance societies. Temperance would 'rob' the publicans, pawnbrokers, distillers, and brewers. Saving would 'rob' the shopkeeping class in general. Vegetarianism would 'rob' the butcher in particular. Successful Co-operation in production and distribution would 'rob' the capitalist; partially successful Co-operation is already 'robbing' him. Shopkeepers and commercial travellers complain bitterly of how the 'Co-op.' ruins trade, which means that they are not able to get the profits they once could. *Our* objection to all these schemes is that they don't 'rob' the 'robbers'

enough. Socialism takes up the work where they leave it, and would 'rob' the monopolists of all power to take from the community rent, profit, interest, and 'fancy' salaries.

The Genus Flunkey.

There are those who deny the existence of a Class War, and claim that the antagonism is as keen between individuals within one class as between one class and another. As an example they cite the footman or valet, who has more contempt for Socialism and the *useful* worker, and stronger prejudices against both, than even

his master has. But the lackey is perhaps the only case of a man belonging to the proletariat whose class feeling is thus perverted. All other men of the working class *may* feel that they could get on with the rich. Soldiers, men-of-war sailors, prison warders, policemen, often sympathise with Socialism. The flunkey never. Ignorant, gluttonous, unwholesome from confinement and the keeping of bad hours, the pasty-faced 'buttons' becomes in time the bottle-nosed butler. Taught no useful calling, repressed, drum-majored, segregated from the ordinary folk of their class, the gentry's gentry *must* feel that with the rich they stand or fall. The flunkey's position industrially - if his work

can be called industry - is unique. He is the one exception to the rule of the Class War. The selection of this one declassed class calls attention to the fact that there is none other such. Other people work for the rich only because the poor cannot buy their products. The seamstress who makes court dresses could make frocks for our wives and daughters. The tailors who make clothes for 'the nobility and gentry' could make coats and breeches for us. The painters, gilders, and tile-fixers, the upholsterers, and workers in marquetry who put in so much time in the homes of the rich could be working in our homes. Let the rich take their hands out of our pockets, let our labour be properly

organised instead of being wasted, and we should be able to employ, in work for ourselves, those who at present minister only or chiefly to the well-to-do. But there is no place for the flunkey at *his* work. No sensible man wants a valet to put on his clothes. No sensible man wants a boy in buttons to run his errands or a big man in silk stockings to open the door. A man of sense wants to be served at table by a deft-handed woman, not by a man in a swallow-tailed coat. The flunkey is usually neither strong enough nor game enough to act as waiter and chucker-out in a public house. Heaven knows what is to become of him unless he die out gradually as the expropriators are bit by bit expropriated.

The men of the first French Revolution saw that the lackey was a useless and mischievous creature, and they tried to abolish him by forbidding the wearing of liveries.

What the flunkey may think about Socialism, or how he may feel towards the workman, makes no difference to the existence of a Class War.

The Hatred that is based on Love.

There is no way in which the Class War can be avoided. You can't have the reward of your labour and the idler have it too. There is just so much wealth produced

every day. It may be more, it may be less; but there always is just so much; and the more the capitalist gets the less you will get, and *vice versa*. We preach the Gospel of Hatred, because in the circumstances it seems the only righteous thing we can preach. The talk about the 'Gospel of Love' is solemn rubbish. The hatred of stealing, lying, meanness and uncleanness, hypocrisy, greed, and tyranny means the love of the obverse of these. Those who talk about the Gospel of Love, with landlordism and capitalism for its objects, want us to make our peace with iniquity.

We don't preach hatred of men, but hatred of systems and those features men's characters which are the outcome of the

false and bad in the systems. The rich are amiable; they have little call to be cross when all goes so well with them. They are good-natured because comfortable and not over-anxious for the morrow. They are pleasant companions because they are educated beyond the measure of letters accorded to workers. They have been accustomed to the society of men who are informed by reading, by travel, and by association with others like themselves. They have been fined by their intellectual, æsthetic, and generally pleasant social surroundings, and can afford to think well of the world since it has been so good to them. We don't hate them. Indeed, we like and admire them often. We welcome one of

their number when he comes among us, because we feel that he has had advantages not extended to us.

Forerunners.

But unless we hate the system which prevents us from being what we otherwise might have been, we shall not be able to strive against it with the patient, never-flagging zeal which our work, to be well done, requires. And to keep alive and undimmed this flame of hatred, divine not diabolical, we require not only to look around us, but especially to look back upon the world as it has been, and to the

example of those who have fought the good fight. To Socrates dying for the right to speak and reason on any subject under heaven or heaven itself. To him whose great career and tragedy the Christian world would render meaningless by calling them by the career and tragedy of a god. To Savonarola, brooking the power of gold in stately Florence, heedless of the consequences which might come to himself. To John Ball, Wat Tyler, and John Cade, in our land the first forerunners of Socialism. To Bruno and Vanini, holding aloft the light of reason in a land and an age of darkness and cruelty, and suffering the death agony with unexampled fortitude before an utterly hostile world. Then again,

coming nearer to our own day, to Cromwell, Milton, Hampden, and Pym, to John Eliot, Harry Vane, and the many other doughty ones who defied and worsted the kingly power of the first Charles. Nearer still, to More and Baird and Andrew Hardie, to Ernest Jones, Bronterre O'Brien, and Robert Owen. Yet again - for the list is long, the company a goodly one - to Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, to Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, the 'noble three' of the Irish song and story; to Vera Sassoulitch, Marie Spiridonova, Sophia Perovsky; to Karl Marx, intellectually rigorous, morally incorruptible, living for the Revolution in days when the Revolution both seemed and was distant. To Henry

Hyndman, who by the work of a lifetime, with voice and pen, has made the Revolution possible in Britain. To William Morris, the poet and artist-prophet of the new society. To Keir Hardie who engineered first great electoral victory of the Fourth Estate. To Robert Blatchford and Edward Bellamy who made Socialists by the million. How great is our inheritance! how illustrious those who have preceded us on this path!

You think we claim too much when we call some of these men our lineal predecessors? Hearken to what one of them, the so-called 'mad' priest of Kent, said more than five hundred years ago;-

Good people, things will never go well in England as long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater than we? On what grounds have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in serfage? If we all came of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they must needs be better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread, and we oatcakes and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine

houses; we have pain and labour, the rain and the wind in the fields. And yet it is of us and our toil that these men hold their state.

An Opportunity Lost.

They ought to have settled the Class War in those days so far as England was concerned. The reason why they did not do so was because they did not cherish the class hatred as John Ball cherished it, and did not see as clearly as he saw what required to be done. They had 120.000 men in the field, London and all the southern and midland counties were at their mercy.

But they trusted to a king to settle the problem which they could only settle themselves. They believed in Richard and neglected their own leaders, just as the working class reads and believes the *Daily Mail* and votes Tory to-day. The trouble is the same to-day. You are too humble, too easily satisfied. You don't know what you are entitled to, even under the present system; and you haven't settled in your mind what you want in a future system.

'Man, Know Thyself!'

You must be more envious, more jealous; you must develop more needs, more tastes. You must read and listen, and then you know how ignorant you are. You must consort with your betters in education and refinement (and I can suggest no better company than the poets, historians, scientists, economists, and philosophers). Then you will realise the extent to which society has robbed you. You will feel what you might have been; and the iron will enter into your soul.

You must try to account for the vices and the failings of your comrades in this movement, and then you will be able to forgive almost everything except treason to the cause. You must seek your own good,

not in saving, Friendly Societies, or the 'main chance' in any way, but in the general good - knowing that if all rise you must rise with the rest.

'Born to be a Man.'

I want you to 'realise' yourself. You want to be happy; but it is not enough to be happy. A pig may be happy in its sty. You ought to want to be happy in the best possible way. The end before us is perfection of being, both physical and mental. What a wretched lot we are in this hall to-night! How many of us could ride a horse, row a boat without 'catching crabs,' swim across a river, rescue

a drowning woman, fight a stalwart footpad who offered violence, deliver a coherent speech in public, or even write a correct and intelligible letter? You have read the epitaph – ‘Born to be a man, but died a grocer,’ and you have smiled at the expense of the man of cheese. But the rough epitaph might, with variation, go the round of the trades and professions. For there are many male children born into the world who never have an opportunity of becoming more than printers or carpenters, lawyers or pedagogues, parsons or touts. Unless man’s estate be something short of what I take it to be we are most of us minors - we are still in our pupillage.

A Programme.

When you realise this you will set your teeth for the Class War. You will go in for politics, become agitators more or less, and probably get an ill name. The things you will be working for, the jargon of which your speech will be full, will be something like this:- Shorter hours is the first thing I want, that the workless may get a hand in, and that the workers may have time to read and think and watch their children grow. Then a tax on landlords, by which we may recover as much as possible of what passes us as rent. Then abolition of the House of Lords and the monarchy. Then more Home Rule and more local Government, that town and county

councils may cope with the greatly increased work devolved upon them. Then extension of municipal operations; the socialization of coal stores, dairy farms, bakeries, laundries, public-houses, the slaughter of cattle and the sale of butcher meat, the building and letting of houses - in short, the taking-over, by the local bodies, of as many departments of production and distribution as need be. By this time the Class War will be shaping for the last great engagement. So you will say.

How to Make Life Worth Living.

If you go in for this work the days will pass

swiftly with you. Your lives will be full of interest. You won't be at a loss to know how to spend your time. Your party will be defeated, and your hopes dashed again and again. The finger of scorn will be pointed at you. Newspaper editors will crow over your failures, and lay down the law in the oracular style we know so well. The boys will cry at you in the streets. The ignorant will laugh, the brutal will sometimes beat down your arguments by sheer vociferation; and often you will be plunged in momentary despair. But if you are of the right stuff you cannot let your hopes and your desires go. To leave Socialism would be to part with a portion of your being. Reverses, failures, desertions from the

ranks, the indifference of your fellows - all this, if you are of the right sort, will only strengthen your determination to persist in the good fight whose termination in the triumph of your class has been the hope of the ages.

Let fate or insufficiency provide

Mean ends for men who are
what they would be

Penned in their narrow day no
change they see

Save one which strikes the blow to
brutes and pride.

Our faith is ours, and comes not on a

tide;

And whether earth's great
offspring by decree

Must rot if they abjure rapacity,
Not argument, but effort shall decide.

They number many heads in that
hard flock;

Trim swordsmen they push forth; yet
try thy steel,

Thou fighting for poor humankind wilt
feel

The strength of Roland in thy wrist to
hew

A chasm sheer into the barrier
rock,

And bring the army of the faithful
through.

Is the State the Enemy of the People?

History, gentlemen, is a struggle with Nature - the misery, the ignorance, the poverty, the weakness, and consequent slavery in which we were involved when the human race came upon the scene in the beginning of history. The progressive victory over this weakness - this is the development of freedom which history displays to us.

It is the State whose function it is to carry on THIS DEVELOPMENT OF FREEDOM, this development of the

human race until its freedom is attained.

The State is this unity of individuals into a moral whole, a unity which increases a million-fold the strength of all the individuals who are comprehended in it, and multiplies a million times the power which would be at the disposal of them as individuals. - FERDINAND LASSALLE:
The Working Man's Programme.

Till all, recanting, own the State

Means nothing but the
People.

MACAU.

Travellers report that Arab boatmen used to be incapable of pulling altogether with a 'Yo, heave ho!' (or its Arabic equivalent), but tugged separately and ineffectively; and an inability fully to co-operate is noted as a characteristic of primitive man, animals, and the insane. Most of our present-day troubles appear to be fundamentally due to the lack of organization, and of the efficiency, economy, and real freedom (from disabilities) that come with a proper adaptation of means to ends. Is there less freedom to *all* because of the rules of the road, the regulation of traffic, and the principle of the queue? The man who elbows, jostles, and spreads himself in car

or carriage curtails the freedom of other people.

The demands for amalgamation, consolidation, and working agreements are simply reactions from the hindrances and losses due to licence and confusion. A hundred and twenty competing railways amalgamated into six groups, with a saving of expense which has enabled them to carry on despite the handicap of the heavy road traffic. But they amalgamated to suit their own interests. A still greater consolidation in the public interest could be effected by amalgamating the six groups into one State service. Coalmining companies ought long since to have followed the example set by the railways;

but it seems they will do so only on State compulsion, and to this all Individualists think they are opposed. Socialism is, they pretend, 'the end of all things.'

The objection to nationalization is the most palpable of all the prejudices. The State is our friend even if we have no other. It takes an interest in us almost as soon as we are born, and if there is no one else to bury us the State will do it. If a poor woman whom nobody would have looked at is knocked down in the street, the representative of the State will hold up the whole of the traffic till she is gathered into safety. She will be taken to hospital and have such skill and care as she never would have got from her friends. The organised

community is her best friend.

We all fall back upon the State when in trouble. Even the malefactor is glad of police protection from private vengeance. The capitalist himself, much as he hates and professes to despise the State, is glad of a State subsidy, and is fain to appeal to the courts for justice as against birds of his own feather. I one day came upon a group of youths who were tormenting a blind man. When they saw me they ran away, and a policeman coming upon the scene almost at the same moment, he took hold of the blind man in kindness. The sightless face was strained with fear and anxiety, but when the bobby laid hands on him the man seemed to know the difference. He

ran his sensitive fingers rapidly up and down the bobby's buttons, and his face broke into a pleased smile. He knew it was the protective hand of the State rescuing him from private enterprise.

Private enterprise no longer builds houses, or plants trees, or lays down sewers, or carries out large electrical installations. These things all bring us back to the State. The traders of the United States clamour for railway rates the same as those of Canada, because, although Canada is much more sparsely peopled than the States, it can give lower rates, the service having been nationalised. There are no dividends to find.

The Post Office is the biggest and most efficient business in the country, and it gives the cheapest service. Although it does not exist for profit, but primarily for service, it netted £44,000,000 of profit during the thirteen years 1912-25, in spite, too, of all the gratuitous services (constantly being increased) which it performs. The Civil Services are turning over £223,000,000 worth of business a-year, and they do it on working expenses of £11,000,000, or about 5 per cent. No private business is managed upon so small a percentage.

The Social-Democratic State.

Since the time of Plato at least wise men have looked to the State and to the principle of Nationalization as affording the means of social redress. For eighty years the Socialist demand has been for the setting up of a Social-Democratic State, with national ownership of land and machinery. This did not mean that purely local industries were to be managed by a Government bureau at Whitehall, but merely that the communal authorities in localities possessing valuable natural resources such as coal or granite, or acquired skill in metallurgy or textiles, should own allegiance to a central authority that would prevent the setting up of local monopolies claiming monopoly

privileges.

This ideal of mutually interdependent and co-ordinated communities of weavers and fishermen, of graziers and grain-raisers, is evidently too large for some minds; and we have had first the Syndicalist demand for the politically independent trade union, and now we have, apparently, a demand from some who regard themselves as Socialists for the political independence of the commune. This last conception is as old at least as the time of the Communards of 1871, who in several populous centres of France rose in armed revolt against the newly-formed Republic, and declared for 'a free federation of independent communes.'

France and Britain are free federations of communes already; and as to the 'independence,' London and Leeds no more need or want to be independent of each other than the nose needs or wants to be independent of the eyes or ears. This idea of the State as an evil is the great bugbear which stands between the nation and the control of its essential services. Critics who turn a blind eye to the gross and palpable evils of Individualism - with its recurring holdups and its permanent waste and inefficiency - inveigh against the imaginary evil of the functions of the State being indefinitely increased, and the business of the nation being made to flow through the Post Office to a still greater extent than it

is now doing; though be it said the Post Office has added Old Age Pensions and State Insurance business to its numerous other departments with the maximum of ease, efficiency, and economy. Still, the dislike of certain aspects of bureaucracy is wholesome enough. But the suspicion with respect to excessive centralization becomes itself an excess when the suspects go on roundly to declare, as they do, that the State is in any case an evil.

Social Evils not State-Created.

We are NOT at war with the State. The evils of life have not been State-created. It

was not the State that called slavery into existence; but it did something to protect the slave from his master. The slave was the captive of his owner, who had originally either taken him prisoner in war or captured him in a slave-raid. But while the State did not introduce slavery, and there was slavery before there was a State, it was the State that abolished it, finding twenty millions sterling for the compensation of the dispossessed 'owners' in British Dominions, while in America the North fought the South to abolish it.

Serfdom was a remnant of slavery. The basis was the strong hand and willpower of the dominant class. Where it was abolished the State either abolished it summarily, as

in Russia, or connived at its abolition by declaring, as England did in the fourteenth century, that a year's residence in a corporate town freed the serf.

Landlordism.

In its inception landlordism is not State-created. The strong men who came to Britain with Hengist and Horsa found the land cultivated by free and half-free *colonii*, who had been left behind as a relic of the Roman occupation. The masterless man, living in a wild country, made haste to find himself a strong man for master. He was willing to abandon the wild places,

the No-Man's Land, and till another man's land because of the protection that lay in numbers and the fighting capabilities of his chief. Up to the reign of Alfred, the Saxon tribesmen were freeholders, owing fealty to no overlord. They had got their land from the invading chiefs in freehold, on the ground of their strength, courage, and skill in battle, and it was because of the lack of public spirit on the part of these tribesmen that Alfred the Great and Archbishop Dunstan (the wisest and most public-spirited men of their time) called into existence the feudal system, which made the tribesmen only holders of the land of which they previously had been owners. They would not come out and stay out to

repel the Danish pirates. They were individualists who would fight an invader if he appeared within their own hundred or shire, but they would not follow him up and drive him out of the country. The thought of the goodwife, the children, and the farmstead left behind drew them off the pursuit. And so the feudal system had to come as the punishment for the Saxon's lack of public spirit.

The State thus created the feudal system, but it left millions of acres of folk land and Common land for the poor freemen and the serfs, and time and again it protected the commons from illegal landlordial encroachment. Even Charles the First, tyrant, torturer, and pledge-

breaker as he was, did his best to preserve the commons. He learned that Rockingham Forest had dwindled from sixty miles in width to six miles, and in 1633 he appointed a Commission to inquire into these appropriations. The noble depredators, one of whom was the Earl of Essex, were forced to disgorge and were stiffly fined. Rockingham Forest, as public land, was protected by the State for the people.

Capitalism.

Nor was capitalism created by the State. It was created by individual cunning and the

simple willingness and even anxiety of working men to attach themselves to a master, even if they must labour for his profit. Even to-day one sees many a man who is possessed of both the money to start in business and the skill to carry it on, continue to work for a master owing to sheer lack of initiative and self-confidence. Such men have been the creators and perpetuators of capitalism, small blame to them. The primitive craftsman employing a journeyman and an apprentice or two, who boarded with him, was the natural enough precursor of the joint stock company of to-day, with its shareholders drawing their dividends thousands of miles away. The public had to be served somehow. Certainly

the State is not to blame for having allowed capitalism to grow. It had no mandate to prevent it or to organise production itself, which would alone have prevented capitalism from growing bloated.

It was not the State that caused long hours in factories; but it was the State that curtailed them. It was not the State that sent coffin ships to sea and pocketed the insurance money when they went down with all hands in mid-ocean, as it was intended they should do; but it was the State that introduced the load line, the Merchant Shipping Act, the Survey, and the Board of Trade Regulations. It was not the State that sent the climbing boys up the chimneys; but the State forbade it. It is

not the State that causes railway and coal strikes; but the State often intervenes to stop them. The State did not cause parents to bring up their children in ignorance; it passed the Education Acts. It did not make fiery mines or ordain that machinery should be used in factories; but it insisted on the safety lamp, and ventilation, and pumping; and it ordered dangerous machinery to be fenced and sent inspectors to see that it was done.

The Strong shall bear Rule.

The State is the organ of whichever class has the courage, the ability, and the

numbers to capture and run it. The upper class once controlled it; the middle class since 1832 has taken hold of it; the workers now have the power to capture it and wield it to their purposes, and if they use that power it will be THEIR State - the State will be the people incorporated.

The State is not merely a repressive Policeman or Tax-Gatherer. It is the servant of the community as well. The hundreds of thousands of postal employees were some years ago joined by 18,000 telephone workers. The Municipality is not a mere Night-Watchman. It sends you gas men, sanitary men, electricians. It will send you others if you will have it so.

The enemy is not the responsible Public Servant. The enemy is the irresponsible private adventurer. It is not the elected persons who are 'audacious.' The audacious person is the non-elected capitalist or landlord, strong in the mere fact of possession and in the ignorance and subserviency of the public.

Socialism is the bringing of the processes and services of life under the Reign of Law. It is the substitution of communal order for commercial chaos. The only alternatives to the State of to-day would be a congeries of warring communities, polluting each other's drinking water, wrangling about each other's sewage, refusing to join for common

purposes as they often refuse at present, each taking its own way as to education, the protection of foreshores, the maintenance of roads, the running of through traffic. It is possible to have too much home rule.

The Natural State.

The people of Great Britain speak, write, read the same language. Their habits, local institutions, business methods, food, dress, traditions, music, domestic arrangements, literature, drama, ideas, tastes, are similar - sadly similar. Why should they not be a State, a united Nation? Why should

Bradford seek to be independent of Manchester because they are in different counties? Why should they want to be independent? Race, language, the mountain chain, the broad river, the sounding sea constitute the natural divisions of nations. To say that these should count for nothing is to fly in the face of Nature. But Socialism is not a divider, but a uniter. They who pretend that Socialism is at war with the State are not Socialists, but Anarchists, who wish to set up a monopoly of the craftsmen for the monopoly of the capitalists. Socialism sets up the community as above both.

Obviously there can be no nationalization without a State, and

without a State one can readily imagine the complications and bickerings that would arise between the not too wise men of the various Gothams, over postal facilities, sewerage, rivers, railways, defence, education, and other matters as to which the State has the final word to-day. The strife of the Brugeois and the Ghentois, of the Italian states, of the early Saxon kings of counties might well be repeated in pitched battles between the men of Manchester and the men of Liverpool. Leeds and Bradford and Sheffield, no longer content with football victories, would march against each other with more than Ulsterian venom and with more deadly weapons than dummy

muskets and wooden cannon. The hordes of Glasgow would overrun Scotia's ancient capital inflamed with the animus of a jealousy nursed for generations, and Cardiff and Bristol would carry on a war of tariffs that might end in reciprocal bombardments.

As it is, the Government keeps the scattered townships knit together under the law. It lends them money at the lowest possible rate of interest, and it must have power to enforce the payments of the loans. It gives imperial taxation to be used for local purposes - as education and roads - and it insists upon a certain standard of efficiency in the teachers, a certain standard of suitability in the school

buildings and equipment. It can enforce its demands by refusing to pay grants to the local bodies who want to conduct public services on the cheap.

The State a Blessing.

The Individualist or Anarchist critics attack the State as if it were and must remain a pure evil to be fought. It is, as a matter of fact, a blessing. It behaves better to the workers than they would behave to themselves. It educates them in spite of themselves. It has given them old-age pensions which they would never have devised for themselves. It inspects their

food, their workplaces, and the ladders and scaffoldings upon which private enterprise compels them to risk their necks. It condemns rotten fruit, tuberculous beef, milk which is below the standard. It insists on dangerous machines being fenced, upon a certain amount of cubic air space being provided in factories and in the forecastles of ships. It stipulates for a certain food standard on board ship. It forbids excessive deck-loading. It insists on a load line. It makes regulations as to pumping, air fans, shot-firing, and props in the mines, and if accidents occur it is because of the cupidity of the owners or the carelessness of the men, which more inspectors might correct, but could never abolish. Of course

Socialism would substitute public ownership of factories, ships, and mines; and a good deal of the inspection and regulation and registration would be quite unnecessary under Socialism; but the point is that the State in all these matters behaves, not as the enemy, but as the friend of the workers.

The State insists on many things for their good that they themselves often do their best to defeat or render nugatory. What is the good of pretending that anybody or anything is to blame except the stupidity and apathy of the workers themselves, who vote against the people who would confer benefits upon them? To look back upon all the silly causes for

which the people have shed their blood is pitiful. To think of all the good causes they have neglected or deserted is tragic. The London apprentices turned out for Essex, as the Scotsmen did for the Old and the Young Pretenders later in the day. The farm labourers of Somersetshire mustered, scythe in hand, to fight for Monmouth, unworthy son of a king's strumpet, and for this base cause they died in thousands on the rhine banks of Sedgmoor. But they deserted Wat Tyler and John Ball and John Cade at the first promise of redress from the authorities or the first sign of failure on the part of these honest and capable working-men leaders, as later in the day they melted away from Robert Owen, and

Ernest Jones, and Joseph Arch in the early Socialist, the Chartist, and the trade union movements.

Who is to Blame?

How can Socialists pretend that the State is to blame? As clearly as anything can be, it is the workers who are to blame, possessed of political power as they are to make the State whatever they want it to be. They elect the slum-owner in preference to the slum-abolisher. They prefer the landlord to the land nationaliser. They elect the capitalist, and put the worker at the bottom of the poll. When

they get a good servant who gives all his waking hours for little reward and no thanks they cast about for accusations to urge against him. The sincere man who hates rhodomontade and talks plain good sense is assailed with abuse and watched with suspicion, while the adventurer who is at best only an indifferent 'variety turn,' and will lecture on anything for fees - this man is taken to the heart of the gullible ones, and the more fierily impossible or the more jocularly useless he is the better they will like him. The stabs of the enemy, the boycott of the capitalist, the contumely of the rich and proud, are as nothing by comparison with the folly, the suspicion, the rudeness, the ungrateful desertion, and

the political malingering of the workers.

The only practical question for to-day is: 'Should the working class make use of its political power?' Must the State CONTINUE to be the organ of the possessing classes? Of course I say No. I say the workers can capture the political machine and use it for their own purposes, and I want to see them do it. But when I say the State I do not mean merely or chiefly the Central Government. I am not specially enamoured of the legislative adjustments of the Wage System which are what we mostly get from Parliament. I attach (as I say with necessary iteration) more importance to capturing the machinery of local government. I hold that

it would be absurd to nationalise local services like the milk or the coal supply or the running of the textile industries. All these must be municipalised. Yet without Socialist possession of the Central Government as well we should not be allowed to develop Socialism locally. More than that, a hostile Central Government could conceivably take away our local governing powers. So that I am all for getting Socialists elected to the local bodies first; though of course we could not do that without having enough power to enable us to return Socialist members of Parliament as well.

Buckle's View.

In a passage which Statophobists are fond of quoting, H. T. Buckle, the Individualist Victorian author of a 'History of Civilisation,' says

Every great reform which has been effected has consisted, not in doing something new, but in undoing something old. The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of preceding legislation; and the best laws which have been passed have been those by which some former laws were repealed.

This untenable view is based on such

measures as the Catholic Emancipation Act, the Act removing the Disabilities of the Jews, with, above all, the Acts repealing the Corn Laws. It would be nearer the truth to say that the best legislation has been that which created rights and privileges to the whole common people as against classes and individuals holding power and enjoying possession, not so much by the help of the law as by means of superior force and cunning exercised often in defiance of the law. Magna Charta, 'the foundation-stone of English liberty,' gave rights which no previous law or charter either DENIED OR AFFIRMED. So did the Bill of Rights. So did the Factory Acts. The Reform Bills of '32 and '67 and

'85 did not so much abolish previous legislation as create new and additional civic rights and powers for the whole body of householders. The Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, the Merchant Shipping Acts, Mines Regulation Acts, Truck Act, Education and Free Libraries Acts did not abolish previous legislation, but called into existence new legal rights to remove old social wrongs, The evils from which civilised nations suffer to-day are not evils which have been created by law. They are evils which have arisen because there was no law and no practice to prevent them from arising. In the hour of need we call for the police, and as our servant the policeman comes at the call of

the humblest. If the police were not the servants of the community, the rich could hire both their own police and their own soldiers, as they did in days gone by.

The True State.

The true Socialist view of the State is thus enunciated by Laurence Gronlund:

It is Society, organised society, the State, that gives us all the rights we have. To the State we owe our freedom. To it we owe our living and property, for outside of organised society man's needs far surpass his means. The humble beggar owes much to the State, but the haughty millionaire

far more; for outside of it they both would be worse off than the beggar now is. To it we owe all that we are and all that we have. To it we owe our civilization. It is by its help that we have reached such a condition as man individually never would have been able to attain. Progress is the struggle with Nature for mastery, is war with misery and inabilities of our 'natural' condition. The State is the organic union of us all to wage that war, to subdue Nature, to redress natural defects and inequalities. The State, therefore, so far from being a burden to the 'good,' a 'necessary evil,' is man's greatest good.

This is simply a striking paraphrase and extension of the passage from

Ferdinand Lassalle which we have prefixed as an epigraph to these pages.

Practical Implications.

So much by way of abstract principles; but what are the practical implications of this theory of the function of the State as head of the grouped communes of a nation? What has Socialism to say of the present?

The great cleavage between Socialists and all Individualist politicians is that in spite of the manifest failure of Individualism on every hand, all so-called practical politicians continue to believe in it, and in spite of the universal success of

Socialism, continue to treat Socialism as utopian and unpractical.

Although State and Municipal service is everywhere better and cheaper than capitalistic service, although State and Municipal employees are better treated than the employees of private enterprise, although the most important jobs are everywhere done by the State and the Municipalities, and the State and the Municipalities are constantly having to come to the rescue of Private Enterprise, the amazing fact remains that this triumphant thing Socialism is still a nickname.

Daniel O'Connell enraged the Irish

virago by calling her a Logarithm, and when a Tory wishes to be specially exasperating he calls a piece of legislation Socialistic, with the never-failing result that ministers rise and indignantly repudiate the opprobrious epithet, without having even the Irishwoman's excuse, for she was angry because she did not know what a Logarithm was.

In social service no other principle save public control and public responsibility and public efficiency is now or ever was any good. All that has been of any service in legislation from the beginning of time has been where corporate control was extended over the means of life, where the State stepped in to preserve the peace, to protect

life and property, to educate the ignorant, to provide legal aid to accused persons, to run the mails, to inspect mines, ships, ladders, scaffoldings, weights and measures, to develop telegraphs and railways, to help with great distance-saving canals, to encourage agriculture, fishing, and handicrafts.

Is a great estuary of the sea to be reclaimed from Father Neptune and made into good arable land? The Dutch Government does it once and again - first with the Polders and then with the Zuyder Zee. One third of the area of the country has been 'made' by the State in this way. Has a railway to be built through a desert inhabited by hostile tribesmen? Again

the undertaking is so large that only the State can do it. When the Manchester Ship Canal Company had spent all its money, Manchester City had to come to the rescue and finish the canal. Though armies of old were raised by private enterprise, the Great War could only have been waged by States and State armies. The very largest jobs always have to be done by the State or the Municipality. In resources, in command of credit, in command of the best talent, the State and the Municipality are easily first. This is so obvious that it would not be worth stating if it were not habitually forgotten in practice and theory alike.

The Twentieth Century Puzzle.

That the principle underlying all this beneficent work should be systematically repudiated and scorned, and that associations should exist to combat and resist its further application, is, indeed, the record political anomaly of the twentieth century.

Rivers of blood have flowed in the name of religion. Applied science, the practical arts, social changes, even impalpable thought itself have all been repressed and thwarted in the name of religion. But no life has been taken by persecuting Socialists. Unlike the Protestant Church, we have the blood of no

mild Servetus on our hands. Unlike the Catholic Church, we have martyred no Bruno, threatened no Galileo, we have on our conscience no Vanini with his tongue torn out, in the name of God, before his body was reduced to ashes. No inventor or discoverer has been overawed with the stake or the hangman's cord by Socialists. Socialism has had no Alva, no Torquemada, no Bartholomew nights, no pogroms. To the very limited extent that it has been adopted, Collectivism has been as manifest a blessing as most organised religions have been curses. And it is only one of the world's sorry jests to ignore, condemn, or anathematise this blessed recreating principle, which alone can keep the world

sweet.

Socialism is not employers' liability. It is the abolition of employers and the socialising of industry. It is not the taxation of fleecings, but the stoppage of theft at the fountain head. It is not heavy death duties upon successful, law-abiding exploiters, but 'Catch 'em alive 0.' It is not an elaborate system of insurance premiums paid by State, employer, and worker, but automatic provision for contingencies by the State or the Municipality as the sole employer. Socialism is not After-Care Committees or the feeding of necessitous children; it is paying the parent and guardian the full value of his labour and breeding a race of men and women with

whom parental feeling and care will be as natural and spontaneous as they are with birds, beasts, and insects. Socialism is not the propping of an inverted social pyramid with laws and regulations and committees and bureaux and inspectors; it is the up-ending of the pyramid so that it shall stand, not upon an apex of rank, idleness, luxury, and robbery, with a King of the Robbers at the end of all, but upon the broad base of labour and service; a base composed of useful, industrious, free, self-respecting manhood and womanhood.

As Guiding Principle.

It is the glory of Socialism that its great central principle of public control of the means of life serves as a guiding star by which the Socialist can steer amid the rocks and shoals and maelstroms of current politics. We are with the Forwards every time.

Is a cowardly and useless war forced upon two little Republics in South Africa? The Socialist Party everywhere protests, and all who recognise the necessity for fair-dealing between nations as between individuals, all who put justice above false patriotism, know that wherever the Socialists are gathered together there they will have sympathisers and temporary allies.

The Health Reformer knows that the Socialists are everywhere with him. And with the Socialist, health reform is not merely an affair of open windows, Condy's fluid, and efficient sewer traps, but better houses, the abatement of the smoke nuisance, more and better food, more intelligent cooking, shorter hours of work, dental attention, more and longer holidays, and the wherewithal to travel and enjoy these.

The Educational Reformer knows that whoever may palter with the question of expense, the Socialist puts educational efficiency first, regardless of rates and vested interests.

The Housing Reformer knows that he has no more thorough-paced supporters than the Socialists, who are so anxious to secure the best homes that they will not trust landlordism to provide them, but have all along put the responsibility on the county councils and municipalities.

The Home Ruler knows that Socialism stands for Home Rule All Round, and that we advocated Irish Home Rule while Gladstone was still a passionate Coercionist.

The Radical who is jealous of the power of the House of Lords knows that the Socialist Party stands alone for the abolition of the hereditary principle in

Government, this applying to the Monarchy as well.

The Co-operator knows that we believe in the Co-operation, not only of the Store, but of the State.

The Humanitarian knows that we are opposed to the cruel treatment of the lower animals and that we alone among politicians recognise that the overworking of the noblest of animals, the horse, will continue so long as the overworking of the horse's driver continues.

The Democrat knows that there are no more complete and consistent Democrats than the SOCIAL-Democrats.

The well-informed Vegetarian knows that so long as men work beyond their strength, breathe impure air, and work dismally long hours, the devitalised worker will have recourse to stimulants in his food and drink.

The Temperance Reformer knows that the best corrective of drinking habits is that raising of the standard of comfort, and that brightening of the whole outlook upon life, for which Socialism stands more than any other political system.

The advocates of national and municipal theatres who look and long for a vast improvement of this potentially great medium of popular culture, like all other

reformers who are very much in earnest, turn to the Socialists as being inevitably and by virtue of their principles sound upon this also.

When a Liberal or Tory member of Parliament is enraged at the gross and shameless sale of 'honours,' it is in Socialist quarters alone that he expects to have a sympathetic hearing.

No Fashions in Socialist Politics.

The true Socialist is not a man of fashion in politics. He is not a Republican or Home Ruler to-day, and a mere Minimum-Wage or Prevention-of-Destitution Man

tomorrow. He is ready for every chance that comes along of affirming and, if possible, advancing his principles.

Socialism is, of course, republican. It is true, the direct pecuniary results of the abolition of the monarchy would mean a saving of only sixpence a-head of the population per annum. But the indirect benefits must needs be incalculably great. The monarchy keeps all the abuses of caste in countenance. We cannot consistently object to factory inspectors being taken from Oxford so long as the Head of the State is selected merely because he is his father's son. We cannot consistently object to the minor lords so long as we adulate and crown a 'lord' who has not even the

prestige attaching to ability and services rendered as Proconsul or as Minister of State. We cannot consistently object to hardened and experienced soldiers being led by lispng lieutenants just from school so long as the affairs of the nation are in any way subject to the caprice of an ex-lieutenant of the navy of no particular brains and of no particular service. 'Set the feet above the brain' says Tennyson, 'and swear the brain is in the feet.' That is what we do when we put George Wettin over the leaders of 'the elect of the people.'

In bygone days a whole generation regarded that heartless scoundrel George the Fourth as 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' and students of history

know the result. Sir Walter Scott was no small man; but the poison of loyalism so worked in him that on one occasion he pocketed the glass out of which George had drunk. The incident had an appropriate ending in respect that Sir Walter sat down upon the glass and broke it; but just imagine the mental attitude expressed in such an act!

To the good Social-Democrat every proposal holds the field till it is carried, and every passing incident which may seem to offer an opportunity will be used by him in order to impress his view upon the thoughts and the actions of his fellows. In such ways only can his great and many-sided social philosophy find currency and

furtherance.

One More Instance.

With respect to the latest scheme for keeping the people on the land, the Socialist method would not be to entrust a Government bureau or commissioners with the duty of seeing that farmers all over the country paid not less than a fixed minimum wage, but to have agriculture, like all other industries, gradually organised under the local governing bodies, who would have no interest in sweating the labourer. The immediate method of approach to a revival of agriculture would

be through Control, high farming, guaranteed prices and wages, to be secured, as during the War, by the Government purchase of imported food and the regulation of prices in the interest of the public.

The Socialist method would not be to hand the land over to peasant cultivators as has been done in Ireland, where a hundred small landlords, who are serfs of the soil, have been created in place of one large landlord. The Socialist does not believe in individual ownership of land, nor in peasant proprietorship, nor even in capitalist farming on the small scale. For the so-called 'magic of ownership' he would substitute communal ownership and

communal farming under expert management, with the best implements, seeds, fertilisers, and marketing. By all means let the agricultural workers have fixity of tenure in their houses, and liberal gardens attached to those houses; but the communal fields worked by gangs of cheery workers, ploughing, sowing, mowing, reaping sociably - that is the true line of evolution so far as rural work is concerned.

Many benevolent measures forced upon local communities by the central government represent, not democracy, but bureaucracy, whereas Socialism is not bureaucratic, but democratic, and Socialists recognise that social-democracy can exist and flourish only with the hearty

co-operation of a majority of the citizens in a given locality. The object of the Socialist party is, not to shower upon localities a succession of compulsory benefits for which they have not asked, but to carry the evangel of communal control of the means of life to every corner of the land, so that the people may gradually and eagerly take charge of what is really their own business, ousting the landlord and capitalist steadily from the field, where they have always failed anyhow. The limits of even benevolent compulsion are soon reached; but the possibilities of intelligent, active citizenship are as boundless as they are attractive. Democracy in practice is only at its beginnings as yet.

The Last Friend.

Is the State the enemy of the people? Ask the old age pensioner who besides the State would have given him a pension. Ask the bedridden pauper who besides the State would give him the airy home, the clean bed, the good plain food, the institutional care in general that he receives in the poorhouse. Ask the man, innocent or guilty, meritorious or vile, surrounded by a mob that thirsts to do him violence, who besides the State will or can protect him. When all other friends have given you up, or when you, for reason good, scorn to appeal to your friends, you know that there

is one friend that will not fail you, be you good or evil, deserving or a scallywag. The only friend that sticketh closer than a brother is the State. All else may be inhumane; but with the State humanity is a standing principle to the end.

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