NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

Hospital Sunday is nearly upon us once again. More than ever it behoves Socialists to press the labouring classes that they obtain from subscribing, and that they give their reasons for obtaining. The hospitals are for the most part on the same footing as the workhouse. They are, as regards most of theills treated in them, and as regards the needy position of all that use them, an outcome of our present commercial system. Let those, therefore, who batten on the system, not those that are crushed under it, see to the keeping up of the institutions for the "sick poor."

Any one in want of arguments against working-class contributions to the Fund, should read the reports of the meeting held at the Mansion House on Monday, under the auspices of the Council of the Fund. At the Mansion House: Not that the sick poor live there. But this is the official home of the official representative of metropolitan capital. Besides, a police-court is held there.

Sir Andrew Clark, a baronet and a guinea-a-minute pocketor (he is a fashionable physician), Sir Edmund Currie (a successful brewer), a General, an M.P., a Cannon, a Dissenting minister, were all to the fore. The first-named urged the paying of "the balance of the bill for the treatment of the sick poor"—on "moral grounds as well as those of self-interest"—a fine distinction difficult to follow at the Mansion House. And if the balance only is to be paid by the Fund, there is tacit admission that the bulk of the account is discharged by the "poor."

Another unconscious admission is made in the words that "hospitals were more advantageous to society at large than to the sick poor themselves."—for they have, besides other blessings to the capitalist, "increased the quantity and quality of both bodily and mental work," and thus rendered the possibilities of surplus-value the greater.

The Corporation have been spending £93,000 of their enormous mass of surplus-value on premises for a picture-galley. "It is always a reproach to the wealthiest city in the world that it has no art gallery," says a newspaper, forgetting the important fact that "the wealthiest city in the world has no art. This illustrious Art Court includes those of Cobden, Nelson, Wellington. These be thy gods, oh City."

More obstruction! This time by costermongers. The Westminster District Board of Works are attacking these "harmless necessary folk" (harmless and necessary when pursuing their calling), because they are in competition with the gentlemen of Westminster on their way to church on Sunday.

"We are glad that these workmen have decided to unite as one body. No outside agitation can be of much avail unless the men themselves unite and take an interest in the matter. Let this be done, and the workers will see that they have an unlimited power in their hands. Let a blow be struck at the root of the evil, and the system itself destroyed. Until this is done the evil will remain." This is not bad for a capitalistic newspaper, is it? Only it refers to the "sweating-system," not to the capitalist system. Even Mr. Fox Bourne, however, must have some faint glimmering of the fact that all he says here of the law applies in larger degree to the greater system.

Here is another quotation from the same paper—the Weekly Dispatch:

"When men begin to recognise their own skill and ability, employers will be forced to take advantage of them." Unfortunately, employers have been "taking advantage of them"—skill, ability, and men—any time this 300 years. When men really recognise these, there will be no more employers to take advantage of them.

The Co-operative Society has been meeting at Plymouth. The unfortunate folly, from our point of view, that runs through all papers and discussions read or carried on there is the belief that the old system of employer and employed, of profit and wages, is likely to last.

A conference of tenant-farmers of Wales has passed resolutions in favour of the establishment of a Land Court in Wales and a general reduction of rent.

A fashionable wedding in Paris. The bride's veil alone cost £100, and a mere trifle of neck ornament £20,000. The man's fortune was made out of extrachrom carum (extract of flesh). Add the word humanum, and I believe it. Fortunes can only be made out of extrachrom carum humanum.

On August 17, at Paris, an International Congress of Working-Men is to take place. The debates are to be non-political—only economical, trade, and technical topics are to be considered. A fatal limitation. No real work will be done for Socialism until the workers understand that they are to be a political party, distinct from, antagonistic to all others, destined to swallow up all others and to leave but one party, one class—the workers.

A quotation from an appeal in respect to this Conference issued by the Parliamentary Committee of the English Trades' Unions: "Differences in forms of Government, varying social customs, or divergent commercial policy have not saved the workers from the effects of the depression [of trade]. That the Parliamentary Committee are beginning to see that only one cause underlies all suffering in all countries, is a great gain. Only let them look to it that they find out that cause. It is the method of production and of distribution of goods to-day.

There is in all lands, however, but one commercial policy—"Beggar my neighbour." Only the unaniunity with which all civilised nations are striving for the world-markets means a startling want of unaniunity among the nations. And the outward and visible signs of this are annexations, wars, and the like.

Female labour among the Staffordshire nailers is now under attack. Its advocates point out that "after the first astonished shock" [sic] at dirty faces, filthy clothing and so forth, "it is no more repellent to see a woman using a hammer than to see her washing tin at the pit's mouth, weaving in a cotton-nail, or even beading with pale face and contrived chest over a needle." Certainly, it is no more repellent. But it is no less repellent.

If the East-End tailors can only prove and keep before the public that the "hands" in the sweating-dens are systematically got out of work when an opportunity of making some tender alleviation may follow. For your average Briton who will see with perfect equanimity men, women and children die, if the murder is legal, rebels against an infraction of the law—so long as his own trade is not concerned.

E. B. A.

WHIGS, DEMOCRATS, AND SOCIALISTS.

[Read at the Conference convened by the Fabian Society, at South Place Institute, June 11.]

What is the state of parties in England to-day? How shall we enumerate them? The Whigs, who stand first on the list in my title, are considered generally to be the survival of an old historical party once looked on as having democratic tendencies, but now the hope of all who would stand soberly on the ancient ways. Besides these, there are Tories also, the descendants of the stout defenders of Church and State and the divine right of kings. Now, I don't mean to say that that at the back of this ancient name of Tory there lies a great mass of genuine Conservative feeling, held by people who, if they had their own way, would play some rather fantastic tricks I fancy; nay, even might in the course of time be somewhat rough with such people as are in this hail at present. But this feeling, after all, is only a sentiment now; and these worthy people carned have their own way. It is true that they elect members of Parliament, who talk very big to please them, and sometimes even they manage to get a government in power that nominally represents that sentiment, but when that happens the said government is forced, even when its party has a majority in the House of Commons, to take a much lower standpoint than the high Tory Ideal; the utmost that the
real Tory party can do, even when backed by the Primrose League and its sham hierarchy, is to delude the electorate to return Tories to Parliament to pass measures more akin to Radicalism than the Whigs durst attempt to bring. Whigs themselves to bring party to this land.

On the other hand there is a party, which I can call for the present by no other name than Whig, which is both numerous and very powerful, and which does, in fact, govern England, and to my mind is the real present Opposition party. This is

Of course, like all parties it includes men of various shades of opinion, from the Tory-tinted Whig of Lord Salisbury to the Radical, Mr. Chamberlain. I don’t mean to say that they are conscious of being a united party; on the contrary, the groups will oppose each other furiously at elections, and perhaps the mere simple-minded of them really think that it is a matter of vital importance which section of the Tory party has the most seats. But they may always be reckoned upon to be in their places and vote against any measure which carries with it a real attack on our constitution. Of this radical or very natural, I do not say that they are no other purpose than to do so. They are, and always must, as long as they have any cohesion as Tories, Whigs, Liberals, or Radicals, be conscious defenders of the present system, political and economical.

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Is there any real belief that the Whigs, who have been the leaders of the Reform Movement, have in their hearts any desire to bring about a redistribution of wealth? They probably would go so far as a very journey towards revolution as the abolition of the House of Lords. A one-chamber Parliament would seem to them an impious horror, and the abolition of the monarchy they would consider a serious inconvenience to the London tradesmen.

This is the real Parliamentary party, at present divided into jarring sections under the influence of the survival of the party war fact that men like doctors of the same town do the steady propaganda of a principle which must prevail in the end, is according to them, doing nothing. For the rest it is not likely to become dangerous faster than as it is a touch to the real wheel of the world as a whole. Of the people, looking measures one may name; for instance, the allotment scheme, and other schemes tending toward peasant proprietorship, co-operation, and the like, which after all, in spite of their violent appearance, really weapons in the hands of reactionaries, having for their real object the creation of a new middle-class made out of the working-class and at their expense; the raising, in short, of a new army against the front of revolution. There is no end to this kind of dolph, nor will be apparent till there is an end of the class which tries it on; and a great many of the Democrats will be amused and absorbed by it from time to time. They call this kind of nonsense the great solution, which is, after all, the political organization of the working-men. This is a false notion, I think, that the form of peasant proprietorship, flying right in the face of the commercial development of the day, which tends ever more and more towards concentration, gives "practical," which means more than a slightly altered form of joint-stokeyery, and everybody almost is beginning to see this. The greed of men stimulated by the spectacle of profit-making all around them, and the burden of the interest on the money which they have been obliged to borrow, will not allow them even to try a true discipline of co-operation. These benefited by the transaction presently become less willing to allow the sugar slaver to sell products which belong to the working-men are also capitalists. The enormous commercial success of the great co-operative societies and the absolute nothingness of that success on the social conditions of the workers, are sufficient to prove what this non-political co-operation must come to: "Nothing—it shall be not less."

William Morris.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

1. Natural.

The smallest unit of life is a single cell. Cells may either remain independent of, and aggressive to, each other, or may be united together in a compound organism, as a human being.

Connected with the latter or Socialist state the cells act in harmony with and are dependent on one another, while the presence of disease or death of any is directly harmful or even fatal to the whole.

The power of the whole is enormously greater than that of a similar number of independent cells, as for instance in the matter of locomotion. A single cell cannot by itself progress at a greater rate than seems slow even under the microscop. But the compound organism will obviously get along faster, but the compound organism may move an organ or limb at a constant speed, and at the moment of suppressing pressure with just the same reckless brutality and blind ignorance as the Czar of all the Russians uses.

A single cell, it is true, and is a very important truth too. I will go further and will say that all those who can be distinguished from Whigs do intend social reforms, which they hope will somewhat alter the relations of master and man. But radical Whigs amongst Democrats a leaning towards a kind of limited State-Socialism, and it is through that they hope to bring about a peaceful Revolu-

Country with universal suffrage, no king, no House of Lords, no privilege as you fondly think, only a little standing army, chiefly used for the murder of red-skinds; a democracy after your model, and all the rest. I can add that at this moment of suppressing pressure with just the same reckless brutality and blind ignorance as the Czar of all the Russians uses.

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