

privately, with the corresponding distinction of a propertied, dominating class and a propertyless, dominated class. It is seen fullest developed in the modern capitalist world—with its empire of profit-mongering. Hence the abolition of capitalism implies the abolition of the last phase of the civilised or State-world which is based on the above class-antagonism.

(14) The private enterprise I referred to is that which has material personal gain for its end. I see no reason why under Socialism any other form of private enterprise should be extinguished.

(15) I must again ask Mr. Bradlaugh to deal with the historical side of my paper.

(16) That the early Christians as a matter of temporary convenience believing the end of the world to be at hand, chose to form a mutual benefit society does not affect in the least the principles and ultimate tendencies of Christianity. That its principles were not communistic would be, for that matter sufficiently proved by Acts v. 4, if Mr. Bradlaugh regards the book of 'Acts' as having any special historical value. As our friend William Morris remarked to me the other day, the vaunted communism of the primitive Christians is essentially the same as the donation of a thousand pounds by a Birmingham manufacturer to a cause he takes an interest in. The self-sacrifice might have been greater in the former than in the latter case, but the transaction is identical in kind.

No 17 I will bear in mind, though as regards the statistical Fabian Tract I have seen it in a place I should have thought not altogether inaccessible to Mr. Bradlaugh.

(18) I must confess I was somewhat staggered by Mr. Bradlaugh's challenging my statement that the large capitalist swallows up the small one. This everyday occurrence seemed so incontrovertible, and has never to my knowledge been questioned by any one. Probably Mr. Bradlaugh's own constituents at Northampton could tell him something about this in connection with the boot-making industry. I will, however, endeavour to satisfy his passion for figures by procuring some on the subject in my next article. Meanwhile, surely Mr. Bradlaugh will admit that goods can be thrown on to the competitive market cheaper and more rapidly when produced with large capital than with small, and if he admits this he admits that the result described *must* ensue. Is there not now less pauperism in proportion to population than forty years ago? Very possibly less pauperism, but certainly more poverty. The middle-classes have taken care to suppress pauperism and reduce the rates at the same time by wellnigh abolishing out-door relief and making the workhouses worse than prisons. What has Mr. Bradlaugh to say about the perennial unemployed question?

Space presses, but I shall revert to No. 18 in my next unless Mr. Bradlaugh should prefer to restate the points there raised by him in his reply to this.

(19) Mr. Bradlaugh "doubts" but does not criticise certain historical truisms put forward by me. He also alleges that I have failed to show their connection with the subject in dispute. But surely before one can judge whether Socialism will benefit the English people it is desirable to show why its antithesis, capitalistic individualism, *hasn't* and *won't* benefit the English people.

(20) Mr. Bradlaugh further characterises a paragraph of mine as "an accumulation of inaccuracies." I can only say I am prepared to stand by it to the very letter. I never said anything about "monopoly of labour." The "unnamed individuals" constituting the capitalist class have a *monopoly* of the means by which alone labour can become economically productive, which of course gives them a *command* over those who possess nothing but their labour-power. The margin of the final profit may, as Mr. Bradlaugh says, be very small or *nil*, and yet the rate of exploitation or of the production of surplus-value may be a hundred per cent., as Marx has conclusively shown ('Capital,' vol. I. c. ix. p. 201 *et seq.*). I am surprised to find this confusion between the concepts surplus-value and profit in a person of Mr. Bradlaugh's acuteness. However, there it is. Then, again, the final sentence on the hypothesis that the whole community owns and works the means of production, etc., for its own behoof, to whom, I would ask, are the "expenses" named to be incurred? Surely there is here also some confusion of ideas.

In conclusion, if I might do so without giving offence, I should like to ask Mr. Bradlaugh to formulate his objections in a more comprehensive and less detached fashion. It is easy to fire off thirty or forty questions in two columns, which it would take thirty or forty to answer properly. With fair play given me to reply to a series of such articles as Mr. Bradlaugh's last, I have my misgivings lest the English people might have established Socialism before I had succeeded in convincing Mr. Bradlaugh that it would benefit them.

E. BELFORD BAX.

The McGlynn and George party becomes more turbulent and Socialistic daily.—*Daily News* Correspondent.

FATHER M'GLYNN ON MR. O'BRIEN.—NEW YORK, June 6.—Mr. O'Brien's refusal to attend the labour demonstration here on Saturday night is the subject of general discussion to-day. The members of the Labour Union are outspoken in their opinions, and consider themselves affronted. The matter was debated at a largely-attended meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society yesterday, at which Mr. Mackin, chairman of the Labour Demonstration, and Father M'Glynn, spoke in condemnatory terms of Mr. O'Brien. Father M'Glynn said: "O'Brien is himself a landlord at heart. It is only a question of 10 or 25 per cent. between O'Brien and Lord Lansdowne. They are birds of a feather. Mr. O'Brien blackguards Lord Lansdowne because he cannot jew him down 25 per cent. O'Brien admits that the land belongs to Lord Lansdowne. We say it does not belong to him. We therefore intend to take it from him."

## HOW WE LIVE AND HOW WE MIGHT LIVE.

(Continued from p. 178.)

LET those be types of the consumer: but now for the producer; I mean the real producer, the worker; how does this scramble for the plunder of the market affect him? The manufacturer, in the eagerness of his war, has had to collect into one neighbourhood a vast army of workers, he has drilled them till they are as fit as may be for his special branch of production, that is, for making a profit out of it, and with the result of their being fit for nothing else; well, when the glut comes in that market he is supplying, what happens to this army, every one of whom has been depending on the steady demand in that market, and acting, as they could not choose but act, as if it were to go on for ever? You know well what happens to them; the factory door is shut on them; on a very large part of them often, and at the best on the reserve army of labour, so busily employed in the time of inflation. What becomes of them? Nay, we know that well enough just now. But what we don't know, or don't choose to know is, that this reserve army of labour is an absolute necessity for commercial war: if our manufacturers had not got these poor devils whom they could draft on to their machines when the demand swelled, other manufacturers in France or Germany, or America, would step in and take the market from them; so you see, as we live now, it is necessary that a vast part of the industrial population should be exposed to the danger of periodical semi-starvation, and that not for the advantage of the people in another part of the world, but for their degradation and enslavement. Just let your minds run for a moment on the kind of waste which this means, this opening up of new markets among savage and barbarous countries which is the extreme type of the force of the profit-market on the world, and you will surely see what a hideous nightmare that profit-market is: it keeps us sweating and terrified for our livelihood, unable to read a book or look at a picture, or have pleasant fields to walk in, or to lie in the sun, or to share in the knowledge of our time, to have in short either animal or intellectual pleasure, and for what? that we may go on living the same slavish life till we die, in order to provide for a rich man what is called a life of ease and luxury; that is to say, a life so empty, unwholesome, and degraded that, perhaps on the whole, he is worse off than we the workers are: and as to the result of all this suffering it is luckiest when it is nothing at all, when you can say that the wares have done nobody any good; for oftentimes they have done many people harm, and we have toiled and groaned and died in making poison and destruction for our fellow men.

Well, I say all this is war, and the results of war, the war this time not of competing nations, but of competing firms or capitalist units: and it is this war of the firms which hinders the peace between nations which you surely have agreed with me in thinking is so necessary; for you must know that war is the very breath of the nostrils of these fighting firms, and they have now, in our times, got into their hands nearly all the political power, and they band together in each country in order to make their respective governments fulfill just two functions; the first is at home to act as a strong police force, to keep the ring in which the strong are beating down the weak; the second is to act as a piratical body-guard abroad, a petard to explode the doors which lead to the markets of the world: markets at any price abroad, uninterfered with privilege at any price at home, to provide these is the sole business of a government such as our industrial captains have been able to conceive of. I must now try to show you the reason of all this, and what it rests on, by trying to answer the question, Why have the profit-makers got all this power, or at least why are they able to keep it?

That takes us to the third form of war commercial: the last and the one which all the rest is founded on. We have spoken first of the war of rival nations; next of that of rival firms; we have now to speak of rival men. As nations under the present system are driven to compete with one another for the markets of the world, and as firms or the captains of industry have to scramble for their share of the profits of the markets, so also have the workers to compete with each other—for livelihood; and it is this constant competition or war amongst them which enables the profit-grinders to make their profits, and by means of them to take all the executive power of the country into their hands. But here is the difference between the position of the workers and the profit-makers: to the latter, the profit-grinders, war is necessary; you cannot have profit making without competition, individual, corporate, and national; but you may work for a livelihood without competing; you may combine instead of competing. I have said war was the life-breath of the profit-makers; in like manner, combination is the life of the workers. The working-classes or proletariat cannot even exist as a class without combination of some sort. The necessity which forced the profit-grinders to collect their men first into workshops working by the division of labour, and next into great factories worked by machinery, and so gradually to draw them into the great towns and centres of civilisation, gave birth to a distinct working class or proletariat: and this it was which gave them their mechanical existence, so to say. But note, that they are indeed combined into social groups for the production of wares, but only as yet mechanically; they do not know what they are working at, nor whom they are working for, because they are combining to produce wares of which the profit of a master forms an essential part, instead of goods for their own use: as long as they do this, and compete with each other for leave to do it, they will be and will feel themselves to be simply a part of those competing firms I have been speaking of; they will be in fact just a part of the machinery for the production of profit; and so long as this lasts

it will be the aim of the masters or profit-makers to decrease the market value of this human part of the machinery; that is to say, since they already hold in their hands the labour of dead men in the form of capital and machinery, it is their interest, or we will say their necessity, to pay as little as they can help for the labour of living men which they have to buy from day to day: and since the workmen they employ have nothing but their labour-power, they are compelled to underbid one another for employment and wages, and so enable the capitalist to play his game.

I have said that as things go, the workers are a part of the competing firms, an adjunct of capital. Nevertheless, they are only so by compulsion; and even without their being conscious of it, they struggle against that compulsion and its immediate results, the lowering of their wages, of their standard of life; and this they do and must do, both as a class and individually: just as the slave of the great Roman lord, though he distinctly felt himself to be a part of the household, yet collectively was a force in reserve for its destruction, and individually stole from his lord whenever he could safely do so. So here, you see, is another form of war necessary to the way we live now, the war of class against class, which, when it rises to its height, and it seems to be rising at present, will destroy those other forms of war we have been speaking of; will make the position of the profit-makers, of perpetual commercial war, untenable; will destroy the present system of competitive privilege, or commercial war.

Now observe, I said that to the existence of the workers it was combination, not competition, that was necessary, while to that of the profit-makers combination was impossible, and war necessary. The present position of the workers is that of the machinery of commerce, or in plainer words its slaves; when they change that position and become free, the class of profit-makers must cease to exist; and what will then be the position of the workers? Even as it is they are the one necessary part of society, the life-giving part; the other classes are but hangers-on who live on them. But what should they be, what will they be, when they once for all come to know their real power and cease competing with one another for livelihood? I will tell you: they will be society, they will be the community. And being society—that is, there being no class outside them to contend with—they can then regulate their labour in accordance with their own real needs. You have heard of supply and demand, but the supply and demand usually meant is under the sway of the gambling market; the demand is forced, as I hinted above, before it is supplied; nor, as each producer is working against all the rest, can the producers hold their hands, till the market is glutted and the workers, thrown out on the streets, hear that there has been over-production, amidst which over-plus of unsaleable goods they go ill-supplied with even necessities, because the wealth which they themselves have created is “ill-distributed,” as we call it—that is, unjustly taken away from them. Well, I say when the workers are society they will regulate their labour, so that the supply and demand shall be genuine, not gambling; the two will then be commensurate, for it is the same society which demands that also supplies; there will be no more artificial famines then, no more poverty amidst over-production, amidst too great a stock of the very things which should supply poverty and turn it into wellbeing. In short, there would be no waste and therefore no tyranny.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

### LITERARY NOTICES.

‘The Life of Ernest Jones,’ by Fred. Leary (*Democrat* office, New Bridge Street, 1s.), is about to be published, if enough copies are subscribed for to ensure the writer against loss. It is surely time that an account of the life and deeds of this great man should be published, and everybody should help to that end who can.

‘The Irish Question’ (3d.), by our comrade Sketchley, has been revised and reissued, and any one hitherto unable to obtain it may now do so from the author, at 8 Arthur Place Parade, Birmingham. A large part of the pamphlet is taken up with statistics very ably handled.

‘Confessions of an Anarchist’ (Clarke, High Street, Chelmsford) is a small paper-covered volume of forty-three sonnets, most of which give token of some power, the third being really fine. Some of the sonnets are of the kind that raise the question as to their reason of being, and we advise the writer to be more sparing in production and more lavish in workmanship. Forty-three sonnets in nine months is “over-production.”

‘Our Christianity tested by the Irish Question,’ by Josephine E. Butler (Fisher Unwin, 6d.), is an admirable exposé of the hypocrisy, cruelty, and fraud perpetrated upon the Irish people in the revered names of law and order and Christian charity. In reading such pamphlets as this, or indeed anything bearing upon the same question, the wonder seizes one that one folk should possibly be able to inflict and one to endure such hellish misery.

John Mitchell’s ‘History of Ireland’ is too well known to need much comment at this time, but the enterprise of Messrs. James Duffy and Sons (15 Wellington Quay, Dublin), calls for a word of praise. They are advertising an edition of Mitchell’s ‘History’ at 5s. complete. For those who can better afford to buy it in parts, it may be had in sixteen numbers at 3d., or four parts at 1s. Any one desirous of reading up Irish affairs during the most important period could very easily do worse than invest in Mitchell.

‘Edward III. and His Wars,’ by J. H. Ashley, M.A., and ‘The Misrule of Henry III.’ by Rev. W. H. Hutton, M.A., are part of a series called ‘English History from Contemporary Writers,’ edited by F. York Powell, M.A., and published by David Nutt (207 Strand) at 1s. per vol. The series aims at presenting the happenings of each period as they appeared to the living onlookers. The extracts are from good writers, references to authorities are numerous and complete, great impartiality is shown, salient events are illustrated. The books are well printed and bound, and altogether this forms one of the best series yet submitted to the public. S.

### SONNET.

Woe to you rich who eat but will not toil;  
Whose hands with plunder of the poor are filled,  
Alms-givers in the sight of men, who build  
High churches with a portion of the spoil,  
Whose greedy souls not deepest Hell could soil  
Blacker than their own hue: the life blood spilled  
Has cried aloud for vengeance, and has thrilled  
The heart of Justice, whom ye shall not foil.

Lo, from the ocean of the worker’s tears  
Riseth the tempest cloud of discontent,  
Darkening the sun of your false lives with fears,  
Anger and sorrow in its frowning blent,  
Hiding within its midmost heart of gloom  
The lightning of the people’s wrath, your doom.

FRED HENDERSON.

### THE UDSTON DISASTER.

THE Udston Colliery disaster brings home to the workers, in terrible reality, the price they have to pay for liberty to exist under present competitive capitalist conditions. The mines, it is said, could be worked in safety with electric light, but competition has cut the profits so low that it would not pay the capitalist to furnish such security, and these disasters help to clear off that surplus labour which, Mr. Bradlaugh affirms, has a tendency to outgrow the needs of society. The capitalist, of course, loses something by the damage and stoppage of his works, but he looks upon it as an insurance premium, for he gets a compensation in the increased security he derives from the workers not becoming too numerous for his purposes. His purposes are best served with just enough workers to enable him to get his work done for the lowest subsistence wages, but not enough to drive them desperate and goad them to the resolve of “if we cannot share your heaven, you shall share our hell.”

A glance at the ages of the victims caught in this disaster should strike a warning note both to the capitalists and the workers. It tells us that the contented workers of the uneducated past are now almost killed out, and the young on whose shoulders the burden of this important fundamental industry now rests can read and think for themselves. Already they are asking, “Our fathers! where are they?” They see that length of days is not theirs, neither are the products of Nature, and they want to know the reason why. They recognise that a ton of coals firmly embedded in the bowels of the earth is of little value to society until their labour is expended on it, and they are quite sure the Duke of Hamilton has no right to receive a larger share than they while he renders no assistance and runs no risks in securing the prize. The Duke of Hamilton’s income is “the lives of men and boys,” and so are the incomes of all who take from society that for which they render no equivalent service. The collier receives less for digging, filling, and hauling a ton of coals in the bowels of the earth in this dangerous part of Scotland, than a coal heaver gets in Glasgow for carrying, free of danger, the same quantity to a cellar from the street.

It is very suggestive that none of the victims of this disaster had reached over 60 years of age, and that only one-third was over 30 years. The list as published in the capitalists’ organ shows 50 killed under 30 years, and 25 between the ages of 30 and 60 years. The injured numbered 40 under 30 years, and 20 between the ages of 30 and 60 years. It is also very suggestive to read that the majority of the young victims were “the only support of a widowed mother.” A study of these points will suggest where and how their fathers are gone, and reveal conditions of existence not altogether worthy of praise in the Jubilee year.

We read that wee Jamie Gaw, aged 13 years, had escaped the pursuit of the School Board officer, who was searching for him. His widowed mother having need of the wages had sanctioned his going to the pit. Poor fellow! he has now escaped the officer’s grasp, and his widowed mother has to lament the loss of her help and hope. A collier’s widow always needs help, for his wages are calculated in snug and well-furnished offices in proportion to the price of provisions. His wages are calculated in the same manner as the upkeep of a machine. A large colliery manager told his men lately that 14s. per week according to the present price of provisions was sufficient to keep a collier and his family. Economists put the labourer and what he produces on the same footing—supply and demand—but, they forget, the product cannot revolt and the man can. Man is not a commodity to be thus disposed of. He is the being for whom all other commodities exist.

GEORGE MCLEAN.

Jamaica Place, Cambuslang.

It is worth while putting on record some words of a magistrate in Hull. The Hull German Communist Club has been the victim of a police plot, by which two detectives obtained drink from the steward at a dance held on the premises. The steward and secretary were summoned for a breach of the licensing laws, but were eventually discharged, Mr. Twiss, the magistrate, saying that those belonging to the club had taken very great pains to keep it as a club. In his opinion it was not a bogus club at all, and he had nothing to do with their principles or politics. Rather rough on the promoters of the prosecution, who have tried this game on several times, hitherto without success. Unfortunately, however, they have succeeded in breaking up the club for the present.—E. T.