HOW WE LIVE AND HOW WE SHOULD LIVE.

Letter to those types of the consumer who 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 who he has frightened them to death with the threat of a 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 to the market, the manufacturer is supplying, what happens to this army, every one of whom has been depending utterly upon his knowledge, 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 in their face; or, if they are large parties, they beset 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. The first thing we do not know, or don't choose to know is, that this reserve army of labour is an absolute waste for capital; that our manufacturers had not got those 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 occasional semi-starvation, and that not for the advantage of the people in another part of the world, but for the advantage of the labouring population. 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 underfed races, which is larger than the old 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; it is not possible to read a book or look at a picture, or have pleasant walks to talk of, without exciting in 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 who, in the end, is only a grandchild 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, for there are many cases that the wares have done nothing but for oftentimes they have done many people harm, and we have toiled and ground and died in making poison and destruction for our fellow men.

I say this is war, and a war of the overwhelming worst kind of war. There is a war 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 desirable; you must kindle the spirit of the northr of these fighting firms, and they now have, in the 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 power outward, to get the world as a market, as 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 government; as our industries are not self-sufficient, as our industries are in danger of being cut off. 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? Mr. Cobden took up the third of this power, 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 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 profit-makers 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 can work for a livelihood, instead of the breath of the profit-makers; in like manner, combination is the life of the workers. The working-class or proletariat cannot even exist except under the most restrictive conditions and cannot even force 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 of the melting-pot, gave them a new character; and this is the 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 by any means, that is to say, those persons are not a class 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 less, 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

THE McGlory and George party becomes more turbulent and Socialistic daily.

FATHER McGLYN 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 much discussion among the Labourites, who are still opposed in their opinions, and consider themselves afflicted. The matter was debated at a largely-attended meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society yesterday, and the resolution of the Labourite, and Father McGlynn, spoke in condemnation of Mr. O'Brien. Father McGlynn said Mr. O'Brien was not a true anti-poverty worker. It is said that the proportion of 10 or 15 per cent. between O'Brien and Lord Lansdowne. They are birds of a feather. Mr. O'Brien blackguards Lord Lansdowne because he cannot tolerate his own vainglory. It is said that the labour of the people is not valued at its true worth. We say it does not belong to him. We therefore intend to take it from him.
it will be the aim of the masters or profit-makers to decrease the 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, the next step is to make it necessary, by a process of compulsion, to pay as little as they can, to 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 measure the time which they give 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 competitive institution, and as such they have no property in use. 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, whenever they can. They will become free, the class of producers, the class of slaves; when they change that position and make it theirs, the class of capital will cease to exist; as long as it exists the working class, of which it is the natural counterpart, will remain in its position, and will be that position the workers! Even as it is they are the one necessary part of society, the life-giving part; the other classes are but accidentitious, and they can only resort to the one, and they will be, when they once for all know their real power and cease competing with another for livelihood! I will tell you: the so-called society, they will be the community. And being society—that is, there being no society except what they are, and them only, who can regulate their labour in accordance with their own real needs. You have heard of supply and demand, but the supply and demand usually meant in the newspapers the growing market; the demand forced, as I hinted above, before it was supplied; now, as this working man 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, bear the whole cost of the work, which is a higher price than the available goods they go ill-supplied with even necessary, because the wealth which they themselves have created is "ill-distributed," as we call it—the same thing may be taken away from them. Well, I say when the workers are the society, that is, the community, and the market, that is, 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, under-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

(Literary Notices)

'The Life of Ernest Jones,' by Fred. Layard (Deacon office, New Bridge Street, Is.), 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 work of a man should be published, and everybody should help to that end who can.

'The Irish Question' (3d.), by our comrade Skelton, has been revised and reissued, and seems well-price, and bound, and 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.

'The Street,' by E. Chieland, is a small paper-covered volume of forty-three sonnets, most of which give tone of some power, the third being very fine. Some of the sonnets are of the kind that are not always suitable for the question of being, and there are others more spurious, but yet to be more sparing in production and more lavish in workmanship. Forty-three sonnets in nine months is "over-production."

'Our Children,' by Josephine E. Buttle (Fisher Unwin, 6d.), is an admirable exposé of the hypocrisy, cruelty, and fraud perpetuated upon the Irish people in the revered names of law and order. It gives at once footnotes to the fact that there is no anything bearing upon the same question, the wonder seizure one that one folk can be so unmanly as to be able to indict and one to endure such heathenish misery."

John Mitchell's 'History of the London Dock labourers' is a work well known to many concerned at present at this time, but the 'enterprise of Moseley James Duffy and Sons (15 Wellington Place, Dublin) calls for a word of praise. They are advertising an edition of Mitchell's 'History' at 6d. complete. Poor dockmen who can better afford to buy it in parts, it may be had in sixteen numbers at 3d., or four parts at 7s. 6d. The Irish and other thickly populated parts of the world, as a rule, does what we may consider the most important period could very easily do so worse than in Mitchell.

'Edward III. and His Wars,' by J. H. Ashley, M.A., and 'The Miracles of Roric the Blacksmith,' by W. H. Flower, are excellent bits of Eng-lish History from Contemporary Writers, edited by F. Yorck 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 inhabitants. The works are from good writers, references to authorities are ample, and complete, great impartiality is shown, salient events are illu-strated. They are over much in demand, and altogether this form of the latest series yet submitted to the public.

S. F. 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 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 electricity, 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, looks something by the damage and stoppage of his works, but he looks at the wages of the workers as a kind of fringing 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 of them to produce the lowest subsistence wages, but not enough to drive them desolate and goad them to the resolve of "if we cannot have your heart, 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 that the shoulders of the burden of this important fundamental industry now rest on the backbone of the class, one, and the backs of the class, one and itself. Already they are asking, "Our fathers! where are they?" They see that length of days is not theirs, neither are the products of their toil. The men of one man's day, the possessors of a ton of coal's 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 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 gains in Glasgow for carrying, free of danger, the same quantity to a cellar from the supply.