

he is still to remain as manager. If he is right, the only hope for co-operative production would be for a large number of successful employers to voluntarily turn their places into co-operative concerns. Now this is hardly likely to happen, because the nature which as a rule makes a successful business man is not the nature which would give up for the good of the workers generally.

For collective management to be successful there must be some system which can be followed and which only needs revising occasionally. While the present confusion exists in trade it must be managed by individual heads, either as owners or managers, who are not much hampered by a committee.

Take the grocery trade, and let us look at a few forms which competition assumes there. Now sugar is a commodity the price of which is regulated a good deal by chance. Supposing there is a small fall in the wholesale price of sugar amounting to less than a halfpenny per pound. Now it is entirely a question of the strength of competition whether the retail price will be maintained and the additional profit go into the pockets of the grocers, or whether the retail price will come down a halfpenny and so leave perhaps a slight loss for the grocers. Any one of the chief competitors in the town has it in his power to bring down the price and do all the trade out of that extra amount of profit. We have only to remember that all the chief articles of commerce are constantly hanging in the balance, as it were, like the sugar, to realise into what a condition of confusion our industry has got.

This instance shows us that the individual is not free under this system of competition, but that he is practically bound by the actions of his neighbours; if they adulterate an article in order to sell cheaper, he must either do so too or sell at a loss. And if we follow the details of working still further, we see such a display of evil motives, selfishness and meanness that it is fairly astonishing that any one in business should uphold the system. Supposing our grocer has an assistant with good business faculty, he will be constantly afraid lest this man should set up in opposition, consequently he will give him fair wages to keep him in his place. But he will not stay many years; he saves up a little capital, borrows some more, and starts an opposition shop. Henceforward he and his late employer are the greatest of enemies; he will use the meanest tricks in many cases to get customers away from the old shop into his, he will sell some leading article at less than cost price to attract them, and make it up on little things the values of which are not so well known to his customers. All this is justified as good business faculty—"all is fair in love and war," and this is war sure enough.

Let us take another instance of the freedom (?) which exists under this system. In many provincial towns of late years there has been a movement set on foot to close the shops for a half-day's holiday each week, but when it has been tried, generally a few shops refuse to close. What is the result? Why, in most cases the movement fails because the shopkeepers who might be willing to close if every one would, when consequently they could lose no custom by it, are not willing to allow an afternoon's custom to go to their enemies. So we see that the freedom which exists is the freedom of two or three to force all the rest against their wills.

Let us take another example of the spirit of competition, this time in the wholesale trade; here prices are more flexible, more beating down is done, the keen customer beats the merchant down, the less keen has to pay for it. In an iron merchant's business, say he will supply iron to large iron-works or collieries, and also to little blacksmiths. The large works are keen, they know what iron costs, and but for the convenience of being able to get in smaller quantities from the merchant just what sort they want, they would buy from the makers, hence the merchant puts on a small profit to them, but the small blacksmiths in the country are not up to this, they deal always with one merchant and pay pretty much what he asks, always beating him down half a sovereign or so to satisfy their opinion of their own business faculty, the merchant of course putting the same amount on for that purpose. Thus the poorer man who gives the merchant credit for dealing honestly with him has to pay for the wealthier one who trusts no one's honesty, on the principle of serving worst the one who gives him credit for most honesty! This and similar processes lead to what is called the survival of the fittest, which is often another word for the greatest knave.

I think it will be pretty evident by this what the "business faculty" consists in, and also it will be clear that a body of workers trying to start a productive concern and trying to buy and sell in this competitive market is pretty likely to come to grief, unless by a great stroke of luck they happen to get hold of a manager with the aforesaid business faculty, who is willing to give them the benefit of it at a comparatively low figure. Therefore, it seems to me that it will be necessary to be to a large extent independent of the competitive market if co-operative production is to succeed.

I do not wish in any way to throw cold water on to such schemes as are proposed by our comrade J. B. Bright, on the contrary I think with him that very much good, both in helping the propaganda and in general experience and education, will result from the practice of co-operation either in distribution or production, and if the attempts fail they will at least help to convince co-operators that this awful rage of competition must be put a stop to, before any real good can be done.

And now a word to those who always want to know how we are going to obtain and reward this business faculty in a state of Socialism. The answer is simple enough, so simple that the business part of the community will be a long time before they take it in. We shall neither attain it nor reward it at all, for the very good reason that it will be perfectly useless! When competition shall have passed away

the relative values of things will be established on a rational principle based on the amount of labour, and possibly partly on the kind of labour needed to produce them, these relative values will be fixed and only revised at intervals. The managing of trade under this system will be so easy that there will be no scarcity of men able to do it, and so no need to reward them outrageously.

I spoke of the kind of labour having an influence in the prices of articles. I meant the pleasantness or otherwise; things the manufacture or obtaining of which necessitate unpleasant or unhealthy employments, would probably be relatively higher priced than now, as probably the workers employed in these trades would work less time for the same reward. I have only touched upon a few of the evils of competition, the great question of over-production would require an article by itself, but I think we must all feel the degrading character of the whole business, and wish to see some better and more noble system established in its place.

RAYMOND UNWIN.

HOW WE LIVE AND HOW WE MIGHT LIVE.

(Continued from p. 187.)

WELL now, what Socialism offers you in place of these artificial famines with their so-called over-production, is, once more, regulation of the markets; supply and demand commensurate; no gambling, and consequently (once more) no waste; not overwork and weariness for the worker one month, and the next no work and terror of starvation, but steady work and plenty of leisure every month; not cheap market-wares, that is to say, adulterated wares, with scarcely any good in them, mere scaffold-poles for building up profits; no labour would be spent on such things as these, which people would cease to want when they ceased to be slaves. Not these, but such goods as best fulfilled the real uses of the consumers would labour be set to make; for profit being abolished, people could have what they wanted, instead of what the profit-grinders at home and abroad forced them to take.

For what I want you to understand is this: that in every civilised country at least, there is plenty for all,—is, or at any rate might be. Even with labour so misdirected as it is at present, an equitable distribution of the wealth we have would make all people comparatively comfortable; but that is nothing to the wealth we might have if labour were not misdirected.

Observe in the early days of the history of man, he was the slave of his most immediate necessities; nature was mighty and he was feeble, and he had to wage constant war with her for his daily food and such shelter as he could get. His life was bound down and limited by this constant struggle; all his morals, laws, religion, are in fact the outcome and the reflexion of this ceaseless toil of earning his livelihood. Time passed, and little by little he grew stronger, every step serving him as a lever to mount the next, till now after all these ages he has almost completely conquered nature, and one would think should now have leisure to turn his thoughts towards higher things than procuring to-morrow's dinner. But, alas! his progress has been broken and halting; and though he has indeed conquered nature and has her forces under his control to do what he will with, he still has himself to conquer, he still has to think how he will best use those forces which he has mastered. At present he uses them blindly, foolishly, as one driven by mere fate. It would almost seem as if some phantom of the ceaseless pursuit of food which was once the master of the savage was still hunting the civilised man; who toils in a dream, as it were, haunted by mere dim unreal hopes, born of vague recollections of the days gone by. Out of that dream we must wake, and face things as they really are. The conquest of nature is complete, may we not say, and now our business is and has for long been the organisation of man, who wields the forces of nature. Nor till this is attempted at least shall we ever be free of that terrible phantom of fear of starvation which, with its brother devil, desire of domination, drives us into injustice, cruelty and dastardliness of all kinds: to cease to fear our fellows and learn to depend on them, to do away with competition and build up co-operation, is our one necessity.

Now, to get closer to details, you probably know that every man in civilisation is worth, so to say, more than his skin; working, as he must work, socially, he can produce more than will keep himself alive and in fair condition; and this has been so for many centuries, from the time, in fact, when warring tribes began to make their conquered enemies slaves instead of killing them; and of course his capacity of producing these extras has gone on increasing faster and faster, till to-day one man will weave, for instance, as much cloth in a week as will clothe a whole village for years: and the real question of civilisation has always been what are we to do with this extra produce of labour—a question which the phantom, fear of starvation, and its fellow, desire of domination, has driven men to answer pretty badly always, and worst of all perhaps in these present days, when the extra produce has grown with such prodigious speed. The practical answer has always been for man to struggle with his fellow for private possession of undue shares of these extras, and all kinds of devices have been employed by those who found themselves in possession of the power of taking them from others to keep those whom they had robbed in perpetual subjection, and these latter, as I have already hinted, had no chance of resisting this fleecing as long as they were few and scattered, and consequently could have little sense of their common oppression. But now that, owing to the very pursuit of these undue shares of profit, or extra earnings, men have become more dependent on each other for production, and have been driven, as I said before, to combine together

for that end more completely, the power of the workers, that is to say of the robbed or fleeced class, has enormously increased, and it only remains for them to understand that they have this power. When they do that they will be able to give the right answer to the question what is to be done with the extra products of labour over and above what will keep the labourer alive to labour: which answer is, that the worker will have all that he produces and not be fleeced at all: and remember that he produces collectively, and therefore he will do effectively what work is required of him according to his capacity, and of the produce of that work he will have what he needs; because, you see, he cannot *use* more than he needs, he can only *waste* it.

If this arrangement seems to you preposterously ideal, as it well may, looking at our present condition, I must back it up by saying that when men are organised so that their labour is not wasted, they will be relieved from the fear of starvation and the desire of domination, and will have freedom and leisure to look round and see what they really do need. Now something of that I can conceive for my own self, and I will lay my ideas before you, so that you may compare them with your own, asking you always to remember that the very differences in men's capacities and desires, after the common need of food and shelter is satisfied, will make it easier to deal with their desires in a communal state of things. What is it that I need, therefore, which my surrounding circumstances can give me—my dealings with my fellow men—setting aside inevitable accidents which co-operation and forethought cannot control, if there be such?

Well, first of all I claim good health; and I say that a vast proportion of people in civilisation scarcely even know what that means. To feel mere life a pleasure; to enjoy the moving one's limbs and exercising one's bodily powers; to play, as it were, with sun and wind and rain; to rejoice in satisfying the due bodily appetites of a human animal without fear of degradation or sense of wrong-doing: yes, and therewithal to be well-formed, straight-limbed, strongly-knit, expressive of countenance—to be, in a word, beautiful,—that also I claim. If we cannot have this claim satisfied we are but poor creatures after all; and I claim it in the teeth of those terrible doctrines of asceticism, which, born of the despair of the oppressed and degraded, have been for so many ages used as instruments for the continuance of that oppression and degradation.

And I believe that this claim for a healthy body for all of us carries with it all other due claims: for who knows where the seeds of disease which even rich people suffer from were first sown: from the luxury of an ancestor, perhaps; yet often, I suspect, from his poverty. And for the poor: I have heard a distinguished surgeon say that the poor suffer always from one disease—hunger; and at least I know this, that if a man is overworked in any degree he cannot enjoy the sort of health I am speaking of; nor can he if he is continually chained to one dull round of mechanical work, with no hope at the other end of it; nor if he lives in continual sordid anxiety for his livelihood, nor if he is ill-housed, nor if he is deprived of all enjoyment of the natural beauty of the world, nor if he has no amusement to quicken the flow of his spirits from time to time: all these things, which touch more or less directly on his bodily condition, are born of the claim I make to live in good health; indeed, I suspect that these good conditions must have been in force for several generations before a population in general will be really healthy, as I have hinted above; but also I doubt not that in the course of time they would, joined to other conditions, of which more hereafter, gradually breed such a population, living in enjoyment of animal life at least, happy therefore, and beautiful according to the beauty of their race; though you must remember that the very variations in the races of men are caused by the conditions under which they live, and though in these rougher parts of the world we lack some of the advantages of climate and surroundings, yet if we were working for livelihood and not for profit we might easily neutralise many of the disadvantages of our climate, at least enough to give due scope to the full development of our race.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Isaiah S. Tuppins, a negro, has been elected Mayor of Rendville, Ohio. He owes his election mainly to the votes of the miners.

PAUPER EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA.—NEW YORK.—The Commissioners of Immigration have decided to send back to Ireland sixteen families, comprising nearly 100 persons, assisted hither by Mr. Wynne, secretary of the Killarney Emigration Society, arriving on an Inman steamer a few days ago. The agent had paid the passage, and given each family from 15 to 20 dollars besides. In deciding, the Commissioners had before them the recent correspondence between the British Minister, Sir L. S. West, and Mr. Bayard. The former called upon Mr. Bayard for information whether emigrants assisted hither by public funds, with the assurance of support by friends in this country, would be permitted to enter. The Secretary replied that so far as permission to land was concerned the law was clear, and the officers charged with its execution were required to examine each case, and with them rested the decision whether the person seeking entrance into the United States should be permitted to land. No general assurance could be given covering the point raised. In view of this policy and these laws, concluded Mr. Bayard, the United States Government could not fail to look with disfavour and concern upon the sending to this country by foreign governmental agencies and at the public cost persons not only unlikely to develop the qualities of thrift and self-support, but sent here because it was assumed that they would have friends here able to support them. On the strength of this letter, the Commissioners decided that the families should be sent back to Ireland. Then the families were examined one by one, and it was proved that they all were pauper immigrants. They will be put on board the steamer on Saturday unless the question of the Board's authority be tested in the Courts.

SONNET.

Who would live on in such a world as this,
Where gilded shams usurp the place of Truth;
Where wrong is robbed in purple, and men hiss
At scornèd Justice as a thing uncouth;
Where poison cells of lust are delved deep,
And Love's clear stream defiled with foulest spite;
Where Selfishness on softest down doth sleep,
And generous hearts bankrupt their owners quite;
Where Honesty, a beggar, hugs his rags,
Splashed with the mud from Fraud's rich carriage wheels;
Where Law, the cunning harlot, daily brags
That crime can buy, if gold the bargain seals;
Who would live on that sorrow did not sway
To strive towards changing this dark night to day?

FRED HENDERSON.

GRASE THE FAT SOW.

BY TIMOTHY WHACKSTRAW.

(Reprinted from *The Bristolian*, 1872.)

I'se a poor hignorammus an' knows little or nuffin,
Thanks ta squire an' parson, ther church an' ther skule;
No wonder, methinks, that sum calls I a ruf'un,
An' tha folk up in Lunnun a pig an' a fule.
Still I rokes things about wen I goes out a-cartin',
An' turns up a thort as I foller ma plow,
An' I ses ta mese? wi' a luk that menes "sartin",
Tha rich be detarmined to grase tha fat sow.
Grase the fat sow,
Grase the fat sow,
Tha rich be detarmined to grase the fat sow.

I'm danged if I d'won't take ta pothooks an' hangers,
An' 'rite ta tha peepers tha leetle I knaws,
I'll tell bit o' truth 'bout oursels an' our gangers,
An' games as be played by tha hawks and tha crows;
Thay gie I ten shillin's a week to keep six wi',
For seventy-two hours at steables and plow,
An' not a bit more ta tha people I mix wi'
An' keeps all tha rest for ta grase tha fat sow, etc.

Thay telled I 'twere wicked ta sing an' ta whistle,
An' danged if I chirruped for meny a year,
Fur I felt loike a jackass content wi' a thistle,
An' trembled all over when master were near.
Thay telled I ta pray and I prayed loike a good 'un,
I prayed for a fortin', some sheep, an' a cow,
But while I were prayin' they stole all our common,
Because it were wanted ta grase tha fat sow, etc.

Tha squire has jest bin an' taken ma gardin',
An' sent a poor chap off to jail for a hare;
So I tellee tha loife as we lade be a hard 'un,
An' danged if I think we shall change it by prayer.
I'se fund out tha humbug o' parson's religun,
For I turns it all over wile drivin' ma plow,
It prepares a poor fule to be plucked loike a pigeon,
An' helps tha rich squire ta grase the fat sow, etc.

Thare be good texts in Scriptur' but parson d'won't hade 'um,
Thare be sum that poor people cud well understand,
An' tha time's comin' fast when we poor folk 'll rade 'um,
An' prache 'um a sarmint on labour and land.
All thare prayin' an' prachin's dun little or nuffin'
Ta raise sich as I from this terribul slough;
I'se fund out thare sarmints be only goose-stuffin',
Or else it be summat ta grase the fat sow, etc.

Lawyers, merchants and such folk, who properly and originally earn nothing for the public, being only a kind of gamesters who play with one another for the labours of the poor.—*Sir Wm. Petty.*

While the past fifty years have been such an uncommonly happy time for the rich, it is impossible to say so much for the poor. Out of the thirty-six millions, or thereabouts, forming the population of the United Kingdom, six-sevenths, or thirty millions, have so narrow a margin between income and the necessities of bare sustenance that they cannot pay the annual cost of their children's education, and are obliged to have it spread through all their lives by means of rates and taxes.—*J. A. Picton.*

An equal distribution of riches through any country ever constitutes its happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with another keeps him in unambitious indigence; but the moderately rich are generally active: not too far removed from poverty to fear its calamities, nor too near extreme wealth to slacken the nerve of labour, they remain still between both in a state of continual fluctuation. How impolitic, therefore, are the laws which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich; more impolitic still in attempting to increase the depression of poverty.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

ECONOMY.—Universal economy would kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Men can "retrench" until a mud hut, a wooden bench, a cup of corn meal and a pan to bake a hoe-cake in, is all he needs. But what becomes of all the trades and occupations which furnished people with the "needless" luxuries of life! What becomes of progress, refinement, education? Individual economy is only successful when it exceeds the economy of those surrounding the economiser. If he can live on less than the worker's usual pittance, in time he gains an advantage over his fellow-toilers; but if they all economise the next successful man must starve himself just a little more than the first one has done. Economy is a fraud; it is a species of robbery. The brain, heart, mind and body are defrauded of their natural rights and chances for development, that a few individuals may revel in excess of enjoyments. The world's resources are limitless; the skill and strength of men and the wonders of science are inexhaustible. Why should we go without a single article that would add to our comfort, enlightenment or enjoyment?—*Lizzie M. Swank.*