Mr. Bax affirms it to be one of the first results of the establishment of Socialism in England, is declared by him to be probably not a peaceful process, it means to me therefore clear that in this respect, at any rate, Socialism is unlikely to be good for English people. All violent changes result in great immediate misery to the poorer classes affected by and taking part in such changes. All violent changes have histriously been followed by periods of reaction, and have usually resulted in the temporary re-establishment of authority. Mr. Bax is requested to explain who is to judge what it is that circumstances are likely to dictate in relation to property in the hands of others to whom we may not have it. I cannot concede that the encouragement of assumption of property by violence is likely to improve the general happiness of those so taught to acquire. I can conceive that it may totally demoralise the public mind. Mr. Bax does not answer any of the other questions in paragraph A, but gives a clear understanding on those points is most vital to the issue between us.

(19) Mr. Bax does say that "Socialism only proposes to confiscate wealth"—he really denies this that Socialism will allow private wealth to be used for production on a small or on a moderate scale? Does he mean that under Socialism there may be small employers paying wage to those they employ? Unless he means this, his limitation of the confiscation proposal is absurd.

(20) Mr. Bax says that the only private enterprise Socialism sees remains is that of the owner of machinery which has made his personal gain for its end. Will he give me some illustration of personal enterprise in labour upon raw material which does not come within this definition.

Bax originally said that Christianity was through and through and Individualistic. When I in par. 16 showed him that as to property this was not all true, he does not attempt to in any way explain the positive words of Acts ii, 44: "And all that believed were together and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all as every man had need."

Mr. Bax asks me what I mean by peremptory question. Unless Mr. Bax can show that Socialism will provide employment in England for the unemployed of this country, then he has not done his part both as a citizen and as a defender of the case of Rev. v. Bradlaugh and Berant. I do not see that they make in any way in favour of the proposition which Mr. Bax undertook to affirm.

This paper is already so long that I reserve until my next my rejoinder on surplus-value.

CHARLES BALDWIN.

"If every man did his share of labour, and wasted effort were stopped, four hour's labour a day would give to everybody all the wealth they could use."

"The way I think this can be done is, as follows: First, by the abolition of all monopoly and private property."

CHARLES BALDWIN.

June 25, 1887.

**How We Live (and How We Might Live).**

Now the next thing I claim is education. And you must not say that every English child is educated now; that sort of education will not answer my claim, though I cheerfully admit it is something; something, and yet after all only class education. What I claim is liberal education. I mean that the child must be taught to acknowledge that there is the world in the world according to my capacity or bent of mind, historical or scientific; and also to have my share of skill of hand which is about in the world, either in the industrial handicrafts, or in the more exact sciences. . . .

Mr. Bax's description of the case to be taught to, if I can be taught, more than one craft to exercise for the benefit of the community. You may think this a large claim, but, after all, if not too limited, giving to each any gain out of my special capacities, if we are not all to be beaten down to a dull level of mediocrity as we are now, all but the very strongest and toughest of us.

I do so believe that this claim for education involves one for public advantages in the shape of public libraries, schools, and the like, such as no private person, not even the richest, could command: but these I claim very confidently, being sure that no reasonable community could come to such a frightful conclusion.

Again, the claim for education involves a claim for abundant leisure, which once more I make with confidence; because when once we have shown the value of the claim of the proper leisure, we could organise so uninterruptedly that no heavy burden would be laid on the individual citizens; every one of whom, as a matter of course, would have to pay his to some obviously useful work. At present you must note all the wealth which is in the community, the part which goes to increase the amount of profit-bearing wares; in other words to increase the amount of profit pocketed by individuals for their own advantage, part of which they use as capital for the production of articles which do no work, and attempt to sell articles as part of private riches as means for luxurious living, which is again sheer waste,—is in fact to be looked on as a kind of bondfire on which rich men burn up the products of poor men, which they have the means by themselves to use. So that in spite of our inventions, no worker works under the present system an hour the less on account of those labour-saving machines, so-called. But under a happier state of things they would be used simply for saving labour, with the result of a vast amount of leisure gained for the community to be added to that gained by the avoidance of the waste of useless luxury, and the shortening of the service of common production.

And I must say that to that leisure, as I should in no case do any harm to any one with it, so I should often do some direct good to the community with it, by practising arts or occupations for my hands or brain which would give pleasure to many of the citizens; in other words, a great deal of the best work done would be done in the leisure time of men relieved from any anxiety as to their livelihood and eager to exercise their special talent, as all men, say, all animals are eager to exercise their talents. Leisure would not increase, and would not even expand my mind by travelling if I had a mind to it: because, say for instance that I were a shoemaker; if due social order were established, it by no means follows that I should spend half my time in a factory; a due amount of leisure at present is for me an absolute change of place; a due amount of easily conceivably arrangement would enable me to make shoes in Rome, say, for three months, and to come back with new ideas of building amongst other things which would perhaps be very beneficial.

But now in order that my leisure might not degenerate into idleness and aimlessness, I must set up a claim for due work to do. Nothing to my mind is more important than this demand, and I must ask you to say a good deal about it. I have mentioned that I should probably use my leisure for doing a good deal of what is now called work; but it is clear that if I am a member of a Socialist State I must have at my disposal a rougher work than this—my work is not only less

**How We Live (and How We Might Live).**

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diations I have been speaking of—namely, feeling that it was useful (and consequently honoured), and that it was not continuous or hopeless, but that it was his own free will.

The last claim I make for my work is that the places I worked in, factories or workshops, should be pleasant, just as the fields where our most necessary work is done are pleasant. Believe me there is nothing in the world so much to be desired as that every man and woman should, at the close of to-day, have had enough or more than enough to eat, and that they should have been employed. Nothing is more expensive than we now can have any idea of, and that after a little people would rather be anxious to seek work than avoid it; their work, to work to-day and come to-morrow home to a cheerful fire with a hearty meal, and find that they have a few pennies to their name, is to be envied, for it is a matter of daily living. The idea of a workman coming home with a heavy heart to see his wife and children, and that the wages were so small and the bills so large as to make him feel that he would have to go out and work all night to make ends meet, is one which should make us feel how necessary it is to do what we can for the working classes. Therefore, close and organisations at retarded holiday, and let the working classes have their due wages, and let us be always wishing to express it in a tangible and more or less enduring form, and the workshop would once more be a school of art, whose influence no one could ever estimate.

And again, that word art leads me to my last claim, which is that the material surroundings of my life should be pleasant, generous, and beautiful; that I know is a large claim, but this I will say about it, that I am an enthusiastic and liberalised comedy who would provide such surroundings for all its members, I do not want the world to go on; it is a mere misery that man has ever existed. I don’t think it possible under the present circumstances to speak too strongly on this point. Thank God, I come from no time when people found it difficult to believe that a rich community, having such command over external nature, could have submitted to live such a mean, shabby, dirty, and sordid existence. And once for all, there is nothing in our circumstances save the hunting of profit that drives us into it. It is profit which draws men into enormous unmanageable aggregations called towns for instance; profit which crowds them up when they are there into quarters without gardens or open spaces; profit which won’t take the most ordinary precautions against wrapping a whole district in a cloud of sulphurous scum which turns beautiful rivers into filthy sewers which condemn all the rich to live in houses idiotically cramped and confined at the best, and at the worst in houses whose wretchedness there is no name. I say it is almost incredible that we should bear such cross standing, this; nor should he have to say it. We can’t believe it when the workers get out of their heads that they are but an appendix to profit-grinding, that the more profits that are made the more employment at high wages these things are for them, and that therefore all the terrible slums, disorder, and degradation of modern civilisation are signs of their prosperity. So far from that, they are signs of their slavery. When they are no longer slaves they will claim as a matter of course that every man and every family should be generously lodged, that every child should be able to play in a garden close to the place his parents lived in; that the houses should by their obvious decency and order be ornaments to nature, not disfigurements of it. It is idle to talk of the privations of which we are told, of the poverty that is in the world, unless we first of all consider what it is that most assuredly lead to beauty in building. All this, of course, would mean the state, which as I have told you should mean all society duly organised by the state, and the state means the production of the goods with which we can only be done on those terms; on any other terms people will be driven to accumulate private wealth for themselves, and thus, as we have seen, to waste the goods of the community and perpetuate the division into classes, which means continual war.

Willy Morris.

(The story concludes.)

THE CONVICT.

(From L. W. Hints. Translated by J. L. T. Jevon.)

writtenlonchon neck and feet.

And foreheads arched over smokers low.

Brown coat and uniform complete.—

By the compact the convict can be known. He likes; his clothes where he walks beside

with the rifle ready in his hand.

Wore in bright colours dyed, and served his native land.

For times were bad, and corn was dear, and men were in every way out of sorts. And all around there smote the ear

"O spare a crumb, that we may eat; In vain we’ve worked for to-day, and still must toil in the street, and lose the time away.

But when indeed they knew the worst;

And prayers for bread were wasted;

Beneath the rich men’s feet there burst

The groans where with, and it is

Death.

Hark, "Work or Death," is now the cry.

Through all the limits of the land;

Sedition’s fumes are raging high.

By Fanini’s fury fanned.

And now the thunder of the drum

Is heard the angry cries between;

Their aim is sure, their swords are

As though for sport on measured ground,

Where marksmen strive but to excel,

Are rifle-bullets handed round,

To hunger to the last seed,

And hark, a cry! On either hand

Dune crowds in narrow streets are

Lo, face to face two arms stand,

The startling and the well-content.

To prison packs him off instead.

The king’s especial grace.

THE SAME OLD BORGIE!

Readers of newspapers have become so sated with the high-spirited and broad prolongations of those inanity and impertinence of the "arguments" brought forth against the Irish people, that a new move is necessary. The sea-serpent is played out, and the green gooseberry not marvellous enough. Editors are in despair for "items," and the "Authorities" for something to stifle the British Lion’s courage to corroboration.

Here, then, is a difficulty; but the Able Editors and Law-upholding Authorities are much too good stage-managers to allow their drama to drag so pitifully for long. The desperate dynamicist and the connoisseur who is a friend of the stage can only be satisfied with the theatrical property-room; they are carefully dusted, the requisite shade of ferocity imparted to their appearance, and they are "produced with grand applause!"

The police refuse information they do not possess; the "leading journals" have a passing fit of sobbing and good advice; the public buy the papers and shake their sagacious heads over the evil spirit shown by "those horrid rebels"; and law and order, loyalty, and several things else, are greatly strengthened.

Meanwhile all that can be done is being done to exasperate the oppressed—English and Irish—and to show them the uselessness of legal and constitutional means. Can it be wondered at if many,map some embittered exile or hunted "bolon should learn the lesson that the press is preaching so loudly?"

S.

THE TITHE WAR IN WALES.

The utmost excitement prevails throughout the disturbed districts of North Wales, where the military and police are again assembled to enforce the sale on the distressed stock for tithes. Immense bonfires are erected on the various mountain ranges, and will be at once set ablaze on the approach of the authorities. Cannon are fixed on the Hill Allop, at 100 ft. long, are held in readiness, etc.

The local magistrates have instructions to hold themselves in readiness to proceed with the military for the purpose of coercing the constabulary. However, keep a profound secret. Concerning the proceedings at Colwyn Bay, and the prosecution of Sir Charles Balfour, no information is given.

The wounded produced were not mere scrubs, but were deep cuts, and in some cases serious results may follow. The number of very old men thus shot is something calculated through the majority were of course able-bodied labourers. Another feature of the affair was that kicking was freely resorted to, and several complained of severe bruises about the legs.—Daily News, June 18.

Never grow faint-hearted, for there is a larger present of dawn painted in the sky than ever before. Amuse, punch, push, push, to swing wide open the gates of the morning.—R. 0. Haswell.