Saturdays, and, as "careless always Labour was desire authority. Which something claim numerically the still workmen of the hundred London making. when the masters, and masters, their for the sake of something, not for a vague market of which they know nothing, and over which they can have no control; as there is no buying and selling, it would be mere insanity to make goods on the chance of their being wanted; for there is no longer anyone who can be compelled to buy them. So that whatever is made is good, and thoroughly fit for its purpose. Nothing can be made except for genuine use; therefore no inferior goods are made. Moreover, as aforesaid, we have now found out what we want, so we make no more than we want; and as we are not driven to make a vast quantity of useless things, we have time and resources enough to consider our pleasure in making them. All work which would be irksome to do by hand is done by flax and hemp improved and in all work which it is a pleasure to do by hand machinery is done without. There is no difficulty in finding work which suits the special turn of mind of everybody; so that no man is sacrificed to the wants of another. From time to time, when we have found out that some piece of work was too disagreeable or troublesome, we have given it up and done altogether without the thing produced by it. Now, surely you can see that under these circumstances all the work we do is an exercise of the mind and body more or less pleasant to be done: so that instead of avoiding work everybody seeks it; and, since people have got deeper in doing the work generation after generation, it has become so easy to do, that is seems as if there were less done, though probably more is produced. I suppose this explains a certain fear of a possible scarcity in work, which perhaps you have already noticed, and which is a feeling on the increase, and has been for a score of years."

"But do you think," said I, "that there is any fear of a work-famine amongst you?"

"No, I do not," said he, "and I will tell why: it is each man's business to make his own work pleasant and pleasant, which of course tends towards raising the standard of excellence, as no man enjoys turning out work which is not a credit to him, and also to greater deliberation in turning it out; and there is such a vast number

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**Labour Day.**

There is only one event this week to be noted; beside its overpowering importance all others shrink into insignificance. And this event, of course, is the world-wide demonstration of the international solidarity of Labour which took place on May Day. The capitalist press, with characteristic fatuity, has seized itself with unreasonably upon the Eight Hours part of the celebration as though that were its be-all and end-all. It must be plain, however, to the most casual and careless of honest observers that the whole essence of the demonstration was the international solidarity of Labour; the Eight Hours' Day was an accident, tackled on because it was the object of desire for the passing moment with those who, although desiring Socialism, do not yet regard a classless society as just round the corner. The workman is not an object of derision, he is not to be swept away by the power of his masters, he is not to be muzzled and made to hold his tongue.

S.

**News from Nowhere: An Epoch of Rest.**

**Being Some Chapters from a Utopian Romance.**

Chap. XV. (continued).—On the Lack of Incentive to Labour in a Communist Society.

"You are very bitter about that unlucky nineteenth century," said I. "Naturally," said he, "since I know so much about it."

He was silent a little, and then said: "There are traditions—say, real histories—in our family about it: my grandfather was one of its victims. If you know something about it you will understand what he suffered when I told you that he was in those days a genuine artist, a man of genius, and a revolutionist." "I think I do understand," said I: "but now, as it seems, you have reversed all this!"

"Pretty much so," said he. "The wares which we make are made because they are needed: men make for their neighbours' use as if they were making for themselves, not for a vague market of which they know nothing, and over which they can have no control: as there is no buying and selling, it would be mere insanity to make goods on the chance of their being wanted; for there is no longer anyone who can be compelled to buy them. So that whatever is made is good, and thoroughly fit for its purpose. Nothing can be made except for genuine use; therefore no inferior goods are made. Moreover, as aforesaid, we have now found out what we want, so we make no more than we want; and as we are not driven to make a vast quantity of useless things, we have time and resources enough to consider our pleasure in making them. All work which would be irksome to do by hand is done by flax and hemp improved and in all work which it is a pleasure to do by hand machinery is done without. There is no difficulty in finding work which suits the special turn of mind of everybody; so that no man is sacrificed to the wants of another. From time to time, when we have found out that some piece of work was too disagreeable or troublesome, we have given it up and done altogether without the thing produced by it. Now, surely you can see that under these circumstances all the work we do is an exercise of the mind and body more or less pleasant to be done: so that instead of avoiding work everybody seeks it: and, since people have got deeper in doing the work generation after generation, it has become so easy to do, that it seems as if there were less done, though probably more is produced. I suppose this explains a certain fear of a possible scarcity in work, which perhaps you have already noticed, and which is a feeling on the increase, and has been for a score of years."

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of things which can be treated as works of art, that this alone gives employment to a host of deft people. Again, if art be inexcusable, so is science also; and though it is no longer the only innocent occupa-
tion, which is thought worth an intelligent man spending his time upon, and in which he can make a living, yet there are persons who are excited by its conquests of difficulties, and care for it more than for anything else. Again, as more and more of pleasure is imported into what is called the “real world” and is enjoyed in all classes, and in every age, we see that the colonies of Great Britain, for instance, and especially of America—that part of it, above all, which was once the United States—are now and will be for some time to come, in love with their皱不洋 and the people of the northern parts of America, suffered so terribly from the full force of the last days of civilisation, and became such that the places to live in, that they are now very backward in all that makes for the comfort of the inhabitant, one man and his family. But even sixty years the people of the northern parts of America have been engaged in gradually making a dwelling-place out of a stinking dust heap; and there is still a great deal to do, especially as the town is in architecture.

“Well,” said I, “I am exceedingly glad to think that you have such a prospect of happiness before you. But I should like to ask a few more questions, and then I have done for to-day.”

CHAP. XVI.—DINNER IN THE HALL OF THE ROSEBUD MARKET.

As I spoke, I heard footsteps near the door; the latch yielded, and in came two lovers, looking so handsome that one had no feeling of shame in looking at their little-concealed love-making: for indeed it is unwise to be a beauty in love with beauty. And Hammond, he looked on them like an artist who has just painted a picture nearly as well as he thought he could when he began it, and was perfectly happy.

“Sit down, sit down, young folk, and don’t make a noise. Our house here has still some questions to ask me.”

“Well, I should suppose so,” said Dick: “you have only been three hours and a half together; and it isn’t to be hoped that the habit of two centuries could be told in three hours and a half: let alone that, for all I know, you may have been wandering into the realms of geography and craftsmanship.”

“Only for a glass of Kinman,” said Clara, “you will very soon be disturbed by the noise of the dinner-bell, which I should think will be very pleasant music to our guest, who breakfasted early, it seems, at least, this morning, on a bed of flowers, or at least on a tray containing a bunch of flowers, accompanied by a beautiful pair of birds, or at least one bird, which was painted with such care and skill that it was very near the mark of art. I said: “Well, since you have spoken the word, I begin to feel that it is so; but I have been feeding myself with wonder this long time past: really, it’s quite true,” quoted I, as I saw her smile, O so prettily! But just then from some tower high up in the air came the sound of slivery chimes playing a sweet clear tune, that sounded to my un-acquainted ears like the song of the first blackbird in the spring, and called a rush of memories to my mind, some of bad times, some of good, but all sweetened now into mere pleasure.

“No more questions now before dinner,” said Clara; and she took my hand as an affectionate child would, and led me out of the room and down the side of the court of the Museum, leaving the two Hammond’s to follow as they pleased.

We went into the market place I had been in before, a thin misty street of elegantly dressed people going in and along with us. We turned into a great hall, a great sort of a room, that I have seen in which a very pretty dark-haired young girl gave us each a beautiful bunch of summer flowers, and we entered a hall much bigger than that of the Hammond’s, and a very large room, it might be said, and perhaps more beautiful. I found it difficult to keep my eyes off the wall-pictures (for I thought it had manners to stare at Clara all the time, though she was quite worth it). I saw at a glance that their subjects were to be found in the South of America, and which in yesterday’s world only about half a dozen people in the country knew anything about; and when the two Hammonds sat down underneath the old man, pointing to the frieze:—

“How strange to see such subjects here!"

“Why?” I said.

“I don’t see why you should be surprised: everybody knows the tales; and they are graceful and pleasant subjects, not to mention the way they mostly eat and drink, and amuse themselves, and yet full of incident.”

I smiled, and said:—“Well, I scarcely expected to find record of the Seven Swans and the King of the Golden Mountain and Faithful Harry, and such curious pleasant imaginations as Jacob Grimm got together from the childhood of the world, barely lingering even in his time: I should have thought you would have forgotten such childish-

The old man smiled, and said nothing; but Dick turned rather red, and broke out:

“Don’t be so hard, you mean! I think them very beautiful, I mean not only the pictures, but the stories; and when we were children we used to imagine them going on in every wood-end, by the bight of every stream: every house in the fields was the Fairyland’s King’s House to us. Don’t you remember, Clara?”

“Elegant,” I mean, as a Persian pattern is elegant; not like a rich "elegant" lady out for a morning walk. I should rather call it "persian"."