CHAPTER IX

A NEW POLITICAL ECONOMY PREDICTING A NEW WEALTH

CHRISTIANITY was a new political economy. It was a vast economic revolution. It was a war against the wealth, the relations of labour and capital and the social position of the people of the old order, as well as a war against its art and government and religion. It gave their own souls to the masses, and it was the first to write their names in honour upon their gravestones and call upon posterity to remember them because they had been "good workers." The pagan world taught that labour was incompatible with virtue, but the new political economy established a brotherhood, the church, within whose boundaries the poorest was equal to the highest and richest. It made him eligible to rise to the proudest posts—the slave could become pope. The bands of brethren carried around the world the doctrine by which it taught men to live—*laborare est orare*—to labour is to pray; work is worship.

Revolutions do more than never go backward. They never cease to go forward. One good revolution, like one good turn, deserves another. Christianity came out of paganism and the republic came out of despotism. Something comes out of Christianity and the republic better than either. Whatever this may be, it will not be less a new political economy than Christianity was. It will, like it, be much more. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but the fountains of the great deeps of opinion are being broken up in political assembly, the

synod, the laboratory, the parlour, the studio, the workshop; sciences, constitutions, manners, livelihoods, theologies, art and arts—all are whirling on to new consummations. We are in the rapids of a new era. The world has already, though young, had many calendars. There are others before us; perhaps near. We have had one Son of Man; we are to have many millions, as many millions as there are men. The coming for which the world is now waiting is not the second coming of one Son, but the coming of all the sons of men, a perpetual advent in every good man and every good deed. Every good day a Sunday and every good book a bible, every good man a redeemer.

That economic era which found a soul in the common man has for its next step the spiritual era now rising to guarantee that soul a body and a society fit for a soul's habitation. Christianity gave him a place in the congregation of the righteous; humanity will expand that congregation into the commonwealth for which the republic has been an initiation.

Christianity made men brothers in the church; humanity will make them brothers everywhere and in all works and fruits. Christianity promised the workers heaven; humanity will fulfill that blessed promise by putting into every man's hands every tool needed to begin to build that heaven here. It will make for him a calendar in which this world is dated as the next world and each to-day as an anniversary of the life immortal—the life we are living now.

Christianity pointed to a creator afar off; humanity adds the revelation to each loyal member of its working hosts of a creator also within himself, and to the people of a divinity within themselves to shape their own ends.

The economic era, which we reckon from the year

A. D. 1, has spoken in the language of the sacred mysteries, clothed itself in the robes of angels; has housed in temples, and has protected its holy mission by all the awe-inspiring illusions of ecclesiastics. The spiritual era on which we enter, that which will expand and fortify the divine already declared in man, revive and carry to a more glorious fruitage all the emancipations of the past, lift men to use for their daily chores the heavenly fire that only God has been able to handle, has been delivering its message in the humble accents of the economist and the reformer. The body is a stage of the spirit; the economic and the spiritual are inseparable.

Turgot said: "God, by giving to man wants and making his recourse to work necessary to supply them, has made the right to work the property of every man; and this property is the first, the most sacred, the most inprescriptible of all." This right to work is the right to worship. The clink of the anvil and the hum of the harvest field, the music of the poet and the meditations of the inventor are chords in the anthem of creation and the hymns of praise. The utterance of life is a song, a symphony of nature.

God made; man makes. In being born to labour, man was born creator. It is the toiling millions in the field and forest and study, on the sea and shore and in the city, with the spindle and hammer, the plough, the pen, gathering the fruits of the earth, rearing the races of men and animals, exploring, inventing, pruning, combining, cross-fertilising, re-creating men who are the incarnation of God, the only true and universal church. The kingdom of heaven is not to be taken by storm but by day's labour. Honest labour, useful labour, labour under the law, is the spiritual utterance of the energies of

man. This is a sacred right—as Turgot says, "the most sacred of all." The right to do the divine will must be as bravely upheld as the right to pray to it. The "holy wars" that have been fought to maintain the right to worship according to the dictates of conscience are not a whit more holy than the struggle to establish all men in their right to do, as the ten commandments say, "all" their work. The right to pray, the right to think, the right to vote, the right to work—this is the line of march of the crusaders of progress.

Around the world begins to roll the roar of the multitudes preparing to establish each other in that right to freedom of faculty and opportunity; that right to equal ownership in land and labour and the other "commons" of the people; that right to be, to grow, to love and be loved, to serve and be served, to create and be created, to teach and be taught; that right to rest—which is all summed up in the old phrase, the right to work. The proudest crown of Europe carries on it the motto, "Ich Dien," I serve. All the titles, all the property, all the franchises, all the vested tribute-rights have no other legal sanction than this—that they serve.

The oldest book in the world—the book of Ptah Hotep, the Egyptian—gives property no better title than this, that it is a stewardship for mankind. The people, too, demand this privilege of the ruler of England, this right to serve and be served. They are starving for the lack of services from others; they are suffocating with the energies denied utterance in service for others.

"The right to work!" "The right to work!" "The right to work!" What is the source of this "right"? Its source is the same as that of all the other "rights of man"—the up-welling soul aspiring to be more. Like the right to pray, to speak, to associate, this right to

create the destiny the multitude knows it can create and for which it sees in all the overflowing riches of man and nature all the needed raw material of manufacture, is a revelation from on high—the heights of man.

It is written in the holy scriptures of the people's aspirations, where every other right was found prophesied. This Holy Word speaks from generation to generation in humanity's outreaching aspirations—the aspirations of a creature which lived in the water and aspired to breathe the air, lived in the air and aspired to be a man, became a man and aspired to be a people, and, become a people, will still aspire. I think, therefore I am; I aspire, therefore I am a man; I am a man, and therefore create; I create, and therefore have a "right to work."

Dante's universal mind lays the foundation for the whole structure of international democracy and the universal church in pointing out that the realisation of humanity's possibilities cannot be attained by any one man, nor single family, nor single neighbourhood, nor single city, nor single kingdom; only the entire multitude of the human race can operate it to its highest powers; and it is the proper work of the whole human race to set in action its whole capacity. Therefore the conscious people, aspiring to be more, lift the banner of the new crusade, the new revelation, the new commandment, the new state, the new religion, the new political economy, and prepare to establish—as the next great institution of civilisation—the right to work, of all, by all, for all.

The men of honour who could be overcome, Cromwell knew, only by men of religion, were like the men who are to-day denying the people's rights. They are men of honours, not honour; honours of possession, franchise, vested right, office, good society. They

can be overcome only by those who have a higher faith, a more passionate motive, a policy that sweeps in the reinforcing support of the whole people. Those who hate a system worse than they hate the devil will always overcome those who only love it as well as their dinner. Those to whom life is a worship are invincible before those to whom it is only a dicker.

All its thinking men knew that Athens was rotting in the days of Pericles and Plato and Socrates; and the question all the men of action and philosophy were debating was how could the city be saved? Only, said Socrates, by finding a new moral inspiration. It is to the new conscience that the world always turns for the way out. But the "men of honours" sneer at conscience. It is "good in theory" but it is "not practicable." The whole basis of modern industrial society, and that is to say the whole social basis, rests on the cynical scepticism that conscience and business cannot be reconciled. Business is business and must not be interfered with by transcendentalism. So chivalry was once chivalry, and kingship, kingship, and not to be called to account by fanatics.

All the wickedness and cruelties and wastes of the private wars and despotism and popular slaveries of the world of the common toil are kept vested by the atheistical doctrine that the heart of humanity is so bad that. Tennyson's golden year can never come when "the good of all shall be the rule of each." The reformer is a poet, a creator. He sees visions and fills the people with their beauty; and by the contagion of virtue his creative impulse spreads among the mass, and it begins to climb and build. The history of mankind is the growth of one new conscience after another. Man suppresses passion after passion and achieves virtue

after virtue. He makes the self-interest of the lower strike its flag to the self-interest of the higher.

Among some savages, Parkman tells us, any squaw is the legitimate prey of any buck who can catch her as she goes to the spring or looks for firewood; but civilised man is harnessing the strongest of the dynamos within him and putting his sexual self-interests under the control of the individual conscience of chastity and the social conscience of courtship and marriage.

Men have learned by hundreds of millions to give up the self-interest that rages for private vengence, and the lawsuit is substituted for the vendetta. Stockholders of the English coal companies subscribed in 1893 to the funds of the miners who were striking against them for the living wage. Man, who has created these sexual, legal, social and a hundred other consciences of patriotism, etiquette, the home, can by so much the more easily rise to the virtue of preferring the public good to private advantage—the economic conscience. "We worship the soldier," says Ruskin, "not because he goes forth to slay, but to be slain." Men die for their country, their friend, however sweet it is to live. Mankind has never been so low that it did not breed its due percentage of those who would die for their tribe, their gods, their lovers, their trust. "The glorious company of martyrs," says the prayer-book. Every member of that glorious company is an immortal witness to the safety of the appeal to the economic conscience. Every martyr, every patriot, every friend who has laid down his life for his friend, every hero, everyone who helps his neighbour at the table before himself is a pioneer, a prophet or a disciple, leading the way to the golden year in which the "good of all shall be the rule of each."

Our gods, our heroes, our patriots, our pure ones are

our representative men and women, and our worship of them is a revelation of the godlike, the heroic, the patriotic, the pure in us. Travelers see abroad what they bring within them from home, and the worshiper discovers himself in what he adores. A mankind whose literature and religion are nothing but a commemoration of those who have ruled their own spirits has written on every page of its past its conquest of self-interests, passions, prejudices.

Preachers of pessimism and the gospel of despair tell men that in their economic lives together they can never obey any higher law than that of their natural ferocities, appetites and selfishness. The cure for such pessimism and despair, as for all doubt and discouragement about the human future, is a long look backward.

A long look backward shows us the first recorded whisper against slavery, the protest of a few impractical Greeks, mentioned by Aristotle, 2500 years ago, gathering strength with every age, going on from emancipation to emancipation, with gigantic historic steps that no barrier could arrest.

A long look backward shows the woman, the child, the labourer, all the last ones, becoming first. It shows us the republic broadening itself from experiment to experiment, every breakdown a lesson; the Greek republics bettered by the Italian, the Italian by the Dutch, and our forefathers taking the good of each and adding their own.

A long look backward is the best answer to those who would push down and back man, aspiring to rise out of the animal stage of business and industry, a worse than animal stage; for as Darwin, Kropotkin and every philosopher have shown, animals give each other mutual aid and have a conscience above self-interest.

"Those communities," Darwin said, "which included the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best." Civilisation is simply applied con science. Like Launcelot Gobbo, all men are distracted by the conflicting voices of Conscience and the Fiend; but, unlike Gobbo, men in the long run stay by conscience.

It is hard to account for the martyr, but you can always count on him. The white corpuscles in the blood science describes to us as the defenders and martyrs of physical welfare. If an invading microbe threatens a wound or some failing organ the white corpuscle hurries to the spot and battles with him to the death. It is the dead bodies of the white-plumed knights of the home guard in the blood that we see flowing forth from wound or sore. Their maneuvres in the struggle display almost human intelligence. They do more than maintain the wager of battle with hostile germs. If an organ of the body is cut off by accident from the supplies of blood and nutriment that would ordinarily come to it, the white corpuscles, notified by some mysterious telegraphy, hasten to the relief. They can pass in undiscovered ways where the blood cannot go, and they throw themselves in millions into the beleaguered spot and offer themselves there as food to be eaten to maintain the local life until health or death decides the issue. They are the altruists within. Man, who is operated by altruists within and worships altruists without, need not listen to those who tell him he can never become an altruist himself.

George Smith, of Coalville, was born one of the brick-yard children among the dreary clay pits of the County of Stafford, England. He was one of the swarm of little ones who began their life in the brickyards at six years of age, carrying on their heads 40-pound lumps of clay, as big as themselves, or toiling about the hot

and exhausting flues fourteen hours a day, and, in addition, often working all night at the kilns. Once, after doing his usual day's work, this child had to carry brick and clay all night back and forth between the makers and the kilns. That night he carried a total of five and a half tons of clay, and in doing it had to walk fourteen miles. From his fifth or sixth year to his eighteenth year George Smith traveled more than 80,000 miles in connection with his work—more than three times around the world. His sufferings lighted in him the fires of a passionate resolve to save others.

He began to agitate, to write letters to the press, to plead with such influential men as he could reach. He had educated himself by the light of the kiln fires he watched at night. His "Cry of the Children" and other appeals by pen and speech caught the ear of the public, and the public compelled parliament to act.

Laws were passed bringing the slaves of the brickyards under the protection of the awakened social conscience, and a new source of wealth—a fuller manhood and womanhood for these ravaged children—was opened for England. The old political economy had been unable to see the financial folly of burning out the red of the cheeks of its children to burn it into the red of the bricks and tiles.

While he was working for others with such wonderful energy and success, Smith had been faithful and successful in his own work. He had risen to be the manager of an important concern in the brick business, where he was making a large profit for his employers. He had a beautiful home with green lawns, avenues of trees, gardens full of fruit, a porter's lodge; he had his horse, carriage and coachman. He did not rest with his victory for the brickyard children, but turned at once to rescue

another large class of children—the miserable boys and girls of the canal-boat population—beaten, overworked, wandering up and down with the canal boats over the thousands of miles of English canals, sleeping in the cubby holes of the boats; uneducated, forlorn. The sorrows of these children had entered into his soul and he pledged himself to set them, too, free. But the spirit of vested interests roused itself to strike him down. His employers one dark night called him before them and demanded that he give up his work for the children or his position. "I cannot stop my work for the children," he said, and they discharged him.

George Smith went out of his handsome house and beautiful grounds and, step by step, descended through every grade of poverty. He was made a bankrupt. He had to take his family to a wretched hovel which could not keep out rain or cold. His children had no shoes to go to school. They suffered for food and were glad to get red herring for Sunday dinner. "Scandals, lies, persecution, temptation, aching head, sleepless nights, insults, snubs, hunger, fatigue, sobs and poverty"—these were the ransom he and his family had to pay for his devotion to the cause of the human wreckage of the canals. But he kept on with the devotion of the religious enthusiast he was—an apostle of a "right to work" that shall be worship, not profanation. In his diary for the last day of 1876 he said: "Made a bankrupt: got a commission to inquire into the canal question." Here again he was successful, and after six years' hard work lecturing, writing, lobbying constantly in the House of Commons, his bill was passed and the canal-boat waifs were brought in under the same legal shelter he had got for the brickyard children.

But there was more work to do. He had rescued

thousands of little children from cruel bondage in the brickyards; he had made education and a decent life possible for tens of thousands of children in canal boats; and now he turned to bring into the tent of civilisation the children of the gypsies and traveling vans and shows who were growing up into the very scum of the earth. In this work he died, poor, but famous and beloved; known throughout the length of England and beyond; listened to by Parliament, the press, the public; honoured by testimonials in which the queen, men and women of title and commoners were all glad to unite. His only title was that by which he was known up and down the Midland counties, where he had gone on his mission of emancipation—"The Children's Friend." He sprang from the poor; he lived and laboured, night and day, among the poor; and he died and made his grave with the poor.

The martyr, like the inventor, is the best investor. Palissy, the Huguenot potter, burning up his furniture to keep his kilns going; Goodyear, impoverishing himself to win the secrets of rubber; Garrison, giving his country the free man who can do twice as much work as the enslaved labourer; George Smith, causing men and women to grow where there would else have been only runts—were far better economists than the men who derided them.

The world has advanced to the point where it hunts for inventors, and waits respectfully for the revelations of divine truth made by a Morse, a Stephenson and a Tesla. A little more social science and, instead of persecuting them, we shall similarly hunt for reformers, and shall cherish as our most precious social functionaries the geniuses who can tell us how to make better machines and run them better. The martyr, the pioneer, the

hero, is the genius who sees first and does first. We have only to read our histories to know that we can always be sure of men who will throw themselves, like the white corpuscles of the blood, where they are needed, as George Smith did, and as all the company of martyrs have done, and to know that we cannot prevent them. Fire, hanging, torture, crucifixion, nothing will keep them back from giving up their lives for the greater life of which the news has reached them. Of all facts to be reckoned with in this world of facts they are most real. The martyr is the pioneer of welfare. The martyrs, the Socialists, the labour agitators, the strikers, the anarchists, the profit sharers, the co-operators, who are teaching us the industrial conscience, are the precursors of the joys and prosperities of the co-operative commonwealth.

The advantage of all is a greater good to the individual than any dividend he can get from his own poor selfishness. The martyrs have been the leaders who saw this truth so clearly that they had to live it though they died for it. Conscience is first a martyr, then a millionaire.

The Quakers and the Shakers renounce the world and all its pleasures only to find themselves overflowing with riches in a few generations. The Pilgrims and the Puritans turn their backs on the treasure of Europe and establish in poverty and a humble spirit an empire which soon comes to outdazzle all others. It is one of the paradoxes of human affairs that a new welfare always has to be thus ushered in by a new woe.

The religion of labour, which preaches the spiritual sacredness of man's economic energies, has, and will have, its full roster of martyrs. Many classic words have to be spoken to inspire the classic deed, but the classic deeds are already numerous on the records of the people in their upreachings to lift themselves into the

air where they will be able to live a larger life—the life where they can serve and be served with all the riches of human nature and other nature.

Every faculty of man is a commandment to do its work; every gift of nature is an offer of grace. To keep men from using these faculties and these resources is to disobey commandments as sacred as any written on the Hebrew tables of stone; it is a refusal of grace and a denial of God. An economic system which heaps up idle money in the banks and idle men in the streets is spiritually a sin, economically a waste, and we will make it legal outlawry.

No right is vested, no law valid, no government constitutional, no person to be respected, that stands in the way of the determination of mankind to realise its full self. The resolute heart of humanity, which has never hesitated to annihilate churches and governments to save religion and patriotism, still lives and is still resolute to save. The Hollanders, under William of Orange, resisted Phillip II. in the name of the emperor. They were loyal to the empire of justice and right, to which he had become a traitor and a rebel.

The Puritans of England argued that when the king broke the covenant of kingship he ceased to be king, and they abolished him without compensation. Milton and Vane, with their matchless wits and knowledge of the lower and higher law, supplied the commonwealth with all the arguments it needed to justify itself for turning "regal bondage into a free commonwealth," in Milton's words. "The king himself," said Milton, "had unbound us." The covenant with him, he said, had been to preserve the king's person and authority, in order to preserve for the people the true religion and true liberties, not "to bring in upon our consciences a popish

religion; upon our liberties thralldom; upon our lives destruction."

The people, therefore, "took themselves not bound by the light of nature or religion to any former covenant from which the king himself had more and more unbound us." They were "bound by the law of nature only, the only law of laws truly and properly to all mankind fundamental; the beginning of all government; to which no parliament or people that will thoroughly reform but may and must have recourse."

Man's nature is one through all its energies—those which feed the body as well as those which feed the soul. We can unlock every argument used in the past for religious and political liberty and find therein the substance of all the arguments needed for economic liberty.

Our covenant with capital was for stewardship, and the covenant has been "unbound." The stewards have changed their duty to feed and clothe into a right to tax. The children of the poor march by regiments every morning in every city to work for the stewards who ought to be working for them. Millions of men have the stewards shut out of our mines and our factories, our woods and our fields, not because human necessities have had enough but because their treasonable avarice has not had enough.

"Ancient foundations," said Vane, "when once they become destructive to those very ends for which they were first ordained and prove hindrances to the good and enjoyment of human societies, to the true worship of God and the safety of the people, are for their sakes and upon the same reasons to be altered for which they were first laid." Milton's books and Cromwell's battles were arguing the cause of the American people to-day in

the conflict with the powers which are choking our spiritual life by choking our industrial life. The institutions of the economic world exist only as the churches and kingships existed—for the good of the people. The public good is the only warranty deed for any property. The legislatures, common councils, courts—delegates of the people—can only quit-claim. They can convey only the rights they were authorised to convey. They cannot alienate the inalienable.

The "survival of the fittest" is our doctrine. The one fittest to the environment will survive in that environment. In an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas corpses are the fittest. In an atmosphere of degeneration degenerates are the fittest. Among the Thugs of India, or the trusts of America, the best Thug is the fittest.

The "fittest survive" is an expression which should never be used by a scientific man before a popular audience without making it clear that the word fittest is used only in an evolutionary, mechanical, not at all a moral, sense. It means that among the cruel, the cruelest; among the mean, the meanest; among the greedy, the greediest; among the selfish, the most selfish, will survive. The phrase and the doctrine it covers leave unchallenged the power of man to change the social environment so that a better kind of fittest shall survive. Man has changed the social environment, and the fittest at once change correspondingly.

There is a power in nature called natural selection which can produce new kinds of plants and animals. There is a power in society of social selection which can create new environment and make over again men and communities. Social selection is already at work everywhere in the world of organised humanity.

Arthur Young, travelling through France on the eve

of the French revolution, has left in his "Travels in France" descriptions of the misery of the people that have been quoted for a hundred years and have become the picture of the degradation of the people under the old classical régime. Everyone has heard of his woman of Mars la Tour who, standing by the roadside, dreary and forlorn, told how hard the times were and how heavy the taxes and dues to the lords and seigneurs. He took her for sixty or seventy, her back was so bent and her face so furrowed and hardened by labour, but she was only twenty-eight.

To what are we to attribute, he asks, the misery that crushes these poor people? "To government," is his stern answer. Wherever he goes through "Sunny France," Arthur Young has to tell of fields and houses of misery. "Wastes! wastes! wastes!" he cries—"a country possessing nothing but privilege and poverty." He had hardly written the words when the privileges were swept away by the revolution. A centennial edition of Young's book was published on the anniversary of that revolution, in 1889, edited by one who spent the summers of fifteen years in going over every step of the journey of one hundred years before in order to report on what difference there might be between the "fittest" who survived in the eighteenth century and those of the nineteenth. The country has been turned into a garden; the slaves of one hundred years ago are happy, well-fed farmers owning themselves and the fruits of their work. Filthy villages have become splendid cities without a beggar. In some districts so great is the change that the nineteenth century traveller describes it as "Utopian." There is "distribution of well-being without a parallel in any part of Europe."

Where in Maine and Anjou, Young found the peasants

living in cave dwellings hollowed out of the rocks, there are now farm houses handsome enough for villas. Where Young found the widow, described by Carlyle, gathering nettles in the rain for dinner for her children, of which the Marquis takes his third and calls it "rent," there is now a land overflowing with milk and honey, where "the poorest eats asparagus, green peas and strawberries every day when in season." Where the aged woman of twenty-eight poured out her woes to Young, his successor of to-day is entertained by a rich farmeress who wears a fashionable toilette on Sundays, gives her children the best of educations, and when her daughters marry has dowries of thousands of francs for them. To what is this startling transformation due? We answer in the same words that Young employed: "To government." The fittest that survived in 1789 were so different from the fittest of 1889 because the environment had been made different. A new social selection had been brought into operation. There had begun to be a people, and the people had begun to will and create.

"Scientific" is the word conceitedly arrogated to themselves by the dull people who assume that they know the laws of currency, trade, and the other departments of social economy, and quote these laws against every proposal of reform. Any scheme for doing things better is dismissed as a "violation of the natural laws," "the inevitable laws." There is no surer test of the title of scholars to be called cultivated, than whether they have mastered the fact that in social science the "laws" that rule men are the laws that men make. There are as many codes of "laws" in this department of natural science as there are sets of dominant ideas expressed in the order of social science. No man is scientific who does not grasp the truth that the "laws" of currency, employ-

ment, wealth change as the ideas and ideals of men change. The man who proclaims as "laws"—that is, as calculable series of cause and effect—the methods that men have followed and pushed to one side as "unscientific" those who insist on discussing whether these laws are "right" is himself the most unscientific of investigators. He disregards the most potent force of all those in his field. The only thing certain about what he calls laws is that they are certain to disappear, and that the moment they began to be called laws they began to cease to be such. It is in the protests, exhortations, prophesies of the men he derides that the germs of future institutions lie. The only true science is that which listens even in political economy to the whispers of the poet and the reformer, and classifies that which IS only as a bridge between that which was and that which is to be.

Within a comparatively few years the continent of Europe has been overspread with a network of Raffeisen and Schultze-Delitsch and other co-operative banks working among the poor. There are thousands of them, and their deposits and loans amount to thousands of million of dollars. They are the most successful, the safest and best banks in the world. Their social and moral results are a marvel.

Under the magic inspiration of the chance to get a fresh start in the world, "the idle man becomes industrious; the spendthrift thrifty; the drunkard reforms; the haunter of taverns forsakes the inn; the illiterate, though a grand-father, learns to write."

Priests confess that the co-operative bank has done more to evangelise the people than all their ministrations. "Paupers struggle off the parish list and live on their own labour."

The Government of Italy, in the hope to tame the

disorderly hosts of gypsy squatters in the wild forest stretches of Venetia, gave them land out of the the public domain. The gypsies, having no means of cultivating the land, turned themselves loose again on the world. Loans of money were made to them, and the "gypsies settled down and became decent and orderly folk, and the wild forest has now become a civilised and progressive district." Where the people's banks come in hovels and mortgages disappear, the usurers have to leave the country, the tavern-keepers fail. The people become better men and better neighbours. Where there used to be grudging, envy and delight in each other's troubles, there is now fellow-feeling. The people have learned that they are bound together by a common interest; that their neighbour's hurt is their hurt; their neighbour's good their good. The Hungarian diet sent a deputy, Professor von Dobransky, to investigate the work of these banks. "I have seen a new world," he said; a world of brotherhood and mutual help, where everyone is the protector and assister of his neighbour.

The seventy-two communistic societies of the United States, as described by Charles Nordhoff in 1875, had accumulated $12,000,000 of property, an average of $2,000 each for every man, woman and child. In making this the communists had not had to work painfully hard; they had had more comfort, better insurance against want and demoralisation, better schools for their children and far less exposure for the women, the aged and infirm than their neighbours. Land near them rose in price. They made work a pleasure. They were unusually healthy, and were found to be the most long-lived of our population. They kept out of debt and never speculated. The greater variety of employment widened the faculties. No one was a servant of anyone else, but was served

by all, and so had comfort, safety, brotherhood and independence. The life was higher and better and pleasanter than that of the mechanic and labourer and farmer of the outside world. Their reputation for the honesty of their goods was worth, Nordhoff says, "at least 10 per cent. over their competitors."

There was a spiritual value in this economic redemption. To begin at the bottom of godliness, all the communists were found to be remarkable cleanly. Selfishness and greed were restrained; self-sacrifice encouraged; the happiness that comes from the moral nature cultivated. The communists were chaste and temperate; remarkable for their humanity and charitableness; their animals always better cared for than is usual among their neighbours.

Always failures? Only within these communities has there been seen, in the wide borders of the United States, a social life where hunger and cold, prostitution, intemperance, poverty, slavery, crime, premature old age and unnecessary mortality, panic and industrial terror, have been abolished. If they had done this only for a year, they would deserve to be called the only successful "society" on this continent, and some of them are generations old. They are little oases of people in our desert of persons. All this has not been done by saints in heaven, but on earth by average men and women; for, as Nordhoff says, "all the successful communes are composed of what are commonly called 'common people.'"

One of the fêtes at the coronation of the czar at St. Petersburg was to be a feast on the great plain near the palace where everyone of the loyal million who had come from all parts of the empire was to be fed and to receive a souvenir of their new White Father. Long before daybreak the plain was black with an eager mass pressing

forward. The whole multitude got into irresistible motion toward the gates shutting them out from the splendours within. It was a huge, wild, unmanageable assembly, everyone crazy with desire and with fear that he might be too late or too far away. The crowd wrinkled up into ridges of broken humanity like the ice in a jam in the polar sea. The roll of the killed and wounded was like that of a battle. To snatch a sweetmeat and a cheap bauble the people trampled each other to death. But even this rabble without leaders, or the faculty of leadership in their poor heads, treading each other down into the clay from which they sprang, did not keep on forever. There came a moment even for them to stop and turn. When shall we turn?

Every one of us knows from books and life countless cases of social selection and the creation of environment, like those recited a moment ago, of the power of man to make and mar himself and his fellows, to bind and loose. How long are we to go on, like the miserable peasants at the coronation, for the hope of a toy and a goody we do not get, grinding each other into agony and extinction on the very plains where we might live as a people in brotherhood and plenty for all? The experiences, good and bad, we have recited do not prove that only the few can live together as friends. They prove that the many cannot live together any otherwise.

The old political economy cried: "What shall I do to be saved?" The new political economy says: "Save and you shall be saved." Organise into the life of the people. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the progress in wealth, independence and the higher life will be illimitable. When each one serves all he is served by all, and the energies released from grosser cares will mount into loftier reaches of the spirit.

"The communion cup for all!" was the cry of the German peasants who rose under the inspiration of Huss and Wycliffe in the fifteenth century. "The communion for all!" must always be the cry of the people. We must establish ourselves in the right to utter to its fullest every faculty, and we can do so only by establishing each other.

The new political economy teaches that all are cut short when one is cut short; that there can be no over-production or over-population as long as there is under-consumption; and that the right of all to work must be held sacred as long as there is a want unsatisfied or an energy unexpressed—that is, forever. No man has liberty of conscience who is dependent on the will of another for work. There must be no mediator between nature and man but the whole people—no more in industry than in religion.

There are 10,000,000 unnecessary deaths in Europe every year. There are 10,000,000 unemployed men and women in Europe and America. We are still pagans, and every one of these tens of millions of men and women, dead or idle, is a sacrifice to the heathenish gods. Every one of these unuttered men and women might be producing wealth in which we would be sharers; they might be defenders with us of the common rights; might be our brothers and sisters.

This "production, distribution and exchange of nobleness" is the subject of the new political economy, and it has for its function to find for men the economic footing which will enable them by being noble to reap the nobleness of other men. The communes are its pioneers. They are the monasteries in which the light of the new faith is kept burning on the mountain tops until the dark age is over. These little societies must be generalised into a society which will, like them, ex-

tinguish the degrading dependence of the many on the few for a chance to work and for a share of the product. It must, like them, create the economic equality which is the next step in the historic series which has begun with religious and political equality.

America has been two centuries of opportunity. Its free lands and open careers have given us an intoxicating taste of freedom from dependence on others for the right to be. But there are no more Americas except in the virtues we can create and exchange, and in the wealth which follows virtue—sometimes too fast for the virtuous. We must now get by our will what we have tasted by accident. Man, who evolved his body out of the dust in the image of the Good, is evolving the body politic, and is now about to take another step forward in the task, fortunately never ending, of its creation.

The people is making itself. There never yet has been a people; never yet a republic. A people, according to Browning, is the rise of the many to the completer life of one. This vision of the many become one has been held up before the many by all the bibles; and the many, little by little, are moulding themselves to it. Every new evolution is an ecstacy, and life is a composition of ecstacies. In the bliss that follows the stop of a raging ache we get word of one of the hundreds of Edens in which we dwell, unnoticed because habitual.

Heaven lies about us, as our Virgils and Dantes and Miltons have told us, circle on circle; but these circles, as the poets have not always said, rest on the earth. We have in every response which we can educate the powers within us to make to the calls from man and nature without a new possibility of paradise.

Our predecessors have builded for us a heaven of freedom of opinion, so to-day we can broach our theories

of God and government and society with no fear of a Claverhouse and his dragoons clattering down the rocks upon our conventicle in the glen, or of an Alva and his men of blood to drag us to the inquisition. Hardly a suggestion even of what Lowell calls the "mosquito martyrdoms."

Feudal Europe was a hell; every castle a little hades of alternate fear and ferocity. We have abolished the gentleman with the sword by his side, and the chivalry who rode the people down, and the baron with his right of private war; and in the domestic peace which prevails we have an earthly beatitude which only Armenia and the frontier between the Apache and the Sioux can enable us to realise.

All the political economies, contracts, land laws, all the self-interest theories of the rich and the capitalist, have always said: We exist for the people, as the kings have always addressed their people as their "children." The most strenuous doctrinaire of the right of the bargainer, of the title of the possessor, does not fail to say: We provide employment, or This is for our skill in superintendence, or, This is our Supply for your Demand, or, This is the reward of the Thrift, Abstinence, with which we save and use the capital of the Community. These kingly, aristocratic, capitalistic pretensions are not solely hypocrisies; they are the confessions of a duty felt if not fulfilled. Love is the stuff of all our rules and forms of our public and private associations. Property is held and transferred by will, deed or sale only as the common will directs, and always subject to the social will, as the superior of the single will. This superior will taxes its inheritance, sale, income, importation, regulates it as by sanitary and factory and employers' liability, and Irish land laws; appropriates it as by

eminent domain for the common use. The law holds that all men are equal in rights. The law has made real through its bankruptcy enactment the saying, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," which, even while we have done it, we have supposed only a god could do. Our political Constitutions have no foundation except the general welfare and the consent of the governed, and give an equal vote to men of every variety of strength and weakness, good will and bad will. Down to our table manners, the essence and foundation of our social institutions, even of slavery, is the progressive incarnation of love. Love is the ideal, and the real is the progressive compromises it makes with its other half—self-interest. The reconciliation of individual love and social love with each other, of individual self-interest and social self-interest, of both kinds of love with both kinds of self-interest—this is the life of all for all. Every act of life, like every act of the plants or the planets, is a compromise. If we don't like the word compromise we can say composition. To go anywhere, to do anything, we have to balance. We cannot by any smoothness of phrase nor cunning of panacea save ourselves the trouble of making a new decision at every crisis, and every act is a crisis. The political economist thinks he has made the social world simple by throwing away sympathy. But he has only made it impossible. The transcendentalist thinks we have but to deny self-interest and we will find in love the universal solvent. But the solvent has nothing to solve. Self-interest, the competition of self-interest, are as right as love and its self-surrenders. Love makes for the centre, the people. Self-interest for the circumstance, the individual. Love unites, self-interest separates.

It is education which can select and prepare the civil service of the communisms and free the spirit for the anarchies. Until we get to heaven the progress of communalisations must, if the balance of society is to be kept, be accompanied by an equal popularisation of private property. Every one of the people must own something of his own. Society must not become centripetalised. There must be individualism as well as socialism, home rule as well as national rule. There must be independence as well as interdependence. Every citizen must have his field, his home, his separate things, to be administered by himself alone. His personality, his self-reliance, his sense of private power must be more than kept intact, must be cultivated and developed, if he is to be fit to meet his fellows in the co-operative activities. There must be a corner for everyone, a retreat where he may exercise his volition instead of submitting to that of the majority, a solitude where he ceases to think as one of the commonalty for the common welfare but occupies himself with the nearer and more intimate concerns of his own property and own personality. We must be men as well as members. Only out of such stout stock, each revolving about his own centre as well as revolving with the other bodies of his system, can we get the true society. Even the co-operative associative habit of mind runs into vices as distinctly as does the individualistic; each can be kept true only by the correction of the other.

Society must do, as every creature of the commonwealth of nature has done in order to survive in its ascent from the slime—keep creating itself. Progress means anarchies as well as communisms. Under communisms, as long as they are developing upward, society and the individual express their progress in a series of anarchies which are the complement of the communisms just described.

If the story of Abraham's turning from the sacrifice of Isaac to the sacrifice of a ram providentially at hand, caught in a thicket by his horns, is a romantic and highly personified account of the social change by which the Israelites gave up human sacrifices, it adds another illustration to many from the history of China, India, Japan and other countries. The Lawgiver of the universe, representing the new social will, interferred with the command to Abraham, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad." But we now need no interference from the state or any authority to deter us from human sacrifices—of that kind. Even though the law against crimes must remain on the statute books for the restraint of those who cannot restrain themselves, millions of good men and women have reached the anarchic stage where no force of the state is needed to keep them honest, and pure and loyal. Civilised society could thus be sociologically mapped out as containing within itself enlarging areas of communisms and anarchies — the material progress expressing itself in the communisms; the anarchies being the consummations of the moral growths. A catalogue of the anarchies or achievements of uncompelled goodness would be what the mathematicians call "the reciprocal," or inversion of a list of the wickednesses mankind had grown out of. In a catalogue of the communisms we would find the industries to which mankind had succeeded in applying the principle of brotherhood. Projected to their consummation, these ideals would indicate that Heaven, or the perfect earthly society, would be materially all commune; spiritually, all anarchy. There could be neither without the other; each exists only by virtue of the other; there could be no individual acts or social acts without both. The only strength love has it gets by overcoming self-interest; the only right-

eousness self-interest has it learns from its antagonist, love. Selfishness and altruism, competition and socialism, will each persist as long as the other one of the pair persists. Progress is made up of their successive compromises or harmonisations. These forces fight, as men and nations do, for peace—the peace of the family, the clan, the nation, the church, of slavery, serfdom. All these have been pacifications. The unresting forces, the moment one contest is decided, begin another. Man is forever harmonising liberty in organisations, and breaking up organisations to get liberty. "Ohne Hast, Ohne Rast." The battle in our day is for the industrial pacification, the social arrangement which shall best balance the existing ideals.

Every man having illimitable progressivity of desires needs all he wants. This he can get only by drawing upon all the resources of nature, including fellow-men; hence every man is indispensable to every other. Herein lies the true political economy which can harmonise all —reveal new resources of wealth.