My Right to Work.

By R. B. SUTHERS.

I AM one of the unemployed.

I want work. I am willing to work. I am able to work. I cannot find

I want work. I demand workand wages.

Yes, I demand work. I do not beg for work. I demand work. I claim it as my right.

Do not, I pray you, turn away until you have heard my case. You think it impudent of me, a penniless out-ofwork, to demand work. You think, perhaps, it would be more becoming of one in my position to beg, respectfully beg, for work. But I do not beg. I say again, I demand work, as my right. Hear my case, and judge if I make out my claim or no.

In the first place, I demand work because I am a live human being, will-

ing and able to work.

Here am I, five foot ten of bone and muscle, and sinew, and flesh and blood. I did not ask to come. was brought into the world without being consulted. Just as you, my fellow-countrymen, were brought into the world. I have as much right here as you have.

Here I am. And planted within me, as in you, is the strongest of all instincts—the instinct of self-preservation. I have that instinct, and, with it, the power to satisfy it.

I have as much right to satisfy that instinct as any other human being. Can anyone deny it?

Having that instinct, how shall I satisfy it? There is only one way. All human sustenance comes from our Mother Earth. To the earth, then, I must go for my living.

But I cannot go to the earth. Barring my path on every side there is this warning: "Trespassers will be

If I go to the land, if I dig up even a root to appease my hunger, I am sent to prison. The land is not mine, I am told. It belongs to somebody.

I am sent to prison. I am robbed not only of my right to work, but of my freedom, too.

Is this right?

my natural right to satisfy the instinct of self-preservation implanted within me?

The British nation it is who does me these wrongs. My fellow-country-

You, my fellow-countrymen, are a You have a Government, and you have laws. You, my fellowcountrymen, appoint this Government. You choose the men who shall make the laws, and you agree to obey the laws.

It is you, then, who rob me of my right to work and of my freedom if I exercise my natural instinct of selfpreservation by taking sustenance from Mother Nature.

It is you who made the law which allows our native land to be owned by a small number of yourselves. It is you who give this small number the power to decide who shall or shall not use the land.

You are the guilty people. You rob me of life and freedom. On what grounds?

I do not deny that you have the power so to rob me. If you answer that 42,999,999 people are stronger than one man, and by reason of their superior strength have the right to rob the one of the power to exercise his natural instincts, to exclude him from the land, and to imprison him, then I have no more to say. If might is right, if the right to work and live is to be decided by force, then I am done.

But you will not, you do not, admit that force is to decide the question. If you did-what then?

If I take sustenance from the land, if I help myself to a root growing therein, you tell me I am a thief. is no matter that I take the root unseen by any person. If I announced to the world that I dug up roots from another man's land, you would not admit that I was entitled to the spoil under the laws of might.

No. You would denounce me as a thief. You would appeal to the moral law. You would imprison me all the same. You would deny the law of might.

I also appeal to the Very well. moral law.

I claim the right to work as natural right arising out of the fact of my being, and I claim the right to work under the moral law, the law arising out of human brotherhood

ancestors, have established the British nation. Every person born in these islands is a member of that nation. I, being native born, am a member of

A nation, I understand, is a number of people who agree to live together under a code of laws. It is believed that by such an arrangement life will be easier and better for all. Order and co-operation (more or less) are substituted for anarchy and com-

Now, if such an arrangement does result in making life easier and better for all, no objection can be made to it. Order is better than anarchy.

Is life easier for all?

In this country, to-day, I assert that, far from life being easier and better for all, life is for myself, and for hundreds of thousands like me, harder and less human.

In this country, to-day, life for me, and for hundreds of thousands like me, is harder to maintain than it would be if we had our natural right of free access to our Mother Earth.

Society, nationality, civilisation, are for us a failure.

Without land we cannot live. You, my countrymen, have shut us out of the land. Under the laws made by you, we have no right to the land. You have robbed us of the right to

I deny your right to rob us of the right to life. I have as much right to life as you have. The same right -no more, and no less.

Unless you admit that the question of my living is to be decided by the law of might, you have done me and many more grievous wrong. have broken the moral law.

You deny the law of might. You profess to be governed by the moral law. You profess to believe that the moral law is divine.

Whether the moral law be divine, or whether it arise from the fact of human brotherhood, in depriving us of the right to work, and live by our work, you have broken it.

What does the moral law say? Love your neighbour as yourself. Do unto others as you would be done by. Who thus steals my freedom and Justice and Love are the moral laws. Is it just to deprive a man of life?

Is it just to rob a man of his freedom to exercise his instinct of selfpreservation? Is it neighbourly to allow your brother to starve?

The laws of the British nation, my countrymen, are supposed to be an advance on the no-laws of the savage in a wilderness. But the savage in the middle of Africa can exercise his natural instinct of self-preservation.

I cannot exercise mine. You deprive me of the right. The savage is better off than I am. He is free to live. I am only free to starve.

Is there not something wrong?

A Cabinet Minister has told you that for a State to admit the right to work would mean ruin.

I am ruined now. Thousands like me are ruined every year. Our wives and children are ruined. Because we have not the right to work.

Your moral law imposes on you the duty of feeding the hungry. The law of the country enacts that the destitute must be fed. The poor and the unemployed are fed now, in a way. By charity and the Poor Law.

You admit, half-heartedly, that we have a right to live.

I demand, then, the right to work for that living. I claim it as a right under the moral law.

I do not want charity. I assert that it is immoral for an able man to case degrades both the giver and the

Charity does not cancel your debt to me under the moral law. Charity does not provide me with the full life that I could obtain by exerting my powers. Even if I accept your charity, I am still being robbed of my just rights. I am not free.

I do not want your poor relief, with its degrading conditions. Poor relief does not cancel your debt to me under the moral law. Accepting such relief and such conditions, I am dishonouring my manhood. I am not free. I am a beggar.

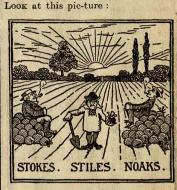
I will not be a beggar. I will not accept your charity. I demand work You, my countrymen, have robbed

me of the right to exercise my natural instinct of self-preservation. laws have robbed me of the right to work. I ask you, in the name of justice, to restore that right.

I claim the right to work. Does anyone deny the justice of my de-You, my countrymen, and your mand?

ELEMENTARY SOCIALISM.

(Adapted to the comprehension of Tory statesmen.)



Ix is a field. A lord named Noaks owns the field. A man named Stokes rents the field. A hind named Stiles digs the field.

Stiles plants and digs up roots Each twelve (12) roots dug up by Stiles is shared thus:

Noaks takes 7 roots, Stokes takes 4 roots, Stiles takes 1 root.

That is to say, Noaks and Stokes leave Stiles to do all the work, pay him no more of the roots he digs than he can just live on, and share the rest of the roots between them.

Then Stiles says: I plant and dig all the roots, but you two eat most of them, and I and my wife and babes have not as much food as we want.

And Stokes speaks to Stiles thus: You fool. If you ask for more roots I will take my heap of roots to a strange land and pay them to some strange man who will be glad to dig

And Lord Noaks says : You are a bad man, Stiles. You ought not to ask who eats your roots. You ought to ask if it is sure that you can for all time grow and dig out of the land as much root food as will feed me, and Stokes, and you as well.

Then Stiles, who is a True Blue, claps his hands and gives loud cheers.

And I hope all the great and wise and good men who lead the True Blues can see from this tale and the pic-ture what an ass Stiles is. For, of course, if Stiles gave no

roots to Noaks and Stokes, he would have all the roots to eat or to feed his wife and babes with. So that Stiles ought to think thus:

I dig more roots than I and my wife and babes could eat; but we get less to eat than we need. If I dig six roots where I now dig

twelve (12) roots and share them all with my wife and babes, we shall be six times as well fed as we now are and I need not work more than half as long as I now do.

All the produce of the nation is the result of labour directed by intelli-But all the produce is not wealth. Much of it is what Ruskin calls "illth"—useless or pernicious rubbish, which we should be better without.

The nation which produces the most "wealth" is the wealthiest nation and the most prosperous. The nation which employs most labour upon the production of "wealth" and

least labour upon the production of "ilth" will produce most wealth. In a community of ten thousand souls, if nine thousand are engaged in producing food and are engaged in producing food and one thousand in produc-ing jewels, there will be ample food for all.

In a community where nine thousand produce jewels and only one thousand produce food, there will be famine, though the streets are piled

with diamond rings.

Our population is commonly divided into two classes—rich and poor, or employers and employed. This division is commonly divided.

sion is erroneous. There are at present three great classes in this country. These are: †

1. Those who consume without pro-

ducing.

Those who consume without producing.

Those who produce useless things, or things consumed only by Class I.

Those who produce useful things. The first two classes get most of the wealth between them, and the whole of the wealth is radduced by the third. of the wealth is produced by the third Your first class draw rent and

interest, and spend it in luxury.
Your second class produce the uxuries, or perform various menial offices, for the first class, and are paid by the first class with money earned by the third class.

Now, the Socialist contends:

1. That Classes 1 and 2 get a great deal more wealth per head than is got

by Class 3.

2. That if Classes 1, 2, and 3 were all paid equally, Class 3, although still unjustly treated, would fare better than they fare now.

3. That if Class 1. which now produces nothing, and Class 2, which now produces rubbish, or waits upon Class 1, were set to with the produces and the set to with the produces of the set to with the produces are the set to be set

roduces rubbish, or waits upon Class I, were set to work to produce necessary things—that is, "wealth"—there would be a great deal more wealth produced than is produced now. The greater the proportion of "reflective and asthetic persons," the smaller the output of turnips.

Socialism and Human Nature.

Non-Socialists are in the habit of saying that Socialism demands a Non-Socialists are in the habit of saying that Socialism demands a complete change in human nature. They say Socialism is very pretty in theory, but that it is wrong because human nature is not good enough for Socialism. They tell us that we Socialists are mistaken because we have built up a scheme without first considering human nature. They are entirely mistaken.

The only school for the study of human nature is the world. The only text-books are the works of men like Shakespeare, Hugo, Cervantes, Sterne, and other students who learned in that school.

Sterne, and other students who learned in that school. But the effectual study of human nature demands from the student a

nature demands from the student a vast fund of love and sympathy. You will never get admitted into the heart of a fellow-creature unless you go as a friend.

Consider the lady nurse at the seat of war. Gentle, delicate, loving, and lovelyle of high intelligence of great

of war. Gentle, delicate, loving, and lovable, of high intelligence, of great beauty, young, refined, and educated, she leaves pleasure and home and ease, and all the pomps and flatteries of courts and assemblies, to labour amid peril and hardship and all the sickening and dreadful sounds and sights of the battle-field, the hospital, and the camp. Amid nestilence and and the camp. Amid pestilence and blood, amid death and mutilation, blood, amid death and mutilation, you find her, calm and gentle and fearless. Dressing loathsome wounds, soothing fevered heads, hearing the imprecations and the groans of delirious and sick men, always unselfish, always patient, always kind, with but one motive and that the interest of the second seco charity, without any crown or recompense of glory or reward—such is the lady nurse at the seat of war. It is a noble picture—is it not? Well, that is human nature.

Consider now the outcast Jezebel of the London pavement. Fierce and cunning, and false and vile. Ghastly of visage under her paint and grease. A creature debased below the level of the brutes, with the hate of a devil in her soul and the fire of hell in her yes. Lewd of gesture, strident of eyes. Lewd of gesture, strident eyes. Lewd of gesture, strident of voice, wanton of gaze; using language so foul as to shock the pothouse ruffian, and laughter whose sound makes the blood run cold. A dreadful spectre, shameless, heartless, reckless, and horrible. A creature whose touch is contamination, whose words burn like a flame, whose leers and ogles make the soul sick. A creature living in drunkenness and filth. A moral blight. ness and filth. A moral blight. A beast of prey who has cast down many wounded, whose victims fill the lunatic ward and the morgue; a thief, a liar, a hopeless, lost, de-graded wretch, of whom it has been well said, "Her feet take hold of well said, "Her feet take hold of hell; her house is the way to the grave, going down to the chamber of death." It is an awful picture—is it not? But that is human

Human nature is a complex and an awful thing. It is true of man that he is fearfully and wonderfully made. But consider all these types of humanity, picture to yourself the soldier at his post, the thief at his work, the smith at the forge, the factory girl at the loom the seton of tory girl at the loom, the actor on the stage, the priest at his prayers, the sot at his can, the mother with the sot at his can, the mother with her babe, the widow at the husband's grave, the judge in his wig, the Indian in his paint, the farmer at the plough, the beggar asleep in the ditch, the peer with his betting book, the surgeon with his knife, the street arab in the slums, and the young girl dreaming over a love tale, and then recall to your mind the bloodless, soulless abortion of the political economist, and the "unit" of "Society," whose purpose in life of "Society," whose purpose in life is to "produce," and whose only motive power is the "desire for gain."

The last refuge of Gradgrind, when

he is beaten by Socialistic argument, is the assertion that human nature is incapable of good. But this is not true. Men instinctively prefer light to darkness, love to hate, and good to

evil.

The most selfish man would not see a fellow-creature die or suffer of he could save him without personal cost or risk.

Only a lunatic would wantonly destroy a harvest or poison a well, unless he might thereby reap some personal advantage.

It is clear, therefore, that men will do good for its own sake; but they will not do evil except with the

Then the Church speaks, saying that men are born bad. Now, I hold that human nature is not innately that human nature is not innately bad. I take the scientists' view that man is an undeveloped creature. That he is a being risen from lower forms of life, that he is slowly working out his development—in an unpuard direction—and that he is yet a long way from the summit. How far he is below the angels, how far above the brutes, in his pilgrimage is a matter for dispute. I believe that he is a great deal better than the Church and the economist suppose him to be; and that the greater pose him to be; and that the greater part of what these superior persons call his "badness" is due to the conditions under which he lives, or in which he and his fathers have been bred.

a beautiful and a wholesome thing? Yes, when it is fed by the mountain streams, washed by the autumn rains, and runs over a pebbly bed, between grassy meadows decked with water lilies, fringed with flowering rushes, shaded by stately trees; but not when it is polluted by city sewers, stained by the refuse of filthy dye-vats and chemical works; not when its bed is slime, its banks not when its bed is slime, its banks ashes, and when the light falling upon it is the flame of forges, and the shadows those of mills, and manure works, and prisons. Is human nature sweet, and holy, and fruitful of good things? Yes. When fruitful of good things? Yes. When it gets light and air and culture, such as we give to the beasts of the farm and to the lilies of the field; but and to the lilies of the field; but when it is poisoned and perverted and defiled, when it is crushed, cursed, and spat upon, then human nature becomes bad. Tell me, then, shall we, in judging rivers, take the Irwell; or shall we, in judging men, take the slums, or the City Council or the House of Commons, or the Rourse, or the State Texpenses or the State Texpenses. or the House of Commons, or the Bourse, or the Stock Exchange, or any other body where vulgarity, and aggression, and rascality, and selfish presumption are the elements of success? No thing on this earth can be good under adverse conditions—not the river, not the green grass, not the skylark, nor the rose; but if a thing can be good under propitious circumstances we say of it, "This is good." We say that of all the things of the earth except man. Of man of the earth except man. Of man we say, without hesitation and without conditions—"He is bad." We will leave the Mongolian, the Turanian, and other inferior races

Turanian, and other inferior races out of our calculation, and take the Caucasian race as the type of humanity. Then it may be said that several intellectual qualities are common to all men. The average man, under average conditions, is fond of woman, fond of children—especially his own. He is also fond of himself. He likes to succeed. He likes to be admired. He enjoys his food and drink. He likes excitement and variety. He likes to laugh. He admires beauty, and is pleased with music.

Now consider how these qualities of the body and the mind may be acted upon by circumstances. We know how the pure passion of love may be debased. We know how men may be debased. We know how men may become so brutalised that they will ill-use women; that they will cease to love and cherish their chil-dren. We know how a man grows selfish and cruel. We know how he selfish and cruel. We know how he selfish and cruel. We know how he sinks to sottishness, to gluttony, to torpid, savage boorishness. We know we have with us vast numbers of rich and poor, of respectable and disreputable liars and rogues and beasts and dastards. Is that the fault of human nature? Or is it the fault of the evil influences that choke and poison human nature?

the fault of the evil influences that choke and poison human nature?

The Gradgrind supposes greed to be the ruling passion because in the Society he knows most men strive to get money. But why do they strive to get money? There are two chief motives. One the desire to provide for or confer happiness upon children, on friends; the other the desire to purchase applause. But in the first case the motive is not greed, but love; and in the second case it is not greed, but vanity. Only a miser covets money for its own sake. Both love and vanity are stronger passions than greed.

own sake. Both love and vanity are stronger passions than greed.

Money never had a martyr. In Mammon's bible the text of the Christian Bible is altered. It reads, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life?" Men will fight for money; but they will not die for it. Now millions have died for honour, for love, for religion, for duty, for for love, for religion, for duty, for country, for fame. And how then can any sensible person stand by the base and brutish dogma that greed is the chief motor of the human

It seems an amazing thing to me. this persistence in the belief that greed is the motive power of humanity. The refutation of that error is forever under our noses You see how men strive at cricket The refutation of that you see the intense effort and the fierce zeal which they display at football; you see men nearly kill them-selves in boat races, on cycling tracks and running grounds; you know that these men do all this without the hope of a single penny of gain, and yet you tell me in the face of the powerful football combinations, and rowing clubs, and cricket clubs, and with a quarter of a million of volunteers amongst you, and with the records of Inkerman, and Lucknow, and Marston Moor on your shelves, and with the walls of the hospitals, and the lifeboats of the Royal Humane Society, and the spires of your churches, and the convents of the Sisters of Charity, and the statues of your Cromwells, and Wellingtons, and Nelsons, and Cobdens, all ready for you to knock your stupid heads against, that the only reliable human motive is—the teers amongst you, and with the only reliable human motive is-the

desire for gain.

Look about you and see what men do for gain, and what for honour.

Your volunteer force—does that exist for gain? Your lifeboat service, for gain? Your lifeboat service, again—is that worked by the incentive of dirty dross? What will not been bred.

The question asked is whether human nature is bad. We must begin by asking under what circumstances? Will a peach tree bear peaches? Yes, if planted in good soil and against a south wall. Will a rose tree flourish in England? Not if you set it in an ash-heap and exclude the light and air. Is a river

ECONOMIC BALLADS.

No. 2.—The Sacred Right of Contract.



Story of Great Britain's fate, How she lost her power and glory, Fell to be a mere estate? Mark ye well, then, this narration Shall make plain the truth to all, How the noble British Nation Showed most nobly in its fall

COMRADES, would you learn the story,

Myriad foes, through stormy ages, 'Gainst our realm had rushed amain-

As the wild seas in their rages Charge our haughty cliffs-in vain. But at length the British Lion Was entangled in a snare, By Missouri J. Van Spryun, A Chicago millionaire.

"Twere gross folly to invade a Realm like England," quoth this knave;

'I have read of the Armada, And I know who rules the wave. Whoso should with fleets attack her, Just might calculate to fail; But, I reckon, I can sack her With another kind of sale.'

Then he wickedly exported To our unprotected shore, More mixed cargoes of assorted Goods than e'er were sent before; Hams in millions, cheeses, bacon, Lobsters (tinned) and peaches (canned),
And the money for them taken

First, he bought up Modern Baby-Lon, from Hampstead Heath to Kew,

Spent in buying English land.

With the Tower, likewise the Abbey, And St. Paul's Cathedral "tew Bought the House where patriots

Bought the "Cri" and Rotten Row, Bought the Horse Guards and the noted

Waxworks of the great Tussaud.

Then, to feed his sharp desire, Fell fair Surrey, rich in crops, Cornwall next, and Devonshire, Kent, with all its wealth of hops. Pressing northward next to buy lands, He snapped acres up full fast, Till the purchase of the Highlands Made Great Britain his at last.

Then this Yank (the Furies rend him) All the British peerage bid At Westminster to attend him, Which, of course, their lordships did:

When, in an ornate oration. Covering every inch of ground, He declared the British Nation Were for honesty renowned.

Said: "I stand on Magna Charter, Like an oak firm-rooted—haw! Named the Sacred Rights of Barter, Praised the Briton's Love of Law; Claimed that purchase, in effect,

Buyers might bought goods demand, And—served notice of ejectment

On the Nation, out of hand. 'Treason!" cried the peers, "In-

vaders!" Spake the Premier: "Not a whit. Britain is this honest trader's. Since he bought and paid for it." And Lord Chancellor, concurring, Said: "The law is very strict; Contract's Sacred; no demurring! He has power to evict."

Not one Briton hesitated; Each perceived what each must do, Straight the Nation emigrated To Cathay and Timbuctoo. And the Yank, left in possession, Sat upon a mountain peak, Smiling, with a weird expression, And his tongue thrust in his cheek.

Comrades, you have heard the story How the Mistress of the Sea Lost her Empire, lost her Glory. To Missouri J. Van T. You may count her people silly uns, But the world will ne'er forget That no man of all her millions Would repudiate a debt.

Logical and Honest Britain. Bitterly her weird she dreed, But of her it shall be written: "She was faithful to her Creed."