

"MASTER AND MAN."

MR CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS, -

In dealing with this subject, it is from what I have seen and thought upon the matter myself without the help of superficial aid, and I intend to treat with it in a simple manner from this standpoint, hoping to arouse a little interest in the question.

Taking the word master in its everyday sense to mean the employer, the wage-payer, the factory-owner, and so on; and man as the wage-earner, the laborer, the producer: it is of these I wish to treat, both in their relative positions as master and man, their *status* in the community at present, and what their *status* ought to be if we had our rights yielded to us, what man's position will be I trust in the community promulgated, tended, reared by the lifetime efforts of our great socialist reformers, a community, an industrial hive, where freedom, social equality, individual independence for man and woman is willingly acknowledged the law of the land.

As we all know and must acknowledge, depression in trade, in business, is the order of the day all over Australia. The labor market is glutted: men are walking about helpless and homeless, ragged and breadless.

I passed down George-street the other evening about seven o'clock, and saw a big procession of men wending their way to get a free meal - orderly, well-behaved fellows. My heart ached at the sight; my tears flowed to see this want, this degradation, men sunk down to this beastly level, having to eat what they couldn't earn, what they could not work for, and yet have to be thankful for it.

Shelley, our beautiful poet, our exquisite thinker, our noble humane worker, said in the "Masque of Anarchy"—

"Asses, swine have litter spread,
And with fitting food are fed,
All things have a home but one,
Thou, oh, Englishman, hast none!
This is slavery! Savage men
Or wild beasts within a den
Would endure not as ye do,
But such ills they never knew."

Australians, now this is applicable to you. How can ye bear, men and women, to be so patient under the toils - be worse housed, worse fed than your master's cattle, and bear it all without resistance? In Shelley's address to the men of England, he says—

"The seed ye sow another reaps,
The spoil ye find another heaps,
The robes ye weave another wears,
The arms ye forge another bears."

And I say ye can go on sowing - they will do the reaping; ye can find the gold and the silver - *they* will use it, *they* will store it, *they*, not you, will spend it. You can make robes and fine clothes, you can be sweated and badly treated, they will wear the costly garments and never stop to think whether the sewers, the designers, had enough to wear, to eat, whilst making them; not stop to consider if the workshops and sweating dens were fit for you to work in. You have become accustomed to your position, you have worked while you could get it, bore it the best you could when no employment offered, were contented with less food, less covering for yourselves and families; you dreaded the sight of an agitator - a man who would show you how to better your position, or tell you

what your position really was—a social slave; but happily, happily, I say, you have been forced to listen, many of you. The first seed of thought has been planted in you after many futile efforts; you have been enabled to see for yourselves that you could work for a life time, from youth to helpless old age, and not be one bit better off. Care, trouble, responsibility, work, hard labor, has been yours; your lifetime, at its close, has not a single advantage to boast of; you are none the richer for your labor. No, certainly not; how could you be? You labored incessantly since you were twelve or thirteen years of age in a close, dusty factory, the whirl-whir of the machinery in constant motion almost distracting you. You worked in the mines searching for beautiful yellow gold ankle deep in water, knee deep, yes, up to the breast in water. You courted the agonies of sciatica, the weak lungs from the use of dynamite in the mine shut off from the pure air; or doubled on a board in a sweater's den, you made fine clothing. All lawful work this. You were paid for it? No, No! You were robbed for it. Your health, your strength, your lifetime, labor, gone for a paltry pittance, a beggarly dole. You earned hundreds and hundreds of pounds during this lifetime; you got paid a portion of it, a very small portion, the princely sum of 25s. to £2 per week. This was your share. And you took it, and were thankful, whilst your masters, your self-constituted owners, pocketed the thousands that you had earned; they reaped the golden harvest, they divided the spoil, they shared the treasure, they wore the rich robes woven by your hands, and when you dared be discontented you were shut out of the factory and mine; you were starved into submission. The guns your money paid for were carried by the soldiers you supported. The order to "fire low" was given against you even, and you stood it all. You have been sweated and robbed all your lifetime up to this. Do you still see no escape out of it, no help for it? Are you willing to go on to the bitter end uncomplaining, the only noise you make a curse at Fate for placing you in this position? Fate did not place you thus. Fate or Providence—use what term you will—had nothing to do in the matter. You have to bear it though, and what you want, and must have, is a way out of the difficulty. You want a solution of the problem of circumstance. You have worked long enough for others. Learn the lesson now, first of all, how to obtain sufficient food. Bread and meat is all very good, you know, but you earn dainties for others. Just taste them yourselves now, and if you like them, have them. Why, you earn laces, and furs, and feathers, for your master's wives. Give into your wives likewise. They are your companions, the mothers of your offspring, your tender nurses when sick. Give them good attire. They will enjoy it; they will like to look well; you will like to see it, too. Give your children sport and play; give them music and pictures; keep them children in their childhood. Your masters' children enjoy all this—why not yours? They are flesh and blood, they are human, they have thought and feeling, only they are forced into the factory when they should be at their books and play. They are forced into a premature manhood and womanhood. Circumstances have been too much for them, as for you. You are kept down, they are kept down, and it seems that it must be a bold scheme indeed that will get you out of the spoiler's net. It is not a mouse that will gnaw the mesh; it will be the gigantic efforts of lion-hearted men, of brave, unflinching women, who will show to you the way to gain the produce of your toil. The very thought of so much good fortune almost affrights you. You think such work cannot be accomplished. But I say it can, and will. We will force it to a conclusion. We will not lay down our arms till this work be an accomplished fact.

You want shorter hours of labor. You must get them. No man should work more than eight hours a day. We will be content with eight hours now, and for a few years perhaps. After that a time will come for six, perhaps—but we will let the future alone. Just now we'll do what we can for the real living present.

We must get 8 hours for all—butcher, baker, tailor, carter, laborer, servants. Mistresses won't like this last, perhaps I cannot help it. I cannot help to raise one section of the community whilst another is down-

trodden. Let who will like or hate it, our work must be for the redemption of the whole of the long-suffering down-trodden, who have hitherto been unable to help themselves. No one must be left out. It has been urged upon me at times that if these people had more leisure they would have less treasure. But I say No! Can you not see where I am right? It is this way: All along you have been underpaid and overworked, and now must for a short time work less hours, but get the same money as hitherto, until you take a step in advance, and share the products of your toil to a better advantage to yourselves.

How are you to do this? What are the means to the end? Strikes or co-operation, Trades Unionism—what is it to be? You have tossed about with the tides. It has been favorable to you, but at every favorable turn your wants grew daily more. A little good fortune roused and stimulated, forced you into thinking of your position, urged you to better it; to renovate the old systems that enslaved you body and soul. That roused the man that was in your nature—the man apart from his slavery and degraded mode of living. When this manhood asserted itself in you, you agitated; you resorted to the strike as a method of redress; you struck against the tyranny of the wealthy mine-owner, who kept you, and your wife, and children of tender years, working for twelve and fourteen hours a day at a time. This tyranny in the coal-mine, this outrage that was a foul blot on our civilization, that crushed and debarr'd you from all enjoyment, all thought or knowledge of pleasure, of intellectual pursuits. In the factories it was just the same—tyranny and slavery everywhere, till the chains galled you to such an extent that some among you were forced to take up arms against it. They exhorted you to rouse yourselves. You did. You often responded nobly, and at the horrible risk at times of absolute starvation you struck for shorter hours, for better pay. Your condition has been improved through these strikes very often. Trades Unionism has helped the masses. It has helped to educate them; raised them a little higher in the social scale. It has shown the wealthy mine and factory owners, the heartless aristocrat with his thousands, that you have brains, as well as bodies and muscles, and that when rightly taught that you can use your brains, and will use them too, in order to get a little more rest for your bodies that have been used as mere machines to grind wealth for the worthless drones who dupe and betray you. When they are done with you, when your hinges are rusty and broken, your sight dim, your years of labor done, do they nurse you?—do they feed you?—do they house you?—do they give back to you some of the treasure that you earned for them? No fear! Not they. The hospital, the workhouse, the benevolent asylum, the droppings and doles of charity (when your character is inquired into), the soup kitchen. Avail yourselves of these; they are the only places likely to receive you. But you must prove yourself a pauper first—mark that—before you are received even here. Why, what could you expect else? Ye gave them all the power. Ye cannot blame *them*, you know. You let them do it. You gave your bodies into slavery; they made use of them, and threw them aside when worthless. Ye have been fools, and blind too long. Your senses are slowly returning; the tide is changing. Mark for yourselves the ripples and eddies. Standing on the brink, calm and dispassionate, be your own accusers, be your own judges before you embark upon the wave that is to bear you from your troubles to the shores of the new city, where want and misery will never be known or felt. Accept the help of Trades Unionism, of co-operation of the whole mass of workers. It has done great good for you in the past. United we stand, divided we fall, is the truest and best of mottoes. We must present a bold front. Numbers, unity, a fixity and intensity of purpose—all will aid. Trades Unionism is one good step in the right direction, but it is only one. There is much to be accomplished after its labors have ceased. It must merge into the New Unionism that is being made known to you now by men who are earnest, noble workers in the Cause of Labor. We must all unite together. It is for the common good. Men and women must co-operate, must band together. The weaker sex must become stronger. They have to labor,

and if they want to reap the benefit of their toil, to keep from degrading their sex and becoming food for the spoilers, they must make common cause with the men in their endeavors to right the evils now existing.

We must take up the work at once. There is danger abroad; there are breakers ahead. Your traitorous rulers will leave you to want and misery, whilst they would allow the slaves of other nations to do your work. Go down Pitt-street, take a walk round Goulburn-street; down Lower George-street, near the Market. Ugh! The smell, the dirt, the unwholesomeness! If you are a woman you hear loud laughter, expressions of "Welly nice," "Welly good," from lips of Chinese gamblers, and lewd eyes are fastened upon you by these creatures who are allowed to live huddled together like beasts instead of human beings. You have to compete with these almond-eyed slaves, have to grow vegetables and compete with them. Can you do it? Work early and late every day in the week like them for a small wage, huddled up together ten in a room—often a miserable shed patched up with scraps of tin picked up from anywhere—can you do it? Must you do it? Will you do it? Must our ears be deafened and distressed with the hideous organ and fiddle of the beggarly denizens of the city lanes, the waste of Italy's fair shores? Have we not poor, decrepit bodies among us of our own whom we would rather aid? Are the Syrians, and the refuse, and outcasts of other nations to hawk their wares and close up these outside avenues of employment? Are Indians to be allowed to do the work that you can do, simply because they will cost less to feed, to clothe, to house, because they will demand less for their labor than you? Is the slave traffic to be commenced with the sanction of your masters? They dare not whip you, though they would not mind starving you. They dare not ravish your women and girls; they dare not force you to work until you drop, like they can force the poor Kanaka. You have more manhood, more courage than the poor unfortunate black who is torn from his island home and kindred, and forced into a miserable subjection. They say you are not fitted for the work these blacks do. Of course, you are not. Why? You are a step beyond slavery, most of you. You are able to help yourselves just a little. If your boss should swear at you, why, you swear back again. You are making your influence felt. But there is such a lot to be done yet; your work of redemption is in its infancy. You are still in the capitalists' toils; they have all along had the best of it, the best of you, and they will not resign their power without a struggle. They have the omnipotent power that the possession of wealth bestows. They own the land, the treasure-laden soil, the handsome usury shops called Banks, they control the shipping, they direct the building societies, and cozen you poor working men that these same societies are run in your interests. They charge you a high percentage and fine you for not paying up to date. They keep all you have paid up if you run much behind through ill-luck, and yet they run you into the belief that they are the "poor man's friend." They tell you this, and you believe it, the same as I did until I found them out. The directors can swagger and look big as they please. They can give loans to their friends without security. They can fleece you of all your hard earnings, and you are powerless to punish them—you cannot make them disgorge at any rate. These are your masters who keep you in slavery. You must work and toil, and live in poverty, so that they may hoard and grow rich—so that they may live in fine houses possessed of every comfort.

I knew a lady once, the owner of three fine, well-stocked stations and a very big Bank account, who would gather the eggs from the nests, pack them away beyond the reach of the servants, deny a single egg to a male or female servant, and when she has had ten or twelve dozen gathered, gone stale and rotten, get her cook to throw them out. I have seen her daughter churn butter, put it away and keep it until it was rancid, then give it to the kitchen folk. I have heard them deny a feed to a poor wretch in the burning summer, who was almost blind with the sandy blight—not one denial, but plenty. These same people employed dummies

to select land for them. This lady had sons. One of them was such a master as his lady mother was a mistress.

It is these people you have occasion to dread. These grasping, grinding creatures, who will not own the workers as fellows are the same human beings as themselves, but are mere tools to be used by them when required in producing wealth.

You say this is only one instance of such gross inhumanity, such baseness towards the helpless workers. Oh, no! Just as I knew of this, and can prove the truth, many of you, no doubt, can tell of instances you have met with.

I know of a factory where from fifty to seventy girls were employed, and the like number of boys and men. The boys and girls began work in this place, some of them from ten years of age. They ranged, at any rate, from ten years upwards. They started work at eight in the morning, left off at six in the evening, with an hour for dinner; from eight until two o'clock of a Saturday. This for some years. Well, when the Factories Act was passed, and inspectors visited the workshops, the boys and girls, who looked old enough to pass for fourteen, told lies about their ages; the others, whose diminutive size and childish looks betokened twelve years of age, scrambled over a six-foot fence at the rear of this "infant school," as it was frequently called, and had a day or two holiday until the danger was passed. Then, mark you, these children could make up their lost time by working overtime until ten o'clock at night for the princely sum of fivepence for three hours labor.

Of course, when eight hours was fought for and won by several Unions, the hours in this place were lessened. Many a child worked for years in that place, and left it broken down in health and morals.

You cannot say that masters such as these employers were good men, were just men. They went to church, it is true. They gave employment to a large number of people. They placed a few tyrannical, miserable go-betweens in a little power, but their wrong-doing, I venture to say, was much greater than the right they did, for delicate children for a few shillings a week took the place of tradesmen and tradeswomen, and they had their childishness and innocence crushed out of them by being forced to mix with depraved, vicious creatures working near them.

There are many people who will not believe that such evils exist in any part of Australia. Their own lots are so bright and cheerful that they are too near-sighted to see one degree beyond their own narrow circle. Because of a holiday, the masses turn out to seek a little enjoyment at the seaside, or in the parks, or at the races, and are fairly well-dressed, and laugh, and dance, and sing, and enjoy their outing, these comfortable people will not believe but that the toilers are as well off, and have sufficient to defray their wants, as any people should wish to have. Why, if they had not an outing occasionally, a holiday even at the cost of a day's pay, a little relaxation, these human machines would break down altogether. They could not do their master's bidding.

But pray do not think that they are all work and all tears. Oh, no! Far from it. They do not carry the wounds inflicted upon them through the capitalists' tyranny so as the whole world will gape at them. They do not want to be a constant killjoy. They can be merry and joyful under the burthen laid upon them. If they had not courage and forbearance, then a bad day for you, masters. They well enjoy the leisure; they have made the most of it, the most of the forerunner of what they shall yet all be free to look forward to with pleasure, without the dread of the holiday that keeps the payment of the rent back for a week.

On the southern bank of the Murray is situated two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land called Mildbra, an irrigation settlement started by Chaffey Brothers, enterprising men from America. They got possession of fifty thousand acres of land for irrigation purposes, on condition that they improve it to the extent of £5 per acre, with the additional right of selecting a further two hundred thousand acres at £1 per acre provided they improve it to the extent of £1 per acre. They have sold a considerable portion of this estate, and it is, considering

all things, in a very prosperous condition. The brothers will make a very tidy thing out of it. Small blame to them. But why should this large extent of land pass out of the hands of the Government to make wealth for private individuals? We read in a Melbourne paper of very recent date that the land taken up for village settlement was bought at a very high price, and is very unsuitable. If your Government treat you like this, what will you do about it? Let strangers come in and get your land for a trifle, make fortunes on it, and in most cases go home again to spend it. Australia is a splendid place for the wealthy syndicate and capitalists to embark in rich enterprises. Your Governments are very favorable to them; they like to see them coming; they welcome them. They would try and educate you in the belief that these are the proper people, the very ones, mind you, who are wanted amongst us. But are they? What have you to say on the matter? Simply this: We would be well able to do without them. They fatten on our soil; they thrive and grow; they take the produce of our toil. They are the means of providing labor for you, but they take the wealth you earn away; they benefit by it, not you. They spend some of their capital in opening up the gold-mine, the coal-pit, the sheep or cattle station, as the case may be. They are only putting this capital out at usury, though when all is said and done, if they kept it locked up at home it would not return them anything; if they placed it in a Bank it would only bring in a very small rate of interest; but in using it, becoming producers, "creating employment" for the hundreds, they benefit themselves a hundred and a thousandfold.

Capital and Labor must go hand in hand if good is to result from either. Not though in the way that many rich men urge; not the toiler to work for less wages to give the capitalist a chance to swell his gains; that is not the unity to be desired. That is the crime—for crime it is—that we must fight against.

There are many good, conscientious employers of labor, no doubt about that; the majority are very Shylocks—for their week's wages paid away they will have a rich gain. There are many employers who have to work very hard indeed to maintain their position. Work and worry, and a small percentage of profit, is theirs. Competition is very keen, living is just a game of grab, whoever has the quickest hand and sharpest eye and tongue, grabs most, and so the game goes on. Someone must win. Not at all a necessity that the winner be the most scrupulous though.

There are employers on the Continent who make their workmen's lives tolerably happy and comfortable, who provide decent homes, and give a certain amount of kindness that makes the worker more contented. Some give a slight bonus to their employers, but, look you, what I think of this, how I regard it, how you will regard it when you come to think of it. It is just like the extra one per cent. bonus given to unfortunate depositors in a building society which recently went smash, and left not a penny-piece to be divided amongst the people who were duped, and bullied, and robbed. The manager flashed it, yes, very much. The directors—well, I can only just *think* what they did, for there is a libel law, you know, and people can be punished for telling the truth where scoundrels like that are concerned.

So, you see, most of the work is waiting to be done. Who is going to do it? Who will take it in hand? Must it be left to one or two, or will you still say in Shelley's words—

"Then trample and dance thou oppressor,
For thy victim is no redressor;
Thou art sole lord and possessor
Of her corpses, her clods, and abortions—they pave
Thy path to the grave."

Will you sing this to them? Chant to them of their worth, their might, their greatness—let them be the drones and despoilers? No! You must not do it, dare not; the manhood that is fast wakening into life within you cries out against the oppressor and possessor. Not as a man will you dethrone him, but as a master who forges the links of the chain that keep

you in your slavery. They have ever been foremost, these masters; they have had the cream while you have had the stale green cheese. They have always had the front seat; you the back, or none at all. Now for a change. You must mount the front car; let them take the place they can get. Don't you trouble about them. They have looked after themselves so long, studied their own interests for such a length of time, they will come out alright. They'll swallow the bitter pill you have to give them if you administer it carefully. Never mind if it won't do them good; it will benefit you immensely, and you are the majority; you are the people who have the biggest voice, who should be studied, who should be the gainers, who should be the owners of the wealth produced by yourselves.

How is it to be done? Who are to be the workers? Why, it is simple enough when you know the way. Youself are to be the workers to ensure its success. You, everyone included, old and young, are to try for it. Make the State your master; have one ruler; let your law be Justice. By the State, friends, understand clearly what I mean. When we get our just demands conceded us, when we are allowed to live under proper social conditions, when the present *regime* is altered, so as to provide work for all, food for all, overwork and injustice for none, a Government, a ruling body like that at present existing, will not be needed, could not exist. When the implements of production and the land is free to all, you, yourselves, will be the State. Of course, you will have to appoint men to fill different high positions the same as now, but there will be no usury, no inequality about it, because every man must work, you know, and if he is one of the controlling influences of the governing body, he is elected by yourselves, and holds the position only so long as he administers justice, and gives expression to the will of the people. Justice! What a mockery it sounds!—the birth of right! But, methinks, she was strangled at her birth, or was but an abortion, a blot, for we have never known her rule. 'Twas but a name given to some vile thing that scoured, and mocked, and blinded you, that placed fetters on your limbs, that gave you wounds and palsied your brains; that left you weak and helpless. But this thing that robbed you of your freedom, that made you tools of knives and oppressors, that enlarged their gains and gave them tenfold power, that created hanging and the lash, and solitary confinement on bread and water diet, that caused a vast bunch of leeches called lawyers to swell and fatten on your very vitals. This thing must die, must cease to be; its throne must be upset, its palaces destroyed, demolished, or the stones of which it was built, the foundation on which it was reared, would shriek out the wrongs that ensued you for centuries, the crimes that reared its base walls, and you might become infuriated when the blood-stains met your gaze.

We do not want this. But I will not preach calmness to you. No! no! Agitate! agitate! I hope I'll die with that word on my lips. You must work, you must do battle, you must be filled with stern resolve to do and die in that glorious work of emancipation. Moral suasion! Somehow I do not like the sound of those two words. They remind me too much of thin slices of bread with very little butter on, and that of an inferior quality.

You cannot go cap in hand and beg your masters to relieve you from your weary burthen, to slacken the rein that keeps your neck so cramped, the strain that makes your eyes bloodshot and dilated, the cruel curb that makes your poor mouth foam. You must strain, and plunge, and rear, until the cord is snapped, and when the terrible tension is unloosened, you must not race and run for joy, must not be content to revel in the new-found freedom, but rather feel and know that if a further step is not taken, and that quickly too, another halter of a stronger make will encompass your neck and utterly strangle you.

The world is full of quacks who seek to ease your pain, to stay your groans; their nostrums do not, when taken, relieve one iota the human suffering, but intensifies and causes other ills. But ye have been prostrate so long that ye eagerly take what is offered. And now, if the nausea is

strong upon you, be advised in time—take only the remedies dictated by common sense and wisdom.

Common sense and wisdom! When, I wonder, will they become popular? When you are so crushed and humiliated that you cannot any longer endure. Then, and not till then, unfortunately, will you be forced into acceptance of reason. When the hod-carrier's shoulder is bruised, and his back so weighted that he cannot straighten it; when the pitmen, in the tanneries, get their poor hands burnt, and maimed, and helpless with lime; when the tailors are sweated and forced further into the fever homes; when the shop-girls develop hysteria and painful female complaints from long hours and long standing; when factory girls develop consumption and womb disease; when the maid and the man begin work early in the morning and leave off late at night; when the burthens are too great to be borne. Then only does it seem to me that you will seek redress.

But all is not stagnation—all is not apathy. There is an undercurrent at work in your midst of volcanic heat, volcanic power. The old order of society, and State, home and Government, will be disembowelled in the eruption that is sure to follow when the necessary elements coalesce. The kindling is there already—the fuel is dry. All that is wanting is a spark from the torch of Reason and Right to start the flame.

Compare your home with your masters; compare your clothing with his. He has fine linen and plate, sparkling wines and dainty foods, and suitable raiment. He has horses and carriage, education, accomplishments, pictures and books, comfort and cleanliness, idleness, luxury. What, pray, have you? Some of you eight hours work, but when you have to walk three or four miles to your work, and three or four miles home again, it is not only eight then—is it? You are too tired to enjoy it after you have worked all day, aren't you? Have you a fine house and linen, and delicate ware? Oh, no! You are only the common people, the toilers, the wage-earners. Ha! the *wealth*-earners. Don't forget that. The white slaves of the nineteenth century, the creatures of a boasted civilization. You are glad, truly thankful, if you have the coarse cloth, the cheapest ware, the poorest clothes to cover your nakedness. You have been quite oblivious that your muscles, your hands, produced your master's wealth, *his* comforts, *his* enjoyments, *his* luxuries. You do not seem to realize that the labor of your hands supply all his wants and imaginings, whilst you have only the vilest tea, the vilest beer, the commonest tobacco, the barest supply of food and raiment, the comfortless home, the squalid children. Just think this, workman. Your just labor produced the wealth; you should enjoy it. Let him who will not work, not eat. We will not send an army of thieves abroad to do the work. We will not place bombs or dynamite in your hands. Plunder and destruction are not the means to our end, to our reformation, to our gain, but what we sow we must reap.

You must tell the idler, the non-producer, that your arms have wielded the hammer, the axe, the shears long enough—too long. You women must tell them that you have stitched, and scrubbed, and machined until you cannot bear it any longer, so you need a rest, a little leisure, a little pleasure, time to think as well as time to work. The time that you are resting let them take a turn; let them plough, and sow, and bind; let them know what it is to be in the damp mine, the dark coal-pit, the solitary bush with dingoes and cockatoos for companions; tea and damper for sustenance. Let them take a turn at the bench with the hammer, and saw, and plane; with the bricks and mortar—that is, if they want wealth to soar above you. Let them spend a week in your homes, in your beds, at your dinner tables, at your machine. How will they like it? How long endure the damp and smell, the foul gases, the ill-furnished home, the coarse fare, the shop clothing, the misery, the squalor, the degradation? But we do not want to do this either. We do not wish to drag them down to our level. Our work is to raise the oppressed and fallen; to build a nobler civilization; to teach the meanest, the poorest, the greatest outcast the way to live manly, honorable, reputable lives; the way to earn decent food, and plenty of it. We want

to tell "Charity" she is no longer required in our midst. We want to abolish the Workhouse and Benevolent Asylum—the refuges that brand our human beings as paupers. How is it to be achieved? I'll tell you. Do away with the tyrants, the masters, the rack-renters, the usurers, the money-grinders. Send the drones from out the hives. Do not labor for the millionaire. Do not recognize him, and he will be glad to disgorge his hoard. Where beautiful green pasture and arable lands are bounded for miles with one man's posts and rails, where verdure-clad hills and sparkling springs are enclosed and claimed by one man—*down with the fences*. Save that which will encompass a plot sufficient for that man's use and comfort. He did not make the soil; he did not mix the elements that caused the grass to grow, the spring to flow and sparkle. It is Nature's handiwork, destined for the use and benefit of her numerous progeny. If you want a garden, have one; if you want a decent home, possess yourself of one; if you want your wife and children well fed, well dressed, let them be so by all means. It will be in your power when you are joined together in the common Cause. When you recognize that the man and master must meet and settle matters, when they must claim relationship with each other. If the State can control the railways, build bridges, have the water supply under their control, fence and plant beautiful parks for your recreation and enjoyment; provide you with a library, a museum, a picture gallery, a tramway service, why can they not control the Labor market? Why cannot they be the means of production of your food, your clothes, your homes. It all amounts to the one thing. You have to pay taxes and support the Government institutions. Why not let them be the sole receivers? Do away with the middlemen, the sweaters of human blood, the vultures of commerce and competition, whose claws are always struck deep into the toilers' hearts. Let the State be paymaster; let every man, every woman, every child, be under its protection, then the word master, as we know it now, will be an empty sound. 'Twill have no meaning to our ears. Want will shrink away in the shadows of night. Her horror and unloveliness will appal no more. Despair and Misery, in their garb of death; disease and ghastliness, hand in hand, will plunge into the abyss of the great unknown, and in their place Contentment, Peace, and Plenty will roam.

Socialism, pure and simple, will be the leveller of tyranny and despotism, the destroyer of monopoly, the destruction of usury. Socialism, as we are now beginning to understand it, will raise the outcast, the fallen, the needy. The slums—the hovels—will be things of the past; the hospital, with the invalid-marked pauper, will be unknown.

This is no fancy picture, painted in gaudy colors, to catch the passer-by. It can be a reality, embraced and owned by all who have the manliness, the courage, the will, to work for and possess it. Be up and doing! Rouse yourselves from your apathy, and wipe from this beautiful earth the fearful inequalities that exist between master and man.

"Let the man merge into master, and the slave into the man;
Let the harlot Competition fashion out some other plan,
For our manhood will not need her; they have loosed the galling
chains
That long held them in their bondage and for centuries in pains.
Intellect has forced a freedom, and the nations now arise,
Where before was wail and groaning, floods of song ascend the
skies.
Men are equal, men and women, none the tyrant, none the slave.
Man and master, friend and friendly, usury fast in its grave."
—(Cheers.)

During the lecture the speaker was frequently interrupted by applause, and at its close received a perfect ovation.