

THE
MEANING
OF
SOCIAL
CREDIT

Revised Edition of
"Economic
Nationalism"

Maurice
Colbourne

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THE MEANING

OF SOCIAL CREDIT

Revised Edition of

"ECONOMIC NATIONALISM"

by

Maurice Colbourne

1920

THE WORLD SITUATION IN ITS SIMPLEST TERMS

| OF SCARCITY | AFTER THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION | TODAY | THE FUTURE |
|---------------------|--|---|------------|
| IS THIS BEING DONE? | <p>HIS MAJESTY THE KING on 12th June, 1933, said:</p> <p>"It cannot be beyond the power of man so to use the vast resources of the world as to ensure the material progress of civilization"</p> | <p>PRODUCTION</p> <p>POPULATION</p> <p>EMPLOYMENT</p> <p>PURCHASING POWER</p> | |

This book tells simply but accurately what the problems are and how they can be solved.

THE MEANING OF SOCIAL CREDIT

Revised Edition of
"ECONOMIC NATIONALISM"

By

MAURICE COLBOURNE

AUTHOR OF

"THE WICKED FOREMEN" (C. W. DANIEL)

"UNEMPLOYMENT OR WAR" (COWARD McCANN, NEW YORK)

"THE REAL BERNARD SHAW" (J. M. DENT, TORONTO)

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TO
WILLIAM MARRS HOOTON

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank Messrs G. W. L. Day and Alan F. Kemble, and particularly Mr A. Newsome, for their valued help and suggestions. I have other debts too, which, while I cannot repay them, I acknowledge in the Bibliographical Note at the end of the book.

M. C.

PREFACE

IF I MIGHT HAVE A WORD WITH THE READER
IN PRIVATE

IN my modest opinion there are two good things about this book. One is that it is *not* a "crisis" book. Thank goodness for that. Its thesis, the New Economics, holds alike for fair weather and foul. Indeed, I began to write the American equivalent of this volume some eight years ago, and it was published in America in 1928, at the height, that is, of the American boom. Thus the present volume has a pedigree: it goes back farther than the modern Flood. It is inordinately proud of this fact. And because of it, its eyebrows are pencilled in a delicate curve of slightly superior disdain for the crop of "crisis" books which have rushed into print during the last few years. Above their mushroom battalions and internecine warfare this book, therefore, holds its head, quite consciously, rather high.

* * *

The second advantage I have is that I am not an economic expert. Thank goodness for that too. These are the days when the economic experts of the world are busy "taking in one another's fallacies"—as Mr Orage said wittily and editorially in the *New English Weekly*—and it is a whole-time job. No doubt

it is also a very fascinating one. But the result is that the experts stand discredited, bankrupt, and naked, though, as anyone knows who has the misfortune to listen to them, they are not ashamed of their nakedness. They are as barren of help as our statesmen, whom we have watched ever since the War fleeing from one Conference to another in a desperate effort to flee from the wrath to come.

No, I am a much more important person than a professional economist. I am a Consumer. And it is time the Consumer spoke. There has always seemed to me to be more than a family likeness between the regiments of Consumers in peace and the regiments of Infantry in war. Both are the backbones of their respective bodies, and both are commonly ignored. In the army it is the Infantry which has to furnish the fatigue parties, and march, march, march, as well as fight, just as in the citizenry it is the Consumers who have to put their hands into their pockets when there is any ticklish work to be done, and pay, pay, pay, as well as live. In short, both get all the kicks and few of the ha'pence.

What I am trying to do is to get your permission to christen my hero. I don't want to call him (or her) just the Consumer, for that would mean starting off on the wrong foot with the other foot stuck in a textbook. I want to call him (or her), if I may, the Poor Bloody Consumer, just as those of us who are old enough to have served in the War used to talk about "foot-slogging in the P.B.I."—or Poor Bloody Infantry. With such an appellation our hero is accurately, and therefore scientifically, as well as humanly, labelled.

* * *
For the rest, I heartily hope that the time will come when this book will be both utterly unintelligible and

wholly unnecessary. But I am afraid I don't think that that time will come overnight or rapidly. In the meantime, therefore, the publisher has made arrangements to enable readers of this book to keep it up to date regarding facts, statistics, and data in general. The blank pages which have been inserted are for this purpose, and as the months roll by with the world still standing on its head, whether in temporary prosperity or temporary depression, there will certainly be no lack of material to fill them many times over.

M. C.

LE CATTOROC, PERELLE,
GUERNSEY, 1933.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH REVISED EDITION

As I take up my pen to preface this Edition, news of Canada's general election arrives. In the Dominion's new Parliament Social Credit is represented by seventeen men. We salute those men. They are the most honourable vanguard of a mighty host that will first impregnate and finally populate the parliaments of the world. The link between them and this book is one calculated to feed even the most bashful author's vanity to the full: and the reader will forgive me, I hope, for being unable to forego the pleasure of recording the fact, as I am informed, that it was the American version of this volume which sowed the seed of Social Credit in the mind of Alberta's first Social Credit Premier, William Aberhart.

Social Credit is the baby of the world's political

parties, but already it has set its elders an example in two respects. It is not afraid, where other parties are content to ladle out slogans and platitudes in a spirit of either unpractical idealism or devil-take-the-hindmost, to dig down to the root causes of our troubles and, whatever they may be, to expose them unflinchingly. Secondly, where other parties face the facts of the Stone Age, the Golden Age or the Machine Age, Social Credit alone faces the facts of the Power Age in which we live and in which our children will live after us. It alone lives in the present and thinks for the future: all the rest both live and think in the past. No other party dares to face the stupendous implications of the Power Age—the Age of Plenty—except with one eye shut and the other eye blinking, any more than it can evolve a social philosophy or a political programme to fit that Age, without seeking either to enslave and regiment us or tax us to death. Social Credit stands alone. But it will carry the peoples of the world with it, unless these are content to will their own destruction.

M. C.

LONDON, *October* 1935.

Postscript.—The title of the book has been changed because phrases, especially good ones, are apt to become worn with use and to lose their original meaning, as coins their milling. Thus Economic Nationalism, the true definition of which appears at the beginning of this book, is associated in the popular mind to-day more with Hitlerism than with Social Credit. A book about the latter with a title suggesting the former would never do. For Social Credit and Hitlerism are opposites.

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ECONOMIC NATIONALISM

"The sovereignty of a nation in the economic
no less than in the political sphere."

A. R. ORAGE.

PART I
THE GOAL

Consumption is the sole end and purpose of all production.

ADAM SMITH

The Christian will have an initial sympathy with those lines of thought and suggestion which start with the consumer, and ask how he is to be able to obtain what he desires or needs to consume, because it is in consumption that the human value—the end for which all economic processes exist—is found to reside.

WILLIAM TEMPLE,
Archbishop of York

THE MEANING OF SOCIAL CREDIT

CHAPTER I

THE AGE OF SCARCITY

THOUGH we may not know very much about it, all of us are vaguely interested in what we call Instinct. It fascinated the great French naturalist, Fabre, to such an extent that he devoted the whole of his long patient life to studying its workings in animals. Yet at the end he could say only that it was Instinct. What is it that tells eels to leave a Warwickshire stream and guides them not only to the sea but to the deepest part of the Atlantic, where alone it seems they can spawn; and what then brings the parentless young eels through more than a thousand miles of trackless ocean safely back to land? What guides the homing pigeon home, and the suicidal lemmings to their watery grave? Like Fabre, we can only answer, Instinct. All we can say seems to be that Instinct is ancestral experience somehow in our possession, knowledge we do not have to seek because it has been mysteriously transmitted to us; how, is beside the point, for what concerns us here is the accomplished fact of Instinct.

The particular instinct that concerns us is the powerful one of self-preservation, the one that tells us to be careful for the future. This instinct is a form of fear, and we may call it the Fear for To-morrow's Dinner.

It is a most understandable fear, for we all agree heartily that life on the planet, earth, has never shown any marked tendency to treat its creature, man, as a spoilt darling, or to help him, unless first, and by no means always then, he helps himself. On the contrary, the normal condition of man, saint and sinner alike, is that of ceaseless struggle against some permanent, dreaded, age-long circumstance in the world that he has never been able to banish or conquer or change. Mankind is ever up against it, as the saying is. Can we put our finger on this "it"? What is this thing that breeds in us ceaselessly and instinctively a fear for the future? The answer is, Scarcity. Always Scarcity, possible, probable, or actual. From Adam's banishment or the first amoebic slime (according to one's way of thinking) it has been so, without intermission or relief. Animals, in fighting or preying upon each other, are fighting Scarcity. Men, blessed above animals, do not fight each other unless forced, preferring to combine their forces against Scarcity, and challenge it with reason, inventiveness, cunning, and organisation. Thus Abraham and Lot, forbearing to fight, part company to avoid Scarcity. Sun-worshipping and burnt-sacrifices and Christian prayers for rain, what are these and their like but supplications and propitiatory offerings to the powers beyond man's control that the forces of heat and water be released to do their part towards supplying man's needs? Fears fully are the offerings made, for if the sun shine not and the rain fall not, Scarcity caused by drought and famine will stalk the land. Everywhere we look it is the same story. The man who works beyond his own needs to put by wealth for his children; the daily glance at the Stock market report; thrift; robbery; the beetle rolling its huge wealth of dung, and still

rolling; the miser—all are but examples of the working of the instinct, which, implanted and nurtured by Scarcity, Fears for To-morrow's Dinner.

THE DEGREE OF SCARCITY

This matter of Scarcity will crop up so often in the next few pages that it will be as well before proceeding to find out precisely what we mean by it. It is not asserted, for instance, that the majority of men die of starvation or cold. These things happen, it is true, but they are not the rule. Suicides, too, and famines are periodical but exceptional. No, what is meant is that the general level of man's supply reaches just that nice point at which man, though able to keep alive, is unable to live in any sense carefree, let alone fully. He exists, but with back so bent and brow so furrowed by anxiety that Ruskin was impelled to describe civilisation as heaps of agonising maggots struggling with one another for scraps of food. For though the food and the clothes and the shelter are there, there is never an ease of them, never an abundance. Or if there is, it somehow cannot be got hold of and used. It is not that man does not try to reach the point of abundance and ease, for only death ends his trying. Nearly all his time and nearly all his energy are spent in the effort to supply himself with the means whereby to live, and his godlike faculties he takes with him to the grave unexercised. True, the lucky ones on the top rungs of the ladder can command great supplies of wealth and plenty, but they too have to spend all their time and energy in getting their wealth, and then in preserving it. Man may not be able to live by bread alone, but it is unquestionable that Scarcity has forced him throughout history to devote virtually his whole life to getting bread. And

get it he does, but always only enough to give him strength to maintain the fight, never enough for him to win it. The writer opens his newspaper to-day and is informed that 34 per cent. of the 300,000 school teachers receive £3 a week or less, only 13 per cent. receiving £5 or more. This is not an exceptional state of affairs; yesterday's newspaper told the same story about some other 300,000 Civil Servants, and in to-morrow's the story will be continued with a change of cast and a rise or fall in the wages of Scarcity by a few shillings. The subsistence level of the registered unemployed, now to be reckoned permanently in the world by tens of millions, is naturally lower still, since relief is clearly the smallest amount of money that saves its recipient from literal starvation, and at the same time keeps him socially quiet. There are, too, the unemployed of the middle classes. Unregistered, unorganised, unrelieved, and unsung, yet with the appearances of their class to keep up and obligations to discharge, how do they manage to make both ends meet? Often they fail to do so, and prefer death to England. During the present decade a Briton commits suicide on the average every hour and a half, chiefly from financial worry.

In short, the human scene unfolds itself at a level so near to starvation and bankruptcy that if the level sags ever so little it touches them. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman used to say that a quarter of the British people lived on the edge of starvation all their days. Such a consideration ought to shock us. But it doesn't, for in truth man is a tough creature, able to adapt himself to almost any condition and survive. We get used to things, even to our own sores; and, comforting ourselves with the idea that God inflicted them, go so far as to call them blessed. The Rev.

Mr J. Townsend, for example, appears to have been quite happy with things as they were in 1786. In that year His Reverence published a dissertation on the Poor Laws in which he objected to the relief of the poor because it tended to "destroy the harmony and beauty, the symmetry and order of that system which God and Nature have established in the world"; adding: "Hunger is not only a peaceable, silent, unremitted pressure, but, as the most natural motive to industry, calls forth the most powerful exertions." So deeply and for so long has Scarcity set its seal upon humanity that it is difficult, without a deliberate mental rebirth, either for the contented and machiavellian Townsends of the world, or for those who fail to see divine warrant in the realities of suffering and penury and fear, to visualise a world without these things, a world in which Fear for To-morrow's Dinner would be as groundless as a fear for to-morrow's daylight, and as foolish.

* * *

The three-pound-a-week man has been mentioned, but not the millionaire. This, therefore, is as good a place as any to deal with the oft-made suggestion that what the world is suffering from is not scarcity of wealth, but its unequal distribution. The implication is that poor men are poor because rich men are rich. Now of all the bees in the Socialist's sentimental bonnet this is probably the one with the loudest buzz. Equal Incomes for All is the usual note the buzz takes, and it may help to drown it if we examine the ludicrous sting of this ridiculous bee. Taking the population of Great Britain as 45,000,000, and assuming the average family to consist of 4.5 persons, there are 10,000,000 families to be considered. Let us further assume that each family is in possession of at least £3 a week or

£150 a year. This is an amount so small that even the reddest Communist and pinkest Socialist will be willing to keep their hands off it. What then is the amount of the country's additional income that is to be seized, divided, and redistributed? This question has been answered by Professor A. L. Bowley in his treatise on *The Distribution of the National Income*. Referring to the period immediately before the War, he estimated Great Britain's total annual income, over and above £150 per family, at £250,000,000; which sum divided among the 10,000,000 families would benefit each of them by £25. Imagine England, then, and how she would fare, if every family received £175 annually and none more. The absurdity of the idea is self-evident. The extra £25 would be spent in a few weeks and the poor would once again be as poor as they were before. Thereafter, they would be poorer still. For since no one would be able to afford, say, a country-house or a car, industry would sicken for want of orders and quickly proceed to pour forth a further stream of unemployed where before it poured forth a stream of goods. In short, the rich man would lose his comforts and the poor man his job, with an aggravation of scarcity for everyone concerned except the families of nitwits in receipt of less than £150 a year. The richer man could justly quote Iago to the poorer man, showing how the latter

Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Sentimentalisms die hard. This particular one is regarded by Liberal Franklin Roosevelt, Rebel Upton Sinclair, Conservative Hoover, Canadian Socialist Woodsworth, no less than by that famous ostrich, the British Labour Party, as though it were one of the

eternal verities. The truth is, no country can become prosperous merely by re-sharing its present inadequate income. You cannot turn Scarcity into Plenty by re-distributing an insufficiency, nor one pound of butter into two by spreading it more thinly.

SCARCITY AND RELIGION

The rude fact of Scarcity on this planet must have taught man early in his career the necessity of the virtue of thrift. Those who were not clever enough to seize their neighbours' goods by cunning or force found thrift a prime condition of their survival. Then, added to the arts of fighting for Scarcity's fruits, of bargaining for them, of conserving them, human ingenuity gradually created the art of coaxing and compelling Nature to give a fuller yield. Thus man learnt to turn the surface of the earth over and over, clod by clod, and year by year, to water its barren places and bore its rocky ones, to drag the seas, and to devise a dozen ways of killing animals or of breeding them in order to kill more. Agriculture, mining, fishing, hunting, breeding, felling, to these things some men devoted their energies, so that others could turn what they garnered and produced into food and clothes and shelters, while yet others by craftsmanship and art were able to make useful and beautiful things. Yet never did all this ingenuity and organisation succeed in banishing Scarcity from the earth, for even as the field of man's labours spread so he himself multiplied, and the number of mouths and needs grew in proportion. There was never more than just enough to go round, and the food and the clothing and the shelters, and especially the coveted luxuries, were still so scarce that men by the host fought for them. When these conflicts are fought with clubs or guns

we call them war, but they go on just the same in times of so-called peace, though the weapons used are different. And that is the essential history of the world.

In this sense the story of man is appallingly simple. It has moved in a straight line, and no extraneous considerations have been able to budge humanity from its necessitous path, spiritual or religious considerations perhaps least of all. The world, while giving, no doubt, an interested glance over its shoulder at these considerations in passing, yet passes them, and continues to behave precisely as before. It is not that reverence or belief is lacking, but simply that a struggle against Scarcity has to be maintained as well as a god worshipped, and the demands of the struggle are the more insistent. It is a question of two forces, the stronger of which wins. For instance, Christ said "Love one another," but He abolished neither war nor hate; we applaud the sentiment but cannot afford to practise it. Scarcity forbids.

Dostoevsky tells a story of the Grand Inquisitor in Seville who threw Christ into prison when He revisited the earth during the Spanish Inquisition, and of how Christ's only answer to His accuser was to kiss him and disappear. As to what befell the Grand Inquisitor, Dostoevsky writes: "Oh, the kiss burned on the old man's lips always,—but he didn't change his ways." Such divine men as Jesus, Buddha, and Mahomet assuredly appeal to man's higher centres, but so long as there is difficulty or anxiety about feeding and satisfying his lower centres, so long will that appeal be in vain, or at best reap a harvest of lip-service, ceremonial, and good intentions one day in seven. Man has never been able to afford to submit his week-day conduct to the sway of the great moral codes, because

however much he might desire to do so he finds himself continually swept along in the world-wide stream welling from Scarcity: if he resists, he drowns. Thus we perceive that, far from moving hand in hand through life, the dictates of the spirit and the demands for material security move in opposite directions; indeed they tug so vigorously that even the most fervently religious find their lives twisted into one long compromise in favour of security. A man who went the whole hog and gave all his goods to feed the poor and took no thought for the morrow would quickly find himself on the public charge in workhouse or asylum. What would happen if Britain, for instance, in a fit of disastrous Christlike behaviour said to the other nations: "Take you the oil of Mosul, and you the diamonds of South Africa, and you the rubber of the Straits, and you our native coal: God will provide for us"? Idle question! If man has any say in the matter, the gods may rest in their heavens; their power to provide will not be put to the test. Humanity prefers to do its own work and look after itself, even though this entails resorting to the old-fashioned but well-tried weapon of war. People talk as though war were an accident, and rare, and therefore to be excused and forgotten. On the contrary, the sword has always been man's favourite weapon in his struggle for existence, because it is the sharpest. Men are hypnotised into wild excitement; the brand of Cain is ennobled into an honourable scar, and God is at last permitted to take His place in the stirring scene, press-ganged for a mascot. But the age-old fight goes on just the same, though it is less picturesque and plumed, when waged with long hours and low wages instead of bullets and bayonets. In any case, whatever the weapons used, the struggle is a whole-time job, and quite

literally man has no time for any other; and if the tenacious clinging to a subsistence wage in preference to leading an unselfish life based on hard precepts is Mammon worship, then humanity as a whole has always served Mammon. However, no blame can attach where there is no choice. It is as though someone were to say to the fishes: "Ye shall not swim, but walk on dry land: it is nobler so." Shall not the fishes reply: "We should have to grow legs and lungs first, and we wish to make sure of existing before we try to be noble"? If the fish be frowned on for their answer, shall they not lay the blame upon the Ultimate Cause that permitted self-preservation to be one of their strongest instincts?

None the less there is no reason to disparage a religion simply because it won't work. It may well be that the conditions and not the religion are at fault. This, however, should not blind us to the fact that Christianity, say, is not being practised and cannot be practised while Scarcity lasts. In a word, a frank estimate of the influence of religion upon--what shall we call it?--the workaday conduct and material habits of man sets it perilously near zero. Consequently, if we deal hereafter only with the realities of our material world, dispensing with spiritual considerations, we shall at least be able to feel that we are dealing with the main force of human conduct.

SCARCITY TO-DAY

The history of man, then, is a tale of Scarcity and battle. That is all: for man was not when Scarcity was not. Some two or three hundred thousand years old, the tale is still in the making. We still "put by for a rainy day," and try to make things "go far"; and anxious phrases such as "Take care of the pence, and

the pounds will take care of themselves," and "Waste not, want not," still retain for us the full marrow of their ancient meaning; for the Fear for To-morrow's Dinner is as great to-day as ever it was. Man's security has not increased. We flatter ourselves into a fool's paradise if we think we have achieved either security or freedom just because the recognised slaveries of the world, of the ancient galley and the modern cotton plantation, have been abolished. It all depends on what has taken their places. Actually there is a great deal to be said for countenanced slavery--from the slave's point of view. His security is vast; he is provided with all the necessaries of life; he need take no thought for the morrow. It is true that he has to work and obey; but so has the so-called free man of to-day. Indeed, the free man not only is driven by all the compulsions of slavery but is saddled with all the responsibilities of freedom as well. The basis of slavery is compulsion, and if the free man imagines that economic forces are not compelling him every bit as effectively as the chains and whip compelled the galley-slaves and negroes, let him put the matter to the test and throw up his job. The prospect of hunger will drive him back like the threat of a whip. The fact that society refrains from labelling men slaves neither alters the fact of their slavery nor mitigates its conditions.

There is grist to our mill in plenty. A clergyman, impelled by financial worries, throws himself to death from his own belfry: a doctor reports being appalled at the number of people who become insane, though there is no hereditary insanity or disease of the brain, and concludes that people nowadays have to face more worry and anxiety over their money affairs than human nature is able to endure: while the N.S.P.C.C.

reported in 1933 that the curve of suicides among the well-to-do was a rising one.

When Ambassador to the United States Sir Auckland Geddes spoke of Europe as a place in which "a realisation of the aimlessness of a life lived to labour and to die, having achieved nothing but avoided starvation, and of the birth of children, also doomed to the weary treadmill, had seized the minds of millions." He was contrasting the New World with the Old, where, he said, an age was dying and looking to America as the source of future hope. Americans like this kind of flattery, and the contrast is a natural one, for there, where men are settled on fertile land large enough to make them yawn, and are surrounded by enough natural resources and energy to supply themselves with something like 98 per cent. of their material wants, surely economic slavery, one thinks, even if planted, would strike no root. Yet the picture might be that of the Old World.

For instance, a social survey of Pittsburgh by the Russell Sage Foundation in this, the enlightened twentieth century, found that half the working people were living on the border-line of destitution, that a large part of the population lived in tenements where they had to get their drinking water by hand-pumps from shallow wells, to dispose of their sewage in open privies, and to live two or three families to the room, while other families lived in unlighted cellars. The Committee investigating a coal strike there said that it found "men, women, and children living in hovels more insanitary than a modern swine-pen," and declared it "inconceivable that such squalor, suffering, misery, and distress should be tolerated in the heart of one of the richest industrial centres of the world." That was in 1912. Also immediately before the War

—according to Dr Abraham Epstein, one of America's most competent statisticians—more than half the population of the United States lived at a level 30 per cent. below the minimum prescribed as indispensable to health by forty-four welfare organisations; and three out of four of the insurance policies were only enough to provide funeral expenses.

But all that sort of thing was the day before yesterday—what of yesterday and to-day? Well, yesterday there was the boom of the 1920's. And behold! the boom was largely a bubble—a bubble blown by two pumps and then burst by them: one of these being the system of buying goods on the "instalment" plan, and the other the system of buying stocks and shares on the "margin" plan. How far either of these plans tended to security, America learnt to its cost in 1929. As regards to-day, history will look back and see as not the least remarkable happening of 1933 the formation of the C.C.C., or Civil Conservation Corps. This army took some millions of America's unemployed, put them into a nondescript uniform, fed them, hardened them in camps, sent them to the forests for conservation work, or elsewhere for other kinds of work, and paid them a dollar a day a head, most of which was docked for remittance home if the fellow's family was drawing relief money. Now the point at the moment is not whether this piece of legislation was magnificent or iniquitous, but whether the C.C.C. could not be truthfully described as an army of economic slaves conscribed by poverty as well as by law.

It must not be airily assumed, therefore, just because we live in an age of speed and jazz and super-This and super-That, that mankind is necessarily happier or freer, or possesses greater security than of old.

Scarcity is still his bedfellow, waited on by the three deadly servitors, Care, Poverty, and War.

* * *

To sum up this matter of Scarcity—mankind has come down the ages always accompanied by a scarcity of the things he needs and desires. The degree of this scarcity, while it sometimes reaches an acuteness that causes widespread death and ruin, usually is not severe enough to kill man or even alarm him greatly, for he has got used to it, and provided he works most of his life to satisfy his bodily wants he is able to exist. Dim back in the ages this state of scarcity developed in man a fear for the future which colours the whole range of his conduct from the virtues of thrift to the vices of miserliness. It also developed in him the capacity to struggle for a share of the little that actually forthcame. This struggle is so imperative and bitter that it comes first in man's consideration and conduct; and no code of life that does not assist man in the struggle, however noble and inspired, stands the smallest chance of being put into practice; so that as long as the struggle for existence is acute the main-spring of human conduct will be, and must be, economic and not religious, or anything else. Moreover, judged by man's habits and conditions to-day, the scarcity and the instinct and the struggle are all of them as great as ever they were, in spite of the march of science and the gradual conquest of Nature.

* * *

AND YET, notwithstanding all that has been said....

CHAPTER II

THE AGE OF POTENTIAL PLENTY

THE Age of Scarcity is over.

Coming hard on the heels of the last chapter this might be mistaken for a misprint. It is, however, no such thing. On the contrary, it is so true that it will bear immediate repetition. *The Age of Scarcity is over.* Mankind has won.

How did victory come about? It came about because man was able through his accumulated knowledge to invent an ally and enlist it on his side. The ally is the Machine. Before its arrival on the scene of battle mankind's army consisted of nothing more formidable than himself and the muscular powers of horses and oxen, which, when pitted against the forces of Nature, stood less chance of winning than Falstaff's army of ragged recruits against a corps of Tanks. Yet all the while man's brain was at work, and from ancient times he has been skirmishing round Nature's fortress, sending out as scouts the Pythagorases, Roger Bacons, Galileos, Leonardos, and Newtons of the world. Since, however, the work of these was conducted in a thick undergrowth of superstition, prejudice, and hoodoos, where witches muttered incantations and alchemists went to their graves still looking for the philosopher's stone, none of their shots shook the fortress, and Nature remained inviolable.

The first shot that really counted was fired in 1765. It was on a Sunday afternoon walk in the spring of that year, in Glasgow, that James Watt hit upon a way of transforming the clumsy, wasteful steam-engine of Newcomen into a practical, going concern. Eleven years later a Watt engine was successfully yoked to the mechanism of a cotton-mill. The Industrial Revolution had begun, and Watt's modest engine may be regarded as the Adam of the Power Age, not only because it was the first successful engine, but because its seed is proceeding to cover the earth. The first area to be covered, since Watt was British, was Great Britain; and by 1851 England was performing such wonders with her machines that she and her Prince Consort thought it would be a fine thing to exhibit them to all the world. For, said they, when the other nations see how efficiently our machines convert raw materials into things people want they will go back and send us their raw materials, and our machines and, therefore, our people will thrive. Thus came about the Great Exhibition of which the Crystal Palace still stands as souvenir. The nations duly arrived at Hyde Park (where the Crystal Palace originally stood), saw, marvelled, and went away. As predicted, they sent their raw materials to England; but what had not been predicted was that they would take away the secrets of the machines with them and gradually set up replicas in their own countries. The Great Exhibition, therefore, happened to be the agency which spread machinery through the world, and its date is a convenient one for marking the accomplishment of the Industrial Revolution and the beginning of the Power Age.

Once started on their triumphal way nothing held the machines back. Science became their devoted

handmaiden, feeding them, as discovery followed discovery, not only on steam but on electricity and water-power and oil and combustible gases. Mighty as these forces and fuels are, they are only small tapplings from the source of all power, namely, the energy of the sun; and there can be little doubt that discovery will continue to follow discovery and further inroads be made into what, for man's purpose, constitutes an inexhaustible supply of power. Yet even to-day, with only about a century and a half of invention and development behind them, the machines bestride the world like a Colossus, thriving on their solar diet. Indeed, when we remember that the livelihoods of hundreds of millions of people depend directly or otherwise on the health of these steely descendants of Watt's creation, we decide that Samuel Butler's imagination was more realistic than fantastic when he wrote: "Man must suffer terribly on ceasing to benefit the machines, who will only serve on condition of being served, and that too upon their own terms. How many men at this hour are living in a state of bondage to the machines? How many spend their whole lives, from the cradle to the grave, in tending them by night and day? Is it not plain that the machines are gaining ground on us, when we reflect on the increasing number of those who are bound down to them as slaves?"

However, it is not our business here to wonder whether the Machine is assuming an Erewhonian life, but rather to show that it is capable beyond all doubt of producing, easily, quickly, and well, enough and to spare of every material thing man can reasonably need or desire.

Happily there is no need to labour the contention. The facts speak for themselves, and the confident assertion that the problem of production has been solved

for mankind once and for all is on every pair of lips, expert and lay alike. Indeed, it seems to be the only point on which statesmen of all nations and experts of all schools find themselves in agreement; an agreement which is not less gratifying for being—in view of the facts—inevitable, since on this proposition rests the philosophy of the New Economics. The Age of Plenty is its foundation-stone.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TECHNOCRACY

A chapter entitled "The Age of Potential Plenty" must find room somewhere for at least a mention of the thing called Technocracy. What is Technocracy?

Well, the first thing which strikes one about Technocracy is its splendid name. Imposing, intriguing to the mind and euphonious to the ear, the word was born of its classical parents in 1919, and taken up and used ten years later by Howard Scott, under whose sponsorship it burst upon the world. But most people are still wondering what the devil it is all about. Actually, technocracy has come to mean three things: a body of research; an organisation; and the outline of a new economic system under which—so the Technocrats threaten—we shall all be governed efficiently and rationally efficiently by efficiency engineers.

We are concerned here only with Technocracy in the first of these meanings—as a body of research—and it is enough for our purpose to realise that Technocracy's conclusions are based on one major fact, namely, that the world's ability to produce goods has, compared with the world's population, increased by such leaps and bounds, especially in the last quarter of a century, that it is throwing everything—people, machines, nations, money systems, economic systems—out of gear, and will continue to do so at an accelerating

rate until the world does something about it. Now facts establishing this increase in productivity are easy to come by and are indisputable. And yet Technocracy, after its lightning blaze across the world in the autumn of 1932, suffered, *as far as popular opinion was concerned*, an eclipse. It may interest the reader to know why.

To begin with, Technocracy is not dead. You can't kill facts. And it is facts and not opinions upon which Technocracy depends first and last. No, the only thing wrong with Technocracy was the manner in which its facts made their initial bow to the astonished world. This bow they made under the direction of Howard Scott. Now Scott, among many other things, is a gifted natural showman. With him in charge the element of ballyhoo made an easy entrance to the scene, with the result that the serious facts which Technocracy had to unfold were exhibited as though they had been performing dragons in the World's Greatest Circus. People were turned away at every performance, so to speak; at Los Angeles, for instance, it was said that when Aimee Semple Macpherson left on a world tour Technocracy rushed in to fill the vacuum. This was hardly the right atmosphere to create, and if ballyhoo could ever kill truth beyond resurrection it would have killed Technocracy, for as a show it was the greatest on earth. Nor did it assist the case for Technocracy that Scott suffered a number of personal legends to grow around him, which, on investigation, proved to be without foundation; because, although these things, trifling in themselves, had nothing whatever to do with Technocracy, yet they made it easy for anyone so interested to throw cold water on Technocracy by throwing doubt on Scott, and thus, as far as the ignorant general public

were concerned, to discredit both. Scott, therefore, very sensibly dropped out—and Technocracy marched inevitably on, and its work still continues under the direction of the Continental Committee on Technocracy, which includes men of such standing as Dr Walter Rautenstrauch, Bassett Jones, and F. L. Ackerman.

Again, some of the findings of Technocracy themselves provided a weapon for the critics. In this way. We all know what a variety of antics statistics can be made to perform, and the opponents of Technocracy alleged that some of its figures were exaggerated. Well, they were. What of it? For if we grant these opponents their point, which we do; if we agree with everything they say, which we do; if we accept *their* facts, *their* figures, *their* statistics—what is the result? In every case Technocracy's basic thesis is confirmed out of its opponents' mouths! The wonder is that Technocracy's "errata" were not more numerous, considering the scope of its Survey (3000 industries), the previously uncharted ground on which the Survey was conducted, and the proverbial trickiness of figures.

Here is a typical example of how a qualified critic, at pains to show how tremendously wrong Technocracy's figures were, succeeds, but also succeeds in showing how tremendously right Technocracy's contentions were—and are. Among the 3000 industries was the production of pig-iron. Technocracy submitted that in that industry one man could do in one hour what it would have taken him 650 hours to do fifty years ago. The editor of the *Iron Age*, Mr J. H. Van Deventer, denied this, and gave the following figures, which, coming from a man in his position, are obviously as reliable as any figures can be:

In 1879, 41,695 men produced 3,070,875 tons of pig-iron in U.S.
In 1929, 24,960 men produced 42,613,983 tons of pig-iron in U.S.

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From these figures Mr Van Deventer calculated correctly that in fifty years the productivity in pig-iron had increased 23.2 times. Since Technocracy's only concern was to call attention to the alarming increase in the output of pig-iron in proportion to the number of workers employed, we thus have the spectacle of Technocracy's chief critic in this particular field, out to scoff and discredit, ending up by proving Technocracy's point up to the hilt. Twenty-three-point-two times!

The conclusion, then, at which an impartial observer must arrive seems to be this. When stripped of the ballyhoo surrounding its initial presentation, and after the exaggerations in some of its statements have been pruned down to the dimensions demanded by its severest critics, there still remains an army of undisputed facts. This army is marching irresistibly in the direction pointed out by Technocracy; and, moreover, every invention, every improved technological process, is a new recruit. It remains only to add that not everyone is deaf to the sound of this army's ominous tread, for by the midsummer of 1933 the membership of Technocracy's organisation in America alone numbered more than a quarter of a million people.

However, if we like, we can eschew Technocracy's data like the plague. The world is wide and there are plenty of other sources of information.

THE GROWTH OF POWER

Frederick L. Ackerman, F.A.I.A., gives us this bird's-eye view:

"The first important engine of energy conversion, other than the human body, was the Newcomen steam - engine of approximately 7 horse-power,

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invented in 1712. This type reached its maximum development in 1772, when it was rated at 76½ horse-power, or 765 times the output of the human engine, man. In the 1760's Watt produced a new type of engine which reached its maximum development in the 2500 horse-power Corliss engine displayed at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. In the late 1890's the reciprocating engine reached its maximum development. A single engine of this type performs, on a 24-hour basis, 234,000 times the work of a man. Now note how rapidly development takes place after 1900. The turbine type of engine came in about this time. We now have turbine units of 300,000 horse-power, three million times the work capacity of a man on an 8-hour basis, or nine million times on a 24-hour basis. . . .

“Of this nine million-fold increase 8,766,000 took place since the beginning of the Twentieth Century.”

* * *

Professor Frederick Soddy estimates that the productive capacity of Great Britain has increased, since the introduction of mechanical power, some 4000 per cent.

* * *

The phrase “a billion horses” is an understatement. The horse-power of engines operating in four countries alone, and prior to 1929, was estimated approximately by Mr F. R. Low, editor of *Power*, as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 704,000,000 | U.S.A. |
| 175,000,000 | Great Britain |
| 175,000,000 | Germany |
| 70,000,000 | France |

* * * 40

There is neither pause nor rest.

1924 saw the addition of 100,000 h.p. to the Niagara Falls Power Company's plant. 1926 saw the addition of 240,000 kilowatts to the mechanical power of Germany through the erection of the Rummelsburg plant, which needs but 200 workmen and 50 clerks to run it. And 1936, or earlier, will see the addition to the U.S.A. of 1,800,000 h.p. on the completion of the Boulder Canyon project on the Colorado River, known as the Hoover Dam. It is anticipated that Boulder City, by housing the operating staffs, the necessary professional and commercial elements, and the tourist sightseers who will merely visit the highest dam and biggest artificial lake in the world, will continue to maintain somewhere near its present population of seven thousand. Thus seven thousand people, including women, children, sightseers, and hotel staffs, will produce (taking one horse-power as roughly equal to the labour-power of ten men) eighteen million man-power of energy.

* * *

The world's population in 1930 was about 2000 million persons. In that same year (according to Mr D. Ferguson, Statistical Dept., British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Association) “the total capacity of machinery was 390 million horse-power.” (This figure excludes motor-cars.) Thus the world, apart from its motor-cars, has a machine equivalent to 3900 million able-bodied men. Or, as Mr Ferguson puts it, “For every consuming unit there are about two non-consuming units. . . .”

* * *

All of the above refer to energy already harnessed

by mankind, already working. What future developments may bring is, of course, speculation. The only safe thing to say about the future is that it is not likely to be barren as far as an increase in power and sources of power is concerned. In this connection the following notes are worth attention as examples of the way science is slowly burrowing into Nature's strongholds :

A high-pressure electrolyser combining the discoveries of Dr J. E. Nöggerath and Dr F. Lawaczeck was set up in Germany in 1933. The experimental plant successfully and economically separated distilled water into its elements, the oxygen becoming available for welding and the hydrogen for fuel. It was claimed that the hydrogen could be transmitted through steel pipes more economically than electric current can be transmitted by overhead lines; or, alternatively, that the hydrogen could be bottled and used for driving lorries, Diesel engines, etc.

* * *

Alexander Jashek, a Belgrade engineer, claims that the world is nothing more than a huge magnetic motor, turning in the universe and producing enormous quantities of electrical energy which have never yet been harnessed. In 1933 M. Jashek produced a machine whose lamps burnt night and day with electrical energy derived, so he claimed, literally from the air.

* * *

Energy atomic, radioactive, tidal—has the last word been said about these?

THE FLOOD OF PRODUCTION

With the labour of the equivalent of more than a billion horses at mankind's disposal, the following

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instances are typical of what is happening in the modern world :

In 1907, 121,000 workers in Great Britain produced 8,200,000 dozen pairs of footwear.

In 1930, 108,000 workers in Great Britain produced 10,000,000 dozen pairs of footwear.

Dr A. C. D. Rivett, Chief Executive Officer of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

* * *

In 1933 the famous Bata boot factory at Zlinn, in Czecho-Slovakia, reported the invention of a machine which needed only to be fed with leather and thread. Then, without any human agency, it proceeds to manufacture boots and shoes, which need only the insertion of laces to be ready for wear. (The machine is not being operated. This, however, is not because it is inefficient—far from it—but because it is too efficient, and would, if operated, throw too many people out of work.)

* * *

A lamp-making machine, also invented in 1933, would enable the German Osram Company to supply the whole requirements of the German market in a few weeks if the new machine were allowed to operate continuously at full capacity.

* * *

Accuracy is essential to the Machine. Standard reference gauges (using the principle of the length of light waves) are accurate to one-millionth of an inch.

* * *

Dr Rivett (above) finds that electricity undertakings have increased their output 1020 per cent. in twenty-three years. Similarly in America, the Society of

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Industrial Engineers of New York reports that

“Public utility plants alone have increased the whole-sale sale of energy from 3,254,000,000 kWh in 1912 to 44,326,000,000 kWh in 1929, or over 1350 per cent.”

* * *

The following figures, given by the President of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce as long ago as 1926, are typical of Industry as a whole :

1 man, with 1 bottle-making machine, replaces 54 men.

1 girl, with 6 rib-cutting machines, replaces 25 girls.

2 men, with 1 coal conveyer, replace 50 men.

1 man, with 1 window-glass machine, replaces 20 men.

1 man, with 1 cigarette-wrapping machine, replaces 100 men.

* * *

The world depends upon its food supply. League of Nations figures quoted by the Macmillan Report show that while the world's population increased 10 per cent. between 1913 and 1928, its production of food during that period increased 16 per cent.

* * *

The discovery of how to make nitrates synthetically reduced Chile's export of natural nitrates from two million tons in 1923 to one and a third million tons in 1925. At present, therefore, the world is over-stocked with a food-forcing chemical.

* * *

Professor Soddy estimated that 4000 men equipped with modern machinery could produce the whole of the U.S.A. wheat crop.

* * *

The harvesting combine machine reaps, shocks, loads, hauls, stacks, and threshes the same day. In

the morning the grain is growing; in the evening it is ready for the elevators.

* * *

One year a farmer took two days to spray his 40 acres of potatoes. The next year he used an aeroplane and did the job in 25 minutes.

* * *

The boll weevil used to destroy nearly half the world's cotton crop each year. Since 1922 aeroplanes fitted with poison-gas tanks have been used to fight the pest. With the old mule-drawn anti-pest machines only 30 acres a day could be treated, but the aeroplanes can drench 300 acres in a single hour.

* * *

A single Californian hatchery, with an incubator capacity of 500,000 eggs at a time, hatches three million chickens a year by electricity. Again, four to six cows can be milked at one time with an electric milker, of which in 1926 there were some 100,000 in the U.S.A. alone.

* * *

Enormous as the present output of the Machine is, it is little to what it could be if the Machine was allowed to operate under congenial economic conditions. The late Mr H. L. Gantt, one of the world's foremost efficiency engineers, gave as his considered opinion that the efficiency of the U.S.A. industrial machine was barely 5 per cent. of what it could be without any expansion of plant whatever. This was in 1919, and while no one's estimate is more severe than Mr Gantt's since that date, no qualified person has been found to state that the world's Machine operated, on the whole, at more than 55 per cent. of its full capacity and efficiency.

* * *

The white collar industries and professions are not immune from the Machine's blessings and curses, its labour-saving and its labour-ousting.

1933 saw the installation in the City office of one of the "Big Five" banks, according to the *Sunday Express*, of a machine four feet high, like a mammoth typewriter with levers instead of keys. Operated by one girl and doing the work of sixty bank clerks, this machine deals with 60,000 separate ledger entries in an hour; records the code numbers of the client and the cheque, the amount paid in or out, the total balance and interest due, and if the machine makes a mistake it shows a red card.

FOR THE READER'S EXAMPLES AND NOTES
INCREASES IN POWER

Pages 47 to 51

Of such examples, data, statistics, estimates, and the like there is no end. All lead to the same irresistible conclusion, namely, that, even in its adolescence, even at its present enforced low efficiency, THE MACHINE CAN SUPPLY MANKIND WITH ALL IT WANTS. In what a dull and leaden shell of lame words golden truth can reside! These few prosaic words represent the conquest of Nature, the harnessing of solar energy, security for mankind, and the possible dawn of a civilisation for him the like of which he has never dreamed of, much less been able to reach out to, before. Yet the bells are not ringing? Nor the flags flying? And the epic poets are silent too?

The reader, like the world, is rightly and greatly puzzled. *If* the reign of Scarcity has passed and that of Plenty has begun, *why*, he asks, are the bells not ringing, and the flags not flying, and the poets not singing?

The answer to this passionate question is quite simply that though Scarcity has gone we do not know it. We all know that something big and vague is wrong with the world, that it is in the pangs of upheaval and change, but we somehow cannot put our finger on the thing or give a name to the upheaval. Face to face with this nameless and unknown thing we take fright. Fear rides the world, and rides it hard. This fear has thrown up a few strong men—an iron hand in Mussolini and Hitler, a velvet glove in Roosevelt—but for the most part our leaders are mere parliamentarians, content to flit from slogan to slogan in the garden of political unreality. Even our thinkers take refuge on the broad top of an ample fence which they turn into a kind of Wailing Wall with their chorus of pessimistic prophecy and doubt. Here is a typical trio, the performers in this case

being Sir Philip Gibbs, Mr Wells, and Dr Braisford, in that order:

“No one unless he is drunk with optimism can deny that the world is very sick, and it may be a sickness unto death.”

“We have come to the crossroads and no one knows the way out.”
“The future is very dark. We have reached the twilight of civilisation.”

There is a regular queue of performers on this Wailing Fence, where the performance is continuous, each contributing a verse to the popular song, “There’s a Good Time Coming but it’s Ever so Far Away.” And here let us add at once, lest we begin to feel superior, that all of us at some time have joined heartily in the chorus. Now, what all these people, including you and I, really mean, if only we knew it, is this: we have reached an age in which Scarcity is absent for the first time, and we don’t in the least know how to adapt ourselves to the new conditions.

Some of the reasons for our ignorance of Scarcity’s departure are not far to seek. There are, for instance, vast passive reasons derived from instinct and prejudice, custom and tradition; for strangely enough man does not appear to respond to new facts any the more quickly when they benefit him than when they harm him. There is a reason, too, in the fact that the new conditions came upon man unawares and stealthily, the winning shots of the battle being fired in the secrecy of the laboratory or behind the closed doors of the research departments of competitive, and therefore secretive, industries. There is also a good reason in the fact that everyone, for subsistence’ sake, has had to proceed with his or her business in hand as though nothing of earth-shaking importance had happened: news-magnates being concerned, not with the dawn of the Age of Plenty, but with increasing

their circulations; politicians with keeping in office; business men with making profits or avoiding bankruptcy; bankers with making money and patching the monetary mechanism; public thinkers with turning out words in bundles of thousands that shall be acceptable to editors yet inoffensive to readers; the salariat with earning their salaries, and the proletariat with earning their wages. Few people have time to step back and look at the wood as a whole, nearly all being intently busy with their particular trees.

ARTIFICIAL SCARCITY

But there is another reason—an important one—for our ignorance and unawareness of what has happened, and this time we can put our finger on it. It is that the world's distributing system, devised expressly for Scarcity, has become obsolete with the disappearance of the latter, and yet, though obsolete, is still in use. This distributing system functions effectively only when there are too few goods to distribute; but now that there is an abundance of actual or possible goods it still can distribute only a fraction of them. Real Scarcity has, therefore, been succeeded by Artificial Scarcity, and in practice—across the counters of the retail shops, that is—we cannot tell one from t'other. Real Scarcity we may define as the non-existence of enough things or the inability to call them into existence; and Artificial Scarcity as the existence of enough things, or the ability to call them into existence, but the inability to distribute them: and civilisation is suffering to-day from the anything-but-artificial woes of Artificial Scarcity just as yesterday it suffered from the equally real woes of Real Scarcity. In passing one may note, and be appalled, that only in war does this obsolete distributing system work smoothly; but

the trouble then is that most of the goods so efficiently produced lack variety, and when distributed in the form of bursting shells the "consumers" can be persuaded to "consume" them only with the greatest reluctance and under military discipline.

Putting the matter another way, we can say that the union between Scarcity and the present Distributive System was a natural and proper one; the two, as the saying is, were made for one another; and in a very literal sense their marriage was blessed by the Churches in general and, as we shall see, by St Paul in particular. But when this same System (Scarcity having died) is forced to mate with Plenty, a creature of a very different complexion, what happens? The answer is, exactly what happens every time the species are mixed to the distaste of Nature—a monster is produced, or an abortion. And the world, objecting to being governed by monsters and being tethered to abortions, rises to protest: its Shirts, Black, Brown, Red, Green, and Blue, being a part of that protest. We have called the abortion Artificial Scarcity; it goes by many names, of which perhaps the commonest is "The Paradox of Poverty in Plenty." But its name matters little provided we know it for what it is—the ill-gotten child of an unnatural and forced alliance between Plenty and an Obsolete System of Distribution.

So if the bells are not ringing, the dour presence of Artificial Scarcity is the reason why. Even so, it is the victory over Real Scarcity that is the important thing, the gospel of good news. Once convinced of this victory, the vision of what it means will dawn on man and inspire him with strength to overcome the lesser dragon of Artificial Scarcity, and so remove the last present obstacle between him and his reward. Since this dragon is of his own making, its dispatch

should not be beyond his power and wit, for after all he is that same ingenious creature who has already conquered Nature.

For the rest, it comes to this: here is the Machine—a billion champing horses—an eighth wonder, straining, begging to supply us. Which shall we allow it to be—a burden to us or a boon?

CHAPTER III

MAN AND THE MACHINE

A BURDEN OR A BOON?

The answer to this question is obvious; we want the Machine to be a boon. The next step is therefore to discover why it is not one already, and why, after more than a century's trial, it still behaves like an unbridled horse trying to throw us. In a word, what is it that is preventing the potential plenty around us from becoming actual plenty in our bellies and pockets? We have stated that it is the distributing system that is at fault, and while we shall be examining the system itself later on, at this stage we shall be well repaid by becoming acquainted with the general philosophy upon which it rests, and discovering why it has for so long commanded the moral approval of the world.

THE RULE

The precarious conditions prevailing under Scarcity compelled men to make certain social rules with the view to ensuring the survival of humanity, and of these by far the most important was the one that said that there were to be no drones. Everyone must lend a hand. No one must ever be allowed to get something for nothing. If anyone did, he was called a thief and punished. Even when a man was powerful or cunning

enough to become a drone by being made a chieftain or a priest it did not mean that his share of productive work remained undone; it only meant that some humbler member of the community performed a double share. It was the only way to win through, for Scarcity piped and society had to dance to the tune.

This was the Golden Rule of the world's economic conduct. It was rightly considered so important that it was invested with divine authority. The Jews, for instance, were taught that God Himself had told the earth's first man that only "in the sweat of his face should he eat bread" and make the earth yield him what he wanted. The Christian version of the Rule was framed by St Paul when he declared, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat," and this version, simple like all great truths and eschewing nice qualifications, can hardly be bettered. It is impossible to exaggerate the part played by this Rule in the life of man. It hangs on the walls of every home, office, club, court of law, and hall of assembly. Universally revered, it has never been refuted in theory or broken in practice with any measure of success. It has been obeyed instinctively where Christ's one and Jehovah's ten commandments have been set aside. From it stretches the cable of authority that girdles the world; upon it has grown the edifice of all existing government; around it has evolved the whole theory of rewards and punishments, divine and human, from Jehovah's harsh talk to Adam to a month's hard labour for stealing a leg of mutton. Indeed, it is this Rule which forms the moral, or customary, basis of life. And it has lodged for so long in man that he is almost unconscious of its presence; if from time to time he becomes aware of it, it is to regard it

as a baleful truth dictated by his gods and therefore approved of and enforced by his bosses, axiomatic and inevitable.

A good example of the Rule's universal hold on us is the fact that even an arch-iconoclast like Bernard Shaw submits with enthusiasm to its grip. "The most important simple fundamental economic truth," he writes, "to impress on a child in complicated civilisations like ours is the truth that whoever consumes goods or service without producing by personal effort the equivalent of what he or she consumes, inflicts on the community precisely the same injury that a thief produces, and would, in any honest state, be treated as a thief, however full his or her pockets might be of money made by other people." For a piece of post-Watt writing this passage is about as wrong-headed as it could be, for its author has left out the Machine. But we can forgive a deal of wrong-headedness for the sake of the delicious unconscious irony in the remarks with which he surrounds the sentence just quoted. He says: "Here, again, as at so many points, we come up against the abuse of schools to keep people in ignorance and error, so that they may be incapable of successful revolt against their industrial slavery." And again: "The suppression of economic knowledge, disastrous as it is, is quite intelligible, its corrupt motive being as clear as the motive of a burglar for concealing his jemmy from a policeman." Both of these remarks are perfectly true, but Mr Shaw neglects to add that one of the people kept "in ignorance and error," and "suffering from suppression of economic knowledge," is Mr Shaw. But that is by the way. The point we are trying to establish is that the Rule commands unquestioningly not only the timid taxpayer but the rebellious thinker as well.

THE RULE *versus* THE MACHINE

If the Rule has held its sway unassailed from times immemorial it has been because it was unassailable, resting as it did foursquare on the solid foundation of Scarcity. Jehovah was right; St Paul was right; society was right; the system was right; everyone, even Bernard Shaw, was right—until 1765. At which date—enter the Machine. Now although so young, the Machine is already a power in the world. But so is the Rule. We are thus in the presence of two powers, one within us and the other without, for we may say that the Rule is in our minds while the Machine is in our hands; and the crucial question before civilisation to-day is whether these two powers can exist side by side unimpaired and in co-operation, or whether one of them must give way to the other. One thing is certain; if the latter is the answer to the question, neither power will give way without a struggle. That the latter is the answer no one after even the most cursory glance at what is happening to civilisation to-day can deny. On all sides there is abundant evidence both that the Machine is causing the Rule to be broken increasingly, and that the Rule, when it is observed, impairs the efficiency of the Machine.

Let us take that cursory glance and see how, in the first place, the Rule is being broken. It is broken some millions of times every week with the payment of Unemployment Insurance Benefit, commonly called "the dole." It is broken some millions of times every year when you yourself, together with the rest of the world's investors, receive a dividend. It is broken by a member of a Co-operative Society every time he or she recovers a penny of his or her money spent in one of the Society's stores; just as it is broken every time a person inherits

money. In none of these typical instances is the payment, and therefore the bread or other goods exchanged for the payment, earned by work. Not, that is, by man-work. An important distinction this, for the work necessary for the production of the goods represented by the "dole" and the dividend has been duly done, never fear, but done by the Machine. Were the work not done we should have a case for arresting these recipients of unearned income and punishing them as drones and thieves in the best Shavian manner. But not only is the work done, but done more easily, quickly, and more efficiently than ever before. Manna, so to speak, is not dropping from the clouds but pouring from the Machine. And a further point to notice is that we are dealing with something that is expanding: on the one hand there is the spectacle of the number of dividends increasing with the number of machines, and on the other hand the spectacle of the Machine as it moves farther and farther towards perfection putting more and more men on to the dole. Poor broken Rule! If only St Paul had had the prescience to say, "If neither man-work *nor* machine-work be done, man shall not eat"! Now let us look at the matter from the Machine's point of view.

The Machine has two simultaneous functions. One is that it should produce goods, and the other that it should release as many human beings as possible from the drudgery of uninteresting work which it can do far more efficiently and quickly itself. Now, in so far as the Machine is fulfilling these functions it is to be congratulated. But the moment we realise that according to the Rule the only way of honestly getting goods is by selling *man-work*, our congratulations turn into commiserations; for the happy release from drudgery had a catch in it and has brought with it

a deprivation of bread. Realising this, men regard "a job" as the first essential of a practical existence, and rightly look on anything likely to take their jobs from them as an enemy. In this light the Machine is the arch-enemy of every person dependent on it for a living, for at any moment it may lock him or her out with an empty stomach. Moreover, the more efficient the Machine grows the more men it locks out. Obviously, then, the interest of the men operating the Machine appears to lie in restraining it as much as possible, and delaying for as long as possible any increase in its technical improvements and development. This is why Labour abhors labour-saving devices, and why the abhorrence has persisted from the destruction of Papin's trial steamboat by angry Cassel boatmen in 1707, through the period when French workmen threw their wooden shoes into the gears of machinery (so bequeathing us the word "sabotage") to modern times when ca' canny methods of labour and restrictions of output per man are enforced by the trade unions. Thus the Machine is continually being perverted from its two proper functions. In the first place it cannot produce the goods it should because it suffers from permanent sabotage; men are forced to become parasites on it for subsistence's sake, and to get in the way with their miserable little work measured in man-hours when the Machine's mighty kilowatt-hours are straining to take their place; while the second proper function of the Machine—that of releasing men from drudgery—is so perverted that not only is the so-called release merely being thrown from the frying-pan into the fire, and as such resisted tooth and nail, but the Machine itself is misused and turned into an instrument for actually *making work*. The process is called "creating employment" or "absorbing the unemployed."

But the perversion is even more complicated. The moment we remember that at present man-work is the only claim to money, and money the only claim to goods, then at once it becomes apparent that the Machine both needs and actually welcomes man-work—in order that its output may be claimed and consumed. For unless its output can be got rid of as fast as it is produced, it accumulates, clogging the Machine; whereupon the latter promptly proceeds to sicken for the disease called overproduction. Thus, while from the producing angle man-work is a harmful parasite living on the Machine, yet from the consuming angle it is the Machine's invaluable ally. And for the sake of this ally—and the money in the man's pocket—the Machine is constrained to let its efficiency as a producing mechanism go hang. The 45 to 95 per cent. inefficiency noted in the last chapter is, therefore, quite deliberate and has its good points; indeed, any attempt to eliminate it would, under the present system, bring on a probably fatal bout of overproduction, with the unhappy patient writhing inside the familiar vicious circle of more goods produced, fewer men employed, less wages distributed, less goods bought. And the coroner's verdict? Death by glut.

One might complete this corner of the general nightmare with an excerpt from the tragi-comedy of man's evolution as performed on Olympus whenever the gods feel dull.

THE CAST

Man. The Machine

(Man has just finished making the Machine.)

Man. Now then! Let's get to work.

The Machine. But I don't need your work. Run away and play!

Man. But you need my money.

The Machine. On thinking it out, I do.

Man. Well, I can't get any money unless I work.

The Machine. Work, then!

Man. But you improve so quickly that there is less and less work for me to do.

The Machine. I'm sorry; I'll improve as slowly as possible.

Man. But it's your job to improve as quickly as possible, so that you can serve me better and better and make me freer and freer.

The Machine. You can't have it both ways.

Man. Then what are we to do?

The Machine. Don't worry; something will turn up!

(A Declaration of War is sounded without.)

WHICH SHALL WE CHOOSE?

Clearly the Rule and the Machine between them are not making a very happy home for man, whose efforts at conciliation and general goodwill and honest intentions are drowned in their bickerings. And not all the Conferences and Facts in the world can bridge the gulf between the two. Indeed, things seem to go from bad to worse, and if the tremors of the first quarter of the twentieth century are indications of the future, we look to have an earthquake in the second quarter. Before it is too late, then, which is it to be, the Rule or the Machine? There they are: on the one hand the Rule, a once necessary tyranny now rendered obsolete by changed circumstances, yet stupendous with the dignity of an age-long reign, and not much less revered and powerful for being a little frayed and flouted; and on the other, the Machine,

vigorous, young, growing, carrying with it a substantial reward for man its creator, and promising, if rightly handled, progressive liberation from unnecessary toil. Our bet is on the latter.

Let no one imagine for a moment, however, that the Ayes for the Machine have it—as yet. If anyone thinks that the general vote will be cast for the Machine and against the Rule without a vast amount of persuasion, let him ponder for a moment on the general attitude towards, say, the “dole,” because that attitude—one of bitter trenchant condemnation—is a true measure of the number of votes cast for the Rule. Had the voters all come from Mars or anywhere else outside the earth it would have been different; they would then have had no Scarcity complexes and traditions, prejudices and preconceptions to bring to the polling-booths with them. But we of Earth find it next to impossible to throw these things off, or to throw out our dirty water before taking in fresh. Then, too, not only the dreamers, like G. K. Chesterton, who think they would like to revert to the Middle Ages—chiefly, one suspects, because they never lived in them—but the vested interests, clerical, financial, and political, will vote for the Rule. (Why? Because that is the way vested interests always vote.) In this connection the writer calls to mind a meeting between a Bishop and a New Economist after a lecture by the latter. They stood arguing for half an hour in the dusk and a drizzle of rain, starting with the present economic state, going back and back step by step until they reached the Book of Genesis and the curse of man, and there they stuck, agreeing to disagree, and parted. The spectacle of man throwing off his curse and proceeding to enjoy a secure life was one that the Bishop found it hard to countenance. To him happiness seemed almost immoral.

It must not be thought, however, that a vote for the Machine would mean that men would stop working in the sense of becoming inactive. They would continue active if for no other reason than that they are dynamic and not static creatures. But there is more than one kind of work, and other work than that forced on one by the fear of starvation. What such a vote would mean is that man-work would no longer be considered the only honourable way of claiming goods. "Work and Live" would supersede "Work to Live."

If the reader votes—with the writer—for the Machine, then the immediate work for both of us—for which incidentally no wages will be paid—is to clear the ground for the Machine, and the first step is to shift our economic thought until it coincides with our changed economic conditions, to drive out the prejudices quite appropriate to the past Age of Real Scarcity by appreciating the facts of the present Age of Potential Plenty. Only by mental rebirth can we dethrone the Rule that is no longer Golden.

ORTHODOXY GETS ITS FEET WET

The idea of a dividend is not of course new: it is at least as old as the Parable of the Talents. But for all that, every payment of it breaks the Rule, and has always broken it. The rich man's dividend from the gilt-edged security breaks it, and the poor man's dividend from the "dole" breaks it. Now the first of these transgressions provokes no adverse comment from public opinion, and the reason is not far to seek. For it is precisely the people who form public opinion who draw the dividends! The hierarchies of orthodoxy give the dividend their blessing because they themselves are members of the investing classes. It is only

when the principle of the dividend is extended to the non-investing classes that orthodoxy holds up its hands in horror and cries "Shame!" This is a case of living in glass houses and throwing stones indeed, since the dividend is no more *earned*—in the orthodox meaning of the word—than the "dole." (We shall see later that both kinds of dividends *are* earned, and earned truly, both in the moral and in the economic sense. And now that we are inside brackets let us hasten to add that the only element of "shame" in the situation is the fact that at present the poor man's dividend has to come out of the richer man's pocket, and a tax-paying Peter who is being progressively impoverished is unnecessarily robbed to pay a Paul who would otherwise be starving. Since a system of national accountancy designed for Scarcity but operating in Plenty is responsible for the robbing, we agree heartily that this aspect of the present "dole" is a shame.)

Let us make no mistake about it. The principle of the dividend has come to stay, and to spread—the unthinkable alternative being the wholesale murder of fellow-citizens by wantonly withholding from them the necessaries of life, of which it is acknowledged that not only an abundance exists for all, but a plethora. Potential Plenty has placed the world in a fix which is entirely new to its experience, and orthodox opinion, always a diehard, has been caught asleep. Like a sleeping Canute, it wakes up only when the tide is swirling irresistibly round its ankles, and the "dole" firmly established. Then, not unnaturally somewhat flustered at the cold awakening, it jumps up to deplore and denounce the "dole" and all its works, as often as not mistaking it for the devil.

Indeed, the futility with which public opinion, and those who form it, face the general situation reminds

one of the slap-dash backchat of the nursery. For example, anyone disagreeing with the heterodox economic theories of, say, Henry Ford thinks he can dispose of them by calling him a crank. Then, realising that this kind of mud sticks less and less as Mr Ford proves more and more right, the problem is solved to orthodoxy's satisfaction by neatly substituting the word "wizard" for "crank."

The common phrase "the idle rich" affords another example of puerility. It is used as a catchword of hate to be put into the mouths of the poor to keep them quiet and for their tongues to roll around. But used so, is it not obvious that the phrase is meaningless? *Under the present system* the poor are indebted to the idle rich and ought to be extremely grateful to them for remaining both idle and rich. May they grow idler and richer, should be the poor man's prayer. For consider: if the rich man became poor he would need to work, and would thus find himself competing with the poor man in an overstocked labour market since already there is not enough man-work to go round; secondly, the idle rich, by spending money on expensive goods, help to keep Industry's wheels turning and the poor man in his job; and thirdly, the poor should realise that it is the active rich and not the idle whom they have cause to keep an eye on.

And the "dole." This word carries with it a stigma and a sting, and it is meant to. It would be interesting to know who started it as a nickname for Unemployment pay, for there has been a lack of sportsmanship somewhere. It is, of course, shorter than the official "Unemployment Insurance Benefit"; but it is not cricket. For it is one thing for a community to sponsor an industrial system, and then, finding it breaking down in certain respects, to compensate

those who through no fault of their own suffer from the breakdown; and quite another thing to insult them gratuitously while it compensates them. Yet that is what England is doing. She does not say: "My man, here is money, which according to my present way of book-keeping I can ill afford, but you must take it because I cannot have you starving, and I realise it was not your fault that James Watt invented a steam-engine 150 years ago; and it must keep you going until I can find you work again; which, however, may be never, because I dislike the idea of beheading or strangling at birth all my best scientists and engineers and technologists." Instead, she gives the man the money with one hand and smacks his face for a ne'er-do-well and good-for-nothing with the other, telling him he ought to be ashamed to take it. At least, not England—only orthodoxy, brandishing the Rule.

If England had burnt Watt and declared his engine of the devil, well and good; then no one serving the Machine could make a just claim on the nation. But the world put Watt among its heroes and accepted his invention with both arms outstretched and both eyes open, and must therefore be prepared to accept also the fruits of that invention, and to accept them, even when bitter, in the English way. The "dole" is one of those fruits and not, as is still commonly supposed, a fruit of the War. Unemployment and therefore the "dole"—or some equivalent form of cash payment—would have come about if there had never been a war. But the fact that it was nothing evil or sad that brought the "dole" into being, but on the contrary the inventive genius of mankind working through its most brilliant scientific brains, is resolutely ignored. But anything is easier than a little hard thinking, and the last thing on earth we do willingly is to change our

opinions. We prefer to welter in prejudice, and to stand up in Parliament and say "Deplorable!" weightily. Diehards all, we glower beneath bushy eyebrows at the "dole" and say to it: "We are told that you have come in the inevitable wake of man's conquest of Nature, and we are also told that you've come to stay, but we don't like you and we refuse to recognise you as either noble, inevitable, or permanent, because then we should have to change our opinion about what St Paul wrote nearly 2000 years ago. So, without more words, you're a—you're a DOLE! And by Jove we'll larn you to be one." In this way we at least make it clear that our guest is unwelcome.

In Dean Inge's excellent book, *England*, there is a good example of the diehard attitude; indeed, for sheer concentration of thoughtlessness, callousness, bigotry, and obsolete economics the following sentence surely cannot be improved. "The real obstacles are," he writes, "the unfitness of our degenerate population at home, and their reluctance to emigrate while a grateful country provides them with the means of leading a parasitic existence, battenning on the rates and taxes." Has the Dean decided *which* country our skilled mechanics can emigrate to without adding to that country's own unemployment problem? Has the Dean pondered over the fact that unemployment has come to stay, in new countries as well as old, and that the average number of unemployed in the United States for the prosperous years from 1902 to 1917 was two and a half million? Has the Dean realised that it was precisely what he calls "our degenerate population" which was found by its officers to be honest, willing, hard-working, brave, patriotic, and lovable when it was dressed in khaki? It is safe to say that he has not found time to do any of these things. But

do not let us loiter with the Dean and his diehards, or with the Bishop in the Garden of Eden, but get on with our journey and turn to realities.

"UNEARNED INCOME" IS NOT UNEARNED

The time has come to put the "dole" on a moral par with the dividend and to stop reviling the one while receiving the other. The time has come to call the "dole" by its true name, which is "social dividend." And the time has come to pay it by some other means than by robbing Peter. The New Economics does these things and would effect these changes. The New Economics goes farther, and would extend the social dividend to a far greater number of citizens than merely those out of work, and would call it the National Dividend. The New Economics, however, is not a philanthropic or sentimental pseudo-science content with thinking how nice it would be if everyone had more money: that way, obviously, inflation and chaos lie. On the contrary, the New Economics, which is at once a complete philosophy and an exact science, has evolved a mathematical formula by which it becomes a mathematical impossibility for the National Dividend to be beyond the national means. Under the New Economics a nation *cannot* live beyond its means. Simple arithmetic would forbid. What that formula is and how it is come by we shall see in the third part of this book. Mention is made of it here only to make it clear to the reader that the New Economics casts its vote thumpingly for the Machine and against the Rule, the issue of un-man-worked-for money being an integral part both of its programme and its philosophy.

In the present chapter we have discussed implicitly the moral aspect of this philosophy, and in Chapter XV

we shall discuss, very explicitly, the moral aspect of the National Dividend. For the moment, both as a fitting conclusion to the present chapter and as it were an appetiser for the discussion to come, we must be content with the following few reflections.

It cannot be stressed too often that the Machine is no sudden miracle descended on man out of the blue, but that it is on the contrary an inheritance, definite, logical, and ours. It is not a gift; there is no Aladdin's lamp: it is the result of effort, man's effort, and the fruit of work, man's work. And in so far as we are men; in so far as we are members of the same genus as Euclid and Faraday, Copernicus and Ford; in so far as we belong, that is, to *homo sapiens* and not, say, to the *lepidoptera*, in thus far is the corporate wealth inherent in the Machine ours, yours and mine. We thus can confute those who say airily that we never can and never ought to get anything for nothing. We can and never ought to get anything for nothing. We can confute them by agreeing with them. Emphatically man will never get the Machine's benefits for nothing for the very good reason that he has worked for them for centuries by inventing, improving, and operating the Machine and consuming its products and services. From this standpoint we can look orthodox square in the eye and say that if man as a whole must inherit Adam's curse and suffer from it, how much more shall he be entitled to inherit his own inventions and enjoy them. Orthodoxy cannot have it both ways. To be saddled with an inherited curse but deprived of an inherited blessing is an idea calculated to stick even in gorges accustomed to swallow full-sized dogmas. Man must feel able to claim his inheritance of economic plenty, with justice and morality; or at least with as much justice and morality as that wherewith orthodoxy stuffs down his long-suffering throat the dogma of original sin.

As an unequivocal assertion, therefore, we would say that "unearned income" is not unearned but earned. It is earned by the work of the man-made Machine; and the receipt of it is as "demoralising" as the receipt of dividends are to the reader; no more, no less.

CHAPTER IV LEISURE AND WORK

We can hardly leave the matter there, however, for the thread of Leisure is left loose and dangling from the general pattern. Moreover, it is a thread which, with the decrease of man-work in Industry, threatens to weave itself to the thickness of a rope. The question is whether we can knit it into our pattern or whether it will become nothing but a noose through which a man will put his tired head and come to a bad end. Leisure and Work are a pair that will bear some scrutiny, for the former is a stranger to us, while of the latter we have only one conception.

NEW CONDITIONS, NEW DEFINITIONS

Let us beware of our vocabulary and realise first and foremost that leisure is by no means the same thing as idleness. Idleness may be defined as the opposite of overwork, leisure as the opportunity for voluntary work. If the small samples of leisure hitherto vouchsafed to men have degenerated into idleness it is because the latter have suffered from generations of overwork. Even so people snatch eagerly at leisure rather than idleness, whether it be in the form of gardening, sports clubs, home-made radio sets, Boy Scout and Girl Guide activities, or what not. All of us feel the urge of our creative instincts. It is a question of finding channels

for their expression. Human nature's quality is an up-and-doing one, so that congenial activity is natural and tastes sweeter than idleness, and does not cloy.

Henry Ford, for example, observing what uses his employees made of the leisure they received when he reduced their working day from ten hours to eight, found that while some drank it away others took on extra jobs, and so many took to building their own houses that it became worth his while to establish lumber-yards and supply them with wood from his own forests.

This is not an isolated example from the vigorous young New World. Human nature is human nature in the Old World too. For instance:

The introduction of the eight-hours day in Europe has resulted in increased opportunities for sports and physical development, particularly in Great Britain and Germany. In the latter country the membership of the chief sports clubs increased from 1,586,000 in 1914 to 2,955,000 in 1922, and the membership of workers' associations devoted exclusively to sports or athletics from 186,000 in 1914 to 382,000 in 1920.

In 1923 the Governments of the nations were sent a questionnaire on the subject of leisure. The Report embodying their answers says: "Excessive drinking has become less frequent in those centres in which the working day has been shortened. Excessive drinking is frequently the result of overwork, since the workman, tired by the continuous effort required by long hours, is tempted to seek relaxation by going from the workshop to the public-house. . . . The worker welcomes the opportunity of improving his home and taking exercise in the open air. Workers' gardens and sports clubs have

increased in number, and sport has a beneficial effect upon health and character."

When we are told therefore that people shouldn't be given leisure for the good reason that they don't know how to use it, we ought to ask back whether children should be forbidden bicycles for the equally good reason that they don't know how to ride them. If, as the orthodox argue, people are incapable of spending leisure properly, surely it is because they have had so little to practise on. The right remedy is to give them more and let them get used to the feel of it and get over the inevitable abuse of its first fine careless rapture. When a young man is given his first latchkey and celebrates the event by coming home next morning with the milk, only the foolish father believes that his son is destined to paint the town red for the rest of his days unless he is deprived of the latchkey; the wise father lets the boy keep it so that through the process which evolution has made its own—the process of trial and error—he may learn its proper use. Yet the argument to-day is that the latchkey should be withheld from mankind on the assumption that he will stay out all night every night. A not unreasonable belief in human nature prefers the alternative assumption that man is essentially one with the gods rather than one with the beasts, and that, given the chance, he will gradually learn to use everything, however foreign and dangerous, including even leisure, for his good. In that day the phrase "enforced leisure" would have as little meaning as "enforced life." Is this belief in man's sonship of God so Utopian after all? On the contrary, is there not some confirmation of it in the fact that though the unemployed of England—running into millions of the least educated of her citizens—have experienced leisure against their will

for a period running into years, yet during that period the amount of drunkenness and disorderliness in her police courts has decreased?

We are not suggesting that the unemployed or the leisured people of any class constitute an army of saints. But we are suggesting that crime does not necessarily result from leisure, and that the working population is responsible, *pro rata*, for as much crime as the leisured workless.

The word "work," on the other hand, is no stranger to us, with its common epithet of "hard." Coming down to us encrusted with the idea of drudgery, and immemorably associated with the struggle for existence, it has come to mean almost exclusively something that keeps the wolf from the door, so that work and a "living" are practically interchangeable terms, and the things about it we are most familiar with are that it is hard, long, compulsory, and disagreeable. This is the kind of work which is rewarded by definite payment, and which otherwise would not be done at all, the incentive to perform it being not the achievement but the payment. Indeed we can define work, as popularly conceived, as man-work paid for at piece-rate or time-rate. Practically all the work done "for a living" is of this kind, and this kind alone the economic system caters for. It is done in factory hours or on office stools or at board meetings; and the outcome of it is a supply of man's food, clothes, and shelter, and all his other material needs and wants and services. It is the work of Material Supply. Now this is very necessary work, obviously, but there is nothing essentially noble about it. In an age of plenty the very abundance of supply and the facility of modern mechanical process render the work unheroic, and should also render it easy. In other words, with the

power now at its disposal, mankind ought to be able to arrange for the routine work of keeping himself in material sufficiency with as little trouble and as semi-automatically as a householder keeps his home in repair and his wife keeps the larder stocked, and the maid changes the linen and empties the slops. This homely parallel is more apt than at first sight, because the Greek words, from which the word "economic," is derived, mean "care of the house" or "the science of managing the home." If only the science of economics were known by its good English name of housekeeping, who knows but that it might become a subject fit for ordinary conversation and take up some of the time in the home now spent, say, in contract bridge or in the thoroughly bad economics of making out income-tax returns.

The capable housewife likes to get through her daily housework; she has other and more interesting "higher" things to do. The only interest she takes in it is a proper pride in getting it done neatly, thoroughly, and quickly. So with the housewifery of the world. The production, distribution, and consumption of material supply and service is nothing but the world's housework. It should no longer be an end in itself any more than the quartermaster's department or a transport officer's arrangements are objectives in an army's attack. Unless we believe that human ambition will be satisfied with the kind of world in which every bedroom has a bathroom, we must believe that man will find other fields to conquer, other work to do, above and beyond the menialities of button-pressing, current-switching housework. The material world having once been conquered, the cultural world and the spiritual world raise their heads in challenge to man. But that is a work that can be accomplished

only in leisure; we can call it the work of Curiosity as distinct from the work of Necessity. Mankind is not ready for it yet, however, for his house is not in order.

BEYOND THE MENTALITIES

According to biologists some of the earliest forms of life devoted most of their energies to developing a satisfactory breathing apparatus. Their strivings went on for we don't know how many ages until at last their efforts were rewarded and the art of breathing perfected. The lucky organism consequently became free to devote itself to other activities, leaving the mentality of breathing to look after itself, which it duly did, functioning semi-automatically. That is, it did not rest on its lungs under the impression that they were laurels, but evolved further by slow, merging stages. One stage would consist of growing a thumb; another of standing on two legs in order to use that thumb. Now while these feats took almost inconceivable time and effort, yet once they were accomplished the human animal was able to forget all about the struggle they had entailed, and he was free to tackle more complicated affairs and satisfy higher ambitions, leaving his thumbs and upright stance, like his lungs, to operate semi-automatically. The result is that we, his descendants, are able to busy ourselves in a thousand other ways and take our lungs and thumbs and things of that sort for granted, even the stupidest of us having performed with consummate ease in a few months in the womb the evolutionary labours and spasms of an aeon. Now, great steps forward though these things were, none of them was the last of the journey; laurels were not yet.

A further stage was reached when man, using his gift of reason, turned from the haphazard chances of