

is nevertheless driven or tempted to nationalise two services in one year—broadcasting and electricity—is it not reasonable to expect rather more from a Government which has nationalization as its chief business? This is not asking for the extraction of rabbits from hats, but only that the nation's business shall be managed by the nation's responsible servants instead of by the nation's irresponsible and often incompetent masters.

In the long run men hit only that at which they aim. To make up our minds as to what we want is the first essential. We need not be afraid of saying we want unlimited Socialization, the continuation of the process already long since begun, whereby the State in the country and the local authorities in the towns have become the largest and the best servants of the public, neither scamping the work nor overcharging the price, the last and best and only unfailing friend of the citizen when all other friends fail him. There need be no confiscation, no violent dislocations, no injustice done to any one. Nay, it is only by this process that the daily injustices, confiscations, and dislocations of capitalistic society can be ended.

During the War years new departures were made, experiments launched, records beaten, and all very rapidly. This is not necessary in peace. All we ask is that Collectivist principles which have proved efficacious in the hands of non-Socialists should have a trial from the party to which they properly belong.

Collectivism—the communal way of doing things—is really the oldest principle in politics. Liberalism and Toryism are growths of yesterday by comparison.

Collectivism is not a wild, “red,” foolish, or desperate last resort, but the extension of law and order over chaos and inefficiency, the fulfilment of that “increasing purpose” which runs through the ages of social evolution. We must have it in increasing measure no matter what set of politicians we elect. But progress is faster with willing agents, and time is precious. The double holocaust of last week in our murderously mismanaged mines is proof that the poet was right when he wrote “on every wind of heaven a wasted life