

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

THE kind of news which we have lately received from Chicago could be a surprise to no one who has watched the course of events in America even through the medium of the bourgeois papers. On the one hand the vast number of men out of work, "at least a million," says the *Daily News*; on the other the struggle of the Knights of Labour for the eight hours' day (elsewhere told of in this number of the *Commonweal*) which means really the claim for a rise of wages: on the one hand dislocation of the labour-market and want of "employment," on the other claims for a greater share of the waning profits of the "employers." Such a condition of things is just the one to bring about collision between two parties obviously irreconcilable—the employers, brutal, domineering, short-sighted, seeing nothing but immediate gain or loss of money; the employed, no sheep to be shorn with pleasure and thanks for the removal of a burden. The lightning was bound to flash from two such dark clouds as this drawing near to each other.

As for the immediate events, the fight of May 4th, was one of those pieces of bloodshed which are the natural results of driving oppressed men into a corner: it must have been clear to those taking part in the meeting that the police would take the first opportunity for attacking them, and that even their dispersal would scarcely have saved them from a volley of shot. Men assembled in a great mass under such conditions are not likely to imitate the sham chivalry of the eighteenth century drilled hirelings, and request their enemy to fire first: it was a fight between people prepared to fight.

Meantime, we may note what was the nature of the speech of Samuel Fielden as told of in our bourgeois press, and the report of which brought out the "body of 400 police armed with staves and muskets . . . in extended platoon, which occupied the entire width of the street from house to house." It was just such a speech as is made by any of our speakers at street corners in London on Sundays. It was to guard against dispersal and arrest at the least, and probably also against immediate musket-shot that the revolutionists came armed on this occasion. They were driven into a corner, and they fought, as men of mettle are apt to do when in such a plight.

In short, it seems clear that the dominant class was determined in its fear of revolutionary action, to put down revolutionary opinion with a high hand; nor can it be denied that the Tuesday's fight has given them a good occasion to do so, and they are probably rejoicing even amidst their terror at the outbreak, because of its affording them their opportunity, whether they deliberately provoked it or not. A white terror is certainly setting in, which is likely to be specially ferocious, since in America the tyranny of middle-class democracy is not hampered by any of the sentiment which, half real and half hypocritical, still clings to it in England—till the middle-class shall become quite awakened by fear.

The American press is even suggesting the repression of immigration as a remedy for the spread of Socialism. If they are really in earnest, and succeed in carrying out such a measure, the great uprising will not be long delayed. That such a thing should be even spoken of, shows how swift has been the advance of Socialism. Once the two great Commercial Democratic Countries of the world prided themselves on being an asylum for political refugees: that was in the days when the refugees seemed no danger to commercial tyranny; which, therefore, was not sorry to hold in its bosom a half-hidden threat, for which it was not responsible, against absolutism, its own special enemy. Now, on the contrary, any spurt of fear sufficiently felt may at any time arouse the White Terror, either in England or America; nor will either Democracy, and, as aforesaid, especially the latter, be a whit behind the old Absolutisms in vigour of repression when it is really touched by fear.

The thoughtful middle-class man—the master—sees two prospects before him—the first baleful, the second fortunate. The first is the practical break up of the system which makes him master, and his place void in a society in which the rich and the poor have alike melted into equality. He sees himself no longer what he was—the stern director of healthy compulsion, or the condescending distributor of unpauperising rewards—but a man like other men, working for his

own livelihood, winning his own pleasures, all chance of his keeping a thousand men poor for his pleasure denied to him. This is a dreadful prospect to him; therefore, looking round on the power which he and those like him wield, he comforts himself with another possible prospect. He sees his class, wise in time, suppressing all opinion determinedly, though as slyly as possible; he sees part of the working-classes bribed into being his supporters, and the rest, the true have-nots, rigidly kept down. The old tyranny of the Roman empire is the model of his ideal: the jarring of families and tribes over now; the slaves reduced to sullen silence; the people kept quiet with bread and dog-fights; the rich free—free each man to hunt out his pleasure amidst the form of corruption which best suits his own sordid soul. This is the ideal of our masters of to-day, expressed with more or less hypocrisy, more or less timidity, but always returned to as a solid comfort amidst the fears engendered by the obvious decay of their system.

Well, these two prospects are visible to us as well as to the masters; but there is another which they do not seem to see, though it is more likely to be realised than either of the others. It involves, however, the partial realisation of their ideal. This second *Pax Romana* (peace of the empire) brought about, no corner of the civilised world in which a man can openly proclaim the wrongs of the have-nots; any spoken word which may break the peace of corruption, a crime, a wickedness; for the proletariat the civilised world one vast prison, in short, and no escape from it save death; and then—the upheaval. Since nothing but death will deliver us, there will be men who will choose a death which may bring about at least something. The word which may not be spoken will be whispered, and the whisper will be a gathering sign.

It is the course which will bring about this that the American middle-classes seem to be taking. Already the air is stifling with the sense of repression, and heavy with boasts of the violence of the well-to-do, who see success before them, especially since they hope to detach the mass of their own workmen from the revolutionary camp. And they probably will succeed in this at least, in showing the starved-out proletarians of Europe that they no longer have a city of refuge in America, but will meet there exactly the same oppression which they are used to in Europe. Once more, it is impossible that this should not hasten the coming Revolution all over the world.

Nor it must be said are the ruling classes quite ignorant of the fact that they will at least have rough times to pass through before they can attain to the peace of perpetual universal slavery, the hope of which they so vainly hug. It is a sign of the times that the *Tory Standard* should have an article on the Chicago riots which fairly admits, as it does, the facts of the genuine evolution of Socialism, and which sees that the outbreak is no mere accident to a peculiar form of our present system, but a consequence of the spread of enlightenment, and the results of steady propaganda. In the face of such admissions we need not combat the usual fallacies which the same article puts forward, since although the writer says, "That in the long run the forces of order will prevail in America and in Europe, we do not for a moment doubt;" it is clear from the rest of his article that he does very much doubt it.

Grand Court ceremonies have varied the budget of terrible and doubtful news to hand during the last few days; the same morning which gave the papers the happy chance of describing the hard won police victory at Chicago, gave them the opportunity of a long account of the glories of the costumes of the Drawing Room. In other words, the loads of idioty with which the Court ladies try to set off their somewhat doubtful charms. One almost wonders that even such empty fools as these are, are not ashamed to play such a farce in the midst of all these tragedies.

Or that farce of all farces, the Queen opening the Colonial Exhibition with a Court ceremonial, crowned by the degradation of a man of genius! It fairly sickens one to think that the man who wrote "Rispa," with all its passion and deep sympathy for the wrongs of the poor, should have been driven by mere yielding to convention, to allow such flunkey doggerel as this Jingo "Ode" to appear with his name tacked on to it. That the Press, including the *Pall Mall*, should puff it is proper and natural, of course; they know that this Exhibition is just a piece of commercial advertisement (who gets the money realised by it, by the way?) and with their tongues in their cheeks proceed to

praise the exemplification it offers of the hopes of the perpetual unity of the empire; and even poor Home Rule must be juggled in to point the moral.

Examples of the last remains of the art of India which our commercialism has destroyed, have been made to do duty as a kind of gilding for the sordidness of the rest of the show, and are a sorry sight indeed to one who knows anything of what the art of the East has been. But let that pass. There are, perhaps, certain exhibits of examples of the glory of the Empire which have been, I think, forgotten. We might begin at the entrance with two pyramids, *à la Timour*, of the skulls of Zulus, Arabs, Burmese, New Zealanders, etc., etc., slain in wicked resistance to the benevolence of British commerce. A specimen of the wire whips used for softening the minds of rebellious Jamaica negroes under the paternal sway of Governor Eyre might be shown, together with a selection of other such historical mementoes, from the blankets infected with small-pox sent to unfriendly tribes of Red-Skins in the latter eighteenth century down to the rope with which Louis Riel was hanged last year, for resisting a particularly gross form of land-stealing. The daily rations of an Indigo ryot and of his master under one glass case, with a certificate of the amount of nourishment in each, furnished by Professor Huxley. The glory of the British arms gained in various successful battles against barbarians and savages, the same enclosed in the right eye of a louse. The mercy of Colonists towards native populations; a strong magnifying-glass to see the same by. An allegorical picture of the emigrant's hope (a) on leaving England; (b), after six months in the Colonies. A pair of crimson plush breeches with my Lord Tennyson's "Ode" on the opening of the Exhibition, embroidered in gold, on the seat thereof. A great many other exhibits of a similar nature could be found suitable to the exposition of the Honour, Glory, and Usefulness of the British Empire.

Rebellion, it seems, will soon be the fashion. Lord Wolseley disdains to deny the apparently preposterous brag of the Orange Chieftain; so it may be supposed there is at least some truth in it. We Socialists are not, of course, going to cry horror on rebellion; but the complacency with which the idea is received forms a curious comment on the outcry made by respectable people against other forms of rebellion. Bourgeois moralists will discover that everything is fair and even beautiful in defence of the sacred rights of property, when they are once seriously attacked.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE COMMERCIAL HEARTH.

(Concluded from page 42.)

We defy any human being to point to a single reality, good or bad, in the composition of the Bourgeois family. It is indubitably the most perfect specimen of the complete sham that history has presented to the world. There are no holes in the texture through which reality might chance to peer. The Bourgeois hearth dreads honesty as its cat dreads cold water. The literary classics that are reprinted for its behoof it demands shall be vigorously Bowdlerised, even though at the expense of their point. Topics of social importance are tabooed from rational discussion, with the inevitable result that erotic instances of middle-class womanhood are glad of the excuse afforded by "good intentions," "honest fanaticism," and the like things supposed to be associated with "Contagious Diseases Act" and "Criminal Law amendment" agitations, to surfeit themselves on obscenity. And these are the people who cannot allow unexpurgated editions of Boccaccio or even of Sterne or Fielding to be seen on their drawing-room tables! Then again, the attitude of the family to the word—"damn." Now if there is an honest straightforward word in the English language—a word which the Briton utters in the fulness of his heart—it is this word; and precisely, as it would seem, for this reason it is a word which is supposed never to enter the "family," even newspapers, in order to maintain their right of entrance to the domestic sanctuary, having to print it with a "d" and a dash—the meaning of which euphemism, by a polite fiction, the "wife" or "daughter" is supposed not to understand. But the word is coarse and offensive in itself, the Bourgeois may retort. You have tried to make it so, I reply, by classing it with the filthy and inane phrases, bred of the squalor which modern capitalism creates, but in reality it is good, expressive English. Nay, more, it has "higher claims on your consideration"—to employ one of your own phrases—it bears the impress of Christianity upon it; for is it not to Christianity that we are indebted for the ennobling idea and spiritual significance of the word? The reputed founder of Christianity, if the authenticity of the gospels is to be relied on in this respect, much affected the expression. In fact, in common consistency you ought to reduce the "damns" of your New Testaments to "d—s," to make the work suitable for family reading. You do not do this, and why? Because your real objection to the colloquial "damn" is, as before remarked, that it has a ring of honest sentiment in it against which your sham family sentiment revolts.

Let us take another "fraud" of middle-class family life—the family party. That ever and anon a wide circle of friends should meet together in a spirit of good-fellowship is clearly right and rational; but the principle of the family party is that a body of persons often having nothing whatever in common but ties of kinship extending in remoteness from the definiteness of blood relation to the indefiniteness of connection—that such a motley crew should thus meet together in exclusive conclave, and spend several mortal hours in simulated interest

in each other. Now a cousin, let us say, may be an interesting person, but very often he is not. If he is not, why, in the name of average human understanding, should one be expected every 25th of December or other occasion, to make a point of spending one's leisure with a man who is a cousin but not interesting rather than with another man who is interesting but not a cousin? The reason is, of course, that the tradition of the "family" has to be kept up. A "relation," however remote, is, in the eyes of Bourgeois society, more to a man than a friend, however near. So relations, male and female, congregate together on certain occasions to do dreary homage to this "family" sentiment.

On the same principle the symbolical black of mourning is graduated by the tailor and milliner in mathematically accurate ratio, according to the amount, not of affection, but of relationship. The utter and ghastly rottenness of Bourgeois family sentiment is in nothing more clearly evinced than in the mockery of grief and empty ostentation of tailoring and millinery displayed on the death of a near relation. What is the first concern of the middle-class household the instant the life-breath has left one of its members but to "see after the mourning," as the expression is? Now to a person of sensibility, the notion that the moment he enters on his last sleep his or her relations will "see about the mourning" may well impart to death a terror which it had not before, and thus act as an incentive to carefully-concealed suicide. We believe, indeed, the frequency of "mysterious disappearances" in middle-class circles may be largely explained by this, without resorting to far-fetched hypotheses of midnight murders on the Thames embankment, and the like. No, to signify a bereavement to the outer world (if so desired) by a band of crape on the sleeve or hat, or some such simple emblem, is one thing; to eagerly take advantage of the bereavement for the purpose of decking out the person in trousers designed in the newest cut adapted for the display of the male leg, or "bodies" in which the fulness of the female breast is manifested, is quite another—and nothing less than a ghastly travesty of sentiment.

This, then, is the "hearth," this the family life, the family sentiment which certain writers are so jealous of preserving. In vain do enthusiastic young persons band themselves together, under the benediction of the old man of Coniston, into societies of St George, in the hope that the low level of modern social life, with its vulgarity, its inanity, and its ugliness, by some wondrous educational stimulus, emanating from their own enthusiastic and artistic souls, may undergo a process of upheaval. After some years of Ruskinian preaching, what is the net result? A sprinkling of households among specially literary and artistic circles where better things are attempted, and so far as the elements of furniture and decoration are concerned, perhaps with some measure of success. But even here you generally find the counterbalancing evil inevitably attending a hothouse culture out of harmony with general social conditions—viz., affectation and self-consciousness. No healthy living art or culture has ever been the result of conscious effort. When it comes to saying "go to, now, let us be wise," or "let us be artistic," it is quite certain that the wisdom or art resulting will not be worth very much. The distinction between an artificial culture of this sort, which is cut off from the life of the society as a whole, and the natural culture which grows out of such life, is as the difference between the flower plucked from its root and withering in the hand and the same flower growing in luxuriance on its native soil. For what, after all, has modern art to offer but at best the plucked flowers of the art of the past, which sprang out of the life of the past? Your societies of St George, your aesthetic movements, etc., only touch a fringe of the well-to-do classes: they have no root in the life of the present day; and because they have no root they wither away, and in a few years remain dried up between the pages of history, to mark the place of mistaken enthusiasm and abortive energies. It is surely time that these excellent young people, together with their beloved prophet, descended for a while from their mount of Ruskinian transfiguration, with its rolling masses of vaporous sentiment, to the prosaic ground of economic science, and saw things as they are.¹ They would then recognise the vanity of their efforts, and the reason of this vanity to lie in their disregard of the economic foundation and substructure of all human affairs; they would see the radical impossibility of the growth of any art, culture, or sentiment in the slimy ooze of greed and profit-mongering—in other words, in a society resting on a capitalistic basis. They would see, further, that the end of the world of profit and privilege cannot be attained by enthusiasms, good intentions, or any available form of class culture, but will have to be reached by a very different route—maybe through February riotings, and possibly still rougher things.

The transformation of the current family-form—founded as it is on the economic dependence of women, the maintenance of the young and the aged falling on individuals rather than on the community—into a freer, more real, and therefore a higher form, must inevitably follow the economic revolution which will place the means of production and distribution under the control of all for the good of all. The Bourgeois "hearth," with its jerry-built architecture, its cheap art its shoddy furniture, its false sentiment, its pretentious pseudo-culture will then be as dead as Roman Britain.

E. BELFORD BAX.

¹ [I think that whatever damage Ruskin may have done to his influence by his strange bursts of fantastic perversity, he has shown much insight even into economic matters, and I am sure he has made many Socialists; his feeling against Commercialism is absolutely genuine, and his expression of it most valuable.—W. M.]

The slavery of the poor to the rich is based upon, maintained and perpetuated by force.

OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM.

(A Reply to Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.)

III.

I PASS to the objection that Socialists "refuse to be precise as to the method or character of the organisation [of the future], or the lines upon which it is to be carried out." At times this accusation, in the mouths of less skilled antagonists, becomes an accusation of indefiniteness of aim on the part of Socialists. "What is it you want?—what are you driving at?" asks the average man, as if he were quite in despair. To this question—not propounded exactly in this form by our chosen objector—the answer is perhaps as definite a one as any ever given by reformers at any time. Surely "nationalisation of the land and of all other means of production" is a plain and precise reply. There may be doubts as to how this is to be brought about. There can be no doubt as to what it is that is wanted.

It is only by implication that in "Some Objections" we are accused of vagueness. We are accused of incapacity to give details as to the working out of the daily life of man under Socialism. The accusation is unreasonable. No man can give with any degree of certainty the details of the future under a new order of things. And no man who has read history ought, I think, to expect this. To him that attempts it the past gives its warning as to the foolishness of such an attempt, and for him the future is preparing its contradictions. We can say what we think may happen, as Grönlund has in his "Modern Socialism," but we dare not say what must and will happen. Only we can comfort one another with this thought: that if, in all the strife and horror of this time, it is not impossible to conceive the working of a just and kindly scheme of life, such a conception will be easy enough to the ripper minds of a ripper time.

Especially in this connection do our first two general question-answers come in. To one asking for details as to bottle-washing, the making and the getting of the daily newspaper, and the like, we are bound to say, "How is this managed in our terrible society of to-day? In the most effective and equitable fashion, do you think? And do you not believe that these difficulties, over which capitalism is still stumbling, may be surmounted when a scheme of brotherhood replaces one of oppressors and oppressed?"

A pregnant Latin proverb comes to mind. *Solvitur ambulando*, "it is solved as we walk along." That is the reply to all these strange, these unconscionable enquiries—*Solvitur ambulando*. Take care of your principles, and the details will take care of themselves. Be quite clear on the large main idea for which you are working; keep that steadily in front of you, and when you reach it the solution of all these questions of detail will be found lying behind it. *Solvitur ambulando*. Taking an illustration on this point from the agitation with which Mr. Bradlaugh's name has been most identified—that against religion; no one asks—or at all events no one ought to ask—anti-religionists for the precise details of the system they would substitute for that in vogue at present. And this, although the change we as atheists would bring about is a very, very small one compared with that for which Socialists work. I am certainly not prepared to say exactly what is to be done with the Church revenues, the churches themselves, all the Bibles and hymn-books, and such men as my friend the Reverend Stewart Headlam, whom no amount of revolution in religion would ever induce to give up preaching religion. Nor do I know any one else thus prepared. *Solvitur ambulando*.

The fearful upon this point should turn to the history of the Paris Commune in 1871. With what astounding and encouraging ease did that society of working men at once set about its work! How readily each fell into his place! Within that immortal 75 days, the standing army is replaced by an armed people, "municipal councillors chosen by universal suffrage in the various wards of the town, responsible and revocable at short terms," form the Commune; the police are stripped of all political attributes, and are merely the agents responsible and revocable of the Commune; high State dignitaries vanish and their salaries with them. All public service is done at workmen's wages. Here be details worked out in truth. *Solvebantur ambulando*. When for Paris is substituted the civilised world, when the Commune is international, free from traitors within and foes without, and the 75 days have become the thousand years of peace—who can doubt that all things will work together for good to them that love man?

The next paragraph presents this same objection in another phase, and in one that is particularly interesting as showing an unintentional misreading on the part of our antagonist. He quotes the utterances of two men prominently identified with the Socialist movement in England, and quotes them as antagonistic one to the other. Each of the two writers, Mr. H. M. Hyndman and E. Belfort Bax is quite capable of taking care of himself, but I am compelled to point out that in what they have said they by no means contradict one the other. In fact the words of each of them really elucidate, and are necessary to the due understanding of, those of the other. According to the one, Socialism is an endeavour "to substitute an organised co-operation" for present day competition and commercial throat-cutting. According to the other, "no scientific Socialist pretends to have any detailed plan of organisation." Now, these two utterances, as a glance at the words I have italicised shows, are in nowise irreconcilable. The one clearly by its use of the indefinite article "an" is in harmony with the protest of the other against any one having any detailed plan, cut and dried, to fit into the future. He that has such a plan and holds it to be anything more than a suggestion of possibilities, need not be considered seriously. "Trust him not; he is (quite without intent) fooling thee."

(To be continued.)

EDWARD AVELING.

BLUM.

(By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Translated by J. L. JOYNES.)

[Blum was sent on a German delegation to Vienna in 1848, and there shot by the Austrian authorities as a disturber of the public peace.]

In that great city of Cologne, 'tis forty years ago to-day,
A child set up a lusty cry as on its mother's knees it lay—
A babe with glad bright open brow, true omen of its life begun,
Fit emblem of its father's worth, a stalwart worker's sturdy son—
So loud a cry that toiling nigh the father paused to hear his child,
The mother pressed its little lips the closer to her breast and smiled;
Against her breast, upon her arm she softly sang her son to sleep—
Such cradle-song the hearers long among their sunny memories keep.

In this same city of Cologne 'mid moaning winds of winter wild
To-day in deepest organ tones resounds the grave-song of the child.
'Tis not the mother bowed in grief who sings it o'er her fallen son;
Nay, all Cologne bewails the death of him whose toil too soon is done.
With solemn woe the city speaks: "Thou who didst bear the noble dead,
Remain to weep within thy home, and bow to earth thine aged head.
I also am his mother! Yea, and yet a mightier one than I,
I and the Revolution's self, for whom he laid him down to die.
Stay thou within, and nurse thy woe. 'Tis we will do him honour here;
'Tis we will watch and requiem sing for thy dead son upon his bier."

So speaks Cologne: and organ notes through her dim cloisters throbbing go
The pillars of the altar stand enshrouded in the suits of woe;
The tapers give uncertain light, the clouds of incense denser roll;
A thousand mourners weep to hear the requiem for a parted soul.
Thus doth the mother-city pay the toiler's son his honour due;
Him whom in far Vienna's walls the minions of oppression slew;
Whom native worth had helped to climb the steep and painful path of life,
And meet the foremost of the land on equal terms of civil strife;
The man who, whatso'er might hap, could ne'er the People's cause betray—
Why grasp ye not your swords in wrath, Oh ye that sing, and ye that pray?
Ye organ pipes, to trumpets turn, and fright the scoundrels with your breath,
And din into their dastard ears the dreadful news of sudden death,
Those scoundrels who the order gave, the cruel murder dared to do—
The hero leant him on his knee in that autumnal morning's dew,
Then silent fell upon his face in blood—'tis eight short days ago—
Two bullets smote him on the breast, and laid his head for ever low.

They gave him rest and peace at last; he lies in peaceful raiment dressed:
Then sing a requiem round his grave, an anthem of eternal rest;
Yea, rest for him who has bequeathed unrest to us for evermore;
For in the dim cathedral aisles, where moving masses thronged the door,
Methought through all the noise I heard a sound as of a whisper strange,
"The passing moment is not all; the organs shall to trumpets change!
Yes, they that now sing dirges here shall seize the sword in wrath sublime,
For nought but fierce unceasing strife yet wrestles in the womb of time.
A dirge of death is no revenge, a song of sorrow is not rage,
But soon the dread avenger's foot shall tramp across the black-stoled stage;
The dread avenger, robed in red, and smirched and stained with blood and tears,
Shall yet proclaim a ceaseless war through all the coming tide of years:
Then shall another requiem sound, and rouse again the listening dead—
Thou dost not call for vengeance due, but time will bring her banner red.
The wrongs of others cry aloud; deep tides of wrath arise in flood—
And woe to all the tyrants then whose hands are foul with guiltless blood!"

In that great city of Cologne, 'tis forty years ago to-day,
A babe set up a lusty cry where on its mother's knees it lay.
A man lay on Vienna's dust in blood—'tis eight short days ago—
To-day his requiem on the Rhine bewails the doom that laid him low.

CHARITY FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.

SWEET are the uses of philanthropy, which, though seemingly a losing game, bears yet a precious advertisement dear to the shop-keeping soul! Time was when the cultivated few held the monopoly of philanthropy, and if the poor benefited nothing by it, the rich certainly lost nothing. But understanding spreadeth, and competition changeth all things; and now it comes to pass that the people's distress is made a cheap and effective instrument of advertisement. In the town of Leeds alone three pointed examples have occurred within a month. In the first instance, a theatrical manager announces his intention to engage a number of the unemployed as "supers," by way of winning public support to his show.

Following immediately afterwards, a pork-butcher announces, in view of opening business at a certain end of the town, that he, assisted by a prominent local "book-maker," will distribute 1000 gallons of soup and 1000 loaves of bread to the unemployed.

Saddest scene of all was the one enacted at the local music-hall. An announcement was made that on a certain evening set apart for the benefit of a "serio-comic" twenty old people of seventy years and upwards would be presented with a glass of wine and a piece of cake each, which they would consume before the amused audience. To the credit of the aged poor of the town, let it be mentioned they did not respond in the manner expected. Only three old women put in an appearance, and these were fed and dismissed to the apparent relief of an undemonstrative audience.

In this as well as other ways does the system debase men's moral senses. To put the matter broadly, these people were arrayed in their poverty in order to entertain a set of graceless young barbarians who in the main keep such places going—not to speak of the prostitutes and their supporters, all alike pitiful products of a rotten and declining order of things.

Thus is the philanthropist's occupation travestied: let us hope that like Othello's it will soon be gone.

T. M.

The interests of wage-workers in all countries are allied. Whatever reduced them to poverty in one country, must react disastrously on the wage-workers of all other countries. The true labour reformer takes in the whole world.—*Labor Leaf*.



Communications are invited from all concerned with social questions. They should be written on one side of the paper only and should be addressed to the Editors of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries throughout the world, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

QUESTIONS bearing upon the principles propounded and the objects had in view by the *Commonweal*, will be welcomed by the Editors.

WORKINGMEN and women in factories, workshops, stores or mills, are requested to go around among their comrades and get up a list of subscribers for the *Commonweal*, and lend a helping hand in the struggle for labour's freedom.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Freethinker—Practical Socialist—Leicester Co-operative Record. *Belgium*: La Guerre Social (Brussels). *Canada*: L'Union Ouvrière (Montreal). *France*: Paris: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—Le Révolté—Le Socialiste—La Tribune des Peuples—Revue du Mouvement Social, Le Devoir (Guise)—Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Budapest). *India*: Voice of India (Bombay)—Hindu Patriot (Calcutta)—People's Friend (Madras). *Italy*: Il Fascio Operaio (Milan). *Morocco*: Almoghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social—Acracia—La Justicia Humana (Barcelona)—Bandera Social—El Socialista (Madrid)—El Socialismo (Cadiz)—La Perseverancia (Huelva). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country—Amerikanische Arbeiter-zeitung. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal—Index. Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Little Socialist—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.): Carpenter—Chronicle. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.): Die Parole—Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer—Atlanta (Ga.) New Working World—Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Budget—Portland (Oregon) Alarm.

LABOUR TROUBLES IN AMERICA.

Riots and rumours of riots from one end of the States to the other. In Chicago a pitched battle between the police and the populace; workers and rulers alike arming and organising with all speed; the press with one accord clamouring for suppression of the "foreign interlopers," "blatant agitators," and "furious demagogues," whom a lively imagination shadows forth as the sole instigators and fomenters of the disaffection that now manifests itself so forcibly. Such is the position of affairs in America to-day. This land of promise beyond seas, asylum and refuge for the toil-worn and oppressed of all countries, divested of the hampering weight of monarchy and aristocracy, with universal suffrage, democratic-republican institutions, etc., suffers from the same "disease" of discontent as the most effete of the old-world empires.

Readers of the *Commonweal* do not need telling that this all forms part of the world-wide movement against class-rule and the iron chain of monopoly—that such disturbances are but a premonitory sign of the final disruption of the present system; but there may be some who need to be reminded of this in face of the attempt now being made to foist the whole trouble on to the shoulders of "foreigners," an attempt carried so far as even to culminate in a proposal to cure it all by stopping immigration!

In all civilised countries grows the movement—the labour-giant stretches uneasily in his fetters ere he makes the final effort to rive them. In America the universal uneasiness has taken the outward form of, and found expression in, an agitation for the eight hours working-day, in which men of all shades of opinion have joined eagerly, save only that section of New York, that is represented by the *Freiheit*.

In the full belief (by no means unfounded) that the carrying of such a measure would mean a dislocation of the present system that would hasten its downfall, the Socialistic Labour-party and the Red and Black Internationals have been working with the Knights of Labour in support of it, but the latter organisation has been most prominently associated with the agitation.

Constituted upon lines somewhat akin to those of Freemasonry or Good Templary, the Knights of Labour form not only a federation of Trades unions, but include also "mixed assemblies" of men not belonging to recognised union trades, such as clerks, store-keepers, unskilled labourers, etc., only excluding lawyers and publicans. They aim at a universal and complete organisation of labour, productive and distributive, without distinction of race, creed, or colour, and are composed, therefore, of men following the most varied vocations, with very dissimilar habits of life, and strongly marked differences of opinion. Their platform is in part Socialistic, but is so worded as to allow of the adherence of the less advanced, the framers of it, as well as the present leaders of the order, making the fatal mistake of trying to enlist the support of the "weak-kneed" by veiling the full meaning of their demands, not seeing that as soon as they are compelled by circumstances to speak out, this alleged support will fall away.

The strength of the order lies in its comprehensive reach over all ranks and kinds of labour; but this also constitutes its great weakness. By uniting large numbers of men of all trades, it is enabled to bring an enormous pressure to bear upon any single firm with whom it is at variance; by its great weapon, the "boycott," it has already subdued a large number of hostile firms, but upon such a question as the eight hours' working-day, or any other which deals with the relation subsisting between Labour and Capitalists in general instead of between a particular capitalist and his employés, the various elements which constitute the order begin to draw asunder.

Months ago preparations were openly made for a universal strike to take place on May 1, only to end when victory had been won all along the line, and the foreknowledge of this embittered all the quarrels which inevitably rose from the annual "depression of trade," one of the few certain resultants of our present chaotic methods of procedure. Among the miners, iron-workers, tramway-men, and railroaders, the war has been waged with fierceness and determination. A salient example, the struggle for supremacy on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and its connected lines, between the arch-monopolist and typical exploiter, Jay Gould, and the Knights, arose from an attempt on his part to increase the hours of labour; some Knights protested and were dismissed, whereupon the Order took up their quarrel, and a strike was ordered. When non-union men were hired measures were taken to persuade, and if need be, prevent them from running the trains. Of course this was promptly responded to by the dispatch of troops to keep the strikers at bay, and awe the "rats" into keeping their engagements. Several collisions took place between the military and the strikers, who were assisted by the bulk of the working-people; "riots" were again and again "suppressed," which is often merely the phrase of the bourgeois press for interference with, and dispersal of, quite orderly meetings of the people, and the irritation upon both sides grew apace, and still continues. It is not improbable that Gould will eventually win, as he is at least solid with himself, and can well spare part of his millions in the hiring of sneaks, cut-throats, and scoundrels to protect the rest of it, while throughout the whole course of the Missouri Pacific dispute, and still more so since the strike-area has been so much widened on May 1, has the tendency to disintegration to which I have alluded, been shown very markedly, the more inert among the membership being inclined to be content with a slight improvement of their condition, or, it may be, only a fair prospect of such improvement, while the more advanced desire to hit hard now that hitting has begun.

Their leaders have been frantically trying to spur forward the one by appealing to the wrongs of labour, and to restrain the other by talking of the "rights of property," but have principally succeeded so far in demonstrating the futility of trying to manipulate, like a homogeneous army, a body of men in support of a measure to the standard of which half of them have not advanced, while the rest have long since passed it by.

Very instructive is the utter frankness with which both sides have put forward an appeal to force as the final arbitrament. Unblinded by the superstition of rule "by the grace of God," being neither "defender of the faith" nor lineal descendant of a notorious thief or lecher, the American plutocrat rests with brutal candour his claim to possession on his ability to get and keep.

There are fewer rungs in the social ladder in the United States than here. Society is divided much more sharply into the haves and have-nots; and as might readily be conceived, the great development of the present system of profit-mongering and speculation, with its logical result, a knot of money-kings who hold at their disposal every resource, every power in the Union, makes the tyranny of King Capital keenly felt and bitterly resented by the people, who are free politically to an extent that rouses envy in the breast of the British Radical, but are still slaves socially to the same extent that we are.

In Chicago the International Working People's Association is very strong, with its allied societies forming a majority of the working population of the city. Here above all places the irritation reached boiling-point. The rule of the city in the hands of a ring of large monopolists, who, not content with their "legal" supply of force, are the sponsors and protectors of Pinkerton's "Thugs"—a band of desperadoes waged and let out to capitalists in need of the article by a speculator in violence; the smaller sharks only too eager to swim in the train of the big ones; a subservient city militia principally composed of people near enough to the working-classes in position to be anxious to emphasise their separation from them,—all these, confronted by a labouring population driven well-nigh desperate by misery, combined to threaten dire vengeance against the men who would bid the slaves unite. Long since was it well known that the first opportunity would be taken by the authorities for a display (if possible, a *use*) of force against a Socialist meeting. So that when the police advanced, in a formation obviously intended to provoke resistance, upon a demonstration not even purely a Socialistic one, taking as excuse for their wanton outrage a speech no more "violent" than has been a thousand times uttered at the same place, or than is being constantly delivered at London street-corners, it is small wonder that the Socialists, knowing from past experience how little difference in the numbers of them to be murdered it would make whether they stood or ran, held their ground for awhile. As to such incidents, whatever may be said as to the loss of energetic men in them, or the reaction that follows them and the consequent estrangement from the cause of timid though honest men, it is clear that under the present conditions of oppression they will happen, and will increase in number and violence as the people become more conscious of their present oppression.

There can be no lasting alliance between Socialists and those who recognise the "rights of private property." The "moderate" and "law-abiding" among the Knights of Labour are winning now for themselves the praise and thanks of the capitalists and their servile hirelings of the press by the bitter denunciations they pour forth against the "lawless anarchists" who have dared to go further than themselves. It must be fearlessly acknowledged that there is no peace, no truce, no halting-place possible until the full, free, and absolute control of all the material resources of a community are in its own hands. Until this is attained every "reform" is a delusion and a snare, for which no Socialist can leave his own, his only work—that of the agitation, education, organization of the people.

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

SOCIALISM FROM THE ROOT UP.

CHAPTER I.—ANCIENT SOCIETY.

In beginning this series on Socialism, we think it necessary to prelude the matter which may appear to interest more immediately us now living, by a brief allusion to the history of the past.

Our adversaries are sometimes forward to remind us that the present system with which we are so discontented, has been made by the growth of ages, and that our wills are impotent to change it; they do not see that in stating this fact they are condemning their own position. Our business is to recognise the coming change, to clear away obstacles to it, to accept it, and to be ready to organise it in detail. Our opponents, on the contrary, are trying consciously to stay that very evolution at the point which it has reached to-day; they are attempting to turn the transient into the eternal; therefore, for them history has no lessons, while to us it gives both encouragement and warning which we cannot afford to disregard. The hopes for the industrialism of the future are involved in its struggles in the past; which, indeed, since they have built up the present system, and placed us amidst its struggle towards change, have really forced us whether we will it or not, to help forward that change.

The modern civilised State has been developed by the antagonism between individual and social interests, which has transformed primitive Society into Civilisation. The conditions of mere savage life recognised nothing but the satisfaction of the immediate needs of the individual; this condition of complete want of co-operation yielded to primitive Communism as the powers of man grew, and he began to perceive that he could do more than satisfy his daily needs for food and

shelter. By this time he had found that he could aid nature in forcing the earth to produce livelihood for him; the hill and forest became something more to him than the place where berries and roots grew, and wild creatures lived, the land became pasture ground to him, and at last amid some races ground for tillage.

But the wealth of man still grew, and change came again with its growth; the land was common in the sense that it was not the property of individuals, but it was not common to all comers; primitive society was formed, and man was no longer a mass of individuals, but the groups of this primitive society were narrow and exclusive; the unit of Society was the *Gens*, a group of blood-relations at peace among themselves, but which group was hostile to all other groups; within the *Gens* wealth was common to all its members, without it wealth was prize of war.

This condition of war necessarily developed leadership amongst men; successful warriors gained predominance over the other members of the *Gens*, and since the increasing powers of production afforded more wealth to be disposed of above the mere necessities of each man, these warrior leaders began to get to themselves larger shares of the wealth than others, and so the primitive communism of wealth began to be transformed into individual ownership.

The Tribe now took the place of the *Gens*; this was a larger and more artificial group, in which blood relationship was conventionally assumed. In it, however, there was by no means mere individual ownership, although, as said above, Communism had been broken into; the tribe at large disposed of the use of the land according to certain arbitrary arrangements, but did not admit ownership in it to individuals. Under the tribal system also slavery was developed, so that class Society had fairly begun.

The Tribe in its turn melted into a larger and still more artificial body, the People—a congeries of many tribes, the ancient Gothic-Teutonic name for which—*theoth*—is still preserved in such names as *Theobald*. This was the last development of Barbarism; nor was there much change in the conditions of wealth under it from those obtaining among the Tribe, although it held in it something more than the mere *germs* of feudalism.

Finally, ancient Barbarism was transformed into ancient Civilisation, which, as the name implies, took the form of the life of the city. With these cities political life began, together with the systematization of the old beliefs into a regular worship. The religion of Barbarism was the worship of the ancestors of the tribe, mingled with fetichism, which was the first universal religion, and may best be described as a state of mind in which the universe was conceived of as a system of animated beings to be feared and propitiated by man. This was transformed into what may be called city patriotism, which summed up the whole religion of the city, and which was the real religion of the Greeks and Romans in their progressive period, and of all the then progressive races of mankind, including the Hebrew. In these cities slavery speedily developed until it embraced nearly the whole of industrialism, the main business of the free citizens being the aggrandizement of their city by war.¹ For the cities were as hostile to each other as the tribes had been.

The course of events towards further transformation was that in the East the cities formed federations which gradually fell under the domination of bureaucratic and absolute monarchies, of which China still remains as an example. The Greek and Latin cities carried on the progress of human intelligence, but did not escape corruption and transformation.

Amongst the Greeks the individual struggle for pre-eminence gradually broke down the city patriotism, and led the way towards the domination of mere military and political intrigue and confusion, till the independence of Greece was finally trampled out by the power of Rome, now corrupted also. For during this time in Rome the struggle of the plebeian order—or inferior tribes of which the city was composed—with the conservative oligarchy—that is, the three most ancient and consequently leading tribes—had developed a middle-class living on the profits derived from slave labour, which broke up the old city republic and led to the formation of a commercial and tax-gathering empire, founded on slavery, whose subjects were devoid of all political rights, and in which the triumph of individualism was complete. Indeed, this same struggle had taken place in one way or another in the Greek cities also. Thus was all public spirit extinguished. The natural greed of commercialism gradually ate up the wealth of the empire: even slave labour became unprofitable. The landlords were ruined; the taxes could not be paid; and meanwhile the Roman soldier, once a citizen religiously devoted to his city, became a bribed hireling, till at last no bribe was high enough to induce a civilised man to fight, and the Roman legions were manned by the very barbarians whose kinsmen were attacking the empire from without.

Thus was ancient civilization delivered over to the Barbarians, fresh from their tribal communism, and once more the antagonism of individual and common rights was exemplified in the two streams of Barbarian and Roman ideas, from the union of which was formed the society of the next great epoch—the Middle Ages.

E. BELFORD BAX AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

A man in debt is not free, for his creditors can squeeze him. A country in debt is in the same position, and its creditors squeeze the government to force certain laws to be passed.—*Labor Leaf*.

¹ The Greeks added to this the practice of the higher arts and literature, neither of which the Romans possessed in their progressive period.

PIETY ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.

"If every one," said Mr. Pecksniff, "were warm and well-fed, we should lose the satisfaction of admiring the fortitude with which certain conditions of men bear cold and hunger." This appears to have been the sentiment which prompted the publication of *The Working-Man's Text-book*, a small pocket volume containing a Preface by the Bishop of Bedford, and a text on each page. The worthy bishop exhorts working-men to read one verse twice daily, beginning with it first thing in the morning, and ending with it last thing at night. The advice is no doubt well meant and kindly; but it is, nevertheless, nothing short of astounding that pious churchmen should continue to preach this unbelievable Gospel of Piety on an Empty Stomach. The philosopher in the fable, who read a long lecture on the folly of rashness to the youth who was drowning before his eyes, did not act one whit more unreasonably than those who think to compensate the victims of this world's injustice by directing their attention to the felicities of the world to come. It is a poor consolation for a man who is compelled to live on the verge of starvation, to be assured that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed," or, that "they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good;" yet these are among the texts that we find appointed for certain days. Again, such a verse as "The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing" may offer very suitable meditation for well-to-do prelates, whose condition it so accurately describes; but it does not seem equally appropriate for those who happen to be in need of *everything*. It cannot be denied, however, that there is something distinctly pertinent in some of the arrangements of the Text-book. Was the compiler thinking of the Royal Commission of Enquiry into the Housing of the Poor, when he selected "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you"? Those who have had experience of the advantages of "free competition" will appreciate the grim truth that underlies such verses as "Ye are not your own: for ye are bought with a price," or, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Finally, on looking with some interest to see what text is appointed for that significant date, the First of April, we find the reasonable advice "Trust ye in the Lord for ever," and are fain to confess that humour, however unconscious, is not entirely absent from this small volume.

The compiler seems to have been unequal to completing the full circle of the year, for after the end of June the readers are referred back to January, and must again meditate daily on the texts which had their full attention only six months before. Perhaps he was haunted by a suspicion that few working-men would be likely to accompany him far enough to discover the deficiency. "Very few and very wary are those who are in, at the death of the Blatant Beast," so Lord Macaulay remarked of a famous allegorical poem; and the same might hold good, in a sense, of *The Working-Man's Text-Book*. Such a book could only be published in a blatant and Pecksniffian age; and we trust working-men are not likely to be deceived by such hypocritical twaddle.

H. S. SALT.

THE POOR IN INDIA.

From the "Statesman," Calcutta, March 20th, 1886.

THIS extract is an illustration of the acknowledged fact that under British rule in India the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer every year.

The prosperous under our rule are the moneyed classes, traders, brokers, the professions, especially doctors, solicitors, and barristers. The poor tenant-farmer, and the labourer employed by him, have long ago all but succumbed. The wealth of the country districts is by our rule drawn to the towns and accumulated there in a few hands.

"A native gentlemen writes to thank us for again calling the attention of the Government to the condition of masses of our cultivators. His father was 'a Bengal ryot' [tenant-farmer], he tells us, and but twelve years ago he was himself, as a boy, witness to all the privations and sufferings of a ryot's home:—

"I am not going to appear before the public in an assumed garb. Twelve years back, I was a cultivator in the strict sense of the word; and I will try to lay before your readers my bitter experience of what it means. I well remember as a grown-up boy, when I had to work in the fields, careless of sun and rain, that I never had a meal that satisfied my hunger to the full. Throughout the rainy season we had often to sit up almost the whole night to save the thatched roof of our hut being blown away by the storms of wind and rain. We took our supper before dark, not because we liked to do so, but because we had no light in the hut, and did not like eating in darkness by the flicker of hemp-sticks (patkati). Never in my boyhood did I know what it was to have two dhoties [waist-cloths round the middle in place of trousers], while the one I wore barely came down to my knees. The others of my family were no better off. I never saw in my father's possession a larger sum than Rs. 5 [10s.]. When our poor cottage was destroyed by a cyclone, we had to take refuge under a tamarind tree. Shoes, shirt, or chudder [a bed-sheet], were not for us. Very fortunate was he who could procure any of these articles. I recall vividly in what misery my poor mother, father, brother, and sister departed from this world of woe and anxiety. When my father and then my grandmother died, I had not an eight-anna piece to buy fuel for their cremation; and when my brother and sister followed them one after another, I had no money to call in medical aid even in their dying moments.

"I tell you these facts in a haphazard way, to give you and your readers of the higher class some idea of the real condition of the Bengal peasant of the present day; and I tell you on my honour that the majority of our class whom I knew were not a whit better off than ourselves.

"You will now understand what the standard of living is among the agricultural masses of Bengal; and if you kindly allow my letter to appear, I have a mind to write to you at more length on the subject."

"And is it really 'war' that should occupy our attention from one year's end to another, with the people in this condition under our rule? It will be seen that the writer confirms to the letter what Dr. Hunter and Mr. A. C. Elliott say as to the people not knowing what it is to have their hunger satisfied. The writer of this letter says that he never remembers a meal that satisfied his hunger when he was a boy in his father's ryot home. It is 25 years since we first began to call attention to the painful testimony of our district officers, that the cultivators were from some cause or other everywhere sinking into pauperism. The late Mr. Marriott, an old Bombay Civilian, first awakened our interest in the matter, and it has grown with the lapse of time. The Government ought not to have rested for a day under such testimony, but inquired into its causes from the first."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Our Turin friends notify us that from several causes the publication of the *Questione Sociale* has been discontinued. The party is, however, making arrangements for issuing a paper at Rome, to which we wish every success.

Our Corner for May is, as usual, full of readable articles. Mrs. Besant's "Modern Socialism" and Bernard Shaw's "Irrational Knot" retain their high level of excellence. The present number is also remarkable for the first serious attempt to "place" Mr. Shaw as a fictionist, an attempt which is here somewhat more than partially successful.

To-Day, edited by Fabian Bland, has in the current number the continuation of "Capital" and "Broken Lives," some agreeable verse by Pakenham Beatty and Adeline Sergeant, and a very feeble article upon "Radicalism and Socialism," which evades or misses the real point at issue. H. H. S.

Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux) airs the workman's grievances with a vigorous pen; one number contains an appreciative article on the 18th of March. Several seizures of Socialist journals in Bordeaux are recorded.

La Torpille (Newfoundland), a diminutive monthly sheet, devotes its April number to reports of 18th March celebrations in New York and elsewhere.

Acracia (Barcelona) states its principles (Communist-Anarchist) in a short concise heading. It contains several thoughtful articles, notably a short one on the failure of Art to-day for lack of a modern ideal.

The assertion in *El Socialista* (Madrid) that "Collectivism and Communism mean one and the same thing," should have a more conspicuous place than a modest foot-note, considering its importance.

El Socialista of Madrid, concludes the manifesto of the Liberal Party, in this week's number. "Political power," "propaganda in Parliament and in other administrative bodies," is the sum of this rather lengthy production.

The current number of *Le Révolté* contains the continuation of Krapotkin's address in the Salle Lévis. Readers are referred to a former number of the paper for the beginning of this interesting discourse. M. M.

General Van der Smissen, alarmed at the circulation of *Ni Dieu ni maître* among the army, has been ordering his commandants to bring the soldiers together frequently and to give them lectures to refute Anarchism, and to show them that Anarchists want to undermine the foundations of society.—*Le Révolté*.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

There is less freedom in a republic when the public press is debauched by a class, than in a monarchy, where nothing better is expected.—*Our Country*.

Organised labour is learning something, but its lesson is not an easy one, as it will find before its emancipation from the task-master is complete. We see the beginning, but the end no one can foretell.—*Our Country*.

This is an ultimate aim of the labour movement: To equitably divide between those who toil the result of that toil. It is not to rob, or murder, or do any other wrong act. It is simply to see to it that every one who works gets all he produces, and every one who is idle has no power to live off the toil of others. He must work or starve.—*Labor Leaf*.

In China, where you can get a suit for 25 cents, half the population are nude at this moment. In India you can get a suit for 25 cents, yet a hundred million people go naked. I claim that immense power of machinery has not brought the products thereof within the grasp of consumers.—*John Swinton's Paper*.

If it is true, as capitalists assert, that labour is dependent upon capital for support, Adam and Eve must have had a very hard time to get something to eat. There were no capitalists to employ them, you know. But they went to work and created a little capital, and after they had done so they employed it to assist in the production of their necessities. Their capital never employed them. Life is drawn from the earth, not from capital, and men would continue to raise the necessities of life if every cent of money, every bond note, mortgage, etc., were to be destroyed.—*Topeka Citizen*.

When we consider how great an advance the world has made during the last hundred years; how much the opportunities have improved for enjoyment, happiness, and luxury; how much the intellect of man and aspirations for a higher life have grown,—how diabolical sounds the assertion that the poor have no reason to complain, as they are better off than they were years ago. When will the rich learn that nature sends her bounties on all alike—the rain on the just and on the unjust? Never, I fear, until their eyes are opened by force and overwhelming numbers take their rightful share of the good things.—*Labor Enquirer*.

The laws of nature are the only safe guide for, and should be the only directors of, man's actions. To prove this, let me ask you: Did you ever hear of any man-made law prescribing your eating, drinking or sleeping? Or, on the contrary: Did you ever hear of any man-made law prohibiting the eating of strychnine? And yet we eat and we drink and sleep, and we eat no strychnine in spite of the absence of man-made laws regulating these things. It is only for the protection of a certain class of people in the holding of property, which they have wrung from the workers, and upon which they live the lives of luxurious idlers, and for the protection of practices which are directly in opposition to the laws of nature and equity, that laws are made by man. All that is needed under a pure, equitable, rational system of society are simple agreements between the people regulating the mode of exchange of commodities and the system of education.—*Labor Enquirer*.

NOTES.

The cynical indifference of employers as to the lives of their employed never took a more hideous form than in connection with the Merchant Shipping, and the Bill named after this, that Mr. Chamberlain fought for a few months ago. And that indifference, alas! affected the general public, eaten up as it is with the canker of commercialism. Every one knows the awful facts Mr. Chamberlain brought forward, and, if possible, more awful way in which the ship-owners roared out when their license to murder sailors was threatened. If Mr. Chamberlain, instead of sulking because Mr. Gladstone consulted Mr. Morley rather than him about Ireland, will set to work at the shipowners again, he may be forgiven for his bad temper.

A Board of Trade return just issued speaks even more eloquently than Mr. Chamberlain. It only applies to steamers and the casualties, as they are with capitalistic euphemism called affect, chiefly sailing vessels. In 1883-4 from steamers alone, 614 lives were lost; in 1884-5, 700. The increase is terrible enough. But more terrible still is the proportion of these 614 and of these 700 that died by bad weather and bad seamanship on the one hand, to those that died in consequence of vessels foundering and being missed. It is evident that whilst some of the former category may be preventable, nearly all of the latter must be. Vessels founder or are missed, as a rule, because they were sent to sea in an unseaworthy condition by those that knew them to be unseaworthy.

What are the numbers? In 1883-4, lives lost through bad weather and bad seamanship, 360; in 1884-5, 187. But in 1883-4, lives lost through the foundering and vanishing of ships, 254; in 1884-5, 520—more than double. And yet we shall have the advocates of individualism, with that disgraceful print, the *Weekly Dispatch*, shrieking in the van, protesting against any interference with the liberty of the subject to drown his fellows.

I am not sure of the exact position that the journal just mentioned took up on the question just discussed. It is true that to my sorrow I read it every week. But I only do this, as the Spartans made the Helots drunk, to see and shun the horrible. But, though I am thus uncertain as to the line that Mr. Fox Bourne would take when a scheme so Socialistic as restraint of shipowners was under consideration, I am warranted in thinking it would be that of cruelty by the entirely heartless way in which the *Dispatch* talks about the limitation of shop hours.

Surely the working-man Radical must see what Radicalism is, when on a question that affects the health, the happiness, and even the lives of young working-men and women, the *Weekly Dispatch* is found lying (I use the word in no invidious sense) side by side with Mr. Blundell Maple. All the "arguments" used by the defenders of long hours for shop-assistants are but a pitiful warming-up again of the old objections to the Factory Acts. The howling of such papers as the *Weekly Dispatch* is only the modern echo of the raving against any limitation to the labour of women, young persons, or children.

The regulation of shop hours is an "act of tyranny—a monstrous persecution of humble bread-winners." If Mr. Fox Bourne, foaming at the mouth at this projected tyranny and persecution, would take to foaming about the tyranny and persecution of our method of producing and distributing goods—well, then he wouldn't be Mr. Fox Bourne, and we should not have our drunken Helot Sunday paper.

How Lord Tennyson must write at his having to write an ode on commerce, and at the ode when written! An American telegraphs a prayer "God grant it [the ode] may stand a sturdy sea-wall against the tide of disunion and degeneracy." There is no reference in the last word to the poet's style.

Messrs Brinsmead, pianoforte makers, broke a boy's arm the other day by not fencing a piece of machinery. By a strange inadvertence, they omitted to give the notice required by law of the accident. Fine £2. Not a heavy sum for the luxury of having a boy's arm broken.

Had the declarations of Lords Wolseley and Charles Beresford on the Irish question and war been made by a Socialist, prosecution would have been at least talked of. One thing is that this sort of talk is the very thing to get the Bourgeois' back up. He will be a little angry and a good deal frightened. After all, he knows that these professional butchers are paid by money that goes through his hands, and he calls that being paid by him. Snob as he is to these people if they do his work, he will get very cross with them if they forget their place and talk about doing work not ordered by the snob-master of snobs.

The nail-trade is in a deplorable condition. An operative committee is appealing to the masters on the grounds that the average price is now thirty per cent. below what it was in 1879, and many hundreds of families are on the verge of starvation. These families are not those of the masters.

By the sanction at the hands of the Home Office of the shift working system in the Welsh tin-plate trade, boys under 18 can now be employed during illegal hours. The change, we are told, will benefit masters (that we believe) and men (that we do not believe). With judicious reticence, nothing is said about benefit to the boys. ED. AVELING.

RECORD OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT.

BELGIUM.

Our friend Anselme—than whom no man has done more for the cause in Belgium—has lately sent a most interesting report to the *Cri du Peuple* on the Co-operative Society "Vooruit" (Forwards) of Ghent. I give a few extracts from his letter: "Vooruit" is a Socialist Co-operative Society, founded in 1880, with a capital of 2000 francs (£80), lent them by the Weavers' Society, from whose ranks most of the Socialists here are recruited.

All workmen who applied to become members were told by us that 'Vooruit' was, and would remain Socialist, that our bakery was not an end, but was to be simply a means of propaganda, of organisation for the women, and of preparing for the class-war; to show that Socialists were neither thieves nor dreamers, but thoroughly able to fulfil the historical part they are called upon to play, i.e., the overturning of the capitalistic system, and the organising of the society of the future. Although several co-operative bakeries already existed, and the bourgeoisie, the priests, and the press attacked us constantly, yet within two years we had between 900 and 1000 members. To-day we number 2300 families. All machinery has had to be renewed, our place enlarged. We have a magnificent restaurant decorated with Socialist emblems, a concert-room that can seat 1500 persons, and a very pretty theatre. We bake from 24,000 to 25,000 loaves weekly. We have a central and four other offices where members on Saturdays and Sundays buy their bread-tickets; a loaf of one kilogram (2½lbs) costs 35 centimes (about 3½d.). The bread is taken round the town in six large carts to the houses of members; every one gives up as many tickets as he wants loaves. Every six months accounts are balanced. The last half-year gave the Society a profit of 13½ centimes per loaf, so that a 2½lbs. loaf (and bread of the very best quality) cost us 21½ centimes. This profit was divided among the members, each getting 11 cent. per loaf, so that the loaf really costs them 24 centimes. The remaining 2½ centimes per loaf were placed in the reserve fund for the purpose of increasing and improving our material, for supporting strikes, and for Socialist propaganda, through the *daily* publication of our organ *Vooruit*. The profits are not paid in money, but in bread-tickets, so that all members who take all their bread from us, for over three months in the year get their bread for nothing. *Bread is only sold to members.* The Society has also a large store . . . where members can make purchases in exchange for their bread-tickets. When the half-yearly "dividends" are given out we always have a *fête*. To become a member you have to pay 17 centimes (about 1½d.) entrance fee, and at the first paying out on the profits the member receives 1 franc less than the rest, that is all. Every member pays 5 centimes weekly for the mutual benefit fund, which, in cases of illness, gives six loaves a week. Only those can be elected on the committee who have been members for at least one year of a branch of the Socialist party. In 1885, the 'Vooruit' bakery gave 10,000 francs to workers on strike, and about 12,000 loaves for the strikers at Ghent, besides thousands of francs and loaves for Socialist propaganda generally. There could be no mightier lever for Socialist propaganda than such an organisation as this. . . . We have started two dispensaries, where we sell all medicines 100 per cent. cheaper than the other chemists. We are about to start five or six more. . . . In the premises belonging to 'Vooruit' a dozen workmen's societies meet. Some of these societies have large libraries; our own consists of 3,500 vols.; the weavers have 2,500. The use of this library costs 15 centimes a fortnight; members belonging to Socialist societies have the use free, but their societies pay 1 centime a head monthly. . . . We have just started a large printing concern, with large presses. . . . Such is 'Vooruit.' It has always openly declared itself Socialist. On the frontage of their house you read, 'Worker's Union, Co-operative Labour, Socialism, Education, Freedom.' Whenever, in any part of the world, the proletariat raises its voice, the red flag waves above the 'Vooruit' building; at every massacre of the people it is draped in mourning."

Commenting on this most interesting communication from Anselme, the *Social Democrat* points out the great importance of this organisation; bears witness to the excellence of the bread baked by the society, and shows wherein this Co-operative Society entirely differs from the "profit-sharing" concerns patronised by bourgeois sentimentalists. For example, 'Vooruit' is openly avowed a means to the end we all have in view, and it is used for organising and educating the workers, and not for turning them into "profit makers and dividend imbibers on a small scale, and this because (1) only members can deal at 'Vooruit'; (2) because dividends are not paid out in money, and because they have no kind of shareholders, but only members, all with equal rights." As to the workmen employed in the bakeries, it goes without saying that they are paid the highest wages in their trade, and that for the rest they have exactly the same rights and privileges as the other members of the society.

At Verviers and Brussels, Socialist Societies on the same plan are being started, and an excellent one already exists at the Hague.

I give no report of the Decazeville strike and the Paris election, because Paul Lafargue, as soon as the work entailed by that election is over, will send a detailed account of the whole movement. Meantime, I need only point out that the 100,750 votes given for Roche are a splendid victory. These votes mean not only a blow aimed at the Radicals: they mean the solidarity of the Socialists of Paris. On this head, pending Lafargue's letter, I warn our friends that the statements *re* the Roche election of "Headingley" in *Justice* are absolutely contrary to fact. Details next week. E. M. A.

The French Republican Government seem resolved to show in every possible way that they are quite as much the Government of the capitalists as any of their predecessors. Not content with siding with the Mining Company in Decazeville, they now come out even stronger in Lyons. There is a strike at a glass-works there; a few knobsticks continue working, and are lodged inside the works for safety's sake. When the furniture of one of them—a German anarchist of the name of Litner—was removed to the works, the strikers followed it, hooting. No sooner was the cart with the furniture inside and the gates closed, than shots were fired from the windows upon the people outside—revolver-bullets, and buckshot flying about in every direction, and wounding about thirty people. The crowd of course dispersed. Now the police and the judicial authorities interfered. But not to arrest the capitalist and his retainers who had fired—oh no! they arrested a number of the strikers for interfering with the freedom of labour! This affair coming on at this very moment, has caused immense excitement in Paris. Decazeville has swelled the Socialist votes in Paris from 30,000 to above 100,000, and the effect of this murderous affair on the La Malotier Gray at Lyons will be greater still. F. E.

The ex-ambassador of America in France is reported to have said that nothing so cowardly as the killing of the policemen at Chicago, was perpetrated during the reign of the Commune in Paris. He forgot to mention apparently, that after the fall of the Commune acts were perpetrated in and around Paris by the bloody villain Thiers, and the ruffians acting under him in the interests of "order," which slightly surpass in enormity and magnitude in the eyes of unprejudiced persons, even the killing of three policemen. The case stands thus: 30,000 opponents of bourgeois order slaughtered *versus* 3 of its defenders—but that, of course, makes all the difference. B.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

Notice to Members.

General Meeting.—On Monday May 24, at 8.30 p.m. Council meets at 7.30.
Library.—The librarians, May Morris and W. Chambers, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m.
Reading Room.—Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. All papers received by the Secretary are sorted and filed and are at the disposal of members.
Annual Conference.—Whitsunday, June 13. Attention of Branches is especially called to Rule V. (pages 3 and 4 Constitution and Rules). Any Branch not able to send a delegate from among its own members can appoint any member of the League to represent them.

Excursion.—Comrades Cantwell, Gray, and Lane, with Eleanor Marx-Aveling, May Morris, and Mrs Wardle, have been appointed a committee to arrange for an excursion to take place on Whit-Monday, the day after the Conference. The balance remaining in hand from the Christmas-tree will be utilised to provide for a children's outing at the same time; and any one willing to assist in giving the little ones "a day in the country" is asked to send his contribution to one of the woman-members of the committee. Full announcement of place, time, etc., will be duly made in this column.

All members changing their address are earnestly requested to send notice either to Branch secretaries or to Secretary of the League.

London members not yet belonging to any Branch are informed that a Clerkenwell Branch is in process of formation at the Central Office, to which, or to some other Branch, they must join themselves if they desire to be represented at the coming Conference.

Notice to Lecturers and Branch Secretaries.

To avoid confusion and mistake, lecturers and Branch secretaries are requested to at once advise the Lecture Secretary of all engagements made by them. Branches will find it more convenient to make their arrangements with speakers through the Lecture Secretary, who will undertake to make all necessary announcements unless otherwise instructed.

A meeting of out-door and indoor lecturers will be held on Saturday the 29th of May at 13 Farringdon Road, to make all necessary arrangements for June. The Hoxton Branch (L. E. L.) is requested to communicate with the Lecture Secretary in regard to Kingsland Road and Hackney Road stations. Comrades who can speak or otherwise assist at open-air meetings, are urgently requested to send in their names at once, "The harvest, truly, is great, but the labourers are few." All interested in the cause of Socialism would help greatly by advising the secretary of suitable spots for establishing new stations.—C. W. MOWBRAY.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.

Marylebone, to March 31. Bloomsbury, Hackney, Hammersmith, Leeds, North London, Norwich, Oxford, to April 30. Manchester, to May 31. Hoxton (Labour Emancipation League), to June 30.

"THE COMMONWEAL."

The *Commonweal* is published at 10 a.m. every Thursday.
 Branches are asked to note that each weekly sending of paper should be paid for at the end of the week.

Copies of the cartoon by Walter Crane given with the first number of the weekly issue, can now be had printed on fine hand-made paper for framing, price 6d., postage 1d.; protection roll, if desired, 2d. extra.

REPORTS.

(Reports and Notices should be addressed to the printer, and to insure insertion in the current issue must reach the office not later than 10 a.m. on Tuesday.)

The concert given last Saturday at Farringdon Hall by our comrade Snelling and his friends was a decided success, a fairly large audience listening with marked appreciation to the entertainment given them.

At a meeting of the Council of the London members of the League last Monday the following resolution was voted with acclamation: "That this meeting expresses its heartfelt sympathy with the Chicago Socialists in their resistance to a violent attack on the freedom of speech."

HACKNEY.—On Sunday we held a meeting in Well Street, opposite Kenton Road, at 11.30 a.m., addressed by comrade Graham, who took for his subject, "Has Machinery lessened Human Labour?" The meeting was well attended; some slight opposition was made by a Christian. In Victoria Park, at 3.30, comrade H. Burcham spoke on "Socialism." Some opposition from two "sweating" tailors.—J. FLOCKTON.

MARYLEBONE.—Our meeting on Saturday evening in the Harrow Road was larger than last week. We had some slight opposition from a working man, which was vigorously replied to by comrade Mainwaring. The people seem very ignorant as to what Socialism means, and several expressed a desire that we should assemble more frequently than once a week. Judging from enquiries that were made by several of the audience, there is every reason to believe that we shall shortly make many new members. At Bell Street on Sunday morning the meeting was addressed by comrades Charles, Arnold, and Burcham. In the afternoon, in Hyde Park, we had a very large and enthusiastic audience, numbering from 1000 to 1500 persons. The meeting was addressed by comrades Mainwaring, Arnold, Wardle, and John Burns; and the stronger and more forcible the language of the speakers, the greater was the enthusiasm of the large assemblage. Several questions were asked, and answered to the evident satisfaction of all,—the meeting terminating about six o'clock. The sale of the *Commonweal* at the meetings has been greater than last week.—H. G. A.

MILE END.—On Tuesday, May 4, F. Quintin lectured here to an attentive and interested audience on the "Over-Population Chimera," as a challenge to Malthusians. He traced the history of the theory, and afterwards advanced scientific evidence against it. A good discussion followed, in which comrades Mowbray, Allman, and Gault took part.—On Thursday we had a splendid meeting on the Mile End Waste. Comrade Mowbray, in an able address, dwelt on the evils that surround the worker to-day in England and America, and foreshadowed their removal by the advent of Socialism. Comrade Allman also spoke. There was no opposition.—H. DAVIS.

NORTH LONDON.—Good meetings have been held during the past week, and nearly four quires of the first weekly *Commonweal* have been sold. The Tuesday station in Euston Road, though valuable for propagandist purposes, is frequented chiefly by men out of work and others to whom a penny weekly is, unhappily, a consideration. The readiness of our speakers to give orators of the thrift-and-temperance order a fair field appears to operate in our favour.—R. A. B.

WANDSWORTH.—If there are any friends in and around Wandsworth who are willing to assist in forming a Branch and pushing the sale of *Commonweal*, please communicate with F. Kitz, 3 Wandle Terrace, Merton, or Czer Rour, 9 Frogmore, Wandsworth.

LEEDS.—Successful meetings were held in Vicar's Croft on Sunday morning and afternoon. In the afternoon we were listened to by fully a thousand people. The paper sold well; and our members are deserving of praise for the admirable zeal shown by them at all our open-air meetings. In the evening a debate was conducted by a few comrades at a Conservative debating room.—T. M.

LECTURE DIARY.

HALL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE 13 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.—Lectures every Wednesday at 8.30; Sundays at 7.30. Admission free; discussion invited. Sunday May 16. H. Barker, "The Poor's House." Wed. May 19. T. Binning, "Citizen v. Subject."

BRANCH MEETING ROOMS.

LONDON.

Bloomsbury.—Business meeting at central office every Wednesday at 7.30.
Croydon.—Royal County House, West Croydon Station Yard. Sunday, May 16, at 7.30 p.m., a lecture. Business meeting at Parker Road every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
Hackney.—The Hackney Branch meets at the Kenton Coffee House, Kenton Road, Well Street, every Monday at 8 p.m., for the enrolment of members and other business.
Hammersmith.—Kelmscott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays at 8 p.m.
Hoxton (L. E. L.).—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sunday evenings at 7.45. May 16. T. Wardle, "The Fallacies of Society."
Merton.—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.
Mile-end.—I. W. M. Educational Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. May 18. H. Brabazon, "Why Revolutions are made."
North London.—Communications to R. A. Beckett, St. Mildred's House, Poultry, E.C.
South London.—Business meetings at 103 Bird-in-bush Road, on Sundays at 7.30.

PROVINCES.

Birmingham.—Bell Street Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 7.30.
Dublin.—30 Great Brunswick Street. Every Tuesday at 7.45 p.m.
Edinburgh (Scottish Section).—4 Park Street. Meets every Friday at 8.30 p.m.
Glasgow.—Neilson's Hotel, Ingram Street, every Saturday at 7 p.m. Lectures and discussions. Members and friends are invited to assist in selling *Commonweal* at Green (Jail Square) Saturdays, 5 p.m.
Leeds.—The St James' Hall Café, Bridge End, Briggate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for business and at 8 p.m. for lecture. May 18. Wm. Morris's "Misery and the Way Out" will be read by M. Sollitt.
Leicester.—Radical Club, Vine Street. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—County Forum. Fridays, at 8 p.m.
Norwich.—Gordon Café. Every Monday at 8 p.m.
Oldham.—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Wednesdays, 7.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 27 Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.
Royton.—"Greyhound Inn." Every Sunday evening at 7.30.

Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

LONDON.

Date.	Station.	Time.	Speaker.	Branch.
Sat. 15.	Harrow Road, near Royal Oak Station	7 ...	D. Nicoll	Marylebone.
S. 16.	Canning Town	11.30	C. W. Mowbray	Central.
	Edgware Road—Bell Street	11.30	F. Kitz	Marylebone.
	Hackney—Well Street	11.30	J. Lane	Hackney.
	Hammersmith—Beadon Road	11.30	D. Nicoll	Hammersmith.
	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	11.30	W. Chambers	Hoxton.
	Mile-end Waste	11.30	H. Barker	Mile-end.
	Regent's Park	11.30	T. Wardle	N. London.
	St. Pancras Arches	11.30	H. Burcham	N. London.
	Hyde Park	3.30	A. K. Donald	Marylebone.
	Victoria Park	3.30	W. Chambers	Hackney.
Tu. 18.	Euston Road—Osselton St.	7.30	C. W. Mowbray	N. London.
	Soho—Broad Street	7.30	H. Graham	Bloomsbury.
Th. 20.	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	8	W. Chambers	Hoxton.
	Mile-end Waste	8	D. Nicoll	Mile-end.

PROVINCES.

Hulme.—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, 7 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday, May 16: Vicar's Croft, 11 a.m. Woodhouse Moor, 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Grey Mare Corner, Ashton Old Road. Sundays, 11 a.m.
Oldham.—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

MEETINGS OF OTHER SOCIETIES.

NOTTING HILL DEBATING SOCIETY, "Monarch Tavern," Manchester Street (near Latimer Road Railway Station).—May 16. C. W. Mowbray, "Modern Money Lending."

A SOCIAL REFORM CONFERENCE.—The Fabian Society has made arrangements for a Conference, which will be held at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, London, on three consecutive evenings in June, 1886, in order to afford an opportunity for those interested in the labour question to discuss the present economic system, and the better utilisation of National Wealth for the benefit of the community; and the following is the proposed order of discussion: (1) "The Utilisation of Land" (Wednesday, June 9th, 1886); (2) "The Utilisation of Capital" (Thursday, June 10); (3) "The Democratic Policy" (Friday, June 11th). On each evening the Conference will sit from 5.30 till 7.30, and, after an adjournment for half an hour, will continue the sitting at 8 o'clock. Communications should be addressed to the Secretaries of the Fabian Conference Committee, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

Liverpool.—THE WORKERS' BROTHERHOOD.—Wood Street Assembly Room. May 20, 18 p.m., Councillor Threlfall, President of last Trades' Union Congress, on "Eight Hours." *Open-air.*—Old Haymarket, Sundays, 3.30.—R. F. E. WILLIS, hon. sec.

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