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TYRANNY AND ROBBERY IN THE ARMY.

THE greatest sign of the approach of the Social Revolution is the growing discontent in the whole army. This last three years a great deal of work has been done in educating the soldiers to understand their position. We have carried the red flag in front of the Guards marching from Chelsea Barracks; we have distributed pamphlets and leaflets; we have chatted with them in the barracks and canteens; and conversed with them on every possible occasion; and now we can rejoice in the fruits of our work.

Why does a man join the army? He has been thrown into the ranks of the unemployed, who are very great through the introduction of wage-saving machinery monopolised by a class for the benefit of that class; so the workers have no other alternative than to join the army if they would live. But why do we want an army? The means and instruments of production—viz., the land, mines, and machinery, and all the means of transit—being in the hands of the capitalist class, the army (and police) are required to keep the workers from taking their own property given to them by Nature. The capitalist requires protection whilst he robs the workers of their inheritance. The soldiers when they enlist have to swear they will shoot down their own kith and kin—spare not thy father nor thy mother, but do your duty, uphold those (the capitalist and landlord class) who rob the workers of the fruits of their toil. The young man walking through the streets in a starving condition, looking for work, sees the fly-papers on the wall outside the barracks or elsewhere, which are nothing but fraudulent misrepresentations, which the recruit finds out when caught by them. The poor fellow who, through insufficiency of food, has not the power to use his faculties, is easily caught by these lying statements of free kit and free rations. He is taken before a doctor for inspection (I cannot explain this as I should like on account of its indecency; fifty or upwards of men standing naked before several doctors is a thing which will shock the feelings of anyone). He passes the doctor, and is then taken to the quartermaster's stores, where he is served out with his kit, which consists of 1 tunic, 1 short jacket, 2 pairs trousers, 2 shirts, 3 pairs socks, 1 cap, 1 helmet, 2 pairs boots, 1 box blacking, 1 box brass ball, 1 hold-all complete, consisting of 1 knife and fork, 1 razor, 1 shaving-brush, 1 spoon, 1 button-stick, 1 comb, 1 pocket-knife, shoe, hair, and cloth brushes, 1 knapsack or valise, 1 great-coat. After this everything required by the soldier has to be purchased by him out of his miserable pay, except tunic, trousers, helmet, boots, and great-coat, and these have to be replaced if the nature of the duties are such as to wear them out before the time. He is then taken to the tailor's shop, where his clothes are marked for alterations. These alterations have to be paid for indirectly, for if the soldier does not tip the tailor the clothes never fit him, or they are made so tight in different parts that when he bends at drill he splits them; he is then put down for new trousers, etc., only receiving a penny per day until the clothing is paid for (oh, what jobbery!). He has to keep a double kit of small things, such as hold-all complete, brushes, etc., for kit inspection, for if he shows the knife and fork or spoon, brushes, etc., he uses, he is confined to barracks for two or three days and told he must get others. Cleaning articles, such as pipeclay brickdust, soft-soap, rubbers, sponges,

etc., have to be found by the soldier out of his starvation wage, so that at the week's end the soldier finds he has not a sou to call his own. If he is a man, and has the spirit of a man, he rebels, and is placed under arrest, marched to the insanitary guard-room, to remain there under lock and key until the one who calls himself his superior calls him. The man is then sentenced to confinement to barracks with pack drill, or sent to the cells to be fed on bread and water, etc., for a period of seven days and upwards.

The barrack-room is void of comfort in the day, and at night is dangerous to the health of a soldier through the "tub" being used for all purposes. A sanitary arrangement fitted up with a good self-acting flusher would be far better than the "tub," but what do the classes care for the soldiers? There are plenty more men out of employment ready to sell themselves as food for powder and shot, and to keep up this present dastardly system of jobbery, robbery, and mismanagement. The food of a soldier is bad and insufficient. He is told by the recruiting officer that he will get 1 lb. of "ruti" (bread) and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat, beer, potatoes, "duff" (pudding or pie), etc. The poor recruit thinks he is to have a good feed every day, comes to the conclusion it is better than starving; he enters the service, dons the shoddy made clothing, becomes a soldier, and sits down to the dinner-table only to find he has about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of meat and an insufficiency of other things to satisfy him. He is sold; curses fall from his lips, but he is a soldier, and has to bear it. He does not dare to make a complaint to the officer when he comes round, for he would be spotted, and on some trifling pretext would be punished at the first opportunity.

When I was in Her Most Gracious Majesty's Royal Regiment of Artillery (Field Brigade) I saw recruits collecting hard stale crusts, the refuse of the officers' mess. They put them into a publican's can with water, boiled the mess on the fire, adding pepper and salt, and eating it, to satisfy the cravings of their stomachs. They called it "slingers," "ruti soup," and when mustard was added, "stingo harry." The ration of bread is not sufficient to make two meals. To make the most of this, the bread is broken; one half is put into the coffee; it swells up twice the size; the soldier fancies he has had a glorious feed. This is called "coffee outlets."

This free ration statement is a lie. The soldier is starved unless he spends the whole of his pay in extra food. How would His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commanding Chief of the whole of the British Army, like to live on such food? He does not care. Even when the soldiers were on the field backing up the robbery of the plundering classes by murdering the poor Soudanese, they were not fed nor clothed as they should be. The soldiers, when marching across the sands of the desert, had no boots to their feet, and had to eat food that was unfit for human beings. The sick and wounded were not cared for; the surgical appliances and medicines, kept far in the rear, was of no service. Many a poor fellow drawn from the ranks of the workers was murdered through neglect. Were they any of the officers who were responsible punished? Were they court-martialed, as the soldier would be for a frivolous neglect of duty? No; they belong to the classes, who murder and plunder, and the classes protected them.

But let us return home and look at the tyranny of the officers towards our brothers, from the hobble-de-hoys who wear their first stripe of promotion, to the commissioned officer whose only qualification is to bully, swear, and yell at the men because they do not please him. They place the young recruits in the guard-room, and then have him punished for something that does not please these tyrants fancy. Take the non-commissioned officer who is a man to the men, what is his life like? One continued round of hardship; pegged (made a prisoner) for the slightest offence. Pegged for the purpose of getting him reduced to put some fellow into his place who is senior, and who is a friend of some high official. I know of a case where a gunner in the Royal Artillery was made a sergeant before he had finished learning his elementary drill, or goose step, and this young stripling was the cause of an old soldier with four good conduct badges losing two of them. A man with 17 or 18 years' service finds it unbearable to be tyrannised over by these raw recruits. No wonder the discontent and mutiny in the army! To see an old soldier on the parade ground being inspected by a young officer just out of the cadet's school, who tells him he is dirty and does not know how to clean himself, who has to tip-toe (as the stripling we called "Shavo" did) to see if the man

has shaved himself. This man confined a soldier to barracks for some days because he had not shaved the down off his face, and the young recruit had not shaved in his life. That does not matter, the soldier has to shave himself even if there is no hair to shave off. No wonder this officer ("Shavo") had a basin thrown from the barrack-room window at him when on his rounds at night inspecting the guards. There were also several attempts made on his life, and in the time of war many an officer will be shot by his own men through his past tyranny.

The soldiers must not act as men, they must submit themselves to all their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters. It is the soldiers place to do his duty. When he enlists he is told the first duty of a soldier is strict obedience ("Obedience is the first duty of a soldier!" is on his account book). He has orders to proceed to some eviction scene in Ireland, or to keep some Trade Unionists or Socialists down; or he is sent to some far-off land to slaughter Ashantees, Burmese, Zulus, and others. He is told to remember the words, "England (the capitalists and landlords) expects that every man this day will do his duty!"

Let the soldier consider that he belongs to the workers, and that it is his duty to fight for those to whom he belongs, for those who are robbed by the plundering classes of the fruits of their labour. It is not his duty to fight for a class who monopolise the means of life. Remember, soldiers! when the Revolution takes place do your duty, and do it well! Do not fire a shot on the people! Do not murder your own kindred! Do not let the voices of the fatherless children curse you as hired murderers! Do your duty! J. J. CHAPMAN.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXX.—THE FEAST'S BEGINNING—THE END.

Dick brought me at once into the little field which, as I had seen from the garden, was covered with gaily-coloured tents arranged in orderly lanes, about which were sitting and lying on the grass some fifty or sixty men, women, and children, all of them in the height of good temper and enjoyment—with their holiday mood on, so to say.

"You are thinking that we don't make a great show as to numbers," said Dick; "but you must remember that we shall have more to-morrow; because in this haymaking work there is room for a great many people who are not over-skilled in country matters: and there are many who lead sedentary lives, whom it would be unkind to deprive of their pleasure in the hayfield—scientific men and close students generally; so that the skilled workmen, outside those who are wanted as mowers and foremen of the haymaking stand aside, and take a little downright rest, which you know is good for them, whether they like it or not: or else they go to other countrysides, as I am doing here. You see, the scientific men and historians and students generally will not be wanted till we are fairly in the midst of the tedding, which of course will not be till the day after to-morrow." With that he brought me out of the little field on to a kind of causeway above the riverside meadow, and thence turning to the left on to a path through the mowing grass, which was thick and very tall, led on till we came to the river above the weir and its mill. There we had a delightful swim in the broad piece of water above the weir, where the river looked much bigger than its natural size from its being dammed up by the weir.

"Now we are in a fit mood for dinner," said Dick, when we had dressed and were going through the grass again; "and certainly of all the cheerful meals in the year, this one of haysel is the cheerfulest; not even excepting the corn-harvest feast; for then the year is beginning to fail, and one cannot help having a feeling behind all the gaiety of the coming of the dark days and the shorn fields and empty gardens; and the spring is almost too far off to look forward to. It is, then, in the autumn when one almost believes in death."

"How strangely you talk," said I, "of such a constantly recurring and consequently commonplace matter as the sequence of the seasons." And indeed these people were like children about such things, and had what seemed to me a quite exaggerated interest in the weather, a fine day, a dark night or a brilliant one, and the like.

"Strangely?" said he. "Is it strange to sympathise with the year and its gains and losses?"

"At any rate," said I, "if you look upon the course of the year as a beautiful and interesting drama, which is what I think you do, you should be as much pleased and interested with the winter and its trouble and pain as with this wonderful summer luxury."

"And am I not?" said Dick, rather warmly; "only I can't look upon it as if I were sitting in a theatre seeing the play going on before me, myself taking no part of it. It is difficult," said he, smiling good-humouredly, "for a non-literary man like me to explain myself properly, like that dear girl Ellen would; but I mean that I am part of it all, and feel the pain as well as the pleasure in my own person. It is not done for me by somebody else, merely that I may eat and drink and sleep; but I myself do my share of it."

In his way also, as Ellen in hers, I could see that Dick had that passionate love of the earth which was common to but few people at

least, in the days I knew; in which the prevailing feeling amongst intellectual persons was a kind of sour distaste for the changing drama of the year, for the life of earth and its dealings with men. Indeed, in those days it was thought poetic and imaginative to look upon life as a thing to be borne rather than enjoyed.

So I mused till Dick's laugh brought me back into the Oxfordshire hayfields. "One thing seems strange to me," said he—"that I must needs trouble myself about the winter and its scantiness in the midst of the summer abundance. If it hadn't happened to me before, I should have thought it was your doing, guest; that you had thrown a kind of evil charm over me. Now, you know," said he, suddenly, that's only a joke, so you mustn't take it to heart."

"All right," said I; "I don't." Yet I did feel somewhat uneasy at his words, after all.

We crossed the causeway this time, and did not turn back to the house, but went along a path beside a field of wheat now almost ready to blossom. I said: "We do not dine in the house or garden, then?—as indeed I did not expect to do. Where do we meet, then? for I can see that the houses are mostly very small."

"Yes," said Dick, "you are right, they are small in this countryside: there are so many good old houses left, that people dwell a good deal in such small detached houses. As to our dinner, we are going to have our feast in the church. I wish, for your sake, it were as big and handsome as that of the old Roman town to the west, or the forest town to the north;¹ but, however, it will hold us all; and though it is a little thing, it is beautiful in its way."

This was somewhat new to me, this dinner in a church; but I said nothing, and presently we came out into the road which ran through the village. Dick looked up and down it, and seeing only two straggling groups before us, said: "It seems as if we must be somewhat late; they are all gone on; and they will be sure to make a point of waiting for you, as the guest of guests, since you come from so far."

He hastened as he spoke, and I kept up with him, and presently we came to a little avenue of lime-trees which led us straight to the church porch, from whose open door came the sound of cheerful voices and laughter and varied merriment.

"Yes," said Dick, "it's the coolest place for one thing, this hot evening. Come along; they will be glad to see you."

Indeed, in spite of my bath, I felt the weather more sultry and oppressive than on any day of our journey yet.

We went into the church, which was a simple little building with one little aisle divided from the nave by three round arches, a chancel, and a rather roomy transept for so small a building, the windows mostly of the graceful Oxfordshire fourteenth century type. There was no modern architectural decoration in it; it looked, indeed, as if none had been attempted since the Puritans whitewashed the mediæval saints and histories on the wall. It was, however, gaily dressed up for this latter-day festival, with festoons of flowers from arch to arch, and great pitchers of flowers standing about on the floor; while under the west window hung two cross scythes, their blades polished white, and gleaming from out of the flowers that wreathed them. But its best ornament was the crowd of handsome, happy-looking men and women that were set down to table, and who, with their bright faces and rich hair over their gay holiday raiment, looked, as the Persian poet puts it, like a bed of tulips in the sun. Though the church was a small one, there was plenty of room; for a small church makes a bigish house; and on this evening there was no need to set cross tables along the transepts; though doubtless these would be wanted next day, when the learned men of whom Dick had been speaking should be come to take their more humble part in the haymaking.

I stood on the threshold with the expectant smile on my face of a man who is going to take part in a festivity which he is really prepared to enjoy. Dick standing by me was looking round the company with something of an air of proprietorship in them, I thought. Opposite me sat Clara and Ellen, with Dick's place open between them: they were smiling, but their beautiful faces were each turned towards the neighbours on each side, who were talking to them, and they did not seem to see me. I turned to Dick, expecting him to lead me forward, and he turned his face to me; but strange to say, though it was as cheerful and smiling as ever, it made no response to my glance—nay, he seemed to take no heed at all of my presence, and I noticed that none of the company looked at me. A pang shot through me, as of some disaster long expected and suddenly realised. Dick moved on a little without a word to me. I was not three yards from the two women who, though they had been my companions for such a short time, had really, as I thought, become my friends. Clara's face was turned full upon me now, but she also did not seem to see me, though I know I was trying to catch her eye with an appealing look. I turned to Ellen, and she *did* seem to recognise me for an instant; but her bright face turned sad directly, and she shook her head with a mournful look, and the next moment all consciousness of my presence had faded from her face.

I felt lonely and sick at heart past the power of words to describe. I hung about a minute longer, and then turned and went out of the porch again and through the lime-avenue into the road, while the blackbirds sang their strongest from the bushes about me in the hot June evening.

Once more without any conscious effort of will I turned my face toward the old house by the ford, but as I turned round the corner which led to the remains of the village cross, I came upon a figure strangely contrasting with the joyous, beautiful people I had left behind in the

¹ Cirencester and Burford, he must have meant.

church. It was a man who looked old, but whom I knew from habit, now half-forgotten, was not really much more than fifty. His face was rugged, and grimed rather than dirty; his eyes dull and bleared; his body bent, his calves thin and spindly, his feet dragging and limping. His clothing was a mixture of dirt and rags long over-familiar to me. As I passed him he touched his hat with some real good-will and courtesy, and much servility.

Inexpressibly shocked, I hurried past him and hastened along the road that led to the river and the lower end of the village; but suddenly I saw as it were a black cloud rolling along to meet me, like a nightmare of my childish days; and for a while I was conscious of nothing else than being in the dark, and whether I was walking, or sitting, or lying down, I could not tell.

* * * * *

I lay in my bed in my house at dingy Hammersmith thinking about it all; and trying to consider if I was overwhelmed with despair at finding I had been dreaming a dream.

Or indeed *was* it a dream? If so, why was I so conscious all along that I was really seeing all that new life from the outside, still wrapped up in the prejudices, the anxieties, the distrust of this time of doubt and struggle?

All along, though those friends were so real to me, I had been feeling as if I had no business amongst them; as though the time would come when they would reject me, and say, as Ellen's last mournful look seemed to say, "No, it will not do; you cannot be of us; you belong so entirely to the unhappiness of the past that our happiness even would weary you. Go back again, now you have seen us, and your outward eyes have learned that in spite of all the infallible maxims of your day there is yet a time of rest in store for the world, when mastery has changed into fellowship—but not before. Go back again, then, and while you live you will see all round you people engaged in making others live lives which are not their own, while they themselves care nothing for their own real lives—men who hate life though they fear death. Go back, and be the happier for having seen us, for having added a little hope to your struggle. Go on living while you may, striving, with whatsoever pain and labour needs must be, to build up little by little the new day of fellowship, and rest, and happiness."

Yes, surely! and if others can see it as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE END.

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

LITERARY NOTES.

'Igdrasil' for October,—the first number of a new volume—(Price 6d., London: Geo. Allen, 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, W.C.), will contain *inter alia* a powerful poem dealing with the social question, entitled, "Poor People's Christmas," by the Hon. Roden Noel; "Ruskiniana": Letters dealing with the Irish Question; and "The Last Laird of Monkbarrow and his Bequest to the Nation," by W. Marwick, accompanied by illustrations. The Handbook of the Reading Guild for 1890-91 can be had from the publisher, price 3d. post free.

'New Amazonia,' by Mrs. George Corbett, is a sketch of a new state of Society wherein women enjoy the amplest rights, including the choice of finely developed and intelligent *servants* of their own sex, a Domestic Aid Agency seeming to be the great institution in this "foretaste of the future."

Our comrade P. Argyriades announces that he is about to issue a revolutionary almanack, entitled, 'Almanach de la Question Sociale.' This almanack will contain notices of all the Socialist parties in various countries, interesting statistics, articles on scientific Socialism, and various economic subjects, with poetry by Louise Michel and Eugene Pottier, also the celebrated case of the woman Soubain, who, driven by misery, has strangled her five children; finally, a catalogue of Socialist journals and reviews. Post free, 1 franc 25 cents for France, and 1 franc 50 cents for England and other countries. Subscriptions should be sent to P. Argyriades, 5, Bouboard, Saint Michel, Paris. All subscribers will receive with the almanack an interesting pamphlet on the Socialist poet, Eugene Pottier.

'Fabian Essays on Socialism.' Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane. Cheap Edition, price 1s. The 'Fabian Essays' have already been reviewed in the *Commonweal*, and it only remains for us to note that this cheap edition is really cheap. It is well printed and well written from a Fabian point of view. It is also nicely bound in a paper cover, which is decorated with a cartoon by Walter Crane, representing a capitalist up a tree and two workmen trying to pull him down. The design has more physical force about it than a judicious Fabian would appreciate, as the capitalist is provided with two revolvers, and the workers with two agricultural implements, an axe and a spade, which we fear they may put to a use very dangerous to the capitalist if he comes any of his nonsense with those revolvers. The axe will probably split his head open, and the spade will decently bury him. If the Fabians go on in this style Sir Edward Bradford will be arresting Sydney Webb as a dangerous character.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Wednesday, October 8th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the 'Commonweal' Branch, 24, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. All members invited to attend.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting Fridays at 8 p.m. Sunday, October 5th, at 6.30, McDonauld (Fabian Society), "Socialism Defined and Defended." LEITH.—Henderson Street Hall, Sundays, at 6.30.—Secretary, W. D. Tait, 20 Dundee Street.

THE LABOUR WAR IN AUSTRALIA.

The great Labour Battle which is being fought out in Australia is at once one of the most interesting and most momentous of all the struggles that have lately taken place between Labour and its oppressors. When the opposing classes are face to face all over a whole continent at once, we who are only accustomed to embroiling a town or so at a time have to look on with admiration, almost with wonder. And when it is seen that the question at issue is not in the least one of an advance or reduction in wages, or any other trumpery palliative, but is a bitter fight over the cardinal principle, the right to combine—when it is seen that the labour-class of a continent are defending desperately their very existence, there is a feeling of awe as well as of absorbing interest.

Readers of the *Weal* will remember the Jondaryan squatters, who tried their strength against that of organised labour, and were beaten before the battle had fairly begun. That defeat enraged and roused Australian monopolists; it showed them that in order to maintain and preserve their supremacy they must make a final stand against the "encroachments" of Labour.

The "pastoralists," wool-growing landlords, the squatter aristocracy of Australia, were the sorest of all. Before the Shearers' Union began its work they had been able to "do what they liked with their own" and with other people's too. But although they fought the union long and bitterly, they could not prevail against it in fair fighting. So they made up their minds to circumvent it and smash it up.

They began to pay 10 per cent. over the union rate (22s. instead of £1 per 100 sheep), and do other benevolent things to those who would swear off the union. This was done in order to demoralise and divide the union ranks, and so prepare for a smashing blow later on. But if the monopolists were far-seeing enough to think out this plan of attack, the men were awake enough to see what was meant and to meet it half-way.

The Shearer's Union insisted on the definite acceptance of its rules by the employers in all cases. Admitting fully in most cases that these rules are fair and just, the pastoralists have yet refused to accede to them, making a point of principle of their "freedom of contract" in each individual case. Here was war at once.

To support the principles of labour organisation all the various unions which had to do with the handling of wool in preparation, storage, or transit, gave notice to the warehouseman, railway, dock, and shipping companies that they would not handle non-union wool. Preparations were made for a strict boycott upon all blackleg wool, and on the other hand tremendous efforts were made by the bosses to scrape together enough blacklegs to carry on the work.

Meanwhile, the Marine Officers' Association had been coming into collision with the shipping companies over the same question—the right of combination. Following the example set them by the seamen, the officers had been organising on ordinary union lines, and were taking up their position as part of the Labour army. Alarmed at the approach to solidarity between officers and men, the owners tried to get up a bogus sort of association, apparently something like that which the Lemon-Peters gang have been trying at here, and attempted to force the officers into it. But the officers knew better than to bind themselves hand and foot in the hands of their employers, preferring to cast in their lot with the general body of organised labour. The owners would hear of nothing until the officers renounced their organisation, and the officers were equally determined to have their union recognised and get what they had asked for besides.

What between the shearers and the marine officers, and those who were backing them up, the battle spread to the Wharf-labourers, Seamen and Firemen, Carriers, Trolley and Dray Men, Cooks and Stewards, Railway-men, Coal-lumpers, General Labourers, and in fact to pretty nearly the whole strength of Australian organised labour.

The possessing classes presented an almost equally united front; and there was the position, as plainly as it ever has been in the labour struggle, with a clear definite issue, and a strong determination on either side to fight the matter out to the bitter end.

Both sides announce that they mean to make the struggle a decisive one; it will be a fierce one while it lasts, and whichever side wins will follow up the advantage with relentless vigour. On the side of the men there is much more at stake than even the principle of unionism: they openly avow that they are defending their organisations, and will do so to the death, because they intend them to be the component parts of a vast federation of labour which shall enable the working classes of Australasia to move as one man when the time comes to exert their strength. And they say, further, that the ameliorations they from time to time demand are not merely to meet the needs of the passing moment, but are preparations for a greater struggle than is even now taking place—one that will end all strikes and labour troubles for ever and inaugurate the new era.

It is hardly necessary to warn *Commonweal* readers that almost every line is a lie in the ordinary press telegrams. The letters that reach us from trusted men put quite another face on the matter from that which the venal newsmongers endeavour to present. We would say, believe only half of what you read, and have a good deal of doubt about even that. And, above all, don't forget that this is a really revolutionary struggle in the true sense of the word, and one that must command the help and sympathy of Socialists everywhere.

HOODLUM.

THE UNEMPLOYED OF 1890.

On Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock a large meeting of the unemployed took place near the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, at which several well-known speakers spoke on behalf of the unemployed, and the following resolutions were carried unanimously:

1st. It was resolved that a meeting of the unemployed be held on Saturday, October 4th, at 2 o'clock, on the steps of the Royal Exchange, thence to the Tower; after that a series of meetings will be held in different prominent places in the East and West End of London, with the object of calling together thousands of the unemployed and to compel the various authorities to adopt measures for their employment.

2nd. That we, the unemployed, propose that a deputation of the unemployed should wait upon the Executive Council of the South Side Labour Protection League, Dockers' Union, and other large trade unions, to lay before them the question of the unemployed, and ask them to take action in forcing the local bodies to start municipal workshops and factories for the unemployed, and by that means preventing blacklegs from working against trade-unionism.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON

The COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday October 1.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Church Reformer Die Autonomie Justice People's Press Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring Herald of Anarchy Vegetarian	NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney.—Bulletin Truth Australian Star Daily Telegraph	QUEENSLAND Brisbane.—Boomerang	UNITED STATES New York.—Freiheit New York.—Der Sozialist Twentieth Century Volkzeitung Bakers' Journal New York.—Truthseeker Workmen's Advocate Boston.—Woman's Journal	Boston —Liberty Investigator Progress and Liberty Buffalo.—Arbeiter-Zeitung Chicago (Ill.)—Vorbote Detroit.—Der Arme Teufel Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung S.F.—Coast Seaman's Journal St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Valley Falls (Kan.)—Lucifer	FRANCE Paris.—Bourse du Travail Paris.—La Revolté Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat L'Information Parisienne Charleville.—L'Emancipation Lyon.—L'Action Sociale Lille.—Le Cri du Travailleur	HOLLAND Hague.—Recht voor Allen Anarchist	ITALY Milan.—Cuore e Critica	BELGIUM Antwerp.—De Werker Ghent.—Vooruit	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental	SPAIN Madrid.—El Socialista	GERMANY Berlin.—Völk. Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung	AUSTRIA Vienna.—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn.—Völkfreund Reichenberg.—Freigeist	HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik	DENMARK Copenhagen.—Arbejderen	SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmö.—Arbetet	CAPE COLONY Cape Town.—Aiguis	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres.—Vorwarts
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HOW THE POOR ARE "RELIEVED."

THE news has been going the round of the capitalist papers that "the figures as to the poor relief in England and Wales during the first half of 1890 are said to be *encouraging*, since they show that pauperism is decreasing rather than increasing. The expenditure is smaller than in ten out of twelve of the preceding half-years, and there was a decrease in 36 out of the 44 union counties. The largest increase was in Essex, and amounted only to 4 per cent." When this is read in the light of a case that came before the Stirling Sheriff Court on Sept. 2nd, it suggests unspeakable cruelty and brazen hypocrisy. That the relief of the poor has decreased is no proof against the fact that poverty has increased. The poor we have still with us in increasing numbers and privation, and however big-bellied, church-going, handsome-salaried superintendents of poor funds may try to cover up the fact with the aid of mock philanthropic religious "adopters" of orphans, the cruel crime of their decreasing figures will not be hid. The Stirling case is a fair sample of hundreds that help to keep down the figures of poor relief, and which demonstrate that the only relief for the poor in our present society is in Death or Revolution.

Mary Wright is the wife of an innkeeper at Buchlyvie. There is a great deal of hard work about an inn to keep all things clean, and the profits of the inn will sometimes not afford to pay for that work after rent, taxes, etc., are handed over to provide a livelihood for others who are above living off the sale of drink. The people who live by fleecing the publican's profits, are generally those who for political reasons load the publican with the drink excesses, which are the outcome of inherited results of overwork and underfeeding. The primary cause of Mrs. Wright's crime is not to be found in Mrs. Wright, but in the social system that produced her and her environments. Mrs. Wright, with a just appreciation of how profits are made, thought it would not be wrong to become the proud possessor of a slave who

would do the work with the least possible expenditure. The poor relief authorities helped Mrs. Wright to that by relieving themselves of the cost of the keep of poor wee Agnes Campbell. By such means the figures of poor relief are made *encouraging* news to capitalists and church goers, who have to listen at times to Matthew xxv., 45. Agnes Campbell is nine years of age, diminutive (no wonder) but intelligent, and she lived with the accused first in England and afterwards in Balfour. She had to wash and shine dishes and pans, sweep and scrub the floors, was not sent to school, and was only allowed out to the back to brush the boots. She was kept so close indoors that the neighbours did not know there was a child in the Endrick Inn. She was not provided with a bed—that would cost money, and Mrs. Wright could not give the money to her betters and also to Agnes—and so she slept on a piece of canvas on the floor. She had to go without food—that costs money also and the laird needs it—and had to put up with thrashings with a walking stick, or straps, or kicks, in order that she might not grow too proud for her station in life.

Owing to such treatment poor Agnes made up her mind to become a revolutionist in her own small way. So on Sunday, August 3rd, when her philanthropic adopters and reducers of the figures of the poor relief—Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Mary Wright—were at church (it wins the minister to your side when you attend church), poor Agnes was locked in an upper room feeling weary, sore, and hungry. Chattel slavery, as cruel as any that ever existed in the Southern States of America, exists still in Britain with the aid of our poor relief authorities, notwithstanding our bellowings of "Rule Britannia." Poor Agnes, in pursuance of her revolutionary idea, took a rope which lay on the floor of her prison and fastened it to a chair and lowered herself from the window to the ground. This revolutionary act exasperated her slave-drivers, but although it was the cause of some personal suffering, it brought on the crisis which promises to bring relief to the revolutionist.

Let it be noted that however small and weak, and limited in resources one may be, there is always improvement to be got behind rebellion to tyranny. "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." Rebellion troubles the waters of the pool and imparts healing for the ills our economical professors pronounce to be incurable. Rebellion works miracles of healing to the overburdened and hopeless. When things are at the worst it is well to try something desperate. Poor Agnes Campbell's exploiters, like all other exploiters of human lives, resented her attempts to better herself. But the truth came out at last, and at the trial which followed Mrs. Bennet swore to having examined the child's body and found "her shoulders to be black and blue and covered with wales. Her dress consisted of a dirty ragged frock, and a chemise which witness could compare to nothing but a duster." Dr. McCandlish described the filthy condition the child was in and the bruises on her body, which he said "were very severe." All these are bare unadorned facts, sworn to in court, and found clearly proven by the sheriff, who, in sentencing Mrs. Wright to thirty days without the option of a fine, said "that this girl was used as a drudge, underfed, and assaulted in a manner that was cruel and disgraceful."

Now for the sequel, which shows the direct interest the poor relief authorities have in such treatment, and the light it throws on the decrease of poor relief figures. Mrs. Wright had one witness to stand by her. He was not sent to prison. He was Mr. W. Grimmond, superintendent of children for the city parish of Glasgow. This man swore "he had every reason to believe she [Agnes] was well treated." His reasons were based on the admissions drawn from him in further examination "that though the Parochial Board got intimation on the 4th August—the day after Agnes's revolt—of the condition the child was in, no reply was sent or enquiry made." It is very easy to show an *encouraging* balance if no notice be taken of one's liabilities. In this manner the figures of our poor relief are kept down and reduced in face of the increasing poverty and distress that press the workers under. When the workers consider and understand what it means, that for every pound paid by them towards the relief of the poor only about 2s. actually reaches the poor, they will try to prevent the parochial guardians of their orphans pocketing so much for rendering such services as they did to poor Agnes Campbell. In paying poor rates the workers are not only supplying salaries to these useless and un-needed darlings and friends of the classes; they are also helping to protect the profit-mongers, who exploit human lives, from the just vengeance of their victims. Out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom, and the sad experience, and the revolt and escape of Agnes Campbell speak eloquently to the workers who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Her case is just a miniature of Labour's treatment.

GEORGE McLEAN.

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a people. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a *revolution was necessary*. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people: and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our civil war. The rulers in the Church and State reaped only that which they had sown. They had prohibited free discussion; they had done their best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If they suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.—Macaulay: 'Milton.'

NOTES ON NEWS.

My remarks about the Southampton Strike are treated by the *People's Press*, the journal of New Unionism, in what doubtless the editors think to be a humorous vein. It is a fearfully laboured attempt to be funny, and could be passed over without comment but for the deliberate lie contained in the note immediately above it.

Therein the anonymous writer states that I bolted when McCarthy approached. As a matter of fact I simply desisted from speaking in order first not to divide the audience, and secondly to hear the result of McCarthy's "mission," and so far from bolting was amongst the hearers who listened to the tale of his failure to obtain a hearing from the dock authorities.

If the editors of the *People's Press* like to meet adverse criticism of their pet leaders with ridicule instead of serious answer, that is their business, but as "New Journalists" they might at least be truthful, and abstain from making their sheet a vehicle for anonymous slander.

New Journalism like New Unionism is supposed to be a grand departure from old methods. Why do not the working-class readers of the Labour Press insist upon signed articles? The mysterious "we" could no longer then be used to hide the personality of some parasitical penny-a-liner or literary dead-beat.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The New Unionism is a god-send to a host of impecunious ink-slingers and hungry paragraph mongers, superior persons with severely correct pronunciation and credit suits, who but for the advent of the New Unions might have gravitated to the Older Unions under the Poor Law.

The Registrations now taking place are instructive as showing the absurdities of Parliamentaryism. In one place an official is charged with putting the names of 2,000 unqualified persons upon the register. In another a dead man is registered as eligible to vote. Smart limbs of the law, representing the political Ins and Outs, seek under every pretext to disfranchise as many as possible of their opponent's friends. The would-be voter is metaphorically used as a shuttle-cock between the battledores of contending lawyers. A Registration Court would be a good place to harden Revolutionary Socialists in their principles.

F. K.

The great glove-fight is not a subject that I love, but it is the most prominent topic of public interest during the present week, judging from the prominence given to it on the newspaper bills. This is a Christian country, a civilised country, and yet gentlemen of the middle and upper classes pay thirteen guineas for seven minutes' "sport," to see two beefy brutes pound each other into jelly. It would take a skilled artizan seven weeks to earn the money spent by a labour robber for his "amusement." Yet Christian divines talk of the blessings of Christianity. This glorious creed has swept away the brutal sports of the Roman arena. Indeed, but does not the modern "masher" greatly resemble the effeminate Roman dandy who gazed in wondering delight on the huge muscles of the gladiator, or shrieked with joy to see blood reddened the circus sands? The records of the divorce court and Cleveland Street show that the modern masher resembles the Roman dandy in more ways than one.

Mr. John Morley nearly had his head smashed by a policeman's truncheon in Ireland a few days ago. We wish his head had been smashed. Perhaps then he and other middle class politicians would feel more sympathy with unemployed workmen who will probably go through a similar experience at the hands of "our admirable police" this winter.

N.

We who are in revolt against the loathsome society of to-day, founded as it is upon force and fraud, have no prejudices against so-called "criminals," but rather always commiseration for them, sometimes sympathy with them. Such a man as Wright, the "Hoxton burglar," appears to be, excites a feeling of admiration in every real revolutionist. Not for the first time this brave convict made a determined onslaught on one of the uniformed scoundrels told off as taskmasters to the wretched slaves undergoing what is known as "penal servitude." Probably he would have rid the world of at least one defender of "law and order," if (for the sake, doubtless, of ingratiating themselves with the authorities) some of his fellow convicts had not proved themselves dastardly hounds and come to the "warder's" rescue.

The Government have been afraid to bring Wright to trial in open court, although his "offence" clearly amounted to "attempt to murder." He has been dealt with in secret by some "visiting justices" or "prison commissioners" or other privy torture-dealers, and sentenced apparently (amongst other things) to a succession of cruel floggings. At any rate, the capitalist journals announce with ferocious glee that he has received a "first instalment" of three dozen lashes! The official report describes him as "cowed"—a palpable lie, since in the same breath the bureaucratic scribe adds that "his demeanour is as desperate as ever, and he states that he is determined to have revenge, and would rather be hanged than endure penal servitude." Probably the very damned hypocrites who order the infliction of these punishments upon a fellow human being are among the first to denounce similar atrocities in Siberia.

R. W. B.

IN EAST KENT.

PROPAGANDA is having a good result amongst the hop-pickers, who are pretty plentiful round about here just now, but it can only be carried on group by group, the plantations being scattered over such wide areas. There will be, say next season, a good opportunity for a handful of organisers to go from plantation to plantation and work with, and make the acquaintance of the pickers themselves, and judging from the readiness with which they have received what little propaganda has been given to them during the past fortnight, I am certain that a thoroughly successful campaign could be carried out without the slightest difficulty. At ripening-time, hops are the most capricious crops imaginable; every day adds to their value or to their detriment. The pickers know this, and if they could only be kept in touch with one another by the organisers, and strike work all together when there were signs in the air that a day's delay with the picking would mean the ruin of the whole crop (these signs occur at least once during picking-time), they would obtain double wages at the first time of asking.

Last Wednesday week, about 400 men, women, and children, employed by a Mr. T. Phillips at Offham to pick his hops, came out on strike and returned a few hours afterwards, having obtained their demand that a shilling be paid for picking four bushels instead of a shilling for six bushels as heretofore. This strike also resulted beneficially to some of the neighbouring groups of pickers, their employers giving them the same terms sooner than the gathering should be delayed. The pickers are frequently swindled most unmercifully in the measuring. The measure has a ring fixed a certain height inside, and the hops are shovelled in and shaken level until they reach this ring. This quantity represents a bushel, and is put to the picker's credit; but in nine cases out of ten the employer, by means of unfair measures and false entries, manages to obtain about nine gallons to the bushel.

One affair in particular happened a fortnight ago at a place known as Mercer's Farm, where the perpetrator, who is the employer himself and a leader of the local Y.M.C.A., had unobserved, and with a craftiness peculiar to his sect, raised the ring in the measure to such a height that ten gallons instead of eight were required to reach it, hoping by these means to get two gallons picked for nothing. The trick was discovered early in the day, and the Christian cheat narrowly escaped a severe beating.

A family of six can earn, provided the weather be fine, barely 1s. 9d. a-day, which will just keep them in food and provide a little tobacco and beer besides; but as often as not the pickers return to their "homes" with only a few coppers in their pockets; indeed, last year many of them had to foot it back, begging their keep on the road.

But by far the most outrageous feature of the hop-picking season is the dwellings with which the employers provide these people. There is no accommodation for them in the neighbouring villages, so they are bound to use them. They have no choice. One place, called St. Leonard's Street, is a fair sample. It is a low building but 6 ft. high, and covered with a low-pitched roof and making three sides of a square. It is divided into seven or eight chambers, with a door to each, which opens into the piece of open ground inside the square, where all the cooking, washing, etc., must be done. There is no room for such matters inside the building, for as soon as one rises in the morning, outside he or she must go to give room for the others to get up. The crowding inside is simply incredible. I saw myself in one of the rooms, 14 ft. by 9 ft., twenty-seven persons! and in another room, 10 ft. by 8 ft., 23 persons! Men and women, married and otherwise, lads, girls, and infants all crowded together—at bed-time! The men wait outside until the women undress, and then slip in to find their own places in the dark. They sleep upon straw spread on top of low stacks of faggots; the things are suggestive of *auto da fé*. Naturally the air inside at night-time is fearfully heated and close.

In this particular case the employers are two wealthy ladies, who are regular attendants at the parish church, and who find time to comfort their victims on Sunday afternoons with a gratuitous distribution of tracts washed down by a short sermon on the blessings of honest poverty. After the "divine service" on the Sunday afternoon we were present, a collection of 1s. 5d. was made, but not for the Gospel as preached by these two wealthy ladies.

J. BINES.

For the 'Commonweal.'

A Course of Special Lectures and Concert and Ball for the above purpose (under the management of the 'Commonweal' Branch of S.L.) will be given at the Club Autonomie, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., as under:

Monday, Oct. 6th, at 8.30 p.m.—G. BERNARD SHAW (Fabian Society), on "Ferdinand Lassalle" 'Commonweal' Choir will sing. Admission free.

Monday, October 13th, at 8.30 p.m.—D. J. NICOLL (S.L.), on "The Glorious Reformation; or, How the English People were Evicted, Robbed, and Murdered by the Ruling Classes." 'Commonweal' Choir. Admission free.

Monday, October 20th, at 8 p.m.—WILLIAM MORRIS (S.L.), on "Art for the People." This Lecture will be delivered at the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W. Admission by Ticket, Sixpence. For full particulars, see large bills. Tickets can be had from Wm. Blundell, 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, or F. Kitz, S.L. Secretary, 24, Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; and of all Branch Secretaries.

Monday, November 3rd.—A Concert and Ball. Full particulars of this will be duly announced in 'Weal'.

Any further information will be gladly supplied by 'Commonweal' Branch Secretary, 24, Great Queen Street, W.C.

NOTICE.

Next Week the Celebrated Revolutionary Song,

"LA CARMAGNOLE."

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frauchs and Newsagents are requested to order early, as we expect an immense demand.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

War to the Knife.

Although the present time is a period of comparative quiet, yet it is evident that serious events are impending. Mr. J. H. Wilson, the secretary of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, has issued a circular, in which he warns the men. He says, speaking of the Shipowners' Federation:

"I have private information of the tactics they intend to adopt. They intend to promote conflicts in as many ports as possible, and to have a constant supply of men on hand to fill up the places of our members who may be on strike: consequently, at any moment, we may be embroiled in one of the largest labour battles ever known. If we are successful in tiding over the next three months without a fight, it will be as much as we will be able to do. . . . The most serious part of the business is that many of the dock-labourers' organisations, owing to the strikes during the past twelve months, are financially in a weak position, and in the event of any general strike taking place the burden of the battle would be on the shoulders of the sailors and firemen."

In the very same paper in which this appears—the *Daily Chronicle* of September 27—there is also a significant paragraph, which is calculated to give one the impression that Mr. Wilson's private information is rather near the truth:

"At a meeting of the Association of Employers, held at Southampton yesterday, it was unanimously decided that it was desirable at once to establish in the interests of all concerned a free labour association for the port. Immediate steps are being taken to carry the resolution into effect."

It is therefore evident that a terrible crisis is near at hand. It may be even upon us within the next few days. Everyone knows that ships manned by blacklegs will arrive in the docks from Australia before many days are over. What are the dockers going to do? Go dead against every principle they have proclaimed, and to please Mr. Norwood, unload these vessels, that are loaded by blacklegs and manned by blacklegs? We hope they will stand firm, and refuse; but if unfortunately they do give way, they have only postponed the conflict, unless they are willing to capitulate at once and let Mr. Norwood trample them beneath his feet. Norwood never forgives or forgets, and do dockers think that amiable gentleman has forgotten the volleys of hard names showered upon him during the Dock Strike? Does he not remember how he was called "a financial Jack the Ripper," and his effigy carried on a gallows through the public streets? No, Mr. Norwood has not forgotten; and he is only biding his time; he lacks the amiable Christianity of Mr. Ben Tillet. So the leaders of the New Unionism must prepare for the worst. And in the fight that is close at hand, not only the interests of the dockers are in question, but the interests of every workman in London who gained a rise in wages during the great labour revolt of last year. If the Dockers' Union is smashed, the citadel of New Unionism is in the hands of the enemy, and all is over; in a few months every advantage gained by the unskilled labourers of London will be lost. What must be done to avert this calamity? On the day on which Mr. Norwood begins the attack on the Dockers' Union by a general lock-out, the men belonging to all the new unions in London must strike. Let the gas-stokers, colliers, railway-men, carmen, tram-men, bus-men, join with sailors, stevedores, dockers, and lightermen, and the battle is won. The trade of the metropolis would be paralysed, and no body of employers could stand against this immense revolt of labour. This is practically the only chance for New Trade-Unionism, the battle before it is a fight to death. The last Dock Strike was partly won through fear of riot and insurrection, and also because Mr. Norwood could not get blacklegs enough. He will have no difficulty in getting blacklegs this winter, and the whole forces of the Government, the army, navy, and police, will be at his command; so the leaders of the dockers must either basely surrender or else proclaim a general strike. If it was worth while doing this to get the docker his tanner, it surely ought to be done to prevent him losing it. The case is desperate, and desperate means must be employed. If they are not, the speedy decease of the New Trade-Unionism is not far off.

Making it Hot for Blacklegs.

The people of Plymouth know how to appeal to the tender feelings of the blackleg. There was a blackleg recruiting sergeant in Plymouth the other day, and he obtained twenty blacklegs to go and take the place of some joiners who were on strike at Newcastle. The blacklegs had scarcely taken their train when the station was invaded by a mob of two thousand people, who dragged them out of the carriages by force. One of the crimps employed by the bosses nearly got his arm broken, and a railway guard who interfered had his clothes torn off his back. "Gentle persuasion" ultimately triumphed, and seventeen blacklegs "were prevailed upon to stop." Bravo, Plymouth! Three cheers for the Spirit of Revolt!

The Shop Assistants' Union.

Last Sunday a meeting of shop assistants was held in Regent's Park, under the auspices of the Shop Assistants' Union. J. Turner was in the chair, and opened the meeting with a most practical speech. He was followed by Mr. Thomas, who spoke pretty plainly of the way assistants were treated, saying we had to eat food not fit for human beings to eat, and mentioned a case he knew personally where an employer went to the butcher's the last thing Saturday night and offered him 2d. per lb. to clear him out of all odd pieces; it was then put into an ice-safe and brought out as wanted—"plenty good enough for assistants." He said he had often had to sleep on a bed not fit for a dog, and he had known assistants who had to sleep three in a bed. He had slept on beds which he could make an impression upon, and he had also slept on beds which had made an impression on him. Assistants had to put up with being driven about and insulted by some petty official, which a mechanic would never think of standing, let alone work the number of hours we were compelled to work. He had always noticed that the bigger liar an assistant was the more the masters appreciated him.

The assistants, however, seemed to resent being shown up to such an extent. With a few remarks from A. Mussett regarding the degrading agreements the assistants were compelled to sign at large establishments, which put them right outside the pale of the law, the meeting was closed, and 3s. 5d. was collected.

A Tonic Sol Fa Class meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Kelmiscott House, Hammersmith; comrade J. Munday conductor. All members of the League are cordially invited to attend and assist.

SOCIALISM IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

DUNDEE.

COMRADES H. H. Duncan, William Rennie, and the writer (Aberdeen) went to Dundee on Saturday, Sept. 20th, to further the Cause of Socialism. Our first meeting was held on the Green Market on the Saturday evening; comrade J. Duncan (Dundee) presided. The speakers at this meeting were Rennie and H. H. Duncan, and both comrades were listened to by a very orderly and intelligent audience; no questions were put; a fair supply of literature was sold. I may say that at this meeting we sang two of our songs, a part of propaganda work which was quite new to Dundee friends. On the Sunday afternoon a large and enthusiastic meeting of unskilled labourers was held in the Labour Institute, 72, Overgate. The object of this meeting was to organise the carters, dockers, etc., into one solid organisation; comrade Addison presided. After the chairman had explained the objects of the union, Rennie, H. H. Duncan, and the writer addressed the men; our speeches were listened to with close attention, and we were glad to hear after the meeting that good results followed. I may just add that Addison, Munday, Munro, and a few other comrades are working very hard in this movement of organising the unskilled labourers. At six o'clock we held an open-air meeting in Barrack Street, where a large audience listened attentively to H. H. Duncan and Rennie; both comrades were in splendid form and delivered stirring speeches. Our last meeting was held at 7 o'clock in the Labour Institute; Addison was again in the chair. There were over 200 persons present of all shades of opinion. We began the meeting by singing "Marching to Liberty," the chorus of which the audience soon took up. Rennie and H. H. Duncan then read papers on "The Labour Movement in Relation to Socialism" and "The General Strike." A lively debate followed; one opponent—a Trades' Councillor—was alarmed lest we might be the means of driving the capitalists with their capital out of the country, to which we replied that we should only be too glad if they would do so, and take all their "bonds, bank-books, and bills" with them. As usual, we had the "practical man" to contend with. At this meeting he appeared in the shape of John Nicol, a man well known in Dundee; on the whole the opposition was very tame and easily disposed of. In conclusion, I would just say that it is a pity that Dundee is so very hard up for speakers in the Socialist movement, for there is splendid material to work upon, and I am convinced that if only any of our speaking comrades would visit Dundee, whenever it is possible for them to do so, they would be the means of converting a very large number of the workers to our ideal in a very short time. Meanwhile, success to our comrades in Dundee!

JAMES MACLEAN.

LEEDS.

FAIRLY good meetings on Sunday, 21st ult., when comrade Stockton (of Manchester) spoke, in spite of the rain and very chilly weather. The temperance party, who have been riled by our letters in the local press, turned up in force and attempted to spoil our meetings by rude and intemperate interruptions. As a consequence of their action, aided by the correspondence in the press already referred to, and also by the denunciations of our meetings, our "dirty red flag," and "pernicious doctrines," which have appeared in other local papers, large crowds attended on Hunslet Moor, Woodhouse Moor, and Vicar's Croft on Sunday last, when Reynolds (of Hull) delivered three eloquent and forcible addresses. The sympathy of the people with us was proved by the subscription of 14s. 6d. to our funds, and the purchase of four quires of *Commonweal* and some other literature, a very unpleasant answer indeed for the local scribes who have actually appealed to the readers of their papers to drive us by main force from Woodhouse Moor. The Woodhouse Moor meeting proved to be the most successful of all. Bland (of Bradford) assisted us on Sunday, 21st ult., and among local speakers comrades Sollitt, Sweeney, Corkwell, and Cores, and James of the Universal Labour Union of Newcastle, who delivered a very powerful speech in our support. Altogether we have been immensely encouraged by our recent meetings in Leeds.

G. C.

NORTH LONDON.—A very good meeting at Ossulston Street was addressed by Cantwell, Nicoll, and Mrs. Lahr. We enlivened the meeting with several songs, and after we had sang the "Red, White, and Blue" (revised edition), some Jingoos said it was a shame we were "allowed" to sing it in England, but that we dare not sing it in Portsmouth among the loyal and patriotic militia. Our three meetings on Sunday were very successful. At Regent's Park the speakers were Cantwell and Nicoll; Whelan opposed, but devoted his time to calling us brainless, uncultivated, and saucy-tongued, and as he did not refer to Socialism at all the audience became very impatient; Nicoll replied; collection 2s. 11d. At Hyde Park the meeting was opened by a song from the choir, and addressed by Cantwell, Mrs. Lahr, and Coulton; good sale of *Commonweal* and song-books; 1s. 5d. collected. At Liverpool Street, Cantwell, Nicoll, and Blundell spoke; 20 *Weals* sold.

SOUTH SIDE BRANCH.—Three very successful meetings were held in Croydon on Sunday, at Thornton Heath, Handcroft Road, and Crownhill; speakers were Leggat and Miss Lupton; 2s. 2d. collected; two quires *Commonweal* and song-books sold.—E. L.

ABERDEEN.—Monday the 22nd ult. being a holiday here, comrades Duncan and Rennie journeyed to Dundee on the Saturday. (See report above.) We held our usual Sunday night meeting here, when the Duke of Argyle's attack upon Henry George, and Henry George's reply, was read and discussed. We had no meeting on Thursday night owing to the rain. On Saturday, Duncan, W. Cooper, and Leatham spoke to a large crowd, the latter answering quite a host of questions at the close.—C.

HULL.—On Sunday last, Samuels (of Leeds) visited us (while Reynolds went to Leeds), and spoke twice at Tribal Green in company with Sketchley, who is living here; good meetings were held; *Weals* and *Freedom* sold out and many pamphlets; collected 5s. 8d. We intend to have a champion Commemoration Meeting here for the Chicago Martyrs on Nov. 10th in the Sailors' Institute, Hull.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION—EDINBURGH.—On Wednesday the 27th ult., we had a good meeting in Labour Hall, when Cunningham Graham delivered a capital address on the "Eight Hours' Day," which was much appreciated; a discussion followed. After the meeting dispersed we had a "social" in the small hall, when we had short speeches from Graham, Spence (Aberdeen) and Glasse, and the meeting was otherwise enlivened by appropriate toasts and the singing of revolutionary songs. Graham also spoke at the Scottish Home Rule meeting, which was being held at the same time in the music-hall. He had a decent reception from the audience, but his Socialistic speech was too much for Professor Blackie, who shook his "kail runt" at the "unsentimental gentleman," and generously made an exception in his case when moving a vote of thanks to "all the speakers." We had good meetings in Leith and Edinburgh on Sunday, and lively discussion. Henderson Street Hall has been secured for our Sunday evening meetings in Leith, which begin on Sunday first.

COSMOPOLITAN RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, Wharfside Temperance Bar, 46 Wharfside Road, Kings Cross.—Meets every Wednesday at 8.30 for discussion of social subjects. October 8th, Mr. A. Bradfield, "Natural Causation."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

Twenty-two soldiers of the 78th Regiment stationed at Oldenburg have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for insubordination, and they freely declared that they were Socialists. How the cowardly and false bourgeoisie must shake in their shoes at reading such news! What is to become of them if they can't rely any more on the army, the strongest pillar on which that miserable structure, so-called modern society, rests? Though we have great pleasure at the sight of the cold perspiration which breaks out on the leaders of the present social "civilisation," we are sorry for the young men; but even they will get over it, and the hate against their tormentors will only grow stronger and more intense. We hope if these young soldiers of Socialism ever use the ballot-box as a means to destroy the present state of society, they will use to smash the skulls of some of its brightest ornaments.

Ever since the last great miners' strike the large manufacturers and capitalists have been very dissatisfied with the way the Emperor interfered in the strike, and also with his meddling with the "free contract" between employers and employed, and as they dare not attack the Socialist kaiser himself, their warfare is directed against Councillor Hinspeter, who was teacher to the Emperor, and who is supposed to have infused the social reforms into the royal "brain." On the other hand, the workmen have shown at the elections and otherwise what they think of the royal humbug. It is certain that young Billy suffers very much from some nervous disease, for he travels and runs about from place to place, from one military show to another, it looks certainly as if something was not quite right, or as if he hadn't his right change anyhow. In his social reforms we find the same feverishness and inconsistency throughout; further, the actions of the Ministry show that they are affected in the same way. The Home Minister, Herrfurth, who declared in the debate about the removal of the coercion law that they could not do without it, has now (since Bismarck got the sack) said that the law was a great mistake. It is strongly rumoured that the Government is going to publish on the 1st October a manifesto to the working classes, asking them to stand by the Emperor, telling them what he is going to do for them; and if this has not the desired effect, and the workmen refuse to be good boys, the policy of in the one hand sugar, and in the other the whip will be dropped, and the policy of only whips will again be adopted. It seems as if the Socialist members smell the rat; they try to make the new organisation as flat as possible, and get the ribbons well in their hands, to be able to excommunicate everyone who dares to kick.

At a congress at Halle of German miners a federation of unions was agreed upon, and the rules prepared by a committee adopted. A petition was also drawn up to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament and other bodies, setting forth the following demands:

1. That a shift shall not exceed eight hours.
2. That overtime shall be abolished.
3. That the shifts to be reduced in wet or too hot places.
4. That the minimum wages of pickmen be 4 marks per day, the pay of the other workers in mines to be fixed in proportion.
5. That wages be paid weekly, and one system of pay-books be introduced in all mines.
6. That courts of arbitration be established to settle all disputes.
7. That a new German mining law be passed.
8. That improved sanitary arrangements be introduced.
9. That the restrictions which prevent miners from going from one district to another be removed.
10. That the administration of miners' co-operative unions be entirely in the hands of the men.
11. That measures be taken to prevent the importation of foreign labour.
12. That the power of employers to dismiss their men be limited by law.
13. That capitalist rings be abolished or suppressed if they are directed against workmen.

Some of these demands show that the authors of this petition have very childish notions about the grim warfare between capital and labour. Petition, indeed! they can petition till they are black in the face; it will only fill the waste-paper baskets. If the miners want any lightening of their burden they will have to make their demands in a different key. RTR.

DAMNATION!

How the parsons do laugh in their sleeves!
They laugh, for they care not a pin,
Though the world with themselves has been damned,
Because Eve gave Adam a pippin.

If you think this untrue you will go
To the Devil, the parsons tell you;—
O, believe in such nonsense as that!
You deserve to be damned if you do!

—HARRY CROPLEY.

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- Battersea.**—All communications to E. Buteux, 45, Inwith Street, Battersea Park Road.
- Commonweal Branch.**—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. Sunday, October 5, at 8.30 p.m., R. W. Burnie, "Anarchist Morality."
- East London.**—H. McKenzie, 10 Victoria Dwellings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.
- North Kensington.**—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday, October 5, at 7.30, a lecture.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
- South Side Branch.**—E. Lupton, secretary *pro tem*.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.**—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.
- Halifax.**—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
- Hull.**—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
- Leeds.**—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, Templar Street. Open every evening. Discussion class every Friday at 8; lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature on tables and for sale.
- Leicester.**—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
- Norwich.**—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
- Sheffield.**—Socialist Club, 63 Blunk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Pump, Westbar, at 8; Heeley, Maresbrook Park, at 7.30; Monolith, Fargate, at 6.30; Rotherham, College Yard, at 3.15. Wednesday: Nursery Street, Wicker, at 8. Thursday: Bramall Lane, at 8; Eckington, at 6.30. Friday: Duke Street, Park, at 8. Saturday: Woodhouse, at 7.
- Walsall.**—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
- Yarmouth.**—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

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- 8 Euston Road—Ossulston Street Nicoll
8 Mile-end Waste Leggatt and Greenwood

SUNDAY 5.

- 11 Commercial Road—Union Street Burnie
11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Hoxton Church Nicoll
11.30 New Cut—Short Street Smith and Miss Lupton
11.30 Regent's Park Blundell
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mordhurst and Cantwell
3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
3.30 Streatham Common Smith, Buckeridge, and Miss Lupton
6 Streatham—Fountain The Branch
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
8 Kings Cross—Liverpool Street Mrs. Blundell
8 Mile-end Waste The Branch
8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

FRIDAY 10.

- 7.30 New Cut—Short Street Buckeridge and Miss Lupton
8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz and Mrs. Blundell

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
- Glasgow.**—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Friday: Bridgeton Cross, at 8.15.
- Leeds.**—Saturday: Woodhouse Moor, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
- Leicester.**—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.; Market Place, at 6.15 p.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m. Monday: Belgrave, at 8. Tuesday: Sanvey Gate, at 8. Wednesday: Braunstone Gate, at 8. Friday: Infirmary Square, at 8. Saturday: "Cross," Belgrave Gate, at 8.
- Liverpool.**—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
- Manchester.**—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
- Nottingham.**—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
- Norwich.**—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
- Yarmouth.**—Saturday: Church Plain Trees, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, at 11.30; London Boat Landing Stage, at 3; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7. Monday: Belton, at 8 p.m.

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