

THE COMMONWEAL

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SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A MASS MEETING

WILL BE HELD AT THE

REFORMER'S TREE, HYDE PARK,

ON

Sunday, June 14th, at 3 p.m.,

WHEN SPEECHES WILL BE DELIVERED UPON

STRIKES, Their Cause & Cure

AMONG THE SPEAKERS WILL BE THE FOLLOWING—

D. J. NICOLL, London Socialist League, P. KROPOTKINE, LOUISE MICHEL, R. GUNDERSON, International Society of Tailors, S. MAINWARING, Amalgamated Society of Engineers, C. W. MOWBRAY, Amalgamated Society of Tailors, W. WESS, International Workmen's Party, R. W. BURNIE, Editor of the *Commonweal*, W. LEGGATT, Carmen's Union, J. TURNER, President Shop Assistants' Union, W. B. PARKER and W. CHAPPLE, London Society of Compositors, Y. YANOVSKY, Editor of *Workers' Friend*, J. BLACKWELL, Editor of *Freedom*, and other well-known Anarchists.

For further Arrangements see next week's "*Commonweal*."

"DOWN WITH THE SWEATERS!"

This is the battle cry of the East End Tailors, and it is a cry which is being heard louder than ever before. The horrible conditions of the workshops and sweating dens have been pointed out often, in both Capitalist and Socialist newspapers, but they can never be spoken of too often. Weary of making petitions to the employers, the sweaters' victims of East London have at last, and none too soon, struck against the horrible tyranny under which they exist, and the demand put forth is—as in the case of the West End Tailors—*too moderate*: Healthy workshops, increased pay, shorter hours.

Anyone who has ever had the misfortune to go into one of the dens in which clothing is being made in this part of London could never forget the sickening feeling which overcomes you on entering. In rooms scarcely fit to live in, men and women—young and old—are crowded in every available corner, making up clothing. No pretensions to cleanliness or ventilation is ever thought of. Consumption and Asthma Dens would be their proper name. In scarcely any other trade are there so many victims to these dread diseases as in the tailoring. Leprosy is *not* unknown, also, among the tailors and tailresses of this quarter. It has come to our knowledge that work-people have been allowed to work whilst having members of their families suffering from *small pox*; and *itch* is common in many of the lower dens in which the police and military clothing is made. Samuel Brothers, Dolan, Pearse and Co., Compton and Co., Hobson and Son, Gardiner and Co., Hibbert and Co., and many others, are all more or less employers of the sweater, and, in many cases, they knowingly *win* at the conditions of the sweating dens, solely on account of being enabled to get their work done cheaply. These firms are, among many others, mainly responsible for the spread of *Zymotic* diseases. Is it any wonder that the victims of the sweater should rebel. The great wonder to us is the calmness that exists among them, though that calmness will not, and cannot last. The result of

the conditions under which the great bulk of the workers live, especially in the tailoring trade, may be seen in the physical deterioration of the great masses of the workers in all our large towns, especially in London and Leeds. If there is any truth in the scientific doctrine that people are made what they are, both physically and morally, by their environment, what can be the effect of such an environment as that of the East and West End sweating dens? What kind of race can that be whose mothers live and work under such conditions. On the faces of the young men and women who come tumbling out of these dens at the close of every day, filling the streets with tumult and rough horse-play, is set the seal of the sordid conditions under which they live. The results of this accursed system have been plainly demonstrated to the sweater and capitalist over and over again—and with what result? They have received the truth with absolute indifference, not unmingled with brutal jests, believing that they could continue on in their course, seeing they had little to fear as long as the people were quiet. Before the Riots of 1886, in the West End, the capitalist employers of the sweaters would not admit that there was any exceptional distress. Are we to have another *Black Monday* before the sweater and his employer will listen to the appeal for more air and better living on the part of the victims? We believe we shall, and call, therefore, to those on strike, not to hesitate, if needs be, to use any and every means to sweep away the accursed dens in which they exist. This may be considered very strong language; but we consider that the evil renders strong language necessary, and the end will justify the means. A celebrated French gentleman—M. Foulon—during the early days of the French Revolution, when appealed to on behalf of the people who were starving, replied, "Let them eat grass!" Soon after, his body crumpled a lamp-post, and in his mouth was stuffed a tuft of grass. It might yet be necessary to make a like example of some of the sweaters and their employers before they will listen to the voice of reason; and who could regret it, if the result was beneficial to the human race. We would, however, caution the workers not to forget that the sweater has an employer who is alike responsible for the evils under which, not only tailors, but *all workers* exist, and which must continue until the capitalist system gives place to a system in which the people will own all the means of life. The workers who strike for a better workshop in order to be better slaves, will have to learn that they are no nearer their freedom, even though they win their present struggle and gain what they may consider a complete victory. We are, however, afraid they are doomed to a bitter disappointment, *unless* an example or two be taken from the *Paris' Bus Strike*. Here victory was won in three days. How much better than the chicken-hearted policy adopted by certain strike leaders, who are continually advising the people to remain passive and quiet, even under such hellish conditions as those which have rendered this strike necessary. Those unconnected with the tailoring trade may pass this over thinking it does not concern them. We ask you to consider again. Do you wear ready-made clothes? Do you get your clothes at a cheap shop, made to order; or are you a policeman or volunteer. If you are either, this concerns you, and that very greatly. Many of you wonder how you have contracted certain diseases. You need wonder no longer. But how can you help it? you may ask. Well, if you buy ready-made clothes, you had better have them disinfected before wearing them; and if you are a Trades Unionist, and still wear them, you are not only inconsistent, but you become a party to the encouragement of "scabbing" by your action. If you are a policeman, it is your own fault largely, and matters little to the workers—whose enemies you are—whether you contract disease or not. If you are a volunteer and a Trades Unionist, you are worse than either case before-mentioned, as you *voluntarily* encourage sweating and "scabbing," and are traitors to the cause of Labour if you remain a volunteer. To you, especially, we say your duty is to resign from your various regiments unless your garments are made in healthy workshops and by better-paid labour than that which obtains to-day. You who are Trades Unionists, and are fighting for better conditions for yourselves, must see that your conduct is treacherous in the extreme to the Labour cause when you volunteer

—as you do—to assist in suppressing by armed force any outbreak on the part of your sweated co-workers. Let all who have the cause of Labour at heart resign AT ONCE from all regiments as a protest against sweating, and further, in order to assist your struggling fellow workers to obtain better conditions, not only for themselves, but for all. To the sweated, I would say, a peaceful attitude is of no use. Revolt, and revolt only, will quicken the senses of those people who fatten upon our blood and sweat. Let our watchword be Revolt, and let it be not merely for the abolition of the sweater, but for the overthrow of capitalism—the parent of sweating and misery—and the establishment of a system of society based upon Justice, Liberty, and Brotherhood. Each one working to the best of his ability, and each one consuming according to his desires; and, in order to obtain this, we call on you to prepare for the Social Revolution, which alone can make this possible.

THE BEAST OF PROPERTY

By JOHN MOST.

(Continued from page 50.)

IN Europe and America there are several hundred thousand priests and ministers, specially provided for to poison the common sense of the masses. Numberless missionaries wander from house to house spreading senseless tracts, or committing other *spiritual mischief*. In the schools strenuous attempts are made to nullify what little good the training in reading, writing and ciphering may bring with it. Idiomatic maltreatment of *history* excites that blatant prejudice which divides peoples, and prevents them from recognising the fact that their oppressors have long ago leagued together against them, and that all political trickery, past and present, has the only one object in view, that of firmly establishing the power of the rulers, and thereby ensuring the exploitation of the poor by the rich.

The hawking trade in *loyalty and order intoxicants* is attended to by the inklingers of the daily press, numerous literary perverters of history, by political heelers of the various predominating cliques, rings, combinations and organisations, by parliamentary windbags with seductive smiles, pledges on their lips and treason in their hearts, and hundreds of other politicians of all degrees and shades of villany.

Whole squads of bushwhackers are specially employed in mystifying the social question. The professors of political economy for instance, play the part of lackeys to the bourgeoisie, extolling the golden calf as the true sun of life, and using falsehood and knavery so *scientifically*, that they make the tanning of workmen's hides appear as a benefaction to mankind. Some of those charlatans recommend social reform, or in other words, processes, based on the maxim of washing without wetting; not to mention their celebrated recipes for economising and educating. While thus bamboozling the masses the capitalistic knights of plunder continue to perfect their mechanism of power. New offices are created. High positions in these are filled in Europe by the progeny of the former highwayman (now a *nobleman*), in America by the most crafty office hunters and the most wily thieves, who combine with their original purpose of authoritatively gagging the proletariat, the very pleasant business of till-tapping and forgery on a grand scale. They command armies of soldiers, gendarmes, policemen, spies, judges, prison-keepers, tax collectors, executioners, etc. The lower class of this beadleom are almost wholly recruited from the ranks of the non-possessors, and are only exceptionally better paid. For all that they display great zeal as spies, eaves-droppers, and pokenoses, as claws, teeth and suckers of the state, which institution is evidently nothing more nor less than the political organisation of a horde of swindlers and spoliators, who without the tyrannising machinery could not exist for one day before the just wrath and condemnation of the oppressed and plundered people.

In most of the old countries this system has naturally reached its point of culmination in the outer form. The entire disciplinary apparatus of the state concentrates in a monarchic power. Its representatives by the *grace of God* are, in accordance, the very quintessence of villany. In them all vice and crime common to the ruling classes is developed to a monstrous degree. Their most agreeable occupation is wholesale murder (war); when they rob, and they do it often, they always rob entire countries, and hundreds, even thousands of millions. Incendiarism on a colossal scale serves to illuminate their atrocities. They adhere to the notion that mankind exists for them to kick, cuff, and spit upon. At the best they make it worth their while to select the most attractive women and girls from among their *subjects* to satiate their beastly lusts. The others have the right to *most obediently* die like dogs. By direct blackmail these crowned murderers of Europe annually pocket £10,000,000. Militarism, their pet progeny, annually costs £200,000,000, not taking into consideration the loss of life and labour. An equal sum is paid as interest on £4,000,000,000 of state-debts, which these scoundrels have incurred in a comparatively short time. Monarchism in Europe then costs annually £410,000,000, that is to say, more than 10,000,000 of workers, the supporters of 50,000,000 of people, earn as wages in the same time.

In America the place of the monarchs is filled by monopolists. Should monopolism in the alleged *free* United States of America develop at the rate it has in the last quarter of a century, there will remain free from monopolisation only daylight and air. Five hundred million acres of land in the United States, about six times the area of Great Britain and Ireland, have been divided within a generation

among the railway companies and the great landlords of European aristocratic origin. Within a few decades Vanderbilt alone amassed £40,000,000; several dozen of his competitors in robbery bid fair to outdo him. San Francisco was settled hardly thirty years ago, to-day it harbours eighty-five millionaires! All the wealth of this great republic, although established but a century, its mines, its coal-fields its oil-wells, etc., have been *taken* from the people and are the property of a handful of daring adventurers and cunning schemers.

The *sovereignty of the people* falls prostrate into the dust before the influence of these money kings, railroad magnates, coal barons and factory lords. These fellows carry the whole United States in their pockets, and that which is vaunted as untrammelled legislation and free ballot is a farce, a delusion, and a snare.

If this be the condition of the green wood, what may we not expect of the decayed timber? If this young American republic, with its nearly boundless territory and its almost inexhaustible natural resources, has been so fatally corrupted and ruined in such a short time by the capitalistic system, why be surprised at the results of long continued abuses of similar nature in servile, rotten Europe.

Indeed it seems as though this young American republic had for the present but one historical mission, of demonstrating beyond controversy to the people on this side of the Atlantic, as to those on the other, by the presentation of bare, tangible facts, what an outrageous monster the *beast of property* really is, and that neither the condition of the soil, nor the vastness of domain, nor the political forms of society can ever alter the viciousness of this beast of prey; but to the contrary, it proves, that the less a necessity naturally exists for individual greed and rapacity, the more dangerous to, and obtrusive upon society it becomes. It is not voracious to satisfy its wants—it devours for the sake of devouring only!

Let those who labour to live understand that this monster cannot be tamed, nor be made harmless or useful to man; let them learn to know that there is but one means of safety: an unrelenting, pitiless, thorough war of extermination? Gentle overtures go for naught; scorn and derision will be the result, if by petitions, elections, and like silly attempts the proletariat hopes to command the respect of its sworn enemies.

Some say general education will bring about a change; but this advice is, as a rule, an idle phrase. Education of the people will only then be possible, when the obstructions thereto have been removed. And that will not take place until the entire present system has been destroyed.

But let it not be understood that nothing could or should be done by education. Far from it. Whoever has recognized the villainy of the present conditions, is in duty bound to raise his voice, in order to expose them, and thereby open the eyes of the people. Only avoid to reach this result by super-scientific reflections. Let us leave this to those well-meaning scientists, who in this manner tear the mask of humanity from the *better class* and disclose the hideous countenance of the beast of prey. The language of and to the proletariat must be clear and forcible.

Whoever thus uses speech will be accused of inciting disturbance by the governing rabble; he will be bitterly hated and persecuted. This shows, that the only possible and practical enlightenment must be of an inciting nature. Then let us incite!

Let us show the people how it is swindled out of its labour force by country and city capitalists; how it is echered out of its meagre wages by the store, house, and other lords; how priests of pulpit, press, and party seek to destroy its intellect; how a brutal police is ever ready to maltreat and tyrannise it, and with a soldiery to spill its blood. Patience at last must forsake it! The people will rebel and crush its foes.

The revolution of the proletariat—the war of the poor against the rich—is the only way from oppression to deliverance.

But, some interpose, revolutions can not be made! Certainly not, but they can be prepared for by directing the people's attention to the fact, that such events are imminent, and calling upon them to be ready for all emergencies.

Capitalistic development, of which many theorists assert, that it must proceed to the total extinction of the middle class, before the conditions favourable to a social revolution are at hand, has reached such a point of perfection, that its farther progress is almost impossible. Universal production (in civilized countries) can only be carried on, industrially as well as agriculturally, on a grand scale, when society is organized on a Communistic basis, and when (which will then be a truism) the reduction of the hours of labour keeps pace with the development of technical facilities, and augmented consumption with production.

This is easily comprehended. By wholesale production from 10 to 100 times more is produced than the producers need in goods of equivalent value, and there lies the rub. Until lately, this entire surplus value has been but little noticed, because by far the greater portion of this so-called profit has been in turn capitalized, that is, used for new capitalistic enterprises, and because the industrially most advanced countries (the *beast of property* in those countries) export enormous quantities of merchandise. Now, however, the thing is beginning to weaken mightily. Industrialism has made great progress the world over, balancing exports and imports more and more, and for that reason new investments of capital become less profitable, and must, under such circumstances, prove entirely unremunerative. Universal crises must ensue and will expose these glaring incongruities.

Everything, therefore, is ripe for Communism; it is only neces-

sary to remove its interested inveterate enemies, the capitalists and their abettors. During these crises the people will become sufficiently prepared for the struggle. Everything will then depend on the presence of a well trained revolutionary nucleus at all points, which is fit and able to crystallize around itself the masses of the people, driven to rebellion by misery and want of work, and which can then apply the mighty forces so formed to the destruction of all existing hostile institutions.

Therefore, organize and enlarge everywhere the Socialistic revolutionary party, before it be too late. The victory of the people over its tyrants and vampires will then be certain.

Instead of here developing a *programme*, it is, under present conditions, of far greater importance to sketch what the proletariat must probably do immediately after the victorious battle, to maintain its supremacy.

Most likely the following must be done:—In every local community where the people have gained a victory, revolutionary committees must be constituted. These execute the decrees of the revolutionary army, which, reinforced by the armed workingmen, now rules like a new conqueror of the world.

The former (present) system will be abolished in the most rapid and thorough manner, if its supports—the *beasts of property* and horde of adherents—are annihilated. The case standing thus:—If the people do not crush them, they will crush the people, drown the revolution in the blood of the best, and rivet the chains of slavery more firmly than ever. Kill or be killed is the alternative. Therefore, massacres of the people's enemies must be instituted. All free communities enter into an offensive and defensive alliance during the continuance of the combat. The revolutionary communes must incite rebellion in the adjacent districts. The war cannot terminate until the enemy (the *beast of property*) has been pursued to its last lurking place, and totally destroyed.

(To be concluded.)

NOTES.

THE *Echo*, the other day, gave its readers a not altogether unappreciative sketch of our comrade Elisée Reclus, who assuredly deserves all the good which can be said of him. The writer, however, was so hopelessly at sea as to our comrade's real views as to repeat more than once that he is "not a Socialist." Reclus, of course, detests the State, and therefore necessarily repudiates the hideous abortion known as State Socialism, as we also repudiate it. Like us, however, he is not only an Anarchist but also a Communist. His and our contention is that Anarchist Communism is the only true and workable Socialism.

The *Daily Chronicle* announced the other day that the Kaweah Community in California had collapsed, an announcement promptly denied. On which side the truth lies I cannot pretend to determine, but as Revolutionists and Anarchist-Communists we should not, I imagine, specially regret the failure of what we can only regard as an altogether mistaken attempt. As we have repeatedly said, the place of real Socialists is in the midst of our vile civilisation, that we may the sooner destroy it, and not in selfish isolation in the wilderness. Moreover, Kaweah, where Anarchists are expressly warned that they are not wanted, would seem hopelessly given over to Government and Collectivism. The *Chronicle*, by the way, ought to know that a colony wherein a system of "time-checks" and "giving to each according to his works" is in full swing is not a "Communist experiment," whatever else it may be.

Our good comrade, Belfort Bax, has been expressing in *Justice* the sense of infinite superiority over the rest of mankind of the Social Democrat who has read Karl Marx in the original. "Anarchism still flourishes in some quarters," we are told, "as the necessary complement of Social Democracy when new and improperly organised." It is a pity that a man of our comrade's ability should have so impregnated himself with the dogmatism of the orthodox German Socialism that he is as one stubbornly closing his eyes to Anarchist Communism and to what its exponents mean by it. Surely even the Bebelites must recognise that the constantly growing Anarchist drift of contemporary Socialist thought is a matter with which sooner or later they will have to deal in some way, and no great current of thought can be successfully dealt with by sneering from imaginary altitudes at the thinkers as "fools and dreamers," and unscientific persons.

No one will be surprised to learn that Bax, from that fancied platform of his, gazes down with equal sense of higher culture, of power of "looking before and after" alike upon the machine-made Utopia of "Looking Backward," and the beautiful visions of "News from Nowhere." Our Comrade Morris, it seems, has merely "transferred mediæval society purified of its coarsenesses and cruelties into the conditions of a Socialistic society at [qu. 'in' ?] another phase." This is an example, of course, of a kind of criticism which is easy enough, but (Bax will I know forgive me for saying) by no means helpful. Naturally, however, even a literary-minded Bebelite could not be expected to appreciate so thoroughly Anarchist a production as Morris' lovely and convincing dream, wherein politics and government have no place.

Ibsen, too, is a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to Bax. He, it seems, belongs to a "species of Utopian Anarchists," and has "one infallible and non-economic panacea for all social ills." This will be news indeed to those of us who have been content to approach the Norse dramatist without pre-conceived prejudices. We had thought, I fancy, that Ibsen had hitherto confined himself to searching and cruel criticism and dissection of the vile and false society of to-day without setting forth any remedy of his own, therefrom; although it is indeed plain to one reading between the lines that the writer's sympathies lie in an Anarchist direction, and however, Ibsen certainly does proclaim the right of women to live their own lives, and this would alone suffice to alienate all the sympathies of our comrade, who has never made a secret of his misogynist leanings.

Bax winds up his article by declaring that "Socialism, in this its third period, awaits its consolidation and completion as a party with a coherent doctrine and a united front." This sentence, with its peculiar use of "Socialism" for "Socialists" is hardly of idiomatic construction; but the meaning is clear enough, and, for my part, I entirely dissent from it. We shall never be "consolidated and completed" into "a party with a coherent doctrine and a united front" this side of the Revolution. Moreover, it would be a great misfortune if we could be so "consolidated and completed;" inasmuch as we should then become a mere church and sect and go the way of other churches and sects. It is far better to play our individual parts in the greatest movement of the human mind the world has seen—the movement towards Freedom.

In *Murray's Magazine*, of all places, I find a bourgeois view of the situation in Paris which is worth noting. "The spirit now fermenting among the lower classes, and constantly increasing in power," says the middle-class writer, quoting a "celebrated General," "must end in some terrible social explosion, which will come with unexpected force and carry all before it." "Les voleurs" (the robbers), as they are called, would fare badly in any Socialist commotion. The Anarchists have openly declared their determination to blow up the great banks, . . . the Opera House, and the private dwellings of well-known capitalists."

It is a thoroughly logical deed, as things are, to make what is called a "peer" of Sam Lister—the pitiless oppressor of the Manningham silk-weavers—as a kind of reward for his victory the other day over his revolted wage-slaves. The conquering bourgeois has dressed himself in the worn-out finery of the feudal thieves who preceded him, and the modern capitalist dearly loves to be styled "baron" like one of the fabulous paladins of Charlemagne, and to take his seat in the "House of Lords" with ceremonies yet redolent of the Middle Ages. Yet one prefers, somehow, the bold and warlike robber of old to the crafty liver on others' toil who now disports himself in the halls of his erst-while masters. Surely, however, the kingdom of the Listers shall pass as has passed the kingdom of those former masters of us and them.

R. W. B.

Attention! Mr. Macdonald. Is it true that you stated, whilst giving evidence before the Contract Committee of the L. C. C., that the foreigners of London had no backbone in them? How does this assertion of yours coincide with the attitude of the International Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors during the present strike? They not only showed they had backbone, but they showed that the leaders had none.

The Jewish Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors are now plunged into the struggle against sweating, and are decrying against the English section of the Amalgamated Society for not sending speakers &c. to aid them. It is very discouraging to see the British workman standing aloof from his foreign comrades in this struggle. How is the International Solidarity of Labour to be brought about if this attitude continues? Yet it is all one might expect from such chicken-hearted leaders as those who have conducted the present struggle. The East will have no reason to thank the West if they win this struggle, and if it reacts on them they ought not to grumble, seeing they refused to aid the East in its struggle against sweating. And so the battle goes on, and must go on until the Revolution comes, and when it comes it shall sweep away not only sweating but those who cause it.

C. W. M.

PROPAGANDA IN THE PROVINCES.

SHEFFIELD.—We have taken advantage of the presence here of that vile hypocrite and murderer, Stanley, who gave a lecture on Friday night at the Albert Hall, to do some good propaganda and to sell Comrade Nicoll's pamphlet on a grand scale, as well as to protest against the wretched creature and his "Mission." If he were treated as he deserves by the Anarchists in every town he pollutes with his presence, he would soon have little stomach for showing himself round as he does. Of course we did not do one-half we ought to have done, but it has been better than nothing, and has drawn our enemies of the Press, whose posters on Saturday displayed in large letters—

"Stanley's lecture last night. Extraordinary conduct of the Sheffield Socialists."

We were there in force some time before the hour fixed for the lecture (8 p.m.) with a large supply of Nicoll's pamphlet, but people going in knew us and rejected our offers, and one comrade who advanced as far as

the ticket office was threatened with removal by the officers of law and order.

At Comrade J. Bingham's suggestion, we determined then to take gallery tickets, and he and I went in and began to offer the pamphlet for sale. To our great delight and amusement they were greedily bought up, until there was hardly a person in that gallery but was the proud possessor of one.

Fired with our success, I then determined to invade the body of the hall, at the sacrifice of another "bob," and leaving Bingham—who is just the man for it—to face some of the disappointed purchasers, who began to feel sold and reclaim their money, I went down to the body of the hall, which was stuffed with parsons. I had a hand-bag nearly full, and was doing a roaring trade, for which some of the dear creatures, to encourage me, (poor man!) smiled sweetly at me and exclaimed, "You are making your fortune," and such like, and they felt the happiness of doing good by buying from me; but presently there were shouts from the gallery, "Turn him out!" "It's a fraud!" and there was a regular hullabaloo, so the doorkeeper came, and taking me by the sleeve suggested I should leave, but with all the indignation of a Briton who has paid his money, I shook him off, telling him that if there was a disturbance it was not of my making, and that he should not prevent my turning an honest penny as I had the ambition some day to be a capitalist. He retired, but returned with a policeman as large as life. The "bobby" remonstrated with me, but on my taking a seat in order to hear the pious and blood-thirsty lecturer, he retired, and I then continued to sell my stock at the other side of the hall, and the demand, strange to say, never slackened until I had not one and they were asking for more.

In the meantime, some comrades had stationed themselves at the side entrance, and when Stanley drove up they began to hiss and hoot him, and the crowd standing round unexpectedly joined in and did the same! (Some of them asked afterwards "Why did we hoot him?")

When he came on the platform, he was received with great applause by the "tub-thumpers" and other pious Pecksniffs; but when they ceased, I began to hiss and continued until they howled me down and again threatened expulsion.

Again at the door, on his departure, we waited for him in a body and hooted him and shouted murderer, blood-thirsty scoundrel, etc. I got round to the off-side of the cab, and before his companion could pull up the window I told him what I thought of him. Away went the cab, and alongside of it the stalwart form of our sprightly comrade of French extraction, Parfremont, "transfigured with rage," as he said, shaking his stick in the faces of the occupants as he ran, and hurling at Stanley the choicest epithets in his vocabulary. He followed the cab for a considerable distance.

On counting up we found we had sold nearly a sovereign's worth of the pamphlet—19s. 7d.—and but that it was a very cold and wet day to-day (Sunday) we could have sold much more than we did, for there is quite a demand for them established by the newspapers, one of which reproduced the first paragraphs of it.

Hoping that in some other town the pious buccaneer may meet his deserts, I remain, your comrade in the Revolution.—J. CREAGHE.

YARMOUTH.—Although no reports have appeared in the *Weal* for some time past, we have not been asleep during the winter, as some of our enemies might think. Ten lectures have been given in the Gladstone Hall on various dates by Comrades Dell, Bernard Shaw, Oakeshott, Clarke, M.A., and De Mattos of the Fabian Society, including a course on the "Distribution of Wealth." We have also had Comrades Mowbray, Pontyz, Darley, and several other Norwich comrades with us, but the largest and most interesting meeting was held on the morning of Sunday, May 17th, on the Priory Plain, when addresses were delivered by Shaw Maxwell, of the Glasgow Branch of the Socialist League, late editor of the *People's Press*; Pontyz, of Norwich, and Headley. Whilst Headley was speaking, several police rushed in the ring and tried to upset the meeting, but, seeing that we were determined to meet force by force, the crowd being with us, contented themselves by taking the names of Shaw Maxwell, Saunders, and Headley, after using a lot of threats about what they would do. This resulted in our already large meeting considerably increasing, nearly 1,000 people being present, and our comrades have since received summonses. A large meeting was also held in the afternoon by the same speakers. Owing to rain we had to adjourn to the new Club Rooms in Howard Street, where another large meeting was held in the evening. On Tuesday, social gatherings of Norwich and Yarmouth Anarchists in the Club Rooms, also a grand tea on Tuesday afternoon in the Club; the Norwich comrades lost the train, and had to stay all night. Success to the Revolution.—J. HEADLEY.

GLASGOW.—Recently, on the occasion of a visit from Comrade Andreas Scheu, of London, an effort was made to revive the old vigorous propaganda spirit of the Branch. Comrade Charles F. Freer was appointed Secretary in place of Bruce Glasier, who desired that someone with fresh initiative should take a turn at the wheel. Comrade Robb was appointed Treasurer, and a new Committee was formed. We are hopeful that with the hearty support of our old comrades the League will now do well. We have opened a new open-air meeting at St. George's Cross on Sunday evenings at five o'clock, which Joe and Tim Burgoyne take charge of, while Glasier still holds the fort at Paisley Road Toll, also at five o'clock. We have also opened an indoor meeting on Friday evenings for lectures and discussions. During the last two or three months, propaganda has been steadily maintained. Besides the usual routine of open-air lectures, Leo Meilliet gave a lecture, under our auspices, on "Socialism in Schools." Glasier held a two nights' debate with Mr. Bowman, President of the Land Restoration Federation on "Socialism and the Single Tax." He also addressed a number of Irish National League meetings on "Socialism and Irish Nationalism"; while Joe Burgoyne lectured to the Springburn Land and Labour Society on "The Eight Hours' Question."—C. F. F.

REVIEWS.

"NEWS FROM NOWHERE."—The publication of our Comrade Morris' "News from Nowhere" in book form at 1s. should do much to dispel many erroneous notions regarding the ideal of society which Socialists seek to realize.

Its appearance is especially opportune, in view of the wide circulation

which Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has obtained in this country and America.

Bellamy's book has no doubt done much service by interesting thousands of people in Socialism who might not have been reached by direct propaganda for years; and it has certainly shown how social equality might be realized and how the production and distribution of wealth and other social functions might be carried on under a system of State-Communism; but as an ideal of full, and fresh social life, it is far from attractive. The stove-dried, highly respectable and imaginative character of its people, and their formal, mechanical, and inartistic way of doing everything savours rather of a sublimation of the weary and flabby middle-class American Society of our day, than of the free, lighthearted life which we hope for in the future.

It is well, therefore, that such a conception of life under Socialism should not pass as the ideal of modern Socialists amongst those outside the usual channels of Socialist teaching; and thanks to Comrade Morris' delightful romance, which bids fair to become very popular, there is less likelihood of that misapprehension occurring.

But it is not alone in regard to Bellamy's imperfect ideal that "News from Nowhere" may have an immediate beneficial influence, but in regard to all provisions of Socialism that drag with them the wretched habiliments of present commercial habits and anti-social superstition. For in it we have a glimpse of life so full of promise of completely satisfying all our physical and mental desires and yet so free from any taint of unreality, or trace of artificial method or restriction, that it cannot fail to draw men and women away from the narrower and more tentative Socialist schemes which current political agitation is apt to make at first sight more acceptable to them.

There are many of us who have been so much kept to the treadmill of wage-earning, and who have had no little opportunity of knowing what life under greater leisure and associated with natural beauty and art, might be, that the scenes presented to us in Comrade Morris' book—the strong and graceful men and women—the beautiful woods and meadow lands, the spacious and pretty dwellings—the heartsome labour—the feasting and merrymaking—while bringing us delight, bring us also sorrow and anger; for we cannot but think how our lives and the lives of those who are dear to us, are being woefully wasted to-day, and how happy they might be, if the Social Revolution was behind us and not before us.

It may be that not only to others but to ourselves, this vision of an epoch of rest which our comrade has given us, may prove an incentive to more earnest—more unflinching effort—to hastening the advent of the time; so that it may come, not in a hundred or more years, but, if possible, inside the span of our own days.—BRUCE GLASIER.

"THE CHRONICLE OF ST. GEORGE."—We have had forwarded to us the first number of yet another new periodical, apparently of "Christian Socialist" tendencies—the "Chronicle of St. George"—to be published quarterly at Chichester. It is prettily printed on satisfactory paper, but its contents make up a curious farrago of inconsistent fads. "B. R." apparently believes in the mystic properties of the number seven. Colonel Ingersoll discourses upon the iniquity of vivisection, with an anti-scientific bias worthy of some Christian bigot. Mr. Conrad Noel waxes maudlin over the interior of St. Alban's, Holborn. However, one is disposed to forgive much to the Editor, for he is reprinting our Comrade Morris' "Monopoly." The large spacious sanity of that admirable little treatise contrasts oddly enough with the crankiness of the other articles. By the way, have not we heard quite enough of the Cappadocian pork-butcher who by an odd freak of fortune became the "patron saint" of England? Still, with all deductions made, a publication of this kind is symptomatic of the spread of Socialism in the most unlikely quarters.
R. W. B.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. The Committee have now secured large and commodious premises in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. Funds however are urgently needed, and subscriptions should be sent to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS. A new propaganda group has recently been formed to spread our principles among the young. The group meets every Wednesday at 8.30, at the Club Autonomie. All young men anxious to work for the Cause are invited to attend.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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