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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

“THERE ARE TOO MANY MEN ON THE MAKE.”

WE have thought much over these words of John Burns in his speech at Battersea last week, when he summed up the present Labor movement in these words, that may yet become historic “There are too many men on the make in the Labor movement.” Mr. Burns understands the subject. There can be no question of that. Nobody has a better knowledge, and in this sentence he pronounces the epitaph of the whole business. When future historians pause to inquire, why the great Labor movement of 1889 did not do more for the human race they will be confronted at once with Mr. Burns utterance “There were too many men on the make,” and yet it is all very natural enough, those who have watched the movement from its commencement might have prophesied the end of it, as the result of the preaching of revolt against the tyranny of capitalism by Anarchists and Socialists, there came a great popular outburst against the sweater. It was not the mechanic or the artisan, but poorest and most downtrodden of the workers that rose in revolt, these who are designated contemptuously in capitalistic jargon as “unskilled labourers” though in truth they are entitled to be known as skilled workmen, for all occupations require skill, and the labourer is quite as necessary and sometimes more so, as the most accomplished mechanic. Well after the Great Strike of 1889, the New Unions were formed with lightening rapidly—but as a rule they were composed of men, who tread with contempt and trampled on by the rich and the strong, had small confidence in their own powers. They were therefore too ready to accept every scheming adventurer, who combined religious cant with a front of brass and unspeakable impudence, at his own valuation. The adventurers too on their side saw the chance of an easy breath, with little to do and plenty to get and flocked like a cloud of vultures down upon the dainty feast. As for the original leaders, their only desire was to keep anybody, whose views savoured of Anarchism out of the movement. All they wanted was people who would talk “moderation” and “compromise,” “honesty” and “sincerity” were quite secondary qualities. The host of labour was therefore officered by a motley crew, such as Falstaff led through Coventry, only those were not a “ragged regiment,” if they were they soon found clothes and fine linen not on every hedge but out of the pockets of their dupes. When one thinks of the men who according to our capitalist press were to leading the people through the flowery palms of constitutionalism to the promised land depicted by Edward Bellamy in “Looking Backward.” One is reminded of the story of the sailor in the good old days of Moody and Sankays Gospels Revivals. One night Mr. Moody was delivering himself of thulling discourse on the pleasures of paradise. Suddenly he panned and from his lips came the search in query. Let them those would like to go to heaven stand up! First one and then another and then at last all the audience with one solitary exception rose to their feet. This one was a rough looking sailor, who remained obstinately seated. What my man said the fervent evangelist, would not you like to go to heaven? and from the sailor came the unexpected reply, “I aint going to heaven with a bloody crew like this.” So the workers with regard to most of their “leaders” had as little chance of reaching even the paradise of Mr. Bellamy, as the sailor with Mr. Moody's disciples and when we consider what many of these leaders were there is no reason for surprise.

Let us run over the classes from which many of the officers of host of labor are drawn. There were gospel smiters who found gospels smiting did not pay, professional philanthropists whose begging letters had ceased to attract the coin of the charitable, “practical engineers” who had never done a days honest labor in their lives, sweaters who attoned for grinding their own employees by glowing speeches on the wrongs of labor from public platforms, briefless barristers who although they lacked common honesty made up for it with fine words and swelling phrases and “sweaters victims” who carried “rogue” so plainly written upon their countenances, that its wonderful the most unway were not warned and last of all cunning intriguers in the pay of reactionists, who entered the movement to swindle and betray the workers with the gold of the rich in their

pockets. These are a few of the men whom Burns denounces as “the many men on the make.” Is it any wonder, that a movement largely composed of elements like this should end disastrously. Some of these gentlemen have already been exposed as shameless frauds, not however before they had entailed misery upon thousands upon thousands. Some have yet to open the eyes of their dupes, and they will do it.

Mind we do not say that all the leaders of the labour movement are men like theses. We Anarchists will even grant to our opponents, aye and some of our worst enemies, that they are honest in their convictions. But also many of these honest men are dupes of the worst of the scoundrels and even honest man in bad company are likely to become corrupted. But what remedy does Burns propose for ridding the labour party of the “many men on the make”? The Ballot Box! Parliamentary Action! What will not this attract a fresh swarm of these unwholesome individuals. And what is more in the Parliamentary arena, there is less chance of detecting them than outside. Strikes at least test the metal of a man. He must have some honesty about him if his reputation will survive defeat; but in Parliament it is words not deeds, that counts. The fine talker stands the best chance in that assembly, and perhaps this is the reason that some labour leaders are so eager to get there. Besides the Liberal have promised us payment of members and a salary of £300 a year for talking is not to be despised.

Burns talks of the “mad and suicidal policy of striking.” This is true of petty strikes these are out of date, and are as useless against the might of capital as the war canoe of the savage against a modern ironclad. But can Burns give an instance where a General Strike in an industry or a group of industries has failed, and can he point to a case where Parliamentary action has been a success in obtaining great social changes for the benefit of the mass of the people.

The history of Parliament is the story of lies, chicanery, fraud and humbug as far as the people are concerned. We read there how even men who were honest and sincere became changed by its fatal atmosphere into knaves and humbugs. We have had enough of parliament; enough of laws and lawyers. For the future we will help ourselves. No the Strike has not failed. The Strike has yet to be tried on its largest scale. The Universal Strike, the Strike against rent to landlords, the Strike against dividends and profits to capitalists. The Strike that shall free the world of labour from its chains. But in Parliamentary action it's not the people, but the many men on the make who alone will benefit. If you want help, help yourselves, the wealth you have created lies with in you reach. Work no for the rich robbers, but rise in your countless thousands Laborers and take your own.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

(They go near the bank and wait near Marpha. Chorus of sailors on the boat.)

Chorus.

The tempest howls in the shades,
Night fills both land and sea,
The wind roars the sea surges
No flag waves there on the ship.
You sink, sailor, you sink,
You sink.

Shake, shake in the hurricane,
Shake, shake, harp of the wind,
Play the awful melody
Of the ocean, terrible yet grand.
You sink, etc.

Is not all the ocean which opens
Or else is it the earth which perishes.
Who knows what night covers
Is the sea swallowed up.
You sink, etc.

(Nemo embarks with the sailors, who occupy themselves about their bark. Marpha falls on the neck of Nemo; Esther, Marius, Zuiriki, surround him. During this time some young men sing on the bank.)

Chorus.

No it is not the hurricane
Which roars on the beach,
It is the breaking of the sea, the sea.

It is the sea birds
Which come beating their wings,
On the great bitter waves.

(Nemo, Marpha, Zuiriki and Marius return towards the shore.)

Nemo. Forced labour is finished, they will never go back to it.

Marius (looking at two men, dressed to perfection, who are running, to the mob). There are two sinister individuals.

Ether. The fact is, they don't come up to their appearances.

Nemo. On the contrary, there are more important than they look.

Marpha. The biggest has already been up at our house.

SCENE IV.

Sylvester, Nicaire (the two men).

Sylvester. Here my dear Mr. Nicaire are some of our men.

Nicaire (proudly). I am the active and intelligent agent asked for by Baroness to look after the scoundrels who threaten her peace.

Sylvester. Is it you whom they send?

Nicaire. My self. Without having your forethought, I see to my little details.

Sylvester. That is to you, to have "burnings" every where.

Nicaire. Is not everyone a little "burnt." Here with the splendid references which I have it would be difficult. He who will guide me is a man of the best society.

Sylvester. Might I be so bold as to ask the name of this honourable guide.

Nicaire. I need not hide facts from you, dear colleague, my letters are for Baron Ulysse—you know this famous baron, the partner of of Baroness Eleazar.

Sylvester. Certainly, I know him as this Baron Sylvester is myself. The title is even legally mine and it has cost me enough.

Nicaire (stupefied). I as much as guessed it.

Sylvester. It matters little now. The introduction has been made; allow me to show the work which falls to your share to do. Try and discover, not what he shows, but what a certain suspected man named Nemo hides. This man came here 16 years ago—no one knows whence, with a child in his arms—either his or some one else's child—to-day a fine slip of a lass. But, no matter. They are under my suspicion—watch them both narrowly. Luckily the shore is their reception place. Those who go in the open air so much must have terribly secret plans. Well, good luck to you Mr. Nicaire. I leave you as I have to go and see the Baroness; her affairs are mine too, it is time that your services are given and for me you really work. So I will be able to judge of your capabilities as well as I have already done so—for I have some ideas about you already. As I said before, I must leave you, to get to the Baroness. It is a betrothal party.

Nicaire. Whose betrothal?

Sylvester. Mine, by God! I am going to be the son in law of the "bank" Eleazar.

Nicaire. I thought as much.

Sylvester. You seem to be quite a good hand at guessing.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Betrothal.

(A richly decorated room in Eleazar's castle. Other rooms upon into this, forming a "star" of rooms. In some are card tables, in others refreshments—a dancing room—a hothouse full of tropical plants, bananas etc.; a few pots of roses. In this room are carved safes, and a balcony opens upon it, which balcony is of stone and gaudily illuminated.)

Marius, Zuiriki.

Marius. You have never seen her?

Zuiriki. Never.

Marius. She is a sphinx of whom the puzzle must be monstrous.

Zuiriki. I have seen more terrible ones than her. I loved her at one time, she was of radiant beauty. I told you all about that once. It was at Warsaw—the night of the hecatomb. I don't know how it was that any of us escaped the massacre. It was she who betrayed us.

Marius. Yes, so you did, you told me once. And your story seems to me to be bound up with the horrible life we lead here. I feel that there are invisible chains between these events.

Zuiriki. Things are connecting themselves in a wonderful manner. They fit in like the notes of a chord.

Marius. You see that she has thrown little piles of riches everywhere to-night. It is an open defiance to the general misery. The safes are crammed with gold. Here you see gold piled up as you see corn elsewhere. Here she is with my father; can't you hear the rustling of her silk dress? Like the reptile's scales rattling! Come in here, I have a horror at seeing her. (They enter into the safe room and hide behind the foliage)

SCENE II.

Eleazar, Gertrude; Marius Zuiriki hidden. A large wallet is hanging from Gertrude's belt. She is dressed in dull silk, and her head is dressed with golden coins, in an oriental fashion. She has also diamonds on her neck and arms.

Gertrude. Here alone can we hear each other definitely and without fear of being indiscreet.

Eleazar. It is very cold and damp.

Gertrude. You have a fever Eleazar?

Zuiriki (to Marius). Marius, that is the woman of Warsaw!

Marius. Ah!

Gertrude (having heard a murmur turns her head; she sees the roses). I told them not to put any roses here, their odor is disagreeable to me.

Eleazar. Doubtless there has been a mistake, but it is easily rectified.

Gertrude. It is useless to waste time over trifles. We have more to do. Have you prepared Esther and Marius. (Movement behind the foliage.)

Eleazar. My dear Gertrude, you know what great confidence I have in you and how blindly I obey you. Well! This time it was impossible for me to do so.

Gertrude. Impossible! Are you not their father? You should tear them away from the dangers which they themselves seek out.

Eleazar. I could not do it! However, in order that they may avoid the perils which they love so much and condemn them to live in a circle of torture, I can inflict on Marius this dying girl—dying gradually and in agony—and as for Esther, I can give her to this luxurious squanderer of millions.

Gertrude (smiling). You forget, my dear Eleazar, that we are ourselves luxurious squanderers of millions. Baron Ulysses is my partner and I don't wish the rising tide of his fortune to make him raise kingdom against kingdom. We must make him attached to us. I have given him your word of honor. And besides, also on your word, Madame de Eleazar consents to her union with Marius—we can't go back now.

Eleazar. And you will do that?

Gertrude. It is an accomplished fact.

Eleazar. Impossible! You can't have done that. What have I done to you, Gertrude, for you to thus put despair into my house.

Gertrude. Despair because I attach to the house of Eleazar, of which I have in no small way helped to make the fortune, a great vassal, who without being attached would beat down the house. Because I let fall into its coffers an heritage which in other hands would frustrate my designs.

Eleazar. Oh! My children! My poor children!

Gertrude. Your children haunt you: your mind is troubled with them, and your lips constantly let fall their name.

Eleazar. Does not Nemo haunt you still more.

Gertrude. Happily yes! But let us cast aside this puerile sentiment. Your children destroying plans; their presence here is ruin—it is the enemy within the gates, and a redoubtable enemy—these Anarchists, ceaselessly spying out what they call the crimes of privilege. Try and understand me, Eleazar, our era is the spring of gold: the social furrows are ripe for the sowing, the harvest will be great, we can be the kings of gold. Eleazar, listen to me, in forming the corn, the fuel, the metals—all in fact, food, clothing and light even housing—we famish the world and we have it for ourselves.

Marius (low to Zuiriki). That is the enigma of the cursed Sphinx, then!

Zuiriki. Silence! We must know all.

Gertrude. This general strike for which your children are working, and many others besides, and which will be, they say, the revolution—it must not be made by the slaves but by the masters. Machinery replaces arms, with infinitely less expense and infinitely greater profits. Hunger will set to work all those who have little ones in the cradle, or old parents in agony. All will be for sale and we will buy all. Toil will be the privilege of our slaves. We will stop their revolt by throwing out to them an 8-hours day and other reforms which leave exploitation unchanged. To die a few hours earlier or later is all the same. (She places her hands on Eleazar's arms.) Do you understand me now, Eleazar?

Eleazar. You overwhelm me.

Gertrude. Keep your consternation for the surprise which your children are reserving for you. They dream of a brotherhood taking the whole land. I dream of universal repression. They wish to place might at the disposal of right. I wish to place might at the disposal of our privileges. We will see.

Marius (to Zuiriki). Yes! We shall see.

Eleazar. You have a super-human character; as for me, I am a father, and I love my children.

Gertrude. Do you love me no longer?

Eleazar. Always, and more than anything in the world.

Gertrude. Have confidence. Have I not turned the small competence of the firm of Eleazar into a fortune, so enormous that it is

no longer countable? Does not the Eleazar bank buy up all the failing banks? Do we not lend money to the whole of Europe? Soon we shall be doing so to the whole world. When the debt of each state will have surpassed the value of its territory, we shall have all. I shall galvanize the old world, and we can retard the final upheaval. On us alone all will crumble, like the pile of stones which mark a decayed statue.

Eleazar. Your dream is to giddy for me. Gertrude, I feel like dying.

Gertrude. We are near to its accomplishment. The hoarding up of riches is begun, it will be finished at the first cry of alarm.

Eleazar. It is the death of whole races. Gertrude, I am not scrupulous, a financier cannot be scrupulous. But what you propose to me now is to horrible.

Gertrude. Have not I told you that these are accomplished facts. Your name is signed, nothing will take it away now. Do you pretend to pity the proletariat which you and your class have starved for so long? Does the lot of the worker free for ever, differ at all from that of the slave? Unless it does so in that the "free" labourer dies of hunger, dreaming of justice. Whilst the negro and the dog die quietly on what is abandoned to them. If we have only to distribute the easy portion of work refused to the machines, it would only be for the most obedient. It is not our fault. But let us end for this evening, Eleazar. Now, mind you, no sentimental weakness! The obedience of your children, or I go!

Eleazar. (Remains silent, he remains sitting in deep study.)

Gertrude (drawing from the wallet, some market paper, and inkstand and a pen). I pity you, Eleazar, business, with the trouble you have would be painful: sign these powers which let me do it in your name.

Eleazar (first hold the pen without signing, being absorbed with his grief and repeating). My children! My children! (Then he signs mechanically.)

Gertrude. (Puts back the papers in the wallet.)

Eleazar (regaining his senses). Oh! I should rather have died than have signed!

Gertrude. How foolish you are!

Eleazar (going out of the room). Yes, I ought rather to have died!

Gertrude. Not yet! (She follows him.)

(To be continued.)

ANARCHY.

THE ideal of the democracy can only be Anarchy; not Anarchy in the sense of disorder, confusion, but Anarchy in the sense, which the derivation of the word plainly tells (An—not, Archy—command, authority, power, government). Anarchy then is the absence of all government, of all power. Yes, Anarchy thither must be finally led by his aspirations, always towards more liberty, towards a more and more rigorous equality. Yes, Anarchy, that is where we must end some day, led by the power of the democratic principle, by logic, by the fatality of history.

Humanity, once ruled by absolute monarchy, the primitive and most expressive form of government, advances, passing through limited monarchy, through a republic where the president has power, through government by parliament, through direct legislation, towards Anarchy, the most elevated and highest ideal of liberty. Such are the revolutionary tendencies inherent in man.

In fact what is Revolution, if it is not the lessening of authority to the benefit of liberty, the progressive destruction of power to the benefit of the freedom of the individual? Are not limited monarchy, republic, parliamentarism, universal suffrage, if not the symbols of revolution, part of this eternal journey towards freedom. And finally what is direct legislation (as in Switzerland), if it is not a bridge thrown between governmentalism and Anarchy, between the old governmental and political society and the new economic and industrial world?

It is an indisputable historic fact that liberty increases as governmental power decreases, and *vice versa*, that power grows in inverse ratio to liberty. So then to take liberty to its zenith (and this is the tendency of democracy) we must reduce government to zero.

The final aim of Revolution is the annihilation of all power: it is—after a transformation of society—the replacing of politics by social economy, of governmental organisation by industrial organisation; it is Anarchy.

Anarchy, dream of lovers of absolute liberty, idol of all true revolutionists! For long men have calumniated you and put you to most indignant outrages: in their blindness, they have confounded you with disorder and chaos, while on the other hand, government your sworn enemy is only a result of social disorder, or economic chaos, as you will be, Anarchy, the result of order of harmony, of stability, of justice. But already prophets have seen you under the veil which covers the future and have proclaimed you the ideal of the democracy, the hope of liberty, and the final aim of the Revolution, the sovereign of future days, the promised land of regenerated humanity!

It was for you that the Hébertists fell in 1893: they never dreamt

that your day had not come! And in this century, how many millions have had warning of your advent and have descended into the grave, saluting you just as the patriarchs when dying the redeemer. May your reign soon commence, Anarchy!

DR. CESAR DE PARRA.

Beginning early.

SEVEN of the children of the Anarchist School, some of whose parents were not even "Socials," went to a nice little free magic lantern entertainment in Cleveland Street. At the end the bloodthirsty Christians (vide salary of Army chaplains) began singing hymns to some demon-gods of theirs. Our brave little girls and boys were not to be out done, but commenced singing "When the Revolution comes" and the English Carmagnole for which they were chased away by the majority. Bravo! Young Anarchists! May you live under Anarchy!

C. B.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

THINGS are going on at the rate of 80 miles an hour in France. In Limoges a terrific explosion occurred in the cellars of the Halles Centrales which scattered the building into atoms.

It seems that the governments have no longer the monopoly of dynamite; the proletariat begin to see that they will have to resort to the same brute force as their masters if they ever will gain their Freedom.

On the 6th of October private Louis Gugel being a few minutes late was ordered by sergeant Pannetrat to get ready for the black hole. On hearing this Gugel got hold of a Gun and shot at the striped scoundrel but missed him the ball hitting the wall just above the head of sergeant Pannetrat, this is the name of that embryo.

Our comrades in Brest will not forget to give him a good return.

X. X.

ANARCHISTS AND ANARCHY.

(Continued from page 135.)

But the majority will then be educated. Maybe, but will it be any more intelligent, is the intelligence of the average middle-class man, who has been educated, any higher than that of the ordinary worker. Every one who has attended Socialist meetings, knows that middle-class people put the same stupid objections, and display the same absurd prejudices as the least instructed of the workers. The majority is representative of nothing but mere brute force, and is quite as likely to elect tyrants and adventurers to be rulers of a Social Democratic State, as honest men.

Besides the ruler is always a tyrant, look at the ordinary politician, now what will he not pledge himself to, to get into office, and what will he not do to keep there. He will promise any reform, to get into power, and commit any wrong and tyranny to stop there. Witness the history of that Gladstone administration, that went to poll with a cry of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, and when in power, gave us two bloody, useless Wars in Egypt and the Soudan, a hundred million budget, and Coercion in Ireland and England. And will the Social Democrats be any better; see how they use their power everywhere to crush their opponents, and judge what they will do when they attain office in a Social Democratic State. Government by the people means simply Government by a small minority of privileged persons; the Democratic Governments of France and America, have shown themselves, at Fourmies and Chicago, quite as ready to crush rebels against their rule by the summary process of shooting them down and hanging them, as the worst despotism in Europe, and by the behaviour of the Social Democratic leaders at the present time, and in the past also, we have no reason to believe, that they would be any better. Nay as they would have even more power in their hands we think they would be a great force. A Social Democratic State ruled by people elected by the brute force of a majority would be the worst of tyrannies.

But what is it you Anarchist promise, if you wish to do without any form of Government, what would your society be like. We answer we believe in free co-operative associations of working men who would own the lands, mines, railways and factories as their common property. These free communes or free communities could regulate their own internal affairs without any outside interference, they could settle their hours of work and conditions of labour among themselves by unanimous agreement in a free public meeting of all the members of the commune.

Thus each community would be autonomous and independent, federating with the others merely for the purpose of distribution and exchange of the commodities produced. Thus we should have a really free society where men could group with those of similar tastes and dispositions, and work in common, producing wealth for the common enjoyment of all. We Anarchists are firmly convinced, that merely to overturn the present state of society and replace the rule of the capitalist by a horde of state officials, who like all these people would merely batten on corruption and plunder, would simply mean, only a change of masters, and that though we might all be sure of a certain amount of food daily, and be all comfortably housed in model dwellings, yet we should be so regimented and regulated, that life would be almost unendurable, and the tyranny of the democratic State which would regulate our lives, even as to whom we might marry, and what we should eat, drink, and wear, would be more unendurable than the despotism of the capitalist.

This is why we do not believe in extending the functions of government, this is why we recognise, that government is the main obstacle to the improvement of the social condition of the people.

Why the capitalists could not keep their heaps of stolen wealth for a single day, were it not for the army and the police, which government keeps up to protect them. This is why we Anarchists declare that we must destroy the Government, we must demoralise its forces and make government by any party impossible. For this reason we advocate a vigorous propaganda in the army, so that when hunger drives the people to revolt, the soldiers will refuse to fire. Once let the forces at the command of the Government fail it, and what could prevent the revolution.

But what action do we propose. Well! the revolution we demand is a complete revolution in the social condition of the people, and that can only be obtained by the workers themselves taking possession of all social wealth, and all means of producing and exchanging it. When the people make up their minds to take possession of the land, mines, railways, and factories, without waiting for orders from any government, then the revolution will be accomplished.

"But what steps do you want us to take to bring about this transformation. What is your programme, your policy?" enquires the practical man "Mere revolutionary talk of violence and dynamite, will not go down with us. We are not hot-headed foreigners, but sober, steady, British workmen, whose minds are dominated strictly by reason and common-sense."

What a dreadful creature is the practical man. How he started up in the early days of Socialist agitation, and demonstrated that even the practical Social-Democrat was a wild dreamer. Things have altered since then, the ideas of the Social-Democrat are now acknowledged not as wild dreams, but as likely to come sooner or later into operation, and the practical man is left alone to attack the Anarchist, whom even the Social-Democrat declares is "unpractical."

But a practical Anarchist policy is not impossible. Nay, if Anarchism is not mere theory and talk, it can be put into practice, as well as any other creed. Therefore as Anarchist-Communists, our policy, summed up briefly, amounts to this:—Every thing that strikes at Government and private property, is good. All that tends to defend private property and government, is bad. Thus instead of appealing to the State for help, we must help ourselves, and must do all we can to disorganise Government, and to urge upon the workers both by speech and example, to seize upon the wealth of which they have been robbed.

But this agitation should take a form in which we might be sure of general support and sympathy, on the part of the workers. At the present time, we can see that the Labour Movement, at least so far as petty strikes for higher wages or shorter hours are concerned, is played out. Throughout the last year, we have had to record defeat after defeat of the workers, in the struggle with capitalism, and it is clear at the present time, that a strike is hopeless unless it is upon a much larger scale than any attempted before. The leaders of the labour movement see this, and have not the courage to face the crisis; therefore we hear from them continually the cry of "Send us to Parliament" once there we will get you a "Legal Eight Hours Day" and if that is obtained, higher wages, plenty of work, and all the other blessings of life will follow, like a miraculous shower of manna from above.

But alas! the teachings of history and experience do not confirm these beautiful theories. It seems so easy to drop a piece of paper into a ballot box and get what you desire: a labour member who will act like a well conducted automaton, and do exactly what you want.

Alas! labour candidates have a knack of behaving in a very different way from what you expect. The Labour Candidate transformed into a real live M. P. is a very different being to the gentleman who once humbly solicited your suffrages, before the election. Besides, even if you had a large number of labour M.P.s. in the house of Commons, what could they do? They could get nothing from the rich, that would seriously affect their interests, unless these people knew there was a mass of men outside, who were prepared to take a great deal more. Nothing has ever been gained from the rich, except through fear. When they know that their lives and property are in danger, unless they surrender some of their ill gotten wealth, then they will give up a little, to save the rest. They care nothing for the jabber of labour representatives, but they do dread the might of thousands of workers who are determined to have their own. Let the workers join the Anarchists by thousands, let them declare that they will no longer be gulled by Parliamentary humbugs. That they are sick of legal chicanery, and are determined to help themselves, and that if their demands are not granted, they will stop work not only in one trade, but in every industry throughout the country. And then if they are prepared to declare a Universal Strike they can wring any demand they please from the trembling capitalists.

(To be continued.)

THE LEAFLET "AN ADDRESS TO THE ARMY" recently published in the *Commonweal* is now ready. Price 2s. 6d. a thousand. Terms cash.

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*.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lambs Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
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, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
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.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30 Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
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.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A GENERAL MEETING of London Anarchists will be held at Club Autonomie on Wednesday Oct. 28th to consider future propaganda and the present position of the *Commonweal*. All comrades should attend.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. A great Public Meeting to commemorate the legal murder of Five of our comrades on Nov. 11th 1887 at Chicago will be held at South Place Institute on Wednesday Nov. 11th at 8 p.m. List of Speakers, etc. next week.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. The Speeches of the men and the report of their trial will be published on Nov. 7th. Price 4d.

All orders should be sent to Comrade Barber, Club Autonomie, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, in consequence of loss on previous issues cash must accompany all orders. Comrades and Groups who had these books from our late comrade Reuter and have not settled for them are asked to send the cash to Barber at above address.

GRAND CONCERT AND BALL at the Hall of Autonomie Club on Sunday Nov. 1st at 8 p.m. for the Benefit of the *Commonweal*. Admission by programme 6d. each to be had at Autonomie and from all Anarchist Groups.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forster, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMANCIPATOR GROUPS in Scotland and England, THE "EMANCIPATOR" (the new holy BIBLE) will shortly be published.

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