

# THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the Socialist League.

VOL. 2.—No. 27.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

## THE WHIG-JINGO VICTORY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S appeal to the country has resulted in a complete defeat for the Home Rulers; nay more, in what must be called under the circumstances, a triumph for the actual Tories; under the circumstances that is to say, the extinction of the Tory party of principle and its melting into the Whig party of utilitarian reaction. The present Tory triumph is as good an exemplification of the disappearance of the old Tory party as may be; they are delirious with joy over it; but what does it come to as a mere party victory? They will probably come back to Westminster with at most a very small majority over the so-called Liberals of all shades and Parnellites united, which means that they will rule by the leave of the Whigs.

And they will need the support of their definitely Whig allies, because the Jingo-Radicals are by no means wholly to be counted on, except for the oppression of Ireland; and even in that case they will wish the oppression to be carried out by sly and underhanded methods, while in other matters they will be anxious to prove what good Radicals they are in everything else except the allowing people to govern themselves. Though, perhaps, we can hardly expect Mr. Chamberlain to revert to his hints of demi-semi-Socialism for the next few months.

For the Whigs, however, the triumph is complete. It is true that the seats gained from Gladstone are mostly in the possession of Tories; but the Tories are now mere employés of the Whigs, kept for doing their dirty work. On the other hand the Whigs have once more got the rope firmly round the neck of the Radicals, who a short while ago seemed in danger of breaking away. They may if they choose help in the triumphal march of the Constitutional party to nowhere; but if they do not they can be done without, and if they are restive can be easily throttled out of the way. The Whigs are now in a truly majestic position, which could hardly be bettered by lifting lazy mediocrity in the shape of Lord Hartington into the premiership.

As to what they will do in the present juncture, the completeness of their victory somewhat changes the aspect of things from what it was a week or two ago. This is clear from the tone of Mr. Chamberlain's last speeches, in which he has entirely dropped the mask, and stands forward as the champion of mere oppression à la Poland. It is not improbable that coercion, which the very Tories dropped before the elections, may now be picked up again. The victorious coalitionists cannot do absolutely nothing, however much they may be inclined to; some beneficent measure will be prepared, and the question will then be in what way it shall be crammed down the Irish throat. Shall the resistance to it be met by a challenge to civil war? That is the question which Lord Salisbury will presently have to answer.

Meanwhile the reactionist press, including the perfidious *Pall Mall Gazette*, which hardly takes the trouble to veil its exultation at the Jingo victory, is busy twitting Gladstone with his phrase about the "classes and the masses," asserting that the masses have declared against Home Rule. It is possible (or if you please, probable) that even supposing the "masses" had the vote, they would have voted for the retention of Poland-Ireland, as the last twenty years have shown us how even universal suffrage can be manipulated as long as there are rich people in the country; but to assert that this election could be a test of their opinion is sheer impudence, since the most innocent can compare the number of votes cast with that of the population. The vote is a property vote—a vote of bricks-and-mortar, and not men. A working-man friend says that in London you do not meet one man in five who has a vote. The present writer has *seven*, although but a professional man, a hanger-on of the privileged class. In short, the

vote, like other boons to the "lower classes," is simply thrown to them to amuse them with the semblance of power, lest they should bethink them and claim the reality of it.

To thinking-people, indeed, these elections should show the powerlessness of the working-classes under our present industrial system, of which our constitutional government is an adjunct and a servant. It is true that the Independence of Ireland is a class question under the present circumstances, since the settlement of it *must* force people to deal with the question of the subsistence of the Irish workers, and so by implication with that of the workers in England and all other countries. In fact, the question is as simple as this: "Shall the Irish people be an appanage, a convenience, to the landlords and capitalists of the British Empire?" On this question it is clear that the "masses" would have the "classes" against them; and it should have been equally clear that, as the electorate is arranged, like everything else in our society, to give all the real power to the classes, the masses would be beaten. The classes have answered the question as they were bound to: "Yes, it is right and proper that Ireland (in common with all the world) should be enthralled for our benefit."

One sees nonsense in the papers about the "New Democracy," the "Two Democracies," and so forth; but, in fact, there is no Democracy or Rule of the People in Great Britain. There is a monstrous bourgeoisie or exploiting class, all the more powerful as it embraces everybody who lives even partially by exploitation, and thus is very numerous, and in the average grossly ignorant. There is also a genuine working class or proletariat, which under the present system has no power, except so far as it can make the danger of its existence felt by the bourgeoisie: nor will it have any power until it makes up its mind, or rather is driven by the march of events, to take to itself *all* power. Outside these two classes there is nothing but a fantastic accidental fringe, which must drift in the long-run into one or the other of the two great classes; though it must be admitted that the members of it have a tendency to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds," until some great crisis like the present finds them out. WM. MORRIS.

## A PEOPLE'S PALACE.

THE East-End of London has recently been the scene of a most effusive demonstration of loyalty. The occasion of it was the visit of the Prince of Wales and family for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of what in future is to be known as the "People's Palace." The route was gorgeously bedecked with bunting, mottoes, triumphal arches (well-named), and all the glittering tinsel that could be scraped together to cover up its dirt and ugliness. The people were wild with enthusiasm; everything done that day was for them, all for them. Bands and banners, soldiers and sailors, and ornamental heads of the various departments of this glorious State; all were there. Numbers of children were posted at school windows to cheer their royal highnesses. The demonstration these made, in the opinion of the capitalist *Daily Chronicle*, "speaks volumes for the staunch loyalty of the rising generation." The "horny-handed sons of toil" clapped their hands with joy at the sight of their future king, giving the lie to those who assert that the East-end is "a hot-bed of Socialism and crime."

The stone-laying farce was witnessed by an assemblage consisting of all classes of society, of high degree and no degree, fleeced and fleecers; those of higher degree taking front places as was their right, those of lesser degree back places as was their *duty*. The dutiful and submissive proletarian, as usual, took his place—out of sight.

As the royal party are ushered to the scene of the ceremony, thousands of children sing "God bless the Prince of Wales." (Think of the training and caning it doubtless took to produce this grand effect.) The royal song over, a special prayer is read by his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, more singing, and then the reading of a long address by Sir E. H. Currie, brimming over with false sentiment and fulsome adulation. The only point of interest in it was that forty years ago Mr. Barber Beaumont left the sum of £12,150 to provide

"intellectual improvement and rational recreation for this district of the metropolis." I do not, and I think it would be hard to, call in question the purity of the motives of the late Mr. Beaumont. But, as was shown in the address, the far-seeing eye of the generous and well-to-do classes discovered that this small sum was totally inadequate to "meet the requirements of the vast population whom it was intended to benefit." So out of love for it, they resolved to increase it to £100,000, £75,000 of which they already have. In reply to Sir E. H. Currie, the prince read an address, in which he spoke of the maintenance of our supremacy in "the Arts of Peace." Age of shams and adulteration, a tribute this!

The event of the day was at last reached, the stone was lowered, and tapping it thrice "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," it was declared by his royal highness to be well and truly laid. The archbishop then pronounced the benediction, sanctifying with the name of Jesus Christ the subtle villainy of the whole day's proceedings. Think ye a moment! these two are the representative heads, in this country, of the biggest hypocrisy that ever disgraced humanity; to keep up which millions are defrauded of the results of their labour. Those in whose minds there is the least glimmer of the light of intelligence, have discovered the fraud, are murmuring and growing discontented, are spreading that around them which, if it be not stopped, will become a danger to Society—to Society *i.e.* as at present constituted. This must be prevented, and the throwing-of-the-bone-to-the-dog business gone through for that purpose. The last bone is a People's Palace. Note with what avidity the deluded proletarian has seized on it, in his ignorance mistaking the bone for the meat.

A People's Palace is undoubtedly a most desirable thing, a delightful resort for empty stomachs and diseased minds; and these abound all round the palace that is to be. Its swimming-baths will be a glorious treat to the wretched slum-dweller; its gymnasia will assist in developing his diseased skeleton; its library will enable him to understand the glories of our constitution, and the technical and trade schools make him a better tool for the employers' use; all of which combined will doubtless improve him "physically and mentally," and render his life much happier.

Within a stone's-throw of the palace there was in 1881—and may be still for aught I know,—in the space of six acres a population of 3,750, or over 600 souls to the acre, crowded into one or two-storey tenements built two hundred years ago, the cubic feet of space to each person being about 120. The report from which this is taken says, "that this was nothing exceptional, but that in all parts of London people were living surrounded by similar conditions." The late Lord Shaftesbury stated in his evidence before the "Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working-classes," that "he knew of cases where as many as four families were living together in one room," father, mother, grown sons and daughters, all mixed up together. Anyone who has gone through the minutes of evidence taken by that Commission, knows that it abounds with the records of similar cases. The locality of the People's Palace is notorious for its slums, and by the light of science let us for a moment look at their dwellers in order that we may see the kind of folk it is proposed to improve "physically and mentally."

The Sanitary Acts make provision for the maintenance of 300 cubic feet of space for each adult, but to ensure a thorough state of health 700 at least are required. The 120 cubic feet each person in the case I have just quoted, is a long way off this. There pass through the lungs of an adult each day 400 cubic feet of air which are deprived of 20 cubic feet of their oxygen, and its place supplied with poisonous carbonic acid gas. Unless the inspired air contains its due proportion of oxygen the blood cannot be purified, and as a consequence the body cannot be healthy. How, then, can the slum-dweller with only 120 feet of space be healthy? Echo answers, How? Surrounded by these conditions their organisms have become diseased. And it is for these that the palace is to be built! With what delight will they flit from slum to palace, dirty, diseased, and empty-stomached, to be instructed in the "Arts of Peace." Open-armed they will be received! Will they? I rather fancy that the filtering process will be resorted to, as in the case of "Model Dwellings," which were supposed to supply the dishoused slum-dwellers with improved and thoroughly healthy dwellings, but which have driven them into other slums already overstocked. And we shall see, I venture to predict, as in the case of the "Models," the slum-dweller driven from the palace to make room for the labour-aristocrat, for whom it is really intended.

This is the first People's Palace, but as time rolls on, many more will be erected for the purpose of pushing back the rising tide of discontent. Looking into the "dim and distant future," we can see London one huge barracks, and dotted about here and there a People's Palace. Even now half the labouring population live in single rooms, and to house the increased population 60,000 dwellings have to be erected every year. The result of this must be ultimately what I have just depicted.

A People's Palace forsooth! There never can nor will be such until the sleepy-headed worker sees through the wall of lies that obscures the truth! The truth that neither spangled and gilded paraphernalia nor ceremonial hypocrisy can give him anything. Not even a People's Palace! Open thine eyes, oh worker, and see! It is you that saw, and hammer, and chisel; that toil and sweat, make the wealth, and build the palace; and then no longer will the brigands of humanity befool you into the belief that they are its benefactors. Toilers, awake!

H. A. BARKER.

## A TRAMP'S WALLET.

III.

(Concluded from page 110.)

My breakfast the next morning was made up of freely-given contributions from my fellow lodgers, who warned me never to "clew" (starve) in my travels for the want of asking. The atmosphere of a tramps' "ken," with its sordid and revolting associations, is scarcely the place wherein one would expect the virtues of kindness and hospitality to flourish; but in this and also similar places I have seen the brightest human qualities displayed.

I and the "blacksmith" started off together, and he was soon at work at alms-gathering. Not a house or passenger did he pass without a solicitation; and when I mildly suggested that he had a sufficient quantity of food to satisfy us both, he replied that it would never do to let yourself get too low for want of asking, or you might starve altogether—a remark that I had some reason subsequently to remember. He vainly tried to induce me to beg, but my repugnance was too strong to be overcome; and although he generously gave me of the food he had obtained, he did not fail to express his contempt for my scruples, and when we reached the next town he shook me off. Here I obtained a little relief from one or two employed in my trade, but no employment. The pleasurable expectations I had indulged in at the outset of my journey of seeing strange places were soon dulled by the actual bitter experience of vainly searching for employment in the highways and byways of a strange town. Dispirited and penniless, I left the gay town of — and faced the dusty highway once more. The music of the pier band, the flashing sea, and crowds of aristocratic pleasure-seekers upon the beach, were sights and sounds to be enjoyed by the idle drones; but I, willing to work, must pursue my path of pain in a fruitless search for it.

I walked on the coast-line, anon on the burning shingle or the green-sward of the southern down, across which came softly the tinkle of the wether bell. Hunger was gnawing me, but I could not bring myself to beg. I passed through an isolated coastguard-station, and through an open door espied a table laid for a repast. I nearly overcame my repugnance and approached the door, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, the supplication for food never passed my lips, and I went on my way unaided.

As evening drew on, my hunger increased. The "blacksmith's" words were ringing in my ears, but I passed the few cottages on my road without asking. The sun went down and the stars peeped out over the beautiful channel; but on I went, with a sick miserable feeling of weakness possessing me. The lights of the town I had hoped to reach shone in the clear distance, but that distance seemed to increase rather than decrease with my waning efforts to reach it; and at last, overcome with fatigue and hunger, I laid myself down on the sward to rest, a foodless, homeless tramp.

I arose the next morning, my clothing infested with field vermin, and started across the green headlands. At a wayside cottage I made a scarcely audible request for food, and after being bluffly told to speak up was given a piece of bread and bacon, and told in a jocular manner that I should find a field lower down where boiled mutton and turnips grew together. Refreshed with the food I soon reached the next town, and at once began to make inquiries after work, but I was travel-stained and unkempt, my boots were apologies for such articles, and supercilious shopmen and assistants denied me access to their principals, and where it was gained in spite of them, I met with an emphatic "No!" They could not think of taking people of my sort on; and this, let me say, is the chief obstacle to the tramping workman. Gradually he becomes dejected and travel-worn, and every man's hand is against him. Local respectability demands that the "hulking vagrant" shall work, and no one will give it him, except the penal labour imposed in the workhouse in return for a bed of straw.

I wandered on, becoming accustomed to what necessity had imposed upon me, *viz.*, to beg; and was now a beggar as well as a tramp. The police, acting under the instruction of the sleek governors of the pleasure towns, dog the footstep of all such who enter those places, in order that the tramps shall not disfigure their promenades, or come betwixt the wind and the nobility of the idlers who resort to them.

All my efforts to obtain employment failed. A born cockney, agricultural labour was out of the question, and hearing that such as I might obtain employment in the Kentish hop-fields, I bent my steps towards the Weald of Kent. I was now forced to carry out the "blacksmith's" advice, or I should have added to the terrible list of those who have starved and died on English roadsides. My begging had various results. At one time I would be told to be off, or a dog would be set at me; at another some aged parent, whose son was like me, a wanderer, would bless me for the lost one's sake, and relieve my wants. Sometimes possessed of the few pence necessary to secure a bed, at others forced to lie by the roadside, my clothing and appearance made me indistinguishable from the great army of homeless waifs of "Merrie England."

Hitherto I had not endured the horrors of a casual ward, but on arriving in the centre of the hop districts one pouring wet night, lame and penniless, I sought refuge for the night in the workhouse of —. What a night of horror that was to me! Special provisions had been made for the influx of the hundreds of London pickers who annually visit the district. 800 were received in one place. Rude open sheds ran around a large courtyard, and a scanty covering of straw upon the ground constituted the "bed" for all. Starving and exhausted, I asked if any food was given. "Yes, in the morning, if you pick

"oakum," was the answer, accompanied with a brutal jeer. "Did I take butter with my bread?" "Now, get along there; we don't waste time talking with the likes of you." All were ordered under the sheds and told to stop jawing. A more wretched crew could not be gathered together. Their rags hung upon them soaked with the rain they had been exposed to outside, and now it poured under the straw from the surrounding ground and soaked us again as we lay. About eleven o'clock a man feverish and ill raised a cry for water, and after repeated calls an official attired like a jailer and armed with a truncheon, made his appearance with a can of water. After bestowing curses deep and hearty on us all, he asked for the particular one who had disturbed him, flashing the light of his night lantern along the prostrate forms. He discovered a thin, feeble man, who asked him for some of the water he carried. The official, who was evidently drunk, poured the water over him. The gurgles and gasps of the man evoked loud cries of "Shame" from the others, but the warder unloosed his truncheon, and with many curses and threats was on the point of laying about him with it when he was stopped by the arrival of another official.

The hubbub subsided, but sleep was denied me. My swollen feet caused me intense pain, and whilst my neighbours cursed me for restlessness they stealthily abstracted as much straw as possible from under me in order to increase their own litters. The morning found us damp and wretched. We were ordered out on the paths of the workhouse grounds, and those who elected to stay for what the warder satirically styled breakfast, were given a pound of oakum to pick and a piece of dry bread. The oakum was picked sitting on the saturated ground.

After many more privations I re-entered the huge city and was fortunate enough to secure employment. My object in penning this narrative is to portray the fate of those who are unfortunate enough to fall out of the ranks of labour into the abyss of misery prepared for them by the institutions of Modern Society in England.

The slavish portion of the working-class, especially in England, whose sole criterion of human life is to always be in one place and at work, generally regard the travel-stained tramp as a pariah and out-cast, and join more or less vociferously in the abuse which the rest of Society heaps upon him. A vagrant class is, however, indicative of social injustice and decay. The nomads, half peasants half tramps, who are always upon our highways, are the descendants of the dispossessed commoners and freeholders, whose heritage has been stolen by bloated land thieves and squires. Great strikes, lock-outs, all labour crises send a number of workmen and their families upon the road.

Again, there is a large contingent whose rebelliousness against the rigid, cold, and exhausting conditions environing labour to-day, takes the form of vagrancy. They will tell you plainly that there are already enough at work, and whilst so many get rich without work they don't clearly see why they should work and be poor; so they learn the tricks of the road and keep to it. Certain it is that under our present system of production all cannot get employment, and the tramp at least escapes the grime and filth that surround poverty in the great cities.

My own experience has shown how soon the cleanest, and smartest can become unkempt and ragged when upon the road, and when meeting such, whether it is the workman forced to it for the first time, or the one who has been born into it, I adjure the reader not to pass the usual hasty verdict that rises to the lips of the unthinking, and condemn for misfortune, but to take a broad philosophical view of the economical condition of Society and of the unjust monopolies of the means of production, which here and in America have, for one of its chief results, the homeless, helpless Tramp.

JOHN LITSTER.

### "An empty pocket is the worst of crimes."

The poor lad who set out from Fulham to find work, and found it at Eastbourne in the form of oakum-picking rewarded by bread-and-water, will have leisure to consider the enormity of his crime in daring to be born and to require sleep and shelter. But after all, though the Eastbourne magistrates might have tempered their logic with mercy, and though all persons of a kindly nature would be glad to lend a hand to their tarring and feathering, their view of the property in an empty boat, looked on as a potential lodging-house, is in strict logical accordance with the bourgeois view of property in general. "This is mine, and whether I can use it or not, nobody else shall," is the watchword of property; and Queen, Lords and Commons, Army and Navy, Judge, Magistrate, Lawyer, and Policeman are kept in their places and paid (handsomely too) by Society in order to carry out this watchword to its legitimate consequences, that is, the semi-starvation and complete degradation of the majority of the people.

W. M.

There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it were much better to make such good provisions by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so to be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing and dying for it.—*Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia.'*

"There are two things," says Socrates, "which the magistrates of Athens will be careful to keep out of our city—opulence and poverty. Opulence, because it engenders effeminacy; poverty, because it produces baseness; both because they lead to Revolution."

The total amount of labour needed to provide for our wants will be as follows: Food, half an hour's labour daily; clothing, fifteen minutes' labour daily; houses, etc., half an hour's labour; that is (assuming every man did his share), a total of 1½ hour's labour daily would suffice to supply us in abundance with all the comforts of life. The progress of invention and the increasing application of machinery are daily reducing even the amount of labour, so that the part which has now mainly to be played by man, is simply to superintend the machinery which does the work.—*William Hoyle.*

## SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

### I.—THE SELFISH, TYRANNICAL WHIG.

TUNE—"The Shamrock so green."

Know ye the man who is fawning and sly,  
With a smile on his lips, and a leer in his eye,  
As cunning's a fox, and as stubborn's a pig,  
A beautiful snake with a venomous bite,  
Caressing with fondness and ranking with spite—  
A legal assassin, too dastard to fight—  
A dissembling Reformer, who tramples on right?  
Mark him well, he's a selfish, tyrannical Whig!

Know ye the man who betrays with a smile,  
Like Judas, the traitor, ungrateful and vile,  
And for aught but his selfishness cares not a fig—  
With a patriot's tongue and a renegade's mind,  
Oppressing the poor, and deceiving mankind—  
To Chartists a tyrant, to freemen unkind—  
Unfeeling as rock, and as empty as wind?  
Mark him well, he's a selfish, tyrannical Whig!

Know ye the man who is crafty and base,  
Deceives his old friends, and the people betrays—  
Wheels like a harlequin—cheats like a pig—  
To Freedom a despot—to knowledge a knave—  
Exalting the sycophant, trampling the brave—  
Who scorns the poor workman, and makes him a slave—  
A white painted urn on a rank, hollow grave?  
Mark him well, he's a selfish, tyrannical Whig!

—*Chartist Circular, 1840.*

### ON THE SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH AT CHICAGO.

With stifled voice who crieth from the West,  
Where sinks the ensanguined sun of Freedom, erst  
That spread her stainless wings, and sheltering nursed,  
From out all lands, the hunted and oppressed?  
America! shrink not from thy new guest,  
For Liberty was thine for best and worst:  
How should her seed upon thy land be curst  
Till her false friends as traitors stand confest?

Doth Freedom dwell where ruthless kings of gain  
Like stealthy vampires, still on Labour feed—  
Though free to toil or starve on plenty's plain?  
Then what of Labour's hope—the will to be  
Equal, Fraternal, knowing want nor greed—  
Throned in a people's heart when states are free?

June 1886.

WALTER CRANE.

### A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

In connection with the above sonnet by comrade Crane, the following extract from a letter just received from an American comrade will be read with additional interest:

Geneva, Kane Co., Illinois.

"My mail has, for the past month, been opened and read by the detectives who are set to dog us (my wife and myself), and several letters of value have 'gone astray.' Of course we have to bear such annoyances. This is practically Russia now; and to be known as a Socialist is to be a marked man or woman. Many times we have been made aware that our every move is now watched; and not content with entering and searching our house and opening and stealing our letters, we are threatened with mob-violence to compel us to leave the town. Anonymous articles are printed in the local papers, containing threats of personal violence to us, and abounding with such pet names as 'bloody Anarchists,' 'rioters,' 'bomb-throwers,' 'murderers,' and the like. Of course we are not going to be driven out of town by any such means, but it is hurting my business, and we may have to leave on that account.

"There is little of interest to write in regard to the movement in this locality (I am 35 miles from Chicago). The trial of the Anarchists occurs immediately, and you will probably have learned the result before this reaches England. Many of our comrades, and our lawyers, are sanguine of an acquittal, but I confess I have grave fears for the result. If it was simply a case of justice and law our comrades would certainly be acquitted, as there is not the least evidence against one of the men now awaiting trial; but the whole course of the press and the authorities during the past few weeks proves that they are determined upon vengeance, and that no stone will be left unturned to force a verdict of murder and sentence of death upon at least one of the prisoners. The attitude of the press reminds one of the closing days of the Paris Commune. They have been unceasing in their cries, not for justice but for vengeance. The future may bring about strange events."

An evil is not cured by counteracting its symptoms, or external phenomena, but by attacking it at the root.—*Büchner.*

The boundless and most pernicious rage of speculation will come to an end, and in place of incalculable national debts we shall have an inexhaustible national wealth.—*Büchner.*

All violence exerted towards opinions which falls short of extermination serves no other purpose than to render them more known, and ultimately to increase the zeal and number of their abettors. Opinions that are false may be dissipated by the force of argument; when they are true, their punishment draws towards them, infallibly, more of the public attention, and enables them to dwell with more lasting weight and pressure in the mind. The progress of reason is aided, in this case, by the passions, and finds in curiosity, compassion, and resentment, powerful auxiliaries.—*Robert Hall.*

It is the uncertainty generated by these recurring hard times which indisposes poor men to habits of thrift and stays the development of labour. Of old the worker felt reasonably sure of his future. Now the average worker knows not what a day may bring forth. The wolf is ever growling behind his door. Mencius, the great Chinese sage, three hundred years before Christ, taught that uncertainty as to the means of existence is one of the most important factors in the demoralisation of a people. There is a lesson for us in this sagacity of "the heathen Chinese."—*Heber Newton.*



"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!"

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

As all articles are signed, no special significance should be attached to them because of the position they may occupy in these pages. None, therefore, are to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except it be so explicitly declared by the Editors.

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

Subscriptions.—For Europe and United States, including postage, per year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Business communications must not be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

RECEIVED.—"The Dead to the Living"—"Poor Human Nature"—"The Coming of the Light"—"Why Should I Die so Soon?"

#### NOTES.

The apotheosis of commercialism has at last been reached. The Queen has opened the Hollowayarium. Even the gorges of the average middle-class person and the still more average newspaper-writer rise at this. Yet the whole cleverness of the dodge, from the making of the first pill to the presence of Royalty at Egham, ought to command the admiration of the ordinary citizen. And it would if he were not blind with envious rage.

The fact is that the advertising mantle of the late "Professor" Holloway has descended on Mr. Martin Holloway. But whereas the former only made a gigantic fortune by a harmless pill and an innocuous ointment, the latter has actually drawn the Queen. Every one (except Mr. Martin Holloway), now that it is too late, is raving about the whole business, the Queen probably included. And yet every one ought to see that it is perfectly in keeping with our beautiful system of society—is in fact a very typical example of its methods. Huge advertisement, business success, colossal fortune all made ultimately out of the unpaid labour of the working classes, royal honours. The apotheosis, I say again, of a degraded and degrading commercialism.

"Girls for Canada." That is the heading of one of "Dr." Barnardo's puff paragraphs. 175 more children leave England this week, after a prayer-meeting. One wonders if the prayers ever ask why in the name of heaven or earth it is thus necessary to ship these girls away from their "home of the free." Up to June last 2299 had been exiled. "Dr." Barnardo explained that the exiles would have around them in

Canada "all the circumstances connected with the primitive state of society." "Dr." Barnardo probably is thinking of the Garden of Eden. That is I fancy his idea of a primitive state of society. For the young people's sake, let us hope that quite so primitive a condition of things will not obtain. But I fear, with the best intentions on the part of the benevolent exilers, that not even an approximation to a primitive state of society is possible. In Canada no less than here the iron of exploitation has entered into the soul of the people. When will the Barnardos see that a mere shifting of the disposable wage-slave material from one part of the capitalistic area is in nowise any solution of the great problem?

It is a sight that would be amusing if it were not pitiable to see the Liberals or Radicals, or whatever they call themselves, running helplessly hither and thither, frightened to death at the mischief, from their point of view, that they have done. The poor *Daily News*, after striving for weeks to stem the tide of political disaster, seems to have lost its head—never a very lucid one—completely. And the letters in it are evidence at once of how disorganised its party are, and how alarmed at the over-doing of their election abstention. Unionist Liberals who have been working "with all their might" on the Conservative side suddenly wake up to the fact that it is Salisbury and Churchill for whom they have been working, and not even the political deadhead Hartington or the moribund political suicide Chamberlain. Even that prince-of-the-powers of advertisement, Mr. Spurgeon, is beginning to grieve over the milk (not of human kindness) he has spilt.

The annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy is just out. This is not, as you might think, the Census. It only deals with the abnormal mad people. 80,000 of these in England and Wales. A steady increase year by year in the percentage of insane. 1859, 18 and a fraction in 10,000; 1886, 28 in 10,000. The capitalist press notices these sombre facts, as it notices more than usually noticeable cases of starvation or prostitution. It moans a little, in its aimless way, over them. But it dare not point to that which it knows to be the cause of most of this madness, as it is the one cause of all starvation and prostitution—our method of producing and distributing goods.

"We are very brilliant, very energetic, we are doing wonders with ourselves, but look into the waste-basket and there is an ugly hint of the cost at which it is all done. We must never forget this in testing any process of manufacture: How many does the machine spoil?" Could a Socialist paper put the matter more plainly? Yes, a little. For it would point out that the brilliant, the energetic "we" are the few fortunate exploiters; that "we" do wonders not with ourselves so much as with those workers whom we have grown to look upon as our other selves in a selfish sense; that the waste-basket has various departments, e.g., the workhouse, the thieves' kitchen, the brothel, the grave; that from these and the like more than a hint is coming (and very ugly for the privileged) that the workers are beginning to know what the cost is at which Society is carried on; that they in answer to the question, "How many does the machine spoil?" are answering grimly, "At least as many as we are!"

"One day," says our capitalist print, "we shall give as much care to prevention [of madness as to its cure] by teaching people to lead wiser—that is, easier and happier lives." That is true enough. And the day will be the dawning-time of Socialism universal, and the lives, Socialist lives.

ED. A.

#### MALTHUSIANISM.

THERE are a great many political philosophers that have an exceedingly simple and easily understood way of explaining what the cause of all our troubles is. You meet these philosophers on every hand—in the professional chair, in the public-house, in hotel smoke-rooms, on the public platform, amongst Radicals, Whigs, and Tories, amongst classes that call themselves (they require to do so very repeatedly, otherwise we should certainly not know that they were) Christians, i.e., followers of Christ! and amongst classes that, though a great deal more like Christ than Christians, are called Atheistic; everywhere, in fact, we meet these philosophers. Now, what is their philosophy?

Suppose you get into conversation with one of them about affairs. You will likely both agree that times are bad, that it is a great deal harder for people to get a living now-a-days than it used to be, and you may likely both agree that things will become worse. What is the cause of all this? Your companion will tell you that we are too thickly populated, and the burthen of his argument will be in words something like these:

"Look at the number of people in our big towns that can't get a living! Why can't they get a living? Because there isn't room for them here; the ranks are filled up. The country is too full by the number of paupers and the number of people in it that can't get work. The thing for us to do with this surplus population is to send it out of the country, to encourage emigration; and then when we have got just the right quantity left behind, we must restrain ourselves, go in for small families, and not allow the population to outrun the number of situations. Nobody will then be out of work, sensitive people will be spared the shocking sight of seeing able-bodied men forced to idleness and misery; poverty and crime will disappear, and taxation will grow correspondingly lighter—in a word, mankind will be regenerated!"



With our population properly regulated, overcrowding will disappear; with that our liability to disease will be lessened, and the problem of housing the working-classes will be solved. Indeed, wages will be higher, for the competition amongst the workers will be less keen. Innumerable other evils will disappear on the adoption of this same policy, too numerous for me to mention."

The foregoing are the arguments of a Malthusian; and so convincing are they that there is perhaps no doctrine in the whole range of economic science so widely believed in. We shall examine them from the higher and truthful platform of the Socialist, and see what they are worth.

What is it that makes the Malthusian say that our population is too dense? Is it because there is not enough food for us all? No, it is not that, for the markets are filled with food, and our farmers are obliged to throw fields out of cultivation—indeed, whole farms are lying idle because we can get more food than we require much more easily than by cultivating these farms. If food were scarce, it would be difficult to understand why the farmer is slack. Does the Malthusian say, then, that our population is too great because the necessary next in importance to food, viz., clothing, is scarce? No, it is not that either; for the most cursory glance round reveals the fact that our warehouses and shops are crammed with dry goods—so crammed, in fact, are they, that our manufacturers have to put their men on short time, and to dismiss them altogether because they can't get rid of the multifarious produce that these busy hands produce.

What is it, then, that makes our friend say that there are too many people in the country? It is because *work is scarce*. Now, why is work scarce? Because there is an *abundance of everything else*. Now here is a ridiculous position for a community of grown-up people to get into! Mark it well, ye truth-seekers! Men, women, and children are starving to-day, because, forsooth! work is scarce. Work is scarce naturally enough, because with our improved methods of production we can make things so quickly, because we can make more things than we can use; therefore, listen, ye slaves! listen, ye hungry ones! listen also, ye that consider! men, women, and children are starving to-day because there is a too great abundance of the necessities and conveniences of life. This is undeniable, and cannot be too often reiterated. If anything else excepting work were scarce, then work would not be scarce, because there would be a demand for labour to make that thing that was scarce.

R.

### "ISMS" AND SCHISMS.

"THESE are the times that try men's souls," wrote Thomas Paine of the revolutionary epoch that culminated in the destruction of Feudality in France and the birth of the bourgeois Republic of America. Stupendous as were the events of that time, and great the clash and commotion which accompanied the accomplishment of that revolution, they bid fair to be but as the sprinkling of an April shower compared with the fury of the storm which is fast approaching. It behoves every one of us, then, to prepare for its coming, that we be not overwhelmed by its onslaught, but be each at his or her appointed post, where, with most advantage and as little risk as need be, the purifying energies of the Revolution may be directed to sweeping away the foul *débris* of the present bourgeois society.

I am impelled to write this article as a plea for unity of action. It seems to me that in the over-much discussion of philosophical theories—of what we are going to do when we have got the Revolution—we are acting very much like Alnaschar in the 'Arabian Nights,' who was so busy with his aerial castle-building that in his preoccupation of mind he kicked over his basket of crockery, and thus destroyed the very basis of all his schemes. We must not forget that our most imperative and immediate duty is not castle-building, but donjon-demolishing. Before we can build, we must first pull down the Bastille of Bourgeoisdom, as our forerunners battered down the Bastille of Feudality; and, Brummagem though it be, it will need united, strenuous, and persistent effort to achieve its overthrow and complete demolition.

The present day is pre-eminently one of "isms" and schisms. The air is thick with the sound and rumour of coming change. Old parties are breaking up, new combinations are being formed; everywhere the discarding of ancient shibboleths, worn-out creeds, old opinions; everywhere the seething, bubbling, and fermenting of the new wine of Socialism; everywhere the din of preparation for the coming conflict. All this discontent and unrest is welcome as a sign that we are nearing the end of the commercial régime. It is not a good in itself, but only in so far as it is a necessary prelude to the birth of the new society. Let us, then, show that we have "method in our madness." While inspired with a noble ideal, fired with the enthusiasm of the fanatic and the imagination of the poet, let us not shirk or scorn the most prosaic means by which we may help on the Revolution. Let us not, in dreamy contemplation of a beautiful vision of a possible future state of society, or in useless and irritating controversy as to theories of government, waste precious time that might be more profitably spent in dealing a blow at the actual conditions which create nine-tenths at least of the abuses which Socialists of all shades condemn. To apply the words of Carlyle in a different sense from that in which he used them, I would urge that "the question is not one of law or no law, but life or no life."

It may be very well for philosophers and *litterateurs*, and cultured and leisured people generally, to occupy themselves in constructing theoretically perfect ideals; to lay much stress on the absence of "law," "government," "authority," etc., etc.; to pride themselves on their "advanced" opinions, and even to look down with half-pitying scorn on such as I and my fellow trades-union Socialists, who think, perhaps,

rather more of the economic aspect of the Revolution. However sympathetic and sincere and well-meaning these people may be—whatever the particular "ism" they adopt—it must be remembered that their assent to the special doctrines they advocate is purely intellectual. They do not know from actual experience the necessity for co-operation, organisation, and subordination in the workshop; neither do they feel the full effects of the frightful competitive system in their everyday life, which is the one great factor that dominates and overshadows all the other evils of society,—as far as the workers, at least, are concerned. But whilst I can understand the Socialists of the study occupying their leisure and exercising their brains in the intellectual arena of abstract controversy, and taking pleasure (as in a game of chess or a fencing bout) in the acuteness and subtlety of their reasoning as to the merits of their respective schools of thought, I cannot so easily comprehend why some of the workers should allow themselves to be diverted from the main issue and should attach such importance to what I contend are really matters of secondary importance.

Lord Beaconsfield is reported to have said, very wittily and very wisely, that "all sensible men are of one religion." I am inclined to think that it would be equally true to say that all sensible men are of one "ism." For after all, most sensible men include in their "ism" the essentials which are contained in their opponents'. A great deal of apparent divergence of opinion is really due not to real differences as to essentials, but to a misapprehension of terms. It is on this ground that I deprecate the multiplying of names to express merely fine shades of difference as to tactics, procedure, and so forth, which serve but to embarrass plain simple folk. The pilgrim, sick of the strife and misery of commercialism, whose ears have caught some rumours of the green fields and the peaceful valleys which lie beyond in the happy land of Socialism, who is blindly groping his way towards the light through the mists of ignorance and prejudice which surrounds him, may well be discouraged at the labyrinth in which he finds himself and at the numerous and contradictory directions which he receives as to the path he should pursue.

Sentiment is very well; but don't let us forget the "bread-and-butter philosophy," which is, after all, the real root of the matter. The finest scenery will scarce compensate for the lack of breakfast; and high poetical ideals will be far more likely to be "understood" of the people when their physical needs have been first satisfied. It is on this ground I claim that to work for the "emancipation of Labour" is the paramount duty of all revolutionists, whatever may be their ultimate aims. The bondage of the workers is purely an economic one. This is, however, far too plain and simple an issue for some of our philosophical friends, who needs must complicate matters by the introduction of doubtless very learned and beautiful, though hazy, sentimentalising, about "Liberty," "Individual Action," etc., etc. It is another illustration of the adage that "extremes meet" that these theorists with their heads in the clouds, who pride themselves so much on their "advanced" views, are really by their opposition to organised labour allying themselves with the bitterest foes of the workers. The fact is that the more thoughtful portion of the working classes perceive in their everyday life the advantages of union and co-operation, both in their work and in the various clubs and societies with which they are connected. They do not find any loss of freedom in the willing assent to regulations made for the common good, and are not therefore likely to be frightened by the bogies (the product essentially of middle-class thought and appealing to middle-class fears) which certain doubtless well-meaning *détracteurs* are continually conjuring up.

There is, however, a danger that those who ought to be standing shoulder to shoulder under the same flag may find themselves antagonised by the wish of a section to change, or at least add some qualifying term to, the watchword "Socialism" inscribed on our banner. The present political crisis affords a warning that should not be neglected. Just as, despite the compound terms by which the different sections label themselves to express their various views, the whole matter resolves itself after all into Home Rulers and Anti Home Rulers, so also there is only one broad issue before us—Socialist or Anti-Socialist. If the black swan will consort with crows, he need not wonder if he is mistaken for one; and whoever hinders the cause of Labour I, at least, look upon as an enemy of Labour, however fine may be the theories of the hinderer. "Unity of the Empire" or absolute "Freedom of the Individual" are to me equally empty abstractions. I think with Robert Burns:

"To make a happy fireside-clime  
For weans and wife  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life";

and to help to make this possible for all men is the reason why I am a trades-unionist and a Socialist.

T. BINNING.

When you own the tools of production, you will be independent of the capitalist.—*Labor Leaf*.

The private ownership and control of capital enables its possessors to dispose of the time, labour and services of the non-possessing class.—*Alarm*.

To abolish property in the resources of nature—or what some writers call the terra-solar forces—or to prevent the monopoly by anybody of more of nature's resources than is necessary for the maintenance of himself and family, is, it seems to me, the very basis of this whole social movement. When that is accomplished other social and economic reforms will be comparatively easy, but so long as the present system of property exists the condition of the wage-earners will not—from the very nature of things cannot—be anything but hopeless, because they are absolutely at the mercy of the propertied class.—*Labor Leaf*.

## NORTHERN NOTES.

At all our out-door Socialist meetings here, police in uniform and in plain clothes, form no inconsiderable portion of our audiences. They seem to be deeply interested in our doctrine, and with a commendable desire to fix our teaching accurately in their minds, they are not above taking notes of the more salient points of our discourses.

If Socialists in this country cherish the delusion that they will receive any merciful consideration at the hands of the bourgeoisie when they become demonstrative, it is not the fault of the *Glasgow Herald*. This advertisement-medium discussing a few days ago the American labour riots, made the following pronouncement: "They [the Socialists] have constituted themselves the pests of society all over the world and all the world will make common cause in completely annihilating them. One may tolerate the presence of a reptile which is merely obnoxious, but the moment it becomes mischievous we crush it."

Heroic visions of platoons of police and regiments of soldiers dashing down by-lanes upon obscure meeting-places must have inflamed the mind of the writer when with "set teeth" and "flashing eye" he penned the above threatening sentences. Let not our comrades, however, be in too great a hurry to adopt the advice of the brave and sagacious Goschen, who, when John Morley suggested the possibility of the dynamitards invading our shores again, should the Government Irish Bill be rejected, nobly replied that such threats had no terror for politicians such as him—if it came to the worst, they could make their wills, appoint their trustees, and do their duty. "All the world" has endeavoured to crush many movements of much lower vitality and much less bulk than modern Socialism, and has signally failed. Indeed, "all the world" has invariably come off the worse from such encounters; and it is next to quite certain, that, if it attempts to crush and annihilate Socialism "all the world" will not long survive to lament the indiscretion of the performance. There are certain "obnoxious reptiles" which themselves possess rather a dangerous crushing capacity, and which sensible men prefer wisely to let alone.

The re-election of Mr. Pearce as Tory member for Govan has excited much digust amongst Democrats here. Mr. Pearce is the principal partner in the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, Govan, world-known by its late name of "John Elder and Co." He employs when busy over 4000 men; at present, however, his "slips" are almost empty. It is notorious that he got into the last Parliament on his promises that if returned, he would secure contracts and bring abundant work to the district. This he not only failed to do, but immediately after his election he discharged the greater portion of the hands he had taken on during his candidature. At the late election the promise of work was again one of the chief inducements held out to the electors to vote for him—and he was again returned.

Radicals are naturally highly incensed at what they term the "wholesale bribery" of the affair, and designate his supporters as "Esaus" and "political hirelings." For myself, I must confess that when I learnt the result of the poll, the stereotyped *d* with the long dash was on my lips. On reflection, however, I do not feel inclined to blame the Govan artisans much. After all, there is too much political Calvinism amongst the workers in Scotland. Absolute faith in Liberal Governments is esteemed an essential part of every workman's political creed. He is expected to vote for Liberals, though how Liberals are going to do him any good he has not the remotest idea. The benefits of Liberal administration are to him as purely a matter of faith as the doctrines in the confession of faith or the shorter catechism.

It is, therefore, perhaps not an ill-omen that there are to be found workmen still heretical enough to vote for bread-and-butter rather than a political myth. Their belief in Mr. Pearce's ability to procure them work, and therefore some measure of food and comfort, may be sadly misplaced it is true; but none the less the disposition to recognise that the obtaining of food and comfort is the first duty of man, is surely more rational than perpetually sacrificing the interests of themselves and their families on the altar of a political superstition. If workmen could be brought to regard politics less, and their personal comfort and happiness more, the principles of Socialism would make greater headway.

Could we believe that Mr. Goschen was defeated in Edinburgh upon his merits as a politician, his rejection might afford us a ray of hope that the people were at last becoming sick of the gospel of gold and paternal government. There is, however, too much reason to believe that the arch-apostle of money-mongering and the rights of property lost his seat not because the people repudiated his notions or his "record," but because he had opposed, and had therefore been renounced, by their oracle Mr. Gladstone.

Amongst the mysteries of our civilisation, one is—where do the unemployed betake themselves in the summer? The unemployed have for the time ceased to clamour at our city's gates for food or work, and their motley demonstrations have ceased. Have they withdrawn themselves into some mysterious holes and dens, to come forth again in the winter and assail our ears with their complaints? Trade is no better now than it was three months ago; and so far from taking on hands, masters are still diminishing their employes in almost every branch of

industry. Where, then, are the vast masses of unemployed which we know must exist—unless they have died out? They give hardly any outward token of their being in our midst. If they were birds or beasts, ornithologists and zoologists would eagerly discuss the question at their meetings, but being merely human beings, nobody apparently has any interest in their "habits" and still less in their "preservation."

The ways of the capitalist press are past finding out. The *Glasgow Evening Citizen* periodically expatiates on the "extreme folly" of Socialist theories, and always with a plaintive reference to our comrade Morris as "the idle singer of an empty day," "a dreamer of dreams," etc. Whenever a Socialist disturbance takes place in France, Belgium, America, or London—or when Lord Wemyss makes a Quixotic onslaught on the "Socialistic" propensities of Liberal governments—the *Citizen* must lug in our friend Morris somehow. Occasionally when he lectures in London or Manchester it gives a three-inch report of his lecture as an excuse for an eighteen-inch leader grossly misrepresenting his teaching. But when Morris comes to Glasgow—to the *Citizen's* own door, as it were—it virtuously refuses to report a line of what he says, or notice his presence, in any form. Morris gave three lectures in Glasgow the week before last, but the *Citizen* never mentioned the fact to its readers. Strangely enough, however, he had no sooner gone back to London than it favoured us with a paragraph report of his lecture there on the "Aims of Art." Luckily the pressure of election matter saved us another eighteen-inch Cassandra shriek against a doctrine it does not understand, and which it takes jealous care its readers shall know as little about as possible.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

Glasgow.

## REVIEW.

CASHIEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. By George Bernard Shaw. Modern Press, 13 Paternoster Row.

A MERE novel bearing on the face of it no controversial opinion, might not seem a suitable subject for review in these columns, but even apart from the author's well-known views and his power as a Socialist lecturer, a Socialist will find much in 'Cashiel Byron's Profession' to interest him as a Socialist. Everything that Mr. Shaw writes must bear with it an indictment against our sham society, and it would be harder to find more incisive criticism of its follies than in this book. Perhaps, to a reader not a Socialist, and therefore not in the secret, it would seem to be nothing more serious than a fantastic piece written on pessimistic lines, as all clever modern novels are, and with no further aim in it; but anyone must be forced to admit that it fulfils the first function of a novel by amusing the reader. As in all literary works of art, one is bound to accept its special atmosphere, which doubtless at first might rather confuse the ordinary reader, since the plot which one has to accept as possible consists of the development of the love at first sight of a very rich and refined young lady for a prize-fighter. The said heroine is not very much alive, is rather the embodiment of the author's view of life than a real personage; but the hero is most carefully studied and very successful, and every one of the minor characters is highly finished and natural. Indeed, Mr. Shaw gives very good penorths in the matter of invention of incident, and is almost reckless in the care which he bestows on his scenes, as witness the sparring-match before the "African King" in the Agricultural Hall, or the burst of confused excitement on studious solitude after Byron's great fight with Paradise. Mr. Shaw sees his scenes clearly and accurately; indeed more after the manner of a painter than a dramatic writer. This is a quality which is much rarer than is generally supposed in these days of word-painting. It is probably a defect which naturally goes with it that the scenes are, as far as their artistic effect goes, isolated and lacking in the power that accumulation gives: the whole story rather leaves off than comes to an end, also. However, this is a defect which it shares with all novels of this generation that have any pretence to naturalism. As Mr. Shaw is quite successful in establishing his claim to keen observation and vivid representation, one must not quarrel with him for not attaining to what is mostly beyond the aim of a modern novel, but which both Scott and Dickens now and then touched—the unity and completeness of a great drama. Whatever is attempted in 'Cashiel Byron' is done conscientiously and artistically.

W. M.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The *American Celt* is one of the best of Irish-American papers, and also takes an advanced stand upon labour matters.

The *People's Friend*, of Madras, is a large eight-page weekly, devoted to the social and political education of the people. It contains very sensible articles, and should exercise a good influence upon the vast population it addresses.

The National Executive Committee of the Socialistic Labor Party in America have published a series of educational pamphlets, some in German and others in English. One of the latest is "Socialism and Anarchism," by Dr. Douai. They announce for publication in October Frederick Engel's "The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844."

*La Citoyenne* (Women's Suffrage Journal, Paris) commits the error, common among the advocates of Women's Suffrage, of standing apart and discouraging on the one question with a certain bitterness, ignoring the fact that the woman question is only a part—quite inseparable—of the great whole; that the "worn-out, rotten thing, the State," will have to be indeed re-formed altogether before partial wrongs can be righted. Men and women must work hand-in-hand for the Freeing of Labour, or the movement will never

grow. I am surprised in reading some paragraphs in *La Citoyenne* about the female Toreadors at Nîmes, to find that there is no comment (1) on the atrocity of bull-fighting in general, (2) none on the further atrocity of women, physically unfit for such violent "sport," taking part in the same. I was much edified by the glowing and graphic descriptions of this charming festival in several English papers at the time; if I remember rightly, several of the women were badly hurt. Says *La Citoyenne*: "They showed remarkable *sang-froid* and much skill," and it has no word from its usually sarcastic pen to throw at those who sat and gloated over the piquant spectacle. M. M.

We have received from comrade Bordollo, of New York, *Anti-Syllabus* and *Tom Strang Killed*, two powerful tracts under one cover, post free, 2d. The latter, reprinted from *John Swinton's Paper*, concludes thus:

"The crops appeared, and as Tom Strang stood perhaps on the brow of the hill near the little cabin which contained his starving family, and his hungry eyes, sweeping the Hudson, feasted upon fields of corn and vegetables on Erastus Corning's Island—is it a wonder if he said to himself, 'Necessity knows no law,' or cried, in the bitterness of his spirit: 'First my family, next my God, and curse my country and all its laws!'?" On that island, one night after midnight, Tom Strang met his death. While leaving the island with a pillow-case full of potatoes, he was pursued by a watchman, and, although his burden impeded his progress, he clung to it with the clutch of a miser to gold, while bullets whistled past his head. He clung to it because it contained the morrow's food for his starving children. He clung to it until the cowardly, murderous brute behind drove two bullets into his defenceless body, and he tumbled headlong in the path. Then, true to his cowardly nature, the brute who shot him dared not touch him. Bleeding to death, he crossed the Hudson; suffering agony, he dragged his bleeding body up the steep bank, and, with a last effort, pushed open the door of his cabin and fell in, to die among his starvelings, for whom he had made his last effort and gave up his life. Their pitiful cries pierced the hearts of the men in the Steel Works. Borne across the river on the still morning air, they rung in the ears of his slayer on Corning's Island. But they never reached the ears of the *Burdens*. Yet the weak, pitiful cries of that widow and her starvelings may linger in our native air until their thin volume is swelled by oppression, until it assumes the proportions of a mighty roar of maddened men. And then, *Retribution!* 'Justifiable homicide,' says the coroner's jury. 'Justifiable Hell!' grinds out a brawny iron-worker. 'A cow would have been simply driven out of that potato field, not riddled with bullets. But, then,' he continues, 'animals are valuable; animals have owners, and Strang had none.' Among men 'live and let live' is a thing of the past; and, as civilisation progresses, Murder assumes newer, safer, and more enticing shapes. Next year three costly blast furnaces will mark the spot where Tom Strang fell, but not a stick will mark Tom Strang's grave. Let me here write his epitaph: In memory of Thomas Strang, who was shot on Corning's Island, August 7, 1885, while stealing a few potatoes to feed his starving children. May he rest in peace."

### A RUSSIAN STRIKE.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Le Révolté* gives an account of a recent trial of Russian strikers, which I condense for the benefit of English readers, whom it will certainly interest. The trial has "come tardy off," for it is only lately concluded, and the strike took place eighteen months ago. The scene was laid at a large cotton-cloth manufactory in the province of Vladimir (Central Russia), owned by one Morozoff, who employs 3000 hands, men, women, and children, engaged by the year, who live in enormous barracks round the workshops. As at Decazeville, the workers here rejoiced in a Watrin heartily detested, more particularly on account of the fines raised by him, which took away about two-thirds of the wages. As at Decazeville also, the final impetus to the strike was given by the reduction of wages. One morning in January, 1885, there was a general cry of "Leave off work!" which was promptly acted upon. A general enquete followed, pillaging of shops, destroying of books, papers, goods, etc. The dwelling of the obnoxious local Watrin was utterly wrecked, himself having fled. In the co-operative store attached to the works especially the workers were fighting against each other, those who had shares in the same fiercely defending it against their fellow-workers, even taking all the available money in the cash-box to bribe the villagers who stood watching the scene, to give their help. Military force, of course, succeeded in suppressing the agitation, which lasted vigorously for five days; 600 of the most active men were arrested, to be dispersed in various distant provinces. The leaders being removed, the disturbances subsided; the former tariff of wages was re-established and the fines deducted for the last three months returned, the obnoxious overseer was dismissed and work resumed.

In the recent trial thirty-two men were charged with striking (it being illegal in Russia) and inciting to riot, two in particular being accused, Mosseinok and Volkoff, the organisers of the strike. Mosseinok is known for a determined agitator among his fellow-workers, having been already transported for instigating strikes. On his return from Siberia, visiting several factories one after another, he finally stayed at Morozoff's, "being," as he says, "within his memory the one where the workers suffer most." In spite of the numerous charges of the *procureur*, the jury has acquitted all, including these two men. It is demanded that Mosseinok and Volkoff be released at once, although they had already been condemned, and their case brought before the Court of Appeal, themselves having undergone thirteen months' "provisional detention."

The result of this agitation is that a law has just been passed forbidding the masters (1) to raise fines, and (2) to establish shops or stores in their factories. Striking, until now severely prohibited, is recognised as legal "so long as it be not accompanied by acts of violence." So that "freedom of contract" is nominally established in the Russian workshops, and the wheels will turn merrily—until next time! M. M.

"CIVILISATION ADVANCES!"—"Hitherto the authorities in Upper Burma have held their hands to some extent in dealing with the dacoits owing to the amnesty allowed by Lord Dufferin. The period of amnesty expires, however, on the 30th June, after which probably *small mercy* will be shown to the Burman *banditti*." (Our italics).—*Bombay Gazette*, June 22.

There are land nationalists in Germany. On the 6th of last month a meeting was held in Berlin for the purpose of forming a Free Land League. The position of the leaders of the movement shows that the middle-class have taken up the Free Land idea. The newspaper writers have already begun to squeal. "For years," one writer says, "the Social Democrats have advocated Free Land in their conventicles, but the public smiled; now when it is brought before the public by members of the middle-class the pernicious doctrine will be still more widely disseminated—and much harm done."

### Declaration of Principles of the State Assembly Knights of Labour of Illinois.

THE development of modern industrial appliances, machinery, steam, electricity, etc., has, under the present economic relations, divided society into two hostile classes, viz., the very rich and the very poor. The middle-class, which in former years was the stability and safety of Society, is rapidly disappearing, and upon their ruins the modern industrial prince is erecting his head and exclaims, "I am monarch of all I survey!"

The equality of rights and opportunities which were enjoyed by the American people in years past is passing away. Pauperism, prostitution, and crime—the fruits of poverty—multiply as the modern millionaire grows in power and influence. The wage-workers of the world are going into deadly competition with each other in this remorseless warfare; the holiest ties of life are destroyed. "Cheap labour" is the god of modern capital. The girl of twelve years competes with the woman of thirty, the boy of ten with the man of forty. Children are driven from the home and school into the battle of labour, where their young and tender lives are ground into gold, while their fathers live in enforced idleness upon the paltry earnings of their little ones. We, therefore, declare:

1. That the wage system is a despotism, and that political freedom cannot long exist under economic bondage.

2. That civilisation means the diffusion of knowledge and wealth. That the first step to this end is the reduction of the hours of labour to eight, which will, in consequence of more leisure, operate upon the habits and customs of the people, enlarging their wants, stimulating ambition, decreasing idleness, and increasing wages.

3. That the victory over "divine right" rulership of kings must be supplemented by a victory over the vested rights of modern land sharks, usurers, and industrial autocrats, for there can be no government of the people, for the people, and by the people, where the few possess all the resources of life—the land—while the masses are tramps on their own domain begging for the privilege to work.

Fellow-workers! in this dark hour of labour's distress, we call on all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, of whatever nationality, creed, colour, skilled and unskilled, trade unionists and those still outside of labour organisations, to join hands with us, to the end that poverty and all the attendant evils shall be abolished for ever.

### THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

Capital without labour is something like flour without water and fire. No bread will be produced.—*Labor Leaf*.

The mad dog cry of Anarchism and Socialism that has been so cunningly circulated by the enemies of labor is being used as cloak for the perpetration of most infamous outrages upon the personal liberty of citizens by brutal public officers. Every day just now we read of persons being clubbed or arrested simply because they declared themselves Socialists. Every citizen has a constitutional right to express his own views upon society conditions. Let us be careful, or our dearest liberties will be stolen from us.—*Paterson Labor Standard*.

Give me a place to put my fulcrum, and I will move the world, said one. Give us the taxing power, said the bankers of Genoa, and we will give the king all the money he needs. Give me the war power, said Napoleon, and I will conquer all Europe. Give us the money power, said the national banks, and we will supply the government and the people with the currency. Give us the power to tax the nation's industries all the traffic will bear, said the railroad monopolies, and we will supply society with rapid transportation. The granting of these gifts has created the extremes of wealth and poverty, and made despotic government essential to the protection of the privileged, predatory classes against the righteous indignation of the masses.—*Chicago Express*.

GREAT MIND.—"The sentence passed upon the Anarchists convicted in June was executed to-day. As was expected, the form of death designated by the court proved infinitely more terrible than the usual mode. From the time when first informed that, instead of the gallows, their fate was to die from hard labour, for an entire day if necessary, the miserable wretches remained in an agony of fear, and the scene to-day was horrible. The execution took place in the jail yard. Two of the condemned men were set at sawing wood, and three were compelled to break stone. Both the unfortunates who had to saw wood died in frightful spasms at the end of the first half-hour. Of the men breaking stone, one began foaming at the mouth in forty minutes, and four minutes later fell dead in a fit. The remaining two were more vigorous and lasted longer, but convulsions finally set in, and in one hour and nineteen minutes from the time of beginning labour they died almost simultaneously and in great agony, as the result of over-exertion, without beer. The Humane society, to prevent if possible any repetition in Chicago of such dreadful scenes, has forwarded a memorial to the governor, begging him, in the event of future conviction and similar sentence of criminals of this class, to interfere in his official capacity and commute the sentence to plain hanging."—*Chicago Tribune*, September 9, 1886.—This is exceedingly funny. If it was based upon truth, such an effort would not pass by without roars of laughter from *The Enquirer*. The writer of the above probably never did anything that resembled labour more than the writing this lie. But the prisoners, whom he ridicules, were labourers; one (Mr. Fielden) being a teamster, knows what hard work is. Others are type-setters, journalists, etc., which means actual work. The *Tribune* writer makes himself useful by misrepresenting honest men, and extolling the merit of hard work, while inventors are, and have been, straining every nerve to make work unnecessary for the human race in general, and those who hire labour in particular. Great mind!—*Labor Enquirer*.

In Buenos Ayres the Gospel of Socialism is preached. The Socialists there have a club named "Vorwarts," where they had a festival in commemoration of the Commune. Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans spoke.

MR [JIM CROW] CHAMBERLAIN ON THE RIGHTS OF NATIONS: Speech at Ashton-under-Lyne, Dec. 12, 1882.—"I know there are some people who say the Egyptians are not fit for self-government, and I think it very likely that their education leaves a good deal to be desired in that respect. But this is an argument which is the stock argument of all despots. I do not know of any nation on the face of the earth which would have gained its liberties if it had to wait until its fitness to use them was recognised by those who had hitherto claimed the right of disposing of their destinies."—*Daily News*, July 14.

# THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 13 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.

## Notices to Members.

Reading Room.—Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Library.—The librarians, May Morris and W. Chambers, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m.

A General Meeting of London Members will be held on Monday July 26, at 9.

## Branch Subscriptions Paid.

Hammersmith, Leeds, Norwich, to April 30. Bloomsbury, Bradford, Croydon, Hackney, Merton, to May 31. Clerkenwell, Dublin, Hoxton (Labour Emancipation League), Mile-End, North London, Oxford, to June 30. Manchester, to July 31. Marylebone, to Sept. 30.—P. W.

## The "Commonweal."

Next week's Number will contain Chapter VII. of "Socialism from the Root Up," and an article by E. B. Bax on "Civil Law under Socialism."

On Saturday last a Board Brigade again went out to sell the paper. The sale was good. Next Saturday the North-Western district will be visited. Volunteers are requested to be at the office by 11.30 sharp.

## REPORTS.

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

### Executive.

At their usual weekly meeting on Monday July 12, the Council resolved: "That Branches be asked to increase their subscriptions to general funds of the League as much as special local circumstances allow them to do." The following report of sub-committee appointed to arrange order of procedure at Monthly Meeting of London Members was submitted and adopted: "The sub-committee recommend that the following business be submitted by the Council to said monthly meetings: (1) Branch reports; (2) *Commonweal* Manager's statement concerning the paper and other literature; (3) list of all Branches and persons in arrears to be read at the meetings. (Note.—The Quarterly Reports by Secretary and Treasurer of progress and financial condition of the League which Conference decided should be sent to all Branches might also be discussed at the General Meeting.) The sub-committee also suggest, in order to facilitate the business of the Council, that reports of Branch meetings shall be taken after all other business is concluded, except in cases where some decision of the Council is required; that whenever possible Branches should send notice in writing to the Secretary of such special business, in order that it may be placed on the agenda, or they should appoint a delegate to attend and lay the matter before the Council."

### Branch Reports.

**BLOOMSBURY.**—At Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, on Friday, July 9, H. H. Sparling lectured on "Killing no Murder;" a brisk discussion followed.—Three outdoor meetings were held during the week, at which the *Commonweal* sold well.—T. E. W.

**CLERKENWELL.**—On Wednesday, July 7th, W. Chambers lectured at Clerkenwell Green to a good audience on "Tory, Liberal, and Radical," and was supported by Allman, Mowbray, and Nicoll; sale of *Commonweal* good, and 1s. 8d. collected for Defence Fund.—On Sunday, July 11th, over 2,000 people assembled on the "Green" to hear Sparling speak upon "Union Jack-asses and Waste-Paper Unionists." Much enthusiasm was manifested, over two quires of papers sold, and 12s. 1d. collected for Defence Fund. A local friend, Mr. D. Smith, aided considerably in the success of the collection. A new feature was introduced into the proceedings, which added a good deal to the general effect, an old Chartist parody upon "The Union Jack" was played and sung by W. Blundell, to the manifest pleasure of the audience, who joined lustily in the chorus.—W. B.

**HOXTON.**—On Thursday evening, Graham addressed a good audience at our outdoor station.—On Sunday morning we held a large meeting, at which Sparling and Barker spoke; collected 1s. 9d. for Defence Fund. In the evening, Graham, Mowbray, and Barker addressed a good outdoor meeting. The indoor meeting was lectured to by William Morris on "Education." The audience was a good one; sale of literature fair. Altogether we are making a most favourable impression here, and the outlook is extremely hopeful.—H. A. BARKER, sec.

**MARYLEBONE.**—We have to report police interference all round this week. On Saturday evening the meeting in the Harrow Road was a rather short one, owing to the police requesting our comrades to cease speaking, but they did not attempt to arrest, and the meeting was drawn to a close after the interference.—On Sunday morning, at Bell Street, comrade Mainwaring addressed a large audience, and the police took his name and address, but did not attempt to arrest him. The audience was very sympathetic, and probably would have been rather rough on the police if an arrest had been made. We were visited by one or two Scotland Yard officials, and several plain-clothes men stood about on the footway and refused to move. In the afternoon comrades Chambers, Burcham, and Wardle addressed a large meeting in Hyde Park, the audience showing great enthusiasm. Towards the close of the meeting, 4s. 9d. was collected for the defence of those who may be prosecuted at Bell Street. Just as comrade Arnold was about to enter the inside of the crowd after having made the collection, he was seized by a police-sergeant, who asked what the money had been collected for, and when told, he said that Arnold would have to go with him to the police-station and the money with him; but the audience did not seem inclined to permit this interference, and several people pushed themselves between Arnold and the police-sergeant, who had by this time got four other policemen to assist him. He evidently saw that he had made a mistake, for he did not attempt to interfere again.—In the evening there were at least two thousand people at Bell Street. The audience packed itself round John Williams, and would not permit the police to get near him. The police were either afraid to arrest on Sunday, or they must have received more than one order during the day, for they had made very extensive arrangements for the purpose of breaking up the meetings at Bell Street, about twenty mounted men being stationed at John Street alone. On the whole, as far as the Socialists are concerned, Sunday's meetings were a great success, and a further defeat of police censorship.—On Monday, summonses were served on Mainwaring and Williams, and both have to appear at Marylebone Police Court on Saturday (July 17th) at two o'clock.—H. G. A., sec.

**LEEDS.**—A downpour of rain brought our meeting at Hunslet Moor to an untimely end. We fared better in the evening at Vicar's Croft, disposing, taking the two meetings together, of about three quires of the official organ.—T. M.

**MANCHESTER.**—Our meetings were held as usual on Sunday, but owing to rain were not largely attended. Comrade Smart, S.D.F., spoke for us in the morning, and at night. Thompson spoke on the Labour Union which is being formed here.—R. U., sec.

**NORWICH.**—This Branch has now, after various unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in securing premises for offices, reading-room, and temperance club, at No. 6, St. Benedict's, nearly the exact centre of the city. The window has been set out with Socialist literature, which has proved a source of considerable attraction to the public. At a special business meeting of the Branch held on Monday, the 12th inst., it was decided to open the reading-room from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily, and the following officers were unanimously appointed:—F. C.

Slaughter and T. Morley, joint secretaries; S. H. Mills, financial secretary; H. W. Darley, treasurer; and T. Morley, steward. After some considerable discussion, it was decided to appoint an Executive Council, consisting of the officers and comrades A. Moore, A. F. Houghton, H. Parker, Hipperson, and Blackmore. Arrangements were made for pushing the outdoor sale of the *Commonweal*, and posting our literature throughout the city during the visit of the thieving classes to the Royal Agricultural Show, now being held here. A series of lectures was also arranged for at our new premises. Things are moving gloriously at Norwich; we hope other Branches are progressing as well.—F. S.

## The Right of Free Speech in Public Places.

### DEFENCE FUND.

Our comrades and friends are asked to bestir themselves to secure freedom of speech in our public ways, in contradistinction to freedom of speech for certain classes and sects only. The spirit of Socialism is at war with class interests: officialism is giving its support to class interests only. For endeavouring to assert the right of free speech the Socialist League has been heavily fined; and the Council of the League hereby asks that all friends of freedom should support the League with subscriptions in aid of this righteous cause. The Treasurer of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Rd., E.C., will gladly accept, and acknowledge the receipt of, Pence, Shillings, or Pounds from friends of the Right of Free Speech in Public Places.

### RECEIVED.

Mile-end Branch, July 5, 6d. Clerkenwell, July 4, 2s.; 7, 1s. 8d.; 11, 12s. 1d. North London, July 12, 6s. 10d. Hoxton, July 12, 3s. 5d. Total, 26s. 6d.—W.

## LECTURE DIARY.

### London Branches.

**Bloomsbury.**—Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. Friday, July 16, at 8.30 p.m., A Lecture. 23. Annie Besant, "Why the Workers should be Socialists." 30. Mrs. Wilson, "The Revolt of the English Workers in the Nineteenth Century."  
**Clerkenwell.**—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Sunday July 18, 7.30 p.m. R. A. Beckett, "Equality." Wednesday 21 (8.30). Annie Besant, "Duties of Socialists under the Present System."  
**Croydon.**—Royal County House, West Croydon Station Yard. Business meeting at Parker Road every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.  
**Hackney.**—Kenton Coffee House, Kenton Road, Well Street, every Tuesday at 9, for the enrolment of members and other business.  
**Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays, at 8 p.m.  
**Hoxton (L. E. L.).**—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays, at 7.45 p.m. July 18. H. H. Sparling, "Unrest and Unreason." 25. W. Chambers, "The Political Parties."  
**Merton.**—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.  
**Mile-end.**—L. W. M. Educational Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. July 20. C. Wade, "Brotherhood."  
**North London.**—Communications to R. A. Beckett, St. Mildred's House, Poultry, E.C.  
**South London.**—Business meeting every Tuesday at 8.30 at 112 Hill Street, Peckham, S.E.

### Country Branches.

**Birmingham.**—Bell Street Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 7.30.  
**Bradford.**—Scott's Temperance Hotel, East Parade, Leeds Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m.  
**Glasgow.**—Lecture and discussion in new rooms of the Branch, 84 John Street, every Sunday at 7 p.m. Reading-room of the Branch open every day from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. sympathisers invited.  
**Edinburgh (Scottish Section).**—4 Park Street. Meets every Friday at 8.30 p.m.  
**Leeds.**—No meeting-room at present. Out-door stations notified below.  
**Leicester.**—Radical Club, Vine Street. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.  
**Manchester.**—County Forum. Thursdays, at 8 p.m.  
**Norwich.**—No. 6 St. Benedict. Lecture and discussion every Monday at 8 p.m. Reading-room of the Branch open every day from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. July 19. H. Parker, "Cause and Cure of Poverty."  
**Oldham.**—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Wednesdays, 7.30.  
**Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 27 Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.

## Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

### LONDON.

Date.	Station.	Time.	Speaker.	Branch.
Sat. 17.	Euston Road—Ossulton St.	7	D. J. Nicoll	Bloomsbury.
	Harrow Road ("P. of Wales")	7	H. G. Arnold	Marylebone.
	Hyde Park (Marble Arch)	7	H. H. Sparling	Hammersmith.
	Mile-end Waste	7	H. Davis	Mile-end.
S. 18.	Regent's Park	7	H. Charles	N. London.
	Croydon	11	The Branch	Croydon.
	Edgware Road—Bell Street	11.30	W. Morris	Marylebone.
	Hackney—Well Street	11.30	H. A. Barker	Hackney.
	Hammersmith—Beadon Road	11.30	The Branch	Hammersmith.
	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	11.30	D. J. Nicoll	Hoxton.
	Mile-end Waste	11.30	J. Lane	Mile-end.
	Regent's Park	11.30	T. E. Wardle	N. London.
	St. Pancras Arches	11.30	W. Chambers	Bloomsbury.
	Hyde Park (near Marble Arch)	2.30	The Branch	Marylebone.
	Victoria Park	3.30	W. C. Wade	Hackney.
	Clerkenwell Green	7	R. A. Beckett	Clerkenwell.
Croydon	7	The Branch	Croydon.	
Merton—High Street	7	H. Charles	Merton.	
Tu. 20.	Soho—Broad Street	8	W. Chambers	Bloomsbury.
Th. 22.	Euston Road—Ossulton St.	7.30	The Branch	N. London.
	Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street	8	C. W. Mowbray	Hoxton.
	Mile-end Waste	8.30	H. Graham	Mile-end.
	Regent's Park	7	T. E. Wardle	Bloomsbury.
Sat. 24.	Euston Road—Ossulton St.	7	The Branch	Bloomsbury.
	Harrow Road	7	The Branch	Marylebone.
	Hyde Park (Marble Arch)	7	D. J. Nicoll	Hammersmith.
	Regent's Park	7	H. H. Sparling	N. London.

### PROVINCES.

**Hulme.**—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, at 7.30 p.m.  
**Leeds.**—Hunslet Moor, 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, 7 p.m.  
**Manchester.**—Grey Mare Corner, Ashton Old Road. Sundays, 11 a.m.  
**Oldham.**—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

**ELECTION ADDRESSES, MANIFESTOS, SQUIBS, etc.**—Friends are asked to send in to the Office everything of this kind that comes in their way. They will be most valuable for future reference.