

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

A WORD TO THE POLICE.

BRAZEN and shameless impudence has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of a hired bully, and the stout men in blue who guard the fat persons, and, above all, the fat purses of the London middle-classes, have never been deficient in this necessary quality of their vile calling. Yet, shameless and brazen as we know their impudence to be, it came as a shock of surprise even to those of us who had seen most of them, to find them posing as underpaid workers, and raising a piteous cry concerning higher wages and "pensions." Warm from the congenial business of bludgeoning under-sized and overstrained postmen on their way to demonstrate on Clerkenwell Green, these well-fed chawbacons from the country districts hold meetings, elect delegates, present petitions, and formulate demands and pass resolutions couched in quite mutinous, not to say revolutionary, terms. Apparently these men who are betraying their brethren every day for the sake of the safe weekly wages and the warm uniform, and the certain pension secured to them, and of the countless tips and gratifications of all kinds given to them on all hands, are so ignorant of their own infamy as to suppose that the workers, whose ranks they have left, will sympathise with them because they find the devil a hard taskmaster, as in the long run he generally is.

If any policeman reads this number of the *Commonweal*, he may be really surprised to learn that he is regarded by us revolutionary Socialists (and not, as we believe, by us only, but by tens of thousands of London workers not yet Socialists) as an infamous scoundrel. We will endeavour to make clear to the presumably dull intellect of this bobby why this should be so. Let him understand that Socialists in general (and the present writer least of all) blame no man who, under present conditions, is driven into what we look upon as an anti-social trade. For aught we care, he may get his living by thieving on the Stock Exchange or at the Bar, he may join even the hired assassins of the army, or carry advertisements of swindlers in the streets, and yet be a good comrade. We recognise the fact that, like the rest of us, he is a slave and cannot help himself. But, slave though he be, there must surely be certain limits beyond which he will not go, although the penalty for not passing them be even the Christian's hell itself. If he be born an agricultural labourer and be expelled by landlordism from the fields whereon he has grown to manhood, we can understand that he may easily drift into the police force. Once there he must, of course, perform the "duty" which is set him to do. Yet, surely, not *all* such duty. Even you, our dull-brained friend, must see that you would not be justified in committing murder at the command of your inspector, or even of "I, Sir Edward Bradford" himself. You see it in the abstract, do you? But that is precisely what the police of London, you yourself, perhaps, have done—not in the abstract, but in the concrete. Not yet three years ago, at the command of your Commissioner, you set upon and cruelly bludgeoned your fellows, men of your own class from all parts of London, on their way to peaceably demonstrate in Trafalgar Square. You bludgeoned them and killed some; others you made prisoners, and when you got them inside your station yards and had them completely at your mercy, you beat them before trial within an inch of their lives; jeering and mocking meanwhile at the fools who, unlike you, had not sold their manhood for a compliment from the "beak," or a share of the cook's cold mutton. But why need we recall the memories of "Bloody Sunday"? Not that they need much recalling to London workers! What you were three years ago, that you are to-day. On May-day this year you broke up our processions, tore our banners, and (brave men that you are) assaulted and insulted some stalwart lasses (who, let us hope, will never endure the shame of having given suck to creatures like you) on Clerkenwell Green.

Great, doubtless, is the powers of organisation and what is called "discipline," and you may plead that you have made yourselves mere machines, and act like automata at the word of command. Even if true, such an excuse would not avail you much. We may remind you of those sentries on duty at Buckingham Palace that Sunday afternoon last autumn, who broke all military rule and doubtless incurred punishment by facing round, and presenting arms to the dockers' procession as it passed to Hyde Park: contrast their conduct with yours. But the excuse is not true; you have played no automatic part in the

outrages of the last few years; you have absolutely revelled in the base and bloody tasks which have been set you; you have cracked coarse jests as you have cracked heads; and you have shown yourselves brutal, cowardly hounds, who know neither justice nor mercy, you hired prostitutes, the baser and meaner because you claim to be "men."

On calm reflection, do you wonder that you are not appreciated at your own valuation? Seriously speaking, are you not vile and infamous? Do you wonder that we look upon your attempt to represent yourselves as ill-used workers as about the sublimest height yet reached by the blatant insolence of persons whose offensive impertinence springs from their utter lack of perception or intelligence?

Yet, even now, one way of repentance is still open to you as it is to others: it may not be open long. Even yet, you may save yourselves from that true wrath which is really coming, the wrath of the workers in the Revolution. You claim that you, too, can organise a strike for better wages and shorter hours. Organise a strike first, then, for nobler ends. Strike against such employment as you have been lately put to. *The next time you are ordered to "disperse" a peaceable procession, throw down your bludgeons and refuse the cowardly and brutal work like men.* Will you take this advice, now you find that the tyrants who have used you as tools for their dirty work are beginning to suppress your meetings? when the new Chief Commissioner, fresh from butchering natives in Hindustan, will not even allow you to meet in order to complain a little about your grievances? Now is the day of salvation; now is the time; now is the hour. By refusing this very day to carry out your new despot's orders you will win the sympathy of the working classes, and they will support you in your agitation. Prove that you are men, and not cowardly flunkies, base and cringing to the rich but brutal, murderous, bullies with the poor, and you will have the kindly help of your brothers in obtaining your demands. Refuse, and you will neither get sympathy nor help, and you will fail—as cowards always fail—in your agitation.

R. W. B.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XIX. (continued).—THE DRIVE BACK TO HAMMERSMITH.

As soon as I had spoken I perceived that I had got back to my old blunder; for I saw Dick's shoulders shaking with laughter; but he wouldn't say a word, but handed me over to the tender mercies of Clara, who said—

"Why, I don't know what you mean. Of course we can afford it, or else we shouldn't do it. It would be easy enough for us to say, we will only spend our labour on making our clothes comfortable: but we don't choose to stop there. Why do you find fault with us? Does it seem to you as if we starved ourselves of food in order to make ourselves fine clothes? or do you think there is anything wrong in liking to see the coverings of our bodies beautiful like our bodies are?—just as a deer's or an otter's skin has been made beautiful from the first? Come, what is wrong with you?"

I bowed before the storm, and mumbled out some excuse or other. I must say, I might have known that people who were so fond of architecture generally would not be backward in ornamenting themselves; all the more as the shape of their raiment, apart from its colour, was both beautiful and reasonable—veiling the form without either muffling or caricaturing it.

Clara was soon mollified; and as we drove along toward the wood before mentioned, she said to Dick—

"I tell you what, Dick: now that kinsman Hammond the Elder has seen our guest in his queer clothes, I think we ought to find him something decent to put on for our journey to-morrow: especially since, if we don't, we shall have to answer all sorts of questions as to his clothes and where they came from. Besides," she said, slyly, "when he is clad in handsome garments he will not be so quick to blame us

for our childishness in wasting our time in making ourselves look pleasant to each other."

"All right, Clara," said Dick; "he shall have everything that you—that he wants to have. I will look something out for him before he gets up to-morrow."

CHAP. XX.—THE HAMMERSMITH GUEST-HOUSE AGAIN.

AMIDST such talk, driving quietly through the balmy evening, we came to Hammersmith, and were well received by our friends there. Boffin, in a fresh suit of clothes, welcomed me back with stately courtesy; the weaver wanted to button-hole me and get out of me what old Hammond had said, but was very friendly and cheerful when Dick warned him off; Annie shook hands with me, and hoped I had had a pleasant day—so kindly, that I felt a slight pang as our hands parted; for to say the truth, I liked her better than Clara, who seemed to be always a little on the defensive, whereas Annie was as frank as could be, and seemed to get honest pleasure from everything and everybody about her without the least effort.

We had quite a little feast that evening, partly in my honour, and partly, I suspect, though nothing was said about it, in honour of Dick and Clara coming together again. The wine was of the best; the hall was redolent of rich summer flowers; and after supper we not only had music (Annie, to my mind, surpassing all the others for sweetness and clearness of voice, as well as for feeling and meaning), but at last we even got to telling stories, and sat there listening, with no other light but that of the summer moon streaming through the beautiful traceries of the windows, as if we had belonged to time long passed, when books were scarce and the art of reading somewhat rare. Indeed, I may say here that though, as you will have noted, my friends had mostly something to say about books, yet they were not great readers considering the refinement of their manners and the great amount of leisure which they obviously had. In fact, when Dick, especially, mentioned a book, he did so with an air of a man who has accomplished an achievement; as much as to say, "There, you see I have actually read that!"

The evening passed all too quickly for me; since that day, for the first time in my life, I was having my fill of the pleasure of the eyes without any of that sense of incongruity, that dread of approaching ruin, which had always beset me hitherto when I had been amongst the beautiful works of art of the past, mingled with the lovely nature of the present; both of them, in fact, the result of the long centuries of tradition, which had compelled men to produce the art, and compelled nature to run into the mould of the ages. Here I could enjoy everything without an after-thought of the injustice and miserable toil which made my leisure; the ignorance and dulness of life which went to make my keen appreciation of history; the tyranny and the struggle full of fear and mishap which went to make my romance. The only weight I had upon my heart was a vague fear as it drew toward bed-time concerning the place wherein I should wake on the morrow: but I choked that down, and went to bed happy, and in a very few moments was in a dreamless sleep.

CHAP. XXI.—GOING UP THE RIVER.

WHEN I did wake, to a beautiful sunny morning, I leapt out of bed with my over-night apprehension still clinging to me, which vanished delightfully however in a moment as I looked around my little sleeping chamber and saw the pale but pure-coloured figures painted on the plaster of the wall, with verses written underneath them which I knew somewhat over well. I dressed speedily, in a suit of blue laid ready for me, so handsome that I quite blushed when I had got into it, feeling as I did so that excited pleasure of anticipation of a holiday, which, well remembered as it was, I had not felt since I was a boy, new come home for the summer holidays.

It seemed quite early in the morning, and I expected to have the hall to myself when I came into it out of the corridor wherein was my sleeping chamber; but I met Annie at once, who let fall her broom and gave me a kiss, quite meaningless I fear, except as betokening friendship, though she reddened as she did it, not from shyness, but from friendly pleasure, and then stood and picked up her broom again and went on with her sweeping, nodding to me as if to bid me stand out of the way and look on; which, to say the truth, I thought amusing enough, as there were five other girls helping her, and their graceful figures engaged in the leisurely work were worth going a long way to see, and their merry talk and laughing as they swept in quite a scientific manner was worth going a long way to hear. But Annie presently threw me back a word or two as she went on to the other end of the hall: "Guest," she said, "I am glad that you are up early, though we wouldn't disturb you; for our Thames is a lovely river at half-past six on a June morning; and as it would be a pity for you to lose it, I am told just to give you a cup of milk and a bit of bread outside there, and put you into the boat: for Dick and Clara are all ready now. Wait half a minute till I have swept down this row."

So presently she let her broom drop again, and came and took me by the hand and led me out on to the terrace above the river, to a little table under the boughs, where my bread and milk took the form of as dainty a breakfast as any one could desire, and then sat by me as I ate. And in a minute or two Dick and Clara came to me, the latter looking most fresh and beautiful in a light silk embroidered gown, which to my unused eyes was extravagantly gay and bright; while Dick was also handsomely dressed in white flannel prettily embroidered. Clara raised

her gown in her hands as she gave me the morning greeting, and said laughingly: "Look, guest! you see we are at least as fine as any of the people you felt inclined to scold last night; you see we are not going to make the bright day and the flowers feel ashamed of themselves. Now scold me!"

Quoth I: "No, indeed; the pair of you seem as if you were born out of the summer day itself; and I will scold you when I scold it."

"Well, you know," said Dick, "this is a special day—all these days are, I mean. The hay-harvest is in some ways better than corn-harvest because of the beautiful weather; and really, unless you had worked in the hayfield in fine weather, you couldn't tell what pleasant work it is. The women look so pretty at it, too," he said, shyly; "so all things considered, I think we are right to adorn it in a simple manner."

"Do the women work at it in silk dresses," said I, smiling.

Dick was going to answer me soberly; but Clara put her pretty hand over his mouth, and said: "No, no, Dick; not too much information for him, or I shall think that you are your old kinsman again. Let him find out for himself: he will not have long to wait."

"Yes," quoth Annie, "don't make your description of the picture too fine, or else he will be disappointed when the curtain is drawn. I don't want him to be disappointed. But now it's time for you to be gone, if you are to have the best of the tide, and also of the sunny morning. Good-bye, guest."

She kissed me in her frank friendly way, and almost took away from me my desire for the expedition thereby; but I had to get over that, as it was clear that so delightful a woman would hardly be without a due lover of her own age. We went down the steps of the landing stage, and got into a pretty boat, not too light to hold us and our belongings comfortably, and handsomely ornamented; and just as we got in, down came Boffin and the weaver to see us off. The former had now veiled his splendour in a due suit of working clothes, crowned with a fantail hat, which he took off, however, to wave us farewell with his grave old-Spanish-like courtesy. Then Dick pushed off into the stream, and bent vigorously to his sculls, and Hammersmith, with its noble trees and beautiful water-side houses, began to slip away from us.

As we went, I could not help putting beside his promised picture of the hay-field as it was then the picture of it as I remembered it, and especially the images of the women engaged in the work rose up before me: the row of gaunt figures, lean, flat-breasted, ugly, without a grace of form and face about them; dressed in wretched skimpy print gowns, and hideous flapping sun-bonnets, moving their rakes in a listless mechanical way. How often had that marred the loveliness of the June day to me; how often had I longed to see the hay-fields peopled with men and women worthy of the sweet abundance of early summer, of its endless wealth of beautiful sights, and delicious sounds and scents. And now, the world had grown old and wiser, and I was to see my hope realised at last!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

LEICESTER.

Socialism has now firmly caught on here, and shows every sign of spreading. May 11th, Chambers and Barclay addressed good audiences, and there was a lengthy discussion. The Sunday following, our old friend Peacock, of Nottingham, lectured morning and evening—ruffling, in his second address, the complacent well-to-do and worldly Christians, and keeping the crowd in good humour. Proctor, of Nottingham, was the next speaker, who tore the emigration fraud to very tatters from personal experience. Sunday June 1st, Carless, of Walsall, delivered two addresses. For a young fellow of twenty-three, he is surprisingly fluent and confident, and put the principles of Socialism before his hearers with force and animation. June 8th, Raymond Unwin, of Chesterfield, gave us two most thoughtful addresses—morning, "Democracy"; evening, "The Survival of the Fittest." The speaker's exposure of our senseless shoddy production and terrible cut-throat competition was hailed with applause by the audience.

Friday, June 6th, we made our first incursion of this year into the villages. Barclay addressed the people of Ansty, a large village five miles out. Thomas Slatter and other anti-Socialists, getting wind of our meeting, went from Leicester to oppose us, and there was animated discussion, and great excitement among the audience. The next Saturday we took George Cores, of London, over, and a local capitalist, a brewer, made a personal attack upon him: but a friend of ours in Ansty, having whispered to Cores the information that his opponent was a sweating employer, our comrade lashed out, and turned the tables beautifully on the capitalist, to the immense delight of the villagers. Comrade Taylor also spoke at this meeting. Sunday 15th, Cores lectured thrice, a new station being opened up on the Old Cross, Belgrave Gate. Friday 20th we paid a third visit to Ansty, a Positivist friend taking the chair for us. Plenty of discussion again. But Sunday 22nd was by far our greatest day this season. Mrs. Lahr, of London, spoke thrice, the third time being on Sanvey Gate. Mrs. Lahr is an earnest speaker, and the fact of her being a woman told with her Leicester audiences. Three quires *Commonweal* were sold, 14s. 3d. collected, and six new members were enrolled.

We have had discussion at most of our meetings; and long after we have broken up it has continued among little groups. Sometimes the opponent of our principles is a fanatical teetotaler or thrift-monger, sometimes a capitalist on the make, and sometimes the discussion is simply one of difficulties among enquirers; but discussion there is sure to be, and from week to week it increases. Education inside our Branch is not neglected meanwhile. Every Monday night some member brings in a difficult phase of the great question for discussion; and as we are mostly young men, we are hoping to have presently two or three other speakers. We intend, as long as we come near paying railway-fare of speakers from elsewhere, to keep on importing them.

POLICE BRUTALITY TO WOMEN.

The question of the behaviour of the police to women is becoming so serious that it is time that public attention was called to the subject. It is very well known that the police avoid unnecessary displays of violence to men, knowing that such displays will only lead to retaliation on the part of otherwise peaceable citizens. With regard to women, the matter is, however, different. Our police force have read their Shakespeare, and knowing the line, "A woman, naturally prone to fears," they proceed to act upon it; and the hands of the police may be said to be never off the poorer class of women—shoving, pushing, hauling, or even with further violence, without any regard to their rights as citizens or the consideration due to them as women. These facts have long been known to those attending our police courts, where quite decent women, coming with the most just complaints, are besides spoken to habitually with the utmost brutality. Not long ago, at one of the best known of these courts, a woman had cancer in the breast caused by a deliberate blow from the elbow of a policeman.

The matter is, however, assuming a more acute phase, and the police are now determined to take from women that right to ventilate their grievances in public which they assume for themselves. Not long ago a peaceable meeting of women on strike on Clerkenwell Green was attacked by a number of police specially selected on account of their enormous size. One woman with a collecting box was seized upon, shaken, and told to "get home out of that." Other women were nearly knocked down, and no doubt more violence would have been offered had not some working-men closed up to protect the women, when the police precipitately retired. It is evidently by assaults on women that the "bullies" and "bravos" of our police force hope to earn promotion. The charge brought against these women was that they were causing an obstruction. An obstruction in the middle of Clerkenwell Green! And yet, strange to say, a meeting of policemen was held on the same spot not long after, to ventilate their grievances, and we have not yet heard that they have taken one another up for obstruction! But then these police were men earning 30s. a-week and upwards, who burnt with the noble desire to nobble a few more of the public shillings, in the way of increased weekly wage and secure pensions; while the women, poor ignoble wretches, only wanted to prevent a hitherto wage of 16s. being reduced to 8s.

Perhaps, however, an even more serious case of interference with public and personal rights occurred recently in regard to some women who formed themselves into a union, and wrote a letter to their employers asking for the redress of some grievances. They did not threaten to go on strike, there was no disturbance, they continued peaceably to pursue their employment; but the employer surrounded the place with policemen, and illegally threatened that unless they submitted to his will he would give them into custody. It would be interesting to know by whose authority the police in this district thus prostituted the very name of Justice. I ask, "Who controls the police—the Home Secretary or the Chief Commissioner of Police—or are they simply the paid hirelings of the capitalist class?"

Before any attention is paid to the oft-repeated complaints as to the overwork of the police or their insufficient numbers, it would be well that the public should make enquiry as to by whom, and on what work they are now employed.

E. L.

The Women's Union held a large meeting on Clerkenwell Green on Sunday evening to protest against the assaults on women by the police, more especially respecting their action on May 1st, a description of which is given above. A big van served as a platform, which, before the meeting started, was carefully looked after by a number of policemen, who showed an inclination to interfere on the stale pretext of obstruction. They complained that the crowd was blocking the footway. However, this insolence was resisted by the speakers, and the crowd gathering round us, the police left the meeting alone. Later on, when their brutal conduct towards working women was thoroughly exposed by Miss Lupton, they sneaked off to the other side of the Green to solace themselves with the psalms and hymns of a band of religionists. Parker took the chair, and Miss Lupton, Mrs. Schack, Mrs. Labr, Nicoll, and More (Norwich) were the other speakers. The following resolution was carried unanimously: "That this meeting, assembled on Clerkenwell Green, indignantly protests against the conduct of the police in violently assaulting several women on the occasion of a public meeting held on this Green on May 1st, and also begs to call the attention of the Home Secretary to the action of the magistrates at Clerkenwell Police Court in refusing a summons against one of the constables for assault; and further protests against the employment of the police for the purpose of preventing the combination of women to secure for themselves a larger share of the fruits of their labour." A second resolution was also carried directing the chairman to send the first resolution to the Home Secretary. 9s. was collected for expenses of the meeting.

W. B. P.

CONFERENCE OF LONDON REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Conference of London Revolutionists, held at the Berner Street Club on Tuesday, June 24th, passed off very successfully. Comrades were present from all the revolutionary societies of London, and the discussion showed at least that there was not much difference of opinion among them as to revolutionary tactics.

After a general discussion on principles, policy, and tactics, in which Mowbray, Casey, Blackwell, Davis, Nicoll, Robert Harding, Pearson, and others took part, the following motion by J. Blackwell (Freedom Group) was unanimously agreed to, "That we do our utmost to spread the idea of an International General Strike among the people." It was also agreed, on the motion of Leggett, St. Georges Branch, S.L., "That we hold special meetings called by handbills for this purpose." The sum of 10s. 6d. was collected for the revolutionary press. During the evening the choir of the *Commonweal* Branch sang revolutionary songs with great fervour and enthusiasm. The Conference has certainly brought the International Revolutionary bodies in London together, and we believe that it will result in renewed vigour for the revolutionary propaganda.

RUSSIA.—Madame Maria Tchebrikova, the author of the open letter to the Czar, has been banished by the governor of Vollogd to Yaransk, a little town with a population of about 1,000, by the river Yaranga, on the north-eastern side of Vollogd. The town is situated about 600 miles away from Moscow, and about 750 miles from St. Petersburg. The colony of the exiles consists of fifteen other "criminals" besides Maria Tchebrikova, who, without exception, belong to the so-called "privileged" class, and receive from 8 to 15 roubles per month for their sustenance. There is no telegraphic or postal communication in Yaransk, and the exiles are entirely cut off from the whole world.

Reviews.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS: their Speeches in Court. Third Edition. Published by the International Socialist Societies of London. 1890. Price Three-pence.

The International Revolutionary Societies of London, including the Socialist League, have just re-issued the pamphlet giving the record of the judicial murder and false imprisonment of our Chicago comrades. It would, perhaps, enlighten the mental darkness, "assumed or real," on the part of certain Radical and Republican editors and orators in this country were they to peruse the pages of the pamphlet under notice. Our forefathers and a large percentage of latter-day emigrants have looked to America as the promised land, but they carried with them the fatal seeds of competition and exploitation, and the result has been ably expressed in the speech of our martyr comrade Parsons, when upon his trial in Chicago. After alluding to the utterances of the capitalist press, wherein it was advocated to poison or shoot down tramps and rebellious workmen, he says:

"Your honour, one of the most startling facts in connection with this trial, the labour movement, and the general situation of affairs, is to be found in the fact that during the last two or three years at least one-half of the large industrial establishments of the United States, the larger corporations, monopolies and industries, have been conducted under military supervision. A startling fact is this. Armed men, armed guards, either the Pinkertons or the police, the police of the municipalities in the cities, or the militia, or the United States army, as has been done in some cases, are supervising one-half of the industries of America, that is, the larger industries. It is a positive fact. Think of this. Who is doing this? Now, as an off-set to this state of affairs, we find 1,200 delegates assembled in Richmond, Va., representing our American working-men in the convention of the Knights of Labour. That congress, that organisation, is the reply which is being made by peaceable labourers to the rifle-diet advice, the strychnine business, and the hand-grenade business, and club business advice by the Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and other large papers in this country. These men are assembled in self-defence. The conflict is the struggle between liberty and authority—authority in any and every form. Those who are in authority tell the working-men that if they want to enjoy the law and the protection of the law, they must render a cheerful obedience to the law. Why a man when he flogs his slave for disobedience tells him the same thing. Your honour, according to your construction of sentence, or the reason which you propose as a portion of the ground-work upon which you expect to render your proposed sentence, you deny the right of Americans to defend themselves against the rifle diet, and to protest against these outrageous things, to object to the strychnine business. These are the things that have made us what we are. If there be any wrong in me I am the product of these conditions. I am the creature of circumstances; I am the effect of a cause."

The whole book is inferentially a bitter rebuke to those who in England whilst terming us as visionaries and utopians, are seeking to delude the working-class with exploded Republican theories.

EXHIBITION OF CHAMPION HUMBUGS, and A LETTER (by J. Kasparly) to PHILANTHROPIC CAPITALISTS (sic).

The first is at starting a rather clever satire upon American clerics and pressmen, but is obscured in its conclusions by a web of theological rubbish. The second is an attempt to float colonies adjacent to London and New York, based upon the principle of beggar my neighbour, *i.e.*, making a profit upon the calculation "that as the value of land will be more than tenfold its cost price (who pays?) in a few years, an increased security for the loans and a large capital for the *humanitarian* will thus have been created." We fancy that philanthropic capitalists will rise to this bait.

IDEO KLEPTOMANIA: The Case of Henry George. By J. W. Sullivan. 'Twentieth Century' Publishing Co., New York.

'Ideo Kleptomania' is a clever demonstration of the intellectual dishonesty of the great single-tax humbug. In this little work the "prophet" of San Francisco is shown to be an advertising charlatan, who has started in business with a stock of stolen ideas. Thanks to Mr. Sullivan, Henry George has now been thoroughly exposed. If his admirers will read this pamphlet they will be thoroughly convinced, not only that Henry George is a "false prophet," but that he is also shamefully ignorant of political economy, which he pretends to thoroughly understand.

A CHAT ABOUT THE COLONIES AND INDIA. Published by the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, 150, Holborn, E.C.

'A Chat about the Colonies and India' is an interesting pamphlet by our comrade Thomas Shore, jun. It appears that some time ago Sir Charles Dilke, in his efforts to regain a lost popularity, placed at the disposal of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union the sum of £10, to be offered as a prize to any one who could write an essay in laudation of our glorious British Empire. Thomas Shore was among the competitors, but his essay did not exactly "come within the terms of the advertisement issued by the Union," as it was mainly devoted to "smashing the British Empire" from a logical point of view at least. The judges, however, thought it so good that they recommended "a special gift of £5" should be presented to the writer, and the pamphlet has also been published by the Club and Institute Union, with a "reply" by Sir Charles Dilke. The "reply" is not a very brilliant one, and does very little to shake the damaging mass of facts and figures, which prove that this glorious British Empire was built by battle, murder, and cruelty, and that even now it is simply a huge edifice of tyranny, oppression, and extortion. This pamphlet should be read by those who in this enlightened age have any lingering belief in that bastard Imperialism which our masters are so fond of preaching. It will shake their faith a little.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—We held two good meetings on the Landing Stage yesterday, when comrade J. Ward delivered a couple of stirring addresses. A little discussion followed the morning lecture, the opposition being taken up by the Christian Evidence Society lecturers. The second meeting was held in the afternoon. Excellent attendances at both; 14s. 5d. taken by collections and sale of literature. The tailors' strike, which has lasted three weeks, is now concluded, the last lot going in to-day (Monday). The girls have gained a decided victory. In addition to the reduction of hours, which nearly every employer has conceded, a deputation from the trades societies waited upon several of the leading shops, such as Lewises, and Beatty Bros., and succeeded in getting them to employ the girls direct on their own premises, and so abolish the middleman. Our comrades who have been taking an active part in this strike are living in hopes of establishing both tailors and tailoresses on a more advantageous basis in the coming winter by the introduction of one or two co-operative workshops, and so by this means gradually getting the work in their own hands. Should this scheme prove successful, we can make it a good field for propaganda.



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

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

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

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

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

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Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. (Aberdeen).—Your figures were illegible, and that is how the mistake occurred. We cannot publish your letter, as our columns are overcrowded this week, but we are willing to state for the benefit of the general public that the number attending the eight hour demonstration at Arbroath was 7,000, and not 2,000, as reported in last week's issue.

R. P.—Report of Midland Socialist Conference crowded out this week. Shall go in next.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday July 2.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Coming Times Die Autonomie Justice London—Freie Presse Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring The Whirlwind Worker's Friend	NEW YORK—Truthseeker Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator The Dawn Chicago—Rights of Labour Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist S. F. Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung Pacific Union Philadelph.—Knights of Labour Feterson Labour Standard	BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit
QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Rouen—Le Salariat	SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista
INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald	HOLLAND Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Proletario Operario Porto—A Revolucao Social
UNITED STATES New York—Freiheit Twentieth Century Volkzeitung Bakers' Advocate Workmen's Journal Volne Listy New York—Der Sozialist	ITALY Milan—Il Fascio Operaio	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Volksfreund HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik DENMARK Social-Demokraten SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten Malmo—Arbetet
		WEST INDIES Cuba—El Productor ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts

NOTICE.

Letters should be addressed as under—

Editorial matter for insertion in 'Commonweal,' address "The Editors."

Business letters address "'Commonweal' Manager."

Letters containing Reports should be marked "Report" on the envelope, and if intended for next issue should reach the Office not later than Tuesday morning.

NOTES ON NEWS.

"SIGNOR ARRIGO has given particulars of his detention by the brigands. He declares that nothing can be more horrible and infamous." Yes; quite so. What happened to the signor apart from the anxiety about his life, and his loss of liberty, was that he was ill-fed (as one is in English prisons at least). In other words he shared the short commons of his captors, and has at least gained this advantage from his captivity, that he has found out how the poor live. It is to be hoped he will use his knowledge in doing his best to get rid of that condition of poverty which he found to be so "horrible and infamous."

It is a curious thing, by the way, that even acknowledged brigandage is duly exploited, and gives a profit to the enterprising capitalist. For it seems the industrious working brigands are in the employ of gentlemen, who live on their somewhat ill-paid labour. Signor Arrigo's guard, who seems to have been a very good-natured friendly fellow, was one of these journeyman brigands, and found it as difficult "to better himself" as most journeymen do. So commercial is the present age! So bent upon using up all waste in the process of making money! Even when that waste is no better than the lives of a few poor men.

The present Government is going to pieces—not the least doubt about it. They are perishing of dry rot, dying of too many amendments, of too much parliamentarism altogether. The editor of the Star is in raptures, and evidently considers that it is he who is dealing a death blow to the Government, while it is really perishing of general public disgust at its stupidity, meanness, cowardice and cruelty.

It is an exciting time for Government, the temperance people, and the editor of the Star; but strange to say, the work-people do not seem greatly interested. The cowardly betrayal of the people by the Liberal party, who have looked on with calm satisfaction while such small liberties as we have were torn from us by brutal force and ruffianly violence, has even alienated many a workman who used to look upon the Grand Old Sham as the incarnation of all earthly justice and wisdom. The people see now that he is but a middle-class politician with a genius for eloquence of an ambiguous character, which may mean little or nothing, although there is a lot of sound about it. The Great God Gladstone has fallen never to rise again. These who once worshipped him can see that he is only made of a very poor sort of clay after all.

But let us imagine Salisbury, Balfour, Matthews and Co. gone; and Gladstone, Harcourt, and T. P. O'Connor in their places. What then? Has the millennium come? Will the foul slums of London, with poverty, want, and care vanish like a "summer fog" before the rays of glorious sun? I trow not. The first two "nice old gentlemen" have a pleasant little trick of giving the lie to every promise they make in opposition directly they get into office. Workmen, have you forgotten how these great and good Liberals behaved when they were last in power? Peace, retrenchment, and reform was written on their banners when they went to the polls. How did they fulfil their promises? Two bloody, useless, and cruel wars—in Egypt and the Soudan; heavier and heavier taxes after, to pay for these massacres; and brutal and shameful coercion in Ireland.

"O, but they have reformed since." Have they, my dear simple friend? Have you forgotten Trafalgar Square and "our admirable police"? What a splendid Home Secretary would be our dear friend Tay Pay O'Connor! He is so fond of "free speech" in his own paper. Please ask Mr. Massingham, the late sub-editor of the Star.

If there is any one so simple as to believe in the electioneering lies with which the country will soon be flooded, he will soon be undeceived. The next Liberal Government will do what the last Liberal Government did—copy the Tories who were in office before. Neither of the great gangs of political impostors are worth a single vote or a single cheer. Nor is it by forming a "Labour Party" headed by gentlemen who are only humble imitators of these great professors of political fraud and dodgery, that the workman will improve his position; but by making a clean sweep of all political humbugs and tricksters. The only reform of the present rotten system of wholesale fraud and robbery is its complete destruction. The people must free themselves from the tyranny of landlord and capitalist, even if they have to wring the necks of these noxious vermin in the process, and the best reformer for the House of Commons would be a modern Guy Fawkes.

Here are two paragraphs from last Sunday's Dispatch, with the "common"—far too common—headline, "Sad Case of Starvation." Elizabeth Bryant, a widow, aged sixty-three, lately living at 29 Ben-Jonson Road, Mile-end, has died of hunger in a Christian land, and the inquest took place last Saturday. Henry Bryant, her son, who gave evidence, said his father died in the workhouse infirmary in February, 1889. His mother had been ill for a long time, and quite unable to get out lately. For nearly twelve months the deceased had lived on tea and dry toast. She had applied to the parish for out-door relief, which they had refused, but offered her the "house." Henry Bryant also applied, but without result. The poor old woman then ill in bed made shirts, but could not earn more than 4d. a-day. The son had been paralysed for five years, and had been unable to get work. The

landlady of the house said the son used to go out looking for work every day. A juryman asked if it was true that the woman was refused out-door relief, and the coroner replied: "Yes, I am afraid it is. There seems a great objection to giving out-door relief." The doctor stated that "the cause of death was syncope from want of food," and the jury returned a verdict of death from starvation. They also said the son was not to blame, though some thought the parish authorities were. Another victim of society. Elizabeth Bryant may sleep peacefully, undisturbed by the pangs of hunger, in "a pauper's grave."

And now comes the next paragraph—Sale of Old Masters: Extraordinary Prices." In the afternoon of last Saturday, just after the inquest was held, they were selling pictures at Christie's, in King Street, St. James's. Here are the "extraordinary prices" given for these old masters, "late the property of the 12th Duke of Somerset": "Lord A. Hamilton," in blue silk Vandyck dress, in an oval, by T. Gainsborough, R.A., 4,200 gs. (Agnew). This was put up at 1,000 gs., and at the bid of 4,000 gs. the auctioneer, amid laughter, observed that it was like giving it away at that price. "Alexander, Duke of Hamilton," in black Vandyck dress, in an oval, by the same master, 1,500 gs. (Agnew); "A Lady with Powdered Hair," by J. Hoppner, R.A., 1,500 gs. (Agnew); "The Fairy Farm," a *chef-d'œuvre* of the rare master, Paul Potter (19½ in. by 24½ in.), signed, and dated 1646, 5,800 gs. (Agnew).

Think a moment of these scenes. They should teach you more than pages of Socialist articles. On the one hand, the poor, starved, paralysed workman, telling his sad story before the coroner; and on the other side, an auction-room, crowded with rich idlers and their parasites, ringing with riotous laughter at the "wit" of the auctioneer. The poor woman who died was a hard-working woman. Even when ill, when actually dying of hunger, she still, though feeble and helpless, tried to make shirts, and "could not earn more than 4d. a-day." Perhaps among the gang of idlers at Christie's was the very sweeter who batted upon her starvation. The West feasts luxuriously upon the plunder wrung from the starving East. Enormous fortunes are made out of the misery, the degradation and starvation of people like this poor woman and her son. How much longer will the workers bear it so patiently? The laughter of the thievish idlers sounds devilish, as we hear the moan of those who die of hunger to supply these "gentlemen" with the pleasures and luxury they enjoy, including old masters worth thousands of guineas.

D. N.

SCENES FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

V.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PEOPLE.

The morning of October the 6th is dull and gloomy, the rain still falling in drizzling showers as the people wander in straggling crowds around the chateau, wondering enviously at the magnificence which surrounds them. Some of them find a gate open, and curiously enter the outer court of the chateau. Here they catch sight of a Body-guard at one of the windows, and some mutual compliments are interchanged, till the Body-guard losing his temper fires and wounds one of them. The crowd enraged rush upon the gates of the inner court, and are fired upon by other Body-guards. A Parisian National Guard, the son of a saddler, falls slain upon the pavement. With a yell of fury the people throw themselves upon the gates, which give way. They burst into the inner, or marble court, and rush up the grand staircase into the palace. Resistance is vain against this torrent of furious men and women. Two Body-guards, who endeavour to resist, are struck down and massacred by a hundred pikes; the others fly panic-stricken towards the Queen's apartments, who, terrified by the tumult and half-dressed, runs for refuge to the King. But many of the Body-guards have also fled here, followed by the people, who are now thundering with axes and hammers against the door of the *Œil de-Bœuf*, a large hall where the Court was held, and which stood between the crowd and the King's apartments. Here a frightened crowd of courtiers and Body-guards have gathered, and they are heaping the furniture of the hall against the door, which already threatens to give way.

But just as the tumult is at its height, and the door seems yielding beneath the storm of blows which falls upon it, the tumult dies away and the steady tramp of military men is heard advancing. It is the French Guards, who have been stationed in the guard-rooms of the palace by Lafayette on the preceding night, and who have at once marched to the rescue of the Court. The palace is quickly cleared by these stout soldiers, who drive the crowd from its corridors into the courts outside. In the marble court they rescue a Body-guard from the hands of the frenzied crowd, who had dragged him down to kill him beside the body of the murdered National Guard. There lie the headless corpses of two Body-guards, struck down when the people entered the palace; their heads are now borne aloft on pikes among the multitude.

The marble court is now filled by a tumultuous sea of men and women roaring and surging against the stone walls of the chateau. The King appears upon the balcony with Lafayette, and is greeted with loud cheers and cries of "Live the King!" "Live the Nation!" and also "The King to Paris!" Voices then are heard calling for the Queen. She shrinks back for a time, for she knows how great is the unpopu-

larity she has brought upon herself by her hatred of the people and her continual intrigues against them. But the cries are becoming more pressing, and Lafayette advising her to comply and offering to accompany her, she steps up the balcony with him. Arriving there he kneels down and kisses her hand, which action is greeted by a burst of applause from the crowd. The people, who still foolishly believed in Lafayette, thought that by this action he pledged himself for the Queen's future good faith towards them. But Lafayette really had very little more love for the people than the Queen—though he had cunning enough to conceal his real feelings—so any pledges on his part for her good behaviour were of very little value. It had, however, the effect that was intended, and rendered her journey from Versailles to Paris perfectly safe.

Now it only remained for the Body-guards to go through the same mockery, and to give a lying adhesion to the popular cause. In their heart of hearts these bitter Royalists would willingly exterminate the whole of the "vile rabble" who crowd the courts of the chateau; but it would not be politic just now to give utterance to their real sentiments. So Lafayette goes through the farce of presenting their captain, decorated with a tri-colour cockade, to the multitude; while at the same time the captain takes the National oath, and declares that he will be faithful to the King, the Nation, and the Constitution, intending all the time to break his word at the first opportunity. The rest of the Body-guards go through the same hypocritical farce under the able directorship of Lafayette. The simple-hearted people, thinking as they always do "that men are honest that but seem to be so," receives all this humbug with loud applause. But the people have not forgotten why the women came to Versailles, amid shouts of "Live the King!" and the cries grow louder and louder of "The King to Paris!" At last the King comes and announces that he will go with his wife and children. The popular host is overwhelming, it is impossible to hold back any longer. The King's decision is received with a hurricane of applause; muskets and artillery are discharged wildly in the air, and the people think that the reign of happiness has really arrived.

On receiving the news that the King has decided to go, the National Assembly decrees that it is inseparable from his Majesty, and will follow him to Paris. A hundred members are appointed as a deputation to accompany him on his journey. At one o'clock the King and his family enter their carriage and the procession starts, but they do not arrive at Paris till nine in the evening, the procession being so large and moving so slowly.

But now let us glance at Paris, which has passed a night of alarm; the streets illuminated, filled with patrols, and traversed by deputations from the districts; Louison Chabray, the half-hanged spokeswoman, arrives there at two o'clock in the morning; at four, Maillard comes bearing the decrees sanctioned by the King and the National Assembly; at eight o'clock a letter arrives from Lafayette. This is followed by a placard from the *Hôtel de Ville*, announcing that all is going well, and several hours afterwards a second placard announces the coming of the King to Paris. But the first arrival is that of a band of men bearing on pikes the heads of the two Body-guards. The authorities, however, take care that the Parisians shall not be alarmed by these unexpected phenomena. The band is dispersed, and its trophies seized at the gates of the city.

But now the curious Parisians throng the roads to meet the royal procession, a procession truly royal since it celebrates one of the first triumphs of the common people. Through the eyes of those who gazed upon it that day we still see this rude march of the triumphant populace. The advance guard is in sight; it is composed of troops and artillery, mingled with men and women mounted on carts, hackney coaches, and cannon; other women tramp joyously along covered from head to foot in tri-colour ribbon; mingled with these are women with green poplar branches; leaves too are borne triumphantly on bayonets. Then come fifty or sixty carts of grain taken from the stores at Versailles. Behind is the royal carriage, accompanied by mounted Nationals. This is followed by carriages containing a deputation from the Municipality and a hundred members from the Assembly. In the rear of these are National Guards, fusiliers, grenadiers, and cannon mingled in wild confusion with women, Body-guards, soldiers of the Flanders regiment, and the hundred Swiss, who march in good order. The march is closed with grain carts. As to the people, men and women sweep gaily from one part of the procession to the other; they are everywhere. The whole mass is filled with mad gaiety; the air rings with song. "Courage, friends!" sing the women, as they dance covered with tri-colour ribbon around the royal carriage; "we shall not want bread any more, we are bringing you the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy!" As they sing they point to the King, Queen, and the Dauphin, who are nothing more to them than providers of bread for the people. Perhaps they thought that as his most gracious Majesty's father, Louis XV., had made a considerable amount of money by buying up corn and holding it back from the market in time of famine, his son might undo the evil by feeding the starving poor. But though kings and monopolists can grind a people down to the lowest depths of hunger and desperation, they seem powerless to relieve the misery they have caused.

Thus the people marched into Paris that dark wet October evening, bringing the King in triumph with them, and hurling into hopeless ruin the plots of the conspirators of Versailles. His Majesty may now repose in the Tuileries, where conspirators may plot, but they will be well watched. Moderate persons are greatly shocked, some so much so that their health is injured; they want to retire from the National Assembly for change of air. The Constitutional party, which

wished to imitate the English Constitution, is very eager to get away with its leaders, President Mounier, Lally, Tollendal, and others. The lovers of royal despotism fled on the fall of the Bastille; the Moderates follow them in their emigration; nobles, clergy, and deputies pour in thousands across the frontier. They will linger there and plot and plot till the term "emigrant" becomes hateful in France. In this case it is the right people who are going, and though they fly they cannot take their property with them. So France bears their flight with tolerable composure.

Thus the women of Paris conquered and overthrew the traitors who plotted their murder by famine and sword. It would be well if the women of all nations had the same spirit and courage.

D. J. NICOLL.

(The following is a complete list of articles which have appeared in the 'Commonweal' on the French Revolution during 1889-90—
 "Storming the Bastille," No. 133, July 13th; "Foulon to the Lanterne," No. 184, July 20th; "The Chateaux in Flames," Nos. 187 and 188, Aug. 10th and 17th.—"The Men of the Revolution"—1. Mirabeau and Robespierre; 2. Danton and Marat; Nos. 203 and 204, Nov. 30th and Dec. 7th.—"Scenes from the French Revolution"—1. Paris after the Fall of the Bastille—The Veto; 2. The Black Cockades; 3. The Revolt of the Women; 4. The Women at Versailles—have appeared in Nos. 208, 214, 232, and 233; January 4th, February 15th, June 21, and June 28. All these Numbers can still be had.)

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Miners.

The miners have turned out in splendid force at their annual demonstrations this year—notably at Barnsley and Southport, where 40,000 men and 70,000 men demonstrated. The speeches at these demonstrations were of a sturdy character. Mr. Pickard, M.P., in speaking on the miners' Eight Hours Bill at Barnsley, said that—

"If the Bill was voted out by a strong majority, his hearers would know what course would be pursued in January next. They would not have to wait till the 1st of May. Their course was plain; whether they laid the pits idle and stagnated trade or not, all tools would be lifted on the 1st of January unless they got the eight hours system legalised by Act of Parliament—(loud cheers). There were pamphlets going round London now asking what would be the price of coal next winter—(laughter). If the miners of the country 'played' for some time, he did not know what the price of coal in London would be, but he imagined the railway and shipping companies would find themselves crippled for want of fuel."

We can fancy that an ordinary middle-class politician must have ejaculated, on reading this speech, in horror-stricken tones, "Why, this is quite unconstitutional!" Well, my respectable middle-class friend, you told them "to get it by their own action," and if they take your advice you surely cannot complain. Of course it is quite possible, if there is no coal and no work in London next January, there may possibly be "dangerous mobs," who will make short work of all respectable middle-class people; but you are not the first man whose own medicine has disagreed with him. Talking of "dangerous mobs," according to the *Labour Tribune*, the "respectable people" of Southport were very much alarmed at the invasion of the town by the miners. Says that paper: "A great many people had an idea that colliers are a kind of wild species of humanity, that, if let loose in a town like Southport, would destroy all their trees and flowers, fight and almost kill each other, and that the inhabitants would be in danger of their lives all the time the colliers were in the town. A good many of these old fogies left the town on Friday." Despite this alarm, however, nothing serious occurred. We are glad these people fear the miners. After all, there is more hope for the workers in these huge processions of stalwart marching men than all the palaver of parliamentary quacks and humbugs. The miners will get the eight hour day because they are prepared to take it. When will other workers learn that they have also the same power to force the middle classes into compliance with their demands? They have only to cease working in every factory and workshop, on land, railways, and in the mines, to bring their masters to their knees and force them to surrender.

Spies at Postmen's Meetings.

The atmosphere was sultry for spies at the postmen's meeting on Sunday. One of these people received a severe thrashing with thick sticks, and would have been chucked into the Serpentine if it had not been for the interference of the police, who have a natural sympathy with this kind of vermin. Two other spies were also thrashed without mercy. Through the exertions of these spies, these mean cowards, who to carry favour with the post-office tyrants go sneaking about at the postmen's meetings to carry tales to Mr. Raikes and other officials, thirty more men have been reported to the Postmaster-General for attending a meeting in Finsbury Park. It is, therefore, clearly time that this spy business was stopped. So the postmen think; and we hope in future when they get hold of a spy that they will render him incapable of spying for several weeks afterwards. We want to know what the union is going to do about these men who have been "reported." Do the officers of the Postmen's Union mean to allow them to be disgraced and suspended without endeavouring to save them? We suppose they will have some more questions asked about it in Parliament. No doubt. But is it not time something else was done? The questions in Parliament have not "reinstated" those poor fellows who have been "suspended," and it is quite certain they will do as little for the thirty men who are now called upon to "explain their conduct." But, perhaps, if the Postmaster-General knew that if these thirty men were "punished" all the postmen in London would turn out on strike, he might possibly leave them alone. How long do the officers of the Postmen's Union think their body will hold together if that old tyrant Raikes is to disgrace and suspend men at his pleasure? Surely a union ought to protect its members against this odious tyranny, or it cannot be worth much!

The Police.

There is little to report about the police this week. Their petition asking that their delegates might be allowed to meet at Bow Street has been contemptuously rejected by the Chief Commissioner, and as might have been expected the cowardly curs bear this rebuff with a tame and slavish submission. Bullies are always cowards.

International Labour League and Federation.

The above organisation announces that a Special Delegate Meeting will be held on Saturday, July 12th, at 4 p.m., at Christ Church Hall, Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, E. All organisations interested in the spreading of international combination are hereby invited to affiliate with this organisation, by sending duly-instructed delegates to attend this meeting. The Executive Committee send us also the following statement: "A special delegate meeting, with the same object, which was convened by the International Labour League and Federation, took place on June 7th, at the East Finsbury Radical Club, City Road. Thirty-five organisations were represented by sixty delegates from all parts of London; but as many of the delegates declared they had no definite instructions, and as another delegate meeting with a similar purpose was to be held on June 22nd, called by the Central Committee for a Legal Eight Hours' Day, it was proposed to delay any decision for a few weeks, so that the different organisations interested in the matter might have time to consider the position to be taken by them. The delegate meeting of the Central Committee has been held, and it was decided to found a new political labour party, while the International Labour League and Federation is to be a purely social-economical organisation, whose objects are the national and international emancipation of labour. Four labour electoral parties being already in existence, there seems to be no need for a new fifth one. On the other hand, a strong social-economical organisation, which has for its object the fighting out the struggle between Labour and Capital by all practicable means, is a sure and sound basis for uniting all the different sections of advanced labour."

All communications may be sent to the honorary secretaries—Ferdinand Gilles, 26 Robert Street, Hampstead Road, N.W.; F. Verhoeven, 9 Nelson Street, Hackney Road, N.E.

It appears that the meeting of the "Central Committee"—i.e., the Aveling "Labour Party"—held at Vauxhall on June 22nd, was mainly composed of Radical clubs and the Gas-stokers' Union, with a few independent organisations. As it is well known that the Radical clubs and the gas-workers are entirely under the influence of the Aveling "Labour Party," who succeeded in carrying their political resolution concerning a legal eight hour day. There were seventy delegates present, and yet the Aveling "Labour Party" majority (!) only consisted of 37 delegates against the 12 delegates who voted against their electioneering humbug. Most of the independent delegates who were present abstained from voting, as they had no instructions.

We hope all workmen's organisations will attend the delegate meeting of the International Labour League and Federation, which is not under the control of middle-class political wirepullers, but is entirely composed of working men.

Another Trade Union Victory.

We are glad to hear that the National Press Agency will, after July 1st, be conducted "strictly in accordance with the rules and customs of the trade, none but trade-unionists being employed." This is an important victory for the London Society of Compositors, as the chapel consists of upwards of a hundred journeymen. It is suggested that the proprietors of the *Times*, the *Globe*, and the *People* might copy this excellent example. It is worth remembering that these respectable Tory publications are printed at rat houses, noted for sweating their men, the *Globe* and the *People* being especially remarkable for the low wages paid. It is only what might be expected from the advocates of despotism and shameless tyranny. Workmen do not read the *Globe* and the *Times*, so anything I may say here will not affect their circulation; but every workman who reads this, ought to do his best to get his comrades to boycott that miserable rag the *People*. Shun it as if rat labour had infected it with poison.

Lock-out of Gas-workers at Leeds.

The gas-workers are locked-out at Leeds. On Tuesday 200 police escorted some blacklegs into the works; but they had such a warm reception with sticks, stones, and bottles, that when they were inside they doubted whether their lives would be safe, and so came out again. A telegram just arrived says that there are 2,000 police and soldiers, horse and foot, in the town, and that the place is in darkness. N.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PEOPLE.—We have heard it asked, Why Parliament throws no light on this question of the Working Classes, and the condition and disposition they are in? Truly, to a remote observer of Parliamentary procedure it seems surprising, especially in late Reformed times, to see what space this question occupies in the Debates of the Nation. Can any other business whatsoever be so pressing on legislators? A Reformed Parliament, one would think, should enquire into popular discontents before they get the length of pikes and torches.—*Carlyle: 'Chartism.'*

The doctrine of hell is now only for the poor, the ragged, the ignorant. Well-dressed people won't have it. Nobody goes to hell in a carriage—they foot it. Hell is for strangers and tramps. No soul leaves a brown-stone front for hell—they start from the tenements, from jails and reformatories. In other words, hell is for the poor. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to get into heaven, or for a rich man to get into hell. The ministers stand by their supporters. Their salaries are paid by the well-to-do, and they can hardly afford to send the subscribers to hell.—*Ingersoll.*

NOTICE.

In Next Week's Issue there will be a Special Article by Frank Kit, entitled,

"THE GREAT LAND THIEVES."

Branches and Newsagents are asked to send in their orders early.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will be held on Friday, July 11th, at 8.30 p.m., at the Hall of the Hammersmith Branch, Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W. Special meeting; important business. All members interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.

Correction.—The Committee composed of delegates of the S.L. and Group Autonomie, appointed at the request of the Group Autonomie to enquire into the allegation made against J. Peukert in the *Weal*, have at their last sitting come to the conclusion that there is no proof to hand to justify the allegations made, and the delegates of the S.L. therefore drew up and signed the following resolution, "Seeing that there was no proof to hand actually incriminating J. Peukert as a police spy, we express regret that a statement to that effect ever appeared in the *Weal*."—THE COMMITTEE.

Notice.—The Branches and Allied Societies willing to share in the convocation of the Conference of August 3rd, are requested to answer the convening circulars at once.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1890:—Leicester and North Kensington, to end of April. Glasgow, Oxford, Hammersmith, North London, East London, 'Commonweal' Branch, Manchester, and Norwich, to end of May. Streatham, to end of December.

(Branch Secretaries will please send with remittances the number of their membership.)

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, June 23rd, 3s. 4d.; June 30th, 7s. 9d.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—A. H., (Norwich), 5s.; P. Webb, 1s.; Andrews, 6d.; H. R., 2s.; Collection at Berner Street, 2s. 2d.; S., 6d.; D. Nicoll, 1s.; 'Commonweal' Branch, 8s. 4d.; B. W., 1s.; Hammersmith Branch, 4s.; and Glasgow Branch, 5s.

REPORTS.

EAST LONDON.—A splendid meeting was held at Union Street, addressed by comrades Leggatt and Mrs. Lahr; 27 *Commonweal* sold, and 2s. 11½d. collected for propaganda. At Hoxton Church on Sunday morning a good meeting was held, when Brookes and Miss Lupton spoke to a good audience, assisted by comrade Moore from Norwich, who has migrated to London, owing to the strike in the shoe trade; fair sale of *Commonweal*. At Victoria Park in the afternoon, despite the strains of two brass bands, we got together a splendid audience by means of the revolutionary songs sang by Mrs. Morgan. The people were then addressed by Miss Lupton, Mrs. Lahr, Davis, Brookes, and Leggatt. Our *Commonweals* and *Freedom*s sold out; 2s. 6d. collected for "Anarchist Labour Leaf."

NORTH LONDON.—Our meeting at Regent's Park was a success; Cantwell, Nicoll, Mrs. Schack, and Edwards spoke; 45 *Commonweal*, 12 'Chicago Speeches' and 14 other pamphlets sold; 4s. 11d. collected. In Hyde Park we held a meeting Sunday afternoon, at which Cantwell and Parker were the speakers, and with the help of the comrades present we sang "Hark the Battle Cry" and the "Hymn of the Proletariat;" both songs well received by audience.

ABERDEEN.—On Saturday afternoon the Branch held its first annual picnic at Muchalls (never mind trying to pronounce it!), a village twelve miles south from Aberdeen, and famous for its rock scenery, botanical specimens, and exorbitant hotel charges. Going out in the train we roused the neighbourhood by the singing of Glasier's "Marching on to Liberty," Nicoll's "Marseillaise," "No Master," and a host of others. The day turned out wet; but we secured a barn, and, having stowed away a string-band of five in an exalted place, we "chased the glowing hours with flying feet." Solos and concerted songs were again sung; outside we had football and a ladies' race in spite of the wet; I should be afraid to say how much tea and other liquors was drunk; and while waiting for the train at the station amid a large crowd, we showed them that the Salvation Army does not possess a monopoly of singing power. Other work well sustained during past fortnight.—L.

BRAINTREE.—Last Saturday Fuller and Blundell (London) addressed good meeting in Market Place; *Weal* went well, and a good many leaflets distributed. Sunday morning we broke new ground at Halstead, a village some six or seven miles from Baintree. Things look very encouraging here, and if well worked we should soon have very strong branch. Fuller opened meeting, and introduced London comrade, who spoke to them for an hour and a quarter; literature and leaflets were much asked for. Left here for Baintree Market Place, and held another rattling meeting in the afternoon. Our comrade from London here spoke at some length on the "Shams and Frauds of Commercialism," to the evident satisfaction of the Baintree workers, who showed their appreciation by contributing to the box and buying *Weals* and pamphlets. 52 *Weals* sold and 5s. 4d. collected.—F.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening we held our first meeting at Bridgton Cross, the centre of one of the most populous factory districts in the city. Comrades of the S.D.F. and Christian Socialists acted jointly with us. There was a good audience of working people, who listened most attentively to our speakers—McNaughton (S.D.F.), Glasier, Joe and Tim Burgoyne. At the close quite a number of questions were put, and it was evident from some of them that we will be kept lively at this station with opposition from Tories and their allies. On Sunday evening, Joe Burgoyne and Glasier spoke at Paisley Road Toll.

LEEDS.—On Saturday evening last, Solitt and Samuels addressed a good though rather noisy meeting on Woodhouse Moor. On Sunday morning, good meeting on Hunslet Moor; Maguire and Samuels spoke. In the Market, in the afternoon, a mass meeting was held to call attention to the gas-workers' position regarding the strike; about six thousand present; Thorne, of London, and several of the Leeds Socialists spoke; 11s. 6d. worth of S.L. literature was sold. In the evening, at the Vicars Croft, another good meeting was held; speakers Sweeney, Maguire, Samuels, Roper; *Commonweal* and *Freedom* sold out, and 3s. 3d. collected. The quarterly business meeting was held afterwards in the club, when we arranged for a more active propaganda and made several new members.—H. S.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—We held a very successful meeting on the Meadows on Sunday; comrades Davidson, Smith, and Hamilton spoke.—W. D. T.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

ROCHDALE SOCIALISTS.—Meetings held every evening at 28 Blackwater Street, Rochdale.

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB.—Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Open-air meetings held every Sunday—Sneinton Market at 11, and Great Market Place at 7.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buterx, 45, Inwhit Street, Battersea Park Road.

Commonweal Branch.—24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. Tuesdays, Singing Practice. Thursdays, Business meeting. Saturdays, Social Gathering. **East London.** A Meeting of members will be held at 12 Basing Place, Kingsland Road, on Sunday July 6th. The position of the *Commonweal* will be discussed.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday July 6, at 8 p.m., a Lecture. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. The branch Band meets every Friday at 8 p.m. for practice. Comrades wishing to join to give in their names to the instructor at the above address.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Streatham.—Address secretary, R. Smith, 1 Natal Road, Streatham.

Whitechapel and St. Georges-in-the-East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Hall, 9 Harriet Street, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, Mondays at 8 p.m.

Braintree.—Meetings held alternate Saturdays, at 8 p.m., and Sundays, 11 and 2.30, at the fountain, Market Place. Business meetings, Wednesdays at 8. All communications to W. Fuller, 74 Manor Street.

Glasgow.—Members are invited to meet on Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the Secretary's house, 250 Crown Street, S.S. All communications to be sent to that address.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m.

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blunk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30. Open-air meetings are held as follows:—Sunday: Monolith, at 11.30; College Yard, Rotherham, at 3; Westbar Pump, at 8. Monday: The Cross, at 7; Handsworth Woodhouse, at 7. Wednesday: Corner of Nursery Street, at 7.30. Thursday: Corner of Bramall Lane and Hereford Street, at 7.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Elocution Class Friday at 6.30 p.m. Discussion Class Sunday 3 p.m.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 5.

7 Hyde Park Nicoll
7 Mile-end Waste Brookes and Leggatt

SUNDAY 6.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street Turner and Blundell
11 Latimer Road Station North Kensington Branch
11.30 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
11.30 Hoxton Church Leggatt and Moore
11.30 Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn Lane Mainwaring
11.30 New Cut—Short Street Wright, Miss Lupton, and Buckeridge
11.30 Regent's Park Mrs. Lahr
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Miss Lupton
3.30 Victoria Park Mrs. Lahr
7 Hammersmith Bridge Hammersmith Branch
7 Wormwood Scrubs North Kensington Branch
8 Walham Green—back of Church Hammersmith Branch

WEDNESDAY 9.

8 New Cut—Short Street Wright and Presburg
8 Newport Market Blundell and Mowbray

THURSDAY 10.

8 Camden Town—Cobden Statue Nicoll and Cantwell

FRIDAY 11.

8.15 Hoxton Church Kitz

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square at 11 a.m.; Humberstone Gate, at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Phillips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8—addressed by C. W. Mowbray (London). Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Bradwell, 11.30; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of United Socialist Bodies of London to Epping Forest (Robin Hood) will take place on Sunday, July 20.

NEW MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Soho, W.—Lectures discontinued until August. Public Meeting on Sunday July 6, at 8.30 p.m. Speeches by members.

SOUTH LONDON.—All Revolutionary Socialists in South London willing to form a Branch of the S. L. are requested to give their names to W. Wright at the open-air meetings at Short Street, New Cut, on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting every Friday at 8 o'clock. Communications, etc., to be addressed there. Meeting at foot of Leith Walk, Sunday at 3 p.m., and on the Meadows, at 6 p.m.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

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