

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

Why are you out of work?

Rich people say—because you are an idler. But you know that this is one of their pious lies.

Politicians, lawyers and landlords say—because there is OVERPRODUCTION—too much of everything—or because there is OVERPOPULATION. But all these are A SET OF LIES, only to divert your attention from the real cause.

There are not too many workers in the land, but TOO MANY PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON THE LABOURERS' BACKS; too many drones in the bee-hive.

There is no over-production, but UNDER-PRODUCTION.

Is there too much bread in this country? Have we it cheaper than in other countries? Not at all.

Is there too much meat? Is it sold at a few farthings a pound, and yet finds no buyers? No, its price goes up every year.

Too much coal, perhaps—so that our wives don't know how to get rid of it?

Too many cheap houses for the working men?

Too much clothing in working men's dwellings? Too many cottons? Too many blankets for our little ones?

There is nothing of the sort. Bread, meat, coal, cottons, blankets—everything is too dear for the working man. He cannot buy with his scanty wages what he wants of bread and other things!

Everything grows dearer every year.

Every year there are in the shops more luxuries for the idle gentry, and less necessities for those who work with their hands.

Why is it so?

SIXTEEN MILLION ACRES OF GOOD, ARABLE LAND REMAIN IDLE IN GREAT BRITAIN, while wheat, meat, butter, cheese, eggs, are imported from other lands. WHY SHOULD WE NOT GROW THEM AT HOME?

TWO MILLION ENGLISHMEN AND SCOTCHMEN LIVE IN ABOMINABLE SLUMS. Why should we not build cheap houses for them? Why should not the cities themselves begin that building at once?

Why should miners be idle, and scoundrelly mine-owners raise the price of coal at will? Why should not the miners have the mines, and work them for the benefit of the working men?

The land, the mines, the town lands, the quarries—everything is now owned by the rich, and the rich don't want that we, common workers, should earn an honest living. They are afraid we shall become too independent, if we don't starve from time to time.

If all the English working men died of starvation, the rich Englishman wouldn't care a straw. They have plenty of Blacks in Africa, plenty of starving peasants in Egypt, in Turkey, in China—everywhere—who will work for them on the land or in the factories, for a few pence a day. There, in those foreign lands, they invest their capital, WHICH THEY HAVE SWEATED OUT OF US HERE. It pays them better to build railways, gun-factories, cotton-mills all over the world, and to keep the land of England for their pleasure, WHILE WE STARVE UNEMPLOYED.

ENOUGH OF THAT!

We must take and manage that land, those mines, those town-lands! THEY ARE OURS, AND NOBODY ELSE'S. We want that land, those mines, those factories—not to keep them idle, but to get out of them what we, the whole nation, want for our living.

Let all unemployed working men come together in every town. Let us all see what there is to be done.

Then let us go in a mass, to our Urban and County Councils, and make them understand it is food we need at once, then work.

NO SO-CALLED RELIEF WORK, NO WORK FOR CHARITY, BUT REAL WORK, USEFUL WORK.

But you will, perhaps, say: "What is the use of going to these Councils, they have no power to give us food or work; it is only the 'relieving officer,' under the Boards of Guardians, who can grant relief." And rightly you prefer to starve rather than submit to the humiliations, the indignities and degradations imposed by these upon applicants for food. It is quite true that the "Government" has been very careful not to give much *real power* to these local bodies. Local administrative work is for the most part all these councils perform, but your going to them will—nay, has already—forced them to apply to Parliament for greater scope, and in the meantime it will force them to hurry on those works which were only delayed through negligence.

Those of you who are members of Trade Unions should raise the question at your meetings. If there is a move being made in the matter through the local "Trades Council," try to see that your delegate gives it his support. If nothing is being done, instruct your delegate to raise the question of sending deputations from the Trade Societies to these local authorities, and if possible call public meetings, where all those interested can discuss the matter. For remember this question affects *all* wage earners!

Those unemployed to-day may get work to-morrow, displacing those now at work, often at reduced wages. Then, too, even if wages are maintained, it is only by the depletion of the funds of your Union, in support of its members out of work. Thus weakened it is unable to try again to improve working conditions for a long while.

All this time we see, too, more and more every year, of countrymen driven to the towns to compete with the workers already there, making things worse. And to think that all this misery is forced on you, when your past work has created all the wealth in the country! The agricultural labourer has ploughed and sown, and gathered the harvest, tended the cattle and sheep, only to see them sold to enable the farmer to pay the rent to the landlord and make his profit, while they had to be content with just enough wages to go on from week to week. Immediately bad weather set in, many were not wanted and had to set off to seek work in the towns. The miner has hewn the coal, the weavers woven the cloth and cotton, the tailor made the clothes, the builders built houses, and yet, somehow, all at once a large number find themselves quite unable to get enough to eat. This so called civilization is unable to secure them the necessities of life. Only by abdicating their manhood will it provide them with a voluntary prison, called the workhouse.

It, therefore, comes to this:—those who control everything use their power to enrich themselves; those who have worked cannot enjoy the fruit of their labour. Is it not possible for you to grow food, hew coal, build houses, weave cloth, make garments, and arrange the distribution and exchange of all these things without those people who live by the plunder of your labour to-day; and when they have no longer need of your services—leave you to starve? Surely it is! So first go to your local authorities and tell them that as they pretend to represent you, to at least provide you with food and work.

And if they cannot, or will not do that, then let us drive away these Good-for-Nothings, and, taking the matter into our own hands, see what we can do ourselves for our relief, by getting back for the people the land, the mines, and everything of which the nation has been robbed, by the drones under the protection of Parliament.

REVIEW OF 1902.

1902 was certainly a quiet year for the English labour movement. This is due to very special reasons—the people being hypnotized, for the last time, let us hope, by the triumph of the middle classes and aristocracy—peace after the capitalist's war and the revival of old feudalism by the Coronation. Meanwhile the rest of the world went briskly on and England—after this long spell of play—will awaken again to the reality of the struggle for life which becomes the harder, the more the climax in the development of capitalism gets nearer—after which

Signs of this awakening—the unemployed, the trade Unionist's strife against the legal means by which they are now attacked (Taff Vale) against which they curiously enough chose the policy of labour politics—new laws after experiencing how bad laws are!! instead of relying on their own power as everywhere the workers begin to do.

At the doors of England stands the Irish problem, clearer and less soluble than ever either by concessions or brutal repression.

From the other side of the Atlantic comes the trust invasion—the shipping trust—these capitalists being the real masters of the world—Cecil Rhodes now appears a man of the past, a mere infant by the side of Morgan—Rhodes dead, we would begin to breathe freely again, but the figure of Morgan arrives—and we know the rest.

This trust problem will in this way push forward the labour movement as it really destroys frontiers and nationalities from above. The same capitalist despot rules the concerns of our trade in different countries—hence the workers must also combine; the period of isolation is gone for ever.

What is good is this isolation, the comfort of feeling at home, being free and easy, keeping our individualities—this is being lost for the present—and how much of it did the working class really enjoy in the past? It will only come back again under Anarchism when peace and goodwill (of which we hear so much at this season) will really exist—the local autonomy, individuality, the desire for variation, all which makes life worth living, will have full scope—to-day all is ground down by the merciless advance of the hardest forms of exploitation which destroy the “milder” forms of exploitation—as the machine destroys handicraft.

Thus, if 1902 was a year of show and play for England—the last gigantic review of the older form of capitalism perhaps (the next one being, robbably, the coronation of the king of the Trusts of the world somewhere in America!),—this was not the case with the workers of other countries—and for these 1902 was a year of unprecedented activity. A greater and more varied list of revolts of labour against capital in so many countries is not known. They were not all of them victories, indeed the immediate success was small—but they were a real school—or series of lessons—for the labour union and shall now be briefly alluded to.

The Barcelona strike, springing up at a moment's notice, from sympathy with the stokers on strike—the whole city on strike—without previous agitation—massacre—compromise.

Spring also brought the Russian peasants revolts, larger than ever before. Repressed by brutal means, flogging to death by Cossacks. The man who ordered this, Prince Obolenski, was shot at by a workman. The Minister of the Interior, Sipyaguin, was killed by the student Balmashev (who was hanged).

Distress and the unemployed and the brutal attack by the military on the crowd brought about a momentary stoppage of all work, at Lemberg (Galicia), a town where misery and starvation are chronic.

The political strike of the Belgian miners to force the Chamber to vote universal suffrage, was a failure; the impossibility of a “respectable” strike was shown here.

Still more was this visible in Sweden where the social democrats, to get an extension of the franchise, stopped work in certain trades for three days only in Stockholm, the capital, alone. This did not even frighten a little child. They are still waiting for the franchise.

A more bitter spirit was developed in Paterson, N.J., the Italo-American industrial town where American methods of exploitation and the Italian spirit of rebellion meet; the features of this strike are known from our American notes.

In Italy, Florence tried a general strike, a strike of sympathy with locked out mechanics.

In the autumn sympathy with the tram-slaves led to an event unexpected in peaceful Switzerland, the general strike at Geneva, paralysing all industry for some days. The authorities resorted to military suppression which, if it broke the strike, succeeded in bringing the question of militarism to the front in Switzerland, a country which was so proud of her “citizen's army,” and which has now had an object lesson that all soldiers are alike. Hundreds refused to obey the call to arms, most of them socialists, and they are now being fined, but their example holds good.

The two largest strikes were the Pennsylvania miners' strike and the French miners' strike. The French strike did not succeed as it might have done if the political element had been excluded; strikes must be fought to the bitter end, the interference of politicians has always in view but their prestige, the safe maintenance of their authority before all.

The American strike, as also the French one, shows the English miners holding the key of the situation in the case of that great event to come and for which we must prepare—the international miners' strike

which means the necessary cessation of sea—and railway—traffic, consequently of the food supply in part—and the cessation of industrial work from want of coal—and the ensuing general crisis of a magnitude and character which nobody can picture to-day.

If the English miners and dockers had refused to allow coal to be exported to America and to France, the situation would have been completely changed. This they are expected to do another time—they are the connecting link between the old and the new world's labour struggle and must wake up to recognise the infinite importance of this strategical position in the labour war.

(By the way, the American workers also ought to gather from this the necessity of a closer cooperation with the European workers,—more ideas, less local self interest).

Other events were the strike of the harvest workers in Eastern Galicia,—a strike of downtrodden peasants carried on with wonderful solidarity; the new movements of the equally exploited peasants of Andalusia, the country of the “Mano Negra” police horrors—to which events of twenty years ago the present Spanish government strove to be equal by countenancing the massacre of strikers at La Linea, near Gibraltar.

A hot and fiery strike of Cubans at Habana, a revolt against the latest American methods of exploitation which this unhappy island, scarcely “freed” from universal Spanish tyranny, must now undergo; the strike of seamen at Marseilles which is still going on, seconded by movements of sympathy in kindred trades which may tend to a very extensive strike in French ports.

These are the chief events of 1902, what a great variety! How useful would it be to have them studied by competent observers who would point out the results and lessons of each event to all of us.

Such studies do not take place—in this time of struggle. All this happens almost unknown to each other. The air is so saturated with discontent and revolt and also with the new feeling of strength revolting from solidarity that explosions—like lightnings in the atmosphere full of electricity—take place, here, in a confusion mass until one flash will illumine the world at last and then the earth will be on fire, as in 1789, in 1848.

These events certainly prove the absolute failure of political methods. It is the economic struggle that alone brings labour and capital face to face, and will decide the fate of the battle. Great as is this defeat of Parliamentarianism and gratifying to the Anarchists, in so far as it proves the correctness of their criticism of politics and of their predictions of all that has happened, the imperative necessity remains for the continued activity of our propaganda. Nor must we regard Trades-unionists as being at present on the road to Anarchism, any more than we could regard as people with Anarchists tenancies all those who from sheer disgust abstain from voting. The unremitting advocacy of the pure ideal of Anarchist Communism remains our task; for the present struggle must from a struggle for class interest become a struggle for freedom to bring any real and lasting results.

THE “MANO NEGRA.”

For some months our contemporary the *Tierra y Libertad* of Madrid has been energetically trying to unearth the truth as regards the above-named organisation, and as energetically agitating for the release of the unfortunate men (some 7 or 8) who were accused and condemned as members upon false or manufactured evidence, and who, the survivors of many such victims, have been lying more or less forgotten in various Spanish prisons for the past twenty years.

The *Mano Negra*, as most of our readers are aware, was the sinister name given an agrarian and so-called anarchist secret society, formed in 1880-2 in Andalusia for the express purpose (as claimed by the prosecution) of robbery, incendiarism and assassination upon the estates of local landed proprietors. As a matter of absolute fact, such a society except in the imagination of the police and government never existed. The title “Black Hand” arose simply from the discovery one day at Villamartin of the imprint of finger marks on the face of the communal wall. The culprit may have been a passing schoolboy who in a spirit of mischief daubed his freshly inked hand several times upon the whitewash. But whether so, or whether the sign was deliberately contrived by the police, the fact remains they took it as a startling label for a lie; a lie which was eventually to cause 300 arrests, to put seven workers to death, to imprison many for life. Incidentally they may have hoped also that the lie would crush all desire for organised combination from the hearts of the Spanish peasantry, so that thenceforth the landlords of Andalusia might enjoy their riches in peace; but the events of the past few years have proved this pious hope a fallacy. The *Tierra y Libertad* has been patiently investigating documents and such direct testimony as at this distant date is procurable, with results which not only disprove the police-made evidence of the day, but which show a glaring light on the inhumanity and gross injustice that characterised the prosecution.

In 1880 the vast and fertile agricultural districts of Andalusia were, as they still remain, the property of a few wealthy owners. The peasantry subsisted, as they still do, on the miserable pittance paid them as laborers in their masters' fields, olive woods and vineyards. Burdened with taxes, half-famished, their whole existence one battle against want, a spirit of revolt developed amongst them; many at length openly declared they might as well die of hunger in their hovels as while at

work in their masters' vineyards, and put their principles to the test by striking. But insubordination was quickly punished by the gendarmerie called in for the purpose by the landed proprietors. Persecution bitterly enforced was as bitterly resented, until finally finding every appeal for fair wages and justice to be futile, the peasants placed their hopes more and more upon a change in the economic and social conditions which alone promised relief.

The old International had had its links in Spain as elsewhere, and though the government had contrived to destroy its unity and strength, it was not dead. By degrees amid the misery of the population the old spirit of solidarity and self-help revived, until in 1881 police and authorities became alive to the fact that the rural population in Andalusia was not only seething with discontent but had learnt to believe in organisation—in short that the supposed defunct International had taken a new lease of life. Renewed persecution in order to frighten the timid was the result, followed by efforts to rouse the starving peasants into acts of depredation which would give a handle for wholesale arrests and the stamping out once for all of the obnoxious International Association of Workers. The latter task seemed simpler in that although workmen's meetings were tolerated by the government, the workers in industrial centres were so harried by the police that they were often compelled to meet in private and turn their memories into minute books. This gave colour to the quickly spread police reports of illegal conclaves, secret resolutions and projected nocturnal attacks on property in rural districts. The fact that these last when they occurred were practically isolated acts, consisting of no more than the stripping of a vine or theft of a kid by a famished villager, was suppressed. The phantom of the *Mano Negra* had been evolved and the belief had to be pushed home that every such act was the work of organised bands of secret marauders more or less closely affiliated to the International. In 1881 at Barcelona and at Seville the following year a congress of the Federation of Workers was held, at each of which political action was condemned and statistics given showing there were close upon 60,000 members and an increase of 10,000 adhesions in one year. The bourgeoisie were dumbfounded, and the governor of Cadiz, a liberal, at once proclaimed that every outbreak of fire in his district, other than what was proved accidental, would be considered as incendiarism on the part of the people where it occurred, or, failing them, of the local committee of the Workers' Association, which would then be placed at the disposition of the law. It was then also that two officers of the rural gendarmerie conveniently discovered under a stone in a field, a roll of compromising papers and the secret manual of the *Mano Negra* exhorting to pillage, incendiarism and murder.

Events quickly followed under the regime of fraud and force instituted by the police; every effort being made to provoke ill-feeling among the peasants, to tempt each to speak against the other, to manufacture false charges and work them home against innocent persons. Two officials, Monforte and Oliver, of the gendarmerie, were especially zealous and successful in their role of *agents provocateurs*, their efforts being chiefly directed against members of or sympathisers with the International Association of Workers. Persons are still living who can prove being cajoled into interviews with these two men, and offered rewards to bring their friends into trouble by firing ricks, pillaging vines and so forth. In one case a deliberate ruse was laid to induce men to visit a brandy store; on their approach one was shot dead by concealed police and the others arrested and sent to penal servitude on a charge of attempted theft.

Amongst many lesser trials of the period three stand out in sharp prominence; they are the *Parrilla* trial, that of *Arcos de la Frontera*, and the *Venta Alta*, all of which occurred in 1883.

The first concerned the death of one Campos, a sectional member of the Federation, who had incurred discredit by misconduct and was finally expelled from that body. On December 4th, 1882, during a quarrel with two men, one his cousin, he was killed, and buried where he fell. The affair was quickly known, as were those concerned in it; but it was one of those opportunities the police waited for. Instantly over 100 men were arrested, for 15 of whom the public prosecutor demanded the death penalty, his contention, absolutely devoid of a shadow of truth or proof, being that the Workers' Federation was a vast secret society, with ramifications throughout the country, of which the *Mano Negra* was the most important and powerful, stress being laid on the fact that two of the accused, Ruiz and Corbacho, were respectively secretary and president of the Jerez section of the Federation, and the latter also a delegate at the Seville Congress. To bear out this legal contention the prisoners before and during trial were constantly maltreated in the hope that fear and pain combined would drag mutual accusations from their lips, while their friends in the villages were temporarily arrested and bullied with the same intention. On the termination of this trial 14 were condemned to death, of whom 7 were hung, 6 reprieved and sent to penal servitude for life, while the 14th lost his reason through ill-treatment in prison and still lies in the infirmary. Two of the arrested also died in prison before trial in consequence of inhuman treatment. Ruiz and Corbacho were amongst the martyred seven.

The *Arcos* trial also rose from a commonplace murder, if murder it was, for to this day there has been no actual proof. Like the above, the case was also manipulated by the police with the intention of proving it to be the outcome of conspiracy between federated workers and the mythic *Mano Negra*. On this occasion one Olivera Montero, a rural guard, reached home one night in a half-conscious condition and died in a few days. It was reported he had affirmed that when stooping to gather wood he had tripped over his gun and given

himself a fatal blow on the body. The police affirmed he had been assaulted and brutally kicked by members of the *Mano Negra*, who had long before suggested his joining the fraternity, and arranged for his death upon his refusal. A peasant, named Duran Gil, was arrested, denied all knowledge of the matter beyond what a brother of the deceased had told him, viz., that the death was accidental, and was then beaten and bullied until, in desperation, he suggested the villagers where Montero had lived might know the truth. The hint was acted on and a man named Dominguez arrested, each being presently informed that the other denounced him. Both were brought to trial and finally condemned, Gil to penal servitude for life in chains, and Dominguez to fifteen years seclusion; the latter died long since in prison. Gil, although a member of the Federation, had never taken an active part in its work, but he believed in the right of combination, and that sufficed to increase his guilt in the eyes of judges who not only refused to credit the deceased man's statement to his wife and physician as to the cause of his injury, since the police insisted fear made him shield the *Mano Negra* even at point of death, but concurred in the wisdom of the doctors, who refused to exhumate the dead man's body and perform an autopsy on the score of danger to the health of the community.

The *Venta Alta* affair concerned the death of the innkeeper Vasquez, who was found assassinated in March, 1883. As in the *Parrilla* case, numberless arrests were made, but the indictment was finally directed against four only: Roldan, the *pseudo*-murderer, and three other men, because they were his friends. All four were condemned to death, but were subsequently respited owing to the action of the workers of Puerto, in which township the inn stood, who protested openly that if one of the four was executed they would fire each quarter of the town. This so frightened the bourgeoisie that they petitioned the authorities at Madrid to intervene, and accordingly the death sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life in chains. Roldan soon died. On this, as on each of the other occasions, torture was resorted to as a means of extorting confession or false accusation; to the police it did not materially matter which, so long as the public could be made to believe in a *Mano Negra* and the International crushed out.

Such, in brief, is the history of the iniquitous proceedings that twenty years ago devastated innumerable Andalusian homes, breaking up whole families and sending the breadwinner to death or imprisonment. Our Spanish comrades are doing their utmost to awaken the public conscience and gain the release of the survivors of relentless police persecution. Those in France have also taken up the cudgels nobly on behalf of the injured men, and to the pages of the *Temps Nouveaux* (Nos. 27-32 of the current year) we refer our readers for many details as to police methods in Spain, as well as letters from the condemned, which we have not space to reproduce. The fact that the Spanish workers were in an excited and discontented condition at the period named is not questioned. Their lot was miserable in the extreme, and the bourgeoisie and authorities combined to keep it so. That many small pilferings occurred in and about the rich vineyards and farms is also quite possible. The hungry man has the right to satisfy his needs, all laws notwithstanding. Every country, every city has its Hooligans, therefore it may also be that here and there a band of riotous youngsters consorted together and looted on their own account. But there was no *Mano Negra* with its manual of robbery and slaughter. Monforte and Oliver were but the prototypes of our own Sheridan.

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

"It is beyond our power to alter the progress of Nature, but we can assist the order of Nature in a humane manner, and this is not done by carrying the lie—the Bible—the rifle, and the gin bottle into the ranks of savage life. We cannot alter the brain power of savage life, that is, mature life, but we can, often, do a great deal towards altering the brain power of the growing organism; for this is education, and this can only be obtained in the lower civilized communities, as well as in savage communities, by teaching the growing organisms, the laws by which they are evolved, by which they live, and the laws external to the human being. In a word, to teach man the structure and functions of his own organism, and the relation of that organism to external objects. That is religion. We must regard humanity as a universal brotherhood, as indeed it is, and to encourage each other to produce from our surroundings that condition of things which shall promote the greatest amount of possible health and happiness for every being which is born. This undoubtedly we can do. This is altruism, living for a future, higher, terrestrial condition of things. But to create disease and misery for the purpose of curing a few of the sufferers, for this is our present aim, is illogical and inhuman—but it is Christian—that is in the phase that we accept Christianity—fashionable Christianity."—From "What is Life?" By FREDERICK HOVENDEN, F.L.S., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.

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NOTES.

We print the following from *Free Society* for December 28, 1902:—

Voltairine De Cleyre.

On Friday, December 19, Voltairine de Cleyre was shot down in Philadelphia. According to newspaper reports, she was waiting for a car at Fourth and Green Sts. when approached by a man named Herman Helcher, who shot at her five times, three shots taking effect. She was taken to the Hahnemann Hospital, and for several days it was thought impossible that she could recover; but a telegram received from George Brown on Monday evening, the 22nd, states that "she will certainly recover; best attention; best conditions." Her assailant was arrested by the police, but when taken to the hospital for identification, although she recognized him as one of her pupils, to the question whether he was the man who shot her, she said: "I don't know. Does he say he did?" Newspaper reports concerning the nature of her wounds are conflicting, and we have not received detailed news from the comrades.

TRUE FREEDOM.—"True freedom," says "Marxian" (*Labour Leader*, December 6th), "consists not in adding to the links of the chain, but in abolishing the chain altogether." No Anarchist could put the case more clearly and concisely than that, and we welcome such a statement from a Social-democrat. But is it consistent with Social-democracy? Not at all. For not only does Social-democracy propose to lengthen the chain, but it regards as enemies those who say plainly they are for "abolishing it altogether." At the present moment all the energies of the I.L.P. and S.D.F. are concentrated on forging new links that they imagine will benefit the workers. That these "links" have proved "broken reeds" in the past does not seem to have taught any lesson to the Socialist politician. The capitalist, however, has learned a good deal lately, and he finds these "links," or, to give them their true name, these "laws," very useful weapons in his own case. Indeed we are inclined to think that in the future there will not be so many calls for the military and police in labour struggles, but instead the serving of writs and summonses against the unions. For whatever happens, the worker will always find he has "broken the law." And the judges will uphold their friends the capitalists, and still the workers will appeal to the law—unless they learn the lesson that "Marxian" teaches. But we must also ask "Marxian" to be logical and admit that this is Anarchism.

THE BOURNVILLE EXPERIMENT.—The employees of the firm of Cadbury have been holding their annual gathering, and the statements there made are interesting in the light of the experiments that have been made during the year.

It is well known that the garden city of Bournville has a bill of health which is simply ideal in comparison with that of Birmingham, from which it is distant only a few miles. Out of 3,500 there had been but three deaths, whilst in Birmingham amongst a similar number the deaths were 66. Is this "scientific" or "utopian?"

Another thing is specially worthy of note as showing a development in the direction of the Anarchist conception of free organization. We mean the idea of allowing the employees to make suggestions as regards the management and conduct of the firm. "Any employee, from the youngest to the oldest, could now communicate direct with the firm through the suggestion boxes." 1,000 suggestions had been made and 66 per cent. of them adopted. Fancy that, you apostles of the "rent of ability." You "superior people" will hardly relish anything so Anarchistic succeeding so well. And then the spirit of solidarity and humanitarianism that must be growing up in a community

that adopts the suggestion of the "eradication of a bad record against an employee after a period of good behaviour." Even the Fabian Society, or what is left of it, hasn't risen to this height of moral feeling.

The directors, said the chairman, desired the working people to cultivate their own personality, character and intelligence [Anarchism].

The factory system was loathsome to them since it tended to turn people into machines [State Socialism]. The lesson is worth learning.

LAW THE CRIMINAL.—That reaction always means more law and more brutality in its administration goes without saying. But we should imagine that even those who like these things have been having rather more than their fill just lately. It can be said without exaggeration that for the past few months every week has brought its murders and executions with a rythmical diastole and systole that has made life hideous.

Is it not strange that the mass of respectables who like their houses kept clean, who are so particular about their door-step, their baths and their change of linen, have no words of condemnation for the foulness of the deeds done in the name of the law—deeds that are poisoning the mind and destroying the moral fibres of our social life just as effectually as dirt and disease are killing the body. Law is the great criminal. It breathes an odour of blood and cruelty through its very nostrils. It teaches even little children who read papers that retaliation and revenge, that flogging and hanging are right and proper if done legally. So a cynical indifference to human life and human suffering is engendered.

The case of Kitty Byron and the Bootle girls, to mention no others, makes the blood boil in one's veins to think how a human being could sink to such a depth of cowardice as to assume the black cap and pronounce death on blighted, grief-stricken, helpless girls, who have themselves been sinned against, and who, surrounded by the myrmidons of the law, have all their moral suffering exposed to the ghoulis gaze of the morbid crowds who infest the courts. Yes, law is the criminal, and when that is swept from the face of the earth we shall all breathe a social atmosphere purer than anything dreamed of by that narrow-minded compact majority of respectables whose views of life and responsibility are bounded by their door-steps.

CONCENTRATION CAMPS AT HOME.—The eviction of the miners at Denaby Main is an instance of "law and order," which no self-respecting person calling himself "English" can ever wish to see repeated. The wild beasts in human shape, belonging to the genus *Penrhyn*, who are inflicting these atrocities on the unfortunate miners on strike, have no complaint against the men except that they are strikers. Yet the mine-owners, with their bellies well filled and their bodies well clothed, know well enough the suffering their action will bring on the women and the poor little children, who are being huddled into "concentration camps" of a kind, with the fear in some quarters "lest sickness should supervene, owing to overcrowding."

The report says, "Not the slightest disturbance took place, and the proceedings were watched by a quiet crowd." A "quiet crowd" indeed! Then where are the noisy crowds who shouted for the blood of the Boers because a few Englishmen hadn't a vote in Johannesburg? Where are the "maffickers" with their grand patriotism, and what do they say to this treatment of Englishmen in their "own" country where they "never will be slaves"? Now let us have a demonstration for these victims of English law in England. Let us have the collection boxes out to help feed and clothe these sufferers in the cause of the rights of labour. Do the maffickers agree? They haven't even thought about it. There's the trouble. Yet we recall the verse of a Socialist song that used to be sung in halls and at street corners to which they might have listened with advantage:—

Keep clear of the poison of the press,
Let your grand old misleaders alone,
It will pay you for your pains to educate your brains
And do a little thinking of your own.

We very much regret to say that the delay in the appearance of the January number of the paper is due to the serious illness of comrade Cantwell, who is entirely incapacitated from working on the paper. We hope soon to have the work of the paper reorganised.

Will comrades who have not received *Free Society*, and whose subscriptions hold good, kindly communicate with *Freedom*, 127, Ossulston Street, N.W.?

In future all money and postal orders should be made payable to J. Turner, 127, Ossulston Street, London, N.W.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST, by P. Kropotkin, is a work valuable to every propagandist and is worth circulating as widely as possible. American edition (in one vol.) for sale, post free 8/4.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS. Their speeches in Court and the record of their trial, with the reasons given by Governor Altgeld for pardoning Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe; price 1 shilling. Spies speech in pamphlet form, 1d.

LITERARY NOTES.

"WHAT IS PROPERTY?" P. J. PROUDHON. Translated from the French by B. R. TUCKER. London: W. REEVES, 83, Charing Cross Road.

This remarkable work of Proudhon is composed of two separate memoirs on property. The first memoir was published three years ago and in due time we gave an account of its great merits; besides our comrade, W. Tcherkesov, in his "Precursors of the International," devoted two special chapters to Proudhon and his ideas. Now we can here only report that among all Proudhon's numerous works "What is Property?" is the most original, daring and brilliant. Its apparition rendered Proudhon's name popular not only among his French contemporaries, but over the whole world. And it was quite natural as the work is so strikingly original and is written in such brilliant style that even now, after half a century from its publication, the book reads as a novelty, which provokes endless questions and thoughts.

The translation is admirably done by Proudhon's follower, Benjamin Tucker, and every friend of social studies will greatly enjoy it.

MARX'S THEORY OF LAND RENT. We draw the attention of those of our readers who are interested in economic speculation to the elaborate paper by C. Cornelissen, in the French *Revue Socialiste* (June 15, 1902), on *Marx's Theories of Land Rent*. It belongs to the series which Cornelissen began in the German *Sozialistische Monatshefte* in December, 1898, on Marx's theoretical work; and it contains a careful, scientific discussion of the theory of land-rent which Marx had worked out in the third volume of his *Capital*, and which was, as is known, an amendment of the theory of land-rent advocated by Ricardo. While fully praising Marx for his having understood that besides the land-rent which may result from the different productivity of different soils (this was Ricardo's view of rent) there is also (as hundreds of writers, beginning with the physiocrats, had insistently pointed out) a rent levied for the use of land, as such, even though it may be of the lowest productivity, — Cornelissen carefully discusses Marx's analysis of this "absolute rent," and shows the absolute sterility of this analysis in its application to the realities of economic life. Here is his conclusion:

In our short summary we have shown that our author secretly transforms into a proved fact what he himself had advanced as a hypothesis a few pages before. This is really another characteristic feature of the dialectic method of Marx. An economic theory is asserted on the basis of really ascertained and seriously examined facts; but it is asserted under certain restrictions: "Supposing this" and "supposing that"—it is said. Then it is developed in the thought of the dialectician himself, forgetting all the restrictions which were made to start with. And the final consequences are deducted as if it were a social theory which represents a really existing general tendency.

We cannot but fully confirm this conclusion of Cornelissen. If you carefully study Marx, noting down both his premises and his conclusions, you see that this was exactly what he did, when, for instance, for the sake of simplification he excluded first the element of supply and demand from his exposition of Adam Smith's labor-theory of value and afterwards treated this supposition as a reality; or when, in his exposition of Thompson's theory of surplus-value, he made the admission that labor-force is sold at its cost-of-production price (this is precisely what never happens: we have quite an arsenal of laws and taxation for compelling the laborer to undersell it) and afterwards treated this supposition as if it were a real expression of the facts of real life.

Marx's *Capital* is a powerful revolutionary pamphlet, which, with all its heaviness and metaphysical treatment of economic matters, was exactly what was required five and twenty years ago for convincing the Germans of the truth of the Socialism of Robert Owen, Fourier and Saint-Simon, which they had hitherto refused to accept. His descriptions of the exploiting of Labor by Capital are formidable acts of accusation against capitalist production, which have made many Socialists. His historical descriptions of how Capital began to impose its power in England by sweeping the land and clearing it of agricultural laborers are among the very best pages in Socialist literature for moving men's hearts and inspiring them with the hatred of Capitalism. And finally, his idea of taxing the very foundations of middle-class political economy and of deducing Socialism from its assertion was, perhaps, clever for a pamphlet, although it was not new. Consequently, the agitation value of his work was very great, especially with the Germans and with that part of the Russian youth which learned about Socialism for the first time from Marx and which, after the war of 1870, looked upon Germany as upon the intellectual leader of mankind. But calm appreciation will certainly show that the scientific value of Marx's work was limited to its being a splendid demonstration of the futility of the dialectic method—even in the hands of a great and well-inspired dialectician. Its very sterility in science has proved the necessity of treating economic questions, like all others, by the scientific inductive method, and no other.

We have received from Mr. R. Brimley Johnson (8, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.), a copy of *From the Abyss*. We hope it will be widely read by the general public; but for socialists, reformers, and progressives it will be welcomed as giving one of the most sympathetic pictures of the sadness and suffering of the mass of the London workers that has yet appeared. The subject has been dealt with many times before, from the time of the *Social Kaleidoscope*, by the renegade G. R. Sims,

to the latest volume on poverty by Rowntree. But here, in this little work, it is just the heart that speaks; figures and statistics for once are left to take care of themselves; and so we have a much needed supplement to the dry economic factors dealt with in a volume like Booth's. Both are equally necessary, but they appeal to different sides of our nature.

We should like to quote many pages from the *Abyss* but we have space only for a few paragraphs.

Here is one that is striking as true:—

"Sometimes, indeed, there are those of us who suddenly have been awakened to the fact that beyond the water, in a world but dimly realized by our dwellers, we are the subjects of lengthy and acrimonious controversy. Novelists, jaded with battues of blacks in unknown lands, select as heroes the denizens of lands still more unknown at their very doors; relate of their travels into our dangerous and desolate regions, of the life and manner and habits of the aborigines. Social reformers hotly contest as to the better methods of improving us. Lines of statistics, volumes of reports, fiery controversy rages; heaven and earth are called to attest to the futility of one method, the demoralization incident to a second, the obvious success of a third. Rival Churches expend all the energy of imagination in claiming from amongst us varied infinitesimal proportions of adherents. In a strange world, where people have leisure to think and energy to argue, such discussions doubtless provide a welcome relief to ennui and jaded intellect. Never, alas! do we sufficiently realize the process as to be fully awakened to the humour of it. For doubtless in a combat of rival ants on an ant-heap, could the busy creatures awaken to the fact that beyond them were intelligences discussing their feelings, dissecting their desires, and heatedly thwarting each other's efforts to aid them, they might pause at least for a moment in their struggle to give vent to their emotion in inextinguishable laughter.

And again:—

"The whole result seems to tend to the elimination of the highest and lowest elements of human nature; the production of that nightmare vision of the speculative thinker, the Economic Man; weighed by the gross, estimated by the million. In the city he is rubbing his social angles down. He will dwell in multitude, each in his little cubic cell piled round the little asphalted playground. Everything will be ordered, smooth, clean, similar. He will differ from the present as the varnished machine-made products of modern pottery, each similar and inane, differ from the rough, hard-worked pottery of the Middle Age. A sort of polished, whitewashed variety of man, with life reduced to its simplest dimensions; drifting out to daily work, to write other men's letters, to carry other men's goods, to be woven into other men's ideas; returning at even to a home in which everything is eliminated but that ultimately disposable through a dust-shoot four inches in diameter. . . . The ideal working-man of the Tory democrat, he will pass from the great deep to the great deep industrious, vacant, cheerful, untroubled by envy, aspiration, or desire.

We can only advise friend and foe alike to get it and read it. The price is 1s. nett.

An interesting little volume, *Scotland for the Scots* (Henderson, 26, Paternoster Square, E.C.), by Morrison Davidson, has been written to point the moral of Home Rule. It is instructive reading for any one who wishes to learn how governments ravaged, pillaged, murdered and destroyed in the past, just as they do to-day. Surely the aspiration for Home Rule has a significance which, in its logical development, will lead towards decentralization, and eventually to free communal organization. And for this reason Morrison Davidson's little work has an interest for us. We need hardly add that it is full of apt quotations, which is a special charm of all his writings.

The French Federation of Metal Workers have issued a halfpenny pamphlet (*Union fédérale des ouvriers métallurgistes de France*; to be had from the *Bourse du Travail*, 3 rue du Château d'Eau, Paris, or from the *Temps Nouveaux*), which we heartily recommend to the British trade unions. It is an excellent propaganda pamphlet, and contains the following chapters: An Appeal of the Federation to the workers, in which the leading features of the labor struggle are admirably explained; What is a *Syndicat* (trade union)? The Means of the Emancipation of Labor; the two different ways of federating (either separate trades, or a whole industry); the Federation, its composition (117 unions) etc.; general Organisation of the workers; Co-operation; Responsibilities of the employers, etc. In short, a very well-filled 32 pages.

Another halfpenny labor pamphlet, issued by the French Federation of Labor Exchanges, is *Nouveau Manuel du Soldat*. It also must be warmly recommended to British trade unionists. The prejudice of Fatherland, the Army, and War are admirably discussed in this pamphlet, which has been issued according to a decision of the last Congress of Labor Exchanges, and surely ought to be translated, or adapted into English.

We also warmly recommend all interested in the labor struggle to read *La Voix du Peuple*, the weekly organ of the French General Confederation of Labor. (Same address as above; post free, 3 shillings for 6 months.)

Social Statics.

CHAPTER IX.

¶1. Given a race of beings having like claims to pursue the objects of their desires—given a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they have equal rights to the use of this world. For if each of them "has freedom to do all that he wills provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other," then each of them is free

to use the earth for the satisfaction of his wants, provided he allows all others the same liberty. And conversely, it is manifest that no one, or part of them, may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it; seeing that to do this is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and consequently to break the law.

¶2. Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land. For if one portion of the earth's surface may justly become the possession of an individual, and may be held by him for his sole use and benefit, as a thing to which he has an exclusive right, then other portions of the earth's surface may be so held; and eventually the whole of the earth's surface may be so held; and our planet may thus lapse altogether into private hands. Observe now the dilemma to which this leads. Supposing the entire habitable globe to be so enclosed, it follows that if the landowners have a valid right to its surface, all who are not landowners have no right at all to its surface. Hence such can exist on the earth by sufferance only. They are all trespassers. Save by permission of the lords of the soil, they can have no room for the soles of their feet. Nay, should the others think fit to deny them a resting place, these landless men might equitably be expelled from the earth altogether. If, then, the assumption that land can be held as property involves that the whole globe may become the private domain of a part of its inhabitants; and if, by consequence, the rest of its inhabitants can exercise their faculties—can then exist even—only by consent of the landowners; it is manifest, that an exclusive possession of the soil necessitates an infringement of the law of equal freedom. For men who cannot "live and move and have their being" without the leave of others, cannot be equally free with those others.

¶3. Passing from the consideration of the possible, to that of the actual, we find yet further reason to deny the rectitude of property in land. It can never be pretended that the existing titles to such property are legitimate. Should anyone think so, let him look in the chronicles. Violence, fraud, the prerogative of force, the claims of superior cunning—these are the sources to which those titles may be traced. The original deeds were written with the sword, rather than with the pen: not lawyers, but soldiers, were the conveyancers: blows were the current coin given in payment; and for seals, blood was used in preference to wax. Could valid claims be constituted? Hardly. And if not, what becomes of the pretensions of all subsequent holders of estates so obtained? Does sale or bequest generate a right where it did not previously exist? Would the original claimants be nonsuited at the bar of reason, because the thing stolen from them had changed hands? Certainly not. And if one act of transfer can give no title, can many? No; though *nothing* be multiplied for ever, it will not produce *one*.

¶4.The world is God's bequest to mankind. All men are joint heirs to it; you amongst the number. And because you have taken up your residence on a certain part of it, and have subdued, cultivated, beautified that part—improved it as you say, you are not therefore warranted in appropriating it as entirely private property. At least if you do so, you may be justly expelled by the lawful owner—Society.

¶9. No doubt great difficulties must attend the resumption, by mankind at large, of their rights to the soil. The question of compensation to existing proprietors is a complicated one—one that perhaps cannot be settled in an equitable manner. Had we to deal with the parties who originally robbed the human race of its heritage, we might make short work of the matter. But, unfortunately, most of our present landowners are men who have, either mediately or immediately—either by their own acts, or by the acts of their ancestors—given for their estates, equivalents of honestly-earned wealth, believing that they were investing their savings in a legitimate manner. To justly estimate and liquidate the claims of such, is one of the most intricate problems society will one day have to solve. But with this perplexity and our extrication from it, abstract morality has no concern. Men having got themselves into the dilemma by disobedience to the law, must get out of it as well as they can; and with as little injury to the landed class as may be. Meanwhile, we shall do well to recollect, that there are others besides the landed class to be considered. In our tender regard for the vested interest of the few, let us not forget that the rights of the many are in abeyance; and must remain so, as long as the earth is monopolised by individuals. Let us remember too, that the injustice thus inflicted on the mass of mankind is an injustice of the gravest nature. The fact that it is not so regarded proves nothing. In early phases of civilisation even homicide is thought lightly of. The suttees of India, together with the practice elsewhere followed of sacrificing a hecatomb of human victims at the burial of a chief, shows this: and probably cannibals consider the slaughter of those whom "the fortune of war" has made their prisoners, perfectly justifiable. It was once also universally supposed that slavery was a natural and quite legitimate institution—a condition into which some were born, and to which they ought to submit as to a Divine ordination; nay, indeed, a great proportion of mankind hold this opinion still. A higher social development, however, has generated in us a better faith, and we now to a considerable extent recognise the claims of humanity. But our civilisation is only partial. It may by-and-by be perceived, that Equity utters dictates to which we have not yet listened; and men may then learn that to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is to commit a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties.—HERBERT SPENCER.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH.

BY FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

"For the Dragon's teeth are the little letters of the alphabet, sown by Cadmus to breed dissension upon earth."

There are few things so beautiful as a printed page. See the little hieroglyphs—dragon's teeth—sown in rows with such nice precision. Can a printer be criticised—can a maker of books be criticised, for loving his work?

And what a growth may spring from a page's sowing—nay, a word's. The hieroglyphs may be so set in a single word that they will tear your heart out.

A man may read a word and sink to the earth in a swoon; he may read another and leap with shouts of victory.

Sharp teeth indeed are these little characters of Cadmus's; sharp to gnaw at our vitals.

A single line of type may change the current of a life-stream—a tiny dyke to deflect the pent-up waters.

There was a man who went about a few years ago with dull eyes, hating the world as a place of infamy. He saw gaunt women working late into the night, blear-eyed and worn with sleepless, hopeless toil. He looked into the factories: into the rag-rooms of paper mills, and there he saw little children working beside grandmothers; little children who ought to be playing in the sunshine; grandmothers who by a life of toil had earned a quiet place in the chimney-corner. His soul rebelled at what he saw, for on the street in which he lived was a family which sent its pug dogs out for an airing in a victoria phaeton drawn by horses in silver-mounted harness. There were two men up behind in bright buttons. They were the dogs' lackeys.

The man was so sorry the good, common things of life—food and clothing and shelter—were so scarce that little children and grandmothers had to toil for them, and strong men had to degrade themselves to the level of dog-lackeys. But there seemed no help for it. If there wasn't enough, there wasn't.

This man had a friend who was unworried, who went about smiling and happy, unmoved by the things he saw. When he spoke to this friend, the friend replied that he needed the consolation of religion. He would then see that everything was all right. Providence moved in too mysterious ways for men to understand. His friend told him to go and talk with the preacher.

He had never gone to church much, but he went to see the preacher, because his heart was heavy and he wanted to see things happily as his friend did.

The preacher was a good man, kindly and honest, helping whom he could, following the light he had.

When he told the preacher about the little children, and the grandmothers, and the gaunt blear-eyed women, the preacher wept honest tears. He was truly sorry. The man could see that the preacher was sincere.

The preacher said that we were here to relieve such suffering as we could; it was all in the inscrutable Divine plan. God had given us the poor; why, we knew not; we must make their lives as bearable as possible by charitable works and acts of kindly service. We must trust God and have faith; faith in his infinite goodness; faith that all would come out right, for he was all-powerful and beneficent.

Then the man saw why his friend could be so happy; it was because he blamed it all on God. God was all-powerful, God was responsible; for him to interfere or worry was to doubt God.

The man thought of the grandmothers and the little children and the gaunt, blear-eyed women, and the pug dogs and the lackeys, and he felt that he would like to catch the Responsible One and kick him good. He could have made a better world himself; any just man could. It seemed to him that his friend and the preacher were bowing to a being who was inferior to a common gentleman. Their God was not as good as they were, if he was all-powerful as they said, and ordained the things he did.

The preacher had not given the man much comfort, so he went among the philosophers, and got none from them either, except one conclusion—that of Professor Huxley. The sum of Professor Huxley's great researches was the declaration that if human society had reached its ultimate in the class system of the very rich and the very poor, then the best thing which could happen to the world would be for a comet to come along and bump it into the demdition bow-wows.

This is not a very happy philosophy. It is a better philosophy to die in than to live in. Huxley died in it; but the man we are talking about, after reaching the same conclusion, had to go on living. That was harder.

One day he picked up a discarded newspaper in a railway

train and read a long column of short paragraphs. This was one of them:

Few people realise the great resources of the State of Texas. Enough grain could be grown in Texas by ordinary cultivation to feed the present population of the world.

He read that paragraph again. Then he read it again. Then he read it once more. Then his eyes wandered away to the fleeting landscape as the train sped on, and his imagination conjured up the thousands and thousands of wretched homes in America in which, every night, little children went supperless to bed; little children went crying, supperless to bed, in a country in which a single State could feed the world.

He felt a fierce contraction of the heart.

The dragon's teeth had bitten him, and he was thenceforth fated to sow dissension upon earth.

Cadmus, back in the twilight of history, had with patient fingers framed the little hieroglyphs which this day were to picture forth to one man's mind a revelation. Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth which, replanted innocently by some printer in praise of Texas, had reached out subtly from a printed page and fastened upon a good man's heart.

Oh, subtle little letters! Between the very lines the quickened soul may glean oftentimes a meaning.

A great, manful wrath arose in that man's heart; wrath at his training; at that base, lying education which turned with folded hands to a God, laying upon him the blame for human stupidity.

And with these thoughts came also a great joy; the realisation that he now had a work to do.

He would sow the teeth of the dragon on the highway and byway until they should rend the heart of the stupid world.

And so now he goes his way with joy in his heart.

And wherever the art of printing has modified the ignorance of the savage the dragon's teeth are sprouting. And they will go on breeding dissension until wrong and injustice shall be banished from the earth.

AMERICAN NOTES.

It will be interesting to see when Mr. Mosely's Industrial Commission returns to England whether any of the delegates will report upon the very interesting feature of trade unions and their attitude toward the militia. There is a growing feeling in the United States among labor men that to belong to the militia is incompatible with membership of a trade union. Theoretically, of course, the militia was organised for the purpose of defending the liberty of the State or nation against foreign aggression. The practical outcome, however, has been that under the guise of preserving order they have been used exclusively (with the one exception of the Spanish war) to shoot strikers and awe trade unions into submission to the capitalist. This has been such a feature of strikes for the past forty years that it is strange it has taken the workman so long to find out the incompatibility of belonging to a trade union to wring certain concessions from the capitalist and then when a fight begins to be on the side of the oppressor to the extent of shooting down members of their own class and perhaps their own union. Better late than never, however, and the movement has grown to such an extent that the capitalist press has taken the matter up, and the *New York Times* in a burst of hysteria assures us that by passing such resolutions as the Illinois State Federation of Labour and the Local Trades Assembly of Syracuse, New York, have done, "Organized labour publicly declares that the member of a trade union cannot be a good citizen." The resolutions in question were to the effect "that membership of military organizations is a violation of labor union obligations, and requested all union men to withdraw from the militia." Good citizenship, according to the *New York Times*, means of course to fight for your oppressor and exploiter, and it is refreshing to see that some working men decline to be good citizens upon this basis.

The cloud of unrest continues to increase in size, and it is an interesting if not a startling sign of the times that the Republicans in the State of New York won the recent election by such a slender majority as twelve thousand. This in spite of the fact that the chief plank in the Democratic platform was "government ownership of the anthracite coalfields." Governor Odell's majority two years ago was 111,000 as against 12,000 this year, so it is a striking decline. Then, too, the Democratic candidate was, as their most bitter opponent—the *New York Sun*—admits, not a "candidate of standard strength." All over the State combinations were made between the Democrats and trade unions, and much as this is to be deplored on the part of the unions, it shows the Democrats felt the necessity of getting in touch with the dissatisfied element. The coal plank was moved by such an astute politician as Senator Hill, the Democratic leader of the State, who six years ago refused to support Bryan because of Free Silver and his Socialistic doctrines (?).

From time to time we have an outbreak by various college professors against what they call "the tyranny of trade unions." These gentry

think because they are qualified to teach the aristocratic youth of the country they must also be authorities on the subjects of labour and freedom. In reality they know little about labour and less about freedom. Last month (November) we had such a spectacle, Pres. Eliot, of Harvard, and Dr. Newton Hillis (the last named, while not a college professor, is a product of the university), of Boston, being the chief actors. These hard-working, unselfish creatures arraigned the unions for their selfishness, and said the main object of trade unionists seemed to be "to work as few hours as possible, to produce as little as possible, and to obtain for that little as much as possible." Nice phrase that, but we seem to have heard it before. Pres. Eliot also held up the scab as "a hero worthy of all praise." H'm, yes, so he is—from the capitalist.

After this it might be worth while to see how the trade union movement is progressing, and to that end I submit the following extract from the annual report of Pres. Gompers, of the American Federation of Labour, submitted to the convention in session in New Orleans last month:—

"At the end of the fiscal year (eleven months), September 30, 1902, we had affiliated with the American Federation of Labour, national and international unions (with approximately 14,000 local unions under their direct jurisdiction), 99; State federations, 26; city central bodies, 424; local Federal Labour Unions and local trade unions, directly affiliated to the American Federation of Labour by charter, 1,483. Of the local trade unions having no national or international, many of them have been organised into national or international unions, and still a further number placed under the jurisdiction of an international union as nearly kindred as possible. In the eleven months ending October 1, 1902, there have been organized and chartered by our affiliated national unions, and by the American Federation of Labour direct, not less than 3,500 new local unions, with an added membership of not less than 300,000."

Free Society tells us that some of the Socialist (Soc. Dem.) papers in the U.S. are claiming that there are 91 Socialist members on the London County Council. This is not a joke, so please do not laugh. Perhaps they counted Sydney Webb as 91.

Emma Goldman is making a short tour in the interests of the Russian revolutionary movement.

The American movement has lost a devoted comrade, an enthusiastic worker, in the death of Kate Austin. Apart from her delightful personality, which is testified to by all who met her, she was a tireless worker for our ideas, and her death is a real loss to our movement. Her loss will be doubly felt, because we have so few women at all, and least of all women of Kate's courage and ability.

Another loss for freedom must be reported in the death of Ida Craddock, who committed suicide on October 16 in New York. She was an ardent worker for sex freedom and had devoted many years of her life to that end. She had written two books on this subject, and one of them, "The Wedding Night," was adjudged "obscene" by Judge Thomas, of the United States Circuit Court, and as she was about to be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, she committed suicide. She left a long letter, which is reprinted in *Free Society* of November 30, and it is very pathetic reading. The trial was a farce, and as the Judge stated he intended to give her a long term in prison, she considered that she was, as she says in her letter, "justified in choosing for myself, as did Socrates, the manner of my death." Heroic woman!

CORRESPONDENCE.

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM.

[An East end comrade writes to us to say that he does not understand our article on "Municipal Socialism." He sees a contradiction in the conception of a town without an "administrative body" acting as public administrators. And he asks why not support the nationalisation of the coal mines by the State and look favourably upon municipal coal mines.

Owing to want of space we cannot insert his letter, and give but a brief reply to his questions.]

A city, or even a village, which is governed by an elected or nominated or self-nominated body is, of course, a State on a small scale. By having allowed a government to grow in their midst, the mediaeval cities came to complete ruin.

How the Paris Commune was brought to grief by its Council, composed of quite honest revolutionists, has been told many times in these pages. The Anarchists see no need of such a body, as they have explained many times how a direct federation of the groups of producers with those of consumers would, in a free communist society, render all governing bodies useless.

The State-Socialists meet with applause every step of the present governments towards centralization. State-railways, State-banks, and State-sale of spirits are part of the State-Socialist program of the Swiss Social-Democrats. Anarchists see, on the contrary, in every increase of the powers of the State an increase of the obstacles to the Social Revolution; and they consider every advance in decentralisation

and free federation, functional (like the School Boards) and territorial, for production and for consumption, as *more advantageous* for the success of the coming revolution than centralisation. Those who work for centralisation, work, in our opinion, *against progress*.

We read in *Wilshire's Magazine* that at Reggio Emilia, where Socialists control the administration, the following axioms have been given the school children to memorize:—

"Love thy schoolmates, for they will be thy co-workers for life."

"Love knowledge, the bread of intellect. Cherish the same gratitude towards thy teachers as towards thy father and mother."

"Make every day thou livest the occasion for some good and beneficial deed; always sow the seeds of kindness."

"Honour good men and true women, esteem all men as equals—bend thy knee to no one."

"Do not bear hatred to anybody; don't insult people. The word revenge shall not be in thy vocabulary, but stand up for thy rights and resist oppression."

"Do not be a coward. Stand up for the weak, and respect and love justice."

"Remember that all goods of this world are the products of labour. Whoever takes the good things of this world without giving their equivalent in labour, robs the diligent of their just dues."

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM*:

Its Aims and Principles.

[From the *Reformers' Year Book*, page 26.]

Anarchism may be briefly defined as the negation of all government and all authority of man over man: Communism as the recognition of the just claim of each to the fullest satisfaction of all his needs, physical, moral and intellectual. The Anarchist, therefore, whilst resisting as far as possible all forms of coercion and authority, repudiates just as firmly even the suggestion that he should impose himself upon others, realising as he does that this fatal propensity in the majority of mankind has been the cause of nearly all the misery and bloodshed in the world. He understands just as clearly that to satisfy his needs without contributing, to the best of his ability, his share of labor in maintaining the general well-being, would be to live at the expense of others—to become an exploiter and to live as the rich drones live today. Obviously, then, government on the one hand and private ownership of the means of production on the other, complete the vicious circle—the present social system—which keeps mankind degraded and enslaved.

There will be no need to justify the Anarchist's attack upon all forms of government: history teaches the lesson he has learned on every page. But that lesson being concealed from the mass of the people by interested advocates of "law and order," and even by many Social Democrats, the Anarchist deals his hardest blows at the sophisms that uphold the State, and urges workers in striving for their emancipation to confine their efforts to the economic field.

It follows, therefore, that politically and economically his attitude is purely revolutionary; and hence arises the vilification and misrepresentation that Anarchism, which denounces all forms of social injustice, meets with in the press and from public speakers.

Rightly conceived, Anarchism is no mere abstract ideal theory of human society. It views life and social relations with eyes disillusioned. Making an end of all superstitions, prejudices and false sentiments it tries to see things as they really are; and without building castles in the air it finds by the simple correlation of established facts that the grandest possibilities of a full and free life can be placed within the reach of all, once that monstrous bulwark of all our social iniquities—the State—has been destroyed, and common property declared.

By education, by free organisation, by individual and associated resistance to political and economic tyranny, the Anarchist hopes to achieve his aims. The task may seem impossible to many, but it should be remembered that in science, in literature, in art, the highest minds are with the Anarchists or are imbued with distinct Anarchist tendencies. Even our bitterest opponents admit the beauty of our "dream," and reluctantly confess it would be well for humanity if it were "possible." Anarchist Communist propaganda is the intelligent, organised, determined effort to realise the "dream" and to ensure that freedom and well-being for all *shall* be possible.

* It would be only fair to state that the Individualist school of Anarchism, which includes many eminent writers and thinkers, differs from us mainly on the question of Communism, i. e., on the holding of property, the remuneration of labor, etc. Anarchism, however, affords the opportunity for experiment in all these matters, and in that sense there is no dispute between us. We have purposely refrained from alluding to the burning question of assassination, as we think it will be time to deal with that when government has explained to us all the moral advantages of its wholesale massacres, slaughtering and plundering.

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