

Freedom

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Facts about the Ferrer Case.

Francisco Ferrer Guardia, a Spanish Republican, fled to Paris on the fracas of a Republican revolt in 1886, and became a teacher of languages, and for some time was secretary to a French Minister.

Madame Mennier, a wealthy lady imbued with his idea to institute a system of secular education in Spain, willed to him £20,000 at her death, with which, returning to Barcelona (1901), Ferrer established and endowed the Modern Schools (Escuelas Modernas), of which there are now 53, chiefly in the south-east provinces. To these schools are sent the children of Liberals, Republicans, Socialists and Anarchists (all enemies of Catholicism) to receive a secular education free from clerical tutelage. Ferrer, an ardent educationist, a scholar and good organiser, founded a library and published some 30 text-books upon elementary, physical and natural science subjects. At popular prices, these publications have circulated throughout Spain.

[In Spain 70 per cent. of the population are illiterate. Education is voluntary, but in all State-aided schools Roman Catholic religious teaching is compulsory. The Spanish schoolmaster's average salary is £10 per annum, increased by clerical work for local business or trades people. The Spanish saying *Tiene mas hambre que un maestro de escuela* ("He is more hungry than a schoolmaster") is as pregnant with meaning as is "As poor as a church mouse" in England. During recent years several cases have occurred of schoolmasters in Andalucia dying of starvation—*vide* Spanish press.

Public schools are few and bad, and those best equipped are owned by the Jesuits or other monks. There are a few private schools solely or indirectly under Jesuit control; Ferrer's schools being the only system of private schools in Spain not under clerical supervision. In Madrid and Barcelona (respectively) 15,000 and 10,000 children cannot find accommodation in the miserable State schools.]

Morral (the bomb-thrower) became acquainted with Ferrer upon his sister becoming a pupil at the Barcelona school. Morral travelled for his father—a Sabadell manufacturer—in France, and had means of his own. Ferrer, upon the increase of his work, engaged Morral for French translations, he residing in Barcelona for that purpose from December, 1905, and an agreement between them was to have been signed the day following the outrage. Stating that he was going on a holiday, Morral left for Madrid on May 22 (the outrage May 31) and from there addressed a letter to a young lady who had rejected his approaches which clearly indicated by suggestive words the posthumous interpretation of the intention of his act and suicide. More than this will never be known and no accomplice has been or will be produced. Hearing of the outrage Ferrer at once postponed a business journey to Paris *re* his property there, and declared all he knew of Morral at the Civil Guard's offices, but, despite explanations, he was arrested on June 4.

Judge Valle, "seeing no motive for the trial or imprisonment of Ferrer," granted bail, but the Fiscal, Becerra del Toro, an ardent clerical, in refusing, remarked, "You will not have bail if Judge Valle has granted it, for I will prevent you." The Modern Schools were all closed by order (subsequently re-opened last October), an embargo was placed upon Ferrer's Spanish property (an attempt to induce the French Government to take similar steps *re* his Paris property failed utterly), and Ferrer still remains in prison. Arrested June 4, 1906, he was not put on trial until June 3, 1907. *Twelve months without a trial.*

The summary of evidence constituting the case for the Government prosecution presented by Becerra del Toro was given to a few selected Spanish dailies for publication. I quote from the *Madrid Herald* (the leading paper in Spain) of October 3, 1906.

"Morral (the bomb-thrower) and Guardia were both impelled by one thought towards the realisation of highly criminal ends against social order, and for this purpose they afforded each other mutual protection. They were both Anarchists, the Modern School was established as an Anarchist school, and Ferrer protected and gave an apartment to Morral, furnishing him with the means and resources which he (Morral) lacked to acquire the materials and explosives with which to commit the crime. Also Morral followed Ferrer's directions in going to Señor Nakens after the outrage; Nakens, on Morral's request, gladly consenting to hide him from justice."

Ferrer is accused of complicity in the crime, and the prosecution ask for a sentence of sixteen years, five months and ten days, and nine years for Nakens and four others concerned in hiding Morral.

The appellation of Anarchist is to presume that bomb-thrower and

Anarchist are synonymous terms. In the *España Nueva* (Madrid Republican daily), November 14, 1906, Ferrer writes from prison: "I detest bloodshed, I work for the regeneration of humanity, and I love good for goodness' sake. 'Tis absurd to suppose that I, having faith in the fruits of education to ensure the emancipation of the conscience, to which I have dedicated my time, my fortune and my life, could do otherwise. I have put my whole self into the work of educating the people, and from education I expect *all*. I am no accomplice of Morral, I am only *one* of the persons who have had relations with him."

Certainly Anselmo Lorenzo (the Spanish Kropotkin), one of the school professors—a veteran intellectual on the staff of a Southern French and a Belgian Liberal paper—is an Anarchist, and Oden de Buen, another professor in the same school, and author of its Physical Geography Text Book, is a Moderate Republican Liberal. Madrid daily papers do not disdain, but are rather glad of, the services of Anarchist intellectuals residing in Madrid and elsewhere, upon their staffs. *Re* Nakens "gladly offering to hide Morral." In November, 1905, Nakens, editor of *El Motin* (Republican), wrote asking Ferrer to dispose of a stock of pamphlets published by that journal, to relieve him of financial difficulties. Ferrer, going to Paris, delayed replying one month, and then stated his inability to sell them, but he later commissioned Nakens to write a work for him (Ferrer), for which he forwarded a cheque for 1,000 pesetas (£40) as payment in advance. Without doubt Morral knew Nakens' address and of the correspondence, and went to him for protection against arrest.

In the letter written for publication by Nakens to his friend Romeo, and which caused his arrest, he stated that Morral pledged him to secrecy when asking for his protection, and Nakens kept his word until Morral's suicide.

The prosecution also hint at a plot prior to the outrage, and of the meeting of two persons in Barcelona (on May 14, 1906) with a third person, nameless, but evidently Morral.

Señor Lerrouz, Republican M.P., for Barcelona, thus unfolds the plot in his paper, *El Progreso*, on October 16, 1906.

Señor Estévez, a veteran Republican leader, exiled in Paris because of a pamphlet published by him, and denounced a few months previous, was in poor health and wished to go to Cuba, there to end his days. Estévez wrote Lerrouz respecting steamers from Barcelona to Cuba, desiring to take that route in order to call at Grand Canary, there to "embrace his brother for the last time," rather than *via* French steamers, which did not call at Grand Canary. Fearing arrest on Spanish soil, Lerrouz, on Estévez's behalf, interviewed the Governor of Barcelona (the Duke of Bivona, a Catholic), who received him "as a thorough gentleman," and "knowing and esteeming" Estévez, readily consented to his departure from Barcelona, on condition that his arrival there served no political purpose.

Lerrouz and Ferrer defrayed Estévez's passage, and the three men (with Lerrouz's secretary) met in the Orient Hotel on May 13, Estévez embarking on the s.s. 'Martin Saenz' on May 14th; a retired army officer and a Federal Republican friend arriving from Madrid in time to bid good-bye on board ship.

Lerrouz states that *he* was the third person unknown; and so the plot "between Anarchists and Republicans to arrange for the purchase of rifles and revolvers for May 31," is the pathetic last meeting and embrace of three old friends, all Republicans, and due to the courtesy of a Catholic Governor and opponent.

Vide Madrid Herald, January 18, 1907, the Fiscal, Becerra del Toro, in substituting trial by three clerical judges instead of by jury, "protested against certain calumnies preferred against him by certain national and foreign journals," and concluded, "I cannot do less than protest against these vile and miserable calumnies, flung with a bastard intent and in a cowardly manner, and published in the main by foreign journals that cannot be prosecuted and punished."

These "vile and miserable calumnies" were one and all reproduced from *El Progreso* and *España Nueva*, Barcelona and Madrid Republican dailies. These journals have neither been "prosecuted" nor "punished." They are quietly ignored, as wider publicity to clerical villainy would follow prosecution of these journals.

The Fiscal excused the embargo on Ferrer's Spanish property because "he could not guarantee the cost of the trial." Bah!!!

There is more than the possibility of the three judges "doing just as they are told," of Ferrer being sentenced to imprisonment and released immediately, but of a clause in the verdict indemnifying the families of the victims in the outrage, thus effectually disposing of Ferrer's fortune, and the endowment of the Modern Schools.

Ferrer represents secular education, organisation, and finance to

endow the work. Education is the enemy, and he must be effectually destroyed—he and his power. Delays of the trial might cause a lull in the storm of indignation throughout the French, Italian, Belgian, and English Reform Press, and give them the opportunity they seek.

Mr. Guy Bowman, a prominent English Social Democrat and man of means, was expelled from Spain ere he could investigate the case, and replying to Señor Lerroux in the Spanish Cortés, the Minister stated that Bowman was expelled because he was a *dangerous Anarchist*.

I myself, writing to a Madrid pressman, in May last (referring in my letters to the *unhappy* Queen of Spain, if ever she could know the black heart of Spanish clericalism, having known English liberty), was subsequently submitted to the indignity of a domiciliary visit—my letters confiscated in post and translated into English—from police, by instructions emanating, doubtless, from diplomatic circles, and asked, among other silly things, what connection I had *with the outrage and its perpetrator?*

I have a pictorial post-card in my possession showing Morral, in coarse attire, with a bomb in his hand, fuse lighted, leaving the Modern School, Ferrer shaking hands, and presumably wishing him *luck*. Below is a well-dressed youth receiving instruction in a Catholic evening school. (The Modern Schools are used as “popular universities” in the evenings.)

Below are the words, “From the Modern School came Morral; from the ‘Catholic Circles’ come thousands of workmen, all believers, instructed and laborious,” and the sender of the card, Ferrer himself, writes thereon, “The Jesuits don’t go to sleep.”

In a letter published by *Fructidor*, a Barcelona Federal Republican magazine, Ferrer, writing from the Madrid Model Prison (Carcel Modelo), states, ament the origin of the Modern Schools:—

“Being notorious that a child is born without any preconceived idea of life, and that it acquires its early ideas from the first persons with whom it comes into contact, afterwards modifying or amplifying them according to its observations, its lessons, and environment, it is clear that if the child is to be given positive and true notions, it must accept nothing that cannot be demonstrated by science. Then the child becomes a studious observer, and is prepared for advanced teaching.

“To enable a child to judge with independence all questions that concern human life it must be furnished with books and objects that present things as they are, not as given in official elementary text-books, full of religious and social prejudice.

“With this end in view we published thirty elementary text-books to replace official primers. We intend to publish others, not only of an elementary character, but for secondary and advanced studies; also works of reference for our professors in the schools from the pens of eminent Spaniards and foreign writers, who will by their labours contribute to the greater extension and efficacy of our secular education.

“To educate our children free from prejudice—and to publish the necessary works—is the aim and object of the Modern Schools; and to this end I have dedicated my humble efforts to found a system of schools that will be a model to all our Radical parties who desire an education free from all the dogmatical errors and falsities of the official curriculum.”

This is the man whom Spanish Jesuitism would destroy!

No, the dark deeds of priestly power must be exposed, and innocence shall not be smothered alive. The light of liberty-love and educational zeal (with the stern criticism of a European press) shall shine on inquisitorial Spain, and devilry shall be confounded, and self-sacrifice and abnegation shall yet come to their own.

Ferrer shall be free!

G. H. B. WARD, Secretary,
English Ferrer Committee.

P.S.—During the past three weeks several communications to certain Spanish papers, giving extracts and translations from articles upon the above case in the English press, have been intercepted by the Censors in Madrid and Barcelona and confiscated. This, by the way, is no unusual procedure on the part of Spanish authorities.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

Compulsory arbitration is about as much of a cure for industrial strife as hanging is for rheumatism. In other words, it is simply an aggravated case of the remedy being worse than the disease; an egregious infringement on personal liberty which will, eventually, inevitably react to the injury of any progressive community where it may be made a part of the local statutes. This is so because our civilisation, reduced to its elementary parts, resolves itself into the co-efficient and natural sequence of personal liberty constitutionally guaranteed and rationally exercised. And, surely, no one—excepting, possibly, a corporation-subsidized editor—will have the hardihood to seriously contend that quitting work, either as an individual or collectively, when the conditions connected with and appertaining to the work have become irksome and distasteful to the worker, is an irrational exercise of personal liberty!

If it be true, as repeatedly affirmed by the courts, that an

aggregation of men may at times do that which as individuals they are legally permitted to do, neither more nor less, then it follows, conversely, that the aggregation of individuals, vaguely referred to as “the public,” has no moral or legal rights superior to the corresponding rights of any one of its individual units. Hence the assumption that the necessities of the public constitute justifiable cause for legal interference in the purely personal dissensions between a corporation and its employees is no more tenable than would be the assumption that the necessities of some other corporation or combination of employees would be sufficient warrant for such interference. In short, the author of the historic dictum, “the public be damned,” had, albeit unknown to himself, perhaps, a pretty accurate conception of his moral rights as a private citizen; and the truth is, as a little reflection will show, that the popular objection against that dictum is due altogether to its phraseology and the circumstances in which the author expressed it, and not at all to the sentiment which it conveys. The proof of this is found in the fact that that very sentiment pervades and tempers every law purporting to regulate the relations between the public and its individual units.

The statement that compulsory arbitration “is found to work well in New Zealand” is not corroborated by any competent authority. Setting aside the rather important factor in this connection that the political, social, and especially economic, conditions in New Zealand are much better adapted to the workings of compulsory arbitration than are the similar conditions here, it yet remains to be noted that every report from that country favouring compulsory arbitration has, so far, reached us either through agencies distinctly representing interests which are financially benefited by that mode of “settling” industrial disputes, or else from those hopelessly incurable sociological doctrinaires to whom an abstract theory is always more convincing than its correlated and demonstrated facts. *Per contra*, the working men of New Zealand and adjacent parts of Australasia, where compulsory arbitration is an established public institution, have been heard from in emphatic terms of protest against the workings of that form of “arbitration.” This is, or ought to be, significant to those who are disinterestedly seeking for light on this subject. Working men may fairly be presumed to have greater personal interests at stake in connection with compulsory arbitration of labour disputes than any other class in the community. Hence their knowledge of the subject in countries where its workings become to them a matter of close personal observation and experience, is apt to be extensive, and therefore entitled to extra respectful consideration in weighing the pros and cons in this controversy.

Unfortunately, though naturally enough, perhaps, everything considered, the columns of that “public forum,” the daily press, is not so accessible to working men as to the spokesmen for vested property interests, and so the general public, which culls its information on public questions from the pages of the newspapers, is in the main furnished with only *ex parte* evidence as to the workings of compulsory arbitration. Indeed, often enough no evidence at all is forthcoming—just glib, off-hand, dogmatic statements which it is utterly impossible for the average reader to verify. Sometimes the ignorance of the editors is to blame for this species of “argument,” but more often “there is method in their baldness.” Punning is wretched business, we know, but the foregoing sample is excusable when one thinks of the suspicious insistence with which certain editors harp on an imaginary “impartial tribunal” which is to adjust the differences between labour and capital with perfect justice to all parties concerned. As a matter of cold fact, of which the editors are no doubt well aware, there never was, and never can be, an impartial tribunal in a world—such as ours is pretty generally conceded to be—where “money talks” and “every man has his price.” Our courts of justice are not impartial tribunals, as many a poor man can testify to his sorrow—and many a wealthy corporation to its joyful satisfaction. And this despite the fact that judges in criminal courts are bound to render judgments in more or less accordance with established law, their discretionary powers usually being limited by fixed maximum penalties. How much “impartiality,” then, could in reason be expected from a compulsory arbitration court where, from the very nature of things, everything must be left to the discretion of the judges? But, even if a perfectly impartial tribunal for the settlement of industrial disputes could, by some miracle, be established, there is yet to be considered the incontrovertible fact that compulsory arbitration is the logical inductor to compulsory servitude, a condition which American working men are, or should be, the last in the world to tolerate.—HAWSERLAD BILL, in the *San Francisco Coast Seamen’s Journal*.

Davey's Defence.

A STORY OF A LOCK-OUT.

Concluded.

Stonebridge, where the trial of Davey would be held, was situated some five or six miles from Ashville, so that many of his old friends who had supported him decided to walk over to the city, and if possible to gain admittance to the court, and by their presence try to cheer their old comrade. Perhaps also they imagined in their simplicity that by being on the spot they could be more certain of Davey having "fair play," as they called it. They were very keen on this point, and the feeling that after all there *was* one law for the rich and another for the poor had impressed itself very forcibly upon their minds since the lock-out began.

So early in the morning of the day fixed for the trial some fifty or sixty of the miners of Ashville set out like a forlorn hope for the court house at Stonebridge.

Of course, extra police were drafted into the city, and it was at first suggested the miners should be refused admission. But as the wily superintendent of police pointed out, this would give a bad impression all round, and after all a little acquaintance with the methods of the law would doubtless have a very salutary effect on the minds of the more ardent spirits.

When, therefore, Davey stepped into the dock, the small, dark and stuffy court was crowded, and in the gallery were rows of the rough, eager faces of the miners, looking pale and wan in the dim half-light admitted by the small windows that seemed ashamed to let in any light at all where darkness alone should reign.

Davey pleaded not guilty to the charge of inciting to riot, and as the prosecution relied entirely on the contents of the leaflet, the case practically resolved itself into the examination of a few official witnesses, who swore to the dangerous temper aroused amongst the people of Ashville by its circulation, and how property was rendered unsafe in consequence. After this came a speech by counsel prosecuting for the Crown—a man with a very red face and very white hands, which he was very fond of displaying in his stereotyped gestures. Knowing the audience he was addressing, he did not restrain his forensic eloquence, and seizing on the leaflet as a grand opportunity for arousing all the prejudices of a middle-class jury, he hurled his epithets at the prisoner in a way that made poor Davey's friends tremble for his fate. When he rose to make his defence, however, it was evident from his cool and deliberate manner that his self-possession was quite undisturbed.

"I am only a working man," he said, addressing judge and jury in calm, measured tones, "and I cannot expect to make an impression on this court equal to that made by the gentleman who has just demanded that I should be dealt with with the utmost severity. That is his profession, and it is a question of circumstances and not of principle that he asks for my conviction. Given the necessary conditions, he would have asked just as eloquently for my acquittal. I hope, therefore, to be allowed to make my defence as best I can, and I will begin by explaining why I plead not guilty to the charge brought against me. Inciting to riot and pillage may be the legal interpretation put upon my appeal to my fellow-workers, but the legal view is not necessarily the just view, and in this case I repudiate it, because riot and pillage are as little desired by me as by any other peaceful citizen. But let us look at matters as they exist to-day at Ashville. I and my comrades were content to work hard—very hard it would be called if our masters had to do it—for a living wage. For those who live on our labour a living wage was too much to pay, and in simple self-defence we have to struggle against a reduction which means semi-starvation for those who have wives and families to keep. I did not refuse to work only to better myself. I am single, and single men can live on a wage that means poverty and wretchedness to the married. Therefore I have to think of others besides myself, and I tell this court quite frankly I refuse to drag my fellow-workers down into deeper misery than the present system already inflicts upon them.

"But to come back to the question of riot. In the battle against starvation that our masters are always ready enough to inflict upon us, we, the disinterested ones, who are good enough to produce wealth, but not good enough to enjoy it, we find ourselves face to face with the question that arouses the most powerful instinct planted in mankind—the right to live. It is a question, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that would assail you, if your resources failed you, as mercilessly as it does those unhappy victims of an unjust society who wear their lives out

underground to bring warmth and comfort in your houses. If you accuse men of inciting to riot when they ask for food, it would be well in the cause of justice to remember how much we are alike, how equal we are in our need to keep life in our body, how unequal in the means of supplying that need! It is here the trouble always begins, and it will never end while these conditions last.

"I wish those who are to decide this case could live for a week amid the poverty and misery that is being endured, through no fault of their own, by the miners of Ashville. I wish those who preach the soundness of the law of supply and demand would tell the husbands what answer they should make their wives who point to the famishing children. The press send their reporters amongst us, and columns are written telling how determined the miners are to win the living wage. And the women, they write, are as firm as the men. Yes, the women are firm, firm in the face of the masters, firm to those who inquire, that they may publish to the world all the harrowing details of the bitter struggle.

"But there are trials that the women keep to themselves, keep even from their husbands, till the cry of the children breaks their hearts, and for a while the spirit falters as the question, 'How long, how long?' rushes to the mind.

"I have heard the cries of these children, I have seen these moments of the mother's anguish and despair; and I affirm, in spite of your rights of property, the simplest duty a man can impose upon himself is to get bread for these little ones. Well, that is the crime I stand charged with. If you get behind the legal form and look the matter squarely in the face, you will see clearly that is what it amounts to. But my masters don't like it put in that way. They want me looked upon as an enemy of society. If they can only get that done, then they can pose as its saviours; they can pose as the benefactors of mankind, and I and the comrades who are with me are the scum of the working classes. That is how public opinion is formed nowadays, and in defending myself against the legal charge, I also defend myself against the hypocrisy that places the wealthy exploiter as the superior moral agent, and the outlawed workers as the dangerous element.

"In addressing this Court it is my intention to hold nothing back that will help to explain the motives that led me to act as I did, and as a consequence of which I am standing here. I have spoken of the suffering I saw around me. It was terrible to witness, but I tried to console myself with the thought that at least it was in a good cause, and might win for us all better conditions in the future. In the midst of it all, however, a tragedy happened, and from that time I could rest no longer. As the facts were published in the press, everybody hereabouts knows that Tom Elliot's wife drowned herself through the loss of her child as a result of privation. As these things are of common occurrence amongst the workers, you ask why this should trouble me more than the rest. I will tell you. In a little village a few miles from Ashville, when a young fellow in my teens, I had a sweetheart. It was a little romance that was shattered by the economic conditions that drove me from my village. This is also common enough amongst the workers. Years after, when I return to Ashville, I find the sweetheart of my youth married to Tom Elliot, and happy enough with her child. I felt no bitterness at all this—quite the reverse. But when this calamity fell on the family, I determined I would rest no longer, but take what action I could to ensure that no other home should be wrecked in this way.

"Our masters, you see, buy our labour like they buy merchandise. They forget that behind that labour lurks human emotions, human passions. That's what troubles them, and that they would like to crush. They want us to be machines, and when we show our humanity they put us in the dock. I refuse to be a machine, and I insist on asserting my manhood, and if that is to bring punishment upon me, I accept the sentence as the price to be paid. But I tell all here—friends and foes alike—that I stand here on trial because I had the intention—an intention that you glorify in your churches and punish in your courts—to give bread to the hungry."

Davey was found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. The miners filed out, and trudged home like men dazed. Only when they recovered from the effects of their first contact with the law could they realise what chance the workers had in any legal struggle with their masters.

Those, however, who heard Davey's speech in court were full of admiration for their old comrade, and it was decided to have it printed in commemoration of the trial. This was done; and there is hardly a miner's home in Ashville where you cannot find a copy of "Davey's Defence."

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NOTES.

SOCIAL VOLUNTEERS.

In the *Melbourne Socialist* for April our old and valued comrade, Dr. Macdonald, has an interesting suggestion which he hopes would help toward "the evolution of a revolutionary situation in Australia." His idea is so excellent, so desirable after the endless folly of looking to politicians above all people to help the revolution, that it will be of interest to give briefly his own statement. "It is," he says, "to found a Legion of Social Volunteers, who will pledge themselves in the event of an Australasian Social Revolution to minister at the call of provisional organisations, and unconditionally offer their services for co-operative production and distribution. Such volunteers will be organised as social equals, and the freedom of the nation shall be theirs in exchange for their services when the Co-operative Commonwealth shall have got into good working order." In conclusion he says—"Write me down a Social Volunteer! I am prepared to tackle any work that may be necessary, from cleaning boots to making speeches! What does it matter when we shall be socially equal, free to think, speak, and act as we like, so long as we transgress not on the freedom of others." This expresses the true spirit of the genuine revolutionist, and although it will possibly continue for a time only as an *idea*, nothing can be better than to prepare the minds of the people for true revolutionary action when the time comes.

STORM CLOUDS.

If present activity can be taken as a sign of what the future will bring forth, it might be said that some world-stirring example of the General Strike is not so far off as we used to imagine. A glance around is sufficient to prove to the dullest mind the growth, and let us add, the efficacy of the strike. France is to the front again with her maritime strike, in which, by the way, the *Daily News* sees the conquering power of direct action. The wine-growers' demonstrations in the south are phenomenal in their extent and their power of spontaneous organisation. In Italy, in Holland, in New York, in Belfast, on the Clyde, important strikes are in progress, and in nearly all of them the workers show more of the fighting spirit than formerly. Meanwhile the futility of Labour politics, and the disgusting examples of political betrayal, begin to extinguish the last flickering hopes of the workers in Parliamentarism and the help of the State. It does not require a very penetrating eye to see in which direction future developments will go.

THE STATE AND THE CHILDREN.

If H.M. Inspector, Dr. Eichoby, tells us there are 122,000 children in the metropolitan schools insufficiently fed, we may be quite sure there is not less than that number. Voluntary effort, we are told, provided three meals per week for 25,000 children during 1906. Now, considering the obstacles placed in the way of all voluntary effort nowadays, it must be admitted this was a splendid achievement. As a contrast, showing what officialism accomplishes, we find that the Provision of Meals Act remains (as usual) practically a dead letter in the hands of the County Council. Something may be done by "bringing pressure to bear" on the authorities, so it is suggested. But that means time, and meanwhile the 122,000 children remain half starved in the richest city in the world. It is all of a piece with capitalist society and capitalist government. These hungry children of the poor will make fine material for exploitation when they are turned out to compete in the labour market. How can Progressives and Social Democrats be so soft as to imagine

that by merely voting the bred and born sweaters of the possessing classes are going to be frightened into spoiling this fertile source of enrichment. If, as Hyndman used to advise, we could "put the fear of man into their heads," they might throw some sops to the famishing children; but we would rather "the fear of man" was used to abolish entirely a system that offers to such numbers of its members the slum to be born in and the workhouse to die in.

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

It is useless to ask what sums were spent in feasting the Colonial Premiers on their recent visit here. Everyone read of the disgusting orgies of gourmandising that were indulged in. This is one of the arts of government and diplomacy. Let those who read the menus of these feastings of officialism turn to the fare that falls to the lot of the poor Irish peasantry, whose condition is also the direct outcome of the art of government. Here it is as given before the Royal Commission:—

Breakfast—Tea, frequently with milk, dry home-baked bread, sometimes with butter.

Dinner—Potatoes and milk, occasionally with fish.

Four o'clock—Tea with dry bread.

Supper—Potatoes, sometimes with milk.

And in winter the meals are:

Breakfast—Black tea without any milk, and home-made bread.

Dinner—Potatoes.

Four o'clock—Tea without milk, and dry bread.

In winter, when the potatoes fail, their place is taken by Indian meal.

"The children share the same food with grown-up people, and suffer greatly in consequence. The nurses tell me that they have known women give children under nine months of age boiled flour and water when they have no milk, a thing which the stomach of no child of that age could digest."

It was also stated that for a penny per head per meal a nutritious meal could be given. Yes, and how much more than this could be done, and would be done, if Government with its devilish "Acts" was only swept away, and the people left free to act.

AS THINGS ARE.

"The masses are poor, ignorant and disorganised, not knowing the rights of mankind on the earth, and never knowing that the world belongs to its living population, because a small class in every country has taken possession of property and government, and makes laws for its own safety and the security of its plunder, educating the masses, generation after generation, into the belief that this condition is the natural order and the law of God. By long training and submission, the people everywhere have come to regard the assumption of their rulers and owners as the law of right and common sense, and their own blind instincts, which tell them that all men ought to have a plentiful living on this rich earth, as the promptings of evil and disorder. The qualities we naturally dislike and fear in a man are those which insure success under our present social order, namely, shrewdness, hardness, adroitness, selfishness, the mind to take advantage of necessity, the will to trample on the weak in the canting name of progress and civilisation. The qualities we love in a man send him to the poor-house—generosity, truthfulness, friendliness, unselfishness, the desire to help, the mind to refuse profit from a neighbour's loss or weakness, the defence of the weak. Our present civilisation is organised injustice and intellectual barbarism. Our progress is a march to a precipice."—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ESPERANTO.

DEAR SIR,—My recent article on Esperanto has brought me several letters from the Continent, where your journal appears to have a wide circulation. One of my new correspondents wishes me to point out in your columns that at the Parisian Bourse du Travail a great many workers and Trade Unionists have learned to speak and write the language, have thus been promptly put into direct touch with comrades in other lands, and that Monsieur Mittey, 5 Rue Labat, Paris, would be happy to supply any details to readers.

Another Continental friend thinks that British progressives are not fully alive to the potentialities of the help-speech in the cause of internationalism. He is evidently unaware that articles in Esperanto regularly appear in the *Clarion* (Manchester), *Forward* (Glasgow), and in less advanced English journals. Fortunately, the language is not bound up with such accidents as religious or political parties, and illustrative of this fact I wish to add that during my recent propaganda I have addressed audiences in a Conservative club, in Unitarian, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches, in a Masonic hall, and in a mosque.

Yours faithfully,
Abercromby Square, Liverpool.

JAS. M. DOW.

ANARCHISTS AND TRADE UNIONS.

[The following letter from Comrade Kropotkin, which appears in the *Temps Nouveaux* of May 25, we reprint in FREEDOM for the reason of its special interest at the present moment. It is only necessary to explain that a discussion on "Anarchism and Trade Unionism" has been carried on in the columns of the above paper between Pierrot and Lagardelle, in the course of which the latter had insinuated that Pierrot held a letter of Kropotkin's which attacked Trade Unionism. The letter to Pierrot had been destroyed, but as Kropotkin discovered the copy he made, it was printed to dispel the false impression Lagardelle had tried to convey. The letter was addressed to the French Publication Group of Socialist Students, and in other particulars explains itself. All the notes have been added by Kropotkin since the letter was written. For the better comprehension of the following it may be noted that the French "Syndicates" are Trade Unions, but that the French "Syndicalism" differs from English "Trade Unionism" in its revolutionary character. It considers the "Syndicate" as the arm for the Social Revolution and the cell of the future Communist society.]

DEAR COMRADES,—

I had agreed to write a preface to your pamphlet "Anarchists and Syndicates" before having read it; now, after reading it, I see that I should have to write, not a preface, but a criticism, and even a very plain-spoken one, upon certain facts.

Instead of limiting themselves to arguments which might be adduced in favour of taking a more active part in Trade Union work, the authors have set forth general ideas on Anarchy that I cannot agree with, and besides they have subjected those who differ from them to little pin-pricks which I do not approve of.

The conception of Anarchy that existed in the Collectivist and Federalist International is certainly not that of present-day comrades, and is not mine (page 10). An entire evolution has taken place during the last thirty years—a retrogression, some will perhaps say—a forward movement, according to my opinion. Between the "Idée sur l'organisation sociale," of the Jura Federation, and "La Société Nouvelle," "La Conquête du Pain," etc., there is a whole generation which, to my mind, has neither trod the same ground nor gone back, and which would have been welcomed by Bakounin himself had he lived in our time.¹

The conception "Anarchist because Communist" is *your own*. Well, it has perhaps the advantage of making Communism the more important; but at least admit that it is not shared by a great number of Anarchists; that for many liberty is as dear as bread—I am one of those²—that there are many who call themselves Anarchists *although* Communists, and that there are absolutely sincere comrades who believe Communism and Anarchism to be incompatible, which in no wise hinders many of them thinking there is much to be done in Trade Unions.³

In the third part of your pamphlet you allow yourself to be carried away so far by your argument that you make several assertions which you would find it difficult to prove. No doubt on entering a Trade Union an Anarchist makes a concession—just as he does when he goes to register the name of his newspaper, or when he asks for permission to hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square; even when he signs the lease of his lodging or of his co-operative farm, or when he allows himself to be handcuffed without retaliating with his fists. To style "ideologists" those who demonstrate that there is a concession is neither just nor justifiable. Without these ideologists you would be flogged in prison, as is still the custom in England.

On entering a Trade Union you make a concession, and when you say that the concession is less than is generally believed, you are right; but let us not deny that it is a concession, like those mentioned above (asking for authorisation, lease, handcuffs), which make us hate the present system the more.

On entering a Trade Union you are certainly carried away

¹ To-day we have a clearer understanding of the necessity of *immediate expropriation* and the necessity of *Communism*.

² I must remind you of the numberless strikes for man's rights. They are in general the most bitter, a fact I have often mentioned in my articles on the Labour movement.

³ The readers of *Freedom* know that this opinion was based upon a misunderstanding, consisting in the belief that Communism must be authoritarian. To dispel this false prejudice, and to show that, on the contrary, Anarchism is only possible under Communism, and Communism will only be possible when it is Anarchistic, we have devoted a good deal of our energies since the year 1880, when the Italian and the Jura Federations of the International declared themselves Anarchist-Communists.

by your surroundings, as in Parliament,⁴ only the difference between a Trade Union and a Parliament is, that one is an organisation for fighting capital, while the other (Parliament, be it well understood) is an organisation to uphold the State and authority. The one sometimes becomes revolutionary, the other never does. The one (Parliament) represents centralisation, the other (the Trade Union) represents autonomy, etc. The one (Parliament) is repugnant to us *on principle*, the other is a modifiable or a modified side of a struggle that most of us approve of.

If Trade Unions set up a Social Democratic hierarchy, we could not enter them before having demolished it.

In short, there is enough for Anarchists to say about the use of endeavouring to wrest Trade Unions from dabblers in politics, and to inspire them with broader and more revolutionary ideas, without striving, for all that, to limit their possibility of action to those who have their own special conception of Anarchism. I know Anarchists of *all* shades who have taken part in workmen's Unions. Once they work at a trade, it is natural that they should associate themselves with comrades in the factory, without asking whether they understand Socialism or Anarchism in a particular way. That has nothing to do with the case.

Here, at page 8, my original letter ends. Probably I should not have added much to it. As to the date, I had written on this rough copy: "Trade Unions and Anarchists. April, 1898."

Now that I have answered M. Lagardelle's little insinuation, I shall take it upon myself to ask him a question. Was there nothing more interesting to say about Trade Unionism than to talk of this letter? Is he reduced to this? Supposing I had been a rabid enemy of Trade Unionism—would this in any way have altered the relation between Anarchy and the Trade Union movement? Are they only *personal* relations? And would it not be precisely the duty of a man who pretends to be scientific, to study the relations between Anarchist ideas and those of the French Syndicalism?

And lastly, if M. Lagardelle absolutely wished to speak of my ideas on the Labour movement, had he not, if it really interested him, my articles in *Le Révolté*, *La Révolte*, and *Les Temps Nouveaux*. (As I am not French, they can easily be recognised by their style). In perusing these papers between the years 1886—1898, I find one or two articles in each number during times of Trade Union struggles—leading articles and notes on the Labour movement—in which I always return to these same ideas: Workmen's organisations are the real force capable of accomplishing the Social Revolution—after the awakening of the proletariat has been accomplished, first by individual action, then by collective action, by strikes and revolts extending more and more; and where workmen's organisations have not allowed themselves to be dominated by the gentlemen who advocate "the conquest of political power," but have continued to walk hand in hand with Anarchists—as they have done in Spain—they have obtained, on the one hand, immediate results (an eight-hour day in certain trades in Catalonia), and on the other have made good propaganda for the Social Revolution—the one to come, not from the efforts of those highly-placed gentlemen, but from below, from workmen's organisations.

I have perhaps annoyed my readers by returning too often to this subject, but I now ask myself if it would not be useful to make a selection of these articles and publish them in a volume. What is most important is, that if we consult the collection of newspapers that followed the *Bulletin de la Fédération Jurassienne* and *l'Avant Garde* till the *Temps Nouveaux*, we see that the Anarchists have always believed that the working-class movement—organised in each trade for the *direct conflict* with Capital (to-day in France it is called Syndicalism and "direct action") constitutes, true strength, and is capable of *leading up* to the Social Revolution and of *realising* it, by the transformation based on equal rights of consumable commodities and production. Those of us who have believed in this during the last thirty-five years have simply remained faithful to the original idea of the International, as it was conceived in 1864 by the French (*in opposition* to Marx and Engels), and such as was always applied in Catalonia, in the Bernese Jura, in Eastern Belgium, and partly in Italy. The International was a great Syndicalist movement which determined everything that these gentlemen give out that they have discovered in Syndicalism.

We Anarchists do not pretend to have discovered a new idea

⁴ Look at England. Forty years ago Trade Unions were fighting organisations. When they became rich, protected by the Government, and flattered by the Royal Family, they lost their combativeness. The workers often complain of the bourgeois proclivities of their army of functionaries—like the Social Democratic workmen in Germany.

or a new religion. We say we have simply remained faithful to the practical idea that inspired the third awakening of the French proletariat and of the Latin proletariat in general. We have refused to associate ourselves with the juggling away of this idea, which was done by Germans and a few French Jacobins at the Hague Congress in 1872, when, profiting by the defeat of the French proletariat, they tried to cause the International to deviate from its economic struggle, and to drive it into conquering governing power in the bourgeois State. And now that the proletariat, disgusted with Parliamentary Social Democracy, returns to the old idea of direct international conflict against Capital, and that some gentlemen are again endeavouring to divert this movement, so as to make of it their political stepping-stone, we shall oppose them as we opposed their forerunners, so as to always uphold the same idea: *The enfranchisement of the proletariat by direct and aggressive action against its exploiters.*

PETER KROPOTKIN.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

The fascination exerted upon an ever-growing number of followers by that brilliant, if somewhat erratic, genius, Friedrich Nietzsche, serves to bring out not only the several points of attraction and repulsion characterising his philosophy of revolt, but also the extent to which he has been misunderstood. In the Emersonian sense, this last-mentioned fact alone would serve to establish Nietzsche's greatness. And yet, even where one feels the greatest uncertainty as to Nietzsche's teaching, the pregnancy of his style, the intellectual force accompanying the directness of his appeal to sentiment, intoxicates the reader for months by virtue of its egoism.

The self-preservation instinct which all recognise as being the first law of Nature is shown by Nietzsche to be the last law of ethics. Between the right of self-assertion, intellectually expressed, and social self-realisation in the service of all, he rightly draws no line of demarcation. To him they are one and the same. Absolute independence of external authority, the being without God or master, the sovereignty of "being" over "doing," are the challenges he throws out to the mediocre who suffer themselves to be the victims of legalised disorder. Nor does he hesitate to attack the various phases of expertism. With him rights take the place of duties, since to the superman the performance of duties will be the highest right.

It being given to the many not to understand the essence of this philosophy of Communistic individualism, Nietzsche's "egoism" has been confounded with a decadent Spencerian individualism. In turn a follower of Schopenhauer, Wagner, and August Comte, Nietzsche founded a system that was not so much a reaction against the ideals of his former masters, as a further development and unification of their respective theses, and only apparently opposed to their primary teachings of philosophic, nirvanic egoism. Where there is a difference, the difference is more of a temperamental character than anything else. The ultimate purposelessness of being was as much emphasised by Nietzsche as by Schopenhauer, the elevation of humanity was as essential a part of his system as it was of Comte's; but Nietzsche brought temperamental characteristics to bear upon the unity of the two systems. In other words, essentially a religious teacher and apostle of iconoclasm, opposed to the metaphysical world erected by theologians as also by many a scientist and philosopher, Nietzsche's philosophical system was none the less based upon an unconscious esoteric conservation of the teachings of the very philosophers to whose system his was supposed to have been opposed.

Man as we know him, with his respect for conventional morality and controlled by external rules of conduct, was something to be surmounted. The superearthy hopes, whether of scientist or philosopher or theologian, that animate man in the transition stage were to be consigned to the vortex of oblivion. The philosopher and scientist's advice to man to take refuge from the miseries of those around him by regarding the world of science and art and lofty aspirations—the ideal subjective world—as an atonement for the evils of the objective world, was thought by Nietzsche but little improvement on the objective paradise of the theologian. It was not that Nietzsche deprecated this ideal subjective world, but only that he wanted all men to rise to this level, coupled with an assertion of their individuality. His was a system based on an extension and conservation of the ideals that found their expression in this subjective world. But his egoism was directly opposed to the egotism of such philosophers. They

would ask men to put up with their sordid conditions, to continue to be the slaves of others, so long as they could experience the "realities" of this subjective world of idealism. But Nietzsche could see no reality in this subjective idealism if it was divorced from the self-assertion of the individual or opposed to his physical well-being. The scientist who was of this school of philosophy divorced knowledge and truth from the happiness of the individual, and would have you disbelieve in his being self-contained. Nietzsche, even if he embraced the ultimate pessimism of Schopenhauer, also emphasised the *reality* of man's being to man. Truth and knowledge, therefore, were only valuable as they became subservient to the reality of self-contained being, only useful in so far as they administered to the individual's freedom from oppression of others.

All roads lead to Rome, and all Nietzsche's aphorisms lead to one end—the superiority of the superman. But the superiority spelt a new social system, and was as much a social regeneration as an individual advance. For whilst domination of man over man continued, the superman could not be. The superman was superior to man because he would be so placed as to be neither man-slave nor man-master. Freed from the desire and the economic power to dominate, he would be neither dominator nor dominated. But in so far as differing hereditaries would produce different traits, the idiosyncrasies of each individual would vary, and hence this lack of officialdom would spell freedom, variety, and consequent genius. For where freedom and variety are, there is genius also. Hence man would be happy without regard to external canons of morality, serving his fellows in so healthy a manner as not to regard it as "service," benefiting the rest of his fellows by daring to be himself. Such is the greatness and grandeur of the philosophy propagated by Nietzsche, a philosophy bidding man be true to himself, and to cease to be either the exploiter or the exploited of science, of misdirected industry, and bestial luxury.

By those who have not mastered him Nietzsche is looked upon as the decadent individualist; but to the student he is the herald of the highest Socialist principles, the herald of revolt and freedom, the deep thinker who realised that Socialism must inevitably be identical with absolute individual freedom. As such his memory will ever be dear to those who, coupling Freethought ethics with Socialist economics, spell the combination "Anarchist Communism"—the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity that depends for its happiness on the authoritarianism of none. And what higher Socialism could men have than that which bids them at all times be themselves, and to serve men, not because of the pressure of circumstances, but because such acts as would benefit the community spring from the higher inner principle of true being?

GUY A. ALDRED.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

France.

A French comrade writes that the Paris Municipal Council have decided that a street in that city shall be called after Elisée Reclus, but regrets that the Council's point of view has been simply to commemorate a literary and scientific man, not the advanced revolutionary seer and thinker that Socialists and Anarchists alike loved and revered. Also that a statue is to be erected to his memory, Clemenceau being favourable to the project. Dr. P. Reclus protests against it. "To live in our hearts and memories Elisée Reclus does not need to be misrepresented in an ugly monument, wearing a frock-coat and seated in an armchair!" "You will be given a statue," said someone to Elisée towards the close of his life. "Well, I hope for a comrade to pull it down and plant a fruit tree in its place," was the characteristic retort of the modest, great-hearted old man. In the same way, our comrade points out, the gentler virtues of Louise Michel were the ones extolled by the Radicals of Paris at her death. It was for her kind heart and lavish, unselfish generosity of soul that she was to be praised and remembered, not because being a mere woman she fought like a man for her beloved comrades and Commune, and was ready to do and dare for oppressed humanity all her life. Louise was a revolutionist, Reclus was a revolutionist—such things are not to be spoken of or kept before the minds of the French proletariat, so the city fathers opine. But the proletariat are not quite such fools as—municipal officials. Yet it is a strange fact that even some Anarchists seem inclined to dim the fighting side of "la bonne Louise's" nature. It is said that a statuette, designed to grow later into an imposing memorial to her, has been moulded. It represents Louise seated in a chair with a child in her arms and a cat affectionately brushing the folds of her skirt. We once said to a comrade grown old in the cause of humanity, "But is Louise's love for children and cats the only attribute to be commemorated? She should have a liberty cap on her head, a sword across her knees." "Not at all," was the amazing answer, "Louise was all heart—the part she played in the Commune was merely accidental." We can see the flash in Louise's blue eyes had she heard those words! Granted that circumstances—poverty, persecution, and latterly failing

years—precluded her taking the active position in the struggle for the liberty of the individual that she otherwise would have done, yet if ever a woman was a born fighter as well as humanitarian, that woman was Louise Michel. The writer remembers her exclaiming at a time when it seemed probable a revolutionary movement was to break out in Paris—"If it is revolution and they keep me from going to my people, I will kill myself!" Her blue eyes flamed.

The *Temps Nouveaux* of May 25 has a clever cartoon by Grand-jouan. Briand and Clemenceau are represented as the assassins of the working class, lying, in the form of a woman, dead on the floor. Briand, with gory knife and hands, stands astride over her, Clemenceau tying up the loot. Says the latter to Briand: "But, Briand, I thought the working class was your mother?" "One has no mother," is the answer, "when one has the soul of a chief!" The same number gives an instance of the tactics of the Anarchist police squad. A comrade was told privately by a friendly neighbour to be careful, because a report was going round that a thief had been arrested at Rouen with a letter from him in his pocket suggesting a rendezvous at his house. "So that," continued the narrator, "it is not enough for the police to follow our every step and spy upon every action, not enough to denounce us to employer, *conciierge*, and tradesman, making existence intolerable; but they must add defamation to their list of crimes!" He adds that the present head of the Anarchist police is a man who some years ago forced a poor little servant girl to confess to a theft she had never committed. For of such is the kingdom of *mouchards*! How closely the young recruits are now being watched is also told by a sufferer. He wrote for some pamphlets to be sent to his initials at the post office. Calling for the parcel, it was refused him, and the postal authorities informed his colonel, who placed him under close arrest, and for four days gave him no reason for his being put in the cells. He was tried and imprisoned for 45 days for "holding opinions contrary to the army, and for having communicated with the editors of an anti-militarist and Anarchist journal." Not only that, but to the amazement of the poor simple-minded lad, who seems to look upon it as magic, his officers had discovered that *before* he entered the regiment he subscribed to *Temps Nouveaux*! What are the police or post-office officials for if not to violate the sanctity of the people's mail! There were a hundred signatures to the anti-militarist manifesto recently placarded over Paris; twelve of its signers are to be tried forthwith.

The police manufactured a great scare for the four Russian Grand Dukes in Paris lately. Some Russian students were experimenting with chemicals, and one of them hurting his hand, he was taken to the hospital. A doctor or attendant informed the police, the student's room was raided, and an alleged bomb factory discovered. The poor Dukes were not allowed to go to the opera that night; instead, their boxes were filled with Russian and French spies, after a minute search of the premises, which to their sorrow resulted in no find of revolutionists or bombs.

How the people can enforce their will when they go about it in a definite way was proved shortly ago in the wine-growing district around Perpignan, where at Beziers the mayor and municipality were forced to resign. Great distress is in view owing to the failure of the vines, famine being imminent; but not only were the taxes to be increased, but the municipality incensed the populace by arranging a festival and band contest on which the municipal funds, wrung from the people, were to be spent. The town hall was stormed, a frenzied crowd forcing the officials first to cancel the festival, next to grant a subvention in order to permit the poorest to attend the growers' demonstration, and then to resign; but the last decision came too slowly for the people, who finally set the building on fire and burnt the furniture and archives in the market place.

United States.

The report of the Legislative Committee of the American Federation of Labour is distinctly disappointing; not because much had been expected of its labours, but as showing the tendency and pernicious ideas that Labour still clings to. The committee is able to report a small increase in wages after years of effort on behalf of the clerks and carriers in the Post Office, about which they seem highly elated, calling it "the entering wedge." They also note with pleasure the increased air space provided for in the new Immigration Law for emigrants on board ships bound for the States. Formerly, 120 cubic feet of air was considered sufficient *per capita*; this has been increased to 180, and the committee add, "this accords with the most enlightened deductions of medical scientists." Huxley seems to have considered 800 cubic feet of air necessary for health. But the point is, this extra allowance of space compels more ships to be built by the United States shipping lines, and naturally every patriot desires that. "Unfortunately, however," states the committee in allusion to the matter of immigration, "through the obstinacy of a Representative of New York in charge of the Bill, the educational test, which feature has frequently been endorsed by Labour, was not retained." Had this test ever been in vogue, hundreds of thousands of the oppressed of Europe would have been denied admission. It is tendencies such as these that tarnish the work of American Labour Committees.

There has lately been a parallel to the Thaw case, clearly showing the difference in treatment between the rich and the poor criminal in the States. A tramcar conductor, seized with emotional insanity on the death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, shot the doctor who had attended her, believing his treatment to have been at fault. After a brief trial the jury convicted, and he is condemned to death.

Only four months, constituting a record for murder cases in New York, elapsed between the deed and the death sentence. Everyone spoke to the exemplary character of the young man, but, as he exclaimed passionately to the jury, "I am innocent of crime; but I am no Harry Thaw, and had no money to buy witnesses!" The press openly declares that had this man had the same consideration and use of money as Thaw, his momentary insanity would have been clearly proven to the jury. But he was a worker. Therein lies the difference in the eyes of Law.

Mother Earth tells us that Galleani, whose arrest was mainly brought about by H. G. Wells's press articles divulging his whereabouts, was tried some weeks ago and is at liberty, the jury having disagreed as to his participation in the Patterson Labour trouble. He is not likely to be re-tried. MacQueen has been pardoned and released on condition that he quits the States at once.

Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are at last on their trial. Passions are flaming in Colorado over their cause, and in spite of Roosevelt's direct sympathy with the capitalists and open denunciation *before* trial of the three Labour officials, it seems certain that no jury will dare to convict; in all probability they will disagree. From indications, however, it seems likely that revolver shots will be heard before the trial is ended, so bitter are the miners, so ruthless the owners. "The prosecution is prepared to win by fraud and force; already the Citizen's Alliance of Boisé are daily engaged in target practice with rifles and revolvers. Every business man and farmer will be forced into line by the 'machine,'" run some of the press statements. The prosecuting attorney specially engaged against the Labour men is threatened with indictment for complicity in lumber frauds. The greatest Democratic Republic in the world seethes with injustice, brutality, and hypocrisy in every form.

"Equality," a Socialist colony at Bellingham, Wash., ten years old, like every other, has ceased to be. It was successful to a certain extent as an experiment in collective ownership and production, but has now been sold by a court order to pay the colony debts.

San Francisco is in the throes of a fierce Labour dispute. The strike of tramway men has developed into one of all the city carriers, breweries, laundries, metal workers, and general carmen. It is called by the papers "a death struggle between the Unions and unorganised workmen." The police for once are standing in with the strikers, and give no assistance to maintain order. The president of the tram companies states he will fight to the death, and never acknowledge the Union again—but so strong is the latter that most people say he must yield. The humour of the position is that the strikers have started running omnibuses in opposition to the street cars, which all the good citizens are compelled to use! The cost of living has become exorbitant, and such bloodshed would ensue if the Governor used the Militia, as he threatens, that the authorities fear to take the responsibility as yet. Meanwhile Mayor Schmitz and "Boss" Ruef are calling each other names for being found out in extortion and corruption. Happy Republic!

Mexico.

"The world knows little or nothing about the actual political and economic situation in Mexico." So ran the first words of an article on the country in the May number of the *Emancipator*, a new San Francisco monthly, standing "as an advocate of Industrial Unionism." The comment is perfectly true, and it is well that the world's eyes should be opened, however prone it is to close them again when scanning new phases of man's cruelty to man. Side by side with the *Emancipator* lies an article by an American Socialist on the same topic, written two years ago, since which there has been improvement. President Diaz appears to be a thorough tyrant, a dictator determined to suppress the native population at all costs. The "peon" is a mere slave, a chattel of the mine and land owners. "He is born and dies on the soil watered by his sweat; he, his wife, and his children are, like cattle, the property of the master. When the latter dies they become the property of the heirs or the new possessor." If he dares to fly from this slavery, he is hunted back by the police, and well clubbed to teach him to remain quiet in harness. In some of the rural districts he still, as of old, works under the lash. The mine and factory workers toil twelve to fourteen hours daily for about one shilling and sixpence a day, the fine system being in strict observance, so that their meagre wages are cut down to *nil* at their master's pleasure. Moreover, the wages are not paid in money but in tickets, payable in goods at the company's stores—that hideous American practice wherever "foreigners" are employed. To organise Labour is made an impossibility—the police disperse every attempt at a meeting for this purpose. Immediately a strike occurs the President sends troops to suppress it—as at Vera Cruz last winter, where men, women, and children were slaughtered indiscriminately by the soldiers for quitting the spinning mills. Every paper that speaks up for the people is suppressed, and those who read such do so at their risk; as a rule, the writers are expelled or assassinated. There is no free press, free speech, or freedom for organised Labour—in a word, nothing but slavery for those building up national wealth, which, small doubt, will fall into Yankee pockets later on. As it is, our Socialist tells us that the railroads, mines, coal, oil, and asphalt deposits, along with large agricultural interests, are already in the hands of American capitalists. If, he adds, there is any wish to help the unfortunate people it can only be done secretly. In Mexico city the workers are forming mutual aid societies, but are allowed nothing in the way of Trade Unions.

Servant girls work fifteen to sixteen hours a day for at most a pound a month, and sleep on the kitchen floor; they are addicted to drink, as liquor sells for a penny a glass, while the necessities of life are at United States prices. "The working day for tailors and shoemakers is only limited by their power to keep awake; and the same may be said of the women who make stockings, shawls, etc. Many of the latter go blind and become beggars." The Church, as elsewhere, hangs like a dead weight around the neck of society, stifling all thought and political activity. Naturally the

thought of revolution is ever present to this unhappy, down-trodden nation, but so far any attempt at such has been ruthlessly quashed. A more pitiable tale is hardly to be conceived.

Spain.

After a year's close imprisonment and numerous adjournments, the trial of Nackens, Ferrer, and the five other unhappy persons, one of whom is a woman, accused of conspiracy with Morral in the Madrid outrage, opened on June 3. There is to be no jury. The accused appeared before a tribunal of judges, and every effort is to be made to procure a death sentence for the two first-named—Nackens for having sheltered Morral for a few hours, and Ferrer as founder of the Modern School, to whose funds Morral subscribed. The priests are especially determined that if Ferrer does not die, at least his school shall. They have filled their papers with lies and calumnies against this blameless man and his educational work, whereas the lay press of Europe bears direct testimony to the necessity in Spain of liberal education just such as Ferrer's was, absolute ignorance being forced on the population by the Church, which, as in Italy and in Ireland, battens on the blind and passive stupidity of the masses. But Spain is waking, and whether Ferrer die or live, one day there will be many *Fesculas Modernas*.

Holland.

The International Libertarian Congress at Amsterdam is finally arranged to be held the last week in August. Emma Goldman has been invited to represent the Winnipeg and Chicago groups as delegate, and has agreed to do so. Adhesions, reports, and all inquiries (not excepting subscriptions where possible!) should be sent to G. Thonar, 97 Rue Laixheau, Herstal-Liège, Belgium.

A SOCIAL ARRANGEMENT.

By BOLTON HALL.

"I want some room in this world," said the Baby.
"You haven't any capital with which to buy land," said the Emeritus Professor of Social Economics and Political Economy, "therefore you can't have it."

"Capital," said the Baby, "what's that?"

"Things used to produce more things," replied the Emeritus Professor of S. E. and P. E.

"That seems clear," said the Baby. "Are there no such things which you call 'capital' in the world?"

"Oh, yes; there is an over-abundance of capital. It goes to waste because we can't find employment for it."

"Lend me some of it," said the Baby. "I'll use it."

"You can't, for you have no land to use it on," replied the E. P. of S. E. and P. E.

"Is everybody working who could use it for me?" persisted the troublesome child.

"No," replied the Professor. "Not exactly. You don't seem to understand the law of supply and demand."

"What is this law of supply and demand?" asked the Baby.

"It is," says the Professor, "that when people want things others make for them—that is—well—ah—you are too young to understand that. They need capital."

"Where does the capital come from?" asked the Baby again.

"Why, men make it by work out of land, and the products of land."

"If I made some, would I own it?"

"Yes—that is—er—certainly you ought to."

"All right," said the Baby. "My father will work and make some capital for me; so now let me have room for my cradle."

"I told you before," replied the Professor, "there is too much capital already."

"Well, let me have a place to stand, and I will do some work."

Said the Professor: "Nobody wants your work."

Said the Baby: "I want it myself. If I don't work, how can I live?"

"You can't have it," answered the Social and Political Economist. "There is an over-production of goods, a large number of persons who want goods, and so many people to work that they can't find anything to do."

"I don't understand that," said the Baby.

"Neither—do—I," said the Professor slowly.

"When I grow up I'll buy some land with the capital I make."

"There won't be any land for sale by the time you grow up. It will be just like England."

"Isn't there enough land? Is all the land there used?"

"Oh, dear, no; it isn't all used, but it is all valuable, and there is a short supply."

"What makes land valuable?" asked the Baby.

"The increase of persons there," said the Professor promptly—"even a baby ought to know that."

"Have I given a value to this land by being born?"

"Certainly," replied the E. P. of S. E. and P. E.

"Then I want a share of that value which I have made," said the Baby.

"But," said the Professor, "that belongs to the owners of the land."

* * * * *

And as the Baby had nothing to live on, it died. And afterwards the Professor died, and God asked *him* some questions about Social and Political Economy.—*The Cape Socialist*.

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