

Freedom

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NOTES.

To Act or to Vote?

It is a sign of the times to find H. M. Hyndman dealing with the question of Direct Action in a leading article in *Justice*. He does not, unfortunately, state the case quite fairly when he limits its action to "an organised armed rising," "secret conspiracy and terrorism" (which Hyndman, as usual, deliberately persists in confounding with Anarchism, ignoring the fact that Republicans, Social Democrats, and others have all been terrorists at times), and lastly "the General Strike." This is all very well, but it is not enough. Direct Action, leaving behind the tortuous and barren ways of Parliamentarism, has the whole world for action; it is as wide as life itself. To mention only those methods which at present claim most attention, the general strike alone divides itself into many forms, such as general strike of a trade, of a town, or of a community. The boycott is another example of direct action ignored by Hyndman, but used with such wonderful effect by Turkey against Austria. A no-rent campaign would be direct action; so also would be a strike against taxes, an antimilitarist movement, and so on *ad infinitum*. Most of these forms have been tested and have proved to be effective. But where is your fruit of Parliamentary action? There is none to be seen, for we refuse to recognise the carrying of Radical reforms as work befitting true Socialists. *Justice* will have to go much more deeply into the question if it wishes to answer the "still, small voice" that is beginning to be heard even in the ranks of the S.D.P.

The Spirit of the Boss.

It seems inevitable that men who aim at controlling, ruling, and directing their fellow creatures must always show the temper of the "boss." This fatal stupidity is not only the source of unending quarrels, but has often resulted in the failure of a popular movement at the time of a crisis. There are men who are doing the "leading" now in the Socialist movement whose work for the cause deserves full recognition, but who would never conceive it possible for the people to take a step in any revolutionary enterprise, not even in a new method of agitation, without their direction being called in. It is this deplorable attitude which induces H. M. Hyndman in the article quoted above to conclude with this announcement:—"I am not ashamed to confess that I have not yet thought out the complete plan that I should like to submit to the Committee of Public Safety[?] which *would have to take charge of such a business*, and I doubt if anyone else has. Yet till that plan has been elaborated and its main principles are accepted, 'direct action' *has little or no meaning for us*." The italics are ours; but note the spirit of the dictator that underlies it all. As if the workers in their struggles against capitalist exploitation must wait for the "plans" of H. M. Hyndman, who, like a second Trochu, would certainly succeed in muddling things up. No; let the workers by all means learn the need for direct action; then let us give all the help and encouragement we can as comrades. But never let us impose our "plans" upon them.

George Bernard Czar.

Of course, everybody knows that everything will be all right and everybody satisfied when the Shaw-Webb-cum-Bland or the Bland-Webb-cum-Shaw administration governs the land. At least, that is the idea pervading the Fabian Society. Outside others may think differently. They may wish to overthrow the Fabian Government. Others, like ourselves, may wish to end all the jobbery, snobbery, and robbery of Parliamentary rule, and see the people really free. In a preface to the new edition of the "Fabian Essays," Shaw, like the Czar, pronounces sentence of

death on Anarchists and even on political opponents who will not let Government go its own way. He writes as follows:—

"The one thing that is politically certain nowadays is that if a body of men upset the existing Government of a modern State without sufficient knowledge and capacity to continue the necessary and honest part of its work, and if, being unable to do that work themselves, they will not let any one else do it either, their extermination becomes a matter of immediate necessity."

So it will be a poor look-out for S.D.P.ers as well as Anarchists if these "superior persons" get the upper hand: the former because, according to Shaw, they are a set of incapables who know nothing about the noble art of governing; and the latter because they don't need governing at all. It is hard not to be told even the method to be employed for our extermination. Will it be by quick-firing guns, we wonder, or by Fabian "Black Hundreds" organised by George Bernard Czar? Perhaps the Humanitarian League will help him to decide which is the most humane method of slaughter. But who knows if some of those delicately organised creatures of the opposite sex who hover round the great man may not soften his heart. At any rate, they might "hold him back" if he takes off his coat. That would be awful to contemplate, for we all know the havoc he wrought in Trafalgar Square on Bloody Sunday in 1887!

"An Englishman's Home" (?)

The outburst of Jingoism which is being "worked up" by the military faction in the upper classes, with Lord Roberts at the head, has culminated in a drama, good enough for the empty-heads of the smart set, but a laughing-stock to any one of the least intelligence. The funny thing about it all is that there isn't a nation on this that has done more than England to destroy the homes of other people. But to take only our last exploit in this direction—what was done by "Bobs the Burner" in the Transvaal? One would have thought the ashes of the Boer farmsteads would rise up in the minds—if they had any—of these smug patriots. And the concentration camps—are they forgotten? All the women and children sacrificed to the cowardly butchers of the Milner and Kitchener type don't count in the scale of humanity. It's only the Englishman's home that is sacred. And here we come back to the cloven hoof that is to be seen in all Jingo movements—the lust of conquest. For, make no mistake, it is not invasion these people fear. They all know this scare will only go down with a music-hall audience. Their real game is to plunder and annex when the chance comes, or, failing that, to cripple some competitor, like Germany, who is striving to have some share in the markets of the world. "An Englishman's home," forsooth! As G. K. Chesterton points out, that in a great number of cases is the street or the workhouse.

Strikes in Australia.

The strike at the Broken Hill mine in Australia should be noted by F. H. Rose, that superficial gentleman who combines the art of writing on Trade Unionism (at a price) with paving his way into Parliament by a sickening laudation of Parliamentary methods, which has no more truth than it has sense. According to this worthy, the day of the strike is over. But the answer from Australia, the Eldorado of the Labour politician—and compulsory arbitration—hits Mr. Rose right between the eyes. For it is not only at Broken Hill that the labour war reigns, but the significant news reaches us from Sydney of the sentencing of a Labour leader named Ryan to a fine of £30 or six weeks' imprisonment for helping to organise a strike. We shall give a full account of this in our next issue. Meanwhile let us acknowledge the fine work of Tom Mann, who not only helps the miners, but on his arrest refused bail that was to be had only by his promise to abstain from agitating until his trial. This is what is called "true grit."

DIRECT ACTION versus LEGISLATION.

By J. BLAIR SMITH.

III.

Having seen that the law owes its origin to murder and plunder, and its perpetuation to the enslavement of the people; that it is responsible for most of the misery and unhappiness in our midst, as well as for the oblique moral vision of a great portion of the community, let us see if anything really has been gained, or can be gained, by Parliamentary methods—that is, to continually obey a bad law while agitating for its legal abolition.

Without considering the fact that the more people obey a bad law, the more they habituate themselves to it, they deteriorate morally, and the more difficult it becomes to legally alter it; what can be done through Parliament that could not be done much speedier and more thoroughly by simply ignoring Parliament and regulating our own lives ourselves?

The rise of Parliament dates practically from the Civil War. The discovery of America with its immense stores of wealth had given birth to a new body of men among the people. These were traders who, in exchanging goods between this country and America, rapidly amassed fortunes. At the same time, many of the aristocracy, deeply in debt, succeeded in breaking many of the last links which bound the country to feudalism by selling their estates or part of them to these rich newcomers who had risen from the ranks of the people. The power of this trading or commercial class gradually increased till, not content with having the whole trade of the country in their hands, as well as much of the land, they desired—to still further increase that wealth—to gain supreme power. To reach that object they decided to make Parliament, which up till then was practically non-existent so far as the government of the country was concerned, the sole dictator of the affairs of the nation, and to reduce the monarchy to a mere figurehead.

Then began the struggle between the King and the aristocracy on the one hand and the middle class or the Parliamentary party on the other—a struggle which developed into a civil war lasting several years. Parliament, of course, emerged successfully. The middle class had the economic control of the country, and by that, and by promising certain concessions to the people, they succeeded in gaining the support of the majority of the nation. Yet in this struggle for supremacy Parliament, which stands to-day for all that is legal, violently broke every legal enactment of the time, outraged all the “law and order” of the period to arrive at political power. From then till now the middle class has reigned supreme; but what of the working class? The revolution which lifted the middle class to place and power left them practically the same as in the old days prior to the Civil War. The revolution had done nothing for them. The Parliament instituted by the middle class to protect themselves against the King and the aristocracy, without giving liberty to the people, was found eminently suited to the interests of that class. It was a lever which freed them for ever from the domination of an autocracy, while at the same time it left them the masters of slaves whose obedience they had the power to compel. Parliament came with commercialism, just as the factory system came with it. It is permeated with the ideas of commercialism, and its laws, like all our manufactured goods, are produced in a factory on the well-known factory plan. It is an institution based upon class privilege, and, like the law, owes its existence to monopoly in land and capital on the one hand, and to landless, capitalless workers on the other. Instituted as it was by the middle class for the middle class, how can it be maintained that such an institution can further the interests of the whole people? At the best, it can only impose another class upon the workers who may to a slight extent modify the present conditions. Bound up as it is, however, with the economic conditions which gave it birth, it will be compelled to disappear with the commercial system. For the middle class it lives and acts; to further their interests is the only reason for its existence, and these interests are diametrically opposed to the best interests of the working class. Owing to its very nature, it cannot possibly further the interest and wellbeing of the workers. It exists to defend privilege and monopoly, and it can only be by the abolition of these that happiness, wellbeing, peace, and harmony can come to the people.

Even if we examine it practically as well as theoretically, in operation as well as in the abstract, what do we find? What does the history of Parliament for the last fifty years teach us? Failure after failure. After fifty years of agitation, how many points of the Charter have been gained? Have we gained annual Parliaments, payment of members, abolition of the House of Lords, land nationalisation? Not one. And yet, after all, these are merely political reforms which would have no effect on the great bulk of the people. Over and above these are the demands for reform in the social and economic conditions of our times. The cry of misery which goes up every day from every large city is unheeded; the wasted, broken lives are unnoticed; the haggard women who deal in shame, and the starving children who haunt the gutter, may perish in their degradation so far as Parliament is concerned. It does not exist to protect these. After seventy years of the reformed Parliament scarcely an evil of any consequence has been abolished, and many of them have been accentuated. The tide of human misery, reaching a higher level every year, threatens to sweep away our civilisation, while Parliament sits solemnly engaged in hair-splitting and word-twisting. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning,

but Parliament, without even the desire, the energy, or the brains to do that, sits and gapes while the misery of the people is intensified day after day. It can do nothing even if it desired, hampered as it is with a bundle of antiquated regulations and effete customs—good enough, possibly, for the days when our ancestors travelled in coaches at the rate of twenty or thirty miles a day, but out of date in the twentieth century, with all its social and industrial complexities; utterly unable to cope with the age, and generally lagging half a century behind the thoughts of the time.

Take the *personnel* of the House of Commons into consideration, and imagine, if you can, if the interests of lawyers, stockbrokers, landlords, and employers are likely to be in harmony with those of the people. They have no serious desire to solve the social problem. The most they desire is to maintain the *status quo*. Who does not remember the enthusiasm which swayed the great mass of the people after the London dock strike and the publication of the revelations regarding the arduous and precarious existence of the dockers, and the miserable pittance they received. The force of public opinion became so strong that every one of us thought a new era was about to dawn. But alas! the Government, fully alive to the possibilities of the situation, met the public demand for better conditions for the workers by appointing the Labour Commission, which, long after the public interest had died away, issued a Report, and—that was all that was done. The whole question of better conditions, more leisure, and higher wages for the workers was completely shelved, and the employers were enabled to breathe freely once more. Instances of this kind can be multiplied again and again. People—sincere, honest, and earnest—have agitated frequently to abolish some particular evil, and perhaps having succeeded in gaining the attention of the public, discover that owing to the supreme lethargy and indifference of Parliament this attention has been diverted, and the opportunity for effecting a reform practically lost for ever.

In effecting a reform by legislative methods it is necessary to go through this procedure. In the first place, it is necessary to agitate in order to convince the body of the people that a great public evil exists, and to urge upon it the desirability of doing something towards its abolition. This having been done—public opinion being aroused—it is now necessary to convince a body of men as to the existence of this evil, as to the existence of a strong desire to remove it, and the methods to remove it. After some time, one party of politicians take the matter up, and the people who have agitated for years and years ere the question entered the regions of “practical politics” (which practically means that there may be sufficient votes to make it worth a party’s attention) are now congratulating themselves upon the success of their long and persistent agitation. But their congratulations are rather early yet. The political party which has taken up the matter may not be strong enough to introduce a Bill; they may be in Opposition. Two or three years pass and a General Election comes which returns this party to power. But difficulties are not over yet. So many other things “block the way” that it may be a few more years before the Bill is introduced. The original agitators, now getting into the “sere and yellow leaf,” imagine their time of triumph has come at last. Not yet, however. The other party—the party in Opposition—has to be convinced of its necessity. It takes time to do that. Convinced of its necessity, they will, however, disagree upon every possible method that can be adopted. Clause by clause, line by line, word by word, the Bill is fiercely contested, until after the lapse of a few more years it becomes law, but so mutilated and patched up as to become almost unrecognisable to its originators, who, now hoary with years far beyond that usually allotted to man, drop into their graves from agony and shame at the sight of this miserable abortion which is presented to them in their old age as the child of their youth.

This farcical method of treating great questions cannot go on. It may do well enough on the comic opera stage when dealing with imaginary grievances, but life is too short and the ills of life too real to be treated in this manner. Some other method must be adopted if we are to cope successfully with the crying evils of to-day. Even if the workers elect representatives of their own class, how long can their honesty and good faith be guaranteed? Is it possible to guarantee their honesty at all? Consider the methods a man must adopt if he desires to represent a constituency in Parliament. Long before he is elected he has degenerated morally. He must be an adept at wire-pulling, intriguing, and flattering. He must make himself agreeable to the majority of his constituents, and to do this he must in many cases suppress his own convictions, and utter opinions which are not his; bind himself to vote for measures which he really believes will be detrimental to the best interests of the country; promise anything and everything whether it can be had or not; so long as they send him to Parliament, it is immaterial. Is it likely that a man who goes through this slough of lying and chicanery will be of great service to the people? Is it likely that a man of this calibre will take up a righteous but unpopular cause, and in the name of the people press forward with it to the bitter end? Is it likely that this man will be true even to the promises he has made and make some endeavour to fulfil them? How can we believe it? Is the lesson of contemporary politics wasted upon us? Is it not the case that a man steeped in lying and intrigue will be just as likely to desert the cause of the people when it serves his own vanity or his purse? No one can touch pitch without being defiled, and you cannot expect a man to wallow in the filthy mire of politics without becoming degenerated morally. No politician can be an honest man. It would not *pay*. The politician desires notoriety, fame, place, and

power for himself. To gain these it is necessary to capture votes, and whether the methods be shady or otherwise does not matter.

Thus measures are passed and promises made, not because they may be of real utility to the people, but because they command votes. And after all this intriguing and wirepulling, lying and cheating, how do the people stand? As they were—or worse. They are merely the pawns on the chessboard, the counters to play with, that a small section of men may gain control of the destiny of the nation, and use that control towards enriching themselves.

Working-men representatives can be no better than those who have preceded them. The same corrupting influences are at work, the same immoral methods must inevitably be adopted. When you enter the political field, success is the first aim, and your principles must be cut down or extended to accomplish it. Either way your honesty is gone, and once on the down grade, like other Tribunes of the People, you will probably end by being an oppressor as well. Our employers of labour who have risen from the ranks are certainly not noted for their generous treatment of the class from which they sprang; and we have no reason to suppose that working-men representatives, rising to their position by such questionable methods, are any more likely to consider the interests of the people first and their own private interests last.

Let us also take into consideration the duration of Parliament and the average life of the worker. The average duration of Parliament is six years, the average life of the worker is twenty-nine. He cannot possibly vote before he is twenty-one at the very earliest; it may be five or six years later before he is entitled to vote, and possibly three or four after that again before he has the opportunity. We may therefore justly conclude that few workers have the opportunity of voting more than twice in a Parliamentary election. When you take into consideration the fact that the vote is often lost for some years owing to change of residence, non-payment of rates, etc., I do not think this is overstepping the mark. Thus our direct contact with those who move the strings of government is so slight that we have really no control over them at all. They are our masters! In their hands lies all the power which at election times they are politic enough to say is ours.

When we consider the dilatoriness of Parliament, its phenomenal capacity for doing nothing, the untrustworthiness of the men who compose it, as well as the fact that so little has been accomplished by Parliamentary methods, and that little owing more to the strong force of public opinion outside than to Parliament itself, how can sensible men still expect any slight modification of the present social and economic conditions, to say nothing of the solution of the social problem, to come through such an agency?

Look at the case of Ireland. No nation in the world has relied more upon Parliament, nor made more persistent Parliamentary agitation to gain better conditions, than Ireland. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the whole population, rich and poor, all classes and conditions, have been rabid politicians to a man; and yet, notwithstanding it all, we know how little Irish politicians have achieved; and that little was accomplished, not because of Parliamentary agitation, but through agitation outside of a very different sort. The history of Ireland during the last hundred years has been one long essay on the futility of political action.

No, it is not by Parliament that we can better the conditions of the workers. Parliament, as we have already seen, is merely an institution designed to advance the interests of the middle class, while at the same time it deceives the people with the semblance of freedom and power. To trust in Parliament is to trust in a broken reed. It can do nothing for the workers, and it has no intentions of doing anything. It has deceived the workers in the past; it has destroyed to a large extent their initiative. It inculcates the blighting idea that a man's duty to himself and to society is at an end when he puts a cross to a ballot paper and drops it into the proper box. This pernicious doctrine, that a man is in no way responsible for the misery and suffering that exist, is the principal cause of all the apathy and indifference of to-day. We are responsible, each one of us; and it is our duty as men no longer to be content with crossing a paper, but to think for ourselves; to discover, if we possibly can, the means and methods to ameliorate the condition of the people.

(To be concluded.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CONSCIOUS PARASITES."

(To the Editor of FREEDOM.)

DEAR SIR,—I should like the writer of "Anarchism and Parasites" to explain, if he can, in what way that "third class" of conscious parasite is superior to the conscious parasite who is a sophist, when they are considered, not as mere labelled specimens of humanity, but as factors towards the making of that ideal State of which the writer speaks in his last paragraph. Open confession, or as the writer chooses to call it, frankness and honesty, may be ever so consoling and much easier than a justification providing one can find a confessor; but the question remains, is the duly repentant and shriven parasite in any way different to the unshriven, shameless parasite when arrayed before the only final court of appeal—that of result or effect? For instance, does the writer of the article, having confessed his crime against

society, intend going on adding to his debit account, or does he merely intend to tell me—whose back he may be treading on for all he knows, since I may be sweated and driven to provide him with the necessities of life—that he is perfectly honest and frank about the matter: he is on my back, true, but he cannot help it? He may be perfectly frank and honest, but he is no less heavy on my back than the shameless justifiers and law-supported parasites he takes exception to. No; he certainly does not justify his parasitism. In effect he says, "I am here so long as you choose to allow me to remain," which is no more or less than the most unscrupulous exploiter or useless loungeur in "purple and fine linen" ever said. So, for my part, although a conscious parasite, and maybe the teacher, manager, superintendent, or head salesman whose case the writer so plaintively pleads, I do not count myself in any way superior to any member of the "great lying Church," and am in no better a position than the much-quoted writer of that phrase so "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," or the quoter himself, to indulge in the cheap, easy pastime of "calling the kettle black." Enough, then, of this cant and hypocrisy about honesty and frankness. Unless your confession is an amendment, it is an excuse which is another name for a justification; unless your statement is a repudiation, it is a complaint, and a complaint is always an accusation. And in conclusion, to reverse the writer's dictum regarding "the mighty," until the *slaves* say, "We can, therefore we will," so long will they be slaves instead of being mighty themselves; for in the face of all this calumny of "the mighty," it is, after all, only the mighty who have any choice between freedom and liberty.—I am, Sir, etc.,

S. J. FOSTER.

ANARCHISM AND PARASITES.

(To the Editor of FREEDOM.)

SIR,—The article on the above subject, which appeared in your January number over the signature of "C. H. Kean," will cause still further searchings of heart amongst that growing number who, convinced of the brutalities and incongruities of the present system, and conscious of their inconsistency in tacitly acquiescing in them, are yet unable to devise a feasible means of escape.

Your contributor certainly does not err in his classification of those whom he feels constrained to dub as "parasites"; indeed, the list might well be extended to include all those whose daily labours are of no service or of disservice to the best interests of the community. Such an extension would justly bring within its scope many thousands of "honest working men," toilers with hand or brain, who are unconsciously engaged in avocations either useless or pernicious in character. The stock-jobber's clerk, for ever recording his employer's gambling transactions; the author of cheap, sensational fiction, pouring forth literary narcotics, which stupefy the minds of their patrons and render them incapable of sustained or serious thought; the army of artisans building the rich man's tenth palace, to be used mainly as a prison house, jealously guarding for his selfish pleasure art treasures which should rightly be the heritage of the race; the host of flunkeys and attendants who wait upon the same rich man's artificially created wants—all these render no social service of any worth, and can only be rightly placed under the same general heading.

But the writer appears to me less successful in his prescription for the cure than in his diagnosis of the disease. His *via media* leaves us pretty much where we were—his "way out" is a thread which fails to release us from the intricacies of the labyrinth. To countenance the retention of an erroneous position, held by virtue of frankly acknowledging its indefensibility, ceasing to justify it, and so forth, is tantamount to affirming that a wrong action is tolerable so long as one admits that it is wrong—be bad if you will, so long as you are *consciously* bad. As a matter of ethics, such a dictum seems open to improvement.

"What shall I do to be saved?" The cry is ever as insistent as the replies to it are vague and inconclusive. To dispossess myself of such "advantage" as I may have, for the benefit of a brother in need, is merely to change places with him—there is still one needy person in the community who must now search for another conscience-stricken individual to in turn relieve *his* needs.

"Sell all I have, and give it to the poor?" Yes, but will the poor really benefit thereby? My few insignificant pounds, or hundreds, or thousands, would be a mere speck in the mass of poverty, to which I must necessarily, by so doing, add myself as one more atom! Rather should it be our aim to strive for its abolition than to add to its bulk.

There is one way out, and one only—organised, intelligent, collective effort. All other methods outside of these are unscientific, inexact, and must necessarily fail. The foremost eager ripples of the incoming tide dash themselves to pieces against the rock which defies their puny individual onslaughts; the mighty volume of water which follows carries all before it. Substitute the "we" for the "I," and what the few fail to do the many can accomplish.

Let no man quote Thor-*au* against me, to wit, that "he who goes alone can start to-day; but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready, and it may be a long time before they get off." True; but sometimes it is well to wait, lest he who travels solitary may fall by the way. There is safety in numbers—for look you, there are lions in the path!—Yours, etc.,

E. W. H.

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AN ALL-ROUND FAILURE.

The officials and the would-be officials of the Labour Party are expressing deep satisfaction at the "results" of the Portsmouth Conference. As these "results" happen to be *nil*, it proves what a little it takes to satisfy some people's minds. What they are really gratified about, however, is the fact that the threatened "split" has been so cleverly avoided. The one thing that would have shown some vitality and have given some hope for the future did not come off. And the reason is not far to seek.

The party to be criticised, the Labour Party in the House, is not to be attacked with impunity by those who are breaking their necks to follow in its steps. If you wish to be one of the elect, if you are ambitious for official position, you must "play the game." And what is "the game"? The subordination of conscience to expediency, of the ideal to self-interest. That is the great political lie which has been nailed down by Max Nordau, and which Disraeli apostrophised as a "splendid juggle."

It must also be said that the few who raised their voices—some members of the S.D.P.—did not and could not strike the right note, because unfortunately they also are "playing the game" under slightly modified rules. The position is simply that the Labour Party is a party of Reform and nothing more. The S.D.P. is an organisation whose avowed aim is Socialism. If they wish to reach that goal, it is just as important for them to keep to their Socialism outside of Parliamentary action as it is for Hardie, Macdonald, and the rest of the so-called Socialists of the I.L.P. The mixing in the political struggle has confused all the issues; and in England we badly need a Hervé to pierce with his irresistible logic the mass of absurdities that are now preached as Socialism.

The *Industrialist* for February very opportunely prints Hervé's speech criticising the Socialists in the French Chamber. In this he says: "All the Radical-Socialist reforms are to be had without you. It only needs an agitation in the country for the Radical Republic to accept the reforms already realised in the surrounding monarchies. In Parliament you would be useless. If only you were no more than that! But you are dangerous to Socialism." And he is right. Because it is not the few votes in the House of Commons that win the day; it is the popular agitation outside. And the neglect of this great work of agitation and education is the chief reason why the Labour Party will fail on its present lines to benefit the workers. See how the House has tamed the smooth-tongued gentlemen who once fought the capitalist with their gloves off! Justice complains of Pete Curran. But Hyndman would be the same; Quelch would be the same—or have to walk out. And if you only go there to walk out, what is the use of walking in? And meanwhile there is so much to be done outside; so much that is *not* being done. And the capitalist knows it, and is taking full advantage of the weakness and indifference that political action has produced among the workers. That is why Labour and Socialist politicians are a failure and a danger to the cause, and it would certainly be of far greater advantage to the workers to pay a levy to keep their leaders out of the House than to send them in. Political action, profit-sharing, all these are capitalist tricks to check the one thing they really dread—the direct action of the workers.

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The Russian Crisis.

IV.—Conclusion.

When the general strike had gained Russia a Constitution, there were, as we have shown, in reality only two parties which could be said to represent the claims of the bulk of the nation—the Constitutional Democrats and the Peasants' Union. The first, being purely bourgeois Radicals, were nearly satisfied with the Constitution as it was announced in the beginning. It is true they had claimed more advanced rights, *e.g.*, universal suffrage; but as a party of legal means they believed that with the granted Constitution the work of the economic and social regeneration of Russia might be accomplished.

The Peasants' Union, newly created, had no proper organisation in the country; its programme could be realised only by a revolutionary struggle, for which, however, it was not prepared.

We saw that the revolutionary parties did not make use of their opportunity, and bureaucracy and autocracy found themselves again in full power. The isolated disorders and outbreaks in Moscow, Baltic provinces, Georgia, Kronstadt, and other towns of Southern Russia and Siberia were easily crushed. The towns were bombarded by the same cowardly officers who were beaten by the Japanese; the villages were burnt and the unarmed population, women and children included, brutally treated and outraged. Till now everywhere in Russia black ruins and bullet-riddled buildings bear witness to their barbarity.

The six weeks following the triumphant general strike showed the Czar and his councillors that Russia is divided into two camps. On one side, the non-official and enlightened section of the nation struggling against absolutism; on the other the corrupt bureaucracy, civil and military as well as clerical—in Russia the clergy are State officials—headed by the alliance of high nobility, Senators, Governors, Ministers, Archbishops, etc. To deal with the progressive parties and to paralyse the influence of the Peasants' Union, the Government by intermediary of the police organised the most destitute elements of the towns into patriotic Unions. Thieves and criminals found themselves in the ranks of the patriots, whose chiefs were Krushevan, Puriskevitch, Shulgin, Count Konovnitsin, Archbishop Hermogen, and Durnovo, the former Minister of the Interior, all people who have in their past accusations of embezzlement, immorality, and perversity. It is this Union which is called the Union of the True Russian People. It is the badge of this Union which the Czar, knowing that the throne is forsaken by honest people, has adopted for himself and his heir. The finances of the Empire are exhausted, but by the Czar's orders every year millions of roubles are given to this Union, and its members are added to the police force. The Ministry of the Interior, which in reality is the police administration, whether secret, ordinary, political, clerical police, or gendarmerie, costs the country 150 million roubles. The salaries of nearly all police officials have been doubled in the last year or two so as to strengthen their fidelity to the throne. Nearly the whole of Russia continues to be in a state of siege, in order to buy the fidelity of the Army by the double pay which is given at such times. The state of siege declared at the end of 1905 for three or six months in various parts of the country has been prolonged till now by request of the military authorities, who in order to show their zeal and activity are hanging daily innocent people, including boys and girls, on charges, as has been shown in many cases, of having stolen a few kopecks. The so-called National Army is now in reality a corrupt band of mercenaries who earn their double pay by hundreds of executions (last year 780) and thousands of killed, wounded, and outraged peasants and workers.

At the same time the Press is muzzled, the smallest private meetings of friends prohibited, and the life and property of any one is at the mercy of a drunken and gambling officer or spy. The spy system has penetrated the whole of society, and the Azeff scandal shows how Ministers, the high bureaucracy, and even the Court, are the tools of such arch-soundrels as Plehve, Ratchkovsky, Durnovo, Azeff and the like. In contemporary official Russian life demoralisation has penetrated everywhere, and conceptions of duty or honesty do not exist. The Czar and his family, the Ministers and high Government circles, Archbishops and Governor-Generals, one and all are working only for their own interest and enrichment. "Après nous la déluge" is their motto. By all means of treachery and atrocity they try to crush national life and to stop progress and development, so as to be able to preserve their power.

This state of decadence has not developed suddenly. It is the result of a century of systematic persecution of science,

honesty, and individual development. "Do not think; obey blindly," is still the general order in school, in church, in barrack. "Be brutal and mind your own interests only" is the official morality.

With such a political system, with such morality, with such economic ruin, the colossal Empire has been brought to decadence; and no reform, not even revolution, can save its existence. The quicker the collapse of "the Empire of the knout" comes to pass, the better it will be for the now oppressed nationalities, and even for the general development and progress of mankind.

W. TCHERKESOFF.

A SUGGESTION.

Comrades are always grumbling that we want more pamphlets, which is quite true. But the pamphlets won't ever come along if we each leave it to the others to do something. If we all solidly did a little, without one shirking or coming along too late, we should be astonished how easily we could get what we wanted. If we have not grit and enthusiasm enough to do this much—well, the Anarchist movement will never be anything in England. The time is ripe for another revival of real Socialism. It is a good opportunity to print pamphlets at the present time. The press at 127 Ossulston Street is waiting ready to be used, and it is a chance we ought not to miss.

The initial difficulty is, of course, the inevitable question of funds. This could be got over if we *all* made up our minds to *do a little*. We might begin 1909 by paying a double subscription to FREEDOM. The extra money to go to the pamphlet fund, subscribers receiving the pamphlets as they appeared. Those who buy the paper monthly could send on to the office what they could afford, and I think we could count on some cash orders in advance from those comrades and groups who are better off than the rest of us. Anyhow, we should get about £60, enough to start printing six good pamphlets on decent paper, and, if possible, in art paper covers, besides having a pound or two left for advertising. After the first six pamphlets are got off and sold we should have some money in hand, which, supplemented with further cash orders in advance, would enable us to print another series, or perhaps a shilling book of Anarchist essays, which the bookshops might be induced to take up. Having once made a start, each propaganda venture would become easier than the last, and with each issue there would be an increasing number of persons interested, who would at least buy the pamphlets as they appeared.

Certainly, with a small subscription each, and a little trouble in bringing the pamphlets before the workers, a lot might be done. Just think, six new pamphlets, and all we have to do is for each to subscribe an extra shilling or so to the fund. Why have we not done so before?

There should be no difficulty in obtaining material for a good series of pamphlets. We have a few able writers in the movement, there are some good pamphlets out of print, there are also some good pamphlets in other languages, which might be translated, and there are some good articles in back numbers of FREEDOM which deserve to be reprinted in pamphlet form.

S. CARLYLE POTTER.

ROBERT OWEN.*

One of the most futile and foolish of things that mankind is given to is the mania for making "gods" of prominent men. We Anarchists must always be the first to acknowledge the great things accomplished for humanity by individual effort and force of character. There are names that have our deepest respect; careers that have won our sincerest admiration. But we do not bow before these personalities, nor do we admit any authority arising from them that can control our lives, except in so far as our own judgment may freely accept their conclusions. Having said this, we can express our deepest admiration for the splendid life-work of Robert Owen, and can speak of him as one of the greatest of men without being misunderstood.

People have called him a philanthropist; but he was far more than that. He was indeed the precursor of that which to-day is called "humanitarianism." For he was not only one of the first to preach that humanity needs not the whip and the scourge to work and live the social life, but he was actually the

first to practically demonstrate the truth of his ideas. The author of the excellent little volume now before us points this out clearly. He says:—

"A hundred years ago Robert Owen, in these New Lanark schools, showed what a humane education could accomplish. Dancing, the co-education of boys and girls, the absence of all cramming and all punishments corporal or otherwise—what might England have become had such schools been general? And to-day our teachers are still beating boys and girls with canes in the public elementary schools, and flogging them with birch rods in reformatories, with the full consent of our education authorities. The healthy and natural co-education of the sexes, the obvious carrying into the school of the cleanest influence of the home, is still regarded with suspicion—especially outside elementary schools; while dancing, the sanest and most joyous form of gymnastics, and a power for civilisation that cannot be over-estimated, is neither sanctioned by education codes as an item of school routine nor permitted by county councils."

That to Robert Owen belongs the chief merit of founding true Socialism in England only perhaps a hidebound Marxian would be inclined to deny. We are glad, however, that Mr. Clayton puts the matter beyond all doubt, for he shows that even Owen's activity in the Trade Union movement—a movement he practically created—"was an attempt not only to make working-class solidarity a fact, but also to inaugurate a social democracy *apart from the State*" (the italics are ours). And here is what was required that each member should subscribe to on joining the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union: "Do you fully acknowledge that labour is the source of all wealth? And that those who labour have an unimpeachable right to secure to themselves and for their own disposal all its benefits and advantages?"

How often have we urged in these columns that it is both a stupid and a dishonest thing to confound the real Socialist ideal with mere political reforms; and yet this is done every day by Social Democrats, by Fabians, and by members of the I.L.P. We are glad to give in full a protest Mr. Clayton makes on this important matter:—

"Owen's Socialism," he explains, "comprised a definite reorganisation of society on the basis of public property—common ownership of the land and the machinery of wealth production, and an equitable distribution of wealth, making the existence of private landowner and private capitalist impossible. And this is Socialism: this is the future of society that Owen called Socialism, and it would be an advantage if the word was only used when this definite condition of things was meant. As it is, a great deal of mental confusion has arisen, and much futile discussion taken place because the term 'Socialism' is made to do duty for so many different notions. From the dispensing with domestic service to a kindlier treatment of the aged poor, from municipal baths and washhouses to the licensing of hawkers, from Government telephones to popular religious services, from garden-party entertainments for the poor by the rich to the public feeding of hungry school children, from reform of the marriage laws to a non-belief in Christianity—all these things have been called 'Socialism,' with the result that the issue is obscured. . . . On the merits and demerits, the advantages and drawbacks of Socialism, the discussion can range vigorously, but let us be agreed when we speak of Socialism that we mean a society based on public property, where common ownership shall have superseded landlord and capitalist, and where the workman shall receive the full product of his labour; a society wherein personal riches will have no power to command the obedience of men, and where there will be no room for the wealthy idler or the unemployed workman; a society where the production of all the necessary material goods and their distribution shall be organised and carried out under the direction and in the interests of the whole community."

Owen soon discovered that no help was to be had from the State in his great aim of the reorganisation of society; and it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that his Socialism was Communist and non-political in the sense that it was to be attained through the economic struggle. "On its economic side," says Mr. Clayton, "Owen's new order of society is Socialism absolute and complete; it is only politically and socially that it is not identical with the Marxian theory." And again: "The Governor of New Lanark cared little about political equality, and the agitations for the franchise left him unmoved." "It is not any mere political change in your condition," he wrote to the Chartists in 1842, "that can now be of any service to you or to society." How advanced this all sounds beside the awful rubbish preached by the political Socialist quacks now fooling the people in the House of Commons!

Space does not permit us to enumerate all the great and noble ideas that Owen gave to the world; of his unending devotion to the working class, whom he always loved and never deceived; of his courageous and disinterested life that gave all he had to give and asked nothing in return. Calumny he met with a serene indifference; and amidst all the failures and disappointments that work such as his was bound to meet

* Robert Owen, *Social Pioneer*. By Joseph Clayton. 6d. net. London: A. C. Fifield, 44 Fleet Street, E.C.

with, never do we hear one word of reproach against others. It would be a pleasure to record all that he did for Co-operation, for education, for woman's emancipation, and, last but not least, for those most wretched and unfortunate victims of our present system—the "criminals." But we have no space; and we would much rather see this brief but excellent biography in the hands of all our readers that they may judge for themselves the value of the life-work of one whose name should be a household word in every Socialist home.

In less than seventy pages we are given in a clear and interesting style a brief biography of Owen, a very fair statement of the work he did and the movements he initiated, and a generally correct and unprejudiced estimate of his aims and methods. So for sixpence one can learn much of this great pioneer and gain many clear ideas—ideas that have been shamefully mixed and muddled by pretentious nobodies of the present day who badly need putting in their proper places.

SELECTION OF WORK FOR CHILDREN.

THE HOUSE IS THE WORKMAN'S CASTLE; THE FACTORY, THE CAPITALIST'S FORTRESS.

Parents should, if possible, select single-handed trades for their children, those which can be operated in the homes of the workers, so that, as in the early days of Greece and England, the craftsman could work in a shop attached to the home, as the countrymen did and do now, though the allotment system has marred the home culture to a large extent. Even in these distressed times, caused by the Government restricting the issue of coinage and notes, few craftsmen are so comfortable in their home and at their work as those who have a shop beside their cottage, where they can make new work or repair the damaged goods of their neighbours, and sell the produce of their gardens, vegetables, poultry, and fruit preserves, and still work at some craft in wicker, leather, hemp, etc. A farrier, who often is a good mechanical smith, is well situated at cross-roads for repairs of wear and tear of vehicles and harness, mangles and motors—not the mangles done by them—though a smith's craft is a double-handed one, if forging is to be done. Without his hammerman to use the sledge and hold up for welding, he has to defer the work till he gets this help.

These remarks are preliminary to the purpose of showing that men who have home-crafts can resist the exploitation of their toil in factories longer than lodgers and municipal home-dwellers and small allotment holders.

Parents of the villa-class of children aim to make their young hopefuls, with their shallow training, Carnegies, Rockefellers, and Astors, by starting them in life as clerks at a desk, or in some Government institution for idle penmen, because they have not to soil their delicate hands at work. What a number of these indulged mother's pets become failures, useless at home and worthless abroad, because, like schoolboys, they can only use a pen, and at the age of forty are not eligible for anything except office work at about 15s. a week, the competition for easy, genteel penwork is so great. Parents should think of this for the sake of their petted darlings.

Now, take the craftsman, driven from home work to factory work, how do we find him circumstanced? With wife and family miles away at their lodging, he getting his meals in a crowded cookshop or public-house, with dirt and discomfort around him. Home-coming is not always pleasant for him; matters of accident, illness, or some trouble that would have been averted if the craftsman's shop had been close to his home. In many matters he could help his wife and watch his children, and she could have helped him in many crafts, while he might have comforted her in some illness or home trouble. The journeys to a factory are a life-waste; a delayed train or tram causes lost time, to lessen earnings. He has to work with mates his master selects: sometimes they are repulsive. Capitalism, with its factory, does not consider colds, headaches, trains, life-wear, and worry, which home rest would alleviate and cure. "That must not be at the loss of profit on your labour," says the factory owner. Like a horse in a mill, the factory hand—"hand" is their word for a man—deteriorates in health, and his loving wife sees painfully that the factory work is slowly killing him, and wishes that she had some home work to do to win him rest—or perhaps, unfortunately, she is a factory worker also. The children are street arabs between school hours, and the neglected home a scene of dirt and squalor; the girls mistaught about life's hopes and duties by the cheap novel, as the parents are mistaught life's beauties and duties by the prurient and pious newspapers. Home often becomes a quarrelling den for parents and children, due to factory work for parents away from their homes.

Not only is the factory a fortress, but all Government buildings now have their casemates, concealing batteries of Maxims, as may be seen by outside inspection, i.e., opposite the House of Commons. A search inside these buildings would show barrack-room for several hundred men in the basements. Recently rifle gun rockets have been tried and found to carry 500 yards with deadly effects—to scatter mobs if necessary. The terror of the rulers, caused by the march of Chartists on April 10, 1848, started this concealed fortress building. At Blackfriars Bridge, London, the factory of Messrs. Rennie Brothers,

the engineers, was cleared of workers and filled with police, fully armed as soldiers.

At Homestead, Carnegie's Pinkerton assassins used the steel works as a fortress, to shoot down redundant workers seeking to get work. If each man had been a home worker in his castle then, what chance would the assassins hired by Carnegie and Co. have had against them in their own homes?

Other instances of factory fortresses might be cited. Enough is advanced to urge parents who are Libertarians to train their children for single-handed crafts and such as they can operate at home—not simply one craft, but several. Longer and happier lives would result, and family joys and comforts would be joined to health and moral training. The hiring Press, daily and weekly, would then have to raise the standard of their ethics to win readers. And when the Germans are invited over here by Royalty and Capitalism to suppress a revolution of the workers, their castles would be a defence against the league of landlords, stockbrokers, and their Royal puppets.

J. CHARLES KING.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Italy.

The authorities are busy just now hunting down Anarchist papers. The editress of *Pace* (antimilitarist) has been condemned to five years' imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs, and the manager to two years and a penalty of 1,000 francs, for articles appearing in special numbers under the titles of "The Conscript" and "The First of May." For the same crime the magistrate wished to impeach Professor Sergi of the University of Rome, editor of the *Courrier Européen*. A. Cipriani has been condemned, in his absence from Milan, to a year's imprisonment for an article on the strike in Parma. In Spezzia an effort will be made to prosecute *El Libertario* for an article against the Monarchy which was reproduced in a Republican journal of Rome.

The trial of the workers arrested for demonstrating during the riots in Parma will take place shortly at Lucca. But the trial of the numerous officials and functionaries selected to distribute the world's bounty to the survivors of Messina and Reggio, and who are, as is well suspected, lining their own pockets under the guise of "salary," etc.—this trial is so far unannounced!

France.

La Révolution, the new Revolutionary Syndicalist daily, appeared the first week of this month. Many well-known comrades figure on the list of collaborators: Faure, Guillaume, Malato, etc. The price is 5 cents. (1/2d.), and its official address 12 Rue du Croissant, Paris.

The return to the death penalty does not as yet appear to be efficacious as a deterrent to crimes of violence. The first executions took place on January 11 at Béthune, in the presence of the populace. The next day, after the papers gloating over the horrible details had overrun the country, an old man and woman were murdered in the provinces, and a wretched rag-picker in Paris. A day later an agriculturist and a messenger were attacked and shot, and a man and his wife fired upon by a whole band. Incidentally, another band quarrelled and left one of their number dead on the field. On the 14th at Lyons a lover kills his lass; at another place a husband kills his wife; elsewhere a "worthy citizen" is assassinated; also a hungry beggar, shot dead by the proprietor when caught in the act of stealing artichokes from a garden. Again, a couple of men fight, and one is killed by a blow on the skull; another is picked up stabbed all over—and so forth. If this goes on, Deibler and Sons will have to form a company! Cruelty begets cruelty, as the world and its rulers very well know; and no death sentence has ever yet reduced crime or bettered the universe. At the same time, the meting out of penalties for crimes of a brutal kind that shock humanity is a problem difficult to solve. In one sense it seems more merciful to kill a criminal (so-called) than to send him to hopeless hard labour and exile in that hell-in-paradise, New Caledonia, where men go mad in solitary confinement, and are tortured into submission when rebellious.

The mental attitude of the medical faculty towards Anarchists is known; that towards antimilitarists is, perhaps, voiced by a doctor of Paris, who remarked during a lecture upon their psychology: "Antimilitarists, briefly, are characterised by a lack of muscular power and a horror of work. The weak, debilitated, lazy individual is ordained to become an antimilitarist; he is the prototype of antimilitarism. The last is not a moral but a physical opinion. War is not made only for killing the brave, but also for killing the cowardly. Antimilitarists fear blows; they desire peace because they are not brave. Discipline is the highest and noblest military virtue. Any individual who cultivates his muscles becomes naturally a militarist—he wants to be the shepherd and not the sheep. But antimilitarists are cowardly degenerates," fit only, according to our discerning physician, to be classed with "Doukhobors, Chinese mandarins, dwarfs, and fakirs"!

A schoolmaster has lately been punished by the civil courts for telling the truth to his class. During the history lesson he had dared, among other heresies, to declare that the soldiers of the Revolution were not such from love of war, but were bent simply on the defence of the rights of man and the citizen; that Napoleon's wars, on the contrary, were for the purpose of fleching certain local liberties from foreign nations, and that these did well to defend themselves; above all, that French soldiers did wrong in 1806 when they slew old men,

women, and children, whose lives should always be respected; that such acts were barbarous and cowardly. As the old maxim says, "Truth ever goeth with a scratched face."

Germany.

The domineering temper of German Trade Union officials is well exemplified by the Mannheim incident. In December some 500 workers in the Strebel iron foundry struck on the masters' decision to lower the wages by 60 per cent.; whereupon a general lock-out in all the foundries of Southern Germany was threatened, which would affect some 15,000 men. The officials of the Metal Workers' Union at once commenced negotiations with the masters in order to avert at all costs the lock-out. But the men, having the support of the whole population of Mannheim, resisted their officials' effort, and determined to continue the strike. To end the matter, the executive committee then published a declaration stating officially that "the Union would no longer support the strike and declared it to be ended." This was published before the strikers had definitely decided, after consultation with the Union leaders, whether they would change their minds or not. The men's retort was a decision by 467 votes against 43 (the legal majority according to the Union statutes) to persist in the strike. Down at once came the official heel. "The Managing Committee has always allowed you latitude in your actions," came the message; "it thought that common-sense would have returned to you. We have deceived ourselves, and again definitely declare that the strike in the Strebel foundry is ended." Immediately upon this proclamation the masters' menace of a general lock-out was withdrawn. Once again Union leaders had sold their men. The refusal of strike funds naturally paralysed the strike, and to all intents and purposes the officials, with the masters, won the day. To ensure success, it is even said that one of the Union executive flourished a false telegram before the men, purporting to prove the factory was having its work done elsewhere.

The great miners' strike of 1905 in Westphalia, when 100,000 men were out, threatens to be repeated on a yet larger scale. The disaster at Radbod, when 360 miners were killed, has left a very bitter feeling among the workers, the popular opinion being that it was owing to want of proper precautions for the safety of the men. "But who cares for the thousands who are killed or maimed every year?" asks Hué, one of the moderate Socialist Trade Unionists. "In 1907 over 1,700 miners were killed on the spot, and over 11,000 died or were injured through accidents. For every day's work 6 dead, for every month 145! But this frightful fact never comes home to the general public—it is only the parents and comrades of the sufferers who feel it. Miners now understand that their life counts for nothing, and their indignation deepens into fury!" The organised miners are, in fact, getting exasperated at the difficulties put in the way of reforms in mine inspection. They demand inspectors and controllers out of their own ranks to assist in mine management. To this a deaf ear is turned. And therefore there is a threat that "if once more our hope of an imperial law for the better protection of miners and the creation of miner controllers is ignored, a favourable moment will be seized to declare an economic war such as the world has never yet seen." Big words—if German Unionists can carry them out.

America.

Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman, who was widely known as the "King of Hoboes," were arrested at San Francisco on the night of January 14 as they were about to hold one of the eight meetings they had previously announced, and lodged in the city prison on eight charges of conspiracy to rout. "Rout" is defined in the State statutes as the assembly of two or more persons at a meeting where measures are advocated which if they were actually carried out would lead to riot. The police acted on the theory that each one of the meetings announced constituted such a conspiracy, and bail was fixed at \$1,000 cash or \$2,000 bond on each count. William Buwalda, who was dishonourably discharged from the Army and sentenced to five years' imprisonment on Alcatraz Island, the Federal military prison, by court-martial for shaking hands with Emma Goldman at a meeting held by her some months ago, was also placed under arrest because of his protest against the action of the police. Buwalda was recently liberated under pardon from President Roosevelt. While in her cell Emma Goldman received news of the death of her father in Rochester, N.Y.

The United States, like her sister Republic, Switzerland, has begun the precedent of returning Russian political refugees to their blood-thirsty Government. Several have already been extradited, never openly for a political offence, but for such masked as robbery, or, as in one case, for forging a false Academic certificate. To the objections of Clarence Darrow when defending a Russian peasant who had escaped after taking part three years since in the revolt in the Baltic provinces, the Chicago magistrate retorted: "In this affair our decision must be based more upon the Russian than the American law." There was absolutely no substantial proof of the man's identity—but he was delivered over to the hangman. It is said that a long list of "wanted" men and women, political refugees, has been prepared, and that one by one they will be extradited with as little publicity as possible.

Never, it seems, has there been so many unemployed in New York as this winter, and though a boom in trade is trumpeted, misery grows instead of diminishing. In Philadelphia half-time is being worked in such places as have not closed down. In one locomotive factory alone 10,000 men have been dismissed since December last. From Canada comes the same tale. Montreal is full of starving and unemployed

Thousands of dollars a week pass through the hands of organised charity officials, but, as elsewhere, the money apparently becomes a part of their salary, for no benefit accrues to the poor, nor do their numbers decrease. The press lately announced that a sum of 1,600 dollars could be had for the asking by the derelict of a certain parish. On arriving to claim the dole they were informed that the money was to be devoted to the inmates of a certain institution. The matter being investigated, it appeared that the denizens of this "institution" paid for their keep until their funds ran out—when they were shown to the door. So much for charity! As for justice, it seems to follow the lines of Europe, judging from two recent examples. In Quebec a beggar dying of cold pilfered an overcoat hanging outside a shop. He was seen and chased by passers-by, and weakened by hunger, soon dropped. Next day he was condemned to two years in the penitentiary. On the same day a young well-to-do man forged several thousand dollars' worth of scrip. He was not arrested. "The affair will be arranged to the satisfaction of all parties," is the public announcement, and the swindler's name remains a press secret.

The men employed on the Great Western Railway at Pernambuco, Brazil, went out on strike recently. There was no trouble till troops were sent to the spot. Result: two workers killed and sixty wounded.

BOOK NOTES.

The Englishwoman (Grant Richards, 1s. net), a monthly magazine devoted to the enfranchisement of women, appears for the first time this month. It is in its way a healthy sign of the awakening spirit in women to break the chains that have bound them so long. It may seem but a poor beginning to clamour for the vote, which in itself will help them not at all. But around this agitation will grow up many demands in the direction of personal liberty that will have to be conceded. Therefore when we read that "the pages of the *Englishwoman* will be open to discussion on any of the views expressed in signed articles," it seems that a wide field of usefulness may be opened up by this magazine. The articles in the present number are well written, and they will surely have an interest for those who advocate woman's political enfranchisement. But we are still waiting for the women who shall claim full economic and social freedom for their sex.

Right to be Born Well. By Moses Harman. 25 cents. Los Angeles, Cal.: 649 South Main Street.

It is impossible not to admire the energy and sincerity of this veteran agitator, who here again gives us a little volume of thoughts and ideas that are full of interest for all who are free-minded enough to study this important question.

Erin's Hope. By James Conolly. 5 cents. New York: The Harp Library, 749 Third Avenue.

This is another note of revolt sounded against English rule of Ireland. The author places his hope in an Irish Socialist Republic; but although the Socialism is all right, we cannot see that a Republic will bring Ireland any more freedom than it has brought other nations that have tried it and found it wanting. Still, it is good to see an appeal to the spirit of revolt which permeates these pages.

Also Received.

Institutional Marriage. By Moses Harman. 5 cents. Los Angeles, Cal.: 649 South Main Street.

"Comrade Kropotkin." By Victor Robinson. 50 cents. New York: The Altruists, 12 Mount Morris Park W.

A WARNING.

Cardiff and Bristol comrades have sent us a warning regarding a Dr. Leo Coplan, who has been basking in the rays of reflected glory, publishing a translation of an article on Russia by Kropotkin as his own writing. On account of a certain financial transaction, he was requested to leave the camp of the "Hunger Marchers" at Cardiff. He is supposed to be in London under another name.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE SPIRIDONOVA.

This photograph of the Russian heroine, whose horrible tortures caused such a sensation, was taken in prison. It is on good paper and suitable for mounting. Price 2d., postage (in cardboard roll) 1d. extra for any number. Quantities 1s. 6d. per dozen post-free.

ANARCHISM.

By DR. PAUL ELTZBACHER. Translated by S. T. BYINGTON.

An impartial and unbiassed study and analysis of the doctrines of the leading Anarchists of the world from Godwin downwards, with extensive extracts from their works. This is perhaps the best survey of the subject yet written. The contents embrace:—1. The Problem. 2. Law, the State, and Property. 3. Godwin's Teaching. 4. Proudhon's Teaching. 5. Stirner's Teaching. 6. Bakunin's Teaching. 7. Kropotkin's Teaching. 8. Tucker's Teaching. 9. Tolstoy's Teaching. 10. The Anarchistic Teachings.

6s. 6d. net; postage 4d. extra.

PROPAGANDA NOTES.

[Reports of the Movement are specially invited, and should be sent in not later than the 25th of each month.]

LIVERPOOL.

The Liverpool Communist Sunday School beg to thank comrades and friends for their financial support in aid of social at the Clarion Club on January 24. Collection by elder comrades at social amounted to 10s. 5½d. Donations by various members of the above club, £1 7s. The social turned out a distinct success. Comrade Quayle enlivened things by his humorous and clever conjuring show. We had good recitations and songs rendered by the children. Comrade Gladys Jones was the speaker of the afternoon. The proceedings were closed by the singing of the chorus of the "L'Internationale" in French by the children.

We now have 38 members in the school, and this number looks like increasing.

To develop the spirit of Internationalism we have joined the "Ligue Internationale pour l'Education de l'Enfance" (for information apply to Senor Portet, Clarion Club, Liverpool). To break down national prejudices and that patriotic piffle which is inculcated into the children of our present-day school is, to my mind, the finest propaganda we can do to ensure the solidarity of the workers of all nations. We of the Communist School intend to work in our small sphere to this end.

JIM DICK.

LEEDS.

Our little group, after actively agitating to get Comrade Rocker, succeeded, and had him here on January 22, when he lectured on Edgar Allen Poe. A crowded and appreciative audience followed his analysis of the poet's life and work with intelligent interest. On January 23 he lectured again in the Board School, his subject being "Anarchism and the Political Parties." It was an excellent exposure of political aims, and proved the need of Anarchist Communism for freedom and full individual development. Another successful lecture was given on Sunday evening, Jan. 24, on "What do the Anarchists Want?" and on Monday he spoke in the Trade Union Club on "Trade Unionism." Tuesday evening was devoted to an address to the tailoresses, which was also highly successful, and gave the women much food for thought over their own problems. And finally, on Thursday we had a lecture of the deepest interest on "Science and Anarchism" to a crowded audience. This concluded a week of most fruitful and active work. E. Fox.

WALTHAMSTOW.

On Sunday, Jan. 24, at the William Morris Club (S.D.P.), Comrade Carlyle Potter read a very interesting paper to an attentive audience, mostly composed of members of the club, several of whom took part in the discussion that followed—in opposition, of course. They did their best to show the effectiveness of Parliamentary action, but miserably failed. Our comrade was very ably supported by W. Ponder, Barron, and A. Finch, the latter a new and very promising young comrade, who has promised to assist us here in Walthamstow in outdoor propaganda. Later on Comrade Flutter and one or two others also took part in the discussion. F. LARGE.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(January 11—February 10.)

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