

Freedom

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NOTES.

Paying the Piper.

The first Budget of McKenna, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is far and away the biggest bill the nation has ever been called upon to meet. We are all now called upon to pay the piper for the tune we not only did not call, but which many of us think should not have been called at all. It was called by our rulers, or a clique of them, and we, not they, must pay for it; not only in money, by taxation, but in the loss and suffering which war brings in its train. To those who favour the war, it should be difficult and inconsistent to grumble or criticise the Budget; but those of us who do oppose the war can oppose equally the measures taken to meet the cost. As usual, the worker proportionately pays most. He, in fact, pays all. It matters but little that a tax is placed on commodities—tea, coffee, cocoa, etc.—which affect him directly, and on incomes and profit which he does not pay directly, for however the money is raised, he as producer of all the wealth must first labour to obtain it for those who pay it. The income-tax, the super-tax, etc., will all come out of his pocket, even though not directly charged to him, which should effectively answer the case of the land-taxer, who maintains that a tax on land would solve the taxation problem. The worker pays, and not until he rids himself of rulers and masters can he hope to have for himself what he produces. He must make up his mind to this, and perhaps the more open and obvious the robbery is displayed, the more quickly will he see himself as the milch cow of a gang of unscrupulous parasites.

Selling the Workers.

The Trade Union Congress of 1915 will long be remembered as the most momentous ever held. It will be remembered as the Congress at which the rank-and-file, at the behest and under the able guidance of the leaders, were handed over to the Government for an orgy of blood. The three items of outstanding interest were—a resolution pledging the Congress, and through it the Trade Unions, to assist the Government in the prosecution of the war to a successful issue; the resolution acclaimed as a resolution against Conscription (which was nothing of the sort), and the visit of Lloyd George—two Cabinet Ministers in a week! The first resolution we mention was undoubtedly what Seddon in moving it said it was—"An extraordinary resolution for a Trade Union Congress." And that is saying something. Extraordinary but inadequately describes a resolution which seeks to favour the war, and which pledges the workers to assist it. We wonder if those who acclaimed the words of Seddon and Tillet and Roberts so loudly, and disclaimed so acrimoniously the words of the only two delegates out of six hundred who spoke against it, remembered their previous Congresses where resolutions affirming international solidarity, etc., were passed with equal acclamation. How short are men's memories, and how easy to lead the workers' representatives to take their views of things through the masters' spectacles when the patriotic fever gets hold of them! But the value of the speeches is somewhat discounted when we remember that they were made for the most part by the shining lights of the platforms, and even they had a stormy passage in places—a fact not reported in the daily press. But the worker, despite the Congress, is beginning to see that nought in the war will benefit him, and that the country he is fighting for will not be his even though he gives up all for it.

Keir Hardie.

It is with regret that we record the death of J. Keir Hardie, who, with John Burns, was one of the first Labour M.P.'s, being elected in 1892. Though a Parliamentarian, and in later years influenced to a large extent by the strong political tendencies of the crowd of swashbucklers who joined his lonely watch on the

cross benches, he was, unlike them, a rebel and a man of sterling qualities. He made no pretensions to comprehensive knowledge, flights of oratory, or statesmanlike attributes; but he was at all times, even when popularity would have spoiled weaker men, guided by a sincere desire to do the right thing. In 1896, at the Socialist Congress in London, he opposed the expulsion of the Anarchists against the demands of Hyndman and the Marxists, and in many other ways he convinced us that he was out of place in Parliament. He was a rebel with a large heart, which would not submit to the dictation of the niceties of Parliamentary etiquette. It must have been with pangs of remorse that he saw the wreckage of the Labour Party (which he did so much to build up) and the shattering of all the ideals he held upon the outbreak of war. He went to Brussels on that fateful Sunday, August 2, and there addressed a demonstration, protesting, in the name of the workers, against the war, and calling upon the workers to use their power to prevent it. A redeeming feature is perhaps that the paper he started, the *Labour Leader*, has not gone with the stream, and the miners of South Wales also stand by the ideals he helped them to build up. It is because of his relentless opposition to the war, and the fearless courage with which he would have attacked the reactionary element of the Labour Party, had he lived, that his death at this moment is to be regretted.

Drink and Dividends.

We have always been suspicious of politicians when they advocate temperance on ethical grounds, as they are not notorious for the quality of their own ethics. After the Russian Government stopped the sale of vodka, reports were sent over of the beneficial effect on the productive capacity of the workers. Now a detailed report on the subject has been issued by the Society of Mill and Factory Owners of the Moscow district, and published in the *Times* of September 18. One inquiry undertaken by this Society covered work done during two periods—August-October, 1913, and August-October, 1914:—

"The number of workmen covered by the inquiry was 3,350, and it appeared that their increased productivity during the latter period as compared with the former amounted to 7.1 per cent., and for the male employees even as high as 8.2 per cent. The economic importance of this increase may be realised when it is stated that an average increase of 10 per cent. in all the manufacturing industries of Russia would yield an additional output valued at more than 500,000,000 roubles (£52,700,000) annually, whereas the net revenue from the liquor monopoly was 600,000,000 roubles (£63,300,000). . . . Certainly an increase of 7 per cent. in the labour output while yet, so to speak, the odour of strong drink has hardly had time to evaporate must be pronounced a happy augury for the future."

Our own capitalists are quite aware of these facts, and the present restrictions on drinking are likely to be made permanent. Their mouths must water at the thought of the profits to be made if only John Smith would turn teetotaler.

Biassed Justice.

At Bow Street Police Court recently a man was charged with stealing some property of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and the magistrate (Mr. Graham Campbell) said that he held some shares in the railway, and asked the prisoner if he had any objection to him hearing the case. The defendant's solicitor said he had no objection, and it would have made no difference if he had, for the magistrate replied: "I'm afraid you would find it difficult to get a magistrate who was not in a similar position." There we have it; an open confession. So, any poor wretch dragged before a judicial bench upon a charge of any crime against property can take assurance that he is being tried by a holder of property. We have said before of these dispensers of so-called justice that they represent the class from which they are drawn, and hence their view of justice is bound

to be coloured in the interest, not of justice, but of property; but we hardly expected corroboration from the bench. Our readers should note this fact; it may be useful.

Sheer Impudence.

The visit of Lloyd George to the Congress no doubt made a great impression upon the delegates there, but it was also the biggest piece of sheer impudence which this traducer of the working class has yet perpetrated. He went ostensibly at the invitation of the delegates to prove that private exploitation had ceased in the munition factories, and to show that the Munitions Act was a measure to ensure equal service and equal sacrifice. He said none of these things, though. Instead he added to his already exploded charges against the workers. Drunkenness was his first charge, which has been proved a fabrication; and at the Congress he dealt chiefly with the limitation of output, but the cases he brought forward are being indignantly repudiated after investigation by the Unions concerned. We show elsewhere how far the masters are having their profits limited, and a glance at the daily reports of charges against the workers under the Munitions Act show how the screw is applied to the worker, who has no legal loopholes. But the Congress cheered, and once more Lloyd George has done them.

The tax upon war profits, and the limitation of profits clause in the Munitions Act, seemed to many to be the means by which the master would pay from his proceeds of the carnival of carnage. At first sight it seemed so. It is a pretty piece of statesmanship, which deceived only the Labour Members and the Trade Union Congress. Were it not so, hell would have been raised by the capitalist press, as the hirelings of the afflicted. The savings clauses in both the Munitions Act and the Budget upon the point are not made so public, and are in fact so framed (by lawyers) that a legal mind is needed to unravel them. This has been done by the solicitor of S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories) Limited, and reported in *Forward* thus:—

"The legal opinion was given in answer to an enquiry as to how the limitation of profits clauses in the Munitions Act affected the company. The solicitor said:—

"The company enjoyed certain benefits, and in return for those benefits it was bound to account to the Government for any profits in excess of a 20 per cent. increase on the profits for the two years preceding the declaration of war, and not preceding the Act.... The capital employed for the two years had to be ascertained, and the average capital employed over that period, he was informed, was £35,000. The profits for those two years were in the year ended March, 1914, nearly £13,000, and for the year ended March, 1913, nearly £9,000. If, therefore, they took the average profits for those years in comparison with capital employed, they would get a profit which amounted approximately to something like 30 per cent. on the capital. If they took the capital to be employed in the future, assuming that the resolution was passed and the capital subscribed, they would have a capital of £200,000. Thirty per cent. on £200,000 was £60,000, and they had got to add 20 per cent. to that £60,000, which brought the profit approximately to £72,000, so that their company, assuming they were brought under the control of the Act, and assuming that the calculation was right, must make £72,000 before it would be called upon to pay over anything to the Government."

"Quite clear, isn't it? Present capital, £35,000. Pre-war profits, £11,000, or 30 per cent. on the capital. Big development of company owing to Government war orders. Capital must be increased. Capital will be raised to £200,000. Government allows pre-war rates, 30 per cent. profit on this £200,000. That is £60,000. Government also allows an increase of 20 per cent. on the profits. Twenty per cent. on £60,000 is another £12,000. Total profits, £72,000. Eureka! Good old Loyal George!

"And every munitions establishment is increasing its capital owing to the Government demands."

This should give the quietus to the claptrap of Lloyd George at the Trade Union Congress concerning the restrictions upon Trade Union regulations on the one side, and the masters' profits on the other. It is a specious argument until we remember that a Government of masters drew it up.

The Trade Union Congress is dead and buried, and its memory is not very deeply regretted. But it is well to put on record the main thing that it accomplished, which was to say that it did not know its own mind on the question of conscription. Do not let us put our construction on the resolution which was passed. Let us, rather, listen to Mr. John Hodge, chairman of the Labour Party. The resolution, as he says, is in very guarded language. Here it is:—

"That the delegates to this Congress, representing nearly three million organised workers, record hearty appreciation of the magnificent response made to the call for volunteers to fight against the

tyranny of militarism. We emphatically protest against the sinister efforts of a section of the reactionary Press in formulating newspaper policies for party purposes and attempting to foist on this country conscription, which always proves a burden to the workers, and will divide the nation at a time when absolute unanimity is essential. No reliable evidence has been produced to show that the voluntary system of enlistment is not adequate to meet all the Empire's requirements. We believe that all the men necessary can, and will, be obtained through a voluntary system properly organised, and we heartily support and will give every aid to the Government in their present efforts to secure the men necessary to prosecute the war to a successful issue."

Do we not see the cloven foot? Is that not a purely Asquithian document? Does it not just say—nothing? Were not the Labour Members of the Government allowed to put their fingers in the inkpot? It is the policy of the unbolted door; whatever is the upshot, this precious resolution will meet the case. Mr. Hodge says:—"That resolution was framed by men of experience—some of them with Parliamentary experience—and they must have realised the necessity of not bolting and barring the door. They must have had in mind the fact that the occasion might arise when the Government will, of its own volition, and because of the needs of the moment, make an appeal for compulsion, but if and only when the voluntary principle has failed." In other words, Britons shall be slaves whenever and as far as the Government thinks fit—"of its own volition," whatever that peculiar phrase may mean. And once more the Labour leaders are riding for a fall. But we dare not hope that the fall will shake them in their seats.

We do not want to talk all the time about this conscription affair, important as it is, but would put on record what Mr. J. H. Thomas said in the House of Commons on September 17. He said that the railway men would stop work if conscription or compulsory service were introduced, adding that he was firmly convinced that the first introduction of a Bill for compulsory service would result in a social revolution. We must read the Congress resolution and the words of Mr. Thomas by the light of future events. We shall see—what we shall see.

The cry of fighting for freedom must receive more and more of a serious setback now that the no-treating order is becoming more extended. The following is an example of what will soon become a general state of affairs:—

"For having treated a friend to a glass of beer, Peter Blaylock, at Gateshead on September 20, was fined 40s., and George Hewitt, the friend, was fined 40s. for having drunk the beer. Further, Humphrey Tinling, the license holder of the Station Hotel, was fined £5 for having allowed the supply, and Backhouse McVitie, the manager, was fined £5 for having supplied the beer."

It is just an example of what power a Government wields, but what is more striking is that it is a glaring example of the ingrained reverence of the vast majority for anything having the stamp and seal of constituted authority upon it. It is perhaps explained in the words of Professor Sadler, which shows that the child in the school from its earliest training becomes a worshipper before the god of authority:—

"'British education,' he writes in the *Teachers' World*, 'like the Canadian and the Australian, has proved itself to be the best of national investments.... There has been a revolution in educational methods and ideals. But the leaders of the reform which has remodelled our schools have been wisely loyal to the sound traditions of the past.... Now the test of their work has come, and the young men, trained in the new spirit and disciplined by the old traditions, have made good before the eyes of the whole world. Education has saved the State.'

Truly, the British are free—to do what their masters tell them.

The Munitions tribunals have been busy fastening the fetters round the necks of the industrial serfs who periodically appear before it. We read that fines varying from 5s. to 60s. were imposed on sixty-nine platers, drillers, etc., who appeared before this body in Liverpool recently. At Caxton Hall, the president of the Metropolitan Munitions tribunal declared that "if men employed by munition-making firms left their job without the consent of their employers, it was unlawful for them to accept other employment within a period of six weeks. Any one who knowingly took on men in such circumstances ran the risk of being penalised." Other men who wanted to leave for better wages were not permitted to do so. In other instances strikers in various parts of the country were fined heavily. It is a significant fact that in the Liverpool case no Trade Union official attended the court on the men's behalf. In view of the compact made between the Trade Union leaders and the Government

this is not surprising, but instances such as these should go far to prove to the workers just where to find the real enemies of liberty. It is fairly safe to prophecy that the Munitions Act with all its ramifications will make them realise the danger fast threatening us.

Under the title of "Boom in Old Clo'es," an intellectual of the capitalist press puts forward the astounding argument that the demand for left-off and cheap wearing apparel has grown as a result of the industrial prosperity caused by the war. He naively observes that "there are hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of people who, formerly but casually employed, and therefore ill able to afford even complete second-hand suits of clothes, now find themselves earning regular and often good wages. Such an advent of good fortune as has been experienced in many working-class homes during the war is generally celebrated by a rehabilitation *en masse* at the hands of the nearest wardrobe dealer." The lamentable failure to grasp the irony of such a condition of things is very typical of the whole capitalist class. It is, perhaps, only fitting that our very second-rate civilisation which brings prosperity and "good fortune" to the workers as a result of the most colossal destruction of animate and inanimate wealth ever known, should enable them to demonstrate their prosperity by indulging in second-hand clothes. How long we wonder will it take these millions of victims of industrialism to realise that neither old clothes nor the festering civilisation they typify should satisfy them. Let them once insist on producing clothes solely for their own use, and the civilisation which starves the workers of clothes, food, and houses, will automatically give place to a system where "old clo'es" will not be the reward of the toiler in times of so-called prosperity.

It is rather an ironic situation when a magistrate finds himself in the position of not being able to enforce his own orders. Mr. Garrett, the magistrate at Marylebone, recently made an order that an eight-year-old boy should be sent to a truant school; but when the industrial schools officer went to the house with a policeman to take the boy to the truant school, his mother absolutely defied them, and declared that she would never part with the boy, and did not care what proceedings they took against her. Then the extraordinary happened, and the magistrate found that as the mother defied the law, he could do nothing. The newspaper report says:—

"Mr. Garrett, having consulted the law books on the point, said it was a most extraordinary thing that the Act in question made no provision for such a state of affairs, and apparently they could do nothing whatever to enforce the order. At first he thought a summons would lie against the mother for obstructing the officer in carrying out the order of the Court, but on further consideration he was afraid that could not be done, as the Act did not empower the Court to order an officer to take possession of the child."

A severe blow to magisterial dignity, but a situation which would often be found effective if the reverence for the law was less strong, and faith in ourselves greater.

As an example of the unity of the masters, we submit the following letter we have received from a firm of printers—the proprietors of *Punch*:—

"25th September, 1915.

"Dear Sirs,—In common with printers in Guildford, we unfortunately have a strike at our Tonbridge works, and we write to ask your assistance in a small matter connected therewith. It is probable that your works, like most other printing works, is at present short of labour. We would take it as a special favour if you would be good enough to give instructions to your overseers that, whilst this strike is in progress, no employee from our Tonbridge works should be engaged by them. It would also help us if this instruction could be made to apply also to employees of Messrs. Billing and Son, of Guildford, who are taking a similar stand to ourselves. We are hopeful that, if the printers at Tonbridge and Guildford make a successful stand, it may have some effect in stopping the movement, and so be of service to the trade as a whole. We trust, therefore, that we may rely upon your acceding to our request.—We are, dear sirs, yours faithfully,

"BRADBURY, AGNEW AND CO., LIMITED.

"Whitefriars, London, E.C."

It is a brilliant example of the solidarity of the masters, and at the same time emphasises the need for the workers to realise that the fight against the masters is still going on, despite Ministerial mutterings to the contrary.

Will Crooks, the comedian of the Labour Party, has been lecturing the Woolwich Arsenal workers on their duty. "If," he said, "Germany became supreme here, God help their Trade

Unionism!" Rather a strange utterance for a Labour leader who has been busily engaged assisting the Government to cripple Trade Unionism in order that industrial conscription might be more readily established. What, for instance, can this Labour luminary say of the batch of prosecutions brought under the Munitions Act that appear daily in the newspapers? Our friend Will need not delude himself, for it is very certain that, despite the Government's pretended hatred of German organisation, it has actually become the model upon which our masters hope to reconstruct the British Empire, not only now, but after the war.

Cases of prosecution for failing to comply with the inquisitorial demands of the National Registration Act are cropping up with amazing frequency, and it is good to see that not all are to be frightened by a blazing proclamation or the authoritative demands of local bigwigs. A schoolmaster at Heywood declared himself a Christian, and as such could not assist in warlike preparations, of which the registration form was a part. He was summoned before the local magistrates, who fined him £5, and regretted that they could not send him to prison. Another case, James Sellars, of Wincanton, Somerset, whose brother was imprisoned for distributing anti-militarist and peace literature, was similarly summoned, and fined £3, or one month, the difference in treatment being explained by the fact that he is sent to prison under the Summary Jurisdiction Act for non-payment of fine. It matters but little under which Act he goes to prison, and it is only proof that once in the toils of the law enough statutes and enactments can be produced, if not to hang a man, at least to imprison him if his removal is desired by the police. Sellar has been doing some fearless work in his Western home, which may account for much.

We have received a copy of the following resolution recently carried unanimously by the Walthamstow branch of the Postmen's Federation:—

"That this branch of the Postmen's Federation, viewing with well-grounded suspicion the attempts of certain eminent persons to degrade us to the level of conscript slaves, hereby calls upon the Executive Council of the Postmen's Federation to offer the utmost resistance to cheap armies and national slavery in any disguise whatever. We further recommend that the Postmen's Federation should at once affiliate to the General Federation of Trade Unions, for allied strength in fighting our enemies."

They apparently suffer from none of the delusions filling the minds of so many of the workers just now, that our enemies are the workers and rulers of other lands; and though servants of a beneficent State, they realise that the fight is against the masters, whether disguised as State employers or otherwise, and it is a fight which must be kept going.

From statistics recently supplied, the convictions for drunkenness among women in 1914 show an increase over previous years, whilst convictions among men show a sharp decline. The dry pages of "The Licensing Statistics" can thus throw a grim light on the sorrow and the heartache of the woman who stays at home and bears patiently the frightful burden of loss which must inevitably be hers. The words "For men must work, and women must weep" will now bear alteration to "For women must work and women must weep," and who can tell of the horror and madness of loneliness that sends them to seek forgetfulness in alcoholic drink. Conviction and imprisonment will provide no remedy, and no amount of State parentalism can cure what the evils of the State have made possible.

The desire to concede to Capitalism the benediction of science has led to the craze for statistics to prove those things which it is desirable should be proved in defence of Capitalism. A report has been prepared by Dr. A. F. Stanley Kent, appointed by the Home Office to investigate industrial fatigue by physiological methods. The appearance of words such as kraepelinergograph, sphysmamanometer, electrocardiogram, and tremethylamine, need not delude us as to the real object of the experiment here enumerated. In plain English, it appears as a system to detect "slacking," and the fact that investigation proves that the workers are more readily fatigued on Thursday and Friday than on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, only places on record that which anyone not a scientist knew already. Rather illogical it seems to talk about "slacking" when "slacking" is so obviously caused by overwork and underrest, a chronic condition with the working classes. But Capitalism likes to be told things by its favourite scientists, and such investigations usually result in this octopus fastening itself a little more firmly about us.

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Russian Autocracy at Bay.

Recent events in Russia gives us hope that at last the reign of autocracy is at an end, and that the new spirit is to find expression in new methods. When the war broke out we were assured that, from the Tsar to the peasants, all the people of Russia were united in a desire to put an end to German domination and bring about peace on earth. We did not quite believe in this beautiful picture, as we could not imagine the revolutionists in Russia standing shoulder to shoulder with the Tsar and his infamous "Black Hundreds," however much they might agree in hating the Germans. As the Press of this country evidently had instructions to refrain from publishing anything which would dispel the illusion, news of events in Russia was very slow in trickling through; but what did come to hand showed that the "united nation" did not exist. The arrest and imprisonment of the Socialist members of the Duma and of Bourtzeff, the persecution of the Jews, the suppression of Labour associations and their press, and similar events, proved that the autocracy did not intend to surrender any of its privileges without a struggle; and when a new Committee was formed to carry on the war, to be responsible only to the Tsar, it seemed as though the reactionary party was firmly seated in the saddle.

The necessities of the war, however, have proved too strong for the Government. The provision of armaments, the feeding and clothing of the army, and the care of the enormous numbers of wounded were beyond the powers of the narrow, centralised clique at the head of affairs; and they were compelled to seek the co-operation of the Duma, the Zemstvos, and other public bodies, who were not content to be merely the agents of the Government, but wished to have a hand in the Government itself. To conciliate the members of these bodies, the Duma was called together on August 1, when some very plain speaking was indulged in. Charges of corruption were hurled at the Ministry, and strong protests made against the persecution of the Labour movement and the Jews. These, however, had little apparent effect; but when later on about three-fourths of the members of the Duma joined hands, with a common programme, the principal feature of which was the dismissal of the Ministry and the formation of a Coalition Ministry, the autocracy felt its existence was endangered, and the Tsar promptly prorogued the Duma. Immediately the fat was in the fire. In Petrograd and Moscow strikes took place on a large scale, and although the Press here gave little information on the matter, sufficient leaked out to show what a tremendous movement it was. The war, however, had its influence on the workers, and their leaders helped to appease them, although they pointed out that the prohibition of workmen's associations and meetings made it difficult for them to do so.

A few days later, on September 21, the Zemstvo and municipal conferences opened in Moscow, and the utterances of some of the speakers give us some idea as to the indignation felt against their rulers. Whilst not anxious to assist the revolutionary forces in Russia, most of the speakers indulged in language which in normal times would have landed them in

prison. They demanded that the Duma should be called together again immediately, but what will be most pleasing to revolutionists the world over was the demand for a full political amnesty. This was voiced by the Deputy from Maikop, who said: "Dozens of our best men are languishing in prison, and those who managed to escape from the authorities, and lived in freedom abroad, have left their bones on foreign soil for the best future of Russian soil."

Deputations were appointed to formulate these demands, and present them to the Tsar; and it is certain that if he refuses to give way, nothing can prevent a revolutionary outburst. In any case, the autocracy is doomed; and although we do not expect any very drastic economic changes in the near future from a political revolution in Russia, we would rejoice at the sweeping away of the brutal and bloodthirsty gang which has for so long crushed the brightest and best elements in Russia. In years gone by, especially in 1905, the autocracy was only saved from extinction by the lack of unity among the people. but our disappointment will be severe if advantage is not taken of the present opportunity to wipe it out for ever. Then will the Russian people breathe freely, and from their ages of suffering spring life and light.

Munitions and Slavery.

As the Munitions Act was passed through Parliament with the consent of the Labour Party, after several conferences between Lloyd George and the officials of the principal Trade Unions, it might naturally be supposed that those officials had taken pains to see that the liberties of their members had been safeguarded. However anxious they might be to assist the Government to increase the output of explosives with which to blow their fellow workers to pieces, at least one would expect them to look after the interests of the members, who provided them with good salaries. But, as a matter of fact, they have done nothing of the kind. The workers have been handed over to the Minister of Munitions to do with as he pleases. One can search the Act from beginning to end without finding a clause that bears traces of Trade Union origin. All the rules and customs by which the men regulated the amount of work they should give in return for their wages have been swept aside, and in their place are the rules and regulations of the Minister of Munitions. At present, wages have not been reduced; but by intensive speeding up, by which the workers produce more goods for the same wages as before, they are relatively worse paid.

At the Metropolitan Munitions Tribunal on September 6, the President said that "the liberty of persons employed by munition-making firms was restricted, owing to the necessities of the State. If they left their jobs without the consent of their employers, it was unlawful for them to accept other employment within a period of six weeks. . . . The object of the Legislature was to prevent men wantonly leaving munitions firms in the lurch—*perhaps with an eye to getting better wages.*" And to show how wide is the scope of the Act, the President decided that even a repairer of railway rolling stock came under its control, and he was refused permission to leave his employment to work on munitions. The man said: "The Act surely was not meant to prevent a man bettering himself." To which the President replied: "Other men may want to leave for better money, and we must consider the object of the Act." By which he means that the Act was definitely intended to prevent the workers getting an increase of wages. The Act allows the employers to reap extra profits to the extent of 20 per cent., but the workers must be tied down to their present wages, in spite of the great increase in the cost of living.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne a workman was charged with absenting himself from work. In defence, he said he had worked 100 hours in the previous six days, and, being done up, had taken a day off. But the prosecuting solicitor said the man had placed his services at their disposal, and was paid overtime for it. The legal gentleman evidently thought that settled the

matter. We think it would be more honest if the employers chained their employees to the benches. Perhaps they would do so if the metal were not wanted so badly for shells.

But one would cease to wonder at the decisions of these precious Munitions Tribunals if the method of appointing them were better known. Let us quote the section of the Munitions Act which deals with this point:—

"The munitions tribunal shall be a person, appointed for the purpose by the Minister of Munitions, sitting with two or some other even number of assessors, one half being chosen by the Minister of Munitions from a panel constituted by the Minister of Munitions of persons representing employers, and the other half being so chosen from a panel constituted by the Minister of Munitions of persons representing workmen."

How delightfully simple! How democratic! The Minister of Munitions makes rules and regulations for the controlled workshops, and if an unfortunate workman offends, he is tried by a Tribunal appointed by the Minister of Munitions! Although the workers are supposed to be "represented" by members of the Tribunals, the Minister of Munitions has so carefully chosen these "representatives" that, in spite of the most outrageous decisions of the Tribunals in all parts of the country, not one protest has been made by these sheepish individuals.

The reason of this betrayal of the workers does not seem far to seek. The Minister of Munitions (Lloyd George), by his crafty eloquence and his lavish use of the public funds, has corrupted the official element in the Trade Unions. There are many notable exceptions, but, speaking broadly, this official element is engaged in a hunt for public jobs. The Labour Exchanges, the Insurance Act, the Board of Trade (Labour Department), and now the Munitions Act, have all provided soft places for officials of Trade Unions; and when these men accept favours at the hands of the Government, they practically sell themselves to the enemy, and are not in a position to resist encroachments on the liberties of the workers.

Fortunately, some Trade Unionists have their eyes open to the dangers of the Munitions Act. When Lloyd George spoke at the Trade Union Congress and made his charges of restriction of output, he was cunning enough to indict a Union not represented at the Congress—the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Two Labour Members, John Hodge and J. O'Grady, rushed in to support the Cabinet Minister—of course! But Mr. Tom Rees, the London district secretary of the A.S.E., issued a reply flatly contradicting these gentlemen, and then went on to say:—

"What other society has sacrificed in trade rights as much as the Engineers? The inroads made upon the customs and practices of the trade have been enormous. . . . It may be said that these innovations are for the period of the war only, and that we have the assurance of the Government to enforce a return to pre-war conditions. The Engineers have no illusions as to what will be required of them when hostilities cease. The intentions of the Government may be all that we expect them to be. The decision of the Engineers to abrogate certain rights was a tremendous sacrifice, made not so much because of the agreement with the Government to co-operate to restore what was lost, but as their quota to the national need. We are well aware that in order to regain the lost ground it will be necessary for us to fight every inch of the way."

And we can assure the engineers that one of the men who will not be on their side in that fight will be the Minister of Munitions.

If the workers had only recognised the fact that the State and their employers are practically the same persons, they would not have thrown away their safeguards in such a reckless manner. They had better prepare now to "fight every inch of the way" when the real war commences.

ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal.—*Century Dictionary*.

VOICE OF LABOUR.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

In "Free" Helvetia.

To illustrate once more, for those who still believe in the liberality of democratic institutions, what they really mean, the Swiss Government has expelled two of our comrades—a German and a Frenchman, both deserters, having refused to join their respective armies to fight against their exploited comrades on the other side of the frontier. One of them is our German comrade Paul Schreyer, who, having been able to escape to Switzerland at the outbreak of the European slaughter, published some months ago a pamphlet showing how the baneful influence of Social Democracy was in great part responsible for the passive behaviour of the German working classes when war was declared. He is a working man, and before the war edited in Hamburg a Syndicalist paper entitled *Der Kampf*.

His expulsion—as well as that of the French comrade Albert Louradour—is really a pure and simple extradition. Having been arrested, they were—under some futile pretext—not allowed to choose the frontier through which to leave Switzerland; but, while Louradour was liberated at the French frontier, where we hope he may have been able to escape from the claws of the gendarmes, Schreyer was frankly handed over to the German authorities, who detained him in Lörrach, where he was three weeks ago expecting to be transported to Hamburg for trial. Since then no news of him has been received.

The editor of *Réveil*, of Geneva, discussing the case, says:—"Shall we now protest, when we know that our protestation will obtain not even a feeble echo? Shall we keep silent before such an infamy? Never so painfully as in this very moment have we felt our weakness and impotence, and invoked a superhuman desperate effort to put an end to such an incredible inaction. Too long have we fed ourselves with words, and we have no heart to add more of them now in this case; we will only express the wish that of the many strokes we have received and still receive, at least one could be returned, to teach our rulers that their crimes may not always escape punishment."

French Militarism.

In *Le Réveil* (Geneva) there has been published a series of letters from Russian volunteers in the French Army. The story of the treatment they have received from French officers would be incredible were it not that full names, exact dates, and other details are given in several letters. These volunteers are in the regiment called the "Légion," where all the officers are taken from the notorious "disciplinary" battalions. For eleven months (nine months of which they had been at the front) these volunteers had been subjected to all kinds of insults and indignities, when matters came to a head on June 17, after a long march from the front. The soldiers were buying refreshments in the town, when an order was given that no wine was to be bought—a kind of order which is seldom obeyed. A bullying sergeant found two volunteers carrying a can of wine, and made it an excuse to arrest them. An officer passing ordered them to be bound, but one of the soldiers (a Polish comrade) ordered to do it refused, and he was afterwards bound with the prisoners. A lieutenant then hit the Pole so that blood came from his mouth and ears, and kicked another bound prisoner on the head. Afterwards the sergeant stripped one of the prisoners naked and subjected him to all kinds of indignities and tortures. On hearing of this, several of the Russian volunteers and one Armenian refused to march with the "Légion," and asked to be transferred to any French regiment.

Simply for making this petition, eight Russians and the Armenian were immediately shot, after a hurried farce of a trial; eight others were condemned to five years' hard labour, and ten to ten years' "public labour." The pathetic irony of it is that the men shot (according to the letters) were thorough patriots; they died crying "Long live France! Long live Russia! Down with the Légion!"

German Aristocracy.

Stories of the intimacy between certain Russian authorities and the rulers of Germany confirm the idea expressed here at the start, that the rulers of several countries engineered or welcomed the war as the best means to crush Labour. A letter published in *Adeverul*, of Bucarest, if genuine, bears still more striking testimony to the fact that it is a war of the rulers of the world against the peoples of the world. The letter is said to be from a German nobleman to a German friend in Roumania, and states:—"Our Emperor has saved the German nobility from certain ruin. Even though the chance of war goes badly, we should have nothing to lose, because the people would not rise against us. We shall be absolute masters. All such stupidity as democracy will be chased from the world for an indefinite time." We have hopes that the after-effects of the war will be an unpleasant surprise to the writer and his friends.

New Spanish Anarchist Journal.

A new bi-monthly Anarchist review, *Los Refractarios*, has been published in Madrid. The first number contains, among other things, an article on "The Political Rubbish Heap," by A. P. Garcia; one by Georges Redham, on "Anarchists and the War"; and a short story by the dramatist Joaquin Dicenta.

LLOYD GEORGE UNMASKS THE STATE IDOL.

All who heard and all who read the speech of Lloyd George before the Trade Union Congress will call up these words. Speaking of how the State had brought the employer under the Munitions Act, Lloyd George said:—

"I will tell you what we have done with him. We have taken power to take his works, and we have taken them. We have taken power to take his machinery, and we have taken it. In many cases we have taken full power to order him what to do and what not to do, and we are doing it every day from Whitehall Gardens. He cannot make a machine without asking our permission; and if he says: 'I would like to make this machine,' we say, 'No, you have got to make that.' We can annex his works, we can examine his accounts, we can annex his profits; we can decide what wages he is to pay, the hours of labour, and what the conditions should be."

Here Lloyd George stopped. But he has said enough to show the State to all who think and have eyes to see. He did not go forward and say to the Trade Unionists, "We can decide what wages you shall receive, what hours you shall work, and what your conditions shall be." He did not say this. No; but every Trade Unionist ought to know that he means it, and ought to infer that what the State pretends to do to the masters to-day, it will do to the workers to-morrow, if it suits its purpose. To-day it comes to the workers in the person of Lloyd George to ask them to help it to fight the Germans. To-morrow, the war over, if it suits its purpose, it will fight the workers for the masters.

To-day, with millions of his fellows in the battlefield, and with capitalist and middleman making immense profits and running up the cost of living, the worker may feel inclined to take the cue of Lloyd George, and throw himself wholeheartedly into the State scale against the capitalist. But let him beware. If he throws himself into the arms of the State to score against the capitalist to-day, he will find, when the war is over, that the State is the capitalist, and his erstwhile friend becomes his bitterest foe. Better for organised Labour to gird up its own loins, and fight the capitalist now, and shun the paternal patronage of the State.

"But," say the Socialistic Trade Unionists, "the State is going to help us to lay out the master class!" Well, and what then? To put you under the State? Oh, it must be this, if the State acts. The State frees you from the old masters, and ropes you in under the new master—the State. Will the new master be better than the old ones? Will Collectivist Capitalism be easier to fight than the other? Will the State machine, manned by the craftiest, foxiest specimens of humanity that Nature has turned out, prove easier for the worker to fight than the old Individualist master? The Trade Unionists had better do a lot of thinking upon these questions before they swallow the dose held out to them by Lloyd George. They had better, because there is another way besides going back to the old masters, or throwing themselves into the arms of the State. The way is the way of thoroughly organised Labour. Think for yourselves, act for yourselves, and allow neither State nor master to think for you. Lloyd George and his bureaucrats believe that they hold a divine mission to run the rest of the world. The net result of their mission thus far has been to make the people less fit to think and act for themselves, and their latest exploit is a European war, in which the peoples have not had a word of choice.

Let the Trade Unionists beware of the State. Labour has tremendous problems to solve and settle, but let it at last try to settle them without saviours, for nothing but its own thought and will can save it.

JOHN TAMLYN.

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A CHINESE ANARCHIST PIONEER.

We note with regret the passing of Comrade Sifo, who has done great pioneer work for Anarchist Communism in China. The following particulars of his life are taken from an article by K. Ch. Shan in the Chinese Esperanto Anarchist journal *Vocho de la Popolo*.

Comrade Sifo was born in 1884, in Hong-sang, province of Canton. As a boy he gave evidence of the extraordinary talents and energy which he put to such good use in after life. At the age of fifteen he became a Sin-can, or undergraduate of a local University; but refusing to be fettered to the school curriculum, he embarked on an acquisition of practical science and general knowledge, devouring with avidity all books that came into his hands. When he was eighteen, touched by the misery of the people, and appalled at the rottenness of corrupt authority, with some success he organised a public meeting with revolutionary aims. Later, he travelled through Japan, acquiring first-hand knowledge of the conditions of Japanese life. The following year Sun Yat Sen, foiled in his revolutionary endeavours in Hue-Gou, arrived in Japan to recruit new support for his cause, Sifo being of great assistance to him. Shortly afterwards Sifo, returning to China, edited a progressive paper in Hong-Kong, and opened there a school for women.

In 1907 the revolutionaries attempted to continue their propaganda in China. A certain Canton mandarin, Lee Tsen, having proved a thorn in the side of the rebels, Sifo decided that he should be removed. He therefore waylaid the mandarin, but unfortunately the charge he had brought with him prematurely exploded, Sifo being severely injured. The police had him carried unconscious to the hospital, where it was found necessary to remove his left arm. A month later he was out of hospital, and was taken to the police court to stand his trial. Sifo conducted his own defence on a technical plea, but was found guilty and condemned to imprisonment. Whilst in prison he projected a volume on prison reform, and this is said to have contributed towards mitigating his sentence, one of the local authorities becoming a convinced admirer of Sifo. During his three years' incarceration Sifo also wrote a book on "Canton Dialects," which gained him much commendation from philologists.

On his release he stayed in Hong Kong, where with some of his former associates he founded a group for propaganda by deed. In 1911 one of the members of this group threw a bomb at Lee Tsen, and Sifo himself formed a project for removing a Pekin Manchu prince known as the "Protector of the Throne." The abdication of the Manchu dynasty, however, occurred whilst Sifo was passing through Shanghai, and he returned to Canton, where he founded the school of "Fui-Min" (the cock-crow in the darkness).

Previous to this, in 1907, a body of Anarchist Chinese students published in Paris a Chinese journal, the *New Age*, which contained translations of the works of Bakunin, Kropotkin, and other well-known Anarchists. It was extremely difficult and dangerous to smuggle the paper into China, so the "Fui-Min" group reprinted a selection of the translations in pamphlet form, these being practically the first seeds of Anarchist propaganda in China.

In 1912 Sifo founded an Esperanto group, and acted as vice-delegate of the Universal Esperanto Association (a society of international endeavour and mutual aid). A year later civil war took place in China, and Sifo, moved by the horrors of war and the crimes of the military, launched a crusade against militarism in the first numbers of the *Vocho de la Popolo*. The paper was instantly suppressed, and Sifo had to flee for his life into the Portuguese territory of Macao. The Portuguese authorities, acting no doubt on a hint from the Chinese Government, placed many obstacles in the way of the paper; but the *Vocho* persistently declined to be silent. In the following year Sifo returned once more to China, and founded a group of Anarchist Communists in Shanghai. This gave a fillip to the movement, and resulted in the formation of other groups in many towns and districts.

Sifo was possessed of great courage combined with the qualities of broadmindedness, resolution, and industry. He launched the *Vocho* with hardly any capital and a minimum of personal help, being himself publisher, editor, and printer. His constitution was never very strong, and each issue of the *Vocho* entailed a period of enforced rest; still he always returned to his labours with redoubled energy. The strain finally proved too much for him, especially as he was too poor to afford medical attendance. His companions advised him to sell the hand-press of the *Vocho*, but he refused to do so, saying the cause was worth more than the life of an individual, and insisting that the paper was the sole medium of propagating the cause in the Far East. At last, however, he was persuaded to enter a hospital, only to learn that his consumption had already gone too far; and he passed away on March 27 last, at the early age of thirty-one.

Sifo was a great admirer of Leo Tolstoy and his ethical principles. With some comrades he formed the "Konscienco" Group, its principles forbidding meat, intoxicating liquor, and tobacco; it was opposed also to slavery, marriage, family life, religion, political office-seeking, and military service.

During Sifo's fatal illness the doctor persistently advised him to take meat, in order to fortify himself; but he refused to the last.

Translated by L. A. M.

THE RIDGE.

The Ridge is not really high. Indeed, it can hardly be said to merit the title of hill conferred upon it by the Ordnance people. On a hot day it may seem a long way from the bottom to the top; there may be some rough patches which have to be traversed quadruped fashion; but once reach the top, and you will not deny that it is a very pleasant place. To begin with, the bracken which clothes the Ridge gives place at the top to soft, yielding heather. Flinging yourself down on this, you can gaze upwards and see nothing but the sky—just now a beautiful light blue.

I have said the Ridge is not too high—you may watch the world at work or at play at the bottom, and now and again catch a laugh, a shout, the toot of a motor, or the whistle of a passing train. Looking down thus gives rise to a curious feeling of detachment.

At the foot of one side of the Ridge lies the Village with a patchwork of fields for a setting. Like a thousand other English villages, it has one main street, composed of houses whose chief merit seems to be their lack of sameness, a weather-beaten church, a snug parsonage, two or three publichouses, and a school revolting in its ugliness. The children playing in the street run some risk from the motor cars which constantly dash past, for the Village is on a main road. At the cross-ways the idlers may just be discerned, while from the fields beyond comes the drone of a reaping machine.

Seen from the Ridge, the Village might almost be taken to be a vegetable excrescence—a species of beautiful fungus. It is at all events like a fungus in this one thing—closer inspection will prove it to be rotten. The houses (so pretty, charming, picturesque, are the expressions you may hear the motorists using) are insanitary hovels which barely keep out the weather, the gardens are infinitesimal in size, the men earn inadequate wages, the children are underfed. A foul thing the Village is, only fair when seen from afar, or through the windows of a rapidly moving motor.

On the other side of the Ridge lies the golf course. This was once common land much used by the people of the Village, but a company leased it for a mere song from the Parish Council, who consented on the pretext that the golfers would bring custom to the Village (as if the occupants of the motor cars would visit the dingy shops, or stop to quaff ale at the beerhouses!).

The motor cars, after covering everyone in the Village with dust, finally draw up at the clubhouse. Here there is that peaceful kind of confusion amid which the rich love to move. Some of the players stand gossiping, some are just starting or finishing their games, others take tea at little tables. It is a swell club. I am not sure what the subscription is—probably anything over five guineas a year. The sole qualifications for membership are wealth and what is termed social standing. To the workers on the other side of the Ridge this is therefore forbidden land.

The heath country extends miles beyond the golf course. It is very carefully preserved. "Trespassers will be prosecuted" boards are placed at distances near the road, and there are numerous gamekeepers. Now and again some "idle lout" (it is thus that worthy man the magistrate will address him) leaves the Village stealthily by night to snare a hare or a rabbit for the Sunday dinner. As a rule, such adventures end at the Petty Sessions, when the prisoner is severely admonished and sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour. In the eyes of the country justices, such things as wife-beating and offences against little children are trifling compared to the deadly sin of poaching.

Towards the Ridge I instinctively turn when the air of the town begins to stink in my nostrils. The loathing usually begins on Thursday, it increases on Friday, till Saturday sees me in a white heat of indignation against many of the things that make up that festering sore called Modern Civilisation. Release comes on Sunday, when I start early to trudge the six miles of dusty road that separates me from the Ridge. In one pocket I carry some bread and cheese, and in the other some Anarchist pamphlets, a tattered FREEDOM, or a pocket volume of Tolstoy, Thoreau, Shelley, Jefferies, Whitman, Carpenter, or some other of the rebels.

The Ridge is the very place to wrestle with the great problems. Verily I believe it was the wind and the sun which made me an Anarchist. The contrast between the liberty of birds and animals and the fettered misery of the wage-slave was too great to pass unnoticed, so it came to pass that lying on the heather between the earth and the sky I worked out my salvation.

Just now the war has made me despondent, it has shattered so many ideals, brought so many castles-in-the-air to the ground, that I love the quiet beauty of the Ridge the more. I live now for the future—that glorious time which will see the end of the war, and the beginning of the Revolution so long foretold. Especially now do I seek more consolation from books, and never tire of Walt Whitman's "To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire," those wonderful lines beginning—

"Courage yet, my brother or my sister!

Keep on—Liberty is to be subserv'd, whatever occurs;

That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or by any number of failures,

Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any unfaithfulness,

Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

What we believe in waits latent for ever through all the continents, and all the islands and archipelagoes of the sea."

Other ridges there are—ridges of death in far-away Gallipoli, but the thought of them only makes my Ridge seem doubly dear. War! There ever will be war—not mad struggles between the members of the same body, as in the old fable, and as in the present conflict, but war against the things that retard—against the old shackles of authority and superstition.

It is of this last kind of warfare that I often dream as I watch the setting sun. The vision at such times rises before my eyes with overwhelming power. I seem to see the people aroused at last pouring from their holes and hovels to storm the heights of authority, in my ears ring snatches of rebellious song—"The Red Flag" mingling with the "Carmagnole," "England Arise!" blending strangely with the "Marseillaise," till I turn from the flaming pennons of the sunset to see all sleeping peacefully as before, night coming on apace, and twinkling lights appearing in the village windows.

But the day is coming. Even now we—Anarchists, rebels, outcasts—stand on the Ridge, having seen what lies beyond, and beckoning to those beneath to climb the heights and possess the promised land. They do not understand at first, maybe they cannot catch the meaning of our gestures, but sooner or later they will come. Meanwhile—

"By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions, frowning there behind us urging,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

* * * * *

Has the night descended?

Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged, nodding
on our way?

Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,

Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear
it wind,

Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

C.

"WHY ARE WE DEAD?"

[The following striking poem, which appeared in the *Dundee Advertiser*, was written by Lance-Corporal J. Lee, 4th Battalion Black Watch, who, before the war, was on the *Advertiser* staff.]

The dead spake together last night,
And one to the other said:

"Why are we dead?"

They turned them face to face about
In the place where they were laid:
"Why are we dead?"

"This is the sweet, sweet month o' May,
And the grass is green o'erhead—
Why are we dead?"

"The grass grows green on the long, long tracks
That I shall never tread—
Why are we dead?"

"The lamp shines like the glow-worm spark,
From the bield where I was laid—
Why am I dead?"

The other spake: "I've wife and weans,
Yet I lie in this wae some bed—
Why am I dead?"

"O, I hae wife and weans at hame,
And they clamour loud for bread—
Why am I dead?"

Quoth the first: "I have a sweet, sweet heart,
And this night we should hae wed—
Why am I dead?"

"And I can see another man
Will mate her in my stead,
Now I am dead."

They turned them back to back about
In the grave where they were laid:
"Why are we dead?"

"I mind o' a field, a foughten field,
Where the blood ran routh and red—
Now I am dead."

"I mind o' a field, a stricken field—
And a wae'ful wound that bled—
Now I am dead."

They turned them on their backs again,
As when their souls had sped,
And nothing further said.

The dead spake together last night,
And each to the other said:
"Why are we dead?"

BOOKLAND AND ELSEWHERE.

Every play and every picture one sees, and every book one reads, drives home the fact that the average man's outlook upon life is hopelessly conventional and therefore hopelessly governmental. There is such small sign anywhere of real rebelliousness of thought or outlook upon life. What *is*, is, ever has been, and ever shall be! It is so even with the only Bernard Shaw, who sets up to be a professional rebel. But he is a near relation to the many men who think they are Bohemians because they wear a soft hat, upon what is very often a soft head, and a soft, low collar; or who feel assured they are Socialists because they sport a red tie. Shaw's real gift is not so much that of thought as of expression; what oft was thought, he frequently expresses better than it was said before; he does not give new lamps for old, but polishes up the old ones so that they shine brightly and pass for new. Mr. Fifield has just issued in a tasteful volume a popular edition of the "Selected Passages from the Works of Bernard Shaw," which will be of good service alike to those who know and who do not know his "Works." The price is 2s. 6d. net, which is most reasonable. It should be "popular," for even if we do not altogether admire the man and his work, we cannot but realise that he has been a big influence for many years past.

There is about much Russian literature an atmosphere of dreary hopelessness that is depressing. But behind this veil, which is often one of something near akin to mysticism, there usually lurks a keen insight into human emotions and experiences. An example of this almost morbid outlook is "The Seagull," a play by Anton Chekhov, well translated by Julius West, price 7d. (Hendersons). It is difficult to decide whether the writer seeks to drive home any "moral" from the actions of his characters; but, whether he aims at doing so or not, a perusal of the play reminds us of the miserable fact that the idealist usually comes off badly in this matter-of-fact, sordid world. But then, the world would be more sordid and more matter-of-fact if it were not for the idealists. After all, the ideals of to-day are the realities of to-morrow. "The Seagull" is well worth reading.

N. Emo.

A Book Draw

In aid of the funds of FREEDOM and VOICE OF LABOUR will take place on November 22. Numerous prizes will be awarded, including books to the value of 20s., 10s., and 5s. respectively. Other prizes according to number of tickets sold. Tickets 3d. each (books of ten tickets for 2s. 3d.). Comrades are requested to push the sale, as funds are urgently required for both papers. Tickets from FREEDOM office.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(September 3—September 30.)

FREEDOM Guarantee Fund.—C. B. Warwick 6d, V. Whitty 2s 6d, E. Recchioni 10s, Hull, Bournemouth, 5s, S. Corio 1s 6d. **Marsh House** (socials and sale of refreshments and literature), week ending August 21, 8s 6d; August 28, 3s 3d, September 4, 7s 7½d; September 11, 19s 3½d.

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