

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

VOL. XXX.—No. 331.

DECEMBER, 1916.

MONTHLY: ONE PENNY.

NOTES.

Conscription for All.

Now that conscription for all in Germany has actually materialised, it is not to be wondered at that a similar plan should be set afoot in this country. Our patriotic Conscriptionists are not satisfied with a Man-Power Board only, they demand a Woman-Power Board to advise as to the national organisation and utilisation of woman-power. This, they contend, will only be a step towards the complete mobilisation of the nation, under which, the *Times* of November 4 declared, "The State would allot every man and woman their share in the national task." Thus each day sees us one step nearer the Prussian ideal, each day cements the hold bureaucracy has secured in this country, each day sees the fetters a little more firmly fastened, and unless officialism breaks down through internal decay, the workers will be faced with the gigantic task of not only fighting their bosses, but of demolishing the very finely adjusted machine that has so dexterously been set up in our midst. It is no exaggeration to say that bureaucracy is the greatest menace that can threaten the working class.

In Germany's Foodsteps.

The question of the hour and the one that has been agitating the *Daily Mail* and other capitalist organs is that of the prohibitive price of food. It is no exaggeration to say that bread has become a luxury, and oatmeal and potatoes bid fair to become not only dear but scarce, whilst it is increasingly difficult to procure sugar. This has led to the outcry by these organs for the appointment of a Food Dictator or Controller. Such is the blind faith placed in the power of the State to heal our economic grievances! This press agitation has been the means of much ink spilling, mostly by titled ladies, upon the necessity for economy in the kitchen, or the praise of wholemeal or Standard bread, and in fact anything of a makeshift nature that may ease the pinching of the economic shoe. It needs little courage or imagination to apply palliatives instead of the surgical operation that might remove the food profiteers at one bold stroke. So we are to have yet another State official with unlimited powers, who will probably first minutely understudy his German prototype before issuing our food tickets to us.

Business is Business.

Still another badge from the State and more regimentation in order, it is alleged, that waste may be prevented and the nation preserved from starvation. But a glance or two at the morning paper, while we eat our sugarless porridge, will convince us that there are some patriots at least who are not only not starving, but piling up huge profits—breaking all records, in fact. One of the most glaring cases is that of a firm engaged in the seed crushing business. From the *Daily Express* of November 13 we learn that this firm started business in 1899, became a company in 1907, and has since made the following profits:

1913	£16,138
1914	13,199
1915	79,595

These figures speak for themselves, and throw significant light upon the increased cost of meat, milk, etc. Other statistics from various sources go to prove that growers of potatoes and other produce are making abnormal profits. A case is cited of a farmer in Lincolnshire who made a profit of £63,000 from 1,000 acres.

War Profits from Cotton.

With sewing cotton at the record price of 4d. per reel, it is perfectly easy to understand the newly-issued report of Messrs. J. and P. Coats, Ltd., for the year ended June 30. There is a record also—a net profit of £3,387,395—after deducting depreciation and allowing for excess profits tax. The previous year's net profit was £2,598,966. These figures represent a toll levied on all those unfortunate persons who use sewing cotton, for with the admirable foresight of its generation the members of this company long ago saw the advantage of eliminating competition, and after the usual commercial methods had been used, they were able to capture and hold the sewing cotton market. For such predatory

concerns as these, be it remembered, the Government continues to exist and prosecute a war to safeguard our homes and freedom. But the people of this country have yet to understand that they and their forbears have suffered greater wrongs from their real enemies who run industry, than they are ever likely to experience at the hands of a foreign foe.

Wheat Acreage Reduced.

Still the people are patient, and are blindly content to trust their destinies to a Food Dictator, not realising that Government and the State, acting for the financiers and profiteers, have been the cause of all the evils ever thrust upon the community. In the midst of such a pitiable exhibition of credulity it is refreshing to turn to an article in the *Sunday Times* by that doughty anti-Statist, Harold Cox, entitled, "Food Prices—Risks of State Action," wherein he proceeds to pull down the State idol. After comparing Germany's capacity for growing food with that of our own country, he boldly avers that we could not by any contrivance grow enough food for even half the population. Anarchists, who have profitably perused that illuminating little book, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," by Peter Kropotkin, will dissent from this view, as they will recognise the enormous forces waiting to be used by the intelligent agriculturist. But our complaint is that the Government has not produced a single man capable of taking an intelligent view of the food crisis caused by the war. Indeed, the gravest charge that can be brought against the Government is that it not only failed to increase the acreage available for food production, but owing to its incessant demand for men for use as cannon fodder, it indirectly caused the acreage to decrease by some thousands of acres. In short, it remained indifferent as to the people's food, and concentrated upon the food supply for the military machine. And now that it has been discovered we cannot get figs from thistles drastic action is threatened, and a further example of Prussianism will be visible to the admiring gaze of the people.

Officials Not Supermen.

In the circumstances, it certainly seems rather heartless of Harold Cox to rush in with his battle axe ready to shatter the beloved idol. He unkindly remarks: "The idea that the State is both omnipotent and omniscient is a fundamental delusion. The State acts through Ministers and permanent officials, some of whom may be supermen in their own estimation, but others of whom are certainly sub-human in the estimation of their fellows. The general average is just human and nothing more." Such has always been our contention when attacking the Government on the grounds that inasmuch as it represented the financial interests its acts must always be of an anti-social character. So the appointment of the Food Dictator, whether it be Lord Devonport—retired grocer and Labour's arch-enemy—or the man of many parts, Lloyd George, will still mean a triumph for bureaucracy and defeat for the people. It is, therefore, quite safe to prophesy that the price of food will continue to advance, and the poor will become still poorer. The only ones likely to benefit are the newly-created State officials this appointment will make necessary.

More Juvenile Criminals.

The abnormal increase in the number of juvenile offenders from 2,686 for the three months, December, 1914, to February, 1915, to 3,596 for the corresponding months a year later, has led to much conjecture as to the cause. The chief reasons given are the father's absence and lessened educational efficiency (such as larger classes, part-time sessions, an earlier school-leaving age, and, in some cases, short-time employment). It has been stated that between 150,000 and 200,000 children between the ages of eleven and thirteen had been released from school to do war work. When, we wonder, will the people realise that the real wealth of the country is in its children and learn to treat them intelligently, for even from the State's point of view the present condition of things implies enormous wastage, these very children being those to whom the State will look to pay the interest on the huge war loans that have been floated.

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The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles

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MILITARY JUSTICE.

We wish to call attention to the treatment meted out to us by the officer commanding the London District, Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, and will set out the facts in detail.

On May 5 the offices of this journal were raided by five police officers acting under the orders of Sir Francis Lloyd. They took away nearly 10,000 pamphlets and papers, besides many books on sale, such as "Mutual Aid," "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," and "Conquest of Bread." Two boxes containing valuable books and papers not on sale were taken, and also several sets of stereos. Our ledgers, address books, and much correspondence shared the same fate. Current and back numbers of FREEDOM and VOICE or LABOUR were also bundled into the van, and to ensure that we should not print any more, all the type on the premises which had been set up for FREEDOM was cleared out. We were informed that it would all be taken to Scotland Yard.

On June 24, at Clerkenwell Police Court, Lilian Woolf and myself were sentenced to two months' and three months' imprisonment respectively for publishing and distributing a leaflet headed, "Voice of Labour," which the magistrate held was likely to prejudice recruiting. But the fact is that all the evidence against us was procurable without the necessity of a raid, as the leaflet was published openly and had the "Freedom Press" imprint on it.

Whilst we were in prison the work of printing and publishing FREEDOM was carried on by several comrades, the type used being four pages which were at a printer's when the police came. As the printer refused to machine our type the comrades used a somewhat out-of-date machine at our office. On July 29, when the August issue was almost printed, another raid on FREEDOM Office took place. The four comrades working there were arrested as absentees, and then the police set themselves at the task of dismantling our machine and a hand press. The vital parts were taken, also a set of rollers for inking. All the printed copies of the August issue (except one copy) were taken, with five or six reams of paper in stock for future issues. Packages of pamphlets and books ready to send away were also put in the van. And, again, our business books and letters at the office were taken. No prosecution of any kind has followed this raid.

We wish to point out that these raids were peculiarly senseless, as in neither case have we been prohibited from printing or selling papers or pamphlets similar to those taken away, excepting "The Last War" and the leaflet. The rest of the pamphlets in stock, nearly all of which were printed previous to the outbreak of the war, are still on sale, and the August issue of FREEDOM seized by the police was promptly reprinted word for word, and sold through our usual agents. But in spite of the fact that no charges have been made against us, the police, acting under orders of "the competent military authority," Sir Francis Lloyd, still have possession of all our property. No attempt has been made, so far as we are aware, to sort out the "seditious and disloyal" literature from what they would consider the comparatively harmless stuff. Goods which have been in their hands for six months are still carefully packed away in Scotland Yard, and, unless we can shame the authorities, are likely to remain there.

The military seem relentless in their persecution. Two Italian comrades at Folkestone were sentenced to three months' imprisonment for posting the "Voice of Labour" leaflet on hoardings, and Lilian Woolf and myself were also sent to prison for the same leaflet. But this is not enough for our military despots. So they have done their best to hamper or destroy our publishing and printing business. Martial law reigns, and martial law has been defined as no law. We are some of its victims, others have suffered and will suffer. But the British people must not be allowed to have any illusions about the mildness of British militarism. Militarism is a curse whatever uniform it may wear.

T. H. KEELL.

"PREMATURE PEACE."

The recent speeches of the German Chancellor are regarded as showing the desire of the German Government to make peace, and we are informed by several papers that unofficial proposals are at present under discussion—also "unofficially." Instead of welcoming these overtures, our Jingo fire-eaters in Parliament and Press reject them as "insidious" and only put forward with a desire to divide the Allies and bring about what they call a "premature" German peace. To us no peace can be "premature." But with regard to the danger of a German peace, as very few people know for what we are fighting, and as the Government refuses to enlighten them, they have no means by which to distinguish between a German peace and an Allies' peace. If the Allies are fighting until the rights of the various small nationalities are safeguarded, we would like to ask whether the people of Dalmatia (2 per cent. Italian) will have their nationality "safeguarded" when Italy rules over them. Or will the inhabitants of Constantinople have their nationality (whatever it may be) more carefully safeguarded by Russia than by Germany? Or did Britain declare a Protectorate over Egypt so as to protect the national rights of the Egyptians? If the establishment of the Germans in Constantinople would be a German peace, then should the Russians get there it would be called a Russian peace. Are the British people really fighting to decide which of these two rivals should impose their despotic rule on Constantinople?

The unwillingness of the Government to state plainly the objects of the war naturally leads us to suppose that those objects, if stated now, would meet with opposition from those who volunteered or agreed to Conscription for quite different objects. In any case, in our opinion, no peace can be premature. If the Allied Governments are trying to "crush" Germany, or Germany trying to "crush" the Allies, then the end of the war is a long way off. But in this attempt to crush each other, the people have nothing to gain and everything to lose. When the rulers decide that sufficient slaughter has taken place, they will all sit down together—diplomats, statesmen, and warriors—and make fresh boundary lines for the countries of Europe. The people will not have a word to say in the making of peace any more than they had in the starting of the war. Therefore, the sooner the peace comes the better for the people. Then they can begin the reconstruction of society on fresh lines, where co-operation and sympathy will replace competition and hatred, and those monstrous and bloodthirsty organisations—the States—will die a natural death. Unless they work for this end wars will never cease, and the present terrible struggle be succeeded by others even more terrible.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

The miners' strike on the Mesaba Range (Minnesota, U.S.A.) continues, and is referred to in another column, as also the case of Carlo Tresca and others.

The publisher of *Direct Action*, an I.W.W. paper published at Sydney, was recently prosecuted for a technical breach of the Press Acts, and fined £20. Peter Larkin and two others were alleged to have made abusive remarks about the Australian Kaiser, Wilhelm Hughes, and consequently got fined £5 each, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment. They are appealing against their sentences.

Another I.W.W. comrade, named Coombs, was convicted of sedition at Broken Hill, the prosecuting attorney denouncing him as a "self-confessed Anarchist and a rebel." He was sentenced to six months, but was released on bail pending an appeal.

The *Socialist* (Melbourne) continues to appear after its raid, but the editor has had another summons, signed by W. M. Hughes, no less. In consequence, all the editor's articles in the latest issues are signed, the editor satirically giving his full name and address every time.

It appears that Herr Hoffman, a Socialist member of the Prussian Landtag, has been arrested for distributing circulars urging all workers of the Empire to declare a general strike; but, possibly, this case is on a par with that of Mr. Tracy Tupman, who before pulling off his coat announced that he was going to do for somebody, and promptly got knocked out in the first round.

Rabochya Rech (Voice of Labour), a Russian paper printed in the United States, has been forbidden to pass through the post unless a true and trustworthy translation of its contents is first submitted to the P.M.G. The editor declines to do so, and states his intention to use "Russian methods of circulation."

L.A.M.

A STORY OF BLOOD AND IRON.

We seldom consider the plights of others unless placed, in fancy, at least, in their situations. Suppose, for instance, you chalk off a space in your room seven feet square, lower the ceiling to eight feet, imagine three walls and the ceiling are solid steel, the floor of reinforced concrete, the fourth side shut off from a gloomy corridor by crossed bars of steel. That you were under lock and key in this space day and night with two or three others. Thus girt round with metal you would, among other things, be impressed with the importance of steel in structural work.

When you stretched out your narrow canvas from wall to wall at night, and sleep overcame you, no doubt but your dream visions would reflect the hope of your waking hours; the hope of release, to walk and work again among your fellows, to be free to labour, to laugh and to love.

Such is the situation this day and hour of seven men in the county jail at Duluth, Minnesota, under indictment for murder as result of a recent strike on the Mesaba Range. The wife of one is also indicted, but out on bail. All await trial on December 5.

If you believed, as do these men, that you were there because of your efforts to improve labour conditions by functioning in a great strike, guilty of no crime but opposing organised capital in that strike, you would doubtless like the world of Labour to hear your story.

Here, then, in brief is their story, as substantiated by investigators of the Industrial Relations Committee and the Minnesota Labour Commission, revealed by hundreds of affidavits, and endorsed by the State Federations of Labour of both Michigan and Minnesota.

The Mesaba Range produces 65 per cent. of the nation's output of iron. It is controlled absolutely by the U.S. Steel Corporation, whose hostility to Labour is infamous. In bygone years it imported workers from all nations to aid in keeping Labour divided. Since the last strike—nine years ago—conditions grew worse day by day. Working per diem or by contract your pay grew less and less, without you had a roll of bills, a pretty daughter, or a handsome wife to turn over to the greed and lust of foremen.

A climax came. On June 2 last a strike began at Aurora, spreading rapidly across the range. A mass of revolting workers, speaking many tongues, downed tools in every camp without organisation or spokesmen. Someone among them sent for Carlo Tresca (Italian), Joe Schmidt (Slavic), and Sam Scarlett to speak and organise. These came and worked night and day instructing the miners how to express themselves in a compact union body. They offered to leave the State when the operators would agree to confer with the men, but the operators "had nothing to arbitrate."

Hundreds of gunmen of the usual type were imported by the Steel Trust and deputised. Over six hundred arrests were made on all sorts of pretexts. John Allar, an unarmed striker, was killed—shot in the back near his humble home. Many were beaten and wounded. All constitutional rights were revoked.

On July 3 four drunken deputies rushed into the home of Phillip Masonovich at Biwabik. One struck his wife, knocking her down. Her husband and three boarders, although unarmed, sprang up to defend her. In the fight that followed a deputy was killed—shot, as evidence indicates, by another in the confusion. Besides the occupants of the house, including the woman and her tiny baby, all the organisers on the range were gathered up, sent by special train to Duluth, and charged with murder.

Despite discouragements, the strike went on till late September, when the miners voted to resume work and devote all energy to the defence of their wrongly accused brothers.

They have engaged Judge O. N. Hilton (Denver), Arthur Le Sueur (Fort Scott), and John A. Keyes (Duluth) to head the counsel for the defence. A most momentous legal battle will soon begin when these clash with the vindictive power of the Steel Trust.

And, as I write, in Jose Schmidt's Pennsylvania home, a wasted baby form lies in a little coffin—a babe that never knew its father—one of those men in the small steel cells at Duluth, where the chill winds from Lake Superior whistle around the prison—the abode always provided by Capital for a rebellious worker.

Virginia, Minn., U.S.A.

HARRISON GEORGE.

October 25.

ACTION, NOT WORDS.

One of the least understood theories relating to society is that expressed in the term Anarchism. Socialist and Tory, Liberal and Radical, have all joined in the delectable task of misrepresenting it, and have either painted Anarchists as those unmoral people who seek to destroy indiscriminately human life and property, or when confronted with our real aims, methods, and aspirations, have declared that human nature was human nature, the leopard could not change his spots, and that we were absurd idealists of the first degree.

With the Governments of Europe busy putting into practice those theories which they have repeatedly declared were professed by Anarchists, it is perhaps an opportune moment in which to analyse our position. Most thinkers recognise that the millennium will arrive some day in the far, far distant future; that is, if we keep on nursing the populace by our present method of talking and doing nothing.

There are hundreds of people to-day with pent-up energy, who, given the opportunity to expand, would show the world in a practical manner how to live. Our present abortive system gives no one a chance to show his or her qualities. Were these people transplanted to surroundings congenial to their character excellent results would follow. That is why co-operate effort on the part of the workers would achieve infinitely more than all the street corner tub-thumping oratory so vigorously delivered to-day.

The whole teaching of the world's greatest men and women when summed up has been, "Love your fellow-men." To-day that is not in the realm of possibility when your best friend is striving for the job you now hold. Why? Because he must live as well as you. Think for one moment. In this world of plenty there is not enough to go round, and the struggle for existence dehumanises us. How much longer are we going to be content with talking, talking, talking? Yet all the time if one glances round there are abundant evidences of the rottenness of civilisation.

A world war, lunatic asylums, gaols, hospitals full through preventable diseases mostly traceable to poverty. Brothels and goodness knows how many more samples of hell. Little children walking about half-starved, ill-clad, and physically deformed. Why? Because although the baker bakes bread he has none for the nippers. The cobbler makes boots, and he himself wears old trash. The builder builds palaces and lives with wife and kids in a garret. When will people realise that gaols, brothels, and an organised police force, are only products of a rotten social organism—products of that arch-fiend Power, and its twin Authority?

How much longer are we going to fret ourselves patching this accursed system, when each sore on it would take a plaster as large as a bed quilt. Take the surgeon as example, and cut it out. But the advanced movement of to-day instead of marching on, delights in doing a step-dance in one place. This destroys enthusiasm, for those who possess the necessary energy must be up and doing. Individual action is infectious, and if we work with might and main for the establishment of our aims we can do more to realise our ideals than any amount of talking and holding meetings like a lot of old maids over a cup of tea. This will only result in mouldiness, and in the end will harness our one-time fiery spirit to the bureaucratic vehicle, and we will develop a nice taste for official etiquette, and stand out for recognition of all the rules and regulations that have ever been designed to crush the initiative of a people.

"Gassing" is easy. Bill Adams won the battle of Waterloo with it. We have yet to show the world that we are right, and that people can be happier living in complete liberty than under the awe of a Governmental chopper, that a country booby in blue or a bully from the town dressed up in khaki are not arguments for liberty, but ignorance and authority personified. Humanity must get a move on. We want to give the people a chance of living according to their desires. Don't preach, but live and start the millennium by example. It will spread quicker than the war fever. Don't wait to be led. Advanced movements remain stagnant to-day because the people are content to trust Labour leaders, theory-mongers, and academicians, men and women who do not understand manual work and the real needs of the workers. If you want salvation do not theorise. We do not want a library reading-room revolution. Let the man in the street see that we do not want to pick his pocket or blow him up with bombs—these methods belong to the bosses—but that we want first a sunny corner for ourselves, and to help him also to a place in the sun. We can show him that it is quite possible to live without dynamite and eviction orders. Isn't it time that our ideas were put into operation—co-operatively, if possible—individually if that is not practicable.

Let us group up with those congenial to us and start doing something. B.B.

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OUR PRISONERS OF WAR.

We hear from one of our comrades, Bert Wells, that he is now doing work of "national importance" at the Road Board Camp at Ballachulish. The conditions are as tolerable as might be expected from our kind rulers, who have been so busy understudying Ruhlleben and the like. Our comrade has spent some four months in Perth prison, after previously having experienced the joys of various guardrooms. The change is very much for the better, as the diet is a trifle more varied, and is allowed to be supplemented by home supplies. We understand the comrades in the Newhaven camp are anxious to start a paper of their own on similar lines to that issued from Dyce Camp. We might suggest, however, that they should air their views and experiences in *FREEDOM*, which will welcome such contributions from men who have passed through and suffered much for the cause of individual liberty.

The police made another visitation to the Stockport Communist Club and captured Robert Williams, making six in all in three raids. Of those previously arrested there our comrades, William Jackson and Hopkins, were sentenced to two years' hard labour at the Birkenhead District Court-martial for disobeying "lawful" commands of their superior officers. Comrade Williams recounts that he, too, was taken to Birkenhead and court-martialled (with what results is not stated). He says that his first impressions of the *morale* of his comrades in khaki were not inspiring, but confesses that later on he modified them. It appears that on November 9 three soldiers were put in the guard-room for some reason or other. Shortly afterwards a clamouring was heard outside, and it transpired that the whole battalion had turned out in protest and asked for their immediate release. They threatened to fix bayonets, and as each man had eight rounds of ammunition the commanding officer had to give way to them. Herbert Holt has, it appears, accepted Home Office work, and is now in Wakefield. Harry Brewer has been to Aldershot and had forced pack drill, and what he terms "pick and shovel drill." He is now at Wormwood Scrubs doing 56 days' hard labour. Guy Aldred, of the *Spur*, is, we learn, at the same prison, having left the attractive "joys" of Dyce.

At the latest round-up at the *Herald* reunion at Holborn Hall, some comrades were detained by our old enemy, Inspector Sanderoock, who had the pleasure of appearing in court against four—Albert Pell, Percy Davis, Harry S. Britton, and Henry B. Offel. These were hard-hearted enough to state at the round-up that they had not attested, and did not intend to do so. It appears, however, that Britton had appealed to three tribunals as an objector, but met the usual fate of objectors of the Simon Pure type. He was put back for enquiries, the others being fined and handed over.

Australia Rejects Conscription.

Having in mind the quiet acceptance of all Governmental dictates in this happy land of the free, it is refreshing to find that with all Billy Hughes's powers of persuasion Australia will have none of his scheme for conscripting its citizens. All his much-advertised influence and bombast have proved so much froth which has deluded nobody but himself. We congratulate the revolutionary element in Australia that has done so much to secure the rejection by the decisive majority of 61,000 of this particularly obnoxious form of slavery. With industrial conscription an established fact in this country, we realise what it would have meant to the workers in the Island Continent if they had not protected their inviolate right to their own bodies. May they carry their courage a step further and refuse to allow themselves to be governed by a gang that, while masquerading under the name of Labour Party, takes its marching orders from the bosses.

The New Paper.

By the time this number of *FREEDOM* appears, the first issue of *Satire* will be in the press. A great deal of interest has been aroused by our last announcement, and the paper seems to be certain of a good welcome. Subscriptions are beginning to come in, and if this continues, the comrades concerned with the publication will find their way much easier in keeping up the production of the only illustrated paper in the rebel movement. In order to guarantee the continuity of its appearance, however, comrades are invited to contribute to the Guarantee Fund, the smallest amount being welcome.

The receipt of a free copy of this paper is an invitation to subscribe 1s. 6d. per annum.

The War Spirit.

"If I am in command when war breaks out, I shall issue as my orders:

'The essence of war is violence.
Moderation in war is imbecility.
Hit first, hit hard, and hit anywhere.'

... If you rub it in both at home and abroad that you are ready for instant war with every unit of your strength in the first line, and intend to be first in and hit your enemy in the belly and kick him when he is down, and boil your prisoners in oil (if you take any!), and torture his women and children, then people will keep clear of you."—Admiral Lord Fisher.—*Character sketch, Review of Reviews, February, 1910.*

"We must exact life for life. . . . Let the Allies intimate now that every case of rape, pillage, and murder, will meet with instant reprisals on the bodies of the robbers and murderers already in our hands, and there will be less of it, perhaps none at all."—Rev. R. J. Campbell, in *Sunday Herald*, August 6, 1916.

NOTICES.

FREEDOM Office, 127, Ossulston Street, Somers Town, is open every Saturday from 2 p.m. till 6 o'clock. Comrades are heartily invited to call.

Marsh House (1, Mecklenburgh Street, W.C.) is now closed; all correspondence should be addressed to *FREEDOM* Office.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(October 24—November 23.)

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