

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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NOTES.

The Dictatorship.

The utter disregard of Parliament and the absolute contempt for so-called representative Government shown by members of the Coalition Cabinet, has been intensified during the past month. Ever since the outbreak of war the Government has been a law unto itself, without making even that pretence of consulting Parliament which it appeared so eager to do before the war. We have long contended that our present representative form of Government was only an illusion and did not provide any active check upon the financial magnate's nominees who constituted the Cabinet. So this country saw in August, 1914, the actual establishment of an oligarchy. It had virtually existed before, but the "military necessity" of the moment made it possible to no longer seek to hide the fact that we were actually ruled by a handful of men. But these individuals being only human, differences of opinion led to the dissolution of the unholy alliance of patriots, and in the early days of December last the world was treated to the delectable spectacle of a "Cabinet crisis." Then the Northcliffe fraternity and press having "created" public opinion, discovered that the wily Welshman was the one man of the moment who could be the saviour of the people. The shuffling of the cards of State has thus given us willy-nilly a Dictator who, in order to keep up appearances, has selected a War Council of five brave men and true, including himself. The whole business reminds one very forcibly of the time-honoured story of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. Meanwhile, the people remain patient, hypnotised by the lies of the press, and have not even grasped the fact that representative government is dead and buried and cannot again be resuscitated. When they realise its true significance they will have come a step nearer to Anarchism.

Ireland Redivivus.

A tardy act of justice has been done in the release of the Irishmen interned in this country. The Government, however, have been actuated less by the merits of the case than by the knowledge that the aftermath of the Irish rebellion has developed a very sinister feeling throughout Ireland. As in the time of Wolfe Tone, North and South have been uniting; a better understanding between all sections of the population has led to that unity of feeling which had been absent for so long. Men of moderate Conservative views, filled with disgust at the result of the military regime, have become converted to the Sinn Fein ideal. The politicians have become discredited, and the popular feeling against any Irishman who dare take service in the hated British forces has been very actively demonstrated. Such a condition of things has made a united Ireland possible. Inspired by a fresh hope, and drawn together by a common bond of suffering and tragedy, the Irish people have realised that the rebellion so ruthlessly put down by their oppressors has really been a call to arms, to work for a free Ireland and industrial emancipation. For the Celts have grown sceptical of the politicians, and when they next strike a blow for liberty, political considerations may be non-existent. In these circumstances it may be that the British Government has only acted in self-defence, hoping to stave off the apparently inevitable victory of the Irish.

Fruits of Landlordism.

After two and a half years of war the Government has just discovered that it has been guilty of the serious oversight of allowing people to eat too much. So with much trumpeting the new Food Controller makes drastic regulations for the benefit of those officers home on leave and others who favour the ten-course dinner. The policing of the free-born Briton is the outstanding feature of the war, and much time and thought have been devoted by our paternal Government to this end. But when we turn to the other side of the shield of the governmental record, we find that culpable neglect of land cultivation has brought this country to the brink of starvation. Only now has it penetrated the bovine minds

of our rulers that "victory may be won on the cornfields and potato lands of Great Britain." Now we are told that the farms are to be mobilised, and farmers are to grow produce prescribed by the Minister of Agriculture. The short-sighted policy of the captains of industry of the past, who insisted on turning England into the workshop of the world, has, like the proverbial curse, come home to roost. We are a beleaguered city, dependent for our food upon those ships lucky enough to escape enemy submarines, and all because the vested interests in the country have dictated the policy of the past and placed our helpless millions at the mercy of the profiteers and dividend-hunters. The men taken from the land having been used as cannon fodder, it is now incumbent upon the Government to cry "Eat less!" Were it not for private property in land, such a condition of affairs would never have arisen, as all the food necessary for its inhabitants could easily be grown in this country. Free land and co-operation are all that are necessary.

Profits and Waste.

The organisation for war has resulted in the excess profits tax realising the nice little sum of £73,699,000. If it is possible for the Government to bag this amount in order to spend it on destruction, then it is eloquent of the amount that might usefully be spent on construction. An analysis of the figures, however, would probably disclose how these profits are made, and make us realise the colossal waste that is going on in allowing the workers to be robbed in order that the profiteers may remain on top. Certain it is that prices have been artificially forced up and record profits made by these ghouls who are battenning upon a nation's misery. No juggling with figures will ever alter the fact that millions of men having been withdrawn from production, the nation is now living upon its capital, with the breakers of bankruptcy ahead. Yet, despite this disquieting condition of things, organisation applied to industry and co-operation between the workers would very rapidly even now readjust our social organism and bring well-being for all out of the chaos of war.

War-Time "Education."

The *Daily News* of December 21 gives an account of how teachers are produced in three months at a guinea apiece. In the fashionable craze for economy it has been held extravagance on the part of the London County Council to spend money on mere education, and teachers and scholars alike are to be sacrificed on the altar of economy. And yet the wiseacres are still wondering how commercial Germany was able to defeat us in the world's markets, and go on babbling about holding our own after the war.

Field Punishment No. 1.

The question of "crucifixion" in the Army has been engaging the attention of certain M.P.s, whose questions in the House have resulted in a long defence of this particular form of field punishment. An M.P., in upholding its continued use, jibbed at the term "crucifixion," reminiscent perhaps of the act of the soldiers serving another Empire in a bygone age. He held that responsible officers advocated its retention because the rapid building up and discipline of the new Army units was made possible by the judicious use of the power of awarding field punishment, and they feared that its abolition must inevitably lead to a more frequent recourse to the death penalty. What a commentary upon the methods adopted for the maintenance of power and authority by those who love to prate about voluntarism and patriotism in the British Army! The whole truth is, of course, that without punishment and the use of force no discipline could be established and no army maintained. But the victims of militarism in this country have yet to learn the difference between discipline in the interests of their exploiters and governors, and self-discipline in the interests of their fellow-workers and themselves. Meanwhile, Field Punishment No. 1 will continue to transform thinking men into unthinking obedient machines.

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NEW CHAINS FOR OLD.

The statement that the new Dictatorship intends to introduce universal compulsory service for males between the ages of 16 and 60 certainly clears the air, and enables us to see the workings of our social system more clearly than usual. When Anarchists have said that the workers were as truly slaves as the serfs of former days, we have been laughed at or told indignantly that we were exaggerating. Now, however, the Government are going to prove the truth of our statement, by forcing men (and perhaps women) to work where and when and at what wages the Dictators consider necessary and suitable. There will be no humbug about it. Their friends in the press say quite openly that all workers will be told that they must "work or fight," and the Government will save them the trouble of deciding which they prefer to do. Certain men who have shown great ability in making enormous profits during the war—such as Lord Devonport and Lord Rhondda, food and coal barons—are now working out the details of the scheme, and soon we shall be told by the press that they have decided how many workers are wanted for munitions, how many for agriculture, and how many for the other industries considered essential for the prosecution of the war. Then the workers will be asked to "volunteer" for this work in sufficient numbers, otherwise compulsion will be used. As no one except the Dictators will know how many will be considered "sufficient," we may safely conclude that compulsion will be introduced, and may be taken from their ordinary work and drafted on to such other work as their masters may decide. This is slavery, pure and simple.

The wage system has so cleverly disguised the relation between the workers and their masters that many of them really believe they are free men. Before the Munitions Act they could choose their occupations and their employers, and could leave their work when they considered their wages too low. They never quite realised, however, that they were compelled to work for their employers. A free man is one who can get his living without having to ask another man's permission, which implies free access to the land, the source of all life. The ruling classes know this, and many years ago the land of this country, and also of other countries, was parcelled out amongst them, and the workers could only obtain access to it on the terms laid down by the landlords.

In the days of feudalism, when agriculture was the principal occupation, the serfs used to work on the land two, three, or even four days a week for the feudal lord, the rest of the week being devoted to working for themselves. Thus the serf knew he was a slave, and there was no attempt to hide the fact. But with the growth of industrialism another method had to be adopted, and the wage system came into existence. Under this system the modern serf works six (sometimes even seven) days a week for his employer, and gets paid wages equivalent to the value of about three or four days' work. He and his fellow-workers are as much serfs as the workers were in the days of feudalism, but the money payment ingeniously hides the fact, and they fondly imagine they are free men.

The war, however, has driven our rulers into a tight corner; their interests in all parts of the world are in danger, and they have to mobilise their serfs to protect those interests. The old happy-go-lucky methods of employment may do in peace times, but not for war. So having already instituted direct compulsion to force their serfs into the Army and Navy, they are now going to adopt the same method to get them into munition factories or on the land, so as to utilise their services to the best advantage. Of course, they are still trying to keep up the deception that the workers are free men, so they are calling it "National Service," and saying that the workers are safeguarding "national" interests, and will go through the farce of passing an Act of Parliament giving them the power to use compulsion. But the

deception is only too apparent, and many workers will have their eyes opened to the fact that they are really in chains, which will bring the desire to break them.

The only difference between Asquith and Co. and the new Dictator is that the former wished to introduce compulsion by a slower process, so as not to alarm the workers; but Lloyd George and Northcliffe realise the great danger of their position and are prepared to take risks, so with the New Year the old serfdom is to be replaced by the new serfdom. In this work the Dictators are supported by almost the whole official class of the Labour movement. Let the workers remember that their well-paid and trusted "leaders" joined with the master class in the work of fastening on them the new chains. If they bear this in mind, then they will realise the truth of the Anarchist ideal—free co-operation of free men on free land. There will be no place for Governments or leaders in those joyous days to come.

PEACE AND AFTER.

Beneath all the indignant repudiation of the very thought of peace now appearing in the daily press, we detect a very different tone from that adopted a year ago, when peace proposals were suggested. Underneath all the bombastic verbiage is a subtle note suggestive of the acceptance of that very peace which politicians and press alike now find it expedient to pretend to reject. The fact is that all the belligerent countries find themselves on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. We have always contended that when the financial magnates cried "Halt!" reasons for the early cessation of hostilities would be found and the war brought to a close. Thus one of the most dramatic surprises of the war—that is, the intervention of President Wilson in the interests of peace—will, after all, prove to be a move dictated by the financiers. It must never be overlooked that any Governmental head is only permitted to hold office (although so-called representation of the people may be in existence) by favour of the financial clique that in reality gives its marching orders to the Government it allows to exist. Government in turn organises the nation in the interests of its masters.

A point has now been reached when the cosmopolitan fraternity of financiers find it unprofitable to prolong hostilities. They begin to fear the capacity of the nations will not stand a further strain, and above all things they are anxious that the interest on their capital should be paid. So with England rapidly reaching a state of actual famine, Germany seriously embarrassed financially and economically, Russia on the brink of an industrial upheaval, and France bleeding to death—the United States, having done excellently well out of the war up to date, is astute enough to realise where her interests really lie. And peace it will be of a kind—just as surely as though no fateful secret treaties had dragged us into the European imbroglio. Each party, after having uselessly spent itself in trying to ruin its opponents, will brag about its victories and ask for impossible terms. Each Government, irrespective of the people it is supposed to represent, will in its best diplomatic manner try to score off the enemy. The huge game of chess will go on, and the nation that is the strongest financially will dictate terms to the rest. And all the time the millions of graves on the vast European battlefield will eloquently speak of our irretrievable loss. But not that alone. Every home bereaved, every factory hell grinding out the life of some woman or child, the acres left uncultivated, and the ruined homes, will unite in calling to the workers of these poor stricken countries to be at last the arbiters of their own destinies and to dictate their own terms of peace. Without this no security for human life and wealth in the future can be given.

It is not enough that Labour wingers join the peace plenipotentiaries, not enough that guarantees are given by the Government for the restoration of Trade Union rights after the war, not enough that Labour is to have a permanent Minister to look after its interest. These things must not deceive us. For what are the facts? The war has definitely changed the whole face of industry. Whatever kind of peace our masters make for us, the huge war debt will remain to strangle and prevent our true development. Speeding-up and the elimination of all waste in industry have already come to stay. Conscription will remain with us as a legacy from the war. The insatiable maw of the financiers will have to be fed, and every man, woman, and child in Europe compelled to contribute. The standard of living will remain hopelessly lowered, and a huge toll paid as interest exacted from all. These are the things that no peace conference in the world can alter, for so surely as we quietly tolerate industrial war at home suffering and penury will be our lot.

In all times of crisis new men and new methods have been tried to heal our economic woes, just as in illness we turn to fresh doctors and different medicine. So will the purveyors of State

Socialism influence our rulers with their demands for more and yet more State control. Indeed, the Capitalist class are themselves urging the necessity for active co-operation between the factory owner and the State. Sir William Lever, of Port Sunlight fame, sounds the new note when he demonstrates the saving to the country if a shortened working day were instituted. He insists that a six-hour day would result in increased production, the remaining two hours per working day to be given to training for service in the Army. With the help of the State it is hoped to rationalise industry and save British commerce from the attacks of the more scientific and better educated German. That is why Sir Harry Johnston, writing on "Possible Peace Terms" in the *Daily News* of December 19 tells us to remember that "we shall only finally conquer Germany and keep her in her proper place by education, discipline, and social reform."

After the war, social reconstruction will surely go on, but always in the interests of our masters unless we decide otherwise. The whole of the workers will be mobilised for the State, and industrial freedom be as distant as ever. How imperative then does it become for us to insist upon our own peace terms! How pressing the need for action now! How vital to our interests that we should gain security, starting the work of reconstruction ourselves, without waiting for the State to mobilise us for its own ends. Let us recognise once and for all that industrial war will remain with us no matter what peace terms are concluded, that so long as one man or a body of men is allowed to possess the power to dispose of our lives, disaster sooner or later must befall us. So long as private property remains and governments protect it, we are living on the brink of a volcano, and there can be no real peace with such a menace to our free existence.

Yes, peace must come and after peace reconstruction, but let it be the peace we desire and that reconstruction which shall transform us into free, happy workers instead of the disciplined automatons now desired by our masters. Let us realise that Anarchism is the torch that can show us the way, and Communism the means whereby we may achieve our purpose. M.B.H.

SOME WAR TIME LITERATURE.

However sceptical one may be with regard to the value of the war as a means to the moral and spiritual upliftment of those who actually participate in it, there can be no doubt that the attention of an increasing number of people is being directed towards the consideration of questions of fundamental importance. A considerable stimulus has been given to the production of pamphlets, plays, and books dealing with these questions from various points of view.

Four recent publications are selected for the purpose of this article: "Cranks and Commonsense," by Miles Malleon (Hendersons, 3d.); "'D' Company and Black 'Ell'" (two plays, same author and publishers); "The Flogging Craze," by Henry S. Salt (Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d. net); "Political Ideals," by Bertrand Russell (National Council for Civil Liberties, 1d.).

Commonsense, the much-vaunted panacea for human ills—the cherished idol of practical, hard-headed persons—comes in for severe treatment at the hands of Miles Malleon. He fastens upon these commonsense "men of the world" the responsibility for our modern (so-called) civilisation, with its money-mania, its slumdom, its prostitution, its tawdry and vulgar entertainments, its "yellow" journalism, its appalling waste of human energy and human life, its latest plunge into the hell of carnage and destruction that is summed up in the word "War." All these horrors are traced to the preponderating influence of these "practical persons," with their buy-cheap-and-sell-dear philosophy of life. But while the vast majority apathetically resigns itself to the shackles of military and industrial slavery, the few (the cranks and "faddists," not men of the world, but the others) stand forth to vindicate their ideals—to proclaim the truth that imagination, rather than commonsense, is the primary necessity for the building of a genuine civilisation. "War cannot kill wars, nor the military militarism. It is our whole conception and mode of life that is wrong." And again: "The war is a great, mighty, unanswerable vindication of all those who disapproved of the world—a crushing final condemnation of the majority who have brought it to this monstrous pass."

The first of the two little plays is mainly a character-sketch of members of the Territorial Battalion stationed at Malta in 1914, in which the author, as his preface informs us, was then serving as a private. He was invalided home and out of the Army early in 1915, since when his views on the war underwent a drastic change. "D" Company is seen to be composed of various types of men, including the University-bred "gentleman-ranker" of Socialist tendencies, who felt that "one ought to do something for one's country," and on being refused for Kitchener's Army through deficient eyesight, enlisted in the Territorials; the middle-

aged corporal, an ex-navvy and time-expired "Regular" soldier of 27 years' service, with a lofty scorn for the amateurishness of the Territorials whom he has "faked" his age to join on account of unemployment and "a nold woman and five kids"; and the two pals who used to be van-boys, and who had been obliged to face the alternative of "getting sacked out of their jobs or come 'ere and 'ave 'em kept."

The other play, "Black 'Ell," is of sterner stuff. It depicts the return "home on leave" of a young officer who has been acclaimed in the illustrated press as having personally rid the world of six of the hated "Huns," and has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order. Great expectancy and enthusiasm prevail in the middle-class home on the day of the arrival of his telegram, and an impromptu triumphal reception at the railway station is hastily arranged by an excitable, khaki-clad feminine friend of the family. The hero, however, manages to miss the ovation. Arriving home alone, he finds his sweetheart awaiting him, and pours into her astonished ears the tale of his grief and horror at the ghastly hand-to-hand encounter in which he (in sheer self-defence) had literally choked the life out of—not six, but one of the conscript "foe." The locket beneath the dead man's tunic, torn open by the dying fingers, had contained the miniature portrait of a German girl, whose name the "Hun" had pronounced "quite beautifully and low" during the final agony, and who would vainly await his return from the war. The unfortunate "hero" delivers himself of a long and spirited denunciation of militarism and its devilish results, concluding by expressing his determination to take no further part in the slaughter of his fellow-men. Naturally enough, the family and their patriotic friends consider that the young man's mind is unhinged. The dramatic contrast is supplied by the maidservant, who spies in one of the papers a casualty list containing the name of her "boy" among the killed. She denounces the "devils" who have killed her lover (even as her employer's son has slain the lover of that German girl in the portrait); she wishes "Black 'Ell" to them, and the distraught young officer exclaims that "there are people over there" cursing him "like that."

Needless to say, the volume containing these two plays has been suppressed. Mr. Malleon may console himself with the reflection that this attention on the part of the authorities is really the finest compliment that could be paid to his work.

The book on "The Flogging Craze," though not directly connected with the war, is nevertheless quite in season, inasmuch as the flagellomaniac is usually found to be what may perhaps be properly described as a "war crank." The apologists of violence employed by the State with the alleged object of saving society from the criminals whom it has produced are naturally in favour of using violence for the purpose of attempting to secure the results of Imperialist plunder against the attack (actual or anticipated) by competing Imperialist States. The book presents a series of soundly-reasoned arguments against the degrading practice of flogging, whether applied to boys or men. Our author himself points out the false sentiment of the "anti-sentimental" devotee of the rod, who draws the line at advocating that his remedy should be applied to women also. (Indeed, if flogging be a good thing, why should women be excluded from its benefits?)

Bertrand Russell's pamphlet is distinctly disappointing. It might fairly be expected that a work on "Political Ideals" should contain at least some sympathetic reference to the greatest and finest of all political ideals: that of Individual Liberty—Anarchy. Mr. Russell, however, is not only an unrepentant Democrat, but, despite his recent personal experiences of governmental tyranny, is also a champion of the State, and—still worse—the Super-State; at least, the last-named conception would seem to be a fair inference from his statement that "the results of anarchy in the relations between States should suffice to persuade us that Anarchism has no solution to offer for the evils of the world." In other words, the governors cannot be trusted; they, in turn, require to be governed. But if each separate Government cannot be trusted, surely the super-Government (or combination of the forces of the various Governments) can be trusted still less, especially in view of its practical all-powerfulness. The Anarchist, on the other hand, does not consider Democracy to be a political ideal at all. To him, Democracy, as Wilde so aptly expressed it in his beautiful essay, *The Soul of Man*, "means simply the bludgeoning of the people, by the people, for the people." It is to be feared that Mr. Russell has not given the Anarchist philosophy the study it deserves of all reasoning people; two consecutive sentences of his appear to point convincingly to this conclusion—"Liberty demands self-government, but not the right to interfere with others." "The greatest degree of liberty is not secured by Anarchy." (The latter sentence, moreover, is sheer dogma.) Yet the demand of the Anarchist is precisely the demand for "self-government, but not the right to interfere with others." In common fairness, our critic should permit himself a careful and impartial examination of the philosophy he so naively disparages.

T.S.

OBITUARY.

It was with much regret that we heard of the death of our old friend and comrade, John McAra, who died in Edinburgh on December 11, after two operations had been performed on him within seven days. He had been unwell for some time, but managed by a great effort to keep going. His daughter writes to say that her father was quite sensible up to the last, and said he wished he could live a little longer so as to see the end of the war. He was buried in Newington Cemetery, only his children and two or three comrades being present, as very few people knew of his death. As he would have wished, he was buried without clergy.

John McAra was the most persistent outdoor speaker in the Anarchist movement in Scotland, and as a literature seller had no equal. When living in Glasgow he was always to be found on the Green on Sundays, surrounded by a large crowd. Of recent years, however, he had lived in Edinburgh, where his favourite pitch on Sundays was The Mound. A few years back the local magistrates passed a by-law against speaking on that spot, but McAra defied them. For this he was prosecuted, a nominal sentence being inflicted. On appeal, he gained the day, and has since stuck to his post there in spite of all threats. He was very well known and respected, and his quiet humour and twinkling eye will be greatly missed, one man saying that an Edinburgh landmark had been removed. He seldom allowed the weather to interfere with his propaganda, and although his physical constitution was very strong, his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight was undoubtedly due to his exposure to the cold winds and rain. We hope other comrades will fill the vacancy left by our dear old friend.

Morrison Davidson, the well-known writer on "Christian Anarchism," as he and Tolstoy styled their ideas, died at Honor Oak, S.E., on December 18. For many years his weekly article in *Reynolds's Newspaper* made his name familiar to readers of that journal. It was usually noted for its wealth of extracts from many writers, and although to some of us he did not seem very logical, his burning indignation against the shams of modern life made up for his shortcomings in that respect. His earlier work was Republican in character, but of recent years he became strongly anti-Statist and Anarchistic, and a follower of Tolstoy. His ideal was a form of society in which the State is non-existent, while the individual, inspired by Christian ideals, associates with his fellows in voluntary Communism.

Canadian Casualties.

The *Times* prints the following telegram from its Toronto correspondent:

"The people here are profoundly impressed by the official statement that the total casualties at present run to 65,600, of whom 10,333 were killed in action, 5,400 died of wounds or sickness, and 47,187 were wounded. These striking figures cannot but influence public opinion in favour of Conscription."

The conclusion of the *Times* correspondent is somewhat amusing. We should think "in favour of peace" would be more likely.

An Imperial Reminiscence.

We quote from the *Daily News* of December 21:

The recently deceased Theebaw was the last King of independent Burma. In 1885, in consequence of his action in imposing a fine on a British company, an ultimatum was served on him, and on his refusal to comply with its terms, a brief but highly effective campaign was carried out, resulting in the capture of Mandalay, and of the King himself. The King was deposed and deported to India, and Upper Burma was annexed.

This reads remarkably like Belgium. But why rattle old bones? Have we not Egypt? And isn't it a long time since we sang:

We've fought the bear before, and so we will again,
The Russians shall not have Constantinople.

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"MILITARY JUSTICE."

The statement published in last month's *FREEDOM* exposing the methods adopted by the military authority in their attempts to suppress us has created much interest, several papers publishing comments condemning the brutal action of the tools of Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, the "competent military authority" responsible. The *Herald*, of December 23, suggested that we get some member of Parliament to take up our case. We do not think that Parliament would do much on behalf of an Anarchist organisation, but a question in the House would call attention to the similarity of British and Prussian military methods.

Forward, which has itself suffered in like manner, speaks very sympathetically, as might have been expected. In its issue of December 23 it prints extracts from the article in *FREEDOM*, and says:

Whatever "crime" the *FREEDOM* people are guilty of (if they are, indeed, guilty of any statutory offence at all), they are entitled to a civil trial; and they ought not to be subjected to arbitrary and unconstitutional action on the part of any authority, military or otherwise. . . . We are sure that there is a deep-seated disgust, widely spread among all classes, against the Prussian practice of suppression without trial."

The *Herald* points out that in the past Sir Francis Lloyd has always returned literature which did not transgress the Defence of the Realm Act. Unfortunately (perhaps) for us, very little of our literature would escape on those grounds, as most of it is intended to "cause disaffection" among the civil (and military) population. But, in any case, the action of the military can scarcely be held to justify their oft-repeated claim that they are fighting to preserve our liberties. Not that we ever believed them.

An Appreciation.

To the Editor of *FREEDOM*.

Dear Sir,—I am sending you the contents of my retaliation box (4s.), an altar of liberty in the form of a money box into which I drop a coin, no matter how small, when the Government or its minions do anything to rouse my indignation. I am not in a position to fight openly, so this is my way of hitting back.

I send this money to you, because yours is the only paper which, in my opinion, has faced tyranny with a thorough, uncompromising attitude. Most of the advanced papers are lame and shilly-shallying, with a tendency to accept terms offered by the enemy. One out-and-outer is worth a dozen half-and-halfers! Governments never temporise for our advantage, but their own. It is not our business to help the enemy out of difficulties or yield points to make easier its crafty encroachments, or its schemes to make divisions among us. If the tyrants were not afraid of our strength, they would never seek to corrupt us, neither would they crucify our teachers.—Yours,

"D.T.G."

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.

THE SECULAR FELLOWSHIP, 5, Brunswick Place, East Road, N.—Open Forum for Secularists, Socialists, Anarchists, etc. Open every evening. Discussions every Sunday night. All are welcome, especially those willing to open up discussions or debates. No charge for admission.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(November 24—December 31.)

Special Appeal.—"Boots," 4½d.; A.B.C., 9d.; H. Chapman, 2s.; L. Bioulet, 2s.; H. Journet, 2s.; J. Green, 2s.; E. Michaels, 1s.; M. Price, 1s.; Chopwell Group, 5s.; D.T.G., 4s.; D.K., 2s.; J.J., 5s.; Anti-Militarist, 1s. 6d.; A. Perry, 2s.; G.F., 1s.; Gateshead Group, 5s.; A. Sanders (pair of boots), 15s.; B. Black, 1s. 6d.; P. Hopkins, 15s.

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Prisoners of War Fund.—E. Humphreys, 1s.

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