

Freedom

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OUR NEW ADDRESS!!

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THE EDITOR, 61, ST. AUGUSTINE'S-ROAD, CAMDEN-TOWN, LONDON, N.W.

A PUBLIC MEETING

TO COMMEMORATE THE
COMMUNES OF 1871,

WILL BE HELD BY THE

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUPS

AT
SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE

(Close to Broad-street and Moorgate-street Stations.)

ON
FRIDAY, MARCH 17th, 1893,
at 8 p.m.

Speakers:

C. W. MOWBRAY, S. C. ATTERBURY, S. MERLINO,
A. HENRY, W. BARKER, H. SAMUELS, P. KROPOTKINE,
H. S. COOK, LOUISE MICHEL, S. YANOVSKY,
JAMES TOCHATI

WHAT NEXT?

THE present bourgeois Parliamentary Republic may drag on in France for a few months or even for a few years more—especially in view of a possible European war—but it already has received its mortal wound; it MUST die sooner or later. No one believes any longer in the possibility of giving new life to the representative institutions of the country. No party can assume this task; no group of men has the confidence necessary to assume it. The last group, the Radicals, has sunk in the same mud as the others.

Ten years ago, every one, even a Socialist opponent of the Radicals, would have sworn that they were honest men who could not be involved in a Panama muddle. Now, not only the ultra-radical Maret is branded as a thief, but the radical leader himself, Clémenceau, is publicly accused of having taken four million francs from that arch-scoundrel Cornélius Herz; Herz's lawyer formally confirms the accusation; and not even a shadow of argument is put forward in denial of the accusation. Twelve months ago, the wildest adversary of Clémenceau would have said: "It is a lie!" Now, the accusation stands there, undenied, evidently concealing behind it some great mystery.

"In whom then to trust?" exclaim the common-sense laborers and peasants. To the Socialists? But no line of demarcation can be drawn now between the Radicals and the so-called Socialists who differ from the French Radicals by some delicate shades of vocabulary rather than by practical programs. Furthermore, do not the so-called Socialists of the Paris Municipal Council behave exactly like all other bourgeois? Did they not show their willingness to dabble in money matters during the loan of the City of Paris?

There are, no doubt, many men among them who will not behave like common thieves. But how are they to be distinguished from the rest? And then, were not the Radicals—now knee-deep in the Panama mud—as honest five years ago as the Socialists are now? But what became of their honesty the day they entered that sink of corruption—the world of Politics, and plunged into the dirty whirl which blows around that rotten institution—Parliament?

Of course, something might be done to maintain the prestige of Parliament; some satisfaction might be given to public opinion in one shape or another; some changes might be made here and there.

But the ruling middle classes feel no energy whatever and lack vigour to assume the direction of affairs. In fact, every one of them is so deeply compromised, some way or other, that not one party in France is capable at this moment of openly severing itself from the great thieves, not even the labor leaders, who mutually accuse each other, and are accused—some of having supported the Monarchist intrigue of Boulanger, and others of having been subsidised by the Government for their anti-Boulangist campaign—the money, it is now known, having been taken by Floquet, "with knife at throat," from the aforesaid Panama "long firm."

This is what is printed, told, and discussed all over France, and the final conclusion is that "the whole of it is rotten to the bottom, and some new departure must be made."

Of course, the power of inertia in France is great, as it is everywhere; and the old system might last still for some time to come. But various

causes must accelerate its overthrow. The Monarchists of all sorts, supported by the clergy, the bankers, and the superior officers of the army, will not wait, and they already strike up the march of triumph in view of a near restoration of their dear monarchs.

The Panama revelations had been prepared long since by the Monarchists, who carefully bought up all sorts of compromising documents and kept them in stock to divulge them a few months later, just at the moment of the next elections. The international plot of the priests, the Blowitzes, the Russian Court, and the reactionists of all nations had been prepared for years, in all countries, for establishing all over Europe Divine Monarchies with Socialist colouring. They failed when Boulanger, though supported by Orleanist, Russian, and American gold, and consecrated by the benedictions of the "Times," the Pope and the bankers of all nations, failed to crush the Republic in France. So then they prepared a new plan of attack, which was to strike a general blow against the Republic at the next election; and if the bubble has burst too soon, it was only through the fault of some too impetuous conspirators who had not been fully initiated in the plot.

But now that the bubble has burst, they try to make the best of it; and as all republican parties have been plainly convicted of theft, all documents compromising the monarchist politicians having been carefully destroyed, the Orleanists now lay great hopes on the elections which must give, they suppose, in the French Chamber an Orleanist majority. In fact, they make no secret of it, and fully disclose their plan in their official organ, "Le Soleil." The majority will, they say, re-establish the dear king. But if the Restoration can not take place in a more or less peaceful way—i.e., with some shooting of rebels in the streets—they will not refrain from taking a more extreme measure, and will push France or Germany into a European war. If France is victorious, the Gallifets and Saussiers, who will have commanded the army, will impose the Monarchy on her; and if it is defeated, Germany will impose a Monarch on her, who may sign a treaty. The Holy Monarchy will thus be restored, and the Holy Union of the King, the Clergy and the Army will receive the blessings of the Church and the support of the International League of all Reactionists!

It need hardly be said that the scheme is simply stupid, because the democratisation of the republican institutions is so deeply rooted now in France, and the Orleanists are so hated by all but the money-grubbers, that a return to Monarchy is no longer a possibility. But the plot exists, and attempts to carry it out are being made and will continue to be made.

The outcome of it is, however, self-evident. The day the scheme will begin to take shape, Communes will be proclaimed in all the great cities of France. The masses in France are too intelligent, and they have had too much historical experience, to be deceived by clerical and monarchical flirtations; they will prefer a new departure, and, thanks to historical traditions, they will be able to proclaim the Commune—not in Paris alone, but in most of the big cities as well. And this will be the beginning of the end.

Let us hope that the people will make this beginning in a proper way. Let us hope that the experience of 1871 will have taught France that a Commune cannot be a reproduction of the State on a small scale with its Parliaments, Ministries, and Executive power; that she will know it must be a NEW departure in economic as well as in political life; that a Commune can live only as a free union between all those who produce and consume—beginning with the smallest groups of producers and consumers and ending in a federation of the whole for the achievement of common purposes. Let us hope this, and do our best that the hope may be realised.

The Year '92.

(Concluded from previous number.)

Belgium has played her part in the year's struggles. The explosions at Liège vibrated throughout the whole country, and in Jules Moineau, who boldly avowed himself the author, society has been forced to recognise one of those who have "conquered the right" to execute vengeance on a corrupt class.

Italy has distinguished herself by constantly recurring strikes and local rebellions, some of them carried on in a very revolutionary spirit. But the greatest proof that the Anarchist propaganda has taken effect among the Italians was given at the time of the last General Parliamentary Election, which took place some months ago. On that occasion the number of abstentions from voting was most remarkable, plainly showing that the masses no longer place their hopes in Parliamentary reform, however socialistic it may profess to be. There were instances

in which out of thirteen thousand electors only five thousand voted; out of ten thousand only two thousand; out of thirteen thousand only five thousand; out of eight thousand only one thousand. In one of the electoral divisions of Milan a Member was elected with barely 965 votes. The total number of abstentions being almost three-quarters of the whole electoral. On the whole the abstentions were most remarkable in the north and middle of Italy (Romagna), just in those parts where the people are most awake to their own position and where the political elections have always previously provoked the intensest interest.

The bankrupt autocracy of Russia received some telling blows on its crumbling foundations from famine and cholera. From this and every other European country where governments have striven by harsh laws and police regulations to stem the tide of progress the yearly steady stream of emigrants has poured forth; some settling in London, to displace others scarcely less wretched, or to quietly starve here unnoticed; others passing on to the United States, where the advisability of refusing shelter to beings denied the right to live in their own countries is being seriously considered. If it is decided to keep them out, it may help to bring about the very crisis governments strive to avoid.

America herself is in the throes of a labor war. The great strike at Homestead, where the workers took arms against the Pinkerton banditti, that for six years have been at the service of American capitalists for the repression of discontent in their workshops, will be ever memorable in the annals of economic warfare; as will the attempt of Berkman to shoot the manager Frick, by which act he hoped to blot out the individual mainly responsible for the sufferings among the strikers in Carnegie's works. At Idaho and during the strikes of the switchmen on the Erie and Leigh Valley Railway the strife between capital and labor became akin to civil war. Naturally the most bitter feelings have been engendered in the hearts of the strikers by the readiness of blacklegs to step into their places, thus rendering the task of those struggling for better conditions vastly more difficult. These feelings have borne fruit in the merciless attacks in various places on "false brothers" by unionists and in the attempt to poison them wholesale at Homestead.

In Australia the conditions of labor are, notwithstanding an eight hours' work-day and protective laws as bad if not worse than anywhere else. Many farmers find it impossible to live, and, after struggling for years, are now compelled to give up their land and hire themselves out as farm-laborers. Sydney, N.S.W., has been the scene of a most determined strike on the part of miners of Broken Hill. Eight members of the Strike Defence Committee were arrested and tried for conspiracy in October. The police evidence against them was very similar to that produced by Sweeney and his brother constable at Nicoll's trial, i.e., mainly quotations given of speeches made by the accused from notes written down by the police hours afterwards. So poor was the evidence that the accusation, which was divided into three counts, broke down utterly in two of them, and six of the men were only found guilty on the third, "picketing"! For this crime, however, the impartial judge sentenced them to terms of imprisonment ranging from two years to three months, all with hard labor. In consequence, Sydney has since been kept in a fever of agitation by mass meetings of indignant workers in the neighbourhood of Government House, and there have been serious frays between the miners and the police and blacklegs at the mines. It is noteworthy that leading Australian papers are admitting the impotence of Parliament. In the bursting of the Australian Banking Co., run by an ex shoemaker, Francis Abigail, a friend of Sir Henry Parkes, ex-Premier N.S.W., the Australians have received their lesson in thrift. There are a few hardworking Anarchists in Sydney who lose no opportunity of exposing the evils of Australian politics.

"The brutish empire of Mammon cracking everywhere," and jobbery, corruption and honest discontent in constant friction all the world over! Surely before long the result must be a social disruption, by which the old forms will be blown to atoms and a clearance made for a better system.

Herein lies our hope for the future and our incentive to persist in teaching the people that they must at once take up the guidance of their own lives if they would have them worth living.

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD.

By PETER KROPOTKINE.

CHAPTER II.—PLENTY FOR ALL. II.

EXPROPRIATION, such then is the problem which History has put before the men of the Nineteenth century: the return to Communism in all that ministers to the well-being of man.

But this problem cannot be solved by means of legislation. No one imagines that. The poor, no less than the rich, understand that neither the existing governments, nor any which might arise out of possible political changes, would be capable of finding a solution. We feel the necessity of a social revolution; rich and poor alike recognise that this revolution is imminent, that it may break out to-day or to-morrow.

A great change in thought has been accomplished during the last half-century; but suppressed by the minority, that is to say, by the propertied classes, and denied its natural development, this new spirit must break its bonds by violence and realise itself in Revolution.

Whence comes the Revolution, and how will it announce its coming? None can answer these questions. The future is hidden. But those

who watch and think do not misinterpret the signs: workers and exploiters, revolutionists and conservatives, thinkers and men of action, all feel that the Revolution is at our doors.

Well! What are we to do when the thunderbolt has fallen?

We have all been studying the dramatic side of Revolution so much, and the practical work of Revolution so little, that we are apt to see only the stage effects, so to speak, of these great movements; the fight of the first days; the barricades. But this fight, this first skirmish, is soon ended, and it is only after the overthrow of the old constitution that the real work of revolution can be said to begin.

Effete and powerless, attacked on all sides, the old rulers are soon swept away by the breath of insurrection. In a few days the middle-class monarchy of 1848 was no more, and while Louis-Philippe was making good his escape in a cab, Paris had already forgotten her "citizen king." The government of Thiers disappeared, on the 18th March, 1871, leaving Paris mistress of her destinies. Yet 1848 and 1871 were only insurrections. Before a popular revolution "the old order changes" with surprising rapidity. Its upholders fly the country, to plot in safety elsewhere, and to devise measures for their return.

The rulers having disappeared, the army hesitates before the tide of popular opinion, and no longer obeys its commanders, who, for the matter of that, are themselves inclined to prudence. The troops stand by and take no part, or else right about face and join the insurgents. The police hesitatingly finger their weapons, uncertain whether to belabor the crowd or to cry "Long live the Commune!" and the police sergeants retire to their quarters "to await the pleasure of the new government." Fat citizens pack their trunks and take themselves off to places of safety. The people stay.—That is how a revolution comes in. In several large towns the Commune is proclaimed. Thousands of men are in the streets, and crowd in the evenings into the improvised clubs asking what is to be done, and ardently discussing public affairs. Everyone is interested; the indifferent of yesterday are to-day perhaps the most zealous. Everywhere there is plenty of enthusiasm, and a keen desire to make victory certain. It is a time of supreme devotion. The people are ready to go forward, whatever betide.

That is splendid, it is glorious, but still it is not the Revolution. Nay, it is only now that the work of the Revolution begins.

Doubtless, vengeance shall have her fill. The Watrens and the Thomases will pay the penalty of their unpopularity, but that is only an incident of the struggle, and not the Revolution.

The socialist politicians, the radicals, the neglected geniuses of journalism, stump-orators, middle-class citizens and workmen hurry to the Town Hall, to the Government Offices, and take possession of the vacant seats. Some rejoice their hearts with orders and decorations, admire themselves in the ministerial mirrors, and study to acquire the haughty and reserved deportment appropriate to their new position. They must have a red sash, a laced cap, and a fine manner, to impress their ex-comrades of the office or the workshop! Others bury themselves in official papers, trying, with all the good will in the world, to make head or tail of them. They indite laws and enunciate decrees in high-sounding phrases, but no one takes the trouble to carry them out—, because the Revolution has come.

To give themselves an authority, which is lacking to them, they seek the sanction of the old forms, the old nomenclature. They take the names of "Provisional Government," "Committee of Public Safety," "the Mayor," "the Governor of the Town Hall," "the Commissioner of the Public Weal," or any name that occurs to them. Elected or accepted, they assemble in boards or in communal councils. These bodies include men of ten or twenty different schools, which, if not exactly "private chapels," are at least so many sects which represent as many ways of regarding the scope, the bearing and the goal of the Revolution. Possibilists, Collectivists, Radicals, Jacobins, Blanquists are thrust together, and waste their time in wordy warfare; honesty rubs shoulders with personal ambition, which only grasps at power, and spurns the crowd whence it sprung. Coming together with diametrically opposed views, they are forced to form arbitrary alliances in order to create majorities which hardly last a day. Wrangling, calling each other reactionaries, autocrats, and rascals, incapable of coming to an understanding on any serious measure, forever entangled in petty side-issues, and producing nothing better than bombastic proclamations, they yet take themselves seriously, unwitting that the real strength of the movement is in the streets.

That is all very well for those who like theatrical displays, but still it is not the Revolution! Everything yet remains to be done.

The Bristol Labor War.

"AFTER death, the judgment," screams the sky-pilot with damnable iteration, but every practical revolutionist well knows that it is unnecessary to wait till after death for the visit to the bar, for with swift and certain steps such ordeal comes upon him long before he has had time to shuffle off this mortal coil.

And so the Bristol men know, to their cost.

Jarman, Tillett, Baker and Lacroix stand charged with inciting to riot on the 23rd December last, and numerous other offences. Smith at first was also with them, but the most persistent efforts of the police were incapable of producing sufficient evidence to warrant his committal.

Although Tillett's case has been separated from the other yet the facts of the one are so blended with the facts of the other as to be practically alike. Indeed, almost the same evidence has been given in both cases.

The remarkable feature of Tillett's trial is that he is being prosecuted by the police.

After his extraordinary speech in the Horsefair on the 18th Dec., the matter was referred by the local authorities to the Public Prosecutor, who, on investigating the affair and duly weighing the language, reported that he saw no ground for interfering. But this is just what the Bumbles of Bristol did not want, and on finding all hope of a crown prosecution gone they instructed their own police to lay an information, and so obtain the trial of the delinquent.

Bernard Coleridge appeared for the dockers' secretary, nothing remarkable occurring during the hearing of the case, excepting that on the first day the court was besieged by a mass of idle curiosity hunters. The interest excited by Tillett's summons has been out of all proportion to its importance, and as an interesting and history making trial that of the other men far surpasses it. But snobism has not by a long way died out, and up to the time of our going to press we can confidently say that an alderman is considered a much bigger bug than poor Jack Nobody. Such is life!

It is perhaps hardly advisable to dissect the evidence or even to offer any comments on it at the present stage of the proceedings, but anyone watching carefully the reports of the trials will be struck by the venom imported into them, the "tall" statements of the police, and the palpable "getting up" of the whole affair.

Also, Thomas, the chairman of the bench of magistrates has fairly surpassed himself in prejudice and impudence.

As a result all the defendants have been committed to take their trial at the forthcoming assizes; but Tillett has been allowed, after a special application, to have his case removed to London.

Such persecution, however, has neither crushed the movement nor daunted the courage of the workers in the slightest degree. The battle has since gone on, and more successfully than ever.

What the Bristol bigwigs intended doing was to place the extinguisher on the torch of Freedom, and so put out the flame that was growing stronger and stronger every day. Bogus reports were circulated, alarmist telegrams sent, and extraordinary police precautions taken; but such trickery has signally failed, and the determination on the part of the workers become greater.

The deal-runners are still out. So are Sander's white slaves. The former have every Sunday demonstrated and held their meeting on the Grove, whilst the girls have kept to the Horsefair, the scene of the Black Friday brutalities. Each week some 10,000 workers assemble at the two stations, the proceedings being characterised by great enthusiasm and earnestness.

No less than 30,000 trades unionists paraded on Saturday, Feb. 4th, and probably fully as large a number of sympathisers and spectators lined the rout and witnessed the procession. Such like assemblies tend more than anything else to cement the workers' interest, and no greater blow can possibly be given to the authorities than the putting of such masses into the streets and parading them under their sensitive noses. In fact, so great an impression has been made on the public mind by the success of the latter demonstration that it is now generally remarked by citizens, who previously were antagonistic, that there was no more reason for importing strange police and soldiers into Bristol on Black Friday than there was on the 4th Feb.

Panic stricken authority, on the former occasion, cried out for blood—and had it; it will take years for the stains to be obliterated.

The metropolis of the west is more alert than ever it before has been, and if only the masses determine to work out their own salvation, and not be hoodwinked by bounders and men on the make, a great future is in store for them.

At any rate those who have fought through cloud and sunshine in the revolutionary cause recognise that "the Dawn and the Day is coming," and if slowly yet none the less surely. Man after man is girding on his armour for the battle that inevitably awaits him. If the crash should come with Labor unprepared then must the sorrowing be loud and long, but if, as every true rebel wishes and is working body and soul for, the workers stand ever ready to strike, then will the rejoicing be great and the well-being of Humanity assured.

ÇA IRA.

Thrift.

"TAKE financial thought for the morrow; for the financial morrow shall not take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto no day is the financial evil thereof."—Such is the text of a sermon preached on week-days (that is, on days when preachers mean what they say) by those "wise and prudent" unto whom certain things are not "revealed." The gist of the homily so commenced amounts to this:—In order that you may be able in your seventies or eighties to keep your underfed body and your sad soul together, be sure that you underfeed and sadden both of these your component parts in all earlier decades.

For of course the sermon which unctuously rolls its didactic length in the trail of the above text is a sermon preached by those who have no occasion to practise its lessons, unto those who can only get along AT ALL by dint of practising them, yet who can only achieve this vitally necessary practice through trouble and worry and ceaseless self-denial. The daily cark of care how to get enough money together to spare some for accumulation against a rainy day is the real experience known to a majority of the sons and daughters of our boasted civilisation.

Now the "virtue" (?) which consists in adherence to the above work-a-day text is denominated "Thrifty." Ye gods! Judging by the way the word is spelt, one would think that Thrift had something to do

with THRIVING. Perhaps it has. Let us see. The thrifty person and the thriving person ought at any rate to be first cousins or something. But are they? If so, it is not the thrifty man but the cousin who does the thriving. The poor relation is preached at in private, but not acknowledged in public. And perhaps the poor relation is all the time the working member of the class.

Thrift, in its common acceptation, means not more, not less than this. If you only get very little money, be sure and put some of it by in a Friendly Society or a Savings Bank, and then it will be there when you want it (that is, when you can not live without it, except by stealing or alms-taking), or it will accumulate till it is enough to take out and buy some shares in some company with, so as to get "interest" worth the name out of it. We will say, a man, Tom Smith, starts to do this. But his occupation is one which only brings him in enough to get as far as the Friendly Society or Savings Bank. All through his youth and middle age he does without all sorts of things that his boss considers necessities of life. Smith jogs on, day after day, year after year, doing his best, usefully, good-humouredly, patiently, VERY patiently. At 70 he gets an attack of rheumatic gout, caught through working at a job (usefully, good-humouredly, and very patiently) out of doors in bad weather; his health breaks up; he is crippled for work henceforth, and must lead a fireside life. (His "rainy day" has come; there were only clouded days before—always clouded, so that he was quite used to them.) His children are married, and have their own hearths to keep warm; his wife is dead. He has been thrifty, and what he has saved will keep a roof over his head, food in his stomach, clothes on his back, and pay an old woman to wash and cook for him for, perhaps, two years. After that, an evil choice: the workhouse and its indignities; or the saddening of his soul by becoming an increased burden on his children. That is one case of Thrift; and common enough. Is this THRIVING?

Take another picture. Felix Holt gets rather more money in his working years, so instead of putting his savings in a Club or the Post Office he entrusts Joint Stock Companies with the charge of them; and finally writes as follows to the "Echo":—

"Sir,—I can corroborate, by a painful experience, the truth of what the *Echo* has said re companies and their victims, *having lost the result of the thrift of the best part of my life in four companies*. . . . In Jubilee year I was one of the unemployed, and although I had prepared for such a time by investing hundreds, could not touch a single farthing, and, consequently, not only lacked work, but food, and actually, for a short time, had not even bread. So much for thrift. And I am but one of the many.

"Thrift with me has been carried to the extreme. Strict vegetarianism, teetotalism, and abstinence from ordinary amusements practised; the love of music stifled; the yearning for the possession of books unrealised; the wish to marry ungratified; the love of children unappeased; the one object in view—release from work disliked to that liked, by securing for myself education—never obtained. Thrift to me has been the veriest curse; I have envied the happiness of my fellow-workmen, who now laugh at me, and am now, *after wasting the best years of my life for thrift*, a candidate for the parish workhouse, suicide, or perhaps worse, and, if it were not for the few noble souls existing, ready to say with the extreme Anarchist, 'Society [*sic*!] is too bad to exist; let us destroy it.' To the weekly wage-earner I would say, avoid the thrift of saving; practise the better thrift of preserving your body and mind in health, strength, and happiness, regardless of expense, and adopt as your motto *dum vivimus vivamus*. Yours, &c., Felix Holt."

Thrift is but a poor virtue at best. We have got beyond that stage of civilisation at which it does more good than harm. Thrift on the part of the industrial in a community already plagued with over production is PER SE anomalous. "You shall not live unless you work." Well and good. One might not quarrel much with this conventionally and partially applied principle did it actually obtain with regard to all persons in possession of workable bodies and minds. But here are the further terms at present imposed:—You shall not work=live unless we can make a profit (not to say a fortune) out of you; pray protect yourself against the consequences of this our arrangement, by making the "short commons" we allow you on working days, serve also for the dreary days when we don't want you. You cannot do better than increase its amount by playing into the hands of some of the "undertakings" on which the labor of others of your class enable us to fatten. When we don't require your work then be so kind as to hand us your savings—Oh, Mammon! ugly, wide-mouthed, sharp-clawed monstrosity! at any price cease preaching.

Financial thrift is, after all, not a lovely element in character. If the thrifty one puts his purse in a napkin, saving it without seeking interest on it, he must still at any rate turn a deaf ear at every moment to the crying need of his fellows, right and left of him. Should he, however, "invest," and reap where he has not sown, he participates in robbery, and evinces the "business" spirit; than which (opposed as it is at every turn to the working spirit) no more blighting, corrupt, and anti-social factor exists in the world to-day. "Business" tarnishes every honest impulse, and blunts every humane perception; it makes of a man, in the degree in which he is possessed by it, a soulless and parasitic hanger-on of the active producer.

As for the "rainy day," and all the cant which we are treated to about it, there is this to be said. The world, thanks to science and industry, is at last supplied with sufficient means and modes of production, and with a sufficient number of able citizens to keep the general pot boiling to-day, to-morrow, and to the end of time. The rainy days only come now at the bid of the monopolist, or his minion, the government. Man, apart from man-made law, might already stand as conqueror on his planet, taking no painful thought for the morrow, but finding time to live truly, in full enjoyment of that "deep to-day" which, as Emerson says, all men are prone to scorn.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 5th,

At 6 P.M.

PETER KROPOTKINE,

Subject—"ANARCHISM."

FRIDAY, MARCH 10th,

At 8 P.M.

WILLIAM MORRIS,

Subject—"COMMUNISM."

EACH LECTURE WILL BE PRECEDED BY VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Admission by tickets, 6d. each (a few reserved seats at 1s.), which can be obtained at all the London Socialist and Anarchist Clubs, or of W. Wess, 61, St. Augustine's-road, Camden-town, N.W.

NOTES.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

On Feb. 1st, after a few months' tour through the provinces, Her Majesty's Lords and Commons re-took possession of their play-house at Westminster, under the stage management of a particularly knowing old parliamentary hand. The bill of fare for the season includes some favorite items and a few quite new, which are one and all calculated to draw large crowds of gapers, and to furnish the journalists with columns of matter for months to come. The curtain rose as usual on the well-worn, but apparently indispensable, farce of "The Queen's Speech," into which some new characters, specially put in for pit and gallery, were introduced to bring it up to date, such as a Bill to amend Conspiracy Law and various other Bills bearing on the Condition of Labor. The farce was further enhanced by diversissements in which different members of the company took part. The solo executed by Keir Hardie, being particularly admired, when posing as the Champion of the Unemployed, he nimbly bounded from side to side, defying attempts to catch him, by the entire company who were drawn up on either side in lively competition to do so, until at last he fell into the arms of a Tory M.P. Since then we have been given several acts of "The Irish Pantomime," which Mr. John Burns tells us will be indefinitely prolonged as a counter attraction to "The Grisly Social Tragedy," going on outside.

HOME RULE HERRING.

It is quite possible that the Home Rule Bill will be dissected and discussed ad nauseam in order to stave off the day when the voices of the hungry and the homeless must be attended to. Home Rule for Ireland of some kind or other (the Tories call Mr. Gladstone's present bill the worst that ever was framed) might be granted and the social system remain unchanged save for the extension of the Talking Plague to Dublin. But Labor Problems are quite other things and the members who bring them forward are looked upon as so many Samsons laying hold of the pillars of society to bring the whole structure toppling about our ears to the inevitable extinguishment of "all the lords of the Philistines."

THE TRUE SCENT.

Bad however as the Home Rule Bill may be, it were well if it had got safely past both devil and deep sea. For though no Bill will bring Ireland either the peace and prosperity its initiators try to make us believe it will, its passing will allow the Irish to push on to more vital questions, economical and intellectual, which cannot be solved by the establishing of a Parliament on College Green, but only by a healthful activity of the people themselves.

MR. ASQUITH SPEAKS A PIECE.

On Feb. 9th the Home Secretary made a noteworthy speech on the amnesty question. Two Irish dynamiters Callan and Egan have been released and the Irish members naturally asked for "more." But this was denied them as emphatically as Oliver Twist was once refused a second supply of gruel by the Workhouse Master. Mr. Asquith explained that Callan had been let out because the ex-Home Secretary

had ordered his release, and Egan, after nine and a half years' penal servitude, because—well, because he was innocent. (This does not give much hope for the diminution of the sentences on our Walsall comrades.) Mr. Asquith said he was determined to crush out "warfare against society," and refused to recognise the use of dynamite as the legitimate,—i.e., political—weapon of rebels. No, rebels should go out into the open field and meet their opponents there by force of arms as the Irishmen of '48 and '67 did! To which exhortation an Irish member pertinently added, "And be hanged." So to obtain the privileges (save the mark!) of political offenders the discontented must go out into the open field. Unfortunately when men are driven into open revolt they are not in a frame of mind to consider the privileges that may be accorded them if they fail—they always hope to succeed—and generally seize the weapon that lies handiest.

THE MEN TO WHOM ASQUITH REFUSES MERCY.

The secretary of the Irish Amnesty Committee, Joseph Sheridan, recently visited ten of the Irish political prisoners in Portland and reports thus: One of them, Kevitt, wept for joy at the sight of friendly faces—he had seen none but those of the prison officials for eleven years and three months; he is suffering from a disease contracted in the prison. Another had seen no friend for nine years and had received no letter or communication from the outside world for five years. Callaghan has become blind of one eye through the unskillful treatment of the prison doctor, who, whilst syringing one of his ears which was slightly deaf, broke a glass syringe in it and left pieces of glass in the wound. The inflammation induced by this affected his eyes, one, as has been said, being now quite blind. Dr. Gallagher, John Duff and another have escaped from some of their misery by having gone mad. Whilst visiting the prison, Sheridan says, he saw six prisoners, scantily clad, though it was winter weather and raining in torrents, harnessed to a cart full of stones; they were being driven by an armed jailor wrapped comfortably in a mackintosh. How the Yankees must laugh when they read in English papers indignant criticisms of the way in which American convicts, hired out as slaves, are treated in Tennessee!

THE ANARCHIST PRISONERS.

Of our Walsall comrades we know but little. Charles's friends are working steadily though quietly in his favor. Deakin is in the Isle of Wight, Cailles has been heard of, but no one seems to know where Battola is confined. Nicoll was visited by two friends last month. He complained of being tormented by hideous noises that come apparently from the adjoining cell, but whether produced by an insane prisoner, or by a warder given to practical joking, or by the chaplain desirous of a convert, Nicoll could not decide. An attempt is to be made, we believe, to draw the attention of the authorities to this gratuitous persecution.

C. C. DAVIS'S PROTEST.

In the report column our readers will find a detailed account of the protest made, in Birmingham, by our comrade C. C. Davis on behalf of all unemployed. Any one who knows Davis will quickly understand that his smashing the jeweller's window and stock in New-st. was the natural action of an honest man who did not see why he should starve, or subsist on alms, in the midst of wealth and luxury, whilst he had strong arms and was able and willing to work. Davis is at present in Winson Green Prison, Birmingham, awaiting his trial in April, when he will defend his action, as an Anarchist should, without any legal intervention. As it is important that he should be in a fit condition, mentally and physically, when April comes, some comrades have kindly undertaken to see that he has proper food meanwhile. Sympathisers are invited to contribute small sums weekly for this purpose. We shall publish soon a list of what has already been sent from London and Leicester;

AN INDEPENDENT VIEW OF THE MATTER IN GERMANY.

At a meeting of the "Independent Socialists" in Berlin, at the end of January, a violent attack was made upon the leaders of the Social Democratic party who pose as the representatives of the workers in the German Parliament. They were compared to the keepers of menageries who amuse the public by making sport with their wild beasts. It was said that even the Salvation Army had done more to lessen the workmen's misery, and that the so-called representation of Labor in Parliament had in fact only weakened their cause. A carpenter asked what would be thought of a doctor who had been employed by a patient for 30 years and in the end had done more harm than good? The Social Democrats had been practising upon the workers for 30 years now, and one had only to look at the workers' condition to judge the result. One laborer stated that he had often been hungry and had been looked up several times; but as to the workman, who, at a meeting of the unemployed, had told them he was just going to hang his old mother of 82 and himself next, he must be a fool, for he evidently had expected roast chickens to fly into his mouth. A man must claim for himself the right to live. Finally it was declared that the official Social Democrats in no way represented the cause of the people, and that if the workers were to go on waiting for Parliamentary assistance they might wait till Doomsday.

THE NEW DOSS HOUSE, PARKER-STREET, DRURY LANE.

A comrade had the curiosity to go see the home provided for casual workers by the L.C.C. which in point of detail leaves little to be desired. Light, air, warmth and opportunities for cleanliness are all provided in plenty for the 375 lodgers who are expected to take advantage of

this communal lodging-house. The communal kitchen and smoking-room could be made admirable fields for propaganda. An interchange of ideas over a pan of sputtering sausages, or a cup of tea; a quiet chat under cover of selections from Beethoven or Chopin, played by condescending West-Enders during the after-dinner smoke, might be productive of ideas, not yet connected with L.C.C. schemes. As the charge is only 5d. per night and 6½d. is reckoned as a sufficient outlay for daily food, it would be well for some of us to consider the advisability of occasionally recruiting among the "dossers." An agitation is on foot to provide a similar shelter for single women. Judging from the accounts, that have been seen in the papers, from time to time, of the abominable condition of the common lodging houses in all large towns, it is none too soon that the Londoners have bestirred themselves to provide decent shelters for the plebians of labor without regarding the Twin Gods—Profit and Interest. It has been a crying shame for many generations that human beings have been forced to live in sties, such as the poorest farmer would hesitate to keep pigs in, and that the pence extorted from them for such accommodation should go to fill the pockets of West End loafers.

Scotch Notes.

It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the present struggle between the Glasgow Typographical Society and the proprietors of the "Glasgow Evening Citizen." It is the old, old story. The compositors who were engaged on the "Citizen," and are members of the Typographical Society, had protested against the substituting of piece work for time work (due to the introduction, about two years ago, of a new type setting machine). They had an interview with the proprietors, who, after some discussion, entered into an agreement with them to return to old method of time work. The men returned to work, relying on the good faith of these honourable gentlemen. But they had scarcely ceased congratulating themselves on their success when they received a letter from the proprietors informing them that, "as a simple measure of self-preservation, they had resolved to make their offices Non-Union." Next morning the compositors found the doors of the offices closed against them, their places filled by "rats" (for whom all necessary accommodation for sleeping and eating on the premises had been provided), and two stalwart policemen guarding the doors!

And yet, even after this bitter object lesson, the Typographical Society persists in maintaining that "the interests of employers and employees are identical!"

However, the men have shown considerable energy, and are making a plucky fight since the lock-out. They have started a little paper to give effective expression to their grievances; they have held public meetings in all parts of the city and suburbs, which have been crowded with enthusiastic sympathisers, who invariably pledged themselves to boycott the offending "Citizen." And now they are taking active steps to transform their present unpretentious little sheet into a "first class evening newspaper," to be controlled by the workers and to advocate the cause of labor. It is the right moment for the venture, as the workers here, ever since the great railway strike, have been highly incensed against the attitude taken up by the "Citizen" on labor questions, and have in various ways expressed their desire for a labor paper.

But we are not so foolish as to expect very much from this new paper, as it will be practically in the hands of men who, if not all strictly "orthodox" themselves, are not likely to do or say anything to offend those who are. Besides, as the capital required is stated at £30,000 we do not see very well how, if the paper is to be established, the money-bags are to be prevented from having a very large share in its control.

JOE BURGONE.

At the Municipal Elections, in November, the Aberdeen Labor Party secured seats in the Town Council for their three candidates, of whom great things were expected, especially when their chief, Mr. George Bisset, was elected City Treasurer; and when they managed to carry a motion to the effect that all contractors employed by the Corporation must pay their employees at least the standard rate of wages, great joy prevailed in the labor camp over what they termed an important victory. In January, when tenders for supplying coal to the Corporation were taken in, it was found that of those firms tendering two distinctly refuse to be bound by the regulation anent wages, the third accepted the rule—but his was the highest tender. Here was a chance for Treasurer Bisset, as the L.P. loves to call its boss, to show that he meant to stand up for the principles on which he rode into the Council by accepting the highest offer even though the town's funds should suffer by £100 loss. But no, Mr. Bisset, for some reason best known to himself, and in defiance of his pledges and of the law he himself proposed, or at least voted for, accepted the tender of a firm who would not bind themselves to pay the standard rates of wages. The accepted firm has since gone in for a reduction of pay along with the other Shipping Companies of Aberdeen.

It may be worth noting in connection with this incident that Treasurer Bisset is a "boss" blacksmith, and as such uses large quantities of coal.
EGLAN SHEPHERD.

In Holland.

WE translate without comment the following passage from the "Kreuzzeitung," the organ of the German conservative party:—

"Thanks to the carelessness of the Liberal Government, which regards the increasing Social Democratic agitation with helpless apathy, things in Holland are gradually reaching a condition which is simply intolerable. The Socialist organ *Recht voor Allen* (Right before All), conducted by Domela Nieuwenhuis, a reputed 'man of education,' makes use of language which cannot be distinguished from that of any Anarchist print. Like the Anarchist apostles of the millennium, he rejects no methods, not even dynamite, which may tend to the overthrow of the present state of things. In his last number he urges the workers to try less bread and more revolvers 'to shoot down the murderers of people like dogs.' That is the language which a paper read by thousands of workmen dares to use, and still the government does not interfere. Even in Belgium and France, which enjoy unlimited freedom of the press, Domela and his accomplices would have been laid under lock and key long ago. But in Holland this Anarchist print is sold cheap in the open street. We cannot wonder therefore that the Socialistic agitation gets beyond the control of the officials. Working-men disturbances have gradually become a standing order in Holland.

"In all the great towns, especially in Amsterdam and the Hague, we read of meetings of the 'unemployed,' who are perhaps in want, not so much of employment, as of the desire to work. In the capital a committee of the Unemployed has declared itself in permanent session, and continually threatens the peace of the town. Consequently the Government is compelled to hold the police and military continually in readiness. How lightly the agitators regard the threats of the officials is shown by the daily excesses in which they indulge with impunity. In the Hague the Mayor has received a decree from the Unemployed commanding him to find work for them, with wages of at least one and a half gulden a day (about half a crown). Naturally, the mayor could only reply with vague promises. It is evident that the whole security of the State suffers through these continued disturbances, and the cry for protection grows louder every day. But protection cannot be found in mere speeches and promises. The Conservative papers give three means for opposing the Socialist propaganda: first, a Distress Bill to enable the well-disposed workman, who has been really driven into distress by scarcity of work, at all events to tide over this exceptionally severe winter. Secondly, a law against the Socialist agitations and excesses, so that the Government might be enabled to render Domela Nieuwenhuis and his subordinates harmless for the future. Thirdly, the assumption by the Government of the control of police, at present in the hands of the communal administration. The mayors have shown themselves everywhere far too weak for the preservation of order, and it may be assumed that the Government would be more energetic in its management of the police. The only question is whether the weak and colourless Liberal minority of Thienhoven will have the courage to adopt these measures. To judge by its past performances, we may well doubt it."

It is interesting to observe that in the next paragraph we are told that the Queen Regent has been graciously pleased to be present at a performance in the French Opera House at the Hague, thus declaring the long period of Court-mourning at an end, and giving the signal to the city to arise from the sorrow and melancholy in which it has so long lain prostrate.

Advice To Those About To Emigrate.

IN these days when Home Colonisation is seriously discussed, and is even tried, in England as an outlet for the populations of our congested towns, the following letters will be of much interest to our readers. A comrade in New South Wales, writing to Kropotkin for suggestions and advice, says:—

"As you are probably aware, the Labor movement in Australia has advanced tremendously during the last four or five years. The reason, I believe, lies in the increased agitation in the minds of the people through the late strikes here and also in England and America. The Labor Party here got the worst of it in the last three big strikes, yet the importance of those strikes as factors in educating people's minds cannot be overlooked—e.g., direct results of defeat of Maritime Strike was the formation of Labor Electoral Leagues all over New South Wales, and the sending in of thirty-four Labor members into Parliament: result of last year's Shearers' Strike in Queensland has been the beginning of the New Australia movement about which I write.

"The New Australia Movement is a proposal to all healthy and intelligent men and women to leave Australia and to go to a certain part of South America, there to establish Co-operative Settlements on Socialistic principles. The idea of this movement originated with Mr. Lane, editor of the best Socialistic labor paper in Queensland. Three agents of the Association are at present in Argentina (S.A.), prospecting there for the best land for the settlement, and they have already found a site for it on the banks of the River Niger. In Australia we have five or six agents, Mr. Lane included, organising groups in different parts of the country, and the result has been better than we expected. We have already from five to six hundred members, and the first batch of settlers sails for Argentina some time in January.

"It may seem strange that while thousands of men are emigrating annually from different parts of the world to Australia—the so-called workingman's Paradise—men should be found in Australia willing to leave behind the country which they have helped to raise up into a nation and to go to a foreign country which, perhaps, is no better than Australia. But this is not a case of 'It's better where we are not.' There is more than one reason why it would be better to establish the settlement in Argentina, but I will cite only one: Capitalistic opposition would be too strong here in Australia. Capital is organised here stronger than ever it was before; it rules the Governments in spite of all that the working classes can do. And there does not seem to be a ghost of a chance of getting good land gratis from any of the Governments here. Again, the motto of Socialists is 'the world is my country,' and we are going to act up to it. We'll have no distinctions either in nationalities or in religions. All men are welcome—provided they are physically and morally healthy, and not afraid to work or to think."

To which Kropotkin replies:—

The fact that men and women, who have made Australia what it is, are compelled to migrate from it, speaks volumes in itself. "MAKE the land, be the dung which renders it productive, build the centres of

civilisation which render it valuable—and go away!" That is the true picture of modern capitalist management. The same here, the same at the antipodes—always the same!

Every time I see men and women of energy, enterprise and initiative, starting similar colonies, I feel sorry.... You know how much Russia has lost of her best elements, those that had the capacity of being dissatisfied and of revolting against bad conditions, because she had at her very doors Siberia, whereto the lovers of freedom could go and escape for a few years all the curses of the State—military service, bureaucracy, functionaries and their despotism.

What would become of the European revolutionary movement if most women and men of strong individuality—most of those ready to rebel—went to settle in distant lands, trying to make colonies there? Is there not work enough in each land for every one who wishes to work for the modification of the atrocious conditions of the present time? Is there not at hand enough opportunities for exercising the spirit of Solidarity which inspires the Communist? Do we not want here, in every great and small city, that Communist spirit put into practice and radiating from small groups, however limited in extent, so as to make it permeate the whole of society.

The longer we all live, the more we see that the very limited Communist solidarity which is practised among all revolutionary, and especially all Anarchist groups exercises a much more powerful effect than if it were practised, even to its full extent, somewhere on the boundaries of the civilised world! Remember the change produced in all Russian society by Nihilism. Compare the manners, the habits of life at the time of Tourguéneff's "On the Eve" with present manners and habits. Not to mention that, besides the propaganda by example, which is carried on more or less here by all who have broken with old forms, there is going on hand in hand a propaganda of general Socialist principles, Socialist agitation, and Socialistic enlightening of the masses; and this is what prepares the way for Communism on a grand scale in the cities of the civilised world itself.

Besides, when I recollect the numerous colonies which have been started for the last fifty years, and the number of men and women, some of whom I knew personally, whose unflinching energies and perseverance I cannot but admire—and yet see the failures on record, I cannot but think that there is some great cause at work against such colonies.

These causes I imagine to be two, and I recommend them to your most careful consideration: 1st, The Colonies are usually not numerous enough. If you are a small family, united by bonds of common education and thousands of family bonds, you may succeed. If you are more than that, you must be numerous: 2,000 souls will succeed better than 200, on account of the variety there would be of characters, aptitudes, inclinations. The individual and the individual's personality more easily disappear in a group of 2,000 than in a group of 200 or 20. It is extremely difficult to keep 50 or 100 persons in continuous full agreement. For 2,000 or 10,000 this is not required. They only need agree as to some advantageous methods of common work, and are free otherwise to live in their own way.

The 2nd difficulty is this. Peasants no doubt succeed in founding such colonies; because in their mother country the conditions are so bad that, after 2 or 3 years of very hard work, they feel better off than before. Their colonies only disintegrate when they (through some special conditions) fall from bad to worse.

But most communistic colonies are composed chiefly of men who are put, in the colony, into worse material conditions than their previous ones. However bad the present conditions, the worker in a civilised country, if he is permitted by the exploiters to work, and if he is an average worker, has certain conditions of life, which in most cases he does not find in the colony, where for 5, 10, often more, years he has to fight against the most crushing difficulties.

In the colony he works hard, and has none of the trifles which civilisation gives, and which we all like so much, and he has no prospect of having them. He also feels less personal liberty in his actions—it is always the case in small communities—and he is deprived of the higher stimuli which he has in his mother country—even of the struggle in a large arena which every active nature likes.

That is why, I have long since thought, that if I were one of those who start colonies, I never should go into the wilderness. A Communist Colony? Well, the best spot for it is near London or near Paris! And even if it started without, or with very little, capital or land, I am persuaded that the privations one would have to impose upon himself to make such a colony thrive in a London suburb would be much less than the privations one must endure to make a colony thrive in Argentina.

I have read a good deal about the first steps of colonists in America, both in records and private letters; I saw many colonists on the fertile plains of the middle Amur in Siberia, so I have some idea what these privations are, and I am firmly persuaded that if 20 or 200 persons had endured like privations in starting a Communist farm near London—they would be prosperous now.

Of course the chief thing in such a case would be not to carry on the agriculture carried on 2,000 years ago, but the agriculture which is required now—i.e., gardening and most intensive culture, combined with HANDICRAFT.

When I saw at Harrow what is obtained from a horrid, heavy clay by intensive labor—a labor which is still a plaything in comparison with the labor a colony has to face in unbroken countries—I always thought that if I were a born "colonist" I should try to colonise here, not in South America.

Reasoned, intensive gardening to grow all sorts of vegetables (and

perhaps to attempt intensive culture of wheat)—guided by the experience of real gardeners and in accordance with the advice readily received from neighbours; that alone might give nearly the whole of the colony's food, and pay the rent, as well as permit the concern to increase gradually—even if one half of the male population were compelled to work all the year round in a factory (or, still better, one half of the year only), to earn the necessary money; while the other half obtained from the land, by intensive culture, all that is required for living. And such a colony close to a big city would have the advantage of not cutting itself off from the civilised world; it would be part of it, and would enjoy some of its joys, which are so attractive for one who has a taste for learning or art. A lecture, good music, a good library would be within the reach of the colonist, not to say that he would remain in contact with the Communists who carry on the active work of propaganda and agitation amidst the old world; he might even join it whenever he liked....

I am persuaded that if a Communist colony can live together in our present society it can only live near a big city. But, even in its best, it will only be a refuge for those who have abandoned the battle, which has to be fought—face to face with the enemy.... I need not tell you that, if the colony is to have any chance of success, it ought to have no directors, no superintendants, no balloting, no voting whatsoever. These, and the intrigues they give rise to, have always been the stumbling blocks of the colonies. Are the new settlers less intelligent, less capable than a Russian village man that goes to settle in Siberia? The Russian peasants live without authority, agree at their meetings for common work, and are intelligent enough not to have authorities or ballots, and to arrive at unanimity in their decisions. Are the Australians inferior to them in any way that they need rulers?

Enemies of Progress.

(No. 4.)

THE INDIFFERENTIST.

It is a deplorable fact, taking the various classes of people composing our society, that the Indifferentist figures most conspicuously amongst the workers. In whatever grade of higher society you may happen to move, it will be found that the law of self-preservation is taken advantage of, and used to its utmost limits. Not so amongst the toilers; a general apathy seems to pervade them. The very class of people who should see and understand that they ought to have the full results of their labor, are totally oblivious of their rights, and never trouble to look farther ahead than their immediate wants. If they have their present needs supplied, then they are satisfied. And it is in this respect that they come under the heading of Indifferentists. They are utterly indifferent as to how things will be when they reach old age. Whether the cause of this is to be attributed to the idea that the worker has had all his spirit of independence and judgment crushed out of him by continual drudgery, or whether the keen competition of our present society has blunted his faculties of perception, must remain an open question. The fact, nevertheless, stares us in the face that the majority of the toilers are indifferent as to their position in society. It may be here mentioned in passing that the worker does sometimes rouse himself a little and ask for a sixpence rise in his weekly wage, but in the generality of cases, this being granted, he falls back into the old ruts again. He is content to remain a worker, a slave, or a footstool for those who sap his vitals, and live on his blood and sinews. He must have some master to domineer over him, and when Socialists point out to him that this is not necessary, he will generally say: "Ah well! It's no use you wasting your breath. Things always have been like it, and always will be. What can you few Socialists do? You cannot turn the world upside down. It has been so for thousands of years, and will remain so to the end of time; all your talking won't alter matters. If I thought your views could be brought about, I would join you. Look how many are against you. I tell you it's useless." This is the general argument of the Indifferentist. No amount of logic can prove to him at present that if he joined the Socialist movement it would mean one more recruit on the side of liberty, and one less in the bonds of slavery. If our number is small to-day, it will be larger in the future, for all great movements have generally had small and insignificant beginning. Christianity now counts millions of adherents, yet it began with a single individual practically. Luther was only one individual yet he to-day has hundreds of thousands of followers.

In the battle for bread there can be but one cry:—

"He that is not for Liberty is against it!"

and the Indifferentist will have to choose whether he will fight for Progress or become its enemy. Even if he does not admit being against liberty, he must, as a natural consequence, yet be an enemy of Progress, for the very act of indifference, of standing still, hinders the car of Progress, or becomes a drag on it.

The assertion of the Indifferentist that matters will continue to remain as they are must be combatted on every occasion. Things do not remain as they were. There is a universal law of progression in everything in nature: a standstill is totally unknown. And so with regard to the labor movement; it does not stand still—it continually moves, and it is only the Indifferentist amongst the workers who clog its movement.

The Indifferentist is the enemy of Progress because he will not see the advantages to be derived by following in its train. The lame and worn-out excuses made are only so much dust thrown into the eyes of the unwary. How any worker can remain indifferent to his sad lot is most remarkable. His precarious mode of living, his uncertainty of employment, his probable death as a pauper, one would think, should

spur him on to help change affairs from what they at present are. A man who becomes an Indifferentist and brings children into the world practically commits a crime, for he can not care an iota for their welfare. He may deny this assertion, but it is nevertheless a fact, for does he provide for their future or can he make their battle of life and struggle for existence any easier? No! He must be callous, and indifferent to their best interests, for he will admit that the present state of society is rotten, yet is himself not willing to alter it. He could help towards the renovation of society, yet, coward-like, stands back, and waits to see how things will turn out in the end. No doubt if anything is ultimately gained he will be the first to wish to share in the probable benefits.

The struggle of the few to convert the Indifferentists is a difficult task, but it will have to be accomplished, or success will be put still farther off. The argument that must be continually dinned into these people is that, if they are not for us, they are against us, and they become the enemies of Progress, by making the future emancipation of the toilers more distant, and the lot of the present strugglers more difficult. However discouraging the task may be, whilst hampered by these too numerous Indifferentists, the victory will be all the greater when they have been converted; for blind though they be to their own interests, they will have to be made receive their sight. So long as so many of the workers are indifferent, the upholders of our present society have nothing to fear, but when once these sons of toil can understand where the shoe pinches, matters will change, and the privileged class will find their main prop scattered to the winds. The Indifferentist is the enemy of Progress at present, but we must do our best to convert him and make him a soldier who will fight for liberty, for himself, for home, and for humanity in general.

G. E. CONRAD NAEWIGER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"STEPNIAK ON ANARCHISM."

If space permits, I should like to say a few words in criticism of Stepniak's lecture reported in last month's issue. It seems strange that a man who poses as a friend of freedom should have learnt so little what freedom means! "Anarchism," he says, "is too great a luxury for the working classes. It is a good theory for those who can depend upon themselves." I ask which are the classes who can depend upon themselves if not the working classes? Does Stepniak, then, desire to keep up the delusion that the working classes are weak? If there is among them still *ignorance of their own strength* it is largely due to wilful lying on the part of persons who have found in the existing slavery of the workers a means of serving themselves. I allude to paid lecturers and organisers, and other swindlers, who batten and fatten upon the present movement of the people. An Anarchist asks nothing for his services, and has therefore no fear of offending patrons. He can afford to speak the truth; and the truth in this connection is that the people, once aware of the actual constitution of society, and of who is really dependent on whom, are strong, even as individuals.

Stepniak says that common action demands the sacrifice of individual freedom. Not so; for a man may combine with others to attain an end common to them all without sinking his individuality if he retain his right of secession from the combination directly he has no further interest in it. He thus keeps his own freedom, while the work for which the rest combine is advantaged by being executed solely by persons who are directly interested in its accomplishment. Then as to there being "a chance of workmen's giving up too much freedom," how can a man give up that which he has not got? He has no freedom until he is free to live, and that the worker is not. "In spite of Proudhon," says Stepniak, "work must be done in common, and there must be, under what name you please, a directing body." No one denies this, but there is a difference between a directing body appointed by those who are interested in the production of certain commodities, or the execution of certain works, and who retain their right to secede at any time, and a Government, enforcing its decrees upon a minority which has not given its consent. Stepniak credits Bakounin with the invention of Communistic Anarchy. As a fact, however, neither Communism nor Anarchy have waited to be invented by any one at all. Each is old as history, and both have, despite and within the governmental system, worked as factors in evolution long before they were recognised in theory. Anarchy stands for the principle of the individual's inalienable right to live and develop. Communism, for that principle of free association by which individuals can most easily and effectually secure to themselves life and development. The one is the normal outcome of the other. Bakounin may have been the first to discover the important character and mutual dependence of these twin principles, but he no more invented either of them than Galileo "invented" the motion of the earth, Newton the action of gravitation, or Darwin and Spenceer the process of evolution.

Social Democrats at every turn enumber discussion by the intrusion of forced problems having no basis in any natural difficulty. Thus Stepniak declares that "the fundamental problem is how to get from every member of society an average amount of work." We will gladly leave to Stepniak's democratic government the task of striking an average of work, from youth to age, for the weakly and the strong, and with regard to all orders of work, from the simplest to the most intricate—the most mechanical to the most intellectual. I share Kropotkin's conviction that all men will work when the conditions of working are made pleasant, and when each is interested in his task. There will then be no quibbling as to who has done most. Each will do as much as he feels able to do, and will strive to do it well when it is no longer a matter of compulsion and of pay-day, but of genuine self-interest. Stepniak's next objection to Anarchism is that it is "unfit to deal with the practical obstacles of life, such as distribution of houses, land, and other wealth." Well, we have had ample opportunity for seeing that governments are quite unfit to deal with these things. Apart from government, distribution does take place under the present system, but only amongst the economically free. Again, "no one theory is wide enough to embrace all the facts of life." Here Stepniak shows his ignorance of Anarchism which starts from the comprehensive principle that every man has the right to do as he pleases, provided that he does not infringe the like liberty of any other. Starting from this principle, there is no social problem, great or small, that does not meet its solution. "Admitting that there is nothing *per se* to be said against those who would reconstruct by revolution," Stepniak yet accuses Anarchists of following up the right of striking a blow at any member of the possessing classes by the notion of striking a blow on the *chance* of injuring one of these. I will answer for myself. I am an Anarchist because I claim an equal right with any other man to live. Who will deny me that right? He who denies me that right declares war with me. He who concedes me that right must also concede me the right to defend it; therefore, if the means of my life are withheld by the

monopolist, I claim the right to strike a blow—to kill, if needs be, the man who holds, or who makes it possible for another to hold, my means of life; and whether I actually do so or not is my business and no one else's.

"Their sympathy for suffering humanity it is," says Stepniak, "makes Anarchists adhere to such evil theories." No. "Sympathy for suffering humanity" has so long been the cant shibboleth of those dominating and exploiting classes to whose lack of feeling "humanity" owes the greater part and the worst forms of its "suffering" that the very term is in disrepute and is avoided by most Anarchists in disgust. The Anarchist speaks rather of a healthy egotism, and recognises that even the most sensitive fellow-feeling is in reality an advanced form of this. He bases his theories on knowledge of truth, and on the self-interest of the social individual. As to Stepniak's comment on the absence of revenge for the "Chicago business," the answer is merely that individuals have not seen fit to exercise their right of defence in that direction. Would Stepniak have them organise a government to *compel* someone to retaliate?

Finally, "the people should not be too impatient with the political machinery; the political shape of a reform is an important matter." I do not think that the people will plead guilty to impatience with the machine which has always operated to prevent them from going forward. It has been in existence for a considerable time, and even now the people seem only too much disposed to give it another trial, although it has brought us to the present horrid state which we all know too well.

G. LAWRENCE.

THE PROPAGANDA REPORTS.

LONDON—

Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill-st.,—Successful indoor meetings have been held every Wednesday evening. Jan. 25th, W. C. Owen gave a most interesting lecture on "The New American Revolution," which we hope will appear in *Freedom* soon.—On February 1st, Comrade Mowbray debated with W. G. Pearson on "Anarchist Communism v. Social Democracy" before a large audience at Grafton Hall. Mowbray pointed out that the very fact of Social Democrats taunting the Anarchists with questions about the lazy and the criminal in the future society goes to prove that the Social Democrats propose to keep a force—an army—to cure such evils, whilst the whole history of the human race tends to justify the Anarchist contention that force never can nor will eradicate laziness, drunkenness, crime etc. Pearson, who apparently agreed with this, concentrated his arguments at first in the old bogie, viz., that the idea of a Social Revolution to bring about the change in the system of society is not palatable to Englishmen (and this despite his representing the *Revolutionary Social Democratic Federation*), and later on he took up Mr. G. B. Shaw's difficulty about "Economic Rent." We wish we could report fully, but space does not allow.—On Feb. 8th, Comrade H. S. Cook lectured on "The Logic of Anarchism." After briefly referring to some of the amusingly contradictory criticisms directed against our propaganda, the lecturer defined Anarchism as the philosophy of life without rulership—i.e., freedom. The attention of thoughtful men, he said, was being increasingly compelled towards the problem of white slavery in our midst; a twofold slavery, destructive alike of physical and intellectual development. But economic freedom was only to be obtained through the overthrow of the diabolic trinity—Rent, Profit and Interest—in short, by the abolition of property which would render exploitation impossible. The Anarchist remedy for poverty was the Commune, and this could not fail to be effectual because the average man's productive capacity was largely in excess of his requirements. Nor need we fear anything like universal laziness as the result of Communism, because the indisposition to work (which even now is exceptional), was mainly the result of bad education, of the hardships of toil today and of the laudation of so-called "independence," as a goal for human ambition. Our expectations of the ennobling influence of the Commune in correcting indolence and selfishness are based not upon speculation, but upon the proved facts of modification by environment. What was the lion in the way? Merely a foolish dread of equality, the very thing without which liberty and fraternity were impossible. But liberty, equality and fraternity could not be attained through the State; because just as property was the cause of poverty, so authority necessarily implied oppression. The real development of the individual and the race could not be other than organic, and authority was useless if inactive, and mischievous if active. Lawful authority meant that which was strong enough to enforce obedience; and was only operative through fear, the very worst rule of life. The true panacea for those evils, which authority with its fines, imprisonment, torture and death had failed to subdue, lay in the operation of love; of moral force, whose value had never yet been fairly tested. The democratic theory of life seemed to be that as no one was fit to govern himself he was best occupied in helping to govern others; the simpler and far more logical Anarchist theory was that any man who honestly attempted to govern himself would find it as much as he could manage.—On Feb. 15th Comrade Mowbray lectured on "How we live and how we might live," the discussion, however, was turned upon the attitude of Anarchists towards trade unionism. Mowbray declared that he feels convinced of the good work he has already been able to accomplish even among his own old and conservative body, the A.S.T., and challenged any one willing to debate with him this question.—On Feb. 22nd Comrade Merlino lectured on the "Revolutionary Movement in America," but—having dealt exhaustively with the development of commercialism into open robbery, side by side with the political corruption and trafficking in votes—he was unable, for want of time, to finish it; but it is hoped he will soon have the opportunity of giving the concluding portion of his lecture.

Amalgamated Society of Tailors.—Lectures were given at the Tailors' Club, 58, Wardour-st., Soho, on every Sunday morning during Feb., the lecturers being C. W. Mowbray (on "Towards the Truth"), J. Turner (on "Socialism: ways of obtaining it"), H. S. Cook (in place of A. Henry, on the "Dawn of Freedom"), and H. Samuels (on "The Unemployed Question Considered"). Good meetings were held on Sundays, morning and evening, by the East London Workpeople's Educational Union at the "Man in the Moon," Plough-st., Commercial-road, at the corner of Leman-street, and on the Mile End Waste; the speakers lecturing and carrying on discussions were comrades Leggat, Cantwell, Mowbray, Turner, Galbraith, Cook, Presberg and others.

Excellent propaganda has been carried on at the "Old Plough," Kensel Green, every Sunday morning, by Comrade Barker and others; at Regent's Park, Sunday mornings, by Samuels, Cantwell and others; and at Hyde Park, Sunday afternoons, by Barker, Tochatti, Atterbury, Lawrence, Reed, Morton, Cartwright and others. Good sale of literature and lively discussion at all the meetings.

Peckham.—We intend carrying on an active propaganda during the coming season; and although you have not heard from us for some time, we have not been idle. That the S.D.F. here should have decided to hold a Commune Celebration meeting is entirely due to the action of the Anarchists in the Branch, as was also the case with the Chicago celebration. We have sold a quire of *Freedom*, also several pamphlets. We have also done good propaganda by putting questions to the S.D.F. lecturers. Bailey, lecturing for that body, spoke of the existing society as "social anarchy"; and questioned by one of our comrades stated that he used the phrase in the sense in which it is usually understood, i.e. disorder; but he then went on to defend Anarchism. Ernest Williams, the other Sunday, lectured on "The Village Community," and gave a splendid defence of Anarchist Communism. He also advised the Social Democrats to mix Anarchism with their Socialism.

PROVINCES—

Birmingham.—We are busily engaged just now in organising the forthcoming conference and demonstration at Walsall, and hope to make ourselves "felt" in the Midlands. We have on order 5,000 copies of Carpenter's letter and 10,000 of a new leaflet that we are getting out. It only wants comrades to respond to our circular-letter, and things will go splendidly.—Comrades have no doubt been somewhat astonished to see in the papers somewhat like the following:

"RED RAG BRIGADE NOT WANTED IN B'HAM."

"ANARCHISTS UNDER POLICE PROTECTION!!"

"The Unemployed held a demonstration outside the Council House last Monday, and some Leicester and Walsall Anarchists, seizing the opportunity, marched down upon the scene, with banners flying inscribed 'Anarchy' and 'No Master.' The crowd resented the interference of these interlopers, and tearing up their banners turned upon the Anarchists, who were glad to seek police protection," etc.

We need scarcely add that this account is false. The real facts of the case are as follows. Sunday, 15th Jan., the Democrats started an unemployed agitation in which we took part, although of course holding different meetings. The Democrats did not, however, like it, and one of them, a would-be labor leader, denounced the Anarchists and said they were the enemies of the workers and so forth. He advised the crowd to go away, but that had only the effect of making our crowd the larger and our meeting went on merrily, the speeches of Cores, Davis and MacQueen being received with enthusiasm. On Monday, Davis and MacQueen, according to promise, went to address the crowd, when they saw a flag being tossed up in the air and torn to pieces. Soon after three Democrats emerged from the crowd, and, joining us, recounted their misfortunes. The crowd, seeing them join us, came round and started hustling, pushing etc. However, the distribution of a few hundred *Commonweals* and *Freedoms*, and Comrade Davis engaging in a "set to" with one of his too fervent admirers, soon had the effect of soothing them. And MacQueen, putting his arm round a lamp-post, was just getting the ear of the crowd, when up came the "blue coated fiends" and promptly "took" him. The alleged police protection consisted in an escort to the nearest station. But as we have heard no more about the matter, the only loss we have as yet sustained has been our tempers and Davis's hat.—Wednesday, nothing daunted, we went again to hold our meeting. However, the police, as they promised us, promptly moved us on. It was a curious sight: up went hundreds of red bills headed "Anarchism; Work for All, Overwork for None," and then came the cry of "Move along there please," accompanied by a few vigorous digs in the ribs. No sooner shifted and gone round the corner, but we were back and commencing our meeting again. Then up would come the "imps of law" and demanding our names and addresses would move us on. In this they were aided by the crowd, who showed great "affection" for us. Up went the red leaflets once more, and then we quietly slipped out. We were not to get off so lightly though, for on turning into the library we were somewhat surprised to find ourselves followed by a crowd of something like 800 "out-o'-works," who, as one of them aptly put it, "came to look at the two dynamitards." The police, no doubt anticipating our jumping upon one of the tables and addressing the crowd, took us out, almost carrying us, in spite of our attempts to resist. It is worthy of note that on the morning of Monday the aforesaid "Social Democratic would-be" advised the more ignorant of his following to "go" for the red flags if they came up. So they did; but it wasn't ours, we had left ours in the Club. His foul advice rebounded on his own party, for it was the ensign of the Social Democratic Federation that got smashed. A good lesson to all such as he. Ours still proudly bearing its motto "Anarchy: No Master," still hangs on our Club-room wall, ready for use at our usual meetings.—According to the local press the Chief Constable of Walsall, accompanied by several well-known Scotland Yard press, attended the meetings in order to identify the "unknowns" as they term us, and made the great discovery that one of them bore a striking resemblance to one of the Walsall Anarchists. What useful and wonderfully clever creatures they are, to be sure! We can congratulate Melville and his gang on their astuteness in working up travelling ex's, etc.—We have now recommenced our active out-door propaganda in B'ham, Walsall and Wolverhampton.

Since then there have been more exciting scenes in connection with the unemployed agitation to be reported from here. Our Comrade C. C. Davis, a gasworker and brickmaker, has been out of employment during the whole four months he has been in B'ham, despite the fact that he has been out regularly at 5 o'clock every morning seeking work. At last, his savings being thoroughly exhausted, and resolving that he would not be a burden upon comrades who were in a position very little better than himself, he determined to show that an Anarchist worker would not starve in silence. Accordingly, on the morning of January 27, he carefully wrapped two bricks in copies of the leaflet "Communism: Work for All, Overwork for None" and the "Walsall Anarchist," and threw them through the plate glass window of a jeweller in New-street, the principal street of the town. His foot assisted the bricks, and then seizing the jewellery he flung it into the road. He did not run away or attempt to escape, but waited for the imps of law to come up and marched proudly, as a rebel should, to the police station. Some comrades in the crowd raised a loud cheer and successfully used their influence with the crowd in a propagandist direction. He was brought before the magistrates within the next two hours. Directly he was placed in the dock he turned to the people and exclaimed, "Hurrah for Anarchy! Don't forget that." His demeanor in the dock was grand, and even our enemies seemed impressed with his intelligence and courage. Evidence was then given against him. A porter ("pensioner" and constitutional slave) s'welled his God that he saw Davis committing the deed. Davis tried to save the trouble of obtaining evidence by boldly avowing what he had done. He went on to tell them the cause of his action, but the clerk of the Court interrupted him. Nevertheless, our comrade, by scrappy speeches, managed to tell them that want of employment, poverty, hunger and desperation had driven him to protest in the manner he had, and that the responsibility lies upon the shoulders of those who were there to judge and condemn him. It being said that many pounds worth of diamonds, rings, watches, etc. had been thrown into the road, he told them "it was a pity a lot more had not been thrown out." They had denied him the rights of working and living. It would have done the hearts of comrades good to hear the loud "Oh!" of the bench, clerk etc. when a police superintendent pointed out that the bricks were wrapped in Anarchist leaflets and the "Walsall Anarchist." The stipendiary then said that he had no power to try our comrade and would have to commit him to the Sessions (held next April). Davis then told him "it was a pity he had not got to go with him," and as he descended the dock steps shouted out "Hurrah for Anarchy!" Comrades Cores and MacQueen had been sitting just behind the dock rails, and Cores called "Bravo, Davis," while MacQueen cried "Hurrah for Anarchy." The police, who had been pointing them out to each other during the hearing of the case, detectives and sweated lawyers' clerks and repo ters made a simultaneous rush for the offenders and flung them into the hall of the court. The whole body of legal hounds rushed on them, seizing them by the arms, collars and throats, kicking and thumping them on the legs, backs and faces. MacQueen, having attracted most attention by echoing Davis's cry, was at once marched off to the lock-up; Cores receiving more "gruel" for being a "b—— Anarchist spouter," one noble defender of law-'n'-order striking him with all his force twice in the face while held absolutely helpless by a small mob of "tecs" etc. He was then taken off to be charged with "assaulting the police"! After more choking, thumping and kicking, the station was reached,

where the "tecs" attempted to steal a sovereign from MacQueen under the pretext of searching him. Down into the cells and then into the dock, to answer for the heinous crime of calling out "Hurrah for Anarchy." The stipendiary then demanded why they had shouted and interfered with the business of the court. Cores pointed out that the case was concluded when the shouting took place, and said that he and MacQueen had come there as friends of Davis, whom they knew to have gone out, in the early morning, for months to seek employment without success, and had been driven by misery to do as he had done. In answer to the question as to whether he would shout Anarchy again in a police court, Cores said he could make no promise, and that he had not shouted it out that morning; the police had taken the opportunity of brutally assaulting acknowledged Anarchists and of trying to get them imprisoned. The "tec" who as witness made the charge was obliged to admit that such was the case. The magistrate then discharged Cores, who would not leave the dock before he had publicly exposed the brutal conduct of the police. The stipendiary then wanted to know from MacQueen, would he promise not to shout "Hurrah for Anarchy" again. MacQueen declared he did not regret what he had said, and would most probably shout it again under similar circumstances. Finally, after being twice taken down to the cells and back again, he was remanded for a week on his own recognisances. On going up on the Friday following, MacQueen was told immediately that he "might go." The reports of the case occupied columns in the local papers, and their placards were filled up with "Anarchist outrage in Birmingham." The effect was that another plate glass window was smashed in New-st. the next morning; the "depredator" escaping. Comrades are requested to take the newspaper reports with the proverbial "grain of salt." In the police station the detectives complained that the Anarchist speakers called them dogs. This ought to be apologised for. It is an insult to those noble and useful animals to apply their cognomen to mere 'tecs. Comrades all need have no fear for us in Birmingham. We are well guarded day and night by detectives. It is certainly gratifying to know that we are so well taken care of.

An epidemic of window smashing followed Davis's act. But although about fifteen shop windows have been smashed, and goods stolen, only a couple of arrests have been made. A peculiar instance occurred Feb. 4th. A number of young men drew lots as to which of them should smash a shop window in Aston-street, Birmingham. When the bobby rushed up to arrest the one who did smash the window he (the window smasher) cried out "three cheers for Anarchy." So say we all.

We wish to say that the conduct and bearing of Comrade Davis ought not to be forgotten. In setting a splendid example to the unemployed workers he has at the same time made it the occasion for pushing the cause of Anarchy to the front, and has, we believe, given it a required impetus. We had splendid meetings in Birmingham and Walsall on the following Sunday. Andrew Hall, George Cores, W. MacQueen and W. Rooke being well received by very large audiences.

A BIRMINGHAM ANARCHIST.

Manchester.—Although we have found it advisable to give up our outdoor meetings in Manchester during the winter months, the propaganda has in nowise ceased. On Jan. 13th Comrade Barton lectured at the Salford S.D.F. Club on Anarchist Communism to a fairly large and attentive audience. A lively discussion followed, though most of the Social Democrats taking part agreed with the lecturer in regarding Anarchy as the ideal state, and only advocated political methods as a means of propaganda; a position which the lecturer easily showed to be untenable. Several of those present proclaimed themselves thorough Anarchists, and a quantity of literature that the lecturer had brought soon disappeared. Altogether the meeting received the views of the lecturer in a very favorable manner, and there are good hopes for an Anarchist group being soon formed in this stronghold of Social Democracy.—Besides this, Comrade Barton consented to be put on the S.D.F. lecture list and has made good use of his opportunities to propagate Anarchist ideas. He lectured at Padiham on Jan. 15th on Respectable Thieves and on Anarchist Communism. An interesting discussion took place after the latter lecture, and the views put forward aroused so much interest that he was asked to come again. This he did on February 5th, when he further elaborated his ideas, and was glad to find that his arguments had produced a great impression on the more intelligent portion of the members. On both occasions he sold 3s. worth of Anarchist literature which he had brought with him. On the way to Padiham both times he called at Blackburn, where he also spoke and sold a quantity of literature. Here also he found a number of Social Democrats already disgusted with political tinkering and inclined towards more radical views, several others being avowed Anarchists.—Sunday, Feb. 12th, he went to Nelson, and lectured in the afternoon on "The coming world crisis and the Social Revolution," pointing out the necessity of preparing the coming commercial and military crisis in Europe, and the folly of trifling with legislative patchwork and palliative measures, in face of the terrible struggle which will soon be upon us. In the evening he lectured on Anarchist Communism. At both meetings there were extremely animated and lengthy discussions. Here too he found many inclined to Anarchism and several avowed Anarchists, and sold 4s. 6d. worth of Anarchist literature. The committee, however, wrote to the lecture secretary, requesting him to send no more Anarchist speakers.—Altogether the outlook for Anarchy in Lancashire seems hopeful and inspiring. In many cases the spirit is present, but the knowledge necessary to explain it and make it effective is lacking. Certainly the present condition of things in Lancashire, with 50,000 men idle and starving to suit the pleasure of a few manufacturers, must tend to open the eyes of many to more advanced ideas. The many poor, stunted, starving wretches who parade the streets, asking for alms, must feel their degradation and the fact that they to some extent do so, is proved by the altered attitude of the operatives towards measures they formerly opposed, as for instance, an eight hours' work day. This is not much, it is true, but it is a sign of revolt against the traditions of the past. Any way the experience of our comrade tends to show that even in the haunts of Social Democracy a still stronger spirit is moving which will ere long bring about juster changes than many imagine. Lancashire will not always be behind the rest of the thinking world and when it moves on it will carry much before it. Manchester comrades will not be wanting in efforts to help accomplish this. Already they have held a meeting to consider how best to carry on a vigorous campaign this summer and are about to hold another, at which details will be arranged.—To the front, comrades, the future is ours!

NOTICES.

LONDON—

Peckham.—A meeting in commemoration of the Commune of Paris will be held in the Pioneer Hall, 40a, Peckham Rye, S.E., on Sunday, March 19th, at 8 p.m. The following comrades are expected to address the meeting:—Miss Henry, W. Wess, J. H. Watts, C. W. Mowbray, H. Hobart, W. Banham and H. Quelch.

Freedom and pamphlets can be obtained at the Socialist Club, 40a, Peckham Rye, S.E. Anarchists residing in this neighbourhood are requested to communicate with W. Banham, at the above address, where a group is being formed.

PROVINCES—

Dublin.—The Anniversary of the Commune will be celebrated by the Socialists of Dublin at 64, Dame-st., on Saturday, March 18th, at 8 p.m. All sympathisers are invited.

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