

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Once more, millions of workers of all nations of the world will come together on that date to loudly protest against the servitude which they are still kept in. Once more, their speakers will denounce those who have taken advantage of the people's misery to take possession for themselves of all that man needs to live upon and to work with. And, once more, the worker, on returning from what is sure to be an imposing demonstration, will ask himself: "How much nearer has the hour of the workers' emancipation from the leeches which devour them been brought by such an imposing gathering? What is to be done next in order to bring that hour nearer to us, so that brighter times may shine before our children and ourselves too?"

One thing is now certain. The May Day demonstrations have created and widely spread among the workers a feeling of common interest and of solidarity, which knows no frontiers, no nations, no creeds, no race. If, on the next First of May, a telegram could be read at the thousands of workers' gatherings which will be held on that day—a telegram announcing that anywhere in the world, in Belgium or in Austria, or in any part of the two Americas, the workers have taken possession of the workshops or the mines, and have sent away the owners of those mines and workshops—that the army has refused to obey its chiefs and to dislodge the workers from what in truth and justice belongs to them,—if such a telegram could be read, a unanimous cry of victory would escape from the millions of workers' breasts—a cry which would make all those who live by the blood and sweat of the workers tremble. Germans or Poles, Russians or Dutch, French or Americans, whosoever they might be, they would be cheered to the skies—those who should give the signal of the Great War, not the war between land and land, race and race, nation and nation, but the war for the conquest of the land, the docks, the canals and railways, the mines and the factories, the dwelling-houses and the storehouses by the people—by those who live on that land, run those railways, work in those factories, dwell in those houses, and fill those stores with the work of their hands.

While the rulers breed hatreds from nation to nation, while they forge wars, in which they will build their riches out of the sufferings of the millions; while in every line they write and every utterance they make in public they sow the hatreds out of which future wars may grow,—the workers in every nation of the world have gathered round red flag of the May Day and have affirmed their readiness to join hands.

More than anything else, more than even the International Working Men's Association, has the May Day contributed to awaken the feeling of common interests, common slavery and the common enemy among the toiling and laboring classes all over the world.

So much has been achieved. But this is not enough: more remains to be done, and, if it is not done, all previous efforts will be labor lost.

The idea of a May Day holiday, which would be taken by the workers, imposed by the workers upon their masters, was not born among the leaders of Socialist opinion. It was born within the masses themselves, chiefly among the American Knights of Labor. Their leading idea was: "Enough of sterile political agitation! Enough of playing into the hands of Capital by aiding it to maintain the political power which, in a State, unavoidably belongs to the rich!"

Politics, like creed, divides men: it never unites them. In politics men divide into parties and chapels. They worship, each party its heroes. In every small spot they passionately take up the cause of this or that party leader. Rivalries between leaders become rivalries between the workers. Names, individuals, come forward, and their personalities, their names, overshadow the facts, the conditions, the common sufferings, the common aims. In politics men are ready to fight for or against a Gladstone or a Cleveland, while their interests are at one when they face their common enemy—Capitalism,—which reduces both of them to an equal misery. Like Papists and Lutherans, High Church people and Nonconformists, Wesleyans and Methodists, who hate each other more than any other two sets of men, so also Tory and Liberal, Radical and Unionist, and all their countless subdivisions are emblems of discord—so long as they do not combine against the masses; but all the workers, those who work with their hands and carry on their shoulders those who do not work with their hands, have common enemies in the twin brothers—Capital and State—to whatever party or sect they may belong.

The American laborers fully understood this, and therefore they made an appeal to their fellow-workers all over the world to abandon, be it only for one day in the year, all their divisions and to join hands in one common move against the owners of Land and Capital.

War to them! was their leading idea. And if, they thought, the workers answer the call, the next move will be to declare that war in the shape of the General Strike.

Let the rich see what they can do if, on one given day, we stop work in all the workshops, abandon the railways, cease to load and unload the ships,—when we cease to hammer for them, to spin for them, to hew the coal for them, and so on.

Facts have proved since that the idea of an international universal strike has much more in it than was supposed at first. Of course, unanimity of action may not be attained; but it need not be attained either, once some of the vital trades of each country show an approach to unanimity. The Dockers' Strike in London, the railway strikes in America and the Belgian miners' strikes, have shown to the blindest of us what a strike sufficiently widespread brings with it: it paralyses all industries; it renders the cessation of work a necessity; it spreads and becomes general.

This was the primary aim of the May Day movement, and this it must remain. All attempts at diverting that great and imposing economical, international movement into the shallow waters of national and narrow party politics must be resisted by the workers. We have enough of political party demonstrations, meetings and gatherings. Let one day, at least—the Workers' Day—remain free from party drudgery. Let one day, at least, remain an emphatic affirmation—not of this or that tactic in politics, but of the workers' common interests and common aspirations, to whatever party, nation, race, or creed they may belong. Not of what divides, but of what unites them.

And if every worker, on leaving this day's demonstration, should fully understand the importance of a direct contest between Capital and Labor—not before the voting urn, but in the workshop, the mine, the dock itself—not for electing a ruler in Parliament, but for knowing *who will henceforward rule in the workshop and the mine itself—the capitalist-grabber or the worker*,—then we should not need many more May Days to come before the master of the land, the workshop, the mine and so on, would be he who has made the workshop with his hands and gives to it and to the land, life—that is, the free worker himself.

PITY THE POOR LANDLORDS!

This is the burden of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's (Sir Michael Hicks Beach) speech on introducing the Budget. He quoted three instances to prove that in some cases landlords were taxed on an assessment exceeding the rent of some farms, and gave this as a reason for relieving them from taxation to the extent of £1,500,000, with the object of relieving distressed agriculture. Whereupon, some of the "advanced" Radicals suggested that the whole burden of the taxes should be divided between the farmers and the landlords. Whereas, although the philanthropic Chancellor admitted that the laborers were in a bad way—a large number of them starving from want of employment,—in spite of the fact that neither the farmers nor the landlords could ever be worse off than the laborers, these "representatives of the people of a glorious empire," meek and lowly followers of the gentle Jesus were undisturbed by any thought that the lot of those poor devils—the workers, whose efforts produced both rent and taxes—required any amelioration whatever.

Yet the present condition of the agricultural laborers is not much of an improvement on that described by Kingsley in *Yeast*. They are still afraid to speak openly with a stranger for fear he might be an emissary from the farmer or the squire. One can still read of them being poisoned by sucking prepared eggs in a game preserve, or being shot by gamekeepers when in search of food. They are still unable to marry because the landlord will not permit a cottage to be built for them or allow them to rent the land from which to gain their livelihood. But we suppose they have not expressed a desire for better things with sufficient emphasis—after the fashion of their pastors and masters. They have not shot farmers or poisoned landlords or levied tithes on the parson, backed by bludgeons and bayonets, otherwise they might have had politicians coming forward with proposals for the redress of their grievances, and their wishes would receive more attention and respect.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach also informed us that the surplus of over four millions will be applied to a further increase of the Navy and to meeting the expense of exterminating the Matabele "rebels" who dare dispute their territory with the pirates of the Chartered South African Company. We felt especially gratified by the news that there was no prospect of diminishing the National Debt for some years to come; so that we shall be still able to pay our £10 in taxes and, after investing our superfluous hundreds in Consols, receive our £2.10 back in interest. *Gloria in excelsis!*

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NOTES.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

M. Bourgeois' ministry has come to an end after a brief and contemptible existence. This progressive ministry that with the aid of the Socialists—the complacent, compromising political Socialists who have not once had the decency to raise their voices against Bourgeois' treatment of Kropotkin, or of the Young Turkish Party in Paris;—this advanced ministry, we say, has disgraced itself more in the eyes of honest folk than even its predecessors. Its attempts to purify political life were a complete farce. Its intrigues with Russia and the "Sublime Porte" were as disgusting as anything in the dark history of that black art. History will have to record that a republic that talked of liberty, equality and fraternity, aided by so-called Socialists who preach the emancipation of mankind, clasped hands with the "unspeakable Turk" in his efforts to crush what little hope of progress might be manifested in the publication of their paper, *Mechveret*, by the Young Turkish Party. The French workers must have learned several important facts of late. For one thing, that whilst it was possible for Kropotkin to lecture in Paris under past reactionary and opportunist ministries, the Bourgeois "ministry of progress," supported by Socialist Deputies, expelled him. For another thing, that politics bring them nothing, absolutely nothing to relieve the burden of their lives; that the government organ will always play them the same tune no matter who turns the handle. It is a great gain for them to learn this truth, and the political Socialists have certainly been doing their best to teach it them.

STUPID "TATTLE."

"Oh Justice, what absurdities are uttered in thy name!" must have been the thought of all sensible persons who read the remarks on Anarchism by "Tattler" in "the organ of the Social Democracy" for April 18. We are not aware how many members of the S.D.F. take this person seriously—probably just as few as have any regard for him personally. However that may be, there is no discussing with an individual who has no desire to be fair, and does not, as a matter of fact, possess the necessary knowledge and good sense to make such discussion profitable. But there are many members of the S.D.F. who are sincere, and who, whilst rejecting Anarchism as "impracticable," nevertheless have the common decency to admit the right of all of us to draw our own conclusions from the facts of life as we find them. To these the folly of "Tattler's" personal spite will be obvious without any comment from us. But we feel bound to ask the question, why have a Tattler at all on a serious journal like *Justice*? Tattlers always cause mischief; and this one has done enough harm in this respect to have earned for himself a good living on any society journal that thrives on such stuff. Or if there must be some clowning done to lighten the paper, at least choose some one who has the true gift of humour. And, in any case, let Tattler remember Hamlet's advice: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for these be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

IN THE INTERESTS OF CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILISATION.

All lovers of civilisation will rejoice to hear of the news of the great slaughter of the "rebels" in South Africa by our "gallant" soldiers, those noble patriots who have gone out to Africa to uphold the glory of the British Empire, as old Trapbois would say, "for a consideration." According to the reports to hand, three hundred Britons, armed only with a few insignificant Maxim guns, scored a great victory over an enemy armed to the teeth with spears, assegais, obsolete rifles and other formidable weapons. We learn that the loss to the "enemy" was enormous, heaps of slain covering the field of battle, and the rivers running red with blood. Being somewhat in the dark as to what crime the "rebels" had been committing to bring down upon themselves such a terrible vengeance, we made inquiries and find that these demoralised, uneducated, barbarous savages had actually dared to defend their homes and families against the inroads of those pious, tender-hearted barbarians—no, no, I mean *civilised*—gentlemen who are known as the British

South African Company. Those wild untutored savages, not possessing dictionaries, did not know the difference between stealing and annexing when the B.S.A.C. "annexed" their land and forty per cent of their cattle, and, imagining that it was being stolen and not merely annexed, they were sinful enough to oppose those pioneers of Christianity and civilisation. Hence, in the interest of progress it has been found necessary to exterminate them.

Whilst this wholesale killing is going on in Africa, a little retail killing business has been carried on at Muswell Hill and Whitechapel; but the persons implicated in these matters are being hunted down and brought to justice by the myrmidons of the law. This leads one to conclude that killing on a small scale illegal and altogether wrong, whilst killing on a large scale is not only lawful but commendable. This is a funny world! How man's laws differ from those of Nature!

MERCY FOR MILLIONAIRES!

Four of the ringleaders of the "Reform Committee" in Johannesburg—their names are of no consequence—have been sentenced to death and, of course, reprieved. Kruger is just as knowing as the people with whom he is fencing, and knows how to play his cards. It may have been noticed, however, with what hypocritical cries of "humanity" the capitalist press begged for their lives before the commutation became known. We do not wish to see them shot or imprisoned for the matter of that, but it must be remembered these men are rebels according to their own laws;—not rebels like the Anarchists who revolt against robbery and injustice and make their sacrifice in the cause of humanity, but mercenaries of the vilest description, whose rebellion means a closer binding of the chains of the capitalist class on the unhappy workers. Already these thieves had the privilege of calling £12,000,000 of capital "theirs." To add still more to their stolen hoards life might be sacrificed to any extent. They are beneath contempt, and only the Social Revolution could do them justice.

KEEPING THE PEACE.

Those nice people who would like to have London so quiet and respectable without altering the conditions which make it what it is are forming an association for the suppression of street noises, and have opened their campaign by summoning a street musician named Howard. This brought a letter to the *Chronicle*, signed "Costermonger," in which the writer very wittily points out that, besides suppressing the milkman, the coster and the organ grinder, they will have to suppress "dogs barking, cats mewing, donkeys braying, horses neighing, cocks crowing and babies squalling in the streets." So the amiable fidgets who, as usual, want everything their own way seem to have their work cut out. "We are told we disturb the sick and the dying and suffering humanity," adds Costermonger, "but where is the suffering to be found but in the slums, where they have no pianos and the organ-grinder is welcome to cheer them up, and where the voice of the coster is always welcome with his choice and cheap fruits?" Here be truths indeed! But the final touch is given in a little poem that Costermonger has composed, two lines of which run:

The stout policeman warmly clad,
The costermonger within his grasp.

The *Chronicle* comments upon the matter and concludes: "Government, at the best, is but a stepmother. Here, at least, is a field where even a Socialist might suffer a little wholesome anarchy." "Wholesome anarchy" is decidedly good. We thank the *Chronicle* for teaching us that name.

CHRISTIANITY & BARBARISM.

Let us cast a backward glance over the foregoing chapters and mark what lesson they teach us.

They show us a people, highly gifted by nature, which used to live happily, and, in spite of its faults, stood at a high moral standpoint. But our civilization, our missions and our commercial products have reduced its material conditions, its morality and its social order to a state of such melancholy decline that the whole race seems doomed to destruction.

And yet, as we have seen, it has been more kindly and considerately dealt with than any other people under similar conditions. Is not this a serious warning for us? And if we look around among other primitive peoples, do we not find that the result of their contact with European civilization and Christianity has everywhere been the same?

What has become of the Indians? What of the once haughty Mexicans or the highly gifted Incas of Peru? Where are the aborigines of Tasmania and the native races of Australia? Soon there will not be a single one of them left to raise an accusing voice against the race which has brought them to destruction. And Africa? Yes, it, too, is to be Christianized; we have already begun to plunder it, and if the Negroes are not more tenacious of life than the other races, they will doubtless go the same way when once Christianity comes upon them with all its colors flying. Yet we are in no way deterred, and are ever ready with high-sounding phrases about bringing to the poor savages the blessings of Christianity and civilization.

If we look at the missions of to-day, do we not almost everywhere learn the same lesson? Take, for instance, a people like the Chinese, standing on a high level of civilization, and, therefore, one would suppose, all the better fitted to receive the new doctrine. One of the most enlightened mandarins in China, himself a Christian and educated at European universities, writes in the *North China Daily News* an article about the missionaries and their influence, in which, among

other things, he says: "Is it not an open secret that it is only the meanest, most helpless, most ignorant, necessitous and disreputable among the Chinese who have been and are what the missionaries call 'converted'? I ask whether it cannot be proved that these converts—men who have thrown away the faith of their childhood, men who are forbidden by their teachers to show any sympathy, or indeed anything but contempt, for the memories and traditions of our ancient history—whether it cannot be proved that these men, as soon as they have had to relinquish the hope of worldly gain, have shown themselves to be worse than the worst of the common Chinese rabble? The missionaries are ready enough to tell their hearers that the mandarins are a parcel of idiots who believe in heavenly portents and all such nonsense, while the very next day they will probably be telling the same listeners that the sun and moon stood still at the command of the Hebrew general, Joshua!" As to the alleged beneficence of the mission towards the natives in the way of relieving poverty and misery, the writer asks: "Can it be shown that this assistance affords even the barest equivalent for the money which the Chinese Government has to pay for the protection of the missionaries? I believe that the interest alone of these immense sums would be sufficient to support a much larger staff of skilful European doctors and nurses. Let it be shown what proportion of the millions which compassionate people in Europe and America subscribe for the China missions really goes to the relief of misery. Let it be shown how much goes to the support of the missionaries and their wives and children, to the building of their fine houses and sanatoriums, to postage and paper for their voluminous rose-colored reports, to the expenses of their congresses and many other things. . . . Is it not an open secret that the whole mission is nothing but a charitable foundation for the benefit of unemployed persons in Europe and America?"

He further asks whether it is not notorious that the missionaries, "with their high opinion of their own infallibility, are often intrusive and arrogant and apt to mix themselves up, with self-imposed authority, in matters that do not concern them? If any one doubts that the missionaries, taken as a whole, are inclined to these vices, let him study and note the tone and spirit of their own writings."

This account of matters forcibly reminds us, in many particulars, of what we have just seen in Greenland. The main difference is that when the Chinese offer resistance to the missionaries who come among them uninvited, they are not simply cuffed and flogged. Recognizing the evils that threaten them, they beg the foreign Powers, in the interest of China as well as of America and Europe, to recall the missionaries; and, having begged in vain, they then try to expel them by force; whereupon those gentlemen, who have come to preach the gospel of peace, call upon their governments for protection, and are supported by gunboats and troops who direct a destructive fire of shells and grape shot upon the natives and secure for the pious missionaries a sanguinary compensation for the harm done to their goods and gear, as though it had never been written: "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses" (Matthew, x., 9).

In all this we recognize the race which, when China sought to protect itself against the ruinous opium poison, forced it, by means of a bloody war, to open its harbours to the noxious traffic in order that Europeans might grow rich while the Chinese social fabric was being undermined—from first to last a piece of such shameless scoundrelism that no language has words adequate to describe it. The Eskimos, unfortunately, do not seem to be so far wrong in thinking the Europeans a corrupt and dishonorable race, which ought to come to Greenland in order to learn morals.

But do not the missions elsewhere produce better results? Scarcely. Statistics have recently been published as to crime in India, which cast grave doubts upon the benefits resulting from missionary enterprise. As to Africa I can find no statistics, but from all I can learn it appears that there, too, the results of the mission are nothing to boast of. African travellers are, I believe, unanimous in declaring that the native converts to Christianity are by no means those whom they prefer to take into their service or to rely upon in any way. And Norway, too, contributes its hundreds of thousands of kroner (crowns, the kroner being equal to $1\frac{1}{2}$) yearly to the missions both in Africa and India. Have we so much superfluous wealth that we cannot employ this money to better advantage at home? The desire to help these poor savages, whom we have never seen and whose needs we do not know, is no doubt a noble aspiration; but I wonder whether it would not be nobler still to help the thousands of unfortunates whose necessities we have daily before our eyes? Since we are bent on doing good works, why not begin with those nearest to us? Then, when all at home were beyond the need of assistance, it would be time enough to look abroad and inquire whether there are not elsewhere others who need our help. Charity begins at home. I am by no means arguing that all missionary enterprise must necessarily be hurtful; but I am of opinion that, in order to be really beneficent, it must fulfil conditions which in our time, are almost beyond attainment. In the first place, it demands such a number of noble, self-sacrificing and altogether remarkable men as we cannot hope to find all at one time. One may come to the front, perhaps two or three; but there can be no steady supply of them. And then we must remember that so many evil influences follow in the wake of a mission, that the most ideal missionaries can neither hold them aloof nor repair the damage they do to the natives. So the result is always the same in the end.

Are we never, then, to open our eyes to what we are really doing? Ought not all true friends of humanity, from pole to pole, to raise a unanimous and crushing protest against all these abuses, against this

self-righteous and scandalous treatment of our fellow creatures of another faith and at another stage of civilization?

The time will come when posterity will sternly condemn us; and these abuses, which we now hold consistent with the fundamental principles of Christianity, will be branded as profoundly immoral. Morality will then have so far developed that men will no longer consider themselves justified in swooping down upon the first primitive people that comes in their way, in order to satisfy their own religious vanity and to do "good works" which shall minister to their self-complacency, but which may or may not be beneficial to the race in question. Then only competent and in every sense well equipped people will take upon themselves to study the life and civilization of another race in order to see whether it needs our assistance, and, if so, in what way it can best be accorded; and if the result of the inquiry is to show that we can do them no good, they will be left alone. But before that time comes, most of such races, even of those which now survive, will have been swept away. (From *Eskimo Life*, by Fridtjof Nansen.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Nothing of a very striking character can be recorded this month. We are so used, in these times, to wholesale murder that the revolt of the Matabele, only a few years ago an independent people, now robbed of their land, their property, and personally ill-treated and insulted by the agents of Chartered shareholders, creates any interest only so far as the personal health and well-being of those very humane slavedrivers, the white population of Matabeleland, are concerned. Again, the struggle of the Dervishes, the Abyssinians and the Cubans for their independence is exclusively viewed by the mass of the people with capitalistic eyes, demanding the subjugation of those indomitable races that they may be fleeced without giving any trouble to the "pioneers of civilisation," or whatever name the bands of capitalist thieves and their hangers-on who invade those countries may adopt. The Armenians also are almost forgotten, and Republican France has just expelled the Turkish revolutionists of the *Mechveret* (a Turkish refugees' paper) at the bidding of the Turkish ambassador.

Continental persecution of Anarchists is continuing, and England keeps pace by her recent refusal to release our Walsall comrades. The new Portuguese Anti-Anarchist law is a unique specimen in its way. Any one who in any way approves of "acts subversive of the social order" will be imprisoned for six months and afterwards transported to a colony over sea; by article 4 the press is forbidden "to discuss Anarchist facts or acts, or to give the slightest information about police raids and the debates in trials of Anarchists." Seventy comrades are in prison and subject to bodily ill-treatment reminding us of the Barcelona horrors. Three hundred and forty policemen have been added to the police force of Lisbon—to give employment to the lowest scum of the "criminal classes," we suppose, who are nearest to the heart of the rulers of Portugal.

Lorion, whom we mentioned lately, has, after nearly ten months of agony, had his sentence of death commuted into one of five years' solitary confinement—a slow death instead of a quick one. *La Sociale* of April 12 publishes a letter from this comrade to his lawyer, in which he describes his sufferings: each morning he listens for any noises outside his cell which would announce to him the erection of the guillotine, and after hours of mental agony he finds that he has twenty-four hours more to live, and next morning the same anxious listening and expectation begin, and this went on from May until February. In this letter it is incidentally mentioned that, already in 1892, an attempt was made to goad the Anarchist convicts at Cayenne into revolt by means of a fictitious plot, etc., which finally succeeded in October 1894.

Our Belgian comrades started an agitation for the release of Jules Moineau, sentenced in 1892 to 25 years penal servitude, another victim of police and judges and one of the noblest men in the movement. *La Debacle Sociale*, of March 25, gives full particulars.

Slowly but surely large bodies of workingmen give up their belief in parliamentary methods. Says Dejeante, a French Socialist M.P., to an interviewer, "There exists at present in all groups of workers a current which we would like to turn back, but which seems to be overflowing all dykes in spite of our efforts; namely, the hatred of parliamentarism, of representation for lawmaking." "The workers do not cry, 'Down with the Senate!' ('Down with the House of Lords,' we may substitute), as it is believed, but 'Down with the members of parliament!—down with all of them without distinction!' . . . This is the Anarchist doctrine in all its beauty," this Socialist M.P. woefully adds. We can do nothing to soothe his grief; it is as he says. Perhaps he may find consolation in the company of his fellow-member, Chauvin (of whom we spoke last month), when he will have got his rifle; for an Anarchist meeting at Rheims proposed to open a subscription to present this person with a rifle that he might start on his shooting business at once (he had declared at a Paris meeting that the first act of triumphant Socialism would be the wholesale shooting of Anarchists).

Pietro Gori is making a long stay at San Francisco, lecturing and debating with opponents before crowded audiences, also organising performances of his Anarchist plays—one of which, *Primo Maggio* (The First of May), was recently published at Barre, Vermont. The *Canti Anarchici*, published last summer in London, has also been published at New York (*Canti Rivoluzionari Anarchici*—an Anarchist songbook). On the other side of the American continent John Turner is beginning a lecturing tour. America, the land of "Triumphant Democracy," sorely needs an awakening. In the last *Firebrand* we read: "In Ocala, Florida, men are arrested for simply being out of work and sentenced to the State turpentine farm. . . . Each day they are given a task that is beyond their strength, and when night comes they are flogged for not having accomplished it. They are fed on cold corn-bread and bacon, and sleep on the floor with only one blanket to cover two and sometimes three men." This is "State productive work for the unemployed!" the *Firebrand* remarks.

The Swiss railway workers made ready for a general strike to begin on March 1; they were in earnest, and at the last moment the companies gave in and granted their demands. The politicians are jealous of this success won without their interference. The Vienna firemen's strike collapsed. The strikers were locked out and replaced by former firemen, now small municipal civil servants (their reward after their service as firemen) and by soldiers. This shows the consequences of State and communal ownership

