

Freedom

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THE FUTURE OF TRADE UNIONISM.

The recent struggle between the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and allied trades, and the Employers' Federation was one which must inevitably result in a departure from the old methods of endeavouring to better the condition of the workers; and not only the methods, but the objects, of trade unionism, must necessarily be changed.

In the past, an advance in wages or a shortening of the hours of labour were the two principal aims of all combinations of workmen. It is true, the primary object of the unions was the maintenance of the independence of the workmen and the consolidation of their order in resisting the aggressions of the rising manufacturers of the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, but we find at the present time that the great mass of the workers are content to remain in industrial slavery if they only succeed in wringing a few shillings extra per week from the employer, or reduce to any extent the hours of labour.

In a prize essay on trades unionism written for the Trades Congress and published in 1884 the following passage occurs: "Trade unionism then, has a great future before it. Its ultimate result cannot be otherwise than to convince both employer and employed that they are the *truest friends*, each of the other, for each derives his revenue from the other." The employer slays being considered an absolute necessity, and the idea of eliminating him very seldom occurring until the end of the late struggle. From this point of view what appeared on the surface to be a disastrous defeat, will turn out to be a complete victory for the men in the near future.

There was an undoubted danger in the possibility of the societies winning in the struggle for the eight hours, because past experience has taught us that, in all probability, no further effort to improve the condition of the workers would be made for the next twenty years. A much longer period has elapsed since the nine hours became the normal working day, and no change has been made in the London district either in wages or hours, and nothing has ever been asked for until the middle of last year, notwithstanding that the cost of production has been considerably reduced through the application of more machinery and the greater efficiency of the men.

The tenacity with which the employers cling to all they can wring from the workers is becoming more and more apparent, and the unionists are beginning to understand that the old method—the strike—in fighting combined capitalism is becoming or has become obsolete. The general feeling is that trade unionism must necessarily enter on a new phase, but there is a great diversity of opinion on the subject, and the one from which most danger is to be apprehended is the growing tendency to appeal to legislative enactment. For it must be admitted that there is a growing feeling in that direction, and there is a possibility that some unionists of the old school will be carried away by the enthusiasm of others, and so retard the real movement towards perfect freedom.

In the long series of persistent efforts made by workmen to better their condition, they have hitherto trusted to combination or self help. Whenever they have appealed to the legislature, it has only been to have an obnoxious law repealed, and a brief glance at some of those laws enacted during the present century dealing with combinations ought to convince all thinking men that the less they have to do with parliamentary means the sooner will their emancipation be brought about.

Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations* says: "What are the common wages of labour depends everywhere upon the contract usually made between master and workman, whose interests are by no means the same, the workmen desire to get as much, the masters to give as little as possible, the former are disposed to combine in order to raise, the latter in order to lower the wages of labour. It is not however difficult to foresee which of the two parties must, upon all ordinary occasions, have the advantage in the dispute, and force the other into a compliance with their terms. The masters being fewer in number, can combine much more easily, and the law, besides, authorizes, or at least does not prohibit their combination while it prohibits those of the workmen. We have no acts of parliament against combining to lower the price of work; but many against combining to raise it." This was written in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it will be interesting to follow the course of legislation on the rights of combination through the period of change in the industrial system.

George Howell in *Conflicts of Capital and Labour* gives many instances of the manner in which the law was enforced against workmen, and the following are taken from that work: "It appears that the compositors and printers were among the first to combine for the

protection of their interests as a trade, and for enforcing as was then usual, both by law and custom, certain restrictions as to the number of apprentices. The Phoenix or Society of Compositors was instituted March 12, 1792, at the "Hole in the Wall," Fleet St., but long before this, rules were in force agreed to by the employers and their employes, fixing at the request of the journeymen the rates of pay for compositors' work. In the year 1792 a prosecution was instituted against four members of the Pressmen's Friendly Society, the secretary and four members of the committee, for conspiracy, on the allegation that they "did unlawfully meet together to restrain and injure the master printers, by restricting the number of apprentices, etc. The defendants pleaded among other things that the Stationers' Company at a court held on March the 7th, 1775, had endeavoured to do, and did actually do, what the men were prosecuted for doing. At that meeting, complaints were made that some masters of the company had been binding too many apprentices; whereupon the court ordered "That for the future, every master, before he bonds an apprentice shall send into court in writing to the master, a list of the apprentices he has at such time in his service." The men endeavoured to fix three apprentices to seven presses. For this conspiracy the five men were each sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, although they attended the meeting, alleged to be unlawful, at the request of the secretary of the Society of Master Printers, on the subject of the dispute then existing with respect to apprentices with a view to a settlement of the dispute, their conduct there and otherwise being without reproach."

Another instance showing how the law is administered when appealed to by the workers.

"The grievances of the workmen in this trade—Frame Work Knitters"—not only continued, but increased more and more. From 1780, in consequence of the system of frame rent charges being established, the construction of machinery proceeded very rapidly for the next thirty years. The actual cost of the frames bore so small a proportion to the rent, as to induce many persons not in the trade to purchase them, and embark in the business. With this came a vast increase in the number of apprentices; one manufacturer in Nottingham in 1810 had twenty-four, and two at Hinchley had as many as one hundred between them. The whole district was consequently in a constant state of riot. In their distress, the workmen once more turned their attention to the chartered London company, and sought its intervention for their relief. But it was too late for its action to be of any practical service. It did however proceed at law against a manufacturer for taking apprentices in violation of the bye-laws of the company, but the employer was only condemned in one shilling damages. Every effort to effect protection by law utterly failed."

During this period of transition from domestic manufacture to the factory system, the need for combination became more pressing in order to protect themselves against the rapacity of the new class of capitalists who were then rising into power, and of whom Charlotte Bronte has said, "These classes certainly think too exclusively of making money; they are too oblivious of every national consideration but that of extending England's (that is to say their own) commerce. Chivalrous feeling, disinterestedness, pride in honour, is too dead in their hearts. A land ruled by them alone would too often make ignominious submission—not at all from the motives Christ teaches, but rather from those Mammon instils."

This same class also influenced parliament—by complaining against the workmen and succeeded in 1800 in having a law passed directed against all associations of workmen established for any purpose whatever.

By the first section of this statute all agreements between workmen for the purpose of obtaining more wages or for lessening the hours of work, etc., were made illegal. By the second section, one justice of the peace was empowered to convict summarily, and impose two months' imprisonment upon any workmen who should enter into any such agreement. By the third section, among other things, the giving of money to support any movement of the kind mentioned was to be punished in the same way.

These laws were put in force without mercy. Three weavers of Knaresborough were sent to Wakefield jail for three months, one of them for simply carrying a letter to York asking for assistance from other workmen.

In 1816 three carpenters were sentenced to one month's imprisonment each and two to twelve months. Once, the carpenters prosecuted the masters for combination, but they failed to obtain a conviction, although the case was fully proved; their counsel was so fully satisfied that they had been unfairly dealt with that he felt himself bound to return his fees.

The few instances cited above taken at random from innumerable cases of the kind perpetrated under the combination laws from 1800 to 1824 will suffice to show the tendency of repressive legislation, the result of which brought the working class to such a miserable condition that it was felt necessary—even by the legislators—to appoint a committee to enquire into the working of these laws, for, severe as they were, and however unmercifully they were administered, the unions grew at a more rapid rate than ever before even though the books of the societies had to be buried for safety, oaths had to be resorted to in order to secure mutual protection; when to ask for a rise of wages or even to receive an advance when offered, was a violation of the law, even the emigration of artisans was forbidden. It was to inquire into this state of things that the committee was appointed.

The result of the report of this committee was the act of 1824 by which all statutes against combinations of workmen were repealed.

"The legislature having changed its policy, and removed those prohibitions to which associations of workmen had formerly been subjected, strikes on a large scale, and obstinately conducted, immediately occurred in various parts of the country, the workmen seemed as it were, to have taken the hint given to them, and to have indulged freely in the exercise of their newly acquired powers. The legislature was seized with a panic, it was terrified at what appeared to be the consequences of its own act; the manufacturers did their best to promote the feeling of uneasiness and terror which had taken hold of them, and hence in the following year the subject was again taken into consideration, another committee was appointed and fresh evidence taken, indeed at first, it seemed as if parliament felt inclined to go back to the policy of former times, and to re-enact the old combination laws. But it had now become more difficult than before; it was not an easy thing to undo the legislation of the previous year; substantial reasons for such a retrogressive step would have to be given and these were not forthcoming."

But, notwithstanding the fact that no evidence could be brought forward, a new law was passed in 1825 practically undoing what had been done the previous year.

Wallace who introduced the bill said he was "No friend to the combination laws, but he wished that the common law as it stood before, should be again brought into force; this he believed would be quite sufficient for the purpose." He was quite right. The common law enabled the prosecution to put in motion the conspiracy laws in every instance where conviction was desired, and all meetings or agreements whatever for the purpose of affecting the wages or hours of work of persons not at the meeting, or parties to the agreement, were conspiracies. So were all agreements for controlling a master in the management of his business, as regards the persons he employed. In fact there was scarcely an act performed by any workman, as a member of a trade union, which was not an act of conspiracy and a misdemeanour. The average number of prosecutions under this act in England and Scotland alone exceeded 11,000 annually.

In the earlier stages of the agitation against the act, the opposition was more directly antagonistic to the mode of administering the law than counter to the law itself.

(To be continued.)

EDWARD BELLAMY.

It is with great sorrow that many will learn of the death of Edward Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward* and *Equality*. He has died quite young, worn out by overwork. When I was in New York last autumn I was told that he was used up by three years' hard work on his last book, *Equality*, and that he had gone West in the hope of regaining his health.

We have spoken at length of his first work in the *Révolution*, and we have there analysed Bellamy's Utopia. In America alone nearly 500,000 copies of the book have been sold, and it has made a deep impression. Hundreds of thousands of people who had once thought that the Socialist ideal could not be realised have been shown by Bellamy that it is not impossible, and that the obstacles are neither technical difficulties nor the individualistic tendencies of man, but simply inertia, stupidity, indolence and the slavishness of thought. A number of Americans have been inspired by some of Bellamy's ideas and are seriously thinking of establishing a Commune one day in one of the Eastern States on more or less Communistic principles, without adhering literally to his idea.

A fairly prosperous colony already exists on these principles, and their journal is one of the best for general propaganda of Communist and Socialist ideas. There is nothing of the pretentious sect about it. Bellamy himself had none of this pretention, and his adherents do not possess the arrogance of the so-called "scientific."

The principal feature of Bellamy's Utopia was that each inhabitant of the Socialist nation should be credited with a certain sum (about £800 a year). He may spend it as he pleases, by taking in the public shops whatever he chooses—lodging, food, clothing, objects of luxury, according to his taste. If he does not spend all the £800, whatever is left is each year deducted from his credit. There is no way of treasuring up his money.

On the other hand, everyone, from the age of twenty to forty or fifty years, works in any capacity he may choose a certain number of hours agreed upon. Committees estimate the value of the products and their selling price. It is a system of partial Communism. Unfortunately, Bellamy paid a tribute (a brutally useless in his own system) to authority

in dreaming, like the Socialists of 1848, of an authoritarian organisation of production.

His last production, *Equality*, is much superior to his Utopia. It is, in the form of a novel and conversation, a decidedly admirable criticism of the capitalist system. Bellamy in this book, which I recommend everyone to read, does not criticise capitalism from the moral, but from the economic point of view. He shows that this is the most absurdly uneconomic system of production. Bellamy does not go into metaphysics as does Marx; neither does he appeal to sentiment. In order to show the evils of capitalism, he takes the point of view of Proudhon, the only one which, in my opinion, was really scientific. That is, he demonstrates that a million of workers who have produced, let us say, all that is necessary for our consumption, from raw materials to manufactured articles, and who have only their salary, cannot buy those same products; for in their selling price they comprise, besides the salary paid, the profit of the master and the capitalist in general. Consequently, each nation produces more than it can purchase with the total sum of its salaries.

From this he deduces all the vices of the capitalistic system, and analyses them so admirably that I know of no other Socialist work on this subject that equals Bellamy's *Equality*.

At the same time the book is interesting, and while I travelled last autumn through Canada and the States, I saw it in every car. The vendors of papers and books in the trains never had enough, so great was the demand for the book. It is certainly not so interesting as *Looking Backward*, but it were well to have a French edition of it at a low price.

What a pity that Bellamy has not lived longer! He would have produced other excellent books. I am positive that were Bellamy to have met an Anarchist who could have explained to him our ideal, he would have accepted it. The authoritarianism which he introduced into his Utopia was useless there and contradictory to the very system. It was simply a survival, a concession, a tribute to the past. Those who have known Bellamy speak of him with great sympathy. Of a very retiring and timid disposition, he did not seek to impose his personality, much less to become the head of a school. He was the first to be astonished by the success of his first book.—P. K. in *Temps Nouveaux*.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

A small book in a scarlet cover stamped with a picture of three children in fetters, one of whom raises imploring hands skyward as if, mayhap, help should be there. There are but 75 pages proper to the book and the print is large, the language simple—such as Roger Ascham bids us use when he tells us to think like wise men but to talk like the common people. The book presumably is written to make others think; the author himself suggests nothing, offers no remedy for the deplorable things he depicts. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, with Truth as spokesman. Not a new tale either to some of us, only the scenes as here drawn stand out so vividly in the sharp cold outlines of clear type and simple diction that they seem to bite into one's being like aquafortis and there to burn, past all rubbing out. Only recently one exclaimed, "Not one of Dante's hells contains such inconceivable horrors as are to be daily seen in the heart of this city in these days of our boasted civilisation." The speaker had not read this book, but his eyes were open and he had seen. Without any preface, Frank Hird takes us by the hand and leads us straight into the East End and says, "Behold!" And we see the children at work; the children whose toil, whose tears, whose blood go to fashion the fabric of the comfort and commerce of the mighty nation called England.

"There are whole districts whose inhabitants work in their own homes for the great factories and warehouses round about, and in every house the children are forced to work in order to add a pitiful amount to an already pitiful wage. . . . A child at eleven years of age is free to become a regular and recognised wage-earner but in the majority of families the girls, more particularly, are little better than slaves from the moment that their tiny fingers are able to use a needle or paste wood and paper together. . . . This child-labor is one of the bitterest and greatest tragedies of the age. It is a blood-offering of little hands, of weary little heads, of frail little bodies, of desperate and despairing little hearts upon the altar of Mammon."

And then follow the pictures. Here is one in a sackmaking district: "There were about forty two-storeyed houses upon one side of this alley, which ran between two thoroughfares, and on the other was a high brick wall. . . . stained by all manner of dirt. On each side of every doorway were children sewing sacks, sometimes two little mites working upon one; and all along the blank wall enormous lengths of sail-cloth were fixed to ropes and laying flat along the brickwork, at which both women and children were sewing without interruption. Facing every doorway and standing against this wall was a bucket or a dustbin, nearly all the latter lacking covers, filled with the refuse from the houses and giving forth an insupportable stench of decaying fish and vegetables. . . . A little girl of eight was laboriously stitching at a sack, which a younger brother of seven was holding at the proper tension from the hook. She pushed the needle through the thick jute very slowly, very carefully, and then pulled the twine as tightly as she could, smoothing down the edge with her left hand, her little forehead puckered into a serious frown. 'Where do you go to play?' she was asked. 'Plye?' she answered, in a tone of scorn and amazement. 'Plye? Oh, I never have no time to plye.' And, as she stopped her work to make this answer, she unconsciously showed her left hand. It was

quite raw, the jute having rubbed the skin from the under side of the thumb and the two first fingers; and all along the hem of the sack were little specks of blood. This child's mother and two elder sisters and another boy were hard at work upon a barge-cover. . . . Whilst the woman, whose clothes were in rags and whose neck showed gaunt and bare above the top of her burst bodice, sewed the cover along the top, the two girls sitting on the stones were binding the bottom, the boy sewing at one of the sides in a squatting position. A piece of leather fastened round the palm of the hand acted as a thimble, the needle being pressed through the unyielding material with its help; the muscles on the woman's bare arm stood out in great knots, and the tension of the children's hands at every stitch made one shudder. It seemed like an evil dream, and the silence with which the work was done gave it an added horror."

Yet another:

"A ground floor, consisting of two small rooms in a street pestilential with decaying vegetables. . . . was occupied by a furniture-polisher and his family. . . . In the factory he could make no use of his children; in his home he was master and beyond the reach of Acts of Parliament. Of this man's three children the oldest was a girl of fourteen, a stunted, sickly-looking little creature, the other two were a boy of twelve and a younger girl of nearly eleven."

After describing the terrible surroundings and condition of the work-room, the writer continues: "The mother and daughter were hard at work polishing a chest of drawers, the father being engaged upon a gimcrack whatnot, whilst the two younger children were rubbing a deal table. . . . In negotiating a hard knot the boy uttered a sharp cry and pulled off the pad with which he was rubbing. His fingers were those of a skeleton. The spirit and the perpetual rubbing had so hardened both skin and flesh that they seemed one with the bone; and although he had caught the upturned edge of the knot with some sharpness, there was so little flesh on his poor fingers that he had not cut himself. But his pain was greater in consequence. None of the others stopped their work or seemed to take any notice of the accident; and after a little while he resumed his polishing, his tears splashing down upon the wet varnish and making sad havoc of the part already finished. At last his father swore at him and threatened the 'strap'; then the sobs ceased."

But as if fate was not already hard enough upon this wretched family, worse follows: the father had become a confirmed drinker of methylated spirit. "Only a few days before the writer saw these people, the man had been attacked by a sudden craving in the middle of some important work that had to be done as speedily as possible." There remains only sufficient spirit to finish the work in hand and there is no money to buy more. On his wife imploring him to remember this he knocks her down and drains the can, to fall senseless in a corner. There was no money nor food, and the only prospect of getting either was by the completion of the order in hand. The only sheet from the girl's bed, a pair of the boy's boots and the sole petticoat of the mother, together with the much mended and ragged dress of the younger girl produced sufficient at the pawnshop to procure the required amount of spirit; and, by working steadily until half an hour after midnight, the work was accomplished. "Here, again, the children suffered. It was they who, by weary hours of polishing, completed their father's portion of the work. A more pathetically tragic spectacle than these three little ones, foodless and exhausted, rubbing the stringent-smelling liquid hour after hour into the coarse fibre of bad wood cannot be imagined. To the reader it must seem a horrible romance; but it is so real that, when the work was done, the mother and children crept into bed, too tired to remember that they had eaten nothing since their so-called breakfast, too tired even to wash their filthy hands and faces."

Match-box making, belt and umbrella making, artificial flower industries and the like, all afford the same picture of hideous forced labor and suffering, daily and hourly suffering on the part of innocent children and their mothers. And for what? The bread that "law and order" require that they shall not take from the baker's shop, but pay for with the sweat wrung from their feeble bodies. We are told the wage they work for and what the middlemen pay them. For match boxes it is twopence farthing a gross, the workers providing their own paste—"a wage so meagre, that in one case a mother and two children, aged respectively seven and nine, working from seven in the morning to half-past eleven at night, are only able to earn one shilling and threepence threefarthings. They work ceaselessly, not even stopping for meals, eating their dry bread as they paste and cut. It takes them all these hours to make seven gross—that is, one thousand and eight match-boxes." Men's boot-boxes are paid for at the rate of one penny a dozen, the operator providing the paper flaps. Wage per day of fourteen or sixteen hours—one shilling and threepence. The price paid for a dozen belts, to which buckle, clasp and slide must be sewn, is five farthings a dozen; the rate at which the children work brings them in three farthings an hour. Umbrellas are covered at one and sevenpence a dozen (these sell for half a guinea apiece at the shops). The tassels and rosettes stitched to them are made for three farthings a dozen. Consequently, a girl working for ten hours a day is only able to earn 3s. 4½d. a week. Sacks are made for one farthing each, and the sewers provide their own needles and twine.

A ways the same old story of the exploitation of the wage-earner by his employer, of the weak by the strong, of the poor by the rich. We have shuddered over Turkish and Spanish atrocities; felt our blood boil at the mention of the rain of lead that was lately poured on the starving peasants of Italy; cried shame on numberless evils born of our rulers and civilisation; but all these horrors seem to fade before the quiet pathos of the words: "and all along the hem of the sack

were little specks of blood."—The blood of a little child whose only crime was poverty.

Factory laws are made; but they cannot reach these East End children because a benign municipality under a paternal government condemns them to live and labor within one room, and a room under these conditions is not a factory. But if such laws could reach them and their toil was shortened by so many hours, what then? Wholesale instead of semi-starvation. Over and over again the writer tells us that but for the labor of these little ones joined to that of their parents whole families must starve. But he offers no remedy for this frightful condition of things in a so-called Christian community; and the writer of a review of the book in an evening paper also offers no solution, but alludes to it as "the most hopeless of latter-day problems, this doom of the East End child," adding that "the more the facts are known so that more people may cry 'Shame!' the sooner some genius will find a way to lessen the wrong." Aye, to lessen the wrong;—that there should be removal or cure never seems to strike the ordinary bourgeois mind regarding any of the crowning disgraces of civilisation. An Act of Parliament to limit the number of stripes that a starving and nerve-broken parent may inflict in a moment of despairing passion on a heavy-witted child; a little margarine on the one crust a day or a gift of the cast-off clothing of the rich granted at the hand of some Charity Organisation Society.—Palliatives! yes; but redemption, freedom, never! Walk down Piccadilly or Pall Mall and look into the club windows at the sleek, well-fed men who throng the reading and dining rooms; is it from amongst these that a genius will arise to free the suffering and oppressed? Shall we find him amid the gay crowd of senators lounging on the Terrace at tea-time under the shadow of Westminster? In the palace, the law-courts or the church? Nay, for it is these men combined who have for centuries as pastor and master been telling the poor (except at election time) that they are the scum of the earth and that labor, starvation and misery is their ordained lot in this world, and that mutiny means suppression.

The patience of the poor is no marvel; it is merely a matter of long habit. Pin a lie into a man on the spear-point of superstition or hammer it into his head with a cudgel long enough and from the sheer monotony of the proceeding he will finally believe it to be the truth. But habits, we know, can be broken; and who knows but that the "genius" who shall arise to sweep the foul blot of child-labor from off the face of this world may be an East End woman, a mother whose outraged heart at length blazes into fury at sight of her toiling, suffering child, along the edge of whose sack are "little specks of blood," a Boadicea ripe for war, flinging the challenge:

How long, how long, O cruel nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart

—Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitant,

And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?

Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,

And your purple shows your path;

But the child's sob curseth deeper in its silence

Than the strong man in his wrath!"

A. D.

THE DISCUSSION OF THE SEX QUESTION.

After several hearings before Sir J. Bridge at Bow Street, our friend Mr. George Bedborough has been committed for trial upon the charge of "indecent libel" and "trying to corrupt the morals of Her Majesty's subjects." This is founded upon the sale of Mr. Havelock Ellis's book, the first of an intended series, entitled, *The Psychology of Sex: Sexual Inversion*.

Finding, no doubt, this was a purely scientific book, they have included other publications issued by the Legitimation League in the charge. While the case is being adjudicated upon it would not be wise to say what we *think* about it; but we shall say what we intend to *do* about it. First, let every reader of *Freedom* send on any little sum he can spare to the defence fund. Of course, we are all poor and are continually giving, but here is a man attacked because he wishes to have the sex question discussed in all its phases. If it was one of us connected with *Freedom* I don't think we should trouble the legal profession for our defence, but would defend ourselves and take the consequences. But we also believe in liberty for others and let us help them to defend themselves as they think best.

Secondly, on this question of Sex, *Freedom* has always taken the position that, for the mass of the workpeople, until the economic conditions were righted there could be neither free men nor free women; and, while never afraid to discuss it fully, have not thought it wise to give undue space to it.

For our part, we think we understand the relative importance of this subject; know that sex-relations are part and parcel of, and have grown out of, property conditions; but at the same time we know that some, whose economic conditions do not trouble them, may investigate the sex question from a scientific point of view and will by that study be led on to study other parts of the social problem. The love of liberty as opposed to statute law and ignorant conventionality in any direction, whether conscious or not, certainly makes for Anarchism.

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NOTES.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

Again we are reminded of the success of Social Democracy in Germany (at the ballot-box); and again we hear the old, old story: "100,000 votes in 1871, etc., etc., now 2,500,000." What a glorious example of progress and enlightenment! But if we remember what 2,500,000 people could do if they were in earnest and knew what they wanted, we are simply astonished to find there is practically nothing to show for all their "successes" at the poll, and we are compelled to come to the only reasonable conclusion possible: that they are the outcome of a heterogeneous mass of discontent which if crystallised into any definite political shape would go as far as republic and no further. At any rate, whatever hopes there are of a social revolution in Germany, they are not increased by the knowledge that there are a dozen more Socialist Deputies in the Reichstag.

FAREWELL TO LILLIAN HARMAN.

When this number appears Lillian Harman will be well on her way home. We all wish her *bon voyage* and hope to see her with us again. She has certainly done much in her short stay to draw attention to the sexual evils that are rampant here as in all "civilised" countries. The stupid British public has been told by a high-principled, self-respecting woman that Free Love is the only love worthy of the name. It must have puzzled their muddled brains to read of people preaching what after all is the purest morality, for that reason, and for no other, falling under the displeasure of Scotland Yard and the angels of sweetness and light who reign there. The "hoodwinked angels of the blind and dead" who employ these mercenaries to look after public morality will presently find out their mistake. Meanwhile Lillian Harman may rest assured that an impetus has been given to the sex question that will bear good fruit in the future.

SCOTTISH NOTES.

Doctors advise their patients, when weak and run down, to have a change of air and to see strange things and places. Emulating their example, I should say to comrades when their spirits are low and their enthusiasm almost extinct from discouraging events in their vicinity: Take a trip to the provinces (if you can), meet and shake hands and discuss with the comrades there; see new faces and strange scenes, and when you come back to the dirt and dust of London the sky will seem brighter and the future more hopeful for a long time. Such was my experience on my recent visit to Glasgow.

So much has been said about Glasgow of late that one really expects to find a movement there; and if your expectations are of a modest nature you will be satisfied. It is the only city, of the many I have lived in and visited during the past five years, where, if the question was asked, "Have you a movement?" I could honestly say, "Yes." Militant Anarchists there are not a great many. Speakers, there is but one who is active—J. Blair Smith; but there are a few active and determined workers there who are whole groups in themselves. I saw but few comrades, not a dozen in all; but the amount of work done by our comrades W. Duff, J. Blair Smith, Peter Duff, Clark, Dallas and others is both surprising and encouraging. Their field of operations extends through the trade unions and co-operative societies, the various Socialist and Secular bodies and, last but not least, the open-air propaganda. While the last-named phase of propaganda has its drawbacks and is often discouraging, it has one very good feature: it opens up a field for the sale of our literature, which is, after all, probably the most important part of our propaganda.

That our ideas have made considerable headway in Glasgow can be seen by the fact that the Co-operative Society have expressed a desire

to have Kropotkin lecture to the co-operators exclusively if he ever comes to that city. The Anarchists in Glasgow are recognised by the trade unions as a body and a force that must be reckoned with on big occasions, and if anything big is on the Anarchists are invited to take part in common with the various trade unions, co-operative, Socialist and Secular societies; thus disproving the statement of Merlino, that if Anarchists do not participate in elections they have little chance of activity. Two open-air meetings were held during my short stay there, at which comrades Smith, Peter Duff, a comrade whose name I can not remember and myself spoke; one in the morning of May 22 at the Jail Square, and one in the evening on Argyle Street; our comrade William Duff succeeded in disposing of about four shillings worth of literature. Municipal Socialism does not seem to be popular there with the masses in spite of reports to the contrary, and the best evidence of this is that the S.D.F., who are a very discredited body in Glasgow, were unable to run a course of public lectures last winter, and the I.L.P. ran a course of lectures and wound up £40 in debt. This looks bad for a city that is afflicted with such "blessings" as Municipal Tramcars, Gas and Waterworks, and even Municipal Dwellings.

William Duff told me a very funny thing about those Municipal Dwellings that theoretically are built for working men. Mrs. Duff went and tried to rent one of those dwellings; among numerous other questions, she was asked what her husband did for a living. She replied that he was a slater. "Then, my good woman," said the kind official, "I am afraid you can not afford to pay the rent." Slayers are among the best paid mechanics in the city, and if they cannot afford these "workingmen's dwellings" we wonder what class of workingmen can. But I never could appreciate the logic of the Social Democrat.

One thing more and I will close. While speaking at Argyle Street the meeting was interrupted by a "gentleman" in blue clothes with brass buttons, who inquired who gave W. Duff permission to sell literature, and didn't he know it was against the law as the Jail Square was the only place where literature could be sold. This was very stupid and incorrect; but I think Duff saw a chance for a joke and I believe he wanted to put the bobby on to me; for he replied that no one gave him permission, and he didn't know it was against the law. The policeman argued a few minutes with Smith and then left, saying he would see his mate and return. [N.B.—I think he had heard mean things about Americans and he was afraid of me] The comrades told me afterwards that he had no power to arrest any of us unless he had his *mate* with him. What a joke! I wonder if it was Scotch law or a Scotch joke or both.

The outlook in Glasgow for the coming winter is very bright. If Kropotkin can go down and be followed by Turner, Barnard and others, it would do a deal of good. I also met Gilmour, the Individualist, who, to borrow a phrase from Edelman of New York in reference to Ben Tucker, is "a much better fellow than his philosophy."—H. M. KELLY.

"THE CONVERT."

July 14th, in the Avenue Theatre, Charing Cross, an afternoon performance was given of a posthumous play by Sergius Stepniak. It was produced and played by actors and actresses who had been personal friends of the author, and who acquitted themselves well of their task.

The other friends and admirers of Stepniak did their part too: they filled the theatre to overflowing and bore witness to the merit and interest of the play by their unflagging attention and enthusiastic applause. Judged from a purely artistic standpoint, "The Convert" as an acting play has many defects, but they are defects which Stepniak would have been the first to remedy had he seen it staged. But to all who sympathise with nations struggling to be free, and especially those who have of late years assisted Russia by voice and purse in her struggle against a despotism which has kept her for centuries in the rear of progress, the merits of Stepniak's play must far outweigh its shortcomings. While the pathos, humour and dramatic force it contains are sufficient to guarantee the interest of the ordinary theatre goer.

The heroine, Katia, is a young and beautiful girl, daughter of Murinov, a wealthy Russian mine-owner and his fussy, commonplace, but worthy wife. She is an only child, and, disappointed of a son and heir, her father concentrates all his hopes and ambitions in this daughter. By means of her beauty and wealth she is to ally his family with the Russian aristocracy. A husband for her is accordingly selected by her parents in the person of Volkov, an officer in the army and nephew of Count Mentrirov, who on the eve of the formal proposal to Katia is made a Cabinet Minister. The parents are intoxicated with vanity at the prospect of an alliance with a nephew of a member of the Government. Both nephew and uncle arrive in the evening and are received by Katia's relatives with champagne, music and open arms. But Katia herself has other views of life. She has had long talks with a young man, a neighbour, who is enlisted in the ranks of the Nihilists. She sympathises with the poor, especially with the downtrodden, ignorant peasantry, for whom, as Count Mentrirov says, the Government, the Church and the Police are considered an all-sufficing Trinity. The young Nihilist hearing of the projected marriage between Katia and Volkov, protests against it, declares his love and reveals some instances of past scoundrelism on the part of Volkov, who has not only been a libertine but a traitor, for he sold to the police some personal friends of his own in order to obtain promotion in the army. Volkov says, when Katia taxes him with his perfidy: if he had not done it someone else would. Katia tells him she will have none of him, although the discovery of a Nihilist manifesto among her music places her in a position of danger. Volkov resolves to be beforehand here too, and before Katia can communicate with her parents he takes his uncle aside and says Katia's connection with Nihilists makes it impossible for him to pursue his suit. The uncle accepts the cue, and in an insulting manner declines the honor of an alliance with Katia's family. The first act closes with Katia bending

under the storm of her father's anger, but declaring she will find a way to prevent her father and mother's being implicated in her Nihilism.

The second act opens two years later. Katia, the day after the rupture with Volkov and her father, left home; and, her hat having been found upon the bank of the Neva, she is supposed to have drowned herself. In reality, she has disappeared with her Nihilist lover and has been working as a propagandist of revolutionary ideas in various parts of the empire. Her father and mother, supposing her dead, try to allay their sorrow by charitable deeds, and most of their wealth has gone to found an orphanage and in paying for masses to be sung or said for their lost child. They are now living very quietly—all show and luxury is given up—and the father is so broken down he will see no one but his wife's sister, a sharp-tongued, unsympathetic vixen, and her husband, an old officer, the soul of honor and chivalry, who cherishes the memory of Katia as tenderly as if she had been his own child. A secret printing press worked by Katia and her lover has been discovered by the police; the young Nihilists part company and try to conceal themselves. Katia, tracked from place to place, disguises herself as a peasant and answers her mother's advertisement for a servant. The mother does not recognise her and refuses to admit her into her service on the ground of her inexperience. In despair Katia snatches a disguising kerchief from her head and insists on her parents' recognition. The scene which follows is most moving. Alternately scolding and caressing, the parents at last come to understand that Katia must play the part of Masha, a rough servant-maid, and that their little darling so miraculously restored to them after two long years, and despite all the masses that have been said for her repose—their Katia—must remain as if dead to the rest of the world. The police are on her track; if they find her it means Siberia if not the more direct death-penalty. Katia, therefore, becomes a servant in her father's house; and for days all goes well. At last, left alone one day and tempted by the sunshine, she ventures out upon the balcony to clean the windows. The fresh air fills her with the joy of life; she forgets her danger and begins singing one of the old Russian tunes she used to sing long ago to a drawing-room full of admirers. Her evil genius, Volkov, passes through the street as she sings. He has found the police service more profitable, and therefore more congenial, than the army, and is actively engaged in running to earth the Nihilists; and is at present keenly interested in finding the fugitives from the recently discovered secret printing press. The beautiful voice strikes his attention, he has heard it before; and, coupled with the graceful figure of the woman in the balcony, it suffices to arouse a strange suspicion. Katia sees him looking up at her, and at once recognises her folly in thus calling attention to her presence in her father's house. She rushes back into the room; but it is too late; Volkov enters the courtyard and rings at the house door. Katia has to open it and show him into the room, where Volkov says he will await her father's return. His suspicions are strengthened by the way in which she averts her face, and he calls for a glass of water that he may have an opportunity of looking at her again. Katia's father has promised to bring her news, if possible, of her lover, Dmitry, and he returns with a message from Dmitry himself, whom he has chanced to meet. He enters full of delight at the success of his mission; but instead of Katia finds Volkov. In the painful interview which follows, Volkov worms the truth out of the miserable father and at the same time discloses the villainy of the Russian police system. Katia enters, having overheard her father's protest that Volkov will only touch her over his dead body, and offers to give herself up. Her courage and beauty fill Volkov with a certain kind of admiration, and when she leaves the room at her father's command he offers to stay the hand of justice—but it must be made worth his while to do so. He demands 50,000 roubles; Murinov's charities have left him unable to meet this demand; but Volkov says he will not be hard upon him and proposes to take 20,000 down and a note of hand for the rest. These are given, and then Volkov proposes to go and say farewell to Katia in her room. In vain the father implores him to go and leave them in peace; Volkov says the young lady is too beautiful to part from so brusquely. He pushes his way into the hall, and, while attempting to mount the stairs, is shot dead by the exasperated father. The climax of the play is reached in this act, when horror-stricken at his deed he cowers in his daughter's arms and she tries to reassure him by saying, "It was not a crime." The father rises and puts her from him as he goes out to give himself up for the murder. The mother then enters, full of terror at the sight of a dead man in the hall, and when she hears from Katia what has happened during her absence she dies of heart disease, struggling with her last breath to utter her beloved husband's name.

In the last act, Katia is shown receiving the news of her father's condemnation. He is to start that night for the first stage on the way to Siberia; her uncle has promised to take her to the prison at midnight to bid him farewell. But Katia has resolved to share her father's exile and to do what she can to alleviate it. A knock is heard and her lover, Dmitry, enters to call her back to her work in the cause of the people; he has eluded the police, and the struggle for freedom is about to recommence. Katia tells him she has elected to go with her father to Siberia; he is weak and old and wants her most. Dmitry tries to convince her that her duty lies with the Nihilists. A cornet is heard in the distance playing the opening bars of "The Red Sarafan": it is a signal, they must go at once. Again Katia refuses to go with him. Her uncle comes in with a fresh message from the prison. Katia is forbidden by her father to risk a visit to him; and while they are yet disputing the door is opened, and the father, clad as a convict, totters into the room. By one of those strange fates that often places a kind heart in close juxtaposition to a stony one, the convict has been permitted by the governor of the prison, an old friend of his, to visit his home on parole. At the *réveille* he must return, and dawn is close at hand. Again the cornet's warning to Dmitry is heard, and he is preparing to leave without Katia when her father calls him back and, acknowledging himself to be a convert to their views, he bids Dmitry take with him his daughter as his gift to the cause; and here the final curtain falls.

At the close of the play Mr. Charles Charrington, under whose able management it had been produced and who had played in a masterly fashion the small part of the Cabinet Minister, came before the curtain in answer to salvos of applause. He merely mentioned that for all the players, himself included, it had been a labor of love and he introduced Kropotkin as being one who, as a life-long friend of the author's, was more fitted to be heard on such an occasion than he. Kropotkin in a few well chosen words paid tribute to the memory of Sergius Stepniak, whom to know was to love and honor, and whose untimely end has made a gap in the ranks of those fighting for freedom that will never be filled.

We understand that it is Mr. Charrington's intention to produce "The Convert" in the provinces shortly. If so, we rely on all comrades in the

towns he may visit to give it their warm support and to make the performances known as widely as possible beforehand so as to ensure good audiences. It may add much to the interest of the play to know that the incidents are drawn from real life.

BEDBOROUGH AND SIR J. BRIDGE.

To lovers of "law and order" we recommend a glimpse into Bow Street Police Court. On Tuesday, June 20, George Bedborough was up for trial before "Sir" John Bridge. Mr. Avory, for the defence, elicited some interesting statements from Messrs. Bridge, Sweeny and others.

Mr. Avory (cross-examining detective Sweeny): When you asked the defendant whether he was doing a smart business in the sale of his books, what did you mean?

Sweeny (looking from Avory to Danckwerts of the prosecution, and then to Bridge), I asked the question to obtain evidence, as I was instructed to do by my superiors.

Avory: Answer the question simply. What did you mean? Did you pretend to be interested in this question of legitimation? [Sweeny, looking to "Sir" John for assistance, remained silent.]

"Sir" John (to Sweeny): Answer the question. Did you pretend to be interested in this question of legitimation?

Sweeny: Yes.

Avory: Ahem!

"Sir" John (to Avory): Why shouldn't he be interested?

Avory: Yes, why shouldn't he?

"Sir" John: Then why did you ask that question?

Avory: Because I hope to bring out that the witness was legitimately interested (laughter).

Fancy a member of Scotland Yard a Free lover!

Another detective admitted that he was prepared to pay as high as £2 or £3 for a copy of Havelock Ellis's book. Fancy a shop-assistant on 10s. a week paying £3 to have his morals corrupted, when he can go to Bow Street and have it done free of charge. I am not half as virtuous as I was before I went to that trial.

In closing the case, Mr. Avory, who was, by the way, a bit "irreverent" to "Sir" John, remarked that the case would have to go before a jury. "Sir" John, a bit angry at losing his prey, made the following startling statement: "If a jury decide that the book in question is obscene, that does not make it so any more than if it decide that it is not obscene. Each man and woman must settle this question for him and herself in a common-sense manner." I felt inclined to shout, "Hear, hear!" but I restrained myself with an effort. A serious question now arises: What comrade is guilty of corrupting "Sir" John's morals; for I'll lay a wager that some one sold him an Anarchist pamphlet or a copy of *Freedom*? Speak up!

H. M. K.

Libertarian Literature.

We have received the following papers and pamphlets:

Nos. IX, X, of *L'Humanité Nouvelle*, A. Hamon, 5 Impasse de Bearn, Paris; 1 fr., monthly review.

Les Anarchistes et Les Syndicats, No. 8 of pamphlets edited by the Groupe des Etudiants Socialistes Revolutionnaires Internationalistes, Temps Nouveaux office, 140 Rue Mouffetard, 15 centimes.

Declarations de G. Etievant, Temps Nouveaux office 140 Rue Mouffetard, Paris, 10 centimes.

Rebeldias, Benjamin Mota, 80 Rua Moreira Cesar, San Paulo, Brazil.

The Right to be Lazy, being a refutation of *The Right to Work*, by Paul Lafargue. International publishing Co., 23 Duane Street, New York, 10 cents.

How we may dispose of our Surplus Products and How we may employ our Surplus Labor. Prize Essay by J. A. Kinghorn Jones, 22½ Geary Street, San Francisco, 10 cents.

Adult, June number; also *Presidential Address* by Lillian Harman.

Solidarity, No. 14, C. B. Cooper, 50 First Street, New York, fortnightly, 50 cents per year, 2 cents single copy; to be had also of H. M. Kelly, 7 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W. C., price 1d.

The New Nation, No. 1 of a new weekly published by the New Nation Publishing Co., Room 429 Charles Building, Denver, Col. Contains articles by Charlotte P. Stetson, Myron W. Reed, and other writers on the social movement.

Discontent, published weekly at Lakebay, Wash. Replaces *New Era*.

The proposed Weekly Paper.

COMRADES.—One of the results of the Anarchist Conference held in London last Christmas was the formation of a group for the bringing out of a weekly paper, to keep in closer touch with current news and more suited to reach the masses than the present monthly paper, *Freedom*. We have tried hard to obtain the necessary funds for this purpose. In the June issue of *Freedom* we appealed to you who are interested to communicate with us; and, for reasons unknown to us, have so far received no response through its publication.

The money we have now in hand is as follows:

Subscriptions: Gumplowicz	5 0	Various	8 0
" Bros. Macdonald	12 10 6	Christchurch Hall Concert	5 0
" Baron	5 0	Epping Forest excursion	14 11 4
" Jones	5 0	Total funds in hand	£2 12 11 4

This, of course, is not sufficient; and we strongly appeal to you to assist us if you wish to see the paper out. Please address all communications to the secretary of the "Free Lance" group—H. Jones, 10 Penton Place, Kennington Park Road, S.E.

THE NEED FOR A NO-RENT CAMPAIGN.

I have noticed for some considerable time past the evil tendency on the part of landlords to continually put up rents. The condition of the people not only does not improve, but goes from bad to worse. Employment is less secure, and the fear of want constantly haunts the workers.

The increase in the number driven mad as a result of the intense struggle makes it necessary for us to speak out very plainly on this as on other questions. It is our intention to organise the people into a No Rent League, where they may influence public opinion in the direction indicated: that it is to their material advantage to pay no more than may cover the cost of construction and maintenance alone. If they desire a material change in their social life, where poverty and the miseries generally associated with the lives of those who work shall be a thing of the past, this is in our opinion the most hopeful means of effecting the change.

Thousands of houses are nothing more than cesspools of vice and disease. During the last three months the hospitals for the prevention of the spread of contagious and infectious diseases have been full to overflowing; and it has been noticed that where the poorest of the workers dwell the amount they pay in rent is as a general rule in excess proportionately to the convenience provided. I have seen three children taken out from one house alone, dead, in a fortnight. They died from the effects of diphtheria. There was not a day passed without seeing the fever cart pass; and this is chiefly noticeable in the four-storey tenements in and around Ifield Road, South Kensington.

There are as many as thirty-four persons living in one house in this district; the house brings in as rent: 8s. per week for the basement, 12s. for the first floor, 12s. for the second, 10s. for the third and 8s. for the top. Is it any wonder that the people are poor? Is it any wonder that diphtheria and kindred diseases are on the increase and that the Asylums Board are at their wit's end to know how to provide accommodation for these stricken ones and the isolation necessary to prevent an epidemic—the outcome of insanitary dwellings.

It is no uncommon thing for some of my friends to have to pull their beds out into the centre of their rooms on account of the rain and sit with the umbrella protecting their children during the best part of the night; the wretchedly filthy and wet walls spreading sciatica, rheumatism, fever and pluri-sy; rickety staircases, little or no sanitary accommodation, inadequate supply of water for flushing purposes. Such hovels, I repeat are not houses.

The insolence of landlords in calling such rookeries "houses" is almost incredible. Such places should long ago have been demolished and proper cottages of about four rooms built with about a quarter of an acre back and front for purposes of health and profit. The landlords have been told again and again of the condition of the property and all they say is, "Well, if you do not like it you can go;" but that is not always convenient. If you go, the new place may be worse than the old; but the robber landlords certainly call with marvellous regularity for the blood-money, called "Rent."

The workpeople buy the rotten refuse of the world's markets and call it food. On getting aged or crippled through the negligence of their employers they go into the workhouse or over the Embankment into the Thames. As we do not separate the present from the future only in so far as we succeed in improving our own social position, so do we leave something for those who come after us. "No Rent!" then, is the cry. Many a family would be outside the workhouse and in their own homes were it not for the greed of the landlord. Many a widow could live comfortably were it not for his exactions. In fact, the increase in pauperism is the outcome of his extortionate demands. He it is who is responsible for the tramps, the land lying idle, the unemployed congested in the towns, the increase in lunacy.

It is our intention to conduct an agitation throughout the country, and it is earnestly requested that those who feel convinced that something serious should be attempted will communicate with us. Having considerable experience we find talk of little avail; it will not prevent the landlords impoverishing the people. Something more drastic is needed—a cessation of payment of rent.

Yours fraternally
J. L. PAGE.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.—So Etievant dies. Considering that government under the present French Republic pulsates between the two extremes of hysteria and bombast, there is nothing surprising in the fact. A man in France who asserts his rights as a human being must die—he is *de trop*. "The right to live is yours just so long as it suits their (the ruling minority's) good pleasure," so wrote Etievant in his *Declarations*, in 1892; six years have passed and now as he lies under sentence of death an oft-repeated truth asserts itself. It does not suit "their" good pleasure that any man, let alone an Anarchist, with sufficient force of character to resent injustice or persecution, should live. Found guilty, therefore, without "extenuating circumstances," although proved to be a sober, industrious workman and a good son to his father, he was immediately condemned to death; and with the courage natural to a man of his character he is reported to have immediately retorted, "*I scorn your sentence. Vive l'Anarchie!*" All that Society seems able to record against its latest victim is a theft of dynamite in 1892, the insertion of

an article in *Le Liberaire* and the wounding of two policemen. What Etievant has to record against Society naturally does not enter into the question. That he was hounded down by the police from the moment of his discharge last year from prison (where he had spent five years for his theft of dynamite) and effectually prevented from gaining a livelihood, seems established beyond doubt. Now what police brutality and *espionage* mean, only those who have suffered either know. The constant reiteration of a little ditty which used to regale the ears of the Irish police in Land League days, so shattered their nerves, it was said, that a fine or imprisonment became the penalty for singing it; police nerves are recognised by law; those of a suspect, or of any person Authority chooses to regard as a suspect, are not. A hunted beast, tortured and maddened by the yelps and fangs of the pursuing curs, is not thought "game" unless it turns at bay and rends its enemies; not so a human being under ban of suspicion. For him, if a worker, starvation; and always, if of some imagination or sensitiveness, the added torture of feeling watched; of knowing more or less certainly that habits, correspondence, friends, lie beneath the microscope, to be analysed and dissected at will. Etievant, a man of courage and great intelligence, resented this sensation; he may possibly have been a born fighter, but even the gentle dove has licence to fly at the eyes of the devouring cat; so the human worm at last turned. Six months ago Etievant fired at and wounded two policemen, and for thus vindicating his manhood and his right to daily bread—he dies. There is a malady, however, which no bourgeois Cabinet or Jury the world over will ever kill, and that is Thought. No, my masters, you may guillotine every Anarchist, and yet you will never slay Anarchism, the hydra-headed,—nor yet the spirit of revolt that your injustice has set ablaze throughout the world.

ITALY.—Italy is silent;—so is Vesuvius. But that does not mean that the fires are out. They are there, pent up, may-be, but raging all the more fiercely because repressed. Failure, we know, is sometimes the prelude to success, and the rulers of Italy have been taught a lesson such as they are not likely to forget. Women possess far more courage than they themselves suspect, and the noble audacity of the women and children who laid down their lives in what is little less than the cause of Freedom will for ever remain an example, not only to their compatriots, but to the starving and oppressed everywhere. Failure outwardly, yes. But though it did not kill, the people's thrust at the injustice and misrule of the government has gone home; there is a panic in high places, Rudini has resigned, and there seems the same difficulty in forming a new Ministry as in France. Perhaps that is why the garrison at Rome has been increased from ten to twenty thousand men; bayonets and parliaments seem synonymous terms in these days in more countries than one. But, meanwhile, the prisons are filling up, and young men and old are being daily sentenced for participation in the late revolt. Chiesi, director of the *Italia del Popolo*, has been allotted by court-martial six years' solitary confinement; Romussi, director of the *Secolo*, four years; Albertario, director of the *Osservatori Cattolico*, three years; the Russian lady, Kulisciev, two years. Italy is silent; the Press, the voice of the people, muzzled; but the fire of Revolution needs no other fuel than a solitary soul in a solitary cell, than devastated homes and new-made graves.

AMERICA.—Mr. Joseph Leiter graciously informs the world that he is solvent. He is not yet forced to break stones—it is easier to break the hearts of the poor; he need not deny himself peaches in December nor champagne all the year round; his kin and kind have rallied round the young and clever capitalist and will prop him up until he is ready to gamble once more with the lives of the people. The banks which advanced him the money for his large deals state that they are satisfied with the position of affairs and expect to lose nothing. Mr. Leiter can even afford to be humorous over the situation. He attributes the collapse of his wheat corner to "the tail having begun to wag the dog," which, being interpreted, means that futures broke faster than cash wheat declined. Perhaps some day, another tail—that of the "common people" may wag this and other capitalist-dogs to better purpose—off the face of the earth.

The only relief in a dark picture is the neat manner in which Mr. Armour, the competing corner-man, outwitted his rival. Set a thief to catch a thief! For thirteen months Leiter worked the scheme which was to bring him in millions by starving millions, and masked his identity so well, that it was only when bribery of telephone clerks and the shadowing of a trusted confidant were resorted to that the market discovered who the culprit was who was swindling them out of their cherished profits and mankind out of bread. But the heartless and iniquitous proceedings of American capitalists, as illustrated in this one case, seem at last to have borne a little fruit—to have set European Cabinets thinking. As long as countless multitudes suffer in silence, a government stirs not to amend an evil; but Revolt, which shakes the foundations of its fancied security, immediately arouses rancour at the dominating influence. So the formation of public granaries is discussed. Hunger has an ugly mouth when it shows its teeth.

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

The word egoism means a love of self to the exclusion of others; and the word altruism means a regard for others including self; yet there might be all degrees of a mixture of both, or an extreme of either. But

a real egoist cares only for himself, while a genuine altruist must care equally for both himself and others. For, while the egoist has only himself to look after, the altruist must take the same care of himself in order to enable him to take the same care for others.

And thus while egoism would prompt a person to be free and independent of others, so would altruism prevent a person from being a servant or slave to others. It is only those who are neither egoists nor altruists that care so little for themselves as to willingly remain in servitude to others. It is a disregard of self, both of its selfish and benevolent motives, that keeps people in poverty and oppression; for, as there is plenty of everything everywhere for everybody, if they would only take it, so it is only on account of their carelessness for themselves that they don't have it.—*Altruist*.

SOME COMPARISONS.

Are those Spanish merchants who profit from the tariff laws that force Cubans to trade with them any richer than our Havemeyers, Carnegies, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Hannas, etc.? Were the poor Cubans (before the war) any poorer than the thousands of our free American citizens in our city slums, mines, jails and suicides' list? Has an American citizen any better right on American soil than a foreigner—if he can't pay his rent? Can't he get the same right in England or Italy by paying rent? Then what better is an American than a Cuban?—witness the Latimer massacre, the Homestead riots, the humanity of our own (humane) Hanna and others.

A great deal has been said about Spain's methods of warfare (we are not defending them), but did we not blockade the South and try to starve them out; and did not that act force thousands of cotton-spinners in England to the edge of starvation? It was part of the Christian warfare, prayed for by Christian pastors, that built Andersonville and Libby prisons. How quickly we forget our own Christian fol-de-rols of war. All that Spain has done to Cuba, England has done to India, and eight million people starved to death this year as the result of the civilising efforts of Christian England, where rice, their staple food, has never been higher than one cent per pound; but the cent was so hard to get, thanks to England's diabolical taxation system.

And just as English slaves (from patriotism to the fetish Royalty) have been placed in battle against native slaves, to secure the investments of English capitalists; so do American slaves now go to fight Spanish slaves, to decide whose masters shall control the land that other slaves must live on, and so have all the financial advantages of chattel-slavery without the expense.

Funny, isn't it?—*Detroit Justice*.

Powerful types of men now possess the world; great aggregates of them have been consolidated; societies have been organized; and throughout the future the conflicts of nations—entailing on larger scales than ever before, death, devastation and misery—can yield to posterity no compensating advantages. Henceforth, social progress is to be achieved not by systems of education, not by the preaching of this or that religion, not by insistence on a humane creed daily repeated and daily disregarded, but only by cessation from those antagonisms which keep alive the brutal elements of human nature, and by persistence in a peaceful life which gives unchecked play to the sympathies.

HERBERT SPENCER.

I look with awe upon the works of men whose grace of soul left in such transcript, in stones and canvases, evidences of their sterling worth. But when I hear a child cry for food the most splendid adornments of your cities vanish. I hear nothing but that cry. And in the cry are the anguished faces of mothers and fathers whose children perish. Though the artists gather and chant pretty or dramatic regrets, I, who regret also, mingle with the throng of the dispossessed.

..... You whose incomes are fruited off the common tree, you who devote the general labor to your special pleasure, you who give favors to those but for whose favor your droned existence would be impossible, you who hold a high head under the hat of what seems a malicious circumstance, would do well to go to your closet, read history again, look into declarations and wise saws of statecraft, and do less with strut and pride hereafter than with apology and a revised behaviour. I would advise any man who is certain of his fortunes to give rapt ear to the hunger cry of the Italian child. We mourn in the quick of retaliation. The vandal comes, there is fire in his heel, many the rose-leaves he treads ruthless feet upon. You who cultivate art at the expense of life cultivate the vandal. When he comes you reproach him. He is your own creation. Nor will sword stay him. Only kindness will stay him, and enough to eat, and food in plenty for his children. That nether song which moles in forbidden soil. I saw you last night when these things were spectered in the darkness. They did not make your darkness less. Did the risen sun reduce the unrelieved black of your awakened regret? Will the outer sun ever mitigate that austere background? Not until the sun breaks forth from you. That will be undoubted day.—H. L. T. in *The Conservator*.

"SOLIDARITY." A fortnightly journal of Anarchist Communism, published at 50 First Street, New York City, U. S. A. 50 cents a year. J. H. EDILMAN, Editor. English subscribers may apply to H. M. KELLY, 7 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W. C., who can furnish back Nos.

The Rulers, the People and the Truth-tellers.

(A tale with a Moral)

And it came to pass in the Age of Asses, known to the wise sages as the "Age of Civilisation," that certain men ruled over the land.

These men took to themselves—for taking was their instinct—the titles of Royalty, Landlords and Capitalists.

They lived upon the People by taking to themselves all the land and instruments of production, distribution and exchange, leaving none for the Sons of Man—the People.

As the People lived by bread, they were forced to beg of their Rulers permission to till the land and use the machinery to produce food, clothing and shelter for themselves and their offspring.

But the Rulers sometimes refused this permission. And so it came to pass that many did starve and die in the high-ways and bye-ways; and many did sinfully slay themselves, and others did enter into a slavery called Pauperism. There were many who did partake of food, clothing and shelter without the consent of the Rulers—these were cast into prison and called Criminals.

Those who received permission to toil had most of what they produced stolen from them by what was called Profit, Interest, Rent and Taxes.

And the People bowed down and worshipped their Rulers, and sent them to a place which was called Parliament where the Rulers did form themselves into several parties for the purpose of playing an amusing game called "Politics," or "You in, Me out; Me in, you out."

The great object of this game was to see which could get the greatest applause from the People and, at the same time, rob the People of the greatest amount of wealth and liberty.

Sometimes one party won, and sometimes another party won; but the People *always* lost, for they did not understand the game.

The Rulers did all the thinking, and the People did all the toiling and starving. The People were told that they were always the winners in the artistic game of Politics, and they did believe for they did not understand;—such being their nature, that what they do not understand they believe.

And it came to pass that in the course of many years certain of the People learned to think. And they spake and told the People that the Rulers were frauds; that the Rulers had stolen the land and means of production, which did rightly belong to the People.

And the Rulers were filled with a fear; they knew that these men spoke that which was the truth. And they did wage war against these men by means of a trick used in the royal game of Politics.

This trick was to fight truth by means of falsehood, and to throw mud at your opponent.

Therefore, the Rulers did tell the People that these Teachers of the Truth were paid Agitators, who believed in sharing the money and blowing every one up with explosive bombs.

And the People, who knew not the rules of the factious game of Politics, did believe their Rulers and went forth and ill-treated and jeered at the Truth-tellers.

And the Rulers cast the Truth-tellers into prison, and did torture them, and did hang them.

But the speakers of the truth did not lose heart; for they did say: "We will wait."

MORAL—All things come to him who waits, even if it be to find sense and reason in the ears of an ass.

W. ANDERSON.

REVIEWS.

History of the Commune of 1871. Translated from the French of Lissagaray by Eleanor Marx Aveling. New York, 1898, International Publishing Co.

Lissagaray's work is one of the best histories of the Commune. A member of the Commune himself and a Socialist of independent opinion, Lissagaray combined the brilliant quality of an advanced and enlightened historian with the correctness of an honest eyewitness. We know only one historian of the Commune, Mr. Fiaux, whose work appeared some few years later, which is richer in documents and in historical investigations. Nevertheless, Lissagaray's History is one of the best, and English Socialists are indebted to the late Eleanor Marx for her translation of it.

W. T.

The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte, by Karl Marx. New York, 1898, International Publishing Co.

This monograph, first published in 1852, is a very good sample of contemporary Socialists' explanation of the *Coup d'Etat* on that 2nd of December in France. The followers of Marx, knowing nothing about the rich Socialist literature of other nations, think that the fundamental ideas of this monograph are proper to Marx himself. That is a great mistake. Not only the advanced thinkers of the time, but the general opinion of Socialist workers in Paris clearly conceived that the *Coup d'Etat* and the proclamation of the empire were the results of economic interests and the struggle of the middle-classes. It was under this conception that the French workmen formulated and introduced the statutes of the International Workingmen's Association that "The emancipation of the working classes must be accomplished by the workers themselves."

As an exposition of general Socialist views at the time, Marx's monograph, we repeat, is a very good one and will be read with interest.

W. T.

THE PROPAGANDA.

LEICESTER.

Anarchist Communist propaganda has been revived in Leicester by the formation of a society known as the Leicester Socialist League. A few members of the League belong to the local branch of the I.L.P., but the majority of those who take an active part in the outdoor propaganda are avowed Anarchists. We celebrated May Day as usual. The weather being wet the Trades Council quickly abandoned the Market Place; whilst we, taking advantage of the shelter offered by the Market Arch, held a fine meeting for about three hours, which was addressed by comrades Barclay, Bent and Stockton. We have also had two visits from comrade Will Banham. One on Whit Sunday and the other on 12th June. On both occasions he delivered able addresses to good-sized audiences in Humberstone Gate and Market Place. Our meetings have also been addressed on several occasions by comrades Crisp, Scott and Sketchley. Besides holding meetings we have been very active in the distribution of literature. *Freedom* and *Freedom* pamphlets we sell regularly at our meetings, and we have also distributed several thousand copies of the *Alarm* which comrade Banham kindly sent us. We have also had printed in leaflet form Kropotkin's lecture on the Development of Trade Unionism. This leaflet has been widely circulated among the members of the local trade unions, and our efforts in raising funds for its printing have been amply repaid by the good work it has accomplished. T.H.C.

MANCHESTER.

We continue our open-air propaganda meetings at the Square and the Cross. Sale of literature and the collections fairly good. A goodly number of our audience seem very sympathetic; but we have had some opposition. Comrade Kelly roused the ire of three or four Roman Catholics at the Cross, and one (who had been drinking "not wisely, but too well") threatened to knock him off the chair.—But he didn't; didn't even try.

Since our last report our speakers have been Barton, Barber, Houghton, Kelly, Welsh and Warwick. On Sunday, June 26, if there is a trip from Liverpool, we are to have Despres from there in exchange for Barton and Barber who go from here. But Sunday July 3: ah!—! (a long-drawn "ah!" comrade printer) that will be an event. Our old and much-missed comrade Stockton will travel from London to speak for us on that day. [See the *Clarion* and *Labour Leader*; aye! and the walls of Manchester and Salford; yea! and also the handbills published by the *Free Commune* Group, not forgetting those to be printed by comrade Webb—who, by the way, won't show up at our meetings—for the announcement of that fact] We shall also have a social gathering on the evening of Saturday, July 2, at 9 Regent Road, Manchester. Any comrade who can come, come. Tea at 5.30. Collection.

Hurrah for individual initiative! The whole thing is the result of the initiative of one comrade who conceived the idea, asked nobody's permission, but went in a strictly unofficial manner and got the assistance of all who would assist; and the result will be propaganda—and plenty of it. Go thou and do likewise.

We are trying to arrange some meetings for comrade Barnard, and will report thereon next month. P. J. KELLY.

ITALIAN RELIEF FUND.

An "Italian Relief Committee" has been formed by the London Trades Council, which has published a manifesto appealing for funds for those left destitute through the recent riots. Any contributions to this fund sent to *Freedom* will be acknowledged in our next issue.

Received: Liess 2s., Albert 2/6.

THE FREEDOM PRESS.

COMRADES.—We have determined to make an appeal to all friends and sympathisers in the international Anarchist movement on behalf of the "Freedom" Press, the object of which is to place the publication of Anarchist literature in England on a business basis. If £30 can be raised (and surely it can be), we shall be enabled to issue many new works of great interest and importance, besides issuing reprints of others which are badly needed. It would also aid us greatly in reducing the expense of the publication of "Freedom," and so avoid the constant and heavy strain that publishing at a loss necessarily entails on a few comrades who are only wage-slaves themselves. We hope, therefore, all who can help will do so to the best of their ability, and so aid in establishing a Freedom Press that we are all assured will have the deepest and most far-reaching effect on the Anarchist propaganda in England.

The following sums have already been guaranteed.—H. Glasse, 10s.; Rubin £1 (received); H. M. Kelly, £1; A. M., £1; Glasgow comrades, £10.

A NEW WORK BY KROPOTKINE,

A splendid propaganda pamphlet, to be published during July.

THE STATE: ITS HISTORIC ROLE,

Neatly bound in cover, 50 pp. Price: 2d.

Orders with cash should be sent at once to ensure prompt attention.

Sheffield Free Communist Group.

Everyone thinking the Anarchist Communist ideas worth discussing and spreading is invited to communicate with E. Delorme, 54 Daniel Hill, Upperthorpe, Sheffield.

FREEDOM PAMPHLETS.

- No. 1. THE WAGE SYSTEM. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 2. THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 3. A TALK ABOUT ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM BETWEEN TWO WORKERS. By E. MALATESTA. 1d.
- No. 4. ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM: ITS BASIS AND PRINCIPLES. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 6. ANARCHIST MORALITY. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
- No. 8. ANARCHISM AND OUTRAGE. By C. M. WILSON ½d.
- No. 9. ANARCHY ON TRIAL—George Etiévant, Jean Grave and Caserio Santo. 32 pages; 1d.
- No. 10. ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL. 1d.

Other Pamphlets.

- LAW AND AUTHORITY. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 2d.
 EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION. By ELYSEE RECLUS. 1d.
 AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 1d.
 THE CHICAGO MARTYRS. Their speeches in Court and the record of their trial, with the reasons given by Governor Altgeld for pardoning Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe; price sixpence. Spies speech in pamphlet form, 1d.
 GOD AND THE STATE. By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE. Price fourpence.
 AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY. By ELYSEE RECLUS. 1d.
 THE TABLES TURNED; OR, NUPKINS AWAKENED. A Socialist interlude. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1s. each.
 (Only a few of these original copies left.)
 THE COMMUNE OF PARIS. By WILLIAM MORRIS, E. BELFORT BAX and VICTOR DAVE. 2d.
 THE IDEAL AND YOUTH. By ELYSEE RECLUS. 1d.
 REVOLUTIONARY STUDIES. By PETER KROPOTKINE. 2d.
 CHANTS FOR SOCIALISTS. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
 SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY. By GUSTAV LANDAUER. ½d.
 MONOPOLY; OR, HOW LABOR IS ROBBED. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
 BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE L'ANARCHIE par M. NETTLAU. Préface d' ELYSEE RECLUS; Brussels, 51 rue des Eperonniers, 1897; 294 pp. 5 francs; post free for 4 shillings prepaid.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In future we must request that all orders for pamphlets be accompanied with cash. We are compelled to adhere to this as we need funds for reprinting.

GRAND FETE AND DEMONSTRATION

to celebrate the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the CHARTIST MOVEMENT,

will be held at

THE RYE HOUSE

on Saturday, July 23. Meeting at 4 p.m.

in front of the castle, which will be presided over by W. M. Thompson
 Tickets including railway return from Liverpool Street and admission to the castle gardens 1/4. Children half price. Full particulars of H. R. Taylor, 39 Valentine Road, Hackney.

LUCIFER. An exponent of Anarchism in sexual relationships. Price single copy, 1d.; one year, 6s., direct post paid. Edited and published by Moses Harman, Chicago, U. S. A. English agent: Henry Seymour, 51 Arundel Square, London, N.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Loan per N. F. D. £3.

Donations Publication Fund.—N. £1 18 6, C. Gibson 5s., S. Carter 1s., Nellie Shaw 1s., part of profit on Russian Dance per Wess £2, Collection do. 15s., W. T. 11s.

FREEDOM Guarantee Fund.—A. M. 5s., C. R. 10s., Finn 2s., C. M. W. £1., Henry W. Nevinson 2s., S. K. 5s.

Annual Subscriptions.—T. Bolas 2s., E. Marson (per *Clarion*) 1/6.

Sales of FREEDOM.—Norwich 3s., Levi (Leeds) per Funkin 2s., Duff 8s., Taylor 4s., A. M. 1/4, Wilkes 8s., J. Turner 9d., Liverpool 4/9, W. Wess 2/8.

Sales of FREEDOM Pamphlets.—H. Clay 8/3, A. M. 1s., W. Duff 12s., Wilkes 5s., Edinburgh 10s., N. Notkin (for *The State*) 6/4.

[With the assistance of the above loan and the profits on the Russian Dance we have been enabled to partly clear a debt of £10 which had accumulated on the publication of *Freedom* during the past twelve months.]

[Will comrades in the London and provincial Groups make a point of furnishing us with reports of their meetings and progress by not later than the 20th of each month.—ED.]

Printed and published by J. TURNER at 7 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W. C.