

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM

VOL. XXII.—No. 232.

AUGUST, 1908.

MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

THE TRADE SLUMP.

A Chronic Curse.

There is every indication that we are in for a very bad time from a business point of view. After the boom comes the slump, and the latter is already here in the middle of summer. What the coming winter will have in store is terrible to contemplate. At the very best, Capitalism is a chronic curse, exploiting Labour. But if it did this with some slight sense of personal responsibility, as in feudalism, or even slavery, it would not seem such a callous monster. As it is, it acts toward Labour as if the latter were free and independent, while withholding the economic forces which would enable it to be both in reality. The result is that for whole masses of the workers their misery is intensified beyond belief. Since, however, this horror of being unemployed only inflicts itself upon a minority of the workers at any given period, the danger to the exploiting class on this account is not nearly so great as if there was intense general misery among the whole of the working class at the same time.

No Permanent Cure.

And while the present period of slack trade will undoubtedly stimulate some legislative effort on the part of the Government, no permanent cure is possible short of the working class realising the necessity of its repudiating the entire claims of capital. Unfortunately, the fact that the Government, acting in the interests of capital as a whole, should clumsily attempt to mitigate the misery caused by commercial gambling in the production and disposal of wealth, is most likely to temporarily reconcile the workers to both capitalism and government, i.e., economic and political despotism. It will take a long time for them to fully understand that one is but the completion of the other, and that till they have developed the capacity to do without both there is no hope of finally settling these questions. When they do, they will know that Nature and past generations of workers have provided the means of production free to all, and that they can arrange their social life as free men without political masters of any kind.

The Next Meal.

Of course, this sort of plain speaking is not in favour even among the victims. It is the next meal they want! And there is nothing like hunger to break men's spirit. As far back as history goes they have sold their birthright for the mess of pottage. Any "wild cat" scheme that promised immediate relief would be welcomed before a final solution, which must necessarily take time to work out. It is this fact which gives such force to the contention of Kropotkin that in any revolutionary attempt Communism in consumption must be the first move, not the final one. We are likely to see some ugly incidents before long if trade gets worse. Since, however, the individuals composing the unemployed are constantly changing, some securing work and others being thrown out, there can be no solid organisation of this reserve army of labour as such.

In a Common Misery.

The only hope of making an imposing display of those out of work is for the organised Trade Unions to take this matter in hand. They are only just beginning to realise the importance of it to them. In the past they have been satisfied to mutually insure each other to a small extent against this risk. If only the skilled and organised workers would show their solidarity with *all* those suffering from this modern paradox—starvation in the midst of plenty—a great step forward would have been taken. Last year the London Trades Council woke up and arranged a very successful demonstration along these lines, the first of its kind. A really determined agitation should be begun in which every unemployed Trade Unionist ought to take part as a condition of receiving his benefit. The moral and educational

effect of bringing all the unemployed together would be enormous. Fancy the respectable out-of-work comp. or shop assistant rubbing shoulders with the unskilled labourer in a common misery!

A Sense of Solidarity.

It is this lack of imagination and initiative among the organised Trade Unions that accounts for their stagnation. Just imagine the effect upon the unorganised workers of coming in contact with those who have had the sense to partially provide against such a contingency! This, and the fact that the Unions were doing something to call attention to these things, would create the desire to follow their example in future. A broader and a bigger outlook is required from the Trade Union ranks. They must realise that their own future is linked with the future of all the other workers, and that their own best interests will be served by a sense of solidarity. This has been dimly seen and felt all the time; it must be made clear so that all may understand.

Great Social Changes.!

Just now the attention of the bulk of the workers in this country is focussed on Parliament. When a few years back the trade boom was at its highest, they were so busy trying to send the best and brainiest men from their ranks to the capitalist committee room, known as the House of Commons, that they forgot to try even for a further share of this prosperity. But now that this flourishing period has passed, the capitalists are immediately taking advantage of the distress of Labour to reduce wages, and so intensify the misery all round. In France, where the workers are no longer hypnotised by Parliamentary politics, they have been able to secure enormous advantages during these years, just as the militant New Unionism did in this country fifteen to twenty years ago when relying on direct action. If anything serious is to be done to mitigate the horrors of unemployment, the workers themselves must tackle it, otherwise it will be just as abortive as in the past. And when they do begin to deal with it seriously, we shall be on the verge of great social changes.

JOHN TURNER.

THE L. C. C. CENSORSHIP.

One of the L.C.C. by-laws is that no person shall sell literature on any open space under their control without first obtaining a permit. A comrade who applied for a permit last year was informed that it would be necessary to submit copies of all papers and pamphlets intended for sale, so as to prevent anything being sold which was likely to create a breach of the peace. This practically amounts to a censorship, from which there is no appeal. If the official says that a pamphlet is too violent, no permit is issued for it, and any one selling it is liable to a fine of £5.

Of course, these conditions were impossible for Anarchists, and were refused. So on Sunday, June 28, our comrade Sam Carter, after holding a meeting on Peckham Rye, sold some pamphlets among the audience. For this he was summoned at Lambeth Police Court on July 15, and fined 20s. and costs. As he refused to pay, he had to serve a week in Wandsworth Gaol.

On Sunday, July 26, Carter again went to Peckham Rye, and sold copies of *FREEDOM*, for which he had to appear at the same Police Court on Monday last, August 10, when the magistrate again fined him 20s. and costs, in spite of our comrade's plea that he sold the paper on the public road and not on the Council's ground. He again refused to pay, and this time he has to serve two weeks.

We hope that comrades will help Carter to fight this question on his release. In the meantime we must provide financial help, as he has a family dependent on him. We will be glad to receive subscriptions at *FREEDOM* Office for that purpose.

FREE LOVE.

Every religion is based on a God of Love.

The saying of Moses in the Old Testament, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and what Hillel in the Talmud says, "What is hateful to you do not to your neighbor," and that which is proclaimed by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and the one by Confucius, "Do not to another what you would not desire that he do unto you"—each of these sayings is called the Golden Rule, and they are accepted as a religious principle by a large following. Combined they cover the religion of the world. Why then do not the religious people religiously love? Why does wisdom then fail?

It is not for me to assume the guidance of the good and the wondrous wise; yet, may I not wonder whether the failure of practice to conform to precept may not be a misconception of love by the wise?

Suppose I had been experimenting with a colouring herb for years and had failed to get results. The very first to say that my formula is wrong would be the wise. They would insist that some one else should have the opportunity to try his recipe. I wonder what is wrong with that Love scheme of the wise. Everybody seems to want it. It is talked about by all and no one seems to have it. What's up? Church and State have ever been repositories of this wisdom, so I blame them for the failure to make it work, and I ask you for the privilege of demonstrating my love formula.

Church and State would make us believe that love is injected by force; it comes, they say, from some mystic where to the chosen few, who alone can furnish that article to those who feel in need of it. Therefore they established institutions, such as Sabbath schools, sewing circles, social settlements, reform clubs, anti-cigarette leagues, anti-vice societies, and the thousand and one others, for the purpose of changing the heart of man. Man will love when his heart is changed, they all say. I cannot imagine any advantage in changing that shape, which required ages to evolve, to a round or star-shaped heart. Beware, says Church and State, of getting love or into love by taboo paths. Obey Church and State, that thy days may be long in the sort of happiness which they ladle out to you. Love of any brand that has not the sanction of Church and State is lust and passion. To supply yourself without paying duty you are not only not receiving the genuine article, but are smuggling as well. The punishment for smuggling, if your case comes within the jurisdiction of the Church, is fire, brimstone, torment, ostracism, and other devices that may be summed up under the general head, Hell. Those who declare their allegiance by full payment of the required duties are promised harps of a thousand strings (with sufficient finger equipment to fetch forth heavenly music), golden streets, avenues of jasper and amethyst, radiant halos, rapid-action wings, and a large repertoire of songs. The State likewise has a schedule, whereby both rewards and punishments are not so long delayed.

These penalties, whether in the hereafter in hell or before you have time to get there, are in the name of love, law and order, progress, and good citizenship. After having a fair trial for a few thousand years, I charge them with incompetency, their formula being an entire failure. I have examined their books, and the net balance found is great liabilities and no assets. Man is further away from happiness and love than ever before they took charge. They had good advertising and a fair trial, and have failed to produce results. Man is getting further and further away from Love. Instead of here and there a murder, they are slaughtering themselves and each other by the wholesale; strikes, lockouts galore; jails, prisons overcrowded; the soldier's home, the orphan's home, the homes for foundlings, the home for the incurable, the home for reformed prostitutes, testify that the people are getting further and further away from brotherly love.

"Reverse!" says Jacob. "The assumption that the mass of mankind is a loveless agglomeration of individuals is false, and accounts for the falsity of our common life. You have been trying to grow your potatoes on top of the stalk instead of underground. They will not grow there. Nature has decided otherwise. If you desire potatoes you must look for them where life has placed them."

"Reverse your entire plan of life, cast away the things you have taken up; gather up the things you have cast away. Take off the label 'Evil' you have placed upon the things you have cast aside and label it 'Good.' Seek in the opposite direction for life, and you will find rest, love, and satisfaction."

There is in the heart of the "masses" a great surging volume

of love seeking an outlet. There is in the heart of these people a vast wealth of love that clamors to be freed from all imposts and repressions. But a sentinel stands in the way preventing expression. There is a taboo on free expression of Love.

This vigilant sentinel-inspector of the custom-house of Church and State stands ready to fire on whoever frees Love.

This is the world's tragedy, that its Love is in bondage! O for the great Emancipation! Sore is the heart of man, for Love is in chains!

Do you think people need to be educated to love? Observe the gallery of a cheap playhouse; hear the illiterate, unkempt street waif applaud with all the vigor that a loving heart commands when the heroine is saved from mimic danger. You laugh at the cordial plaudits that the gallery yields to melodrama. That is because you know no better than to mock the spontaneity of love. We dislike spontaneity. It is too free and unrestrained. We crave reposeful dignity. Think of a dignified Cupid!

Do you remember reading the story of that poor convict who escaped from prison and had succeeded in baffling the searching parties. He was securely shielded in a thicket near a village. There was an alarm of fire, and he heard a frantic mother shrieking for assistance for the rescue of her child. To offer help meant reincarceration. Nevertheless he did not hesitate. His face was scorched when he delivered the child unscathed to its mother, but under the soot and burns there was a look of satisfaction even when the officers took him back to his living tomb.

What is this enthusiasm of the newsboy and the convict? Is it not love? Society imprisons the one and degrades the other, because they are judged to be without love.

Take the word of a fool that society's wisdom is at fault. The misery of the world is due, in spite of all your findings to the contrary, to the fact that the heart is not free to express itself; and how to free the heart is the problem.

If I have an ulcer in my throat and am nearly famished because of the difficulty of swallowing my victuals, the problem that confronts me is not how to increase my appetite, but how to assuage it. Read the faces of the people and you will see that their heart is breaking because they love and are prevented expression.

The man who dropped a nickel in the cable slot to stop the car was wise in comparison to him who thinks that Love can live otherwise than free.

Love does not work at all unless it be so simple as to be automatic and spontaneous. It is not by "trying," but by "letting;" that happiness is realised. Little children love without restraint, and they are and remain happy until a perverted education prompts them to suppress love. To love! To love freely without analysis or question. Love and the capacity to love increases until it is all-embracing. He who loves, loves even when hated, is true to the love law. If I love you because you love me, that is barter, not love. My love will then depend on the extent of your love for me.

If you love God because of the desire to go to Heaven, the conception you have of Heaven determines the extent of your love. As you really cannot conceive Heaven you really do not love him at all. Anything worth having cannot be bought, therefore you get it for nothing. Love that can be bought is not worth the price. The most precious thing in life is the love of my mother. I received it gratuitously and undeservedly, giving pain in return. I love with all my being, even if the torments of Hell would be its reward. I love, because I love to love.

Love does not come by talking about it, not any more than a corn-field comes into being by talking about it. Suppose all the gardeners of the city would talk and pray flowers, how many flowers will you have? How unreasonable you are to expect love to come that way. This is the law of propagation: a seed must be sown in order that an object may grow and multiply.

The blockade is effective, and I admit that I do not know how we shall raise it, for they who make it so can supply you arguments by the ton that it is wise as well. And the world is with the blockaders.

The miscreant who cries "Stop thief!" when running from his pursuers has this sort of blockader wisdom. Who, indeed, would think of seeking the thief at the very head of the chase? Likewise it is that they who most earnestly preach to us to love our neighbors are the most diligent in preventing us from giving expression to that impulse.

They who so loudly preach this—does their love evince any semblance of it in their treatment of their fellows? Is it love that proclaims that the husbandman must pay "duty" for the use of the earth? Is the love he preaches back of such a claim?

It is the wolf in the covering of a peaceable lamb. Love is the landlord's mask. It is fair to look upon, and he employs the blockading forces of Church and State to lull us with his false pretenses of love. And it is the chief business of society to justify the mask.

But a velvet glove covers the mailed fist. It is a part of the garish masquerade. And so we do not see the iron hand beneath its false exterior. We are soothed by the very insistence of kindness which the velvet glove denotes. And so we do not recognise the force that inheres in the armor that it conceals. Else would we discern the challenge and meet it. It's a clever game, there's no denying. And right well do the blockaders play it. The blockade is not maintained, they assure us, for our hurt, but for our protection. How dearly we love our protectors; and how well they know that when we discover that the mystic inscription on their banner means force that we too will employ force. But no one sees through the deception save here and there a fool.

Any scheme of society that requires force to maintain its stability must fail. Society professes to be the defender of right and justice. More than half of mankind accepts this protestation without cavil. Yet I am the only fool!

There's not a land title in all the world that is free from taint of force and fraud. Not one. For no one can claim title from the maker. And there is no other valid title to ownership. And they who defend land titles are accessory to fraud. This is a stern indictment, though writ by a fool. This army of fraud is the force that prevents the interflow of love that would make all the world a paradise were it free.

Your heart cries for a chance to live and love. It is dying to love and your wisdom stands in the way. How long, I ask you, do you think that Life will consent to let you suppress love?

Has not history taught you that when fools awake, stretch, and shake themselves, the wise look foolish? I see that you do not understand.

One of the blockaders said to me not long ago that he could trace his title back to the original conqueror. He does not see the danger in the admission that his titles are of conquest, for I may some day feel like contending with him on that basis for his holding. When we no longer acquiesce in titles by conquest they will fall. And with the fall we will not need to meet force and fraud by force and fraud.

There is no love in bond-love. There is no freedom in love short of all freedom.

(This article is from an American book entitled "Thoughts of a Fool," which contains many brilliant and sarcastic chapters. We have secured a few copies, and are selling them at 2s., postage 3d. It is cloth bound, with an illustrated cover. First come, first served.)

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw

The earliest furrow on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feeble age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; or yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A FLOATING TWIG.

There, on the bosom of the vast ocean, a young twig lay gently floating. It was obvious that it had not long been torn away from the tree on which it grew, as it was still green and fresh, and even had some leaves attached to it. It flowed in the direction of an island, a green, beautiful island situated in the midst of the boundless ocean.

Slowly and smoothly the young twig moved along, and by degrees, almost imperceptibly, it came nearer and nearer to the shores of the island. Indeed, at times it seemed quite within easy reach of it; but suddenly a storm would break and set the waters into commotion. Ah! what a pity 'twas then to look at the poor twig! It no longer drifted with the stream in a straight direction, but was tossed about by the ferocious waves hither and thither, now rising mountains high, now sinking low as if into a bottomless abyss.

Sometimes the twig would be carried a long way from the island. In vain did it struggle to resume its former course—it was too weak and powerless against the fury of the waves.

However, when the storm abated and the sun emerged from behind the clouds, the twig looked young and fresh again. Once more it was seen floating gently and unperturbed towards the shores of that beautiful, charming island. Nothing seemed to obstruct its way now, and after a long and laborious struggle it came much nearer to it than ever before. Once it was even seen to touch its shores. But just at that moment the elements, as though offended at the audacity of such a weak, insignificant thing daring to engage in battle against them, grew wrathful and ferocious again. This time the tempest was stronger and more terrific than ever. Those who happened to be afloat on the sea watched this spectacle with the greatest interest.

"No, it will not survive the storm," cried some. "Look! look! it is going down. It will perish!" And in sooth the little twig suddenly disappeared behind the waves, and was nowhere to be seen. But others, witnessing the persistency with which it continued in its onward course, were somewhat more optimistic. "It will appear again!" they exclaimed. "Yes, it will appear again and will take up the struggle with renewed strength and vigour until it will succeed in reaching the island at which it aims. And there, in the rich and fertile soil, it will implant itself and soon grow into a large, beautiful tree, bearing the most sweet and delicious fruit."

And lo! the twig was discovered floating again on the surface of the water. But now it could hardly be recognised, for it looked old, broken and bruised, and had lost almost all its leaves. Yet, notwithstanding the numerous trials and dangers it underwent in its long, fruitless combat, it still continues to float towards that island, so alluring, so beautiful, so enchanting. Will it ever reach it?

SOL DAVIS.

ANARCHISM.

By DR. PAUL ELTZBACHER. Translated by S. T. BYINGTON.

With Seven Portraits.

An impartial and unbiassed study and analysis of the doctrines of the leading Anarchists of the world from Godwin downwards, with extensive extracts from their works. This is perhaps the best survey of the subject yet written. The contents embrace:—1. The Problem. 2. Law, the State, and Property. 3. Godwin's Teaching. 4. Proudhon's Teaching. 5. Stirner's Teaching. 6. Bakunin's Teaching. 7. Kropotkin's Teaching. 8. Tucker's Teaching. 9. Tolstoy's Teaching. 10. The Anarchistic Teachings.

6s. 6d. net; postage 4d. extra.

FREEDOM Office, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N.W.

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

Monthly, One Penny; post free, 1½d.; U.S.A., 3 Cents; France, 15 Centimes.

Annual Subscription, post free, 1s. 6d.; U.S.A., 36 Cents; France, 1fr. 80c.
Foreign subscriptions should be sent by International Money Order.

Wholesale price, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26 post-free in the United Kingdom.

All communications, exchanges, &c., to be addressed to

THE MANAGER, 127 Ossulston Street, N.W.

The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles.

Notice to Subscribers.—If there is a blue mark against this notice your subscription is in arrears and must be sent before next month if you wish to go on receiving the paper.

Money and Postal Orders should be made payable to T. H. Keell.

Tolstoy's Noble Appeal.

"I cannot endure it. . . . I will not live so!"

Such is the protest which the greatest living moralist, Russia's genius, Tolstoy, addresses to the Czar, the Government, and the whole Russian nation. The grand old man is revolted by the legalised murder which for more than two years has been despoiling Russia of her most energetic, and if not her most talented, certainly her most capable and courageous youth.

From the outset of this policy of extermination every Russian, man or woman, has been filled with growing indignation and hatred. Many tried to denounce the murderous system; the Russian Press gave day after day the eloquent figures of executions and death sentences; the best Liberal orator in the Duma, Rodicheff, speaking of those atrocities, unprecedented in Russian annals, said that Stolypin's ropelike necktie would live in Russian history as the symbol of his hangman's policy. The English and foreign papers called attention to the so-called Russian military justice, quoting the number of victims. But all these accusations are nothing compared to Tolstoy's terrible indictment of the Czar's policy, his officials' cruelty, and of the barbarity and depravity of Russian political and religious life.

Only Tolstoy, the great moral teacher of the world, was able to be the mouthpiece of the conscience of the Russian nation and to express the feelings of millions with such touching simplicity and truthfulness, with such vigour and indignation.

"Before being hangmen, generals, public prosecutors, Premier or Czar—are you not men?" he asks.

"You say you commit all these horrors to restore peace and order. You restore peace and order! By what means do you restore them? By the fact that you, the representatives of a Christian authority, leaders and teachers approved and encouraged by the servants of the Church, destroy the last vestige of faith and morality in men, by committing the greatest crimes: lies, perfidy, torture of all sorts, and the last, most awful of crimes, the one most abhorrent to every human heart not utterly depraved—not just a murder, a single murder, but murders innumerable, which you think to justify by stupid references to such and such statutes written by yourselves, in those stupid and lying books which you blasphemously call the laws."

This judgment of Tolstoy's will rest on the Czar, his Government, and his monks; and no prayers, no repentance will whitewash them before posterity and history.

There are few authors in the world's history so true to themselves and their humanitarian ideals throughout a long literary career as Tolstoy. Nearly sixty years ago for the first time he defended in his beautiful novel, "Childhood and Youth," the purity of individual life and the rights of the poor and humble, which afterwards he so brilliantly developed in his masterpieces, "Anna Karenina," "My Confession," "Resurrection," and others.

Everywhere we see that Tolstoy is not only an enthusiast of abstract humanity, but that he loves the human being, his living neighbour; that he suffers with his fellow men, and is joyful with them in their joy.

In religion he is not a thinker of such and such a Church or sect, but he is seeking after truth and love, the New Testament with its Sermon on the Mount being the basis of his morality and faith.

As a political and social thinker, again, he appears not as a man of abstract theories, but as one striving for a commonwealth

where the humble producer may enjoy his full liberty and rights.

We know from his own writings that Rousseau, Proudhon, and Dickens had a great influence on him in his youth. As Rousseau in his "Social Contract" tried to define an ideal democracy, so Tolstoy in "The Kingdom of God is Within You" depicts a Communist society free from State, legislation, and regulations. Following Rousseau, who in his "New Heloise" appeared a theoretical reformer of education, so Tolstoy for many years published educational works, and at the now famous Yasnaja Poliana practically demonstrated on the peasant children his ideas of education.

Proudhon declared "Property is theft," and defended Anarchist conceptions of the State. Tolstoy opposes private ownership, and believes in Free Communism and peaceful Anarchism. Like Proudhon's "La Paix et la Guerre," Tolstoy's Sebastopol sketches render war and militarism odious and hateful. Being a man true to himself and his principles, Tolstoy abandoned his military career, cast away promotion, his title and position of a general and Count, donned the blouse of a peasant, and for years worked in the fields and in his study, which he turned into a workshop.

Like Dickens in his inimitable novels, so Tolstoy preaches to the Russian people kindness and love to all those that suffer, to the poor and humble, and especially to children.

Such is the man who was excommunicated from the Holy Orthodox Church by the rapacious and hypocritical monks and clergy, who by this act excommunicated themselves from humanity, which loves and admires Tolstoy for his individual purity and moral courage. The latter have never been better demonstrated than by his passionate appeal and protest, when, in defiance of Czar and Government, he exclaims:—

"I can no longer endure it! I write this and will circulate it by all means in my power, both in Russia and abroad; that one of two things may happen: either that these inhuman deeds may be stopped, or that my connection with them may be snapped and I put in prison, where I may be clearly conscious that these horrors are not committed in my behalf; or still better (so good that I dare not even dream of such happiness), they may put on me, as on those twenty or twelve peasants, a shroud and a cap, and may push me also off a bench, so that by my own weight I may tighten the well-soaped noose round my old throat."

Let us see if the Czar will dare to stretch out his blood-stained hand for Russia's greatest son.

W. TCHERKESOFF.

HADDON HALL CONFERENCE.

There was a good gathering on Bank Holiday, comrades coming from all parts, Manchester, Liverpool, and Leicester being well represented. The greater number met near the Hall about one o'clock, and it was pleasant to have a hearty handshake from comrades who previously were only known by correspondence.

The conference, which began about two o'clock, was held near a beautiful bend in the river. Various methods of propaganda were discussed, but the wholesale distribution of leaflets proposed by our old comrade Frank Kitz met with general acceptance as being the best substitute for speakers, which we lack so much at the present moment. The comrades were pleased to hear that the circulation of FREEDOM had doubled during the last two years, and that there was a steady increase in the demand for literature. A collection for FREEDOM realised 12s. 1½d., and for the Leaflet Fund 6s.

Tea was taken at the usual place at Rowsley, about forty sitting down; after which we adjourned to the meadows, where singing and conversation passed away the time all too quickly. The weather was most enjoyable, and everybody agreed that it was a pleasant day well spent. The meeting-place for next year was not definitely settled, but no doubt Comrade Gorrie will be able to suggest one when the time draws near.

THE "VOICE OF LABOUR" GROUP

Have arranged an

EXCURSION to LOUGHTON

ON

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30.

TICKETS—Adults, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence.

Obtainable at FREEDOM Office and Workers' Friend Club.

Tea at the "Robin Hood" at 5 o'clock.

Profits go to Propaganda Fund. Come and enjoy yourselves.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR HUMAN FREEDOM.

Seen from a distance, the Suffragists' movement evokes sympathies even among those who, as Anarchists, abhor their political aims. It is because we so seldom see people of all classes working together for a common purpose, leaving the well-trodden paths of legality and conventionality, and to some extent imposing sacrifices upon themselves. All other movements—the women's and the Anarchist movements excepted—are class movements, which, however ideal their beginnings may be, necessarily lead to class egoism of growing narrowness, and, as in the case of Social Democracy, do everything to perpetuate the class which they seek to abolish. Even Anarchism—this is my personal opinion, from which many Anarchists may differ—has, by the introduction of mere class interest, lately been narrowed and thinned to Syndicalism, which may strengthen, but will perpetuate, the working class. Instinctively, therefore, we are glad to see people once more struggle together as men and women, as human beings pure and simple, not as an artificial class—it reminds one of the early days of Socialism and Anarchism.

But the object of this struggle—the suffrage—what a pitiful object it is! Are men happy who have got it? They fought for it and gained it by revolutions, and what does it really mean? Thousands of you are permitted to give your vote to an ambitious person, who through this, with others similarly elected, becomes your master, dictates laws and taxes for you, and either supports or is unable to overthrow a Government which by means of soldiers and police enforces these laws, exacts these taxes, and may kill you or deprive you of everything you own if you refuse to submit. The person who cringes for your vote, the moment he is returned becomes the tyrant who sets his foot on your neck. And what are you yourself when voting? You are a tyrant of the same description, because you also wish to impose your will on all others—wish to see people killed if necessary to enforce laws which may please you but not them. The political machinery is so complicated, and all its grinding wheels are so masked by constitutional and patriotic cant, that few voters as yet feel the responsibility which lies upon them, their active share, however small it may appear, in all the vile deeds done in the name of law and order. But the feeling of repulsion against the horror and humbug of Parliamentarism is growing; to the old parties it has long since become a mere matter of business—office and profits. Even its fondest admirers—Social Democrats and Labour parties—see how utterly powerless Parliamentary action leaves them, except in cases, not infrequent, when they simply act like the old parties, take part in Government, in compromises—in short, betray all their principles. If you wish to see a thing done, do not wait for others—do it yourself, here and now. This principle of *direct action*, which at all times was the way of action of independent men and women, is rapidly spreading (and here Syndicalism does its most useful work); nay, even the many, many devices of warfare which Suffragists use as short cuts to their aims, their defiance of laws,—all this is direct action and opposed to Parliamentarism. Why, then, should the women's movement end in the miserable *cul de sac* of one out of so many extensions of the franchise, none of which made mankind happy?

How callous and cruel men have become by endless ages of political power. Few will shrink from acts, however infamous they appear to the non-political mind, the moment they consider their responsibility covered by superior orders, a title of law, or a majority vote. Fortunately, a great number of women still conserve natural feelings and sentiments, whilst others seem hopelessly driven by envy and ambition to take active part in the cruel doings of men. Instead of diminishing cruelty, they will add to it. Women by authority and power become, like men, mere tools for oppression and cruelty. Are nuns in convents or female warders in prisons examples to the contrary? I believe not. No doubt the female Asquiths and Burnses are already among us, and even a Mrs. W. E. Gladstone may be in prospect for the long-suffering public; no doubt also that the female persons of this type, those craving for power, will sooner or later get into Parliament and double the attractions of that august assembly, and finally become members of the Government and sign death warrants. But once more I ask, Is *this* going to be the outcome of a movement that has roused so many thousands of women, and, I am glad to believe, set them thinking, and also willing to examine whether women's action might not find a truer scope, a higher goal?

Anarchism means an independent life—that is, a life shaping its own course independent of the economic, political, moral, and other interference of other people, and, we believe, bound up by

the most varied voluntary ties of solidarity and co-operation with fellow beings to whom we feel attracted. If such a state of things had to be created artificially, it would be as impractical to wait for its realisation as to wait for wings to grow on us. But important elements of Anarchism have always existed among men, and all these will rise by-and-by from their latent and hidden stage. One of these elements is, indeed, the present position of women.

Whilst men, greedy for power, created the State and succeeded only in mutually enslaving each other, women, at one time crushed by the brutal force of men, conquered the home. Many homes are wretched, it is true, on account of the worthlessness of one or both of their components, or by their wrong assortment. But many women succeed in making the home a little Anarchist group, with no master, no slave; and the brutal qualities which men acquire in political and business life are softened down in the home. If economic difficulties can be staved off, such women live in a small way as Anarchists would, choosing their own work, their own leisure, their own friends; being on terms of equality with all, of solidarity with a family circle. It is a foretaste of coming Anarchism, and in this way women see much more of freedom—enjoy freedom, ease, and absence of cares—than men ever do. Why, then, instead of spreading this state of things from the happy women to the less happy and to the unhappy—instead of trying to make men who are softened in the home by true women, less and less brutal in business, official, and political life—instead of using their immense power for good to conquer freedom for women and men, why will they concentrate their energy on becoming men's accomplices in cruel public life?

The result will be disastrous for progress: what women conquered by the effort of ages, freedom and mutual respect in the home, will be exchanged for a public life that makes them wretched duplicates of men. Instead of helping to free men by their influence on men and on children by their example, which, in the end, could not be resisted, we shall have male and female Asquiths, male and female police constables—the horrors of the State, which women could soften and finally remove if they only wished to, would be doubled and perpetuated.

No franchise for women, but disfranchise men—this ought also to satisfy their desire for complete equality which is yet absent, a desire which pushes forward the better, the enthusiastic part of the Suffragists. (Not the ambitious ones, for they wish to be elected, to rise above the others, and to trample equality under their feet.) To disfranchise men sounds queer, but for long it has been done by Anarchists and Syndicalists who *abstain from voting*. This "strike of the electors"—what immense support it would win from women who persuaded the men at their side not to vote, to make a desert round the State, to withhold all support from the State, to boycott all connected with the State, and thus to ignore, to "cut" the State, which, if deprived in this way of support and supplies, must by-and-by climb down, linger, and die of inanition—and mankind would be free! This would be the true scope of woman's action—to extend her own freedom to us all, and woman would thus lead the way in the emancipation of humanity.

It is too much, perhaps, to expect that all efforts would be concentrated on this purpose, but every small beginning counts; the decisive weight will be composed of numberless small particles, and now that women are roused and enthusiastic, let them begin.

If women smart under oppression, why not abolish the power that crushes them instead of wishing to have a share in it? When I said how, in my opinion, this might be done in private life by exercising a convincing influence on men, I did not wish to deny that women may also further their cause by public action, to which they are roused at present. But what is their cause but the cause of all of us—that of human freedom?

Many of them, working women and girls, are exploited worse than ever men were, because they are weaker. Only the destruction of capitalism can change this thoroughly; in the meantime they can struggle for somewhat better conditions of life, an everyday struggle which revolutionary Syndicalists do not reject. These working women ought to adopt all the methods of action of Syndicalism, but all other women ought to help them by a boycott of all sweated industries, by supporting their strikes, by helping them to organise co-operatively, etc.

But there are other problems which women alone can solve among themselves, if only, moved by a generous spirit, they would declare war to *prejudice*, that *moral slavery* under which they all suffer, and which is more harmful to them than a thousand Asquiths. If men are often cruel to women, is this a reason why women should be cruel to their own sisters? From

their monster gatherings in England rises the stale, shallow cry of "Votes for women!"—a cry for power and new masters. How beautiful would it be if the cry were heard at last: "*Humanity to women, and, before all, among women! War against moral prejudice!*"

This prejudice is old and manifold, as we all know. The unmarried mother is an outcast, more pitied by men than by women; the fallen girl on the streets is an outcast, sympathised with by many men, but mercilessly despised by almost all women. In a lesser degree this ostracism aims at every free sentiment a woman may feel, at every thought outside the trammels of respectability. Again, female servants are considered as less than domestic animals by their mistresses. But who can enumerate all the torments which women inflict on women, moved by prejudice, envy, jealousy, vanity, etc.?

Here is a field for direct action for all women who will reject and scorn these prejudices and act in this spirit; and from the immense meetings all over England, and soon all over the globe, that new cry should arise: "*No further victims to prejudice!*"

Other problems are near, like that of war. Let these meetings declare that women henceforth will consider soldiers and officers as they would consider murderers who had killed or were preparing to kill their own children—for they intend to kill the sons of mothers in other countries, and foreign soldiers intend to kill their own sons. Where is the difference? Murderers all! Women should therefore cease all social relations with soldiers and officers—make them feel the isolation of the anti-social beings they are.

In this way many problems would soon be a step nearer solution, once women look at them in an unsophisticated way and tackle them directly. If they trust to their future lady Members of Parliament, they will only be told that war is necessary, soldiers are essential, morals cannot be touched, labour laws will have to wait, etc. They will be fooled as men have been by their representatives in Parliament for all these centuries.

If all these demands are considered too bold, the cry might be raised: "*Stop the hanging of men and women, of girls and boys, in Russia!*" and were all social relations to cease with those near and far connected with Government and Parliament until at least *this* is achieved, would not such a cry sound wider and louder than the paltry cry for doubling the machinery of political humbug and fraud, reviving the dying Parliamentarism, and making women the accomplices of the crimes of power and authority?

Those women who are Anarchists might do good work, I believe, if at the present moment of awakened interest they would explain to all women the fallacy of politics. As women are quickwitted, perhaps they will soon be as willing to fight politics as they now are to cry for a share in them; and then they would give inestimable help to the cause of coming human freedom.

N.

WHO ARE THE ANARCHISTS?

Our capitalistic Press has always referred to the Anarchists as violent and dangerous people who have no other pleasures in life but to cause disorder and chaos in society. Now, the Anarchists have to expect these remarks and persecutions from rulers, statesmen, taskmasters, and tyrants who trade on the ignorance and patience of the masses, because they are bitterly opposed to these parasites, and want to develop a sensible and thinking people. The Anarchists have exposed the real object of the State, and showed the civilised(?) barbarism of this institution. They revealed all the crimes the State had committed for the purpose of keeping up private ownership. It has always been the State using brute force that has prevented the development of liberty and equality in the world. The State was introduced into social life as the "impartial judge and loving father," and the Anarchists tore the mask off its features and introduced it to the world in its proper form, as an organisation embodying slavery and reaction, and as the political tyrant of the possessing class in society. The State is a corporation legalising cruelty, swindling, and robbery; the organiser of wholesale murder, and the suppressor of every free instinct. The symbols of the State are the prison and gallows.

That is why we should not wonder when all Governments, without exception, from the Russian autocracy to the American Republic, have agreed to annihilate Anarchism. This endeavour is only a repetition of old experience, that every Government, under whatever form it manifests itself, will always use violent means when it has to defend its position against new and revolutionary ideas.

The Anarchists attack private ownership, seeing in this institution the cause of inequality, subjugation, and social dependence. The monopoly of property made strangers of the people in their homes. We are told that private ownership is the foundation of every true civilisation; and if this is true, then the majority of the people are in a state of savagery and social barbarism, for private ownership does not exist for them but for a small minority of privileged idlers who appropriate the land, factories, railways, and all the other social riches. To every millionaire there are thousands who do not possess anything, and who have to suffer more hardships than the slaves of old. The people cringe and beg for work from the privileged thieves, and, if it is profitable, a few bites of bread are thrown to the beggars; but when the capitalistic needs are satisfied, the worker can slowly die of hunger.

Private ownership is most brutal in its effect, and at the same time is the bedrock of tyranny. Everybody in society feels its lashes: the factory worker, the agriculturist, the teacher and scholar, the artist, the discoverer, and the inventor—of all the results of their mental and bodily exertions the capitalistic parasite takes the cream. He amasses riches from the misery of others, and signs his bonds with the blood of his victims, who succumb to the poisonous atmosphere of his factories and industrial prisons. All the brutal abuses and all the terrible deeds of the darkest periods in history are nothing in comparison with the crimes committed by the exploiters in the hunt for millions.

All relations between the people are poisoned through the effect of the property plague, and friendship and love have become in many circles mere matters of speculation.

The Anarchists recognise this institution as being the most dangerous and disgusting in human society, and ask that all should have enjoyment of this earth, and that the brutal animal instincts of "mine" and "thine" should entirely disappear. They are doing a great and noble work in propagating these ideas, and they are certain that all the violent actions of the ruling classes will not hinder the carrying out of these noble and historical duties. Sooner or later, the large army of the poor and miserable masses will come over to our side and unite with us in our righteous struggle. All the tactics of the privileged class, whether they take place in Russia or America, are powerless against the development of the new idea.

The Anarchists are atheists, for they do not believe that the past with all its crimes was the work of a "loving God," and they do not believe that a God or a Messiah, or any other fatalistic Utopian idea can alter present conditions. They oppose all heavenly and mysterious powers in relation to human matters. God has always been the defender of the tyrants, and the priests have always suppressed any sign of free thought. At one time the clergy blessed the crimes of the absolute monarchs; to-day they bless the profits of the rich, which are based on the tears of the poor. At one time they blessed the bloody wars of the despots; to-day they bless the armed hooligans of the bourgeoisie. The Anarchists do not expect any reforms from "above," but they base all their hopes on the free action and solidarity of the people, who are unable to develop all their abilities owing to the systematic crippling of the human character and faculties.

As regards the morality which is based on the corrupt foundation of the present society, we declare ourselves to be anti-moralists. We have already dealt with the morality of private ownership; that is, the morality which protects legalised robbery and at the same time condemns numberless people to hunger, poverty, and death. Present-day society claims that the marriage institution is holy, in spite of the fact that many marriages take place which are mere money concerns. In the present state of society, friendship and love have become spoiled and corrupt through the interference of material interests, exactly as other human intellects and capabilities have been degraded through becoming ordinary merchandise.

The whole of the present morality is only a thin veil which covers an enormous stagnant swamp, and prostitution is the logical outcome of it all.

The family is also recognised as being a holy institution, yet at the same time children are taken from their homes and families only to fall victims in far-off countries to the rapacity of the capitalistic parasites.

We Anarchists despise such morality, for we uphold the idea that when man will be free and not be sold like merchandise, when you cannot buy the feelings and capabilities of others, only then can you have love and friendship. It is true that the Anarchists are the bitterest opponents of the present State, but in that lies the success of their progressive march towards a better future for the human race.—(Translated from the *Workers' Friend* by H. MORRIS.)

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

(The following circular has been issued by the Paris Group of the International League of Rational Education, founded by Ferrer.)

What excellent things have been written about the best way to teach children! The pity is that nearly all of it still remains in the books. If you doubt this, go into any school, even a secular one; look at any teacher, even one who professes advanced opinions on matters pedagogic.

It has been ingeniously remarked that the basis, if not the form, of school teaching is much the same as it was in the Middle Ages. As in those days, the intention is to teach the whole of knowledge. As in those days, *things are learnt by heart*, etc., etc. Little or nothing is done towards rendering the child capable of assimilating what is taught or towards discerning the child's inclinations and possibilities. The ideal is still to fill up the brain as one fills a sack of corn.

As in the Middle Ages, there is still the same disregard of the child's body, of the full physical development. Under the pretext of fixing in children's minds certain facts which they will forget next day, they are kept motionless for hours, and walks, museums, scenes of human activity—all these marvellous natural factors of education are ignored.

The League of Rational Education was formed with the objects—first, of elucidating all questions of this kind; and secondly, of putting into regular practice what has been already theoretically demonstrated.

A group of this League has recently been formed in Paris with the following intentions:—

For want of resources, the proposal to open a school, desirable as this would be, has been temporarily abandoned. It will be taken up again directly the meetings and lectures arranged for October have brought in enough to make it possible.

But before considering the school, what about teachers capable of successfully carrying it out?

The proposal is to hold a preparatory course of lectures. These will, of course, be open to all, but will be arranged with special reference to those who wish to become teachers and to teachers who are already at work and desire a greater knowledge of their business, and particularly such teachers as feel the necessity of a more conscientious method than they see in use about them.

The whole art of teaching, taken in every form and every detail, will be the basis of the programme, including the physiology and psychology of the child, the hygiene of character in body and brain.

In one word, the aim will be to put the teacher in touch with *all that can be taught* in the business of education. For the teacher will also learn that *everything* cannot be taught.

But, it may be asked, what is the use of making adepts of Rational Education when most of them have to carry on their work in an atmosphere where everything is organised in opposition to Rational Education? Is not the first necessary condition for the work you propose the personal liberty of the teacher? Is not the teacher, as figured by the State, bound down day by day and hour by hour to programmes, time tables, and all sorts of discipline and regulation?

We realise that as well as anyone. The education question, like all others, is a social question. It cannot be settled without a transformation of the whole social system. Yet we believe that even under the present adverse conditions there is much that can be done.

Besides, these young people whom we wish to inform, will they not carry the new spirit into the old surroundings, and thus contribute to a modification of these surroundings? Will they not handle and ruin the vicious regulations? Assuredly they will require courage, and we shall do our best to make them not only enlightened teachers but courageous men and women.

In the practical pedagogy of our school will be comprehended a part of general culture. We do not mean by this that there will be literature and science lectures like those given at the universities. It means rather a series of lectures in which certain men, chosen for their efficiency and for the clearness and generosity of their views, will deal with special points in philosophy, science and art, and with the burning questions of ethics and sociology.

And so, it may be objected, you will be bound to take sides. What about scholastic neutrality?

Let us say at once that we do not believe in this scholastic neutrality. The school-teacher should not only instruct, he should educate, in the largest sense of the word. At no point in his work can he remain neutral; that is, without conviction, without sincerity, without assent.

However hard the truth may seem to established powers, this is only the right of the child. Who wishes to withhold the truth of this? Certainly not we. Yet there are certain truths common to the man in the street which no one dares put to the children. Let this at last be attempted. At least, let us dare to stop teaching children what we know to be untruths, and then a great thing will have been done.

For example, who believes in these days that a worker ought to be grateful to his employer simply because he gives him work? Yet is not this still being taught in the schools? Who is there in these days believes seriously that a God outside the world created it as a toy and sits watching it go? Yet from how many of our "secular" schools has this "God above" creator been definitely expelled? Whatever may be the truth of these matters, the teacher should be able to show his true self to the children, his own ideas, his own convictions, such as he

has himself acquired by experience and reflection,—and not in the hypocritical and awkward attitude of one who simply recites a State doctrine.

Even the mistakes of a teacher would be better than this. The children would at least be living in an atmosphere of sincerity, conviction, and enthusiasm. And that is, perhaps, what is most wanting in the humanity of these days. For his part, the teacher would thus realise that it is his duty to develop himself and persistently better himself.

We have said enough to be understood by those whose help we need. That help we now ask with all our strength and with the insistence of those who believe their work is good.

Though nothing can yet be certain, we count on beginning the course in November. As soon as we emerge from this period of preparatory organisation, as soon as we can publish details of programme, place, and time, we shall inform all those who are interested in our undertaking.

For the Paris Group of the League.

C. A. LAISANT, President.

CHARLES ALBERT, Vice-President.

HENRIETTE MEYER, Secretary.

All communications relative to the above should be addressed to the Secretary, 114 Rue des Entrepreneurs, Paris.

PROPAGANDA NOTES.

[Reports of the Movement are specially invited, and should be sent in not later than the 25th of each month.]

LEEDS.

The Self-Educative Group have been fully occupied during the month—the Royal visit giving plenty of scope, some thousands of small leaflets (entitled "The Royal Visit Explained") being distributed. The Workers' Solidarity Group have also been to the fore, holding public meetings to protest against the tyranny of the Russian Government and the arrest of our 53 comrades in Warsaw, the public evincing their sympathy by giving very liberally to the collections.

LIVERPOOL.

Our comrades here, the ever fresh and green, have set themselves the task of building up an industrial organisation, appealing to all who can act in sympathy from a class-conscious and non-parliamentary view point to assist. On the lines of an open conference, several meetings for the discussion of same have already been held in the Tagus Street I.L.P. rooms, and the heartiness with which both I.L.P. and S.D.P. comrades entered into the spirit of the idea would raise the hopes of the veriest pessimist. It is to be trusted that it will not end in hopes, but that our sympathetic comrades, many of whom I personally know have laboured for years for their particular movements with an honesty and perseverance which have commanded our respect, will now just as earnestly give their help and attention to propagating the economic solidarity of the workers on an industrial plane as they have heretofore given to the political methods.

Comrades Kavanagh, Bevan and others have held good outside meetings.

MANCHESTER.

The comrades have been well to the front, not only with their meetings, but with the sale of literature.

On June 28 a debate took place between Comrade King of the S.D.P. and Comrade Kavanagh on the merits of a citizen army. King, taking the affirmative, opened and argued in defence of compulsory military service that it would develop the physical properties of the human race and teach them discipline, and above all it would permit them to elect their own officers. In conclusion, he said the citizen army would be similar to the late Volunteer force. Kavanagh quickly disposed of the idea of there being anything voluntary about it by quotations from H. Quelch's pamphlet "The Citizen Army," and as to a healthy race such could only be with healthy conditions; and that military discipline had for its main object the crushing out of all individuality and the instilling of subjection to and support of existing institutions. *Re* the question of electing their officers, he contended that past experience had taught us that the men elected from our own ranks, either as leaders or officers, had in the majority of cases proved more tyrannical than the so-called superior class. In conclusion, he claimed that our object as Socialists was to go out with *hoes* to feed men, not to go out with guns to kill them, as had been done by the citizen army of Switzerland no later than August last. King, in support of his position, contended that the organised forces of Governments must be destroyed and full powers be placed in the hands of the people. But as we always had the fear of invasion by such Powers as Germany, it behoved us to be prepared with a citizen army, and if this was not agreeable to us, whilst still believing that organised force would always be necessary, especially under the present capitalistic conditions, he wanted to know what we had to offer in case of such an invasion. Kavanagh said it was not necessary to capture the organised methods of violence adopted by Governments to emancipate the workers, for in the present as in the past it was only used for the suppression of one

class, and that the toilers; and as to the fear of invasion, he could not conceive a body of German workers attempting it, as it was only the quarrels of Governments and the avarice of capitalists that brought about invasions. But we had a remedy, a very powerful one, stronger by far than any citizen army and more far-reaching in its effects, and that was the General Strike. The debate caused a quantity of literature to be sold, and a good collection was made.

On July 5 Comrade Soleil, of Leeds, was the speaker. Our comrade's terse manner of dealing with religious matters and the workers' position causing a healthy discussion, which he very ably answered. The local comrades carried on two very successful meetings on July 12. On July 19 T. Swan, local I.L.P., held a debate with myself, and tried to affirm the impossibility of Anarchism. On July 26 I was again their speaker, assisted by Comrades Coates and Levy, who very ably helped to make the meeting so successful.

I must again ask all comrades who have moneys for the *Voice of Labour* tickets to let me have same. All correspondence to be addressed 10 Bamber Street, Liverpool. A. DESPRES.

Home Colonisation.

NOTICE TO COMRADES INTERESTED.—There is some prospect of starting a small group on the land in a pretty part of Essex, if sufficient workers join the venture. The chief essentials are good comradeship and that prospective members should have some art or industry bringing in about 25s. a month. This is necessary, as experience shows that only under very favourable circumstances can a small group starting upon the land get a living from that source all the year round. —Further particulars from S. C. POTTER, The Camp, Billericay, Essex.

COMRADES GOING TO CANADA

are advised that there is an English-speaking group in Montreal—the "Freedom Group," care of Lazarus's Book Store, 480 St. Lawrence Boulevard.

Anarchist-Socialist Sunday School.

The East London Anarchist-Socialist Sunday School meets at 3.30 every Sunday at the Workers' Friend Club and Institute, 163 Jubilee Street, Mile End. Children in the district invited. An Esperanto class for adults and children is specially conducted by Comrade Dusa.

Group Notice.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne International Anarchist Communist Group hold their meetings and lectures every Wednesday at 8 p.m. in 51 Douglas Terrace.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(July 3—August 11.)

FREEDOM Guarantee Fund—T. P. Lehan 2s., D. 5s., W. T. 3s., N. £2, Collected at Haddon Hall 12s. 1½d.

FREEDOM Subscriptions—A. Harvey 1s. 6d., A. Barker 1s. 6d., C. J. Hoggett 1s. 6d., T. P. Lehan 2s., A. Ryland 1s. 6d., H. Compton 1s. 6d., S. C. Luke 2s., P. G. Perez 1s. 6d.

Sales of FREEDOM—S. Carter 3s. 9d., Holtz 6d., Hendersons 2s. 4d., Essex 2s. 6d., Goodman 8d., Greenbourn 1s. 2d., J. McAra 10s. 6d., F. Large 1s., R. Harvey 1s. 6d., A. Ryland 9d., C. Lipshitz 2s. 3d., D. Wormald 1s. 6d., A. Goldberg 2s., P. Cowen 9d., B. Greenblatt 4s., A. Bird 1s. 6d., H. Glasse 4s., W. Underwood 3s., E. G. Smith 5s., B. Chatard 1s., A. Despres 4s. 6d., J. Hose 1s., H. Karpin 5s., R. Gundersen 4s.

Pamphlet and Book Sales—S. Carter 1s. 6d., "Freiheit," N.Y., 16s., J. McAra 1s. 6d., A. E. Platten 5s., J. Dubois 2s. 10d., F. Large 1s. 8d., W. N. 4s., S. Davis 3s., S. Coates 1s., Essex 2s. 6d., S. Wermont 16s., R. V. Rejsek 5s., R. Harvey 2s. 6d., G. Ballard 2s. 6d., S. C. Potter 3s. 6d., A. Goldberg 1s. 6d., D. Baxter 12s. 3d., P. Cowen 3s. 6d., B. Greenblatt 6s., A. Bird 3s., T. Bennett 1s. 6d., H. Glasse 6s., A. Lingster 1s., T. S. 5s. 8d., I. Sugar 1s. 2d., B. Chatard 4s., A. Despres 1s. 6d., E. Ward 1s., H. Karpin 5s., R. Stuart 3s., J. W. Fleming 5s.

Leaflet Fund—Collected at Haddon Hall, 6s.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS' FUND.
Collected by B. Greenblatt (Liverpool) £4.

ST. MARY'S WARD PARISH ROOM, RECTORY PLACE, WOOLWICH.

ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26TH, AT 7.30 P.M.,

A Lecture will be given by

E. MALATESTA

ON

"Anarchism,"

Being one of an educational course of lectures arranged by St. Mary's Ward Labour Representation Association, Woolwich.

ENTRANCE FREE.

MOTHER EARTH.

Published by EMMA GOLDMAN.

Offices: 210 East 13th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

Can be obtained from FREEDOM Office. 6d. monthly, post-free 7d.

Back numbers supplied.

Specimen copy sent on receipt of 1d. stamp.

Now Ready.

Anarchists and the International Language, ESPERANTO.

By Em. Chapelier and Gassy Marin.

With an Appendix explaining the Elements of the Language.

Price 1d., post-free 1½d.

"FREEDOM" OFFICE, 127 OSSULSTON STREET, N.W.

Co-operation is the key-note of

TO-MORROW MAGAZINE.

TO-MORROW is made up each month in the To-Morrow Fellowship Home, where the Spirit of Brotherhood is the "spirit of the hive."

TO-MORROW is opposed to Capitalism, Graft, Dogma, and Competition; it stands for Freedom, Brotherly Love, and Socialisation.

TO-MORROW is a 10 cent magazine, 1 dollar per year.

TO-MORROW PUBLISHING CO., 139-141 E. 56TH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

PAMPHLET AND BOOK LIST.

ANARCHISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND IDEAL. By P. KROPOTKIN. 1d.
THE STATE: ITS HISTORIC ROLE. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 2d.
WAR. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
LAW AND AUTHORITY. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 2d.
ORGANISED VENGEANCE—CALLED "JUSTICE." By PETER KROPOTKIN. 1d.
RESPONSIBILITY AND SOLIDARITY IN THE LABOR STRUGGLE. 1d.
SOCIALISM THE REMEDY. By HENRY GLASSE. 1d.
SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY. By GUSTAV LANDAUER. ½d.
EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION. By E. RECLUS. 1d.
THE KING AND THE ANARCHIST. 2d.
MONOPOLY; OR, HOW LABOUR IS ROBBED. WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
USEFUL WORK VERSUS USELESS TOIL. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1d.
THE INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONGRESS, 1907. 1d.
THE SOCIAL GENERAL STRIKE. By ARNOLD ROLLER. 2d.
THE TRAGEDY OF WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION. By EMMA GOLDMAN. 3d. post-free.
THE CRIMINAL ANARCHY LAW. By T. SCHROEDER. 3d. post-free.
THE MASTERS OF LIFE. By MAXIM GORKY. 3d. post-free.
ORIGIN OF ANARCHISM. By C. L. JAMES. 2d.
THE BASIS OF TRADE UNIONISM. By EMILE POUGET. 1d.

ANARCHISM. By Dr. PAUL ELTZBACHER. 6s. 6d.; postage 4d.
MODERN SCIENCE AND ANARCHISM. By P. KROPOTKIN. 1s.
THE CONQUEST OF BREAD. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 10s. 6d.
CONQUETE DU PAIN. By P. KROPOTKIN. (In French.) 3s. 6d. post-free.
MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 3s. 6d. post-free.
MUTUAL AID: A FACTOR OF EVOLUTION. By PETER KROPOTKIN. 3s. 6d. post-free.
FIELDS, FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS. By P. KROPOTKIN. Paper cover 6d., post-free 9d.; cloth 1s., post-free 1s. 3d.
WHAT IS PROPERTY? By P. J. PROUDHON. 2 vols. 2s., postage 4d.
NEWS FROM NOWHERE. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 1s. 6d.; postage 4d.
A DREAM OF JOHN BALL. By WILLIAM MORRIS. 2s., postage 3d.
PRISONS, POLICE AND PUNISHMENT. By E. CARPENTER. Paper 1s., cloth 2s., postage 3d.
A VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY. By EDMUND BURKE. 1s. and 6d., postage 2d. and 1d.
WALDEN. By H. THOREAU. 1s. and 6d., postage 2d. and 1d.
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By C. L. JAMES. 2s. 6d. post-free.
ENGLAND'S IDEAL. By EDWARD CARPENTER. 2s. 6d. and 1s., post 3d.
CIVILISATION: ITS CAUSE AND CURE. By EDWARD CARPENTER. 2s. 6d. and 1s., postage 3d.
LOVE'S COMING OF AGE. A Series of Papers on the Relations of the Sexes. By EDWARD CARPENTER. 3s. 6d., postage 4d.
THE RIGHTS OF MAN. By THOMAS PAINE. 6d., postage 3d.
MAN versus THE STATE. By HERBERT SPENCER. 1s., postage 3d.
MARRIAGE AND RACE-DEATH. By M. I. SWIFT. 2s. 6d. post-free.

All orders, with cash, should be sent to
Manager, "Freedom" Office, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N.W.

"FREEDOM" MAY BE OBTAINED OF

London—HENDERSON, 66 Charing Cross Road, W.C. (Wholesale).
London and Suburban Publishing Co., Bride Lane, Fleet Street.
A. RITCHIE, Pemberton Row, Fleet Street, E.C.
W. REEVES, 83, Charing Cross Road, W.
O. MATHIAS, 20, Little Pultney Street, W.
B. RUDERMAN, 71, Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, E. (also Pamphlets).
J. J. JAKES, 191, Old Street, City Road, E.C. " "
Liverpool—E. G. SMITH, 126, Tunnel Road.
Leeds—A. GOLDBERG, 14 Millwright Street.
Leicester—A. GORRIE, 2, Brazil Street.
Manchester—S. WERMONT, 1 Burland Street, Ramsgate Street.
Newcastle-on-Tyne—R. STUART, 51 Douglas Terrace.
R. GOLDBERG, 114 Blenheim Street.
Glasgow—Reformer's Bookstall, 126 Bothwell Street.
D. BAXTER, 32 Brunswick Street.
Dundee—L. MACARTNEY, 181, Overgate.
U.S.A.—N. NOTKIN, 1332 S. 6th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
M. MAISEL, 422 Grand Street, New York, N.Y.
New Zealand—P. JOSEPHS, 64 Taranaki Street, Wellington.