

Freedom

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES.

The Seamen's Strike.

If there is one class of men our blatant patriots have sung the praises of more than another it is the English sailors, whose skill, strength, and courage bring the markets of the world to our very doors. They certainly deserve all the praise they receive. Sailors, who as a rule are the most modest of men, do not ask for praise, but rather put forward the very simple yet natural claim to have something a little better than a sweated wage for all the rough work, with all its dangers and hardships, they are called upon to do. The strike which is now in progress, and which seems to be gaining in power and effect as time goes on, is one of the most hopeful things that has happened for many a day. The solidarity shown is nothing less than wonderful, considering the enormous difficulties in getting concerted action amongst those living a seafaring life. The almost incredible class-selfishness and inhumanity of the bulk of the great shipowners, who have gained enormous fortunes at the cost of their underpaid and underfed crews, has long needed such resistance as is now being shown. Another thing, if the community really wishes to know on whose efforts and goodwill its economic life is dependent, let them see the cargoes of produce that are held up, spite of all the gold of the capitalist, not because Labour is unwilling to put itself at the service of the community, but because the greedy exploiters are not willing that these indispensable workers in the world of Labour should have the wherewithal to live decent lives.

State Socialism on Trial.

The deputation from the Social Democratic Party that waited on Mr. Lloyd George had an opportunity, if they are wise, of learning a very important lesson. Nothing they have ever understood or misunderstood of Karl Marx could enlighten them so much as the little bit of political economy taught them by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If ever they imagined that the wage-earning class was to get anything from the State without paying for it, they must be disillusioned now. As Lloyd George pointed out, the Social Democratic proposals would add 7d. to the income-tax; and with this proposition before the country, even a Social Democratic Cabinet "would not last six days." Rest assured, these astute gentlemen who control the wealth are not going to have the confidence trick played on them in Parliament, Karl Marx or no Karl Marx. They know when their pockets are touched, and they only give their pence when their pounds are threatened. And the Parliamentary tactics of the Social Democrats do not frighten them in the least. As Bernard Shaw admits, the Bill only makes saving compulsory on those wretched millions who cannot afford even now to feed themselves properly. Hence its acceptance by the governing class. Nothing in economics is gained by the workers' vote that is not recovered by the employers through the wage system. But while the Social Democrats and the Labour Party are face to face with a dead wall in Parliament, it is instructive to note what has been already gained by the seamen's strike in a first attempt against that most powerful combine, the Shipping Federation. Yes, a general strike might go far towards expropriating the monopolist; but for that purpose Parliament always is and ever will be futile.

The Liberation of Vassileva.

We do not believe there are many even amongst the bitterest haters of the (poor) "foreigner" who will not agree that justice has been done in quashing the sentence on the one solitary unfortunate woman whom the police marked down as their victim. It was an abominable thing to think she should suffer because of her relationship with one of the dead men. Now she is free; and so ends the terrible tragedy of Houndsditch—for

the present. The *Star* seems somewhat disappointed. It says: "Net result of police efforts: Nil. Net cost to the public: Thousands of pounds." But what does this Radical paper crave for? You can't eat your cake and have it. You can't burn your victims and hang them as well. If the *Star* feels "done" because it did not have the satisfaction of a brisk sale over the execution of the Sidney Street victims on the scaffold, it should lodge its complaint against that hero of a Liberal Cabinet, Winston Churchill. And in any case the *Star* ought not to complain of the costliness of "police efforts." "Life and property must be protected," as the cant phrase goes; and it is not to be supposed that while a sordid Press is reaping a rich harvest out of the crime and corruption of a decaying society, the "moral miracles in blue" are not to be paid for their work, just as the floggings and hangings must be paid for by those who need these institutions to protect their property and authority.

Anarchy and Art.

Recently Dr. Richter gave us some views on musical art that completely upset the cherished principles of authoritarians. It is encouraging to find others writing in the same vein. In the *Daily Chronicle* (June 7) Haldane Macfall says (*italics ours*):—"Every age creates its own art, its own utterance. There is *no law of art*. Art is as eternal as life; and evolves like life; for it is the emotional utterance of life, and is nothing but that." "Every forward effort of art has been condemned by the academic; and in its beginnings *has often been anarchic enough*. Every true movement has had its swarms of parasites." All this recalls the words of Professor Rubek in that wonderful play of Ibsen's, "When We Dead Awaken." He is a famous sculptor disgusted at modelling mediocrities "to order," and he tells his wife that "all the talk about the artist's vocation and the artist's mission, and so forth, began to strike me as being very empty and hollow and meaningless at bottom." "Then what would you put in its place?" she asks. "Life, Maia," answers Rubek. And he is right. Art which is not in touch with toiling and suffering humanity tells us nothing—or, rather, tells us lies. And if, as we are told, it is so vital that art should be free, how much more so is it that life itself, from which real art draws its inspiration, should also be free—should evolve free from those man-made laws that are as fatal to life as to art? But when it comes to the question of freedom for the wage-slaves of the present system, the "artists" of the modern world are dumb.

The Fruits of Philanthropy.

Another little incident that has lately happened proves the truth of the saying that the emancipation of the workers can only be achieved by their own efforts. In the model village at Bournville great discontent exists, and it seems that two-thirds of the inhabitants are threatening to leave. A petition has been sent to the Village Trust in which it is said: "Your petitioners beg to point out that from the fact that the rent of the houses is advanced from 3d. and upwards on every change of tenancy, it appears that the estate is being run purely as a commercial undertaking." Of course, for the simple reason that to-day everything is commercialised, from the Salvation Army in the slums to the Coronation poppy-show for the snobs. Not only that, but even such undertakings as the Garden City scheme, which was to aid decentralisation and help solve the housing problem—even this is hopeless so far as the needs of the mass of workers are concerned. Commercialism has set its seal on this as on similar enterprises, and the middle classes have exploited it for their own benefit. Everything turns to the advantage of the ruling classes because the dice are all loaded in their favour. Only when the workers thoroughly realise this will they understand that revolutionary action is the real antidote to politics and philanthropy.

THE DEAD SPEAKS.

A Letter from Ferrer on Matteo Morral.

The following is a translation of an article in *La Dépêche* (Toulouse, April 15), together with a letter of Ferrer's which is a complete answer to the lying statements of his enemies that he was concerned in the Morral attempt on Alfonso XIII. A great agitation has arisen in Spain on the question of a revision of the Ferrer trial, which has found an echo in other countries. The letter will therefore be of deep interest to the readers of FREEDOM, as the capitalist Press entirely ignores all these facts.

The Cortes are discussing the revision of the Ferrer trial. It is the sole topic in Spain. In France, public opinion, occupied as it is with internal affairs, finds itself interested in the debate.

I knew Ferrer. At the time of the attempt of Morral on the occasion of the marriage of Alfonso XIII., I said in the *Echo de Paris* that it seemed to me untrue that the founder of the Modern School in Catalonia had lent his hand to the act of a criminal lunatic who had been his guest and pupil.

Ferrer thanked me for the article in a letter which I give here. It is a curious document showing the materialist professor in his true light, in which his enemies would have liked to see a tiger thirsting for blood. In reality, he was but a simple humanitarian imbued with the teaching of Jean Jaques.

It is stupidity to accuse him of being the instigator of the Madrid affair. It is, however, his culpability in that crime which is in question in the Cortes.

I persist in believing that Spanish justice is deceived, that Ferrer, taken and shot after the trouble at Barcelona, ought not to have died, as a Solicitor Royal has since said, for "the horror of having trained Morral."

My testimony is that of a man opposed to the extreme ideas of "Internationalism" and Atheism, and should carry more weight than that of the passionate declarations of the Revolutionists.

The following is the letter:—

Madrid, June 14, 1906.

My dear M. de Nousanne,

Only to-day I read your too eulogistic article about me. I do not merit so much.

That which is true in your article is that I could not, cannot, and would not for anything be involved in the Madrid affair; and if I am still under arrest, it is because justice wishes to verify what I say and to establish absolutely my innocence. This will probably be done by the time this letter is in your hands.

But I have something to say, if you would like it, upon the unfortunate Mateo Morral. He was not such as the papers would make him out. He was good, gentle, modest, obliging, devoted to rational instruction and with a mania against luxury. That which embroiled him with his family was that he could not suffer to see his sisters spending so much on jewellery and their toilets whilst their workers were so badly paid.

He was never violent; he attended the workers' classes and their organisations.

I had known him three years when he brought his little sister Adeline to the Modern School, declaring that he did not wish her to be brought up in a convent, where, he said, they only taught coquetry and silliness.

We were linked in friendship, because he was most sympathetic, frank, and noble.

Towards the end of 1905, he declared to me that he no longer desired to be a manufacturer, he no longer desired to gain money to encourage idleness and luxury, and envied my lot, saying that he longed to devote himself to the spreading of popular instruction.

Having every confidence in him, I offered him the control of the Modern School Library, as I found myself overworked with the opening of new schools and the staff arrangements.

It was agreed that if his new duties pleased him, I would sell him the Library without any profit whatever. He was so content, that towards the month of April we agreed to complete the sale at the beginning of June.

During the four months and a half that he controlled the Library he occupied himself solely with his duties and in assisting his friends in Sabadell in the publication of the Socialist journal *El Trabajo* (Work).

We come now to the culminating point. Do not forget the hatred he had of all luxury. He even wished to cut the hair of Adeline, a thing we would not agree to.

Now, at the commencement of May, when the papers were full of preparations for the Royal Fetes in Madrid, he was one day in my office, paper in hand; suddenly he stopped reading and said to me, "Look, yet another lady offering 5,000 pesetas for a seat at the Battle of Flowers! To think that it should be possible! It ought not to be tolerated! Oh, what cowards the people are!" etc.

He went out, leaving his paper crumpled on my desk. I took no notice, knowing his crotchets against luxury; but when I read in the papers on the first of June his name as the author of the attack, in my stupefaction there came back to my memory the scene of that day, his nervousness afterwards, and his request for a fortnight's leave in order to rest.

Come now, you eminent psychologists, and assist me to determine

what that meant in a temperament strong and energetic, such as that of Mateo Morral Rocca.

I cannot, my dear friend; I can only weep, as I loved him as a cherished son.

Excuse me and let me thank you.

FERRER.

Such is the document, sufficient to enlighten public opinion on the unfortunate martyr of Montjuich. His letter reveals him childlike and generous, and with the sensibility of a man of 1789; it constitutes a witness which to me is necessary to reverse the decision.

I believe they will finally recognise that Ferrer was not the execrable and enraged criminal who encouraged the riots and planned the attempts. Among such men it is necessary to distinguish between the domain of the thinker and the man of action. All are free to think. Thought knows neither time nor space. It is folly to attempt to imprison it. Action is another thing. But the balance in which things are weighed should not be weighted with false weights. When one judges them, there must be neither hate, intrigue, snares, partiality, nor measures of circumstance; in a word, nothing but unadulterated Justice; nothing but the calm and noble equity strictly imposed on the power which in the repression of political troubles undertakes to look after the wellbeing of the people in the name of the Supreme Law.

HENRI DE NOUSANNE.

SIDELIGHTS ON ITALY.

(From a Novelist's Point of View.)

THE ARMY.

"My military service is a sore subject with my aunt," said Leone, as soon as he and Walter were left alone together.

"And not a pleasant one with you, I imagine? . . ."

"It is a pleasant one to nobody while he is undergoing it," replied Leone, "unless it be to some ignorant peasant to whom it is perhaps a welcome change in his life. I am speaking, of course, from the point of view of the common soldier."

"It is exactly the common soldier's point of view that is interesting," said Walter. "One can imagine that of the officers. The last, I suppose, is much the same in your country as in mine."

Leone glanced at him quickly. "Not at all," he replied briefly.

"And why not?"

"Because the majority of your officers come of a class which for generations has been accustomed to possess authority and to know how to use it. The majority of ours, on the contrary, are the inferiors, both intellectually and morally—and very often also socially—of a considerable percentage of the men they have to command. In many cases they possess nothing except their pay, and you can imagine a sub-lieutenant with five francs a day, or a lieutenant with seven, is compelled to add to his income in some way or another in order to cut the figure which is expected of him."

"Indeed, I can," returned Walter. "But how can he add to it?"

Leone looked at him with a quick smile. "By arrangement," he replied briefly.

"Arrangement!"

"Certainly. I do not mean by picking pockets. There are many ways by which the impecunious officer makes two ends meet—at the expense of the soldiers. He has 'understandings' with the non-commissioned officers, who are responsible for the supplies of various kinds to the regiment. Such peculation is, of course, severely dealt with—if found out. But it is seldom found out. All branches of our administration suffer from it. A reforming politician, if he be a Minister of State, is very soon hounded from office by those to whom his honesty is a reproach and a danger. . . . I do not say that our military service is not sometimes a good school . . . but often boys suddenly plunged into the midst of the abuses that are tolerated and winked at in our army, return to their native towns and villages more corrupt than when they left them."

"I wish some of our advocates of conscription in England could hear that."

"They are mad—mad!" exclaimed Leone. "What has conscription done? Do you suppose that men who are suddenly called upon to leave their employment just as they are starting in life, in order to become a kind of automatic machine for a couple of years, feel any patriotism, any military ardour? Not a bit of it. They curse their country and the fate that caused them to be born in it; and their families, whom they were probably helping to maintain by their labour, curse it too. The lowest of the peasant class may benefit by it, but no other class does."

"But why, then, in these days of democracy, and in a country like Italy, which prides itself upon being democratic, is the system tolerated?"

"We are not democratic," returned Leone, "we are bureaucratic. It is the bourgeoisie which condemns us to conscription, because the bourgeoisie is afraid. Oh! not of foreign attack or invasion—that is the dust used to throw in the eyes of the people! It is of internal attack that the authorities are afraid—of strikes, of revolts. The army exists to protect us against ourselves. . . . That is no secret to any one who knows Italy. But it is our bureaucracy which has caused us to need protection against ourselves, by its tyranny and its wholesale corruption. . . . There is practically no military ardour. How could there

be? I tell you the rank and file curse the whole thing. The abuses are gradually diminishing—that is true. The life of the private soldier is gradually being made less degrading. But why? From fear—the fear of the authorities lest the people should rise and say to the bourgeois bureaucracy, 'We will not send you our sons to be made into machines to protect your purses. If you need soldiers to protect Italy against an invader, you shall have them.' There are things, many things, that are hushed up. . . . I have seen more than once at manoeuvres ball-cartridges used—by accident. Unpopular officers, who thoroughly deserved their unpopularity, have had narrow escapes from falling victims to these accidents. . . . Well, these little accidents speak for themselves, and they have spoken to the authorities."

THE CHURCH.

Presently the bells rang, and from the central door of the church appeared the procession. An excited individual, the sacristan, held the office of master of the ceremonies. With fierce thrusts from the long staff of the crucifix he carried boys were kept in their proper lines, while these thrusts were as often as not accompanied by oaths as forcible as they were blasphemous if any hitch occurred in the proceedings. . . . Immediately behind the canopy walked the favoured ones.

"Perhaps," whispered Leone to Walter, "you will not believe it, but good places in the procession are paid for by those who wish to occupy them!"

There was little display of reverence. The priests themselves, in the intervals of their chanting, talked and laughed. . . .

Walter's face was flushed with indignation. "The beasts!" he exclaimed under his breath. . . .

Leone smiled. "I had my object-lesson long ago," he said. "When I was a boy of fourteen or so I had an experience I have never forgotten. . . . To be sure there was another 'parroco' then; but they are all the same, more or less! There was to be a great festa, and the 'parroco' said that money must be collected for a splendid illumination of the church and village in the evening. Well, I was charged with making a collection from all the boys in the district. I collected nearly a hundred francs—a tremendous sum for these parts—and handed it to the priest. The great evening came, but the illumination was confined to a few pots of olive oil with wicks floating in them placed in front of the church. In the middle of the day the 'parroco' had given a dinner to the priests who came to assist him. They sat down at twelve and got up at four, just in time to commence the procession of the Sacrament and Benediction which was to close the functions. The 'parroco,' who carried the Host, was so drunk that his fellow-priests had to hold him up. I never got over that episode, and the knowledge of how those poor boys' money had been spent by the villains. . . . Moreover, it is not so long ago that, if one or two honest young fellows in a country village like this refused to go to Mass, or take part in such a procession as you have seen, they were at once denounced to the authorities as 'Anarchists'; and this denunciation was sufficient to cause their arrest and speedy conveyance to the *domicilio coatto* for a term of years. Was that, do you suppose, because they were really Anarchists—village lads who did not even know the meaning of the word? Not at all. Their example was spoiling the market and bringing the pious swindles into disrepute. . . . It is these little facts—facts which never come under the knowledge of those who wonder at and deplore the growing infidelity and scepticism in Italy—that are the underlying features of our country life, and of which English writers, who look only upon the picturesque outside of the show, never dream. . . . I am not exaggerating. I have known two lads sent away from this village for no other reason—denounced as Anarchists and sent to one of the penal settlements. I am not speaking of the Dark Ages, but of three or four years ago. . . . On the other hand, the greatest ruffian is safe if he supports the Church."

THE POLICE.

"He died of tuberculosis—a disease which a large percentage of our prisoners contract during long sentences. We are barbarians still in our method of dealing with our criminals. . . . What did she mean by that pathetic insistence that 'he' was always at home by nine o'clock? Well, her brother, when he was released from prison, was probably under police surveillance. That would mean he would be obliged to be indoors every night by nine o'clock under penalty of being rearrested. . . . This man came out of prison only to die. Only to die—killed slowly in our prisons. But even when he came out, they never let him alone. It was a perpetual tyranny—a ceaseless cruelty. It is the law which makes criminals in Italy. Some lad is convicted of a trifling offence, and he is sent by the law to associate with the vilest of the vile; and ever afterwards, when he comes out, he is a marked man for the rest of his life—the police are always watching, always persecuting him, for many of the police come from the most brutal among the criminal classes, and are often greater criminals than the man they hunt down and arrest."

Landi knew but too well that every word thus spoken was true, that indeed less than the truth concerning the incredible corruption existing in every ramification of Italian justice had been said.

—(From "The House of Serravalle," by Richard Bagot.)

ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal.—*Century Dictionary*.

THE PRIEST AND THE DEVIL.

In 1849 Feodor Dostoyevsky wrote on the wall of his prison cell the following story of *The Priest and the Devil*:—

"'Hello, you little fat father!' the devil said to the priest. 'What made you lie so to those poor, misled people? What tortures of hell did you depict? Don't you know they are already suffering the tortures of hell in their earthly lives? Don't you know that you and the authorities of the State are my representatives on earth? It is you that make them suffer the pains of hell with which you threaten them. Don't you know this? Well, then, come with me!'

The devil grabbed the priest by the collar, lifted him high in the air, and carried him to a factory, to an iron foundry. He saw the workmen there running and hurrying to and fro, and toiling in the scorching heat. Very soon the thick, heavy air and the heat are too much for the priest. With tears in his eyes, he pleads with the devil: 'Let me go! Let me leave this hell!'

'Oh, my dear friend, I must show you many more places.' The devil gets hold of him again and drags him off to a farm. There he sees workmen threshing the grain. The dust and heat are insufferable. The overseer carries a knout, and unmercifully beats any one who falls to the ground overcome by hard toil or hunger.

Next the priest is taken to the huts where these same workers live with their families—dirty, cold, smoky, ill-smelling holes. The devil grins. He points out the poverty and hardships which are at home here.

'Well, isn't this enough?' he asks. And it seems as if even he, the devil, pities the people. The pious servant of God can hardly bear it. With uplifted hands he begs: 'Let me go away from here. Yes, yes! This is hell on earth!'

'Well, then, you see. And you still promise them another hell. You torment them, torture them to death mentally when they are already all but dead physically! Come on! I will show you one more hell—one more, the very worst.'

He took him to a prison and showed him a dungeon, with its foul air and the many human forms, robbed of all health and energy, lying on the floor, covered with vermin that were devouring their poor, naked, emaciated bodies.

'Take off your silken clothes,' said the devil to the priest, 'put on your ankles heavy chains such as these unfortunates wear; lie down on the cold and filthy floor—and then talk to them about a hell that still awaits them!'

'No, no!' answered the priest, 'I cannot think of anything more dreadful than this. I entreat you, let me go away from here!'

'Yes, this is hell. There can be no worse hell than this. Did you not know it? Did you not know that these men and women whom you are frightening with the picture of a hell hereafter—did you not know that they are in hell right here, before they die?'

THE WORKMEN'S CIRCLE, PHILADELPHIA.

All through the winter we held public lectures and discussions in our place, every Friday night in Jewish and Sunday night in English. Each of our meetings was attended by more than a hundred people. Besides that, we have a library containing about 1,500 volumes in English, Jewish, and Russian. Our library is open every evening and is patronised by more than 200 subscribers, who take books home.

This winter we had a Sunday school—the first of its kind—conducted by the Modern School Association of Philadelphia. The school was attended by about 50–60 children on an average, who were under the care of our able comrades, Geo. Brown, Miss Hanson, Dr. Owaroff, and myself. They have made remarkable progress. Our main object is to establish a permanent Modern School, and plans are being worked out towards this end.

Last Sunday we ended the present season. About 75 comrades came, in spite of the heat, to see what we have accomplished in a few months. The children sang in chorus the "International" and other songs, then they recited individually Tom Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" and Herweg's "Freedom," and a few of them read papers on different subjects, written by themselves. The evening made a profound impression upon all present.

For the coming summer months the children will be taken out to the parks once in a while. I enclose some of the literature of the Modern School Association.

JOS. J. COHEN.

May 24.

DEATH OF C. L. JAMES.

We take the following from the June number of *Mother Earth*:—

"Just before going to press we learn that Comrade C. L. James, well known in the radical movement as one of the most intellectual Anarchists of America, died on June 3, at his home in Eau Claire, Wis. The name of C. L. James is familiar to our readers from the numerous works on Anarchism and related subjects written by our deceased comrade, as well as by his contributions to *Mother Earth*. In a letter to a friend, the daughter of C. L. James writes:—'The last thing my father wrote was what I have copied and enclose to you. It was for *Mother Earth*. He wrote it after the doctor told him he could not recover. He was very feeble, but his mind was serene and at its best.'"

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The Victory of Militancy.

The demonstration of women of all classes on June 17, destined to become historical, brings us once more face to face with the burning question that has aroused the enthusiasm of so many earnest women,—the question of the vote. Man having the right to vote, to make laws, has not woman the same right, since she is asked to obey these laws, and in many cases to take her share of the responsibilities of everyday life? Such is, briefly, the central idea around which has raged that remarkable campaign of militancy which has fixed the eyes of the world on the great struggle now apparently nearing its end. Further, it is argued that man himself, while condemning women for their militant tactics, has waged some of his bitterest battles against the powers that be in his struggle to gain enfranchisement.

All this is true, and no one could deny the justice and logic of woman's claim if the vote was a "right" in itself, and would bring her that *equality* with man to which she justly aspires. But the question arises: What is a vote; to what political or economic right does it correspond; what protection does it afford its possessor against the tyranny, not only of an exploiting sex, but of a dominating class or a reactionary majority? The answer to this is—and the history of the past century proves it on every page—that the vote is, politically, the greatest illusion that has ever obsessed the mind of man. It is an illusion twice-cursed. It curses him who rules through the majority, and he who is oppressed in the minority. Who has the right to make laws for another? This question the Anarchist puts to his fellow-man; he puts it with equal force to the women. No one has that "right," except the right of might. It is brute force, then, that lies behind the vote—the might and strength of mere numbers, personified, be it remembered, in that executive power which calls on police and soldiery to do its bidding. If the reply to this is that women will vote for measures that will remove the evils around us, we can only answer in the words of Mrs. Besant, addressed to their own meeting:—

"What will you do with the vote when you have it? That is the practical question of to-morrow, because the vote is really won, and it is on your use of it that the value of the struggle will be judged by history. For men have had the vote by thousands and hundreds of thousands. The whole of the last century was a continual repetition of widening out the suffrage. And yet, in spite of that you see misery to-day, drunkenness to-day, ignorance to-day, wretchedness to-day. Oh! if women cannot use their vote any better than men have used it, then I fear that in the history of the future the work that has been done will hardly seem to repay the expenditure that has been made."

Well, the truth is, women will not use the vote more effectively than men, for the sufficient reason that they are just as fallible as men, just as much biassed by class distinctions and social prejudices, just as capable of using and abusing political power. In this sense she is equal with the so-called "stronger" sex. But it follows from this that just as the vote has failed to give to the oppressed man that freedom and equality he has longed for, or to ensure to him the fruits of his labours, so it will fail to render such service to woman. Yet there is an immense field open to the activities of sincere women whose hearts burn with indignation at all the horrors inflicted on the working class by our brutal system of exploitation. What the vote cannot do could be done by the organisation of women workers in Trade Unions. If the demonstration of June 17 had been organised against the sweating system (with the threat of

militancy behind it), a greater blow would have been struck on behalf of its victims than any Act of Parliament could ever inflict.

But, after all, we Anarchists can only say again, as we have said so many times before, woman, like man, needs economic freedom for the full development of her individuality; and for this reason alone the social revolution is necessary. Those who strive most to destroy capitalist slavery work best for the full enfranchisement of woman.

THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

A Manifesto to the Workers of the World.

We have received a stirring appeal from the Mexican Liberal Party, and from the following extracts it will be seen that a real economic revolution may be accomplished if those who are fighting this great battle are not crushed by the outside forces of Capitalism. It must be understood that the Liberal Party, as it is called in Mexico, stands for a genuine Social Revolution.

"The people of Mexico are right now in open rebellion against their oppressors, and taking part in the general insurrection are found the supporters of modern ideas, those convinced of the fallacy of political panaceas in the redemption of the proletariat from economic slavery, those who do not believe in the goodness of paternal Governments nor in the impartiality of laws fashioned by the bourgeoisie, those who know that the emancipation of the workers ought to be accomplished by the workers themselves, those convinced of *Direct Action*, those who deny the 'sacred' right of property, those who do not take up arms for the purpose of raising any master to power, but to destroy the chains of wage-slavery. Those revolutionists are represented by the organising Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party (519½ E. 4th Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.), whose official organ, *Regeneracion*, clearly explains its tendencies.

"The Mexican Liberal Party is not fighting to destroy the Dictator Porfirio Diaz in order to put in his place a new tyrant. The Mexican Liberal Party is taking part in the actual insurrection with the deliberate and firm purpose of expropriating the land and the means of production and handing them over to the people, that is, to each and every one of the inhabitants of Mexico, without distinction of sex. This act we consider essential to open the gates for the effective emancipation of the Mexican people.

"There is also another party in arms: the Anti-Re-electionist Party, whose leader, Francisco I. Madero, is a millionaire who has seen his fabulous fortune grow with the sweat and the tears of the peons of his haciendas. This party is fighting to make 'effective' the right to vote, and to found, in short, a Bourgeois Republic like that of the United States. This purely political and capitalist party is, naturally, an enemy of the Mexican Liberal Party, because it sees in the activity of the Liberals a menace to the survival of the Bourgeois Republic, which guarantees to politicians, to seekers for jobs, to the rich, to all the ambitious, to those who would like to live at the cost of the suffering and the slavery of the proletariat, the continuance of social inequality, the capitalist system, the division of the human family into two classes: that of the exploiters and that of the exploited.

"The Dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz is about to fall; but the Revolution will not end by this act alone. Upon the tomb of this infamous dictatorship there will stand, face to face, with arms in the hand, two social classes: that of the well-fed and that of the hungry, the first upholding the interests of its caste, and the second, the abolition of those privileges by means of the installation of a system which guarantees to every human being Bread, Land and Liberty.

"This formidable fight of the two social classes in Mexico is the first act of the great universal tragedy which will soon have for its stage the surface of the whole planet, and whose final act will be the triumph of the noble formula, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity that the political revolutions of the bourgeoisie have not been able to crystallise into fact because they have not dared to break the backbone of tyranny, capitalism and authority. . . .

"Comrades, reprint this Manifesto, translate it into every language and circulate it into every corner of the world. Ask the Labour press to insert it in its columns, read *Regeneracion*, and send your piece of money to the Organising Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, 519½ E. 4th Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

"Our cause is yours: it is the cause of the silent slave of the soil, of the pariah of the workshop and the factory, of the galley-slave of the sea, of the hard-labour convicts of the mines, of all those who suffer from the iniquity of the capitalist system."

"Our cause is yours: if you remain inactive while your brothers meet death embracing the Red Flag, you will give with your inaction a rude blow to the cause of the proletarian. . . ."

"Understand the danger under which we face all the governments of the world, who see in the Mexican movement the apparition of the Social Revolution, the only one which the powerful ones of the world fear."

As we go to press, telegrams from Los Angeles report the arrest of Ricardo Flores Magon and other members of the Organising Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, also the destruction of the printing plant of the official organ, *Regeneracion*.

It is announced that *Cultura Proletaria*, the New York Radical weekly, will take up and carry forward the work of *Regeneracion*, and any contributions to the Mexican Revolution Defence Fund will be acknowledged through its columns. A page for English readers is contemplated.

"JUSTICE" AND EMMA GOLDMAN.

As I expected, *Justice* feared to publish my letter in full. On June 3 it said: "We have received a long and angry letter from John Turner, the substance and tenor of which may be gathered from the following extract." Then it gave one paragraph, and the following editorial note was appended:—

"Once more, we have nothing to add to what we have already stated in this connection. Mr. Turner, as well as 'G. B.' who writes in the same strain, must know how seldom it is possible to produce 'evidence' of what one has no doubt to be true in regard to the plots of spies and agents-provocateurs in the Anarchist movement."

It will be noted that there is still the persistent attempt to ignore the real point at issue—the wicked publication of a disgraceful and shameful charge against a woman, without a scrap of evidence to justify it. In the June 17 issue of *Justice* the following appeared:—

"DEAR COMRADE,—I am instructed to forward you a resolution carried unanimously at the Battersea Branch meeting on Friday, June 9:—'The members of the Battersea Branch S.D.P. are of opinion that the editor of *Justice* has failed to produce any justification for the charge against Emma Goldman, and they desire that the name of his informant be published or a complete withdrawal of the statement, as the members of this branch desire the policy of the paper to be the same as its name—not Injustice.'—Yours fraternally,

D. CARMICHAEL.

"We have nothing at present to add to what we have already said on this subject, and nothing to withdraw. The statements would not have been made had we not been convinced of their truth, and we shall not be intimidated by the furious abuse of Anarchists, who find their chief occupation in attacking and misrepresenting Social Democrats, or deterred from doing our duty, even by the censure of friends and comrades moved by misguided sympathy with our enemies. As to the demand that we should publish the name of our informant, our readers may rest assured that nothing is published in *Justice* which is not authenticated by the name and address of the writer. If these are not published, it means that we ourselves accept full responsibility, unless there is an express statement to the contrary. Social Democrats surely need not be reminded of how necessary it frequently is for one, whose bona fides are above suspicion, to remain unknown."

"On the other side we have received the following:—

Whitechapel and Stepney S.D.P.

DEAR COMRADE,—The following resolution was passed at our last branch meeting: 'That this branch expresses its confidence in the editor of *Justice* re publishing matter concerning Emma Goldman.'—Yours fraternally,

J. LEVENE, Assist. Sec."

It certainly looks as if the editor was a bit angry when he wrote that. Not able to say a word in justification of his infamy, he once more falls back on abuse. The resolution from the Whitechapel and Stepney branch strengthens a suspicion of ours as to the origin of the scurrilous article. Then on June 24 appeared this note in the correspondence column of *Justice*:—

"EDWARD BRITTEN.—Certainly 'the public will draw its own conclusions' as to the value of our statements in reference to Emma Goldman. We do not expect or ask for anything else. We are not formulating any indictment against the lady. We simply make a statement which we have no doubt whatever is absolutely true. It must stand on its own merits, and people can believe it or not, just as they choose."

Now, what are we to understand by it? In the article of May 13 an indictment as definite as dastardly was made against

our comrade Emma Goldman. Here it is again, so that all may see it:—

"It is not generally known that Emma Goldman is in the pay of the police, though the fact has leaked out recently. At one time she was employed by Mr. A. E. Olarovsky, of the Russian Secret Police in San Francisco, as an agent and a spy."

This was confirmed by the editor in his irrelevant and misleading note to the letter of protest which appeared on May 20, when an opportunity was afforded to disclaim editorial responsibility for the statement, if not for the publication. Instead of being big and brave enough to admit there was no evidence whatever to sustain the indictment "formulated" by the anonymous "Your Informant," he tries to bluff the readers of *Justice* by talking "of what one has no doubt to be true," and "we shall not be intimidated by the furious abuse of Anarchists," etc., etc.

Finding, however, that there are even some sound Social Democrats who cannot be induced to swallow this furious, if stupid, fustian, he now says: "We are not formulating any indictment against the lady"! This, however, is followed up in the next sentence by saying: "We simply make a statement which we have no doubt whatever is absolutely true." Could there be a more contemptuous and cowardly attempt to wriggle out of the scandalous position in which this "editor" has put himself, without even attempting to play the part of a man?

He has been eager to stab a woman's character, one who has given her life's work to the revolutionary movement, without the slightest scrap of evidence to support it, and then, when exposed, says he is not formulating any indictment against her, but has no doubt whatever that it is absolutely true. There is neither sense of honour nor sense of shame in such dastardly action.

JOHN TURNER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"JUSTICE" AND EMMA GOLDMAN.

(To the Editor of FREEDOM.)

DEAR COMRADE,—The greater number of the Social Democrats seem so hopelessly to have lost all sense of logic and justice that they are still rather inclined to be loyal to their leaders than to be straightforward with regard to Emma Goldman.

A letter I sent to *Justice* was simply referred to by the remark that "G. B." "must know how seldom it is possible to produce 'evidence' of what one has no doubt to be true." On the same page was an article on our comrade Ferrer's death, from which we gather that the Social Democrats are angry because the Anarchist Ferrer was put to death without sufficient evidence being made public to justify the action of the Government. Again, many Social Democrats were angry because the Japanese Government refused to give Kotoku and his friends a fair trial. One of two things is quite clearly the case: either these Social Democrats have lost absolutely all sense of logic, or else their indignation concerning Ferrer and Kotoku was mere make-believe.

The organ of Social Democracy, egged on apparently by an unknown informant and the Russian secret police agent Olarovsky, finds Emma Goldman guilty, but declares it is difficult to bring forward the evidence. The Japanese and Spanish Governments find their prisoners guilty by a somewhat similar process, though in their case with some pretence at trials. In this latter case the Social Democrats protest. Why?

If there are any honest men—I will not say "politically honest," for the expression means nothing to me—if there are any honest men in the S.D.P., they must dissociate themselves definitely and decidedly from the lies concerning our comrade Emma Goldman; and it would be well for them to reflect where we should be if all production and distribution were directly controlled by a central power in society, and that central power impersonated by men who are no more scrupulous than the editor of *Justice* has been in his attacks on the Anarchists.

Meanwhile, we Anarchists will congratulate ourselves that so far the capitalists, with the hero of Featherstone at their head, are our masters; for assuredly it was no jest when Kropotkin said that in the days of the Social Revolution the Social Democrats would hang the Anarchists.—Fraternally yours,

G. B.

THE JAPANESE MARTYRS: AN APPEAL.

There has been a very poor response to the appeal made in last month's FREEDOM. We hope that the international solidarity shown at the time of the trial will be translated into solid cash. Contributors can rely upon the funds being distributed among those for whom they are intended. Previously acknowledged, 11s, H. Taylor 1s, R. Gundersen 4s, A. H. Holt 6d, A. J. R. 3s, W. Hart 1s.

The receipt of a free copy of this paper is an invitation to subscribe. 1s. 6d. per annum.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN BUENOS AYRES.

The readers of the Anarchist press must be aware of the abnormal situation which our movement in the Argentine Republic is in at the present moment. But they may not have an exact idea as to how far things have actually gone. In fact, it is necessary for one to come here and see things with one's own eyes, in order to believe everything that is done against the Anarchists. The Law of Social Order which was created immediately after the chief of police, Ramon Falcon, was killed, authorised the police to deal with the right of free speech and free press just as they like. No meeting or publication with Anarchist propaganda views is allowed on any consideration. Protected by this law, and relying upon its power, the police have organised a most ferocious and permanent campaign against the Anarchists. Only a few are tolerated with an express condition: that they do nothing, absolutely nothing, on behalf of their ideas.

And this situation is far worse here than in any other place, because, besides ourselves, there is nobody ready to lift up his voice and protest against the way we are being persecuted. Elsewhere, when the partisans of any doctrine are hunted down, there are always a few honest and courageous men to come to the defence, either through sympathy with the ideas or from a sense of justice. But nothing of the kind happens here. The Socialist Party itself assumed an attitude towards the Anarchists which would insult and irritate any person, even the most quiet. With an unpardonable lack of scruple, the men who direct that party took advantage of the occasion to stir up an unfair campaign against the Anarchists,* with a view to excluding them from the Labour movement, where they exercised, and still exercise (although it is impossible for them to work in the associations), an influence considerably superior to that of the merely political element.

Our meetings have to be strictly clandestine. In this way *El Libertario* was published up to April 15, edited by a committee of the Anarchist groups. The organs of a few associations affiliated to the Federacion Obrera Regional Argentina (Argentine Workers' Federation)—considered lawless by the police, who take it for an Anarchist body—were also published clandestinely, as also *Luz al Soldado*, an anti-militarist paper.

However, as everybody, comrades and Labour element alike, were demanding the reappearance of *La Protesta*, the Anarchist daily paper, which aroused such hatred amongst the reactionary element, and which has so many traditions and such unbounded sympathy amongst the proletariat of this Republic, it was resolved in April to recommence its publication with an issue of eight pages, which would appear on the First of May. This would be the only act which the Anarchists could accomplish on that day.

But, either through a lamentable lack of precaution on our part or because there are too many confidants in our midst, the police got to know of the attempt, and even where it was being printed, and, while granting ample freedom to the Socialist Party to arrange a public demonstration and procession, began on April 30 to persecute and bully the Anarchists more than ever. Our comrades were attacked and arrested everywhere—in the streets, on the cars, and in their homes. The printing house was raided and the complete issue of *La Protesta* seized, together with 5,000 copies of a review devoted to the First of May, published by the strong Carmen's Resistance Association, and the issue of the paper, *Hacia la Luz*, organ of a group of railway employes. Everyone found on the premises, eighteen in all, including the owners, were arrested. As the printing house is situated in Lomas de Zamorra, which is under the jurisdiction of La Plata, the persons arrested, not all of whom are Anarchists, were transferred to the latter place, and will be charged with the crime of co-operating to attempt to publish a number of *La Protesta*. Besides others, the active comrade Apolinario Barrera was arrested at his home in this city, and sent to La Plata in connection with the same offence. The residence of comrade Emiliano Carulla, a student of medicine, was raided by the police. As they did not find him at home, they arrested members of his family and seized some of his books. This comrade had afterwards to escape to Montevideo in order to get out of the reach of the police.

Thus, while the Socialists were proclaiming the First of May with a triumph of their own—a very sad triumph, you may be sure!—this day was a very painful one for the Anarchists and the Labour element who sympathise with our movement.

The police are now concocting another infamy, by pretending to have found a large quantity of powder and chemical substances for the manufacture of bombs. The printing house being a public establishment, this absurd supposition is rendered still more unreasonable by the fact that the owners are not Anarchists. However, as one is allowed to do anything in this Republic, as long as it is against the propagandists of Anarchy, it is just possible that they will make this new plan work.

Buenos Ayres, May, 1911.

MANUEL MOSCOSO.

* As it may be thought that there is some exaggeration in this statement, I shall, in my next correspondence, enter into more details, proving its veracity.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

"The Employers' Insurance Bill differentiates Englishmen into two nations, one class receiving less than a certain income, another receiving more. It puts a compulsory levy upon both classes, but a levy which is out of all proportion heavier upon the poorer man, and heavier in proportion to his greater poverty. It proposes to imprison any man who will not pay a new tax compulsorily imposed upon the poor by the well-to-do. It proposes to compel men to accept employment upon terms dictated by the employing class, whether the workmen will or no, and that on pain of losing not only the patronage which the employing class and the politicians extend, but all their own compulsory savings as well, and of being marked for life. . . ."

"Realise clearly what you are in for. Waste no breath or anger against the nominal author of the scheme: it is not his; it is a hurried copy of Germany and a part of the plan universally pursued by the capitalists throughout Western Europe to secure their future at this phase of industrial development. Note that from you, the workers, who already justly complain that you are defrauded of your economic due by the capitalist system of production, more than eleven millions are to be taken in a compulsory tax in order that security may reign and fixity may be established in that economic arrangement which you have very properly declared to be detestably unjust. Remember that if this Bill becomes law your Trade Unions will be destroyed. Whether this end be designed or not—and I believe it be designed—it is an inevitable consequence following upon the measure. . . ."

"Lastly, remember that if you allow the politicians and the great employers (who are their paymasters) to fetter you with this, there will be no going back. You will get—and that in the near future—imprisonment for the recalcitrant labourer (as the Minority Report already proposes); you will get Boards of Control appointed by the governing classes; you will get all that apparatus of the legal enslavement of the poor by the rich which is the immediate and crying danger before us. No one can prevent this thing becoming law except yourselves. You cannot trust to Parliament; it is rotten and nearly dead. You cannot trust to your 'spokesmen'; they have fossilised into a caucus. All you can do is to make so vigorous a protest from below as will make the dummies in Parliament and the dummy 'spokesmen' afraid. And you had better set about it quickly, for the thing is upon you."

—HILAIRE BELLOC, in the *Clarion*.

"It [the National Insurance Bill] is in some respects so monstrous a Bill that its passage into law as it stands is unthinkable. It is a Bill to enforce saving on people who already cannot afford to feed themselves properly (that is, a Bill to make suicide and child-murder compulsory), and to enforce it, moreover, by an official machinery which would make even the millennium a nuisance."—BERNARD SHAW, in a letter to the *Times*.

"Mr. MacDonald says that the Labour Party has been created to secure decent wages for every workman. It is some satisfaction to know that the Labour Party has a definite object, for there have been times of late when I have been curious to know what was the purpose of its being."—PHILIP SNOWDEN.

"I think, too, that it was about this time [the passing of the Licensing Bill] that more cognate motives began to weigh with the Labour Members. The example of Mr. Burns was before their eyes. That remarkable man had shown that Labour agitation might easily be made a stepping-stone both to power and to pecuniary profit. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a good many of the Labourites, seeing so startling an illustration of the profitability of treason, should have cast longing eyes towards the Treasury Bench. I shall doubtless be blamed for making such a suggestion. But I am trying to write history, and the essence of history is truth. Timidity and thickheadedness may in many cases account for the actions of the Trade Union secretaries suddenly raised to the dignity of Members of Parliament. But for the actions of men of the type of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden I am unable to find any plausible explanation save that indicated above."—CECIL CHESTERTON, in the *New Age*.

"The 'Idle Rich and the Slaves of Industry.' These words are ringing in the ears of the Plutocracy of New York and Chicago to-day. Articles are appearing in the leading magazines and newspapers alluding to the doings of the Idle Rich and their white slaves, and the whole country is being aroused to action. One of the leading millionaires of New York declares, in a printed article, that the awakening of the people means revolution in the near future. And Mr. Townsend Martin ought to know. He is a member of several fashionable clubs, and he is intimate with many of the Idle Rich of New York; he is able to speak with authority."—"JUVENAL," in the *New Age*.

Notice.

Newsagents have frequently refused to supply FREEDOM owing to the difficulty of obtaining the paper. We have now made arrangements with the following agents to supply FREEDOM and also our books and pamphlets at wholesale rates. Readers are requested to notify their newsagents:—

London—HENDERSONS, 66 Charing Cross Road, W.C.

E. H. JOHNSON, 23 Bride Lane, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

Liverpool—E. G. SMITH, 126 Tunnel Road.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

United States.

Our indefatigable comrade Emma Goldman has again been on a lecturing tour. It is interesting to see from an article in *Mother Earth* by Ben Reitman, who for three years has been her manager and, as a "stormy petrel," preceded Emma Goldman wherever she went to prepare for her lectures, that Anarchist ideas are becoming less and less misrepresented, and that the Press usually gives fair accounts of the meetings. It is curious—though well known to those who have some experience in the Anarchist movement—that only the Social Democratic press is willingly and knowingly hostile, and Socialist halls are nearly always refused to Emma Goldman. It will be rather a surprise for English Anarchists to hear that Governors and their staff, Mayors, Senators, and Members of the Legislature are not infrequently seen at her meetings. We should like to say of English libraries what Reitman says of the American—viz., that he finds nearly always from ten to twenty-five books on Anarchism in every library.

Every one who has even slightly followed the Labour struggle in America must have been struck by seeing how, by a simple "injunction" of some judge or tribunal, rights and liberties guaranteed by the Constitution are set aside. Massachusetts is the first State to attempt to curb that custom, and has now enacted a law limiting the power of judges to take proceedings against violators of injunctions. But if this anti-injunction law should be adopted in other States, the big capitalists would be sure to find some other way to render resistance by their workpeople illegal.

Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison, the three leaders of the American Federation of Labour, who had been acquitted by the Supreme Court on the charge of having violated an injunction, but who were in danger of being prosecuted again for the same offence, will have the satisfaction of laying their case before a special committee of lawyers appointed by Judge Wright, of Washington. This committee is to decide whether they will be prosecuted again or not. As the members of this "impartial committee" are lawyers in the employ of the Manufacturers' Association and the Buck Stove and Range Company, who are the prosecutors, it requires an unusual amount of innocence to look serious on these farcical proceedings. The end will be undoubtedly that the A.F.L. will be fined pretty heavily—the worst of punishments for the treasure-hoarding non-revolutionary Unions affiliated to the Federation.

The revolutionary Industrial Unionists of the I.W.W. are carrying on a strong propaganda among the textile workers of the Pittsburgh district, where Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a militant and devoted comrade, is appointed to work. It is too often forgotten that Pittsburgh is not only a centre of the metal industry, but that there are also 50,000 male and female workers in the textile industry. Comrade Flynn's work will be especially among the female workers, whose husbands mostly work in the mines at insufficient wages.

In California a big strike is threatening among the 25,000 lumber workers, till now mostly unorganised, working in the neighbourhood of Crescent City, Eureka, and Fort Bragg. The I.W.W. have begun to propagate revolutionary tactics and direct action in these districts, and sent special propagandists for the English, Italian, and Finnish workers. The claims of the men are for shorter hours, more wages, and better conditions. Their strength lies in the fact that the workers in those districts can completely control the red wood market.

Servia.

The Socialist-Anarchist movement in Servia is developing. Besides the *Kommune*, a second Anarchist Syndicalist paper called *The Workers* has been started. In this country, as everywhere, the people are losing their illusions of Social Democracy. Recently at Belgrade a meeting of waiters was held to discuss the way to improve their condition. A Social Democratic Deputy, Kaelerovic, was one of the speakers, and enlarged upon the importance of having representatives in Parliament. But the audience saw through this politician's game, and shouted him down. Eventually a society of waiters on Industrial Unionist principles was organised. Several hundred copies of *The Workers* were sold at the meeting, and 40 to 50 men enrolled themselves in the new Union.

Pierre Ramus's pamphlet, "The Fraud of Parliamentarism," has been translated from German into Servian.

Germany.

The tribunals of Berlin have been occupied with a trial which proves once again that the capitalists always find the law on their side in any conflict with their men. A great number of employers in various industries had dismissed on May 2 all those workers who had not worked on the First of May and had taken part in Labour and Socialist demonstrations. The workers brought an action for unlawful dismissal, as they thought that, according to their labour contracts, by not working on the First of May they would merely lose a day's wages or be temporarily locked out, and at the worst be dismissed after receiving due notice. Anyhow, the men were quite sure of their case, relying on the law. But the judges unanimously decided that to stop work in order to take part in a Socialist demonstration must be considered as a definite abandoning of the work, and therefore dismissed the workers' claim for compensation and compelled them to pay the costs of the trial. Those men must have been "innocents" indeed to think that a German judge would not be able to interpret the law so

as to uphold the capitalists. Probably they were brought up on legal and peaceful Social Democracy.

Our Anarchist comrades know better than to expect help from the law. Their difficulty is to get away from its attention. The recent Anarchist Congress at Dusseldorf was held on June 4 and 5, under the continuous observation of the police. Though the local police were assisted by many spies, they had a few days' hard work, as our comrades played many a trick on their shadowers, who only recovered their usual superiority when the "conspirators" had left the town. The Congress was quite successful, and the various items on the agenda, amongst which were the propaganda and press, were dealt with in public and private meetings, notwithstanding the interruption of the police.

PROPAGANDA NOTES.

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

GLASGOW.

Our open-air propaganda has made a most encouraging start, successful meetings having been held in Govan, Paisley, and Kirkintilloch. It is intended to resume our meetings on Gaoil Square. The meetings are held as under:—

Govan, every Wednesday, 7.30, at Helen Street.

Paisley, alternate Thursdays, 7.30, at Abbey Gate; next meeting, July 13.

Kirkintilloch and Green meetings will be advertised locally.

The comrades in these districts will help immensely if they will come out of their retirement and do some work. The Glasgow comrades, in running these meetings, have no intention of permanently shouldering the burden of propaganda in these districts. Although quite willing to assist and anxious to co-operate, they recognise that the best means of furthering propaganda is to assist the local comrades to find their feet and do their own work.

The group meetings are now being held on Friday evenings from 7 o'clock, in Clarion Scouts' Rooms. These meetings are not intended solely for those identified with the Anarchist movement; all sympathisers and inquirers will be made welcome.

The group has a large stock of Anarchist literature on hand; it may be ordered in any quantity from the Literature Secretary. We have just printed some postcard photographs of Bakunin, price 2d. each, 1s. 6d. per dozen. There are still a number of May Day photo-postcards on hand, and we will be glad to hear from comrades desirous of purchasing. All inquiries about literature should be sent to Literature Secretary, Anarchist Group Clarion Scouts, 7 Holland Street.

LIVERPOOL.

The International Modern School intends holding its annual outing at Halewood on August 12. There are 50 children to cater for, and needless to say expenses will be somewhat heavy. It is unfortunate that we have not found suitable rooms for our school, but every effort is being made to overcome our difficulties. We have been buffeted about very much since our inauguration, owing to our opinions; nevertheless, that does not deter us in the least. We shall win yet!

Comrade Muston is endeavouring to once more start outdoor propaganda, which, I am afraid, has been lacking this year, although our comrade Peter Larkin has been holding forth persistently among the seamen and firemen of Liverpool, advocating the general strike, and not forgetting to point out to the strikers that the culminating object of the workers should be the capture of the means of distribution and production. There is no doubt that Liverpool is sadly in need of the knowledge that the solidarity of the workers is their only hope and salvation.

An amazing incident happened last week. The coloured firemen of an Elder Dempster liner came out on strike in sympathy with the white men. And it was the dignified white men who "scabbed" them! This is one of the little ironies of the Liverpool strike. However, generally speaking, the idea of the general strike is certainly spreading. We shall learn by our mistakes, for "these things are only sent to try us," as the "Big Book banger" would have it.

Children's Picnic Fund—Balance 13s 2d, F. Goulding 6d, D. J. 5s, An Old Comrade 10s, B. Black 4s.

International Club, Spekeland Buildings,
Canning Place.

DICK JAMES.

WEST LONDON.

On Saturday, June 3, while addressing a meeting at the corner of Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, our comrade Percy Tanner was arrested by two constables and taken to the police station, where he was charged with obstruction. The charge was heard at Bow Street on the following Monday morning, and although several comrades gave evidence that there was no obstruction, the magistrate accepted the uncorroborated evidence of the constables, and convicted Tanner, but merely bound him over to keep the peace for three months. The magistrate showed his partiality in all his remarks. When told that meetings had been held in the same place for twelve months, he said it was time they were stopped.

VICTORIA PARK.

Good meetings held here every Sunday. On May 21 we had a strong muster of speakers. Comrade Ray, after pointing out that 5s. per week for old-age pensions was ridiculous, when it cost 14s. 9d. per week to keep a pauper, gave a very clear and interesting description of communal life under Anarchism, where no class distinctions embittered social relations. After this, Ponder asked for questions, and a number were put, mainly harping on the old theme: What would you do with the lazy man and the man that wouldn't agree with you? These points were cleared up to the satisfaction of the questioners. Kavanagh then gave a stirring address, which was well received.

On Sunday morning, May 28, Kitz gave us an interesting historical survey of the Socialist League and some prominent events of the past

Ponder gave a strong criticism of the position of the S.D.P. The East End Group will be glad of help from those who can turn up.

F. GOULDING.

WOOLWICH.

On Sunday, June 4, at Beresford Square, Ray spoke to a large crowd, holding them for nearly two hours. He amused them greatly by his sarcastic references to the Government bomb factory close by.

F. G.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(June 1—June 28.)

FREEDOM Guarantee Fund.—W. Omand 1s 3d.

FREEDOM Subscriptions.—A. Clark 3s, N. Hurman 1s 6d, J. Desser 2s 6d, C. McM. 1s 6d, J. Shell 1s 6d, W. B. C. 1s 6d, W. Hart 1s 6d, A. F. S. 1s 6d.

Houndsditch Leaflet Fund.—F. Goulding 3d.

Appeal for a Comrade.—Collected by B. Goldberg 1s 6d, Comp. 6d, Anon 2s 6d.

THE GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP

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