

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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NOTES.

The "Titanic" Disaster.

Few words can be said about the horror of the "Titanic," as words utterly fail to convey anyone's feelings about such an overwhelming disaster. But everyone feels there is something to be said about the causes that led to it and about the events of that terrible night. It has been known to some of us for a long time, and now it is made plain to the world, that the big "liner" is first and foremost a luxury for the rich. One sees the class distinction and even the class struggle reflected in the doom of the "Titanic" as it is acted in a less sensational but far more insidious form on land. The percentage of drowned amongst the steerage answers to the high death-rate amongst the workers on land; the high percentage of saved amongst the saloon passengers corresponds to the longevity of the well-fed and well housed upper classes, whose wealth "saves" them on shore as it saved them at sea. It is a horrible commentary on our social conditions everywhere. The land, as we all know, is for the rich, such floating palaces as the "Titanic" prove the sea is for the rich, and it will not be long before the air is appropriated by the same class. Perhaps, then when life has been made intolerable from above as well as from below, the world will begin to understand that equality in the matter of our social claims on life will not only be necessary to prove our sanity but even to save our very lives.

First-Class First.

The inquiry, official and unofficial, as to the loss of the "Titanic" has exposed the almost incredible class discrimination in the hour of danger. The *Daily Herald* has done well in insisting upon the facts being brought into prominence. The figures are ominous; they are:—

First-class Passengers saved	61 per cent.
Second " " "	36 " "
Third " " "	23 " "
Crew " " "	22 " "

And of the third-class and crew a large proportion, we believe, were picked up from the water. It is far worse when the women and children of the classes and crew are taken separately. While 97 per cent. of the first-class women passengers were saved, and 84 per cent. of the second-class, only 55 per cent. of the third-class women passengers were rescued. The whole of the first and second-class children were saved as against only 30 per cent. of the third-class passengers' children. These figures ought to wake the workers up.

And in reference to the women workers amongst the crew, the second officer giving evidence at the inquiry is reported to have said that he ordered the stewardesses to stand away from the boats! While all the inquiries are going on and "regulations" are being discussed, we hail the practical direct action of the "Olympic" firemen at Southampton, who refused to serve on board unless a sufficient number of seaworthy boats were provided. Undoubtedly the lack of boats on the "Titanic" accounted principally for the great loss of life.

Victory—or Defeat?

The miners have returned to work. But they returned not in the manner of a beaten army flying helter-skelter before the advance of a victorious foe, but like an army dismissed by its own generals who have arranged an inglorious peace. The struggle brought into prominence the lessons of solidarity, and the overwhelming superiority of direct action for forcing the grievances and needs of the working class to a practical issue. It also made quite obvious the value of the General Strike in educating and uniting the workers of the whole country in one common struggle against the capitalist class, while at the same time it shewed the danger and disadvantage of the official

"leader" and the uselessness of Parliament (where it is not used against the workers). All these things, besides many others, have to be taken into consideration in judging the miners' fight and its results. So far as the material results of the strike are concerned, it must be admitted that the concession of the principle of the minimum wage amounts to very little indeed. We can only hope that the miners will exhibit the same determination and unity in dealing with the coal-owners now they are at work which they did when they were not at work. But the whole working community—including the miners—need to devote keen and constant attention to the gross and unnecessary injustice of private ownership and exploitation of lands and minerals which results in vast accumulations of wealth for the few and toil and poverty for the many. The fortunes of the colliery-proprietors and the enormous profits made during the last few months by the coal-monopolists and middlemen have opened the eyes of the community to the loss and injury they all sustain under the present system.

The First Fruits of Finance.

The financial vultures who are beginning to settle upon Russia from this country are rapidly developing not only the natural resources of the land, but also what are generally known as "the resources of civilisation," namely, bullets and bayonets for the suppression of strikes. The massacre of the miners during the strike at the Lena goldfields—nearly two hundred were actually killed, besides hundreds wounded, by the order of a drunken Cossack officer—is something that perhaps the English working classes will have cause to be proud of when it is known that 70 per cent. of the capital employed in running these gold mines is English. While these unspeakable financiers are spoiling for a big war to fill their money bags, they are evidently not neglecting the financial advantages which the entente with our Russian ally offers them. The international solidarity of Labour is growing, as we know; but speed the day when it has become so developed and organised that an outrage against the workers in all lands and of the most "backward" races shall be an injury to the whole world of Labour and resented as such.

Physical Force and "Sabotage."

The attitude of many of the State Socialists towards these questions makes us wonder if they suffer from petrification of the brain. Although they are in the habit of using ridiculous flamboyant phrases, such as "Dynamite parcels post," "They must grant our demands, or —!" "We are in favour of any means from the ballot-box to the bomb," etc., they assume a virtuous, Christ-like attitude when referring to Anarchists, and then they "are not in favour of physical force," and they pile up the horrors of "sabotage," dynamite, barricades, and "propaganda by deed." This is sheer humbug. "Sabotage" is like "rattening" in the first half of the nineteenth century—the resource of a crushed or beaten proletariat. The use of dynamite is quite as characteristic of believers in Law and Government as it is of Anarchist rebels, and "propaganda by deed" is just as applicable to a social revolt against payment of rent or taxes or the seizure of land as it is to the assassination of individuals (which again is a course of action adopted by every known party in history—except such people as Quakers and Tolstoyans). We do not for a moment contend that the Social Revolution will or can be a perfectly peaceful process. The enemies of the oppressed always hasten to employ violence, organised and merciless, and it is useless to throw kisses at a gatling gun in action. The whole question of force needs to be discussed carefully and not in the state of mind of a Parliamentary election contest.

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THE ANARCHIST. 1d. Weekly.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

By FRANK KITZ.

(Continuation.)

Before describing the work and activities of the Socialist League, more than a passing reference must be made to William Morris, the most conspicuous amongst its founders. This is the more necessary as in the short years that have passed since death removed this great personality from our midst a fictitious Morris has been created by interested scribes, who have invented for their own purposes a false legend around his memory, and seek to deprive Socialism of the influence which his adhesion gave to the movement.

Even the firm which bears his name, and which he with others founded to raise the artistic taste of the public in regard to domestic decoration and furnishing, whilst departing widely from the standard of excellence which Morris set up, in a booklet recently published by the firm has made a slighting reference to his Utopian ideas.

In the opening chapters of these recollections I alluded to the causes which mainly contributed to his conversion to Socialism, these being the hideous squalor of our towns and the defilement of Nature by commercial greed. He saw that the debasement of art and the destruction of natural beauty were the certain results of a profit-mongering capitalist system, and the production of tawdry, shoddy articles under a system of fierce competition and sweating is destructive also of health and life; and that it was useless to expect the modern worker to possess artistic perception under such hellish conditions.

He looked back longingly to a pleasanter England, when in a more spacious age the handicraftsmen of the guilds wrought at anvil and loom the masterpieces of artistic workmanship, the wonder of to-day. He loathed the modern factory hell and the grimy prison towns, the slave-pens of capitalism; and this feeling found expression in his verses. The following brief quotation from "The Day is Coming" show how, like Gerald Massey and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, he detested the factory system:—

"How long shall they reproach us where crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-crushed hungry hell?
Through squalid life they laboured, in sordid grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother, those props of England's pride.
They are gone; there is none can undo it, nor save our souls from
the curse;

But many a million cometh, and shall they be better or worse?"

The whole of his poetry and prose is permeated with sympathy and love of the poor, the victims of landlord and capitalistic greed. This note of sympathy distinguishes him from many who surrounded him and who babbled of art and culture, but were mere tuft-hunters, devoid of any desire to raise the status of the working class.

And thus it came about that the artist and poet, bred in luxury and trained in an aristocratic university, met upon terms of equality men who had felt their way towards the light from totally opposite surroundings. His keen intuition and broad humanity had led him out from his environment towards them; and they, enduring the horrors of the factory and the slum, revolting against their conditions, joined hands in propagandist work against the monopolists of the means of life. Morris's preference for the society of his humbler confrères gave great offence to some superior persons, including the great G. B. Shaw, who upon the death of Morris wrote an obituary of him for a daily paper, wherein he complained of Morris's preference for the company of "tinkers and tailors." There were several erroneous statements in that notice, presumably paid for at ordinary press rates. The French term this sort of thing "making capital out of a corpse." Blatchford, who had just previously had a violent quarrel with "G. B. S." and patched it up, reprinted the obituary in the *Clarion*, no doubt "to oblige Benson." I think also that in wading through the works of another superior person, H. G. Wells, and his brand-new version of suburban Socialism and wonderful Gulliver-like stories, I came across some sentences deriding the street-corner Socialist orator. Morris did not object to take his share in that kind of propaganda. At one time the police were attempting to suppress our outdoor meetings at Bell Street, Edgware Road; and several comrades, amongst them the late Sam Mainwaring, were arrested and heavily fined, upon the usual pretext of obstruction. Unlike the arm chair philosophers of the Wells stamp, who sell their treatises and fearsome literary concoctions, Morris went to the danger-point; but, much to his chagrin, the police would not molest him, but victimised the poorer comrades.

So convinced was he of the utility of open-air propaganda that he stood by my side on many a windy, inclement night at the corner of some wretched East End slum whilst I endeavoured to gain him an audience by addressing a few listless stragglers as "the working class of England." He had no feeling of contempt for those who do the rough work of the movement. He was well aware that the persistent efforts of the governing class to suppress free speech is a testimony to the efficacy of this form of propaganda, and he was willing to share the risks which working men ran when making themselves conspicuous by outdoor advocacy of revolutionary principles.

Although his audiences were at first somewhat mystified by his method of delivering his message, for he was no great orator, they gradually grasped his meaning; and as he preached to those toil-worn

crowds in those gloomy East End byways of the possibility of realising the dream of a beautiful England free from the curse of commercialism, he would warm to his subject, and his audience would enter into the spirit of his address. The following extract from one of his addresses will furnish an idea of his style and give an answer to those who, as I previously remarked, seek to claim the artist and poet, and deny his Socialism. Speaking of the workers' claim for a higher life, he said:—

"I have looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me so looked at to be a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of a denial of the hope of civilisation. This, then, is the claim: *It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.* Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet again I say that if society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then? And the price to be paid for so making the world happy is Revolution."

In the midst of so much that was of the earth earthy, when even Socialism was presented by many as an urban doctrine still redolent of bricks and mortar and the factory, his ideal of a natural life was like the sweet aftermath of new-mown hay, which is carried by night winds from distant fields into the city streets.

In "Nupkins Awakened" he scathingly satirised the methods of class-made judges. In "John Ball" we are carried back to pictures of ancient rural England, with a love tale subtly interwoven into the story of the Kentish priest and the rising of the peasants. The poet is, after all, the fashioner of men's thoughts, and sometimes the prophet of vast changes in this everyday, prosaic world; and in "News from Nowhere," which was written in opposition to Bellamy's "American store Socialism," we have a glimpse of the coming fight between the "haves" and the "have-nots." When the Armageddon of Labour is fought, his idealism will mayhap be the guiding thought which will give it inspiration; and the soil of England, of which we have been despoiled by violence and legal chicanery, be yet the home of a really free and happy people. To bring this about, the strike will give place to the taking back of our common heritage, the land, and the means of life produced from it. In that time which we hope and strive for, his solemn words of warning and hope in "All for the Cause" will be realised:—

"Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise.

There amidst the world new-builded shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died."

In the police-court proceedings which followed upon the attempt of the authorities to suppress free speech at Dod Street, Limehouse, a charge was trumped up against him of assaulting a constable, in court. The Nupkins on the bench, Sanders, had never heard of William Morris, and was unmercifully chaffed throughout the Press for his ignorance. A cartoon appeared representing Sanders tearfully blacking Morris's boots. When the latter left the court he received a great ovation from a tremendous crowd outside, which somewhat perturbed him, for he disliked hero-worship; but it evidenced the feeling of the East-Enders towards him.

Writing of this reception of Morris by the people of the East End reminds me of the ovation accorded G. R. Sims some years before, when he had touched the hearts of the people by his writings, notably his "Christmas Day in the Workhouse." That gentleman is now only known to fame as the patentee of a hair restorer, which is but right, seeing that his later literary effusions are calculated to cause baldness. Sims had shaken hands with the late King, and space will not permit of giving a list of those who, from Chamberlain (erstwhile Republican) down to the editor of *Justice*, have gone astray after undergoing that fateful handshake.

Dealing with the motives which led Morris to attack the system which has surrounded us with ugliness and squalor reminds me that the Anti-Socialists have issued a leaflet warning us of the danger to art and culture should Socialism prevail. This combination of the most sinister anti-human interests—land thieves, slum owners, stock jobbers, proprietors of the reptile press, all of the kind which the late Bronterre O'Brien depicted in his "Vision of Hell"—standing as the defender of art, is a sight to make angels weep. Their hireling speakers are continually attempting to besmirch the memory of Morris, but that is beyond the power of those who, as Ruskin has said, "paw the dirty linen of their souls in order that they may dine."

(To be continued.)

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 FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

"The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance." The truth of this maxim has once more been made very evident by the atrocious sentences upon Guy Bowman, the editor, and the printers of the *Syndicalist* for the publication, or rather the republication, in that journal of an article calling upon the soldiers not to murder the members of the class to which they belong.

The Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, made a clever but merely plausible and superficial defence of the prosecution in the House of Commons in reply to the storm of protest and criticism which burst forth throughout the country. In the course of his apology, after virtually defending the haphazard imposition of the penalty of death upon untried persons for injury, or threatened injury to property, he hypocritically denied that the prosecutions implied any attack upon the liberty of the Press. And yet he, without doubt, knew at the moment of uttering that statement that the prosecution and the sentences passed upon the printers were the most emphatic declaration possible that the written and printed expression of opinion was to be attended by such risks in future that no ordinary printer would care to face the responsibility of publishing any journal or book which might meet with the disapprobation of the Government and against which they might rake up some abominable law of the past. No printing firm would undertake, in the ordinary way of business, to suffer the severe penal consequences which might ensue.

Putting the menace to the editors and proprietors aside for the moment, and merely dealing with the question as it affects printers in their business capacity, that by itself is sufficient to establish the fact of repression. It cannot honestly be alleged that printers are capable of judging the probable legality or otherwise of opinions which they may undertake to publish. In spite of the idiotic dictum that "ignorance of the law is no excuse," every reasonable person must admit that it is simply impossible for any man to become acquainted with the mass of laws on the statute book. In fact, no man living can recite their titles, much less their contents. And when their interpretation is undertaken, not even the highest and most learned judges in the land agree as to their meaning. It is therefore as cruel as it is unjust to penalise printers for having published an article such as the "Open Letter to British Soldiers." This menace is no imaginary one, as Sir Rufus Isaacs must know, or he had better inquire of his right hon. friend the Home Secretary, who would be able to inform him of the difficulty which has been experienced in finding firms willing to publish succeeding issues of the *Syndicalist*.

How far-reaching is this legal terrorism may be gauged by the statement which appears in the April issue of the *Clerk*. Following the words "Syndicalism and Free Speech," we read this significant announcement: "Our notes on this matter the printers refuse to insert." And this happens in the case of a journal whose editors state that they have "no intellectual sympathy with Syndicalism." This is very natural, as no business man in the printing trade likes to run the risk of imprisonment for opinions with which he may disagree, or of which, in any case, he is not the author. And further, the detectives seem to have full authority to "pie" the type and otherwise injure the contents of the printing office; to appropriate all the books of the business, and bring it to an entire standstill, if not to ruin.

The Pecksniffian character of the Attorney-General's repudiation of the attack upon the free expression of opinion is seen in all its nakedness in the light of the above facts. It only makes the matter worse for him to say that if the printers of the *Syndicalist* had testified in the witness box to their ignorance of the illegality of the article that he would have considered that "a complete defence." Actions speak louder than words in these circumstances, and if the immediate liberation of the printers had preceded or followed his declaration some credence could possibly have been given to it. It was well known that they were not Syndicalists, and were actually opposed to the opinions expressed in the paper.

We are justified too, at the present juncture, in pointing out the glaring injustice of the imprisonment of Guy Bowman, and the direct attack upon the free expression of opinions which is essential to the existence of the whole Labour movement in this country. An era of repression has been inaugurated. The propaganda of revolutionary ideas concerning social problems has been attended by persistent harrying of the individuals engaged in it by the forces of "law and order." Every meeting is attended, and often surrounded, by policemen and detectives; and the ordinary rights of making collections for propaganda purposes and the sale of literature have been largely taken away by means of personal brutality, fines, and imprisonment. And we saw last year, in the case of the railwaymen and other transport workers, how rapidly the military forces were disposed about the country without the excuse of "rioting."

In these circumstances it is necessary and laudable to appeal to men to refuse to destroy human life in order to cow the victims of the sordid monopolist, who have been driven by starvation and desperation to injure some of his precious property. We do not suppose that our comrade Bowman's paper reached many of these men, though happily the appeal itself has reached tens of thousands of them.

Now, no Anarchist supposes that a moral appeal of this kind could be technically legal—at any time, or under any Government. But when the Government of the day is aware that for a year past incitements and preparations for armed revolt against a law it proposes to

pass through Parliament are being made openly and defiantly by well-known men; when arms are imported into Ulster and thousands of men are receiving military training avowedly for the support of a "provisional government" in that part of Ireland, one would think that they would, if only for appearance sake, take similar action against them to that against Bowman and Mann. Especially when we remember that the soldiers have been not only advised not to shoot at these constitutional "rebels," but actually to join them.

But who expects justice or fairness from Governments? Certainly not us, though we are entitled to mention these facts. For the Labour movement to tamely submit to the continuance of these prosecutions and the further detention of Guy Bowman in prison, while the Tory-Orange leaders remain unmolested, would be to inflict an indelible disgrace upon itself.

The existence of a fearless and unrestricted Press is vital to the workers' movement, as well as to general human advancement. We will not attempt to argue the "legal" side. It is possible to show that the Crown established (by virtue of force) a monopoly and censorship over printing altogether—even if we only go back as far as the Mutiny Act of 1797. But ever since printing was invented (and previously too) the claim of men to write and publish their sincere convictions on all matters affecting the good of humanity has been asserted in one way or another. And in the modern movement for social and economic emancipation that right must be still asserted and practised. Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" and "The Rights of Man" (nowadays sold throughout England) were a century ago proscribed by the Government. Many men and women suffered penal consequences for circulating them. The fight for an unstamped and outspoken Press was carried on against law and Government by poor though courageous men and women, such as Richard and Jane Carlile, as well as by many other obscure persons who fought on their side, without even the solace (?) of posthumous celebrity.

The Press of a sordid plutocracy—with its poor-spirited hirelings—cynically disregards the present attack upon freedom, or approves it, while flourishing profitably in conditions made possible by the Bowmans, Manns, and Crowsleys of a former period. "Blasphemous," "seditious," "dangerous," are epithets which in no degree disturb our equanimity, and which will cause no disquiet to anybody but the people who use them as some sort of excuse. If opinions which are described in those terms are false or unreasonable they supply their own corrective. The late Auberon Herbert supplied us with an illuminating passage in reference to this question when he wrote:—"Of all the miserable, unprofitable, inglorious wars in the world is the war against words. Let men say just what they like. . . . We have nothing to do with a man's words or a man's thoughts, except to put against them better words or better thoughts, and so to win in the great moral and intellectual duel that is always going on, and on which all progress depends."

If it were true, as alleged, that the military are not held in readiness and used to overawe strikers and to crush the Labour revolt in bloodshed, then the facts supply a sufficient refutation to the assertions and arguments in the "Open Letter to British Soldiers." And if the generality of the people are unable by their own effort to recognise the alleged falsity and baselessness of such appeals and arguments, there is a huge force in the Press, the pulpit, and on the political platform capable of counteracting their influence, and penal consequences are quite unnecessary.

But if true, and we think there can be no question of the facts, then to arrest and imprison men for the expression of truthful opinion is an outrage upon the common liberty of mankind.

In the fight against the present system of society—and the poverty, slavery, and misery which capitalism and landlordism involve—the right to freedom of thought and speech cannot be surrendered, no matter what the cost may be.

SIBERIAN EXILE'S SONG.

(From the Russian via Esperanto.)

No more for me the springtime verdant,
No more for me the Boug's ice-breaking,
And Nature with her burgeons gleaming,
No more for me! No more for me!
No more for me the glint of waters
Adown the banks where stands my dwelling,
No more for me the cascade's singing,
No more for me! No more for me!
No more for me full moon or crescent
With silvery beams shall light the forest,
Where trills the nightingale its music,
No more for me! No more for me!
No more for me the scent of roses
In gardens fair 'mid blossoms sweetest,
No more for me their petals falling,
No more for me! No more for me!
No more for me shall wife and children
And sire and grandmere sit together,
No more for me the White Christ rising
Shall bring me hope: no more for me!

Translated by L. A. MOTLER.

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LABOUR DAY.

A NEW ERA.

After the events of the past year it is possible to write with good hope of the dawn of a new era in the struggle of Labour against Capital. The first evidence of this was given by the great strike of the Transport Workers last summer, a strike that not only showed an unexpected solidarity amongst the men, but also an amazing spirit of independent and direct action against the dictation of the leaders. The more intelligent amongst them saw this, and to their credit helped the men in their use of direct action. For once the "leaders" followed the rank and file, and the results confirmed the sound sense of the new departure.

The Railway Men's strike, which was in reality a continuation of that of the Transport Workers, was a fine effort; but suffering as they did from "sectionalism," and the men being unfortunately still held in leading strings by their officials, they drifted into the nets of the politicians and were sold. But regrettable as this certainly was, it has helped to educate the men in a vitally important matter, for they have seen that political action is a mere matter of words, not actions, and that over the "interpretation" of these words their masters with their lawyers will juggle and defeat them again and again. All agreements should be direct between masters and men, and any trickery of the former should be met by the spontaneous strike.

Turning now to the quite recent Coal Strike, the greatest thing in strikes the world has ever seen, we see another immense step taken, not only in the direction of a splendid solidarity, but also in establishing before the world a fact known to many of us but ignored by our rulers; that the one indispensable "pillar" of all the pillars of our society is Labour. Kings and Cabinets, M.P.'s. and P.M.'s. (profit-mongers) might disappear never to return and we could all live—much easier in fact—if free and willing Labour had but access to the land and the raw materials. It is a great thing that the masses of people should understand this, and should realise that private ownership is the great stumbling-block to social well-being.

Unhappily for the miners, they also became involved in the political net. But while the victory that should have been theirs has slipped through their hands, we are once more enabled to see that governmental interference is the real danger that Trade Unionism has to fear in the future. Just as the Conciliation Boards failed utterly to conciliate anything, or even to prevent a strike, so now the Minimum Wage Act with its District Boards is only making confusion worse confounded. One reads for instance that "the District Board for South Wales coalfield concluded its fifth sitting yesterday (April 26th) without any definite progress having been made," and again, "the Northumberland Joint Board sat for seven hours yesterday under the chairmanship of Lord Mersey, and adjourned till Monday. Much of the preliminary proceedings consisted in explaining North Country customs and the conditions of the coal-mining industry, in order to acquaint the chairman with the local position. No agreement was arrived at on any point."

Just like State action! Lord Mersey knows nothing of the points he will be expected to rule upon, while there are hundreds of better men who have a first-hand acquaintance with the facts. But they belong to a class that would make short work of the red tape that is the guiding star of the State official. And so the game is played. But the situation is growing too serious for this trifling, and the Labour Day celebrations of this eventful year should herald forth a message from the massed workers that they do not intend the lives of another generation of their class to be sweated into profit for the owners

while the State experiments in the art of how not to do everything that needs to be done to make life worth living for the worker. One note that should be sounded with clear decision is that State ownership as a substitute for private ownership will never end the struggle for economic freedom; it will, on the contrary, make that struggle still more difficult, while the State exploitation will wring from the toilers wealth which will be used to still further oppress and enslave them.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

For fully twenty-five years those in earnest on the social question were compelled to break their hearts in isolation, or wear themselves out on such petty propaganda work as alone is possible when the masses are asleep. It is fully twenty-five years since the Knights of Labour, at one time a really radical association with a membership reputed at 500,000, went to pieces, its chosen leader retiring into a fat Government position. It is more than twenty-five years since free speech was suppressed in Chicago and a bomb was thrown in the effort to uphold it. During all those twenty-five years—the average span of human life—it has been a dead pull against the stream. For the most part the masses, when they could be stirred into a semblance of activity, have attended routine meetings, paid their dues obediently, and gone through the red-tape flummery that kills all life. Periodically it has been possible to induce the disgruntled to label themselves Socialist Labour Party men, Socialist Party men, United Party men, or God alone knows what, and deposit in a ballot box a slip of paper notifying the authorities of their disgruntlement. Whereat the optimistic have rejoiced greatly, although it is obvious that such a proceeding calls for no self-sacrifice and guarantees nothing. At rare intervals a disillusioned soul, under the impression that some one ought to make a fight, has stepped into the open and crucified himself, being rewarded almost invariably by the curses of the many, and particularly by those of their allegedly revolutionary leaders, scenting trouble for their own skins. In a word, we have had some twenty-five years of terrible reaction, during which capitalism has been busy as a bee, sucking the honey out of every flower in sight and leaving the masses the dead leaves.

Economically, Labour in the United States is a hundred times weaker than it was twenty-five years ago, and the one hope lies in the supposition that out of its very economic weakness it may have gathered what I call, for convenience, spiritual strength. If out of this muck-bed of cowardly submissiveness there has not grown the flower of the "Spirit of Revolt," the case is hopeless, because while the masses have been grumbling about their poverty, the classes have been adding to their wealth; because while the one army has been wasting years in squabbles as to the best methods of attack, the other army has not lost a minute in occupying every point of vantage and making the economic fortress, as far as possible, impregnable. That fortress is incomparably stronger than it was twenty-five years ago, and it is defended by a much larger and more powerful garrison; said garrison being our adored army, our beflattered navy, the National Guard—in which all good young men are urged to enlist; a police and detective force of immense but unknown size—in short, the whole arsenal of government, that hideous Moloch at whose feet State Socialism worships. Let us have no doubt about the fact that the fortress is far better fortified than it was twenty-five years ago, whatever Gompers and the other conservative Labour leaders may say as to their prodigious success in protecting the American working man. Let us also have no doubt that we owe the existence of the powerful defending army to the insane State Socialist delusion that the stronger the central Government the better.

Mexico gives us the best of illustrations, because in Mexico the war between Have and Want is being actually fought out on the battlefield. Anyone can understand that the Mexicans would have been wise if they had started the fight before their national resources had been given away and before Diaz had formed a strong central Government to protect the favoured few. Anyone can see that the Mexican insurrecto's hope lies in the weakness of the central Government, and that if Madero or his successors can gather a big army and police, power and privilege will be able to sleep soundly once more. It is self-evident, moreover, that what has happened in Mexico has happened also in the United States and Europe, in which latter everything was placed long ago under lock and key. Real revolution—revolution that changes the property basis—is still comparatively easy in new and undeveloped countries. Even in these United States the West is always more radical and quick to move than is the more staid and settled East. In such a country as England, where established institutions have been hardening for centuries, it will take many such struggles as that of the coal miners to relax the grip of power. Let us not delude ourselves. When a strong central Government has been formed, Privilege is at once seated most firmly in the saddle.

Unquestionably, however, the tide has turned, and turned with astounding violence. It had to. Hope will not let itself be cheated for ever; such fires as glow within the Labour volcano have to find a

vent. To my individual thought the McNamara case was important mainly because it gave us a peep into the crater, but that peep roused us all. We have travelled very far within the last twelve months; surely much farther than in all the preceding generation. And the movement has been, on both sides, in the opposite direction, deeds taking the place of words, direct action pushing Parliamentary talkification more and more contemptuously aside, legal formalism being put more and more on the shelf to gather dust with companion antiquities. The McNamara case was a dropping of the mask; a quick revelation of the war as it actually exists, and both sides promptly took the hint. Never has there been in this country or in England—the only two countries whose current literature I can make a pretence of following adequately—anything like the outpouring of purely Anarchistic sentiment that has characterised the last twelve months. I care not from what angle you approach it. They prosecute the Trusts. Suddenly every one has come to understand that the whole procedure is a roaring farce. Trade Unions enter into agreements. Instinctively it is acknowledged all round that these are made only to be broken whenever either of the warring combatants finds it to his advantage. Nobody believes any longer in the minimum wage, compulsory arbitration or similar makeshifts, in which so much confidence was placed only a year ago. One would like to see the audience that Victor Berger could enthuse on the subject of old age pensions. The Populist movement, the Nationalist movement, and certainly a large percentage of the Socialist movement looked to Government ownership. Tom Mann, for the moment the most prominent figure in the English Labour movement, singles Government ownership out for special exposure as the most transparent of all humbugs. Charles Edward Russell sees it as it is when he visits Australasia; and to-day there are few, even of the Socialists, who honestly endorse it. The Governmental idea has received another serious setback; and the tide runs more strongly anti-Government than ever.

* * * * *

There has been a series of most bitter conflicts, and events have educated where abstract argument could not. Without exception, the workers have found themselves opposed by the military and other essentially Governmental forces every time they endeavoured to assert themselves. Our leading illustrated papers have swarmed with sketches representing the soldier pointing his bayonet at the worker's breast. I.W.W. men are lectured from and sentenced by the bench—as in the case of Charles W. Puckham, of San Diego—for avowing their disbelief in the law; and, to cap the climax, members of the organisation are handed over by the professional guardians of the law to private "vigilantes," and a fearless editor—A. R. Sauer, also of San Diego—is kidnapped by members of the kid-gloved Kuklux gang, and all but lynched for daring to protest.

You will not find many believers in government among the Lawrence or I.W.W. fighters; and even when you use the old Socialist argument that the kind of Government you intend to establish will be something entirely different, the audience will be entirely sceptical. It is not this or that form of rule that is becoming unpopular, but the thing itself; and as the mask is laid aside and the conflict of interests acknowledged with increased frankness, both sides show themselves more indifferent to all those legal formalities on which Government is supposed to rest. Only yesterday an unfortunate San Diego pawnbroker was beaten badly for displaying a red flag, which the sailors of one of our warships mistook for a declaration of Anarchy; and thus again Government rebelled against itself, its own agents defying authority.

Los Angeles, California.

WM. C. OWEN.

THE MINERS' LESSON.

WHAT A MINER THINKS.

It behoves every miner throughout the whole of Great Britain to seriously consider the policy and action of their leaders in the past struggle. No struggle has ever been fought with more determination than the miners' strike as far as the rank and file were concerned. The rank and file were out for a definite purpose, the issue was clear before them, their line of action would have won their fight, but "some one blundered," and it was their "leaders." The treacherous policy and deliberate disobedience of the so-called leaders, to the men's instructions may shake the Miners' Federation of Great Britain to its very foundation. If the men are alert and alive to their responsibilities, they will get together and make a bold move forward by removing the society sycophants among their officials from their positions.

How many times have the miners been sold by these men? How many agreements have they signed without any attempt to ascertain the wishes of the miners? Oh, ye patient crucified toilers, take heed of the lessons of this strike! The leaders disobeyed the men's instructions during the very first days of the strike. They were instructed not to negotiate with the owners unless they accepted the principle of a "minimum wage." What did they do? They hobnobbed with a capitalist Government for a fortnight, after having received a negative answer from the owners. They knew what the Liberal Government had done for the railway workers, and yet they went to the Foreign Office and with the solace of refreshments and cigars imperilled the miners' cause.

Many of them profess to be representatives of the workers in Parliament, and think themselves capable of defending the men's cause in that House, though every time a crisis comes they turn tail on the men and voice their own opinion. Mr. Stephen Walsh, the miners' representative from Lancashire, is a good example of what the leaders are in critical moments; he stated in the House of Commons on the third reading of the Bill, "I am a citizen first and a Trade Unionist afterwards." These individuals with their salaries of anything between £400 and £600 a year, can afford to be citizens, but they are citizens at the expense of the poverty of the wives and families of Trade Unionists and other workers. The workers' greatest enemies and the meanest parasites they have to contend with are the aspirants for Parliamentary and official honours, who can only arrive at these positions by climbing upon the workers; once they arrive there they push the ladder away, and ask the men to be moderate. This lesson has come home in a clear and plain manner in the miners' strike.

Many of these leaders are aspirants for that £400 a year and other emoluments; they are anxious to have a chance to "catch the Speaker's eye," and to keep walking back and fore to the refreshment room of the House of Commons. Once they are there it is a fight to death to remain there. No more pick and shovel work, no more bench work, etc. All the fighting spirit has vanished, and it is just the same with the executive officials of all organisations. A prominent official of the Miners' Federation, according to the London Press, stated on the Wednesday afternoon previous to the declaration of the ballot, that "we hold the whip and the men must resume work, or we will stop their strike pay." That statement is a clear proof of the officials' position to the men when they have been elected: they become masters and not servants.

The workers must realise that in a properly organised system they need no leaders; they can formulate their demands and decide on a plan of action without their aid. The capitalist class have shown them the line they must act upon.

There is no need for conciliation and arbitration; the workers are not out for either of these, they are out for economic freedom. They cannot achieve their purpose through leaders, they cannot achieve it through Parliamentary representation; both of these only offer palliatives.

Let the strike be a lesson to all workers of all grades to educate themselves individually and to join hands as members of one class, and go forward with one purpose. Let their war-cry be direct action, straight for the enemy themselves, no intermediate men, no qualms of conscience about giving notices, which merely give time to the enemy to defeat them. Once the men do this, no power can stop them, no power will dare to try to stop them, and they will win. Fellow workers, prepare for action.

J. GRIFFITHS.

WATERED STOCK.

A hen with her head off makes no more purposeless death convulsions in the barnyard than all the paroxysms of the organs of commercialism during the last fortnight in discussing the sinking of the Royal Mail steamer "Plutocratic" off Nova Scotia on the 15th ult. There are fears her mates the "Sardonic" and the "Satanic" may meet worse fates. So the shanty all are singing, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" The matter is as plain as a pikestaff. We live in an age of watered stock. Grim logic has given this special bit of stock too much water. Everything right on the "Plutocratic" was due to the eternal laws of the universe; everything wrong, to the exigencies of watered stock.

Every honest and intelligent person in the world wishes the economic and social fabric under which we suffer at the bottom of the ocean as deep as the sunken liner. The question is how to get it there soonest. The governmentals would have always a change of bosses, always new boss brooms to sweep all clean, regardless of the stern truth of all ages that if we deputise our duties we end in disaster. Our wonderful industrial development is built entirely upon individual initiative. Its rusts and blights and mildews are always governmental plagues. Watered stock, the end and aim of all our present sweating, is a governmental plague through the insidious ramifications of usury. All the usury of the world, whether in the form of interest or rent or profit or taxes, has governmental bayonets and bludgeons to use as pawns in the sneaking game. Mankind is always posing and theatrical. Let us hope the eight bells of the "Plutocratic" sound the death-knell of watered stock, for which sweat weavers, miners, railway men, and all others lately in unrest in two hemispheres. As a fact, the death of sixteen hundred people together at sea is of no more intrinsic importance than the death of as many every week in London or elsewhere; and the much-boasted wireless heroism of the shipwrecked (sometimes sold for a consideration) is far surpassed daily in quiet, unnoted corners by children, women, even men, victims of the watered stock Juggernaut.

Death is inevitable, and a brave death is far less creditable than a brave life. The only useful deaths are those of the minute few who die in a good cause. Almost all of us die in a bad cause. In fact, if a mere handful in the countless millions on earth had the courage to lead really honest lives, the reign of watered stock would not last a week, and the ship of social fools would glide gently into smooth water. Living cowardly lives, why should we not be cowards to the last?

LOTHROP WITHINGTON.

WHAT GOOD IS AUTHORITY?

I.

Bent over the plough and irrigating with his sweat the furrow that he turns, the peon toils and intones one of those inexpressibly sad folk-songs that seem to condense and sum up all the bitterness that social injustice has been accumulating for centuries in the poor man's heart. The peon toils and sings, thinking at the same time of the hut wherein his family is awaiting him to share his humble meal. His heart is flooded with tenderness as he muses on his wife and little ones, and, looking up to note the position of the sun and tell the hour of day, he perceives a light cloud of dust, which gradually grows larger as it nears him. Those who are approaching are soldiers of the cavalry, and they ask him: "Are you Juan?" On receiving an affirmative reply, they say, "Come with us, the Government needs you." And away goes Juan, bound like a criminal, on the road to the city, where the barracks await him; while in the hut is left his family, to die of hunger or to turn thieves and prostitutes to save itself from perishing. Will Juan tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

II.

For three days past Pedro has been tramping the city streets eagerly, in search of work. He is a good workman; his muscles are of steel; on his face, which stamps him a child of the people, honesty is reflected. Vainly he tramps the city, begging the employers to "take the trouble" to exploit his sturdy arms. On every side the doors are shut against him, but Pedro is energetic and does not allow himself to become discouraged. So, streaming with sweat and with the sharp teeth of hunger gnawing at his entrails, he offers and offers and offers his fists of iron, in the hope of meeting a master who will "kindly" consent to exploit them. Crossing the city for the twentieth time, he thinks of his wife and children in their poor pig-sty, who, like him, are suffering from hunger and are about to be put out by the landlord who is not willing to wait any longer for the rent. He thinks of his little ones, and, his heart taut with grief, hastens his footsteps in his effort to find a master, a master. . . . A policeman has noted him passing and repassing, turning to pass again and turning to pass yet again the street whereon he himself is posted to "keep public order." He takes Pedro by the collar and conducts him to the nearest police station, to charge him with vagrancy. While Pedro suffers in the prison his family perishes of hunger or prostitutes itself or steals to escape starvation. Will Pedro tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

III.

Santiago, full of content, bids his wife farewell. He is going to ask the hacienda owner for the share coming to him as co-partner in the abundant harvest they have raised. The hacienda owner pulls out books, memoranda, notes, bills, and after adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing, says to his co-partner: "I owe you nothing. On the contrary, you owe me for provisions, clothing, wood, etc., etc." The co-partner protests and runs to a judge, asking for justice. The judge goes over the books, memoranda, notes and bills; adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, and condemns the co-partner to pay the hacienda owner what is owing and the costs of the suit. The wife, full of content, comes out to meet Santiago, their youngest child in her arms, believing that he will bring plenty of money, since the harvest has been a splendid one; but she turns pale when she sees the tears flowing down his sun-burned cheeks as he comes with empty hands and broken heart. The hacienda owner had falsified the accounts, and the judge, as always, had sided with the strong. Will Santiago tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

IV.

In the little shack, saturated with the smoke of coal, oil, and tobacco, Martin, the intelligent agitator, talks to his comrades. "It is not possible to tolerate any longer the iniquitous exploitation to which we are subjected," says Martin, tossing back his fine, leonine mane. "We work twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours for a few cents; they fine us on every pretext to lessen still farther our starvation wages; they humiliate us by forbidding us to shelter in our miserable lodgings our friends, relatives, or whom we please; they forbid us to read papers that tend to awaken and educate us. Let us not put up with any more humiliations, comrades. Let us declare a strike and ask for an increase of wages and a shortening of the hours of labour, that they may learn to respect the guarantees the Constitution grants us." A salvo of applause greets the orator's words, and it is voted to strike; but next day the workers learn that Martin was arrested on returning to his house, and that warrants are out against others of the most intelligent among them. The panic spreads and the mass of the working-men becomes resigned and returns to, breaking its back and being made the subject of humiliations. Will Martin tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

V.

Before daybreak Epifania was afoot, filling carefully a big basket with cabbages, lettuce, tomatoes, green chillis, and onions gathered in her little garden, and with the burden on her back she reached the city market, to realise on her humble merchandise and buy the medicine needed for her aged father, and the bread of which her little brothers stood in want. Before she had sold a couple of bunches of onions the tax-gatherer appeared, demanding in the name of the Government the money needed to pay ministers, deputies, senators, judges, gendarmes, soldiers, placemen, governors, sheriffs, and jailers.

Epifania is not able to pay and her little stock is seized by the Government, since neither the poor woman's prayers nor arguments can melt the heart of the public functionary. Will Epifania tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

VI.

What, then, is the use of Authority? It serves to inculcate respect for the law, which, written by the rich and by educated men in the service of the rich, has for its object the guaranteeing them tranquil possession of their riches and the exploitation of human labour. In other words, Authority is the gendarme of Capital, and this gendarme is not paid by Capital, but by the poor.

To have done with Authority we must first have done with Capital. Let us take possession of the land, of the machinery of production and the means of transportation. Let us organise production and consumption communally, bringing it about that all shall be the property of all, and then it will not be necessary to pay officials to guard Capital kept in a few hands, for every man and every woman will be at once a producer and a guardian of the social wealth.

Mexicans, your future is in your own hands. To-day, when, thanks to popular rebellion, Authority has lost its power, is the opportune moment to lay your hands on the law and rend it in pieces; to lay your hands on private property and make it the property of all; of each and every one of the human beings of whom is composed the Republic of Mexico.

Let us not permit, therefore, the formation of a powerful Government. To the work of expropriation, therefore, without delay. And if, unhappily, some other individual should climb to the Presidency of the Republic, let us war against him and his followers, to prevent him from becoming strong, continuing meanwhile the work of expropriation.

(RICARDO FLORES MAGON, in *Regeneracion* of March 30, 1912. Translated from the Spanish by Wm. C. Owen, editor, English section.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Russia.

To speak of Russia means to speak of executions, bloodshed, epidemics, and famine. The working classes and peasantry are everywhere suffering more or less, but in Russia their fate is unbearable. Since last summer, when the crops failed, distress has been steadily growing, till now a quarter of the Empire, with a population of 42 millions, is suffering; and of these, 21 millions are actually starving. Thousands are daily perishing from hunger, scurvy, and hunger typhus. And the Little Father Nicolas till quite recently would not allow any private person or society to give help to the sufferers; whatever aid was given had to come through the police.

Working-class organisations are mercilessly persecuted and suppressed; even societies which existed before the Constitution, as, for instance, the society for the aid of wives and orphans of workers in Kharkoff, Moscow, Warsaw, and other large towns, were dissolved and their property sequestered. Trade Unions are harassed and dissolved; in the last five years 600 were suppressed, and many of their officials deported or exiled to the North or Siberia.

But notwithstanding all this persecution, the working-class movement and that among the peasants is growing; revolutionary Syndicalism especially, with its direct action, finds adherents in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Poland and Trans-Caucasia. With the growth of this movement is increasing also the number of secret organisations of different Socialist parties. Arrests and deportations of Socialist Revolutionists and Social Democrats are constantly reported from all parts of the country; but the most mercilessly tracked down are the Anarchists. In a country like Russia our Anarchist comrades are obliged to organise secretly, so that it is difficult to estimate the strength of the movement; but from the number of arrested and prosecuted it seems that the Anarchist movement is really growing rapidly. Two months ago many Anarchist arrests took place in Moscow; the same happened in Riga, Odessa, Baku, Rostoff and many places in South-West Russia and in Poland, where the Jewish comrades were especially marked out for arrest.

To the long list of crimes by the Russian Government one more has been added. An appalling official outrage is reported as having taken place at the Lena goldfields, in Eastern Siberia, where a strike has been in progress since about the middle of the month. The strike originated in certain grievances which were preferred by the miners and disregarded by the company. In consequence of some disorders the local garrison was increased from Kirensk and Irkutsk, and from the latter town the Public Prosecutor and Captain Treschenko, commanding the gendarmerie, were despatched. On the night of April 15 ten members of the strike committee were arrested and conducted to Bodaybo. On the 18th the Bar Council at Irkutsk received a telegram from the workmen stating that after the arrest of their strike committee they were advised by the district captain to make representations to the Public Prosecutor at the Nadejda mine. On their way there they met the district engineer, Julshinsky, whom they requested to announce them to the Public Prosecutor. At that moment they were fired upon by the troops without any warning, and 150 fell dead, while over 250 were wounded. While the latter were crawling away they were again fired upon.

A later message sent from St. Petersburg states:—The Press expresses universal indignation directed equally against the Government authorities and the company, seventy per cent. of the capital of which is English, so that a large share of the responsibility falls on English capitalists. Captain Treschenko, commanding the gendarmerie, who ordered the soldiers to fire, has asked for more troops from Irkutsk, and for the declaration of martial law. This captain was formerly an official of the Okhrana, whom a considerable portion of the Press openly charges with provocation, recapitulating his career, including his alleged co-operation at Zhitomir during the disturbed years with Bogroff, who shot M. Stolypin. Newspaper telegrams affirm that Captain Treschenko, who arrived in the goldfields on April 5, almost immediately promulgated threats to arrest or shoot recalcitrant workmen.

As a protest against this inhuman treatment of workmen, strikes of a day were declared in Odessa, Kharkoff, Kiev, Moscow and many other towns. Numerous resolutions expressing the indignation of workers from various towns of the Empire were received by the Social Democratic Members of the Duma, who are to interpellate the Government in the Duma.

Argentina.

The death of our friend, Manuel Moscoso, will be naturally sorely felt in Buenos Ayres, where, as in Brazil, he was esteemed and beloved by everybody who knew him. Born in Spain, but brought up in Sao Paulo, Brazil, at the age of seventeen he was imbued with the spirit of revolt, and from then onwards right up to the date of his death (at the early age of twenty-six, in the middle of March last) never wavered, but was one of Anarchy's staunchest fighters. In Sao Paulo he took an active part in the publication of several Anarchist papers, the first being *A Amigo do Povo* (The Workers' Friend); shortly afterwards he became the publisher of *A Terra Livre* (The Free Land), which post he held for about three years, and then went to Rio de Janeiro, where he was always at the front of everything. After editing *A Voz do Trabalhador* (The Voice of Labour, the organ of the Rio de Janeiro Workers' Federation), he had a little paper of his own, *Liberdade* (Freedom), which he published and edited alone. In December, 1910, he left for Rio Grande do Sul (one of the southern States of Brazil), contributing largely to an Anarchist paper in Porto Alegre, called *A Luta*. A few months afterwards he went to Buenos Ayres, where he found things disheartening; practically all the militant native comrades had been deported to Tierra del Fuego, while the foreigners were scattered all over the world. The publication of *La Protesta* and other revolutionary papers was discontinued. Gathering a few comrades together, he at once set to work, and in a very short space of time, in the midst of the most absolute apathy and indifference, *La Protesta* reappeared as a weekly, published, of course, clandestinely. Notwithstanding his good faith and strength of will, he met with but little encouragement from a good number of "comrades," whose grumblings and whisperings had the effect of making him lose heart, and in an issue of his paper he said that he was leaving it, giving his reasons why. Just before his death he was to have gone to Rio de Janeiro to take charge of a new Anarchist paper, *A Guerra Social*.

To his family, now living in Lisbon, and to the comrades of Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo (in each of which places he was equally well-known and cherished) we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Portugal.

Although the greater part of the workers arrested in connection with the recent movement has been set free, the most active are still in prison, and the Government seems anxious to do away with them. The four comrades who formed the deputation that approached the Government with a view to averting the great strike are among those who are still in prison, without being allowed bail. The very fact that they offered to negotiate with the Government is convincing proof that their intentions were quite peaceful, yet one is to be sentenced to four years in the penitentiary, followed by eight in exile, or the alternative of fifteen in exile, while the sentence of another will range from three months to three years in the correctional prison. In Portugal protest meetings are taking place all over the country, but a strong international protest agitation is necessary to snatch these comrades from the abominable clutches of imprisonment and exile.

We would remind our readers that money is urgently wanted for the families of the comrades imprisoned. All donations sent to this office will be immediately forwarded to the proper quarter.

Spain.

The strike of the carpenters of Tarrega, which lasted six weeks, has now been settled, the demands of the strikers being granted. The masters wished to increase the hours of work, under the impression that they would be striking a deadly blow against the Trade Unions, but in view of the determined attitude of the workers they were soon forced to drop this idea.

In Valladolid over 4,000 railway men struck for an increase of 25 per cent. in their wages. This was granted them.

The compositors of Valencia have decided to go out on strike to obtain the eight-hour working day.

Cuba.

The Chief of Police of Havana has made known his intention of establishing a new Department, which will be called "Vigilance of Dangerous Persons," the object of which, he says, will be "to watch the groups, sects or individuals who devote themselves to the propaganda and practice of Anarchism and Socialism, get to know their history, be informed of their doings, and find out their whereabouts." Needless to say, our comrades in Havana are energetically protesting against the putting into practice of this shameful plan.

Australia.

Recently there has been a great strike in Brisbane, which would have spread throughout Australia, but for the intercession of the Labour politicians, who again played the role of strike-breakers, preventing the transport workers and coal miners dropping tools, and causing a complete paralysis of trade. Griffiths, Minister of Labour in the New South Wales Labour Cabinet, spoke of strikers as being "industrial outlaws," who should be treated as such. Federal Labour Attorney Hughes referred to strikes as being crimes; while the miners' president said the Brisbane strike was illogical, and the president of the New South Wales Labour Council remarked there would be no strikes while he was president. This is the encouragement received by the men during a life-and-death struggle to uphold Unionism, strikers terrorised by policemen with loaded rifles, and mounted special constables with swords and revolvers. No wonder the strike fizzled out. The failure is owing to the contemptible cowardly conduct of the Australian Labour politicians. True, the Arbitration Court decided in favour of the tramway men wearing the Union badge; but the bosses compelled the men to beg to be taken back, some compelling them to sign an agreement to give a fortnight's notice before taking part in another strike. Hundreds have been thrown out. They endeavoured to get the Federal Government to employ them, but King O'Malley, the Federal Minister of Labour, coolly informed them the Government could do nothing at present, but if any of them were unemployed next June, he would try to employ them. He did not believe in strikes. Meanwhile, Fisher, the Prime Minister, voted himself £2 a day extra for travelling expenses. The Brisbane strikers displayed splendid sturdy qualities, but their fellow Unionists did not respond.

We celebrated the anniversary of the Paris Commune. I addressed fully a thousand people on the Yarra Bank, and closed with a quotation from Rabelais:—"We are weary of this strife which makes us the enemy of each other, we long to love each other, therefore we are Anarchists, despisers of the law, and haters of authority."

PROPAGANDA NOTES.

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

GLASGOW.—Now that the *Anarchist* is published there is even more work to be done in advertising and making it known to people who have not before heard of it; so we appeal to all who can give any assistance to do so. We intend trying to make our group meetings more interesting to strangers who come to get into touch with us, by having papers and discussions on all subjects connected with Anarchy. On Sunday, May 5, after the demonstration we shall have an indoor meeting, at which tea will be served. We hope this will be convenient for comrades who have some distance to come, and that they will take advantage of it.

There is usually a meeting on Jail Square, and comrades who cannot attend group meetings can have cards to subscribe to the funds. A. F.

BELFAST.—As reported last month, comrade Barrett addressed a large meeting here on March 28, his subject being "Anarchism and Recent Strikes." He proved an exceedingly able substitute for Madame Sorgue, as the lecture was undoubtedly the "hottest" ever delivered in Belfast. Barrett lost no time in telling the audience that he was an Anarchist, and his straightforward declaration was warmly applauded. His arguments for Anarchy and Direct Action were a revelation to most of his hearers, and the lantern views drove the lessons home. The lecture was so much appreciated that the I.L.P. asked him to speak for them on the following Sunday evening. His subject on this occasion was "Science and Anarchism," and his arguments were based on analogies drawn from modern scientific practice. In the discussion which followed the lecture, his critics were very successful in demonstrating the weakness of their own positions.

Comrade Barrett's lectures have caused some Belfast Socialists furiously to think, and the inquiries since made for Anarchist literature augur well for the future.

MANCHESTER.—The Freedom Group have held several good meetings here and also in Oldham and Stockport. On April 7 we had comrade Heye from Oldham and four members of the Industrial League; a good meeting. On the 14th, comrade Pollock from Huddersfield. In the morning, at Stockport, Max Seltzer and Pollock were the speakers; six comrades turned up. Why don't more turn up at Manchester meetings? There is plenty to do for all. On Monday, the 15th, at Oldham, which place needs to be worked up. On Sunday, the 21st, in the evening, a debate between a Young Liberal and Seltzer: "Will Anarchist Communism Benefit the Workers?" Fair sale of books and pamphlets during the month. We have made a good start, and comrades living in Bolton, Stockport, and Ashton are invited to assist. We are willing to exchange speakers with other places.

An important group meeting will be held in the County Forum on Sunday, May 12, at 5 p.m.; financial statement; all welcome. O. K.

LONDON.

MARYLEBONE—Our meetings in Regent's Park and Hyde Park continue to be very successful, comrades Shugar, P. Tanner, Greenbourn, and Tochatti being the chief speakers. Our Liberal friends have offered opposition of the Lloyd George peace kind, but they have heard arguments which ought to broaden their minds. Large audiences have endorsed our condemnation of the "Don't Stir" prosecutions. A huge crowd attended our meeting on Sunday the 21st, when Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Baker, P. Tanner, Renault, and Shugar were the speakers.

We think it is about time that public attention was drawn to the systematic petty persecution our literature sellers are subject to. On Good Friday, in Hyde Park, the crowd present protested against the brutal action of a policeman to a comrade, and the result was that the police arrested two other comrades, Meacham and Wendt. The crowd was so indignant that an immense procession marched to John Street police-station and appointed Dr. Nikola and P. Tanner spokesmen. Bail, however, was refused; and next day the justice(?) of the peace imposed fines of 10s 6d. and 5s. on a trump-up charge of obstruction, but really for doing what thousands of newshoys do every day. We regret to add that both comrades lost their situations, being instantly discharged. We offer Dr. Nikola our hearty thanks for his kindly and timely services.

W. B.

SOUTH LONDON—We have held very encouraging meetings this month at Rushcroft Road, Brixton, on Sunday evenings. F. Wryte, McCartney, and A. Ray have been the speakers. Literature sales have been excellent, and on the upgrade. Meetings will be held here also on Thursday evenings during the summer months. The assistance of comrades welcomed.

We have recommenced the Sunday morning meetings in Beresford Square, Woolwich, and good audiences listen with evident sympathy. Hook, Wryte, and Ray have occupied the platform. Literature has been well patronised. We receive very little opposition from any quarter, even our Parliamentary friends not deigning to enter into discussion with us.

A. R.

MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION, HYDE PARK.

ANARCHIST PLATFORM MARKED A.

Meeting begins 3.30.

Speakers:—W. D. Ponder, J. Tochatti, P. E. Tanner, R. Rocker, L. Withington, and others.

In the evening a Social and Dance will be held at the Food Reform Restaurant, Farnival Street, Holborn, from 8 till 11. Admission by ticket, 6d. Tea will be served à la carte from 6.30.

Ready on the First of May.

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Anarchist Communist Meetings in London.

Brixton—Rushcroft Road, Sundays, 7.30.

Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.

East Ham—Cock Hotel, Thursdays, 7.30.

Fulham—Walham Green Church, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

Hammersmith—The Grove, Sundays, 11.30 and 8.

Hyde Park—Sundays, 7.

Islington—Theberton Street, Upper Street, Sundays, 8 p.m.

Regent's Park—Sundays, 11.30.

Victoria Park—Sundays, 11.30.

Woolwich—Beresford Square, Sundays, 11.30.

Bethnal Green Road—"Salmon and Ball," 7.30 p.m.

Speakers wishing to book up vacant dates, or willing to exchange dates, should write J. F. Tanner, 29 Beryl Road, Hammersmith, W.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(April 2-29)

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