

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES.

"The Folly of Voting."

A Parliamentary election is not a matter that affords us any satisfaction to refer to. If it does not quite confirm Carlyle's estimate of the people of these islands, it at any rate proves there are more foolish and misguided people than one cares to acknowledge. In the case of Bow and Bromley, the one thing that we can say is that we congratulate George Lansbury on being outside of Parliament instead of in. It is a little tiring to constantly hear people denouncing the rottenness of the House of Commons and at the same time fighting for votes for women. If it is no place for an honest man to go to, no decent woman ought to have tried to get George Lansbury elected. As he has lost the fight, perhaps he may gain in individual usefulness. At any rate, we venture to remark that a tremendous work is calling for yeoman's aid which is clean, honest, inspiring work; work which may be hard, but which is undefiled by dirt and intrigue of politics. The mass of men—and we hope women also—are thirsting for a new breath of life, life that means hope for real advance towards a liberty and well-being which political tricksters have promised through all the weary years that have brought no fulfilment, and never will bring fulfilment, not if men, and women too, vote from the cradle to the grave. Education and organization by methods of Direct Action is the new work that calls for volunteers. We hope Lansbury will answer that call. Then the politicians can never defeat him.

The Ettor-Giovannitti Trial.

So seldom does the spirit of justice animate the verdicts of juries in trials arising out of Labour troubles that the acquittal of Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso has been received with world-wide enthusiasm and delight. After the famous, or rather the infamous, Chicago case, this is perhaps the most bare-faced example of capitalist machinations on record. The details are too well known to repeat here, but the moral of it all is that the capitalists thought that they could commit the crimes and by organised perjury throw the guilt on to the leaders of the strike and have them hung. Well, they have failed ignominiously, and we firmly believe that the verdict is one of the first and most important indications of the awakening of some feelings of conscience amongst those who have hitherto sided with the exploiters. At any rate, we may be sure that just as in all the other affairs of life such an example will have its effect, and the capitalist may learn that the tide of injustice that has carried him along so far in his cruelty will sometimes be checked, and perhaps even flow in a direction that means justice for the oppressed. We join our voice in the chorus of thanks to the jury.

Eugenists and Environment.

Because for the moment the Mental Deficiency Bill has been shelved, the Eugenists are angry. But these unbalanced faddists might help to restore their mental equilibrium in the interval they now have for reflection by studying some of the social conditions that capitalism and landlordism inflict on the poverty-stricken populations that suffer under them. Take, for instance, the exposure of the evils of slum life that the *Daily News* has been printing just lately. It hardly matters which provincial town you take, but let us hear what was said (November 27) of the slums of Poole:—

"Scores of small houses are packed and huddled together in a way that must retard the ordinary decencies of civilization. Many are dirty, dilapidated and manifestly unhealthy. I was shown one tiny dwelling, its small windows shrouded with torn and unclean curtains, its ceilings blackened, and its wall-paper peeling where it was not non-existent, in which mother, father, and seven children have one bedroom in addition to the dark

and stuffy 'living-room' below.....Behind a shop on the quay was a stable or outhouse, filled to-day with evil-smelling manure. In the unsavoury yard at the back of this I found a group of cottages.....In a miserable dwelling in one of the alleys a fortnight ago an infant was brought into the world. All that the doctor could find to wrap around it was an undergarment and a newspaper!"

Now the mental deficiency of the Eugenists is pretty considerable under the favourable conditions most of them seem to have had; what it would have been had they been bred and born as was this little unfortunate is a thing that should make them "think and fear." "Light, more light," on the evils of "vicious environment"—that is the need of the moment.

Loosening the Bonds.

So the sanctity of that most bourgeois of all institutions, marriage, is in process of disappearing, with the loosening of some of the links that degrade love-relations below those of the animals. For Anarchists to attack the mass of legalised prostitution that is rampant to-day, shielding itself under the shelter of Church or State, has been the unpardonable sin. Now an investigation into the actual facts proves that many men and women are enduring the misery of loveless marriages, or of marriages that have grown loveless. Of course, it is the poor who in these cases suffer most bitterly, and the women far more than the men. And so it is recommended that divorce should be made accessible to the working classes on equal terms for both sexes. This is well enough for one step, but, as with all reforms, it does not strike at the root of the evil—the sexual enslavement of women through their economic position. Thousands of women will still continue to "marry for a home," as they do now, and the weaker among them will continue to "endure" a man they do not like, rather than face the struggle which their freedom might cost. In this case, as in all others, it is only the revolution—the revolution in *ideas* as well as in economic conditions—that will bring deliverance for both sexes alike.

A Notable Event.

The great meeting at the Pavilion Theatre on Sunday, December 1, to celebrate the 70th birthday of Peter Kropotkin, was full of enthusiasm. Something was animating both audience and speakers which was not entirely due to the special object of the meeting. That something was the influence of a new spirit which must surely gain us our liberty. It was the feeling that at last the crushing burden of Governments, the tyranny of Parliaments—the great pillars of the capitalist system—must be regarded as the real enemies of the people. Yes, Parliamentary Government has been found out; and it was with a voice of sincerity, which may become historical, that Bernard Shaw said the Anarchist criticism of Government had been justified. Lansbury also threw light on the sham and humbug of Parliamentary methods. Those who know history must have foreseen that Parliament would always fail to liberate the people, and would only succeed in taxing them. What, then, is left for the people to do? Surely nothing but the adoption of the methods of Direct Action; and if this step had been taken by Fabians and Social Democrats twenty-five years ago, we should be just that much nearer the Social Revolution than we are at present.

Peter Kropotkin's Works.

We would like to call the attention of new readers to the fact that all of Kropotkin's works now in print can be obtained from FREEDOM Office. A complete list will be found on the back page of this issue.

THE LIFE OF AUGUST BEBEL.*

When the prime mover of a party which fifty years ago started out of almost nothing lives to see that party poll 4,250,000 votes at the German general election of 1912, and still remains its central figure, his life is worth telling; and the ever-widening distance between Anarchism and Social Democracy permits us to look upon this life with increasing impartiality or indifference, simply as a scarce and interesting social phenomenon. Yes, August Bebel could have written fifty years' recollections of Socialist development, if he had been both willing and able to do so. He was not willing, for being still in the forefront of active Socialist militancy, all the thousands of secrets of the inner history of his party which he knows remain buried in his memory, and he will only dole out scanty bits of revelations when this suits his immediate and only purpose, the welfare of his party at the present moment. When I further said that Bebel is unable to write recollections of permanent historic value, I meant that being for so many years the inmost centre of a disciplined party with strictly defined ideas, he has, like all faithful members of such parties, long since sacrificed freedom and independence of mind to the only leading principle, the interests of this party. This "party patriotism," kept alive by continuous party warfare, makes him almost from the beginning blind to anything outside the pale of Social Democracy as he understands it; everything else is but the enemy's territory, and must be annexed to Social Democracy. This everlasting uncompromising aggressiveness swelled the ranks of his party to the present extent, but it cut it off from contemporary intellectual progress, and it became, at least in the eyes of Bebel, an organism with a programme as obligatory as the doctrines of the Church of Rome, where no further thinking is wanted. Whether Bebel succeeded in arresting the intellectual life of his party is quite another question, on which more below; but Bebel's opinion (as recently expressed in the case of the expulsion of a Socialist writer from the party) is that there is no room in it for those who criticise one of its dogmas. Hence I consider him quite incapable of seeing things in their right light and right proportions.

But, with all these shortcomings, his memoirs are certainly of interest, partly as a competent record of what I may call the *legendary* history of his party—namely, this history in the precise form in which Bebel wishes it to be known, and certainly inoculated with it ever so many followers as a lifelong propagandist—and partly for the few unknown facts which experts on Socialist history will glean from his book. Only they must not use this English "version," since it is but a *meagre extract* (about two-fifths) from the German original, "*Aus meinem Leben*" (Stuttgart, 1910, 1911, 2 vols., viii. 221 pp., viii. 420 pp., closely printed, price 4s., boards 5s.). The result is that all that gives some little life to the original is weeded out, and the English reader must put up in many cases with vague generalities conventionally rendered. This utterly destroys the value of the English edition; e.g., the detailed account of the fusion of the International and the Lassallean party in 1874, Vol. II., pp. 310-325, where a six-page letter by Engels on this subject is printed for the first time, is replaced by a little over two pages of large type between pp. 279 and 282! Not the least mention of this garbling is made anywhere in what Bebel, in a new preface, calls "the English version of my Recollections." I think this proceeding an unpardonable slight on a man like Bebel, who ought not to have been presented to the English public as the author of a book which he has never written in this form; for if he had himself cut it down, he would have said so in the preface, and moreover his hand would be recognised in the selection made.

In these circumstances I will limit myself to some remarks on the development of Social Democracy in Germany, which is being both overrated and underrated, in my opinion. To understand it properly, the contemporary political and social conditions of the country must always be borne in mind.

Before 1848, German artisans travelling, as was usual then, in Switzerland and France, also coming to London, became acquainted with Communism and joined secret societies. Several young authors, starting from Hegelian philosophy and reading French Socialist literature, also adopted Socialism of various degrees, from authoritarian Communism to Anarchism. Among these were Marx and Engels, whose real intelligence and devotion to the new movement placed them in its front ranks, whilst their pitiless criticism of opponents, their lack of human sentiment, and priggish exhibition of superiority made them respected for their talent, if you will, but feared and disliked personally.

During the short summer of German freedom, in 1848-49, some seeds of the previous Communist propaganda grew into fruit; notably a general federation of workers (called "Workers' Fraternisation") was founded by some of these early Communists. Marx was then the editor of the most advanced daily paper, the *New Rhenan Gazette*, which attacked reaction at its deepest roots, and tried to lash the Liberals and Radicals to action, hand-in-hand with the workers, before they all fell victims to the stealthily growing counter-revolution, which indeed happened soon afterwards.

Between 1850 and 1860 reaction ruled supreme; the revolutionists

of 1848 who had survived the insurrections of 1849 were scattered in England and America, or had to lead silent lives in Germany. Marx and Engels, whom their unbearable personal arrogance had isolated again, lived in England; Liebknecht, a young journalist of no importance at that time, was in their entourage. Lassalle, who braved the storm, remaining in Prussia, corresponded with them; and these letters (published in "*Aus dem Literarischen Nachlass von Marx, Engels, und Lassalle*," Vol. IV.) show Lassalle piercing the mask of Marx, exposing his want of loyalty, a daring action for which Marx, whilst not openly breaking with Lassalle, never forgave him.

In the early "sixties" the Liberal and Radical parties, first reviving in the eventful year 1859, regained strength, and associations comprising great numbers of working men were formed all over the different German States. The rivalry between Prussia and Austria had not yet been decided, as it was by the war of 1866, in favour of the former. Several solutions of the German question were still possible, among these the Republican. The advanced parties were divided, however, on the question of Centralisation or Federalism, and the Centralists throwing in their lot with Prussia as she was, a monarchical country, Federalism and Republicanism had no chance, although still attractive to ideal minds. Centralisation at that time did not mean a blind preference for authoritarian organisation; to trace it back to its true meaning at the time, a short explanation is necessary, and has, moreover, a bearing on the development of Social Democracy.

For centuries Germany had consisted of positively hundreds of smaller or larger territories, enjoying complete autonomy, with a merely nominal imperial figurehead. This greatly helped to disseminate culture, creating numerous local centres of education, etc.; it was also a convenient political form for the period of localised production (guilds and home labour). But when the era of machinery and large industries began, it was felt to be a great nuisance to see trade hampered by new weights and measures, other money, and different laws and regulations every few miles. The progressive elements of that time were as much in favour of unification as the advanced parties in France were at the time of the Revolution, when the "one and indivisible" Republic was created and Federalism met with the greatest opprobrium. Though this multitude of States was reduced in 1803 and 1815 to some dozens only, most of which still exist as autonomous bodies, in spite of their Customs Union of 1839, much remained to be done, and, before all, none of the matters which are technically best regulated on a large scale were taken in hand, as no common interest existed, the only general body being a set of diplomats from all these countries, meeting at Frankfurt (*Bundestag*) and wasting time in the usual diplomatic way. Hence there seemed to be much work in store for a national Parliament, which in 1848-49 existed only nominally, on sufferance, and was first virtually created in 1867, elected by universal suffrage.

To clear away the old retrograde local institutions at that time seemed and was a step forward; at present, as for years back, the contrary spirit rules: no further interference with local laws and customs is desired, and efforts at further centralisation are strongly resented and repelled. This also finds expression in the Social Democratic Party; witness the independent attitude of the Socialists of Bavaria (Vollmar), Baden, Hesse, etc., who for years have done as they liked and left it to the central authorities or the general Congress of the party to censure them afterwards, which makes both sides happy and leaves things as they are.

(To be concluded.)

The review of A. Berkman's "Prison Memoirs" is unavoidably held over till next month.

AN APPEAL FROM THE ARGENTINE.

COMRADES,—For two years there has laid heavily upon the Argentine working class the law named "Social Defence," against which we are fighting in the name of the organisations of this country. For the attainment of our demands, we have done all that we can possibly do in our country; but our efforts have met with many obstacles, one of the least being the boycott by the daily press of our propaganda (meetings, manifestations, etc.). Our efforts have been lost in that hostile silence, and they are known only to a minority of the working class, which is tired out by an incessant and unsuccessful struggle. Our isolated situation makes us try to obtain, with the help of foreign comrades, what we cannot get by ourselves.

With that idea, we ask that on January 5 in every town, in every country, the organised workers make a meeting of protest in our favour. We are writing at the same time to the organisations of France, Spain, England, North America, Brazil, Uruguay, and Italy, where there are many workers' organisations. If ten towns answer to our call, it will be a great help to us, because our governors are very proud of what the press say about them, and a demonstration against the Argentine in foreign countries would be a very great help for the working class of this Republic. We also ask you to publish this appeal in the papers, especially in the Trade Unionist papers, if it is possible.

For the Committee,

Mejico 2070, Buenos Aires,
October 12, 1912.

JUAN CUOMO.

* *My Life*. By August Bebel. 343 pp. 7s. 6d. net. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1912.

ANARCHISM IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

Anarchist ideas, consciously or unconsciously, are penetrating every domain of human thought and activity to-day. They are now tentatively being put in practice in Italian schoolrooms. I recently attended a lecture at Hampstead on the Montessori experimental schools in Rome, and here is a brief account of what I heard. Those who wish to know more should read Mme. Montessori's book, now to be had at most free libraries, and four articles in the *World's Work* for February, March, June, and July, 1912. Mme. Montessori commenced her career as a doctor of medicine, not a teacher. Her attention was called to education by her experience in the training of feeble-minded children. Her experiments in strengthening their feeble faculties and drawing out whatever capabilities might be latent in them were so successful that one after another competed successfully in examinations with normal children educated in the ordinary way. This led to her starting the experimental schools for ordinary children, who are taken from two or three years of age up to seven.

The basis of all Mme. Montessori's work is this mighty idea: *the expansion of life by freedom and self-ordered activity*. Educational work has as yet been approached so little from that standpoint that it is necessarily all experiment and study. But will life ever cease to be that?

The tables are turned, the teacher becomes the student, and learns from the child its own needs, which Nature teaches it through inherited tendency. If you would know the child, and how to aid, but not deflect the course of its natural development, keep in the background, let the child be absolutely itself. No coercion, no imposition of your ideas upon it. The watchword is *self-control*. It is necessary for this that the child should acquire full command over its limbs from the first; this it gets by simple exercises which it regards as a game, and requires no coercion to perform. To acquire balance, it is encouraged to walk across the room on tiptoe; to thread its way through chairs placed close together, without knocking against them; to carry cups full of water without spilling; to sit on a chair as if it meant to, not wriggling on or off undecidedly. So deft and careful do these little people become, with such control over their actions, that at dinner time you may see wee children carrying in the trays and things, laying the table daintily; and small waiters and waitresses four and five years old bearing round tureens of steaming soup, and allowing their comrades to help themselves to little or much as they feel inclined; the prettiest, most orderly sight a lover of children could imagine.

The sense of order and fitness and the habit of decided action they acquire thus simply and naturally are assets of inestimable value for all their life, making whatever faculties they possess ten times more effective, and giving them that calm strength of purpose and self-mastery conspicuously absent in nine out of ten of the grown up, but undeveloped, individuals we meet at the present day.

Some simple apparatus is used in the Montessori schools. They call it "didactic material," which has an ugly sound, but do not let it suggest drilling and the compulsory use of globes, spelling books, and the other implements of torture whereby the child in ordinary schools is trained up in the way someone else thinks it should go. The child in the Montessori schools goes just exactly the way it thinks it will itself, and just exactly when it likes. And strange (?) to relate, order and industry are the result, not disorder and idleness.

Put a child in a room where there are puzzles it can play with if it likes; does it need any external compulsion but the imperious demand of the puzzles themselves on its attention? This apparatus, whereby their senses are developed to a marvellous degree of keenness, is of the nature of puzzles. One of the first is a box with holes into which fit wooden cylinders of different sizes, each with a handle to lift it out. Some child of three will get hold of this, and proceed to see what he can make of it. He gets all the cylinders out; probably gets them all back except one, and that is a big cylinder that no amount of persuasion will induce to accommodate itself to a small hole. So he puzzles on and readjusts, and starts observing and comparing and reasoning for himself, till a triumphant "There!" announces that some little Christopher Columbus has discovered a new world and gained a conquest over matter that whets his appetite for further exploration. Then the teacher has to share in the triumph, and the children around who have been watching the struggle with interest join in the applause, and the spirit of comradeship is fostered thus. By other means equally simple the sense of form, weight, colour, number, etc., is developed.

The sense of touch which a child uses so naturally at three years to make itself acquainted with the external world is especially pressed into the service. By its means, indeed, they learn their letters, which are cut out large in rough sandpaper to be more easily felt (the written form is used, not the printed). They are encouraged to follow their forms round with the finger, always in the direction followed by the pen in writing, saying the sound of the letter at the same time, and learn rapidly to recognise the letter, and even write it for themselves at a very early age. As the lecturer went through the school one day a small boy caught him by the coat and pulled him down into an empty chair and began with a triumphant air to show him the letters of the

alphabet in order, saying the sounds at the same time. He got to N, O. "N—O," he said separately; suddenly came a brilliant idea; he ran the two sounds together: "No! No! No!" he shouted with glee. He went back over the alphabet making further experiments. When the other children went to play in the garden he was still absorbed in his discoveries. So they learned to read very quickly and naturally, joining of their own accord letters to form sounds, sounds to make words, and words to express ideas. They delight to compose sentences for themselves, sometimes amusing comments on things they have seen; or sentences written on slips of paper are put into a bag, such directions as "Go and kiss Marietta," and a little boy drawing this out will run up to his comrade immediately and give her a hearty hug.

I might go into more detail to show that this system, so absolutely opposed to all prevailing ideas on the teaching of children, has practical results that the old authoritarian child deformers would scout as impossible. The object is not to teach the child certain set subjects, drawing, geography, literature, etc., but to develop its bodily senses and powers of observation and reasoning, so that *it can teach itself* in accordance with the prompting of its nature. The children in school are free to talk, laugh, run about, sit where they like, work or watch others working, just as they choose. The boy mentioned above, who displayed such ardour in his literary pursuits, had up till then been a whole year in the school without doing a thing but walk about and look on. Yet disorder, or "anarchy," as the lecturer expressed it, under the impression they were synonymous terms, does not reign in these schools.

We are often asked on Anarchist platforms what should we do in Anarchist society with the individual who should permit his liberty to degenerate into licence, and who would wantonly disturb the welfare of others. Mme. Montessori is asked the same question, and she answers it exactly as the Anarchist speaker does. If a child persists in annoying or disturbing the general happiness, it is placed in quarantine, put at a table by itself, and treated with the utmost kindness, but as an invalid. This has been found quite enough in the very rare cases that occur to restore it to a sense of proportion and consideration for others. But during the two months the lecturer spent in the schools in Rome studying the system he never saw a single case where this treatment was called for.

Is it that Italian "bimbi" are little angels; or is it his child-nature all the world over when allowed to develop amidst natural conditions of love and liberty? For liberty and love, comradeship and sympathy are the sunlight under whose warmth the flower of the child's life expands so beautifully. And the teacher is not there to coerce, but to stimulate with ever-ready sympathy, and show the way, and help when called upon.

That this system, with its Anarchist first principle, is exciting so much interest is a sign of the times. But of what use to bring up children as human beings if the world they must live in is to remain the pigstye that commercialism has made it? Montessori says these ideas on education began at the time of the French Revolution. Now, as at that time, quickening ideas are fermenting amongst all classes. But now, as then, we see that it is only the workers from whom we may expect that action which will bring about the final Revolution, and turn Liberty from an intellectual conception into a glorious fact.

A. D. GROVE.

"Let's Get the Money."

The citizens of San Francisco, at the election on the 5th inst., voted by 56,682 to 27,482 to accept Carnegie's offer of \$750,000 for library purposes. Thus the long dispute has been ended by a vote of more than two to one. San Francisco will accept the blood-money of an infamous grafter, and with it will erect a public building—an educational building, at that!—which shall stand as a monument to Carnegie's infamy and the city's cupidity. We believe the result indicates the sentiment of a majority of the citizens. They saw a "bit of money," and they went after it. Not one of those who voted to accept Carnegie's conscience-money would defend the methods by which that money was accumulated. Everybody agrees that these methods are indefensible. "But," it was argued, "the money is offered us. If we don't take it, some one else will." So we took it. After all, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the fact that nearly 30,000 citizens placed their own and the city's self-respect above every other consideration, and went on record against going into partnership with Carnegie and the Steel Trust.—*Coast Seamen's Journal*.

God and the State.

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Greetings to Peter Kropotkin.

Last year the friends of FREEDOM had the satisfaction of celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the life of this journal. This year (on December 9) we, in common with many thousands throughout the world, have the far deeper satisfaction of greeting our dear friend and comrade Peter Kropotkin on his seventieth birthday. For no words can express the heartfelt pleasure we must all share at the knowledge that he is with us to-day, still young in heart, still full of enthusiasm for the cause to which his strenuous life has been devoted.

The ceaseless energy that has given to the movement the best he had to give—and how much that is is not for us to estimate—has so many times expressed itself in the pages of FREEDOM that we are reminded once more how much the English movement owes to his sympathetic help. Twenty-five years ago hardly a number of this paper appeared which did not contain some literary contribution from him, and this help has been continued ever since. At the same time his lecturing activity was considerable, while the essays he contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* formed the substance of some of his principal works, such, for instance, as "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" and "Mutual Aid."

During the "long, twilight twenty years," as he once expressed it, when for the most part apathy and reaction held sway in this country, it was hardly possible at times to sell a few quires of this paper, and a well-attended meeting was the exception rather than the rule—even then, with failing health to battle against, the fire of enthusiasm, the intense conviction that our ideals would live through and eventually triumph, never left him, but continued unabated, animating with renewed hope those who in the work of propaganda felt the oppression of the clouded skies.

Now a new breath of life has swept across the world, and from all sides new light seems to be breaking in upon the long-suffering masses of exploited peoples, who are awakening to a consciousness of their own power. At the same time government in all its forms is rapidly losing the confidence of the people; and should these new developments lead to some definite form of social reconstruction, as we devoutly hope they will, we can rest assured that libertarian ideals will play their part. This result is largely the outcome of Anarchist propaganda, and we are overjoyed to think that at the dawn of such an era Peter Kropotkin is alive and well to share with us the hopes for the future of humanity which these things foretell.

Heartiest fraternal greetings, then, to our comrade and co-worker. And in spite of his three score years and ten, with all our hearts we wish him health, strength, and continued activity for years to come.

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PETER KROPOTKIN.

AN APPRECIATION.

All over the world our Anarchist comrades have decided to celebrate the seventieth birthday of their beloved comrade and teacher, Peter Kropotkin.

If among living authors and Socialists any one deserves such a general demonstration of veneration and love, it is certainly Kropotkin, one of the greatest characters of our generation, and the real glory of his native land, Russia.

In my long life as Socialist and revolutionist, I have had the opportunity to meet many gifted and exceptional people, excelling by knowledge or talent, and distinguished by greatness of character. I knew even heroic men and women, as well as people with the stamp of genius on them. But Kropotkin stands out as a most conspicuous, strongly defined character even in that gallery of noble fighters for humanitarian ideals and intellectual liberation.

Kropotkin possesses in delightful harmony the qualities of a true inductive scientist and evolutionary philosopher with the greatness of a Socialist thinker and fighter inspired by the highest ideals of social justice. At the same time, by his temperament he is undoubtedly one of the most ardent and fearless propagandists of the Social Revolution, and of the complete emancipation of working humanity by its own initiative and efforts. And all these qualities are united in Kropotkin so closely and intimately that one cannot separate Kropotkin the scientist from Kropotkin the Socialist and revolutionist.

As scientist—geographer and geologist—Kropotkin is known by his theory of the formation of mountain chains and high plateaus, a theory now proved and accepted by science, and in recognition of which the mountains in Eastern Siberia explored by him have been named the Kropotkin Mountains.

As naturalist and inductive thinker on evolution, Kropotkin has earned undying glory and admiration by his "Mutual Aid," a work which shows his vast knowledge as a naturalist and sociologist. The author gives us new powerful arguments for the principle of solidarity as a factor of evolution not only in human society but also in the animal world.

One of the most striking works by Kropotkin—I may even say classical in its form, deep knowledge, brilliant argumentation, and noble purpose—is his "Fields, Factories, and Workshops." Here, with facts and figures, he shows to toiling humanity the abundance of produce obtainable, the comforts and pleasures of life possible, if physical and intellectual work are combined, if agriculture and industry go hand in hand. I think that during the last quarter of a century no book has appeared that is so invigorating, so encouraging and convincing to those who work for a happier society. No wonder that a London democratic weekly advised its readers to buy this book by all means, even if they had to pawn their last shirt to raise the shilling.

Kropotkin as a Communist Anarchist and revolutionist..... but who of our readers does not know his numerous and inimitable writings on the Revolution, on Anarchist Communism, etc.? Who has not read and enjoyed his "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," his "Paroles d'un Révolté," his "Conquest of Bread," "Modern Science and Anarchism," "Russian Literature," "The Terror in Russia," "The State: Its Historic Role," etc.? Here I will not dwell on those books; I have another aim in this article. I will attempt to give you an idea of the personal character, the charming individuality of the author of all those splendid books. First of all let me try to sketch Kropotkin at work.

I often ask myself if there exists another man equal to Kropotkin in quickness, intensity, punctuality, and variety of work. It is simply amazing what he is capable of doing in a single day. He reads incredibly much, in English, French, German, and Russian; with minute interest he follows political and social events, science and literature, and especially the Anarchist movement of the whole world. His study, with its book-lined walls, has piles of papers, new books, etc., on the floor, tables, and chairs. And all this material, if not read, is at least looked through, often annotated; parts are cut out, classified, and put away in boxes and portfolios made by himself. Kropotkin, as a recreation, used to occupy himself with carpentry and bookbinding; but now confines himself to the latter, and to the making of cartons for his notes. Whatever he does, he does quickly and with great exactitude; his notes and extracts

are made with the speed of a stenographer, and all his work is done with beautiful neatness and correctness.

To give an idea of the variety of his work, I shall describe my last visit to Kropotkin. I went with a French scientist, also a great worker and a sincere admirer of Kropotkin. We found him in his study, hard at work, giving the last touches to a new edition of his "Fields, Factories, and Workshops." One side of his table was covered with the French proofs of "La Science Moderne et l'Anarchie." There was also the glossary in English for the coming FREEDOM edition of the same book. On a small table a half-finished article on Syndicalism was lying, and a pile of letters, some of them of twelve pages, exchanged with an old friend and comrade of the Federation Jurassienne, and dealing with the origin of Syndicalism, awaited an answer. Newspapers and books everywhere; volumes and separate articles on Bakunin were about, as Kropotkin is at present editing a complete Russian edition of Bakunin's works. Between all these things, vigorous, alive, active as a young man, smiling heartily, Kropotkin himself. And people try to convince us that he is tired and must rest! "Nonsense," said my French friend; "this is not an old and tired man; he is more alive than many a young man of our present generation!" And really with his overflowing activity and spirits he animates the whole household.

Of course, it is only natural that a man of his learning and many-sided development is much sought after. Specialists and scientists, political and literary people, painters and musicians, and especially Socialist and Anarchist comrades and Russian revolutionists, are visitors to his house, and charmed by his straightforward simplicity and wholehearted interest. Even children are at once captivated, not only by his fatherly goodness, but by his capacity to share their enjoyment, by playing for and with them, arousing their delighted amazement by his juggling tricks and representations.

At the end of the day, when the household has gone to rest, Kropotkin, with his usual consideration for those who have worked, moves about the house like a mouse, tiptoeing so as not to disturb those asleep, even if only the servant has gone to bed. Often he has whispered to me to be careful not to awaken her. Lighting his candle, he retires to his own room, sometimes till midnight, reading new publications for which he could not find time during the day. It is not astonishing that all who come in contact with him love and adore him.

But there is another side to his character. Kropotkin, the political and social thinker, the revolutionist, the Anarchist Communist, with the fiery temperament of a fighter, with his inflexible principles, his insight into political and social problems, is yet more marvellous; he sees further, he understands better, he formulates clearer than any of his contemporaries. Few people feel so deeply and acutely the suffering and injustice of others, and he cannot rest until he has done all in his power to protest and help. From 1881, when he was expelled from Switzerland for having organised a meeting to protest against the execution of Perovskaya and her comrades, up till recently, when he feverishly wrote his "Terror in Russia," that crushing act of accusation against the Tsar's wholesale murders and torture, he has always been the indefatigable defender of all the victims of social and political injustice.

Such is, in a few lines, Kropotkin the Anarchist, the scientist, and, above all, the man; beloved by his comrades and friends, respected and admired by all honest people of all countries.

W. TCHERKESOFF.

KROPOTKIN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

The meeting at the Pavilion Theatre on Sunday afternoon, December 1, was a full-hearted tribute to our beloved comrade. Not only was the audience overflowing, but those anxious to speak were more numerous than time would permit to hear. The doors had to be closed before the chairman (W. Wess) opened the proceedings. All the speeches were worthy of the occasion, Social Democrats, Anarchists, and even a Radical M.P. (Josiah Wedgwood), vying with each other in the heartiness of their praise. H. M. Hyndman, Bernard Shaw, George Lansbury, and Herbert Burrows spoke from the ranks of the Parliamentary Socialists; W. Ponder, W. Tcherkesoff, E. Leggatt, J. Tochatti, P. Tanner, and R. Rucker representing the Anarchist side.

Where all were good, it is hardly necessary to pick out individuals; but two notable speeches were those by "G.B.S." and Rucker, the former saying that he was beginning to wonder whether Kropotkin had not been right all these years, and he and his friends all wrong. Rucker (who spoke in German, as usual) was the last speaker, and he kept the audience spell-bound as he reviewed Kropotkin's work for humanity. None of the previous speakers (except Tcherkesoff) know

that work so well as Rucker, and when he finished speaking the roar of applause showed how he had touched the audience.

A telegram of congratulation was sent to Kropotkin early in the afternoon, and just as the meeting was about to break up a reply was received from Brighton, Kropotkin saying: "Deeply touched with your marks of sympathy. They will give me new vigour to work for deliverance from double yoke of capitalistic and State tyranny. Long live the Social Revolution!"

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

The following is sent from Coruna, Spain, under date of September 30, 1912, by J. F. Moncaleano, who was editor of *Le Luz*, Mexico City, and was expelled recently from Mexico. It is entitled to special weight because Mr. Moncaleano visited Mexico with the express intention of discovering for himself and Spanish comrades the real truth as to the Mexican Revolution, opinions in his home-country being somewhat divided. Having satisfied himself, he started a revolutionary paper in Mexico City. It was suppressed almost immediately, he and his assistants were thrown into prison, and ultimately he was banished from the country. Having explained that his main anxiety was to get at the facts, in order that the revolutionary movement might not be deceived, he continues:—

The Mexican peasants had been, from colonial times, small proprietors: that is to say, each peasant had a piece of land which he cultivated on his own account, living by the proceeds. Little by little the small proprietors began to disappear, being absorbed by the large landowners, who, using their influence with the Government, sheltered themselves under its responsibility while despoiling the existing owners. The native and his family then became slaves, toiling on the lands that formerly had been their own, and for the profit of the usurper, who was upheld by the Government's bayonets. The native who rebelled and sought the return of his land was assassinated or imprisoned, officialdom siding with the landed gentry, who were relatives of the officials, or themselves members of the Government or its supporters. Thus it came about that in the days of the tyrant Diaz there sprang into existence in a shameless manner great proprietors, such as Diaz himself, I. Noriega, the Maderos, and a thousand others, whose fabulous fortunes have been sealed with the red seal of the native's blood.

It was in vain that the natives ran to the authorities for justice, and in vain that certain groups rose in arms to seize by force what the law denied them; for they were assassinated as bandits, the pretorian guards shooting every man and woman who took a rebel stand. The Yaqui Indians were the bourgeoisie's principal victims. They rose in arms, demanding the return of their lands; they hurled themselves against the tyrants' hirelings, and they succeeded in obtaining a few triumphs. This, however, did not last long, for they were slain wholesale, their movement was extinguished, and many thousands of these brave people were made prisoners and taken to the State of Yucatan. There they were treated as criminals, and divided up among the big landowners as cattle are divided, sons being separated from their fathers, brothers from brothers, and all being obliged to toil beneath the slavedriver's whip for the profit of the landed gentry.

Self-sacrificing and altruistic men, such as those who constitute the Los Angeles Revolutionary Junta, could no longer endure a crime so great. They protested energetically, and paid for their boldness by having to go to prison, for to defend the rights of this Inquisition-governed people was a crime that had to be expiated dearly.

There comes to the front a man obscure, but one who has the gift of living long; that is to say, a man cynical and a charlatan; a man who, as I have said already, is the owner of a great fortune created by the despoiling of the unlettered peasant. A "genius," who had read a few works on sociology, seized the moment to profit by the people's suffering. The moment had arrived at which the people could endure no longer the bourgeoisie's yoke, and this man rose and sketched a governmental plan, speaking to the people of the repartition of the lands, of absolute liberty of the press, of legal elections. In brief, he took from sociological works a semi-Socialist programme, with which he dazzled the people. That man was F. I. Madero. His plan was called "the plan of San Luis."

In the Ham prison Louis Napoleon Bonaparte wrote of the benevolence of Socialism and of his vehement desire to implant ideas of such redeeming force that he might win the favour of the people. Later he became President of the French Republic; on December 2 he slaughters Paris; he laughs to scorn his promises and programmes, bathes the people in blood, and imprisons those who represent their rights. The Republic dies, and there is left as sole ruler Napoleon "the Little," as Victor Hugo called him.

Francisco I. Madero preaches Socialist ideas; the people has determined on the dethronement of Diaz; it lets itself be dazzled by the charlatan Madero, and the revolution triumphs. Why should it not triumph, when this new Mahomet has promised his people endless happiness? This spiritualist promised his people salvation, and all who listened offered to spill the last drop of their blood for the triumph of the cause. Their lands were to be returned to them, and, by the triumph of some educated man, be it Madero or another, slavery was to end. The one thing was to get rid of Diaz.

Ricardo Flores Magon, his brother Enrique, Antonio P. Araujo, Anselmo Figueroa, Librado Rivera, Praxedes G. Guerrero, and many

other comrades saw with grief the evolution of events full of terror for the people, which remained deaf and was intoxicated with the hope of having found a redeemer.

But at length the people came to understand that it had dethroned one tyrant only that it might shoulder another executioner. Then it called to mind and memory its past history, and said to itself: "From the bloody Montezuma, that barbarous Aztec Emperor who slew thousands of our ancestors, to the celebrated spiritualist Madero, they have done hardly anything but oppress and murder us at their whim. We are men with rights, and we will make them respect these rights at all costs. Madero's promises shall be fulfilled, for we will make him fulfil them."

Why does the suffering native speak thus?

Because it has been a fraud; because Madero decapitated the new-born Republic, robbed the people of its right to liberty, made bayonets his support, trod the law under foot, and struck down the press, gagging the vilest with gold, imprisoning those who dared to speak, and persecuting tenaciously those who, like Magon and his comrades, had sought shelter in North America. Thence they fired their protest against the new tyranny which had overthrown the statue of liberty and had erected on its pedestal the gallows. Of the famous Plan of San Luis they made an incendiary torch, which later devoured fifteen towns in the State of Morelos.

But there was a man, a peasant, a native, full of vigour and love for his brothers, who resolved to chastise with the strong hand the insolent bourgeoisie, against whom were marching the Liberal forces organised by Magon and his comrades. These groups rose to the cry of "Land and Liberty!" and were called by the bourgeois "Magonistas." That man was Emiliano Zapata, who, putting himself at the head of the peasants of the State of Morelos, rose in arms, seeking first only the restoration of the lands of which they had been robbed.

Struggle ensued and the Madero government began, at first, to laugh at the pretensions of peasants who sought by force to compel it to carry out the Plan of San Luis. Later, however, it saw the danger, and then Madero and the bourgeoisie decreed the extermination of the revolutionary peasants. Towns were burned; telegraph posts were adorned with the corpses of revolutionists who had been hanged; in the small town of Puruandiro 220 peasants—men, women and children—were assassinated for suspected sympathy with the revolution; a law suspending guarantees was promulgated.

Reprisals were not lacking. Our comrades rounded up the revolutionary leaders and inculcated among them truly Anarchistic ideas. Many of those who called themselves Magonistas, and who are nothing less than Anarchists, wormed their way into the Zapatista ranks, and thus one finally sees the evolution of a Social Revolution, in which are enlisted many comrades who have come from Spain, Buenos Aires, Chili, and other parts, to struggle for the ideal.

Well then: already the Revolution has assumed an Anarchist aspect. Railroad bridges are destroyed, passenger trains blown up, and the bourgeois travellers despoiled of their jewellery and effects; towns are assaulted and commercial houses sacked, the proprietors being exterminated. Those who own country estates are shot, the authorities are hung, the clergy are killed, archives are burned; there have been combats fought out with nothing but dynamite bombs; trains have been set on fire after an end has been made of all the guards. Government houses have been blown up, together with their defenders; mines and country estates seized and exploited for the account of the revolutionists themselves; prisons thrown open and the prisoners set at liberty.

Why have these ideas of Social Revolution taken such an increased hold? Why are the papers at the capital so troubled, and why are they crying out that society is in danger? Why is the people moved to proceed thus? Let us look at the interesting phase in which this people finds itself.

Let us go to the great Aztec metropolis, and there we shall meet what is simply a drunken population; one that has only the prison for its home. It earns little, and one cannot go a block without meeting a tavern, a pawnshop, a brothel, barracks, or one of those centres of infection they call "hospitals." One sees men half-naked, more than two thousand blind persons who live by public charity, an infinity of churches, mothers who punch out the eyes of their newly-born sons to blind them and thus assure them a future in which they will be supported by alms. The workers declare a strike and are murdered by orders from the Government. The factories are closed, but the barracks are open. At the street corners one sees such notices as this: "Five hundred soldiers needed for the gendarmerie," and the workers, finding themselves without employment, hurry to get a position as soldier, in which they earn \$1.50 a day. The worker who is so unfortunate as to fall into the clutches of the police is conducted next day to the barracks, to be made a soldier. One day I saw a sight that made my hair stand on end—more than five hundred men, without hats and half-naked, were being escorted by the mounted guard, while a great multitude of women, some old, and some of them mere children, were following the unfortunate prisoners, crying aloud and weeping in despair. When the crowd of women attempted to approach their comrades, the cavalry trampled them under foot. . . .

Madero is asking the American bourgeoisie for money, and is getting it. The public debt mounts. Madero keeps one part of the money received, and the other part he uses for arms sold to him by the Americans, who thus get back the money lent. This people has a thousand reasons for making its revolution, the most just of all.

In the country districts the native earns six cents (gold) a day,

working unceasingly and under the slavedriver's whip. This native has a wife and five or six children, whom he has to support on six cents. This is the reason why the revolution has found an echo throughout the country; this is the reason why the natives have risen everywhere, and why they are now seeking, not what they sought at first—the return of their small holdings—but a general division of the lands.

Moncaleano sums up his article in the following statement: "My opinion is that this Revolution will be of great profit to the proletariat of the world. That Mexico is the France of America is beyond doubt. Not to support this Revolution is a crime. To allow the Red Flag to fall at the very moment when it is flaming victoriously over the fields watered with the blood of our brothers, is the greatest of all crimes."

ANTI-WAR DEMONSTRATIONS.

Whilst the war clouds were threateningly collecting over Western Europe, the Social Democrats held an International Congress at Basle, Switzerland, to decide on action in face of the menacing situation. As usual with our Parliamentary friends, their action has taken the form of words, words, words. Long and heated discussions to evolve resolutions which must satisfy everybody and hurt nobody!

At the same time the French Confederation of Labour held an extraordinary Conference in Paris against the war; 1,453 organisations were represented, and after lively debates the delegates came to the conclusion that the time for action had arrived, and they accepted the principle of a general strike of twenty-four hours as a preventive measure of war. To show the Government that they are in earnest, on December 16 a general strike will be declared for a day to warn the Government that the French workers do not want to fight their brothers across the Rhine in some diplomatic game.

The Congress decided further that if an order for mobilisation is issued, the workers are not to present themselves for military service, but to assemble in their local syndical groups and declare a revolutionary general strike.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

In an open letter to the Right Hon. L. Harcourt, the *African Times* and *Orient Review* relate how certain Native clerks were flogged, and urges the Colonial Secretary to institute a thorough inquiry into the matter, in order to ensure official harmony, and also in the interests of humanity,

It would appear that on February 14, 1912, several African Native clerks of Zaria, Northern Nigeria, were engaged in a game of football in their playground. Third Class Resident Laing, a European, in charge of the Zaria Province, passed the field. The players, not noticing the Resident, failed to salute him in the usual manner by prostrating themselves. The players protested that they did not see the Resident. Nevertheless, they were arrested and severely thrashed by the Resident with his walking-stick. Two of the players, named Taylor and Hall, were taken under arrest to a town about two miles away from the cantonment, and placed in the Native gaol. The next morning they were brought before the Resident, who acted as judge, Crown prosecutor, complainant, and chief witness for the Crown. The offenders were taken to the Native market place, stripped of their clothing, and, in a state of absolute nudity, whipped by dogaries—Hausa Native police.

The law which thus humiliates the African on his native soil is the work of the Governor, who, in his official capacity, once declared that "no provocation, however great, would warrant a black man striking a white man." Not only raw natives, but highly educated natives must prostrate themselves whenever and wherever they meet his tin-pot highness, the Resident of Nigeria. Our astonishment is not so much that England should permit this degrading law to besmirch her name, but that educated Africans should have so little manly pride as to prostrate themselves before any imported Resident.

Surely, the spectacle of the whole field of football players suddenly prostrating themselves because the Resident was in view is quite comical enough for bioscopic reproduction.—*A.P.O., Cape Town.*

To Correspondents.

W. DRYDEN.—We have tried to find out the gentleman's position for ourselves, but can only conclude it is another case of Jekyll and Hyde. Certainly no one in favour of legislation is entitled to call himself an Anarchist.

A. J.—Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist" is at present out of print.

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.*

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Spain.

The news that Canalejas, the Prime Minister of Spain, had been shot by a young Anarchist, Manuel Pardinás, caused the greatest surprise and virtuous indignation in the bourgeois press. The Radical reformer, the Lloyd George of Spain, the champion in the fight against Clericalism, etc., etc., assassinated! It was incredible!

But those who had followed his career were not so astonished. They knew that he had played the same rôle as Briand in France, and was hated as cordially. As the leader of the Radical opposition, he had ousted the Liberal Government and obtained power. As Prime Minister, his former experience with the democracy served him in oppressing the workers all the more; whilst his support of the Monarchy went so far as to allow the Portuguese Royalists to plot and arm quietly in Spain against the neighbouring Republic. His anti-Clerical promises were never fulfilled; on the contrary, Clericalism grew rather stronger under his rule, as the monastic establishments were allowed to get more numerous.

The Spanish prisons were filled with people who dared to criticise the Spanish raid in Morocco. The Cullera riots which broke out in connection with that piratical war ended in seven men being sentenced to death. When the King reprieved six of them, Canalejas, in protest, resigned. Alphonso thus easily gained a little popularity, and Canalejas was "persuaded" to resume office. But his real character was clearly revealed in the recent railway strike, to which the railway men were driven by long hours and wretched pay. Canalejas called out the military reserves, in this way forcing many strikers to act as blackleg-soldiers. But even by this trick he could not break the strike. So the old politician's game was once again resorted to, and Canalejas persuaded the men to resume work on his solemn promise that Parliament would do all that was necessary. When the Bill was introduced by Canalejas, the workers saw that they had been cheated. The new law restricted in many ways the rights of the men, virtually abolished the right to strike, and ordered an increase of wages, not out of the pockets of the companies, but of the Spanish people. In fact, the law was so reactionary that the Conservatives, seeing that it went too far and might provoke another outburst, voted against it.

The anger of the workers is deep; unrest grows apace everywhere; demands for the release of the numerous political prisoners are loudly made; everybody seems convinced that a revolution is inevitable, and not far off. The deed of Manuel Pardinás was a surprise to Europe, but must have appeared as an act of justice to the oppressed and desperate workers of Spain.

Italy.

Not satisfied with having sent our valiant comrade, Maria Rygier, for four years to prison, where, as the doctors declare, she is slowly but surely perishing, the Government tried to inflict yet another sentence on this unflinching propagandist. On November 13 she was brought before the tribunal of Rome, accused of instigation to class hatred and revolt. Maria Rygier showed her usual courage in claiming the right to express her opinions. The prosecutor had asked for six months' imprisonment, but the Court acquitted her. Our Italian comrades are so little accustomed to justice that they are pleasantly surprised, and more than ever determined to save the life of their beloved comrade by obtaining her release from prison.

The five Bologna comrades who were arrested and imprisoned after a public meeting, and decided on a hunger strike to force the authorities to give them the treatment of political prisoners, have triumphed. After five days of refusing food, the authorities began to be alarmed, and gave in. On the following Monday they were taken before the Court, which sentenced four of them to terms from forty to eight days. An enormous crowd gave them an enthusiastic ovation before the police could whisk them off in a motor car to prison.

The *Internazionale*, the organ of the Revolutionary Syndicalists of Italy, has a four years' existence at its back. That its path has been far from smooth may be judged from the fact that the editors and administrators in those four years had forty-one condemnations consisting of thirty-four years and two months' imprisonment, and fines of 17,681 francs; whilst the director of the paper was sentenced to five years and eleven months, and 4,091 francs fines.

Poor Italy! And its people were obliged to fight for the "liberation" of the Arabs from Turkish oppression! When will the time come for their own liberation from such a Government?

Denmark.

The Employers' Union of Denmark has informed the Central Bureau of Danish Trade Unions that unless two strikes of small importance are promptly settled to the employers' satisfaction, 40,000 workers will be locked out. Evidently the Danish employers are taking a leaf out of the book of their German *confrères*. The real intention of the masters—to stamp out all resistance by their men—is clear from the fact that those two strikes together involve only 130 men, and in one of them the workers had accepted the award of the official arbitration; but the company, which has been paying 40 per cent. dividend, rejected all compromise. And for such insignificant conflicts 40,000 men will be thrown out of work in the winter, soon to be followed by another 10,000, whose employment depends on the first.

There are some even among the workers who do not like to hear

the words "class struggle." But the reality forces them more and more to see how the fight between the capitalists and working class is assuming an increasingly acute form.

United States.

Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso are acquitted! This is the glad news which greeted our eyes on the morning of Nov. 27. Our comrades were tried on the incredible charge of being morally responsible for the assassination of a striker by a policeman, because if they had not instigated the Lawrence strike the murder would not have taken place! Amazing as the charge was, our American comrades knew too well the servility of judges and juries not to have trembled for the fate of those innocent men whose real crime was their disclosure of the horrible exploitation in the mills of the American Woollen Company, and having led a successful strike of the poor wage-slaves, who, belonging to different nationalities, up till then had been unable to organise any effective fight.

The trial began to be interesting when the witnesses for the defence were called up. The mill boys, girls, men, and women of Lawrence brought an atmosphere of sincerity into the court. With a few exceptions, they are members of the I.W.W., and proudly acknowledged it. They declared that the accused had simply told them to organise one big Union, and that they had done what Christianity had not done in a thousand years: that is, united all races. The defence called up also the chairman of the American Woollen Company and other Trust magnates to confess what they knew of the dynamite conspiracies of the employers to discredit the strikers in the public eye.

The accused made splendid speeches, and openly declared that their trial was simply an attempt of the capitalists to destroy the Industrial Union.

The verdict was received with scenes of the greatest enthusiasm; comrades and a great crowd surrounding and embracing the released men.

In a short time Haywood, who was arrested after Ettor and Giovannitti, will be tried. We trust that our American comrades, helped by an international protest, will be able to wrest also this victim from the greedy monster, "Capitalist Justice," which is ever ready to snatch an energetic fighter for the emancipation of the workers, unless they are constantly watchful and alert.

The innocents in America who believed that something good for the people was to come from the Sherman's Anti-Trust law, which was passed to put a limit to the exploitation of the public by the trusts, will open their eyes rather wide when they see how this law has been made use of by the capitalists. The "United Hatters," the Trade Union of the American hatters, has been condemned to pay \$240,000 damages and \$10,000 costs to the hat factory, Loewe and Co., which complained of having been boycotted by this Union. The Anti-Trust law was used, though in a perverted sense, to punish the workers for their boycott of a firm which had made itself hated by its men. And still men go on hoping to make one day a law which will give them possession of land and tools, the capitalists tamely assenting! It looks like it.

A NATIONAL ANARCHIST CONFERENCE.

At the Scottish Conference recently held in Glasgow it was agreed that we make a strong effort to get up a National Conference, to be held in Newcastle at Easter. The first obstacle that came in the way was, as usual, the difficulty of raising sufficient money to enable delegates to attend. As most of us know, a few of the more fortunate comrades will no doubt attend without financial aid; but there are many good earnest comrades to whom the train fare from, say, Edinburgh to Newcastle, or from London and other places in the South, would be altogether out of the question.

We decided, therefore, to get up a fund for the purpose of assisting those so circumstanced, and possibly to help other expenses that will inevitably crop up also. It will readily be seen from this that the success and scope of such a meeting as we anticipate will depend to a large extent on the amount of money we are able to gather in within the next two months at the latest, in order that the Newcastle comrades (who will have the business in hand) will have sufficient time to arrange the conference in the best possible way. I may say here that it was also agreed that, as secretary, I should write to all secretaries of groups, as well as sympathisers, so that they might communicate with me, when I would report the progress of our negotiations, and for that purpose a large number of addresses was sent to me from headquarters in Glasgow; but as this plan would obviously involve a great amount of labour and money, which we can ill afford, I have decided to try this notice and appeal in the *Anarchist* and in *FREEDOM*. All are invited, however, to write me at their earliest convenience, letting me know any suggestions they may have to make; how many can and will attend without assisted fares, how many can and will attend with assisted fares, and what amount of money they can and will contribute to help others less fortunate than themselves.

Remember, comrades, it is no good in a case of this kind making

empty promises. It only foils the work of those who have the arrangements in hand. If you can spare a little, send it on now. Get a move on, comrades. Write as soon as you have read this. Let us see who is first in the field with a subscription in aid of the National Anarchist Conference.

6 Bonaly Place, Edinburgh.

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

The Ferrer Sunday School meets at the Communist Club, 107 Charlotte Street, W., at 3.30 prompt.

Morris Studio, Adie Road, Hammersmith.

- Dec. 9.—"Amalgamation of Existing Trade Unions," W. F. Watson.
 " 12.—"Agriculture" (Lantern Lecture), J. Tochatti.
 " 16.—"Neo-Malthusianism and Anatomy" (Lantern Lecture), P. Vallina.
 " 19.—"The Prevention of Fecundation" (Lantern Lecture), P. Vallina.
 " 23.—"Centralisation and Decentralisation," P. E. Tanner.
 " 26.—Social and Dance.
 " 30.—"The Law's Part in History," W. K. Horne.
 Commence at 8.30 each evening.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(November 1—December 4.)

FREEDOM Guarantee Fund.—N. £1, Anon. £2, S. C. 1s 6d, H. Glasse 5s 3d.
FREEDOM Subscriptions.—H. Koch 4s, F. Miller 1s 6d, M. Hope 1s 6d, W. M. Stroud 6s, W. Y. Chyne 1s 6d, H. Stockton 1s 7d, C. C. Everson 2s 6d, W. J. Pike 2s 6d, D. Moore 2s, W. Lagsding 1s 6d, W. H. Shakely 2s, A. Wilbers 3s, J. Desser 4s, A. Zibelin 1s 6d, W. Lawther 1s 6d.
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