

# THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the Socialist League.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

## NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

Hospital Sunday is nearly upon us once again. More than ever it behoves Socialists to press upon the labour-classes that they abstain from subscribing, and that they give their reasons for abstaining. The hospitals are for the most part on the same footing as the workhouse. They are, as regards most of the ills treated in them, and as regards the needy position of all that use them, an outcome of our present commercial system. Let those, therefore, who batten on the system, not those that are crushed under it, see to the keeping up of the institutions for the "sick poor."

Any one in want of arguments against working-class contributions to the Fund, should read the reports of the meeting held at the Mansion House on Monday, under the auspices of the Council of the Fund. At the Mansion House! Not that the sick poor live there. But this is the official home of the official representative of metropolitan capital. Besides, a police-court is held there.

Sir Andrew Clark, a baronet and a guinea-a-minute pocketeer (he is a fashionable physician), Sir Edmund Currie (a successful brewer), a General, an M.P., a Canon, a Dissenting minister, were all to the fore. The first-named urged the paying of "the balance of the bill for the treatment of the sick poor"—on "moral grounds as well as those of self-interest"—a fine distinction difficult to follow at the Mansion House. And if the balance only is to be paid by the Fund, there is tacit admission that the bulk of the account is discharged by the "poor."

Another unconscious admission is made in the words that "hospitals were more advantageous to society at large than to the sick poor themselves"—for they have, besides other blessings to the capitalist, "increased the quantity and quality of both bodily and mental work," and thus rendered the possibilities of surplus-value the greater.

The Corporation have been spending £93,000 of their enormous mass of surplus-value on premises for a picture-gallery. "It has always been a reproach to the wealthiest city in the world that it has no art gallery," says a newspaper, forgetting the unimportant fact that "the wealthiest city in the world" has no art. The busts of the illustrious include those of Cobden, Nelson, Wellington. These be thy gods, oh City!

More obstruction! This time by costermongers. The Westminster District Board of Works are attacking these "harmless necessary" folk (harmless and necessary when pursuing their calling), because they have come between the wind and the gentilities of Westminster on their way to church on Sunday.

"We are glad that these workmen have decided to unite as one body. . . . No outside agitation can be of much avail unless the men themselves unite and take an interest in the matter. Let this be done, and the workers will see that they have an unlimited power in their hands. . . . Let a blow be struck at the root of the evil, and the system itself destroyed. Until this is done the evil will remain." This is not bad for a capitalistic print, is it? Only it refers to the "sweating-system," not to the capitalist system. Even Mr. Fox Bourne, however, must have some faint glimmering of the fact that all he says here of the less applies in larger degree to the greater system.

Here is another quotation from the same paper—the *Weekly Dispatch*. "When men begin to recognise their own skill and ability, employers will be forced to take advantage of them." Unfortunately, employers have been "taking advantage of them"—skill, ability, and men—any time this 300 years. When men really recognise these, there will be no more employers to take advantage of them.

The Co-operative Society has been meeting at Plymouth. The unfortunate fallacy, from our point of view, that runs through all papers and discussions read or carried on there is the belief that the old system of employer and employed, of profit and wages, is likely to last.

A conference of tenant-farmers of Wales has passed resolutions in favour of the establishment of a Land Court in Wales and a general

reduction of rent. A good sign. The necessary forerunner of an understanding of Socialism is with most Radicals an understanding of the land monopoly. That leads to the comprehension of the monopoly of all the other means of production.

A fashionable wedding in Paris. The bride's veil alone cost £400, and a mere trifle of neck ornament £20,000. The man's fortune was made out of *extractum carnis* (extract of flesh). Add the word *humani*, and I'll believe it. Fortunes can only be made out of *extractum carnis humani*.

On August 17, at Paris, an International Congress of Working-Men is to take place. The debates are to be non-political—only economical, trade, and technical topics are to be considered. A fatal limitation. No real work will be done for Socialism until the workers understand that they are to be a political party, distinct from, antagonistic to all others, destined to swallow up all others and to leave but one party, one class—the workers.

A quotation from an appeal in respect to this Conference issued by the Parliamentary Committee of the English Trades' Unions: "Differences in forms of Government, varying social customs, or divergent commercial policy have not saved the workers from the effects of the depression [of trade]." That the Parliamentary Committee are beginning to see that only one cause underlies all suffering in all countries, is great gain. Only let them look to it that they find out that cause. It is the method of production and of distribution of goods to-day.

There is in all lands, however, but one commercial policy—"Beggar my neighbour." Only the unanimity with which all civilised nations are striving for the world-markets means a startling want of unanimity among the nations. And the outward and visible signs of this are annexations, wars, and the like.

Female labour among the Staffordshire nailers is now under attack. Its advocates point out that "after the first astonished shock" [*sic*] at dirty faces, filthy clothing and so forth, "it is no more repellent to see a woman using a hammer than to see her washing tin at the pit's mouth, weaving in a cotton-mill, or even bending with pale face and contracted chest over a needle." Certainly, it is no more repellent. But it is no less repellent.

If the East-End tailors can only prove and keep before the public that the "hands" in the sweating-dens are systematically got out of the way when an inspector is coming, some transient alleviation may follow. For your average Briton who will see with perfect equanimity men, women and children die, if the murder is legal, rebels against an infraction of the law—so long as his own trade is not concerned.

E. B. A.

## WHIGS, DEMOCRATS, AND SOCIALISTS.

[Read at the Conference convened by the Fabian Society, at South Place Institute, June 11.]

WHAT is the state of parties in England to-day? How shall we enumerate them? The Whigs, who stand first on the list in my title, are considered generally to be the survival of an old historical party once looked on as having democratic tendencies, but now the hope of all who would stand soberly on the ancient ways. Besides these, there are Tories also, the descendants of the stout defenders of Church and State and the divine right of kings. Now, I don't mean to say but that at the back of this ancient name of Tory there lies a great mass of genuine Conservative feeling, held by people who, if they had their own way, would play some rather fantastic tricks I fancy; nay, even might in the course of time be somewhat rough with such people as are in this hall at present. But this feeling, after all, is only a sentiment now; all practical hope has died out of it, and these worthy people cannot have their own way. It is true that they elect members of Parliament, who talk very big to please them, and sometimes even they manage to get a government in power that nominally represents their sentiment, but when that happens the said government is forced, even when its party has a majority in the House of Commons, to take a much lower standpoint than the high Tory Ideal; the utmost that the

real Tory party can do, even when backed by the Primrose League and its sham hierarchy, is to delude the electors to return Tories to Parliament to pass measures more akin to Radicalism than the Whigs durst attempt, so that though there are Tories there is no Tory party in England. On the other hand there is a party, which I can call for the present by no other name than Whig, which is both numerous and very powerful, and which does, in fact, govern England, and to my mind will always do so as long as the present Constitutional Parliament lasts. Of course, like all parties it includes men of various shades of opinion, from the Tory-tinted Whiggery of Lord Salisbury to the Radical-tinted Whiggery of Mr. Chamberlain's present tail. Of course I don't mean to say that they are conscious of being a united party; on the contrary, the groups will oppose each other furiously at elections, and perhaps the more simple-minded of them really think that it is a matter of importance to the nation which section of them may be in power; but they may always be reckoned upon to be in their places and vote against any measure which carries with it a real attack on our constitutional system; surely very naturally, since they are there for no other purpose than to do so. They are, and always must, as long as they have any cohesion as Tories, Whigs, Liberals, or Radicals, be conscious defenders of the present system, political and economical. Not one of them probably would go such a very short journey towards revolution as the abolition of the House of Lords. A one-chamber Parliament would seem to them an impious horror, and the abolition of the monarchy they would consider a serious inconvenience to the London tradesmen.

Now this is the real Parliamentary Party, at present divided into jarring sections under the influence of the survival of the party warfare of the last few generations, but which already shows signs of sinking its differences so as to offer a solid front of resistance to the growing instinct which will before long result in a party claiming full economical as well as political freedom for the whole people.

But is there nothing in Parliament or seeking entrance to it except this variously-tinted Whiggery, this Harlequin of Reaction? Well, inside Parliament, setting aside the Irish party, which is, we may now well hope, merely temporarily there, there is not much. It is not among people of "Wealth and local influence", who I see are supposed to be the only available candidates for Parliament of a recognised party, that you will find the elements of revolution. We will grant that there are some few genuine Democrats there and let them pass. But outside there are undoubtedly many who are genuine Democrats, and who have it in their heads that it is both possible and desirable to capture the constitutional Parliament and turn it into a real popular assembly, which, with the people behind it, might lead us peaceably and constitutionally into the great Revolution which all thoughtful men desire to bring about, all thoughtful men that is who do not belong to the consciously cynical Tories, *i.e.*, men determined, whether it be just or unjust, good for humanity or bad for it, to keep the people down as long as they can, which they hope, very naturally, will be as long as they live.

To capture Parliament and turn it into a popular but constitutional assembly is, I must conclude, the aspiration of the genuine Democrats wherever they may be found; that is their idea of their policy. The questions to be asked of this, as of all other policies, are first, What is the end proposed by it? and secondly, Are they likely to succeed? As to the end proposed I think there is much difference of opinion. Some Democrats would answer from the merely political point of view, and say: Universal suffrage, payment of members, annual Parliaments, abolition of the House of Lords, abolition of the monarchy, and so forth. I would answer this by saying: After all, these are not ends but means to an end, and passing by the fact that the last two are not constitutional measures, I would say if you had gained all these things and more, all you would do would be to establish the ascendancy of the Democratic party; having so established it, you would then have to find out by the usual party means what that Democratic party meant, and you would find that your triumph in mere politics would lead you back again exactly to the place you started from. You would be Whigs under a different name. Monarchy, House of Lords, pensions, standing army, and the rest of it, are only supports to the present social system,—the present system of economics,—and are worth nothing except as supports to it. The real masters of Society, the real tyrants of the people, are the Landlords and Capitalists, whom your political triumph would not interfere with. Then, as now, there would be a proletariat and a monied class. Then, as now, it would be possible sometimes for a diligent, energetic man, with his mind set wholly on such success, to climb out of the proletariat into the monied class, there to sweat as he once was sweated; which, my friends, is, if you will excuse the word, your ridiculous idea of freedom of contract. The sole and utmost success of your policy is that it might raise up a strong opposition to the condition of things which it would be your function to uphold; but most probably such opposition would still be outside Parliament and not in it; you would have made a revolution probably not without bloodshed, only to show people the necessity for another revolution the very next day. Will you think the example of America too trite? Anyhow, consider it! A country with universal suffrage, no king, no House of Lords, no privilege as you fondly think, only a little standing army, chiefly used for the murder of red-skins; a democracy after your model; and with all that, a Society corrupt to the core, and at this moment engaged in suppressing freedom with just the same reckless brutality and blind ignorance as the Czar of all the Russians uses.

But it will be said, and certainly with much truth, that the Democrats are not all for mere political reform. I say that I believe that

is true, and is a very important truth too. I will go further and will say that all those who can be distinguished from Whigs do intend social reforms, which they hope will somewhat alter the relations of the classes towards each other, and there is, generally speaking, amongst Democrats a leaning towards a kind of limited State-Socialism, and it is through that that they hope to bring about a peaceful Revolution, which, if it does not introduce a condition of equality, will at least make the workers better off and contented with their lot. They hope to get a body of representatives elected to Parliament, and by them to get measure after measure passed which will tend towards this goal; nor would some of them, perhaps most of them, be discontented if by this means we could glide into complete State-Socialism. I think that the present Democrats are widely tinged with this idea, and to me it is a matter of hope that it is so; whatever of error there is in it, it means advance beyond the complete barrenness of the mere political programme. Yet I must point out to these semi-Socialist Democrats that in the first place they will be made the cat's-paw of some of the willier of the Whigs. There is no end of these semi-Socialist looking measures one may name; for instance, the allotment scheme, and other schemes tending toward peasant proprietorship, co-operation, and the like, which after all, in spite of their benevolent appearance, are really weapons in the hands of reactionaries, having for their real object the creation of a new middle-class made out of the working-class and at their expense; the raising, in short, of a new army against the attack of the disinherited. There is no end to this kind of dodge, nor will be apparently till there is an end of the class which tries it on; and a great many of the Democrats will be amused and absorbed by it from time to time. They call this sort of nonsense "practical;" it seems like doing some thing, while the steady propaganda of a principle which must prevail in the end is, according to them, doing nothing. For the rest it is not likely to become dangerous farther than as it clogs the wheels of the real movement somewhat, because it is a mere piece of reaction on the one side if, I mean, it takes the form of peasant proprietorship, flying right in the face of the commercial development of the day, which tends ever more and more towards aggregation, thereby smoothing the way for the organised possession of the workers when the true Revolution shall come. On the other hand, when this attempt to manufacture a new middle-class takes the form of co-operation and the like, it is not dangerous otherwise than as above stated, because it means nothing more than a slightly altered form of joint-stockery, and everybody almost is beginning to see this. The greed of men stimulated by the spectacle of profit-making all around them, and also by the burden of the interest on the money which they have been obliged to borrow, will not allow them even to approach a true system of co-operation. Those benefited by the transaction presently become rather eager shareholders in a commercial speculation, and if they are working-men are also capitalists. The enormous commercial success of the great co-operative societies and the absolute nothingness of that success on the social conditions of the workers, are sufficient tokens of what this non-political co-operation must come to: "Nothing—it shall not be less."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

## THE PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS OF SOCIETY.

### NATURAL.

The smallest unit of life is a single cell.

Cells may either remain independent of, and aggressive to, each other, or may be united together in a compound organism, as a human being.

In the former or individualistic state each cell prospers in proportion to the decline of its fellows, and the power of each is extremely limited.

In the latter or Socialistic state the cells act in harmony with and are dependent on one another, while the premature decline or death of any is directly harmful or even fatal to the whole.

The power of the whole is enormously greater than that of a similar number of independent cells, as for instance in the matter of locomotion.

A single cell cannot by itself progress at a greater rate than seems slow even under the microscope, and any number separately will obviously get along no faster; but the compound organism may readily move at the rate of several miles an hour.

A single independent cell fulfils in itself all the possible functions of existence, but, since its powers are limited, only in the most simple

### SOCIAL.

The smallest unit of human life is a single individual.

Individuals may either remain independent of, and aggressive to, each other, or may be united together in a compound organism, called Society.

In the former or individualistic state each individual prospers in proportion to the decline of his fellows, and the power of each is extremely limited.

In the latter or Socialistic state the individuals act in harmony with and are dependent on one another, while the premature decline or death of any is directly harmful or even fatal to the whole.

The power of the whole is enormously greater than that of a similar number of independent individuals, as for instance in the matter of locomotion.

A single individual cannot by himself progress at a greater rate than a few miles an hour, and any number separately will obviously progress no faster; but the whole acting together in society may readily contrive a means of increasing their speed tenfold.

A single independent individual fulfils in himself all the possible functions of existence, but, since his powers are limited, only in the

and elementary manner, with no possibility of much progressive improvement; but a compound organism deposes each function to a special set of cells, and these, being able to devote themselves to this alone, perform their duties in an infinitely better and more efficient manner, and progressive improvement is possible by the increased differentiation of the deputed parts.

It is recognised by the individual that he is dependent equally on every part of his body for a healthy existence; and he would be considered mad if he were to deprive any part of a proper blood-supply—that is to say, of the necessary means of vigorous life and full development.

And should any part of the body seek to become developed at the expense of the rest—that is, to act in an individualistic manner—(as in the case of *cancer*) the immediate result is pain in the suffering parts, and the growth is spoken of as a disease, because it is contrary to the normal functions of the body.

The individual, as soon as the pain makes him aware of the disease, endeavours first to correct and cure the affected part, and remove the cause of the pain, and failing in this he does not hesitate, but cuts it out and destroys it utterly, even though it may cause unpleasant sensations for the moment.

And if the pain should not be sufficiently acute, or if from any cause the individual suffers the disease to continue until it can no longer be mended, the whole organism will come to a miserable end, probably with great suffering.

It is therefore universally recognised that pain, so far from being the cause of disease, is the salvation of the organism, since it points out the growth of evil and necessitates its cure; and if measures are taken to suppress and dull the pain, the disease only goes on with increased vigour, becoming each moment more difficult of cure, while if the disease, the cause of the pain is removed, the pain will immediately cease, never more to return so long as the parts are healthy.

Therefore, *organise* that you may have power, *educate* that you may see and understand the evil, and *agitate* without ceasing for its removal.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

"I remember," says Macaulay, in one of his brilliant orations, "that Adam Smith and that Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilisation by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilised part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals, who were again to destroy civilisation? Alas, it did not occur to them that civilisation itself might engender the barbarians which should destroy it; it did not occur to them that in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighbourhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, and ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genseric."

Machinery is dispossessing labour from one field after another at an alarming rate. The population of England and the United States together equals some 80,000,000 to 90,000,000, but measured by the productive power of machinery these two countries alone have to-day a population of 1,000,000,000. This represents the real extent of the crowd in the labour market. Machinery is pushing men increasingly aside and substituting the labour of women and children. Women work on the average for one-half the wages of men, and children for one-third those wages. How portentous then is the fact that, whereas our increase of labour at large between 1870 and 1880 was 52 per cent., the increase of child labour in the same period was 98 per cent. "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." This is coming to pass literally, as men's wives and children are called into the places which they themselves have hitherto filled.—*Heber Newton.*

## "VIENNA."

(By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Translated by J. L. JOYNES.)

[Written in contemplation of the suppression, by the tools of the Austrian Court Camarilla, of the popular political rising in October 1848.]

If we knew how to kneel at all, we'd kneel upon the dust to-day;  
If we knew any word of prayer, 'tis for Vienna we would pray;  
But long have we forgot the way to do obeisance and entreat,  
We count for worthiest him alone who stands erect upon his feet;  
We count that hand the best of hands that best the sword and spear can wield,  
And that the holiest mouth that sings war-songs upon the battle-field.  
What help in meek and muttered prayer? Be men, and on your rights insist!

Is this a time to fold the hands? Nay, rather rise and clench the fist!  
Nay, 'tis no more the fashion now to sit with hand in folded hand;  
Your left must grasp the sheath, your right the handle of the burnished brand;  
Your left must seize a rascal's throat, for every rascal is our foe,  
Your right must poise the blade on high and strongly deal the telling blow.  
A stir and sweep of brandished swords, a struggle in the fiercest fray—  
That is the only form of prayer that meets Vienna's needs to-day.

My country! Yes, the time has come, the time to do a noble deed,  
Nor there alone where far to South our friends to-day for Freedom bleed;  
Not only where embattled hosts are shaking Danube in his bed;  
Nor where beneath their Stephen's tower a denser smoke enshrouds the dead;  
Not there alone where Southern guns spit out their load of shot and shell;  
Not only there our steadfast North shall help the helpless to rebel!  
Not thither need she turn her steps—where'er she lays her spear in rest,  
Where'er she takes her sword in hand, there can she help her brothers best.  
'Tis here that each must play the man; small need is yours abroad to roam;  
Look round you, and ye shall not fail to find a tyrant nearer home.  
A stroke for Freedom in the North is struck as well for friends afar,  
And Southern tyrants quake to hear of risings 'neath the Northern star.

Late autumn is already here, chill winter's step approaches fast.  
My country! may a daring deed ennoble all thy sons at last!  
The tense wires throb throughout the world; the trains their nightly vigil keep;  
Comes stirring news from every land—but thou art fallen fast asleep!  
Is Freedom's final hope forlorn, her last and worst death-struggle near?  
O shame! and is thine only aid nought nobler than a coward's cheer!

## THE OLD STORY—"ECONOMY."

THE old insult is revived about every so often, with some changes in the form, but always under the guise of "charity," "kindness to the poor," or "friendliness to the labouring-man." Societies are being formed in the larger cities to teach poor working-women how to use their small wages to the best advantage. "Economy reduced to a system," is the panacea urged by these short-sighted mortals. What mocking nonsense! Can a woman making shirts at sixty cents a-dozen be anything else but stingily economical, to save her life? Can a man on a dollar a-day—and a scant number of days in the year at that—with a wife and three or four children, be anything else but niggardly in economy, if he does his worst? He may be foolish and lay out the pittance for more beer than bread, but the fact that he has precious little to be extravagant with remains the same. Think of a man who spends a small fortune a-year on cigars and perfumery teaching economy to a man who hasn't had a chance to earn a cent for six months! The worst a working-man could do would be to fling away a few dimes at a time—for he never has more at once—which might in a year's time amount to what the "gentleman" would spend treating his friends in one evening.

I think some of our poor working-women and girls could give these would-be philanthropists lessons in economy that would make their eyes open. I know a busy little woman who makes trimmed calico dresses at one dollar twenty-five cents a-dozen, and keeps herself and two little girls neatly dressed in calico, her one little room bright and clean, and nearly enough of food of some kind to keep them going. But her once bright eyes are losing their lustre, her cheeks are growing sunken and pale with the toil that lasts without cessation from daylight until eleven or twelve at night. She is famishing, body and soul; for her food is not of a nourishing kind, and she has no time or opportunity for mental or social enjoyment. She is compelled to send her little girls away with tears in their eyes when they plead for the "penny" so dear to every childish heart, for she cannot indulge in the least luxury, either for herself or them. A lady living within a stone's-throw of her, spends more on flowers and gloves for one evening than the sewing-woman's wages are for a whole week. And this lady is a great advocate of economy as a remedy for poverty. She herself imagines she is economical when she makes a street dress cost less than fifty dollars, and does not spend more than twenty dollars a-month for nick-nacks. With what ill grace does advice on economy come from such a woman to a woman like my friend!

The truth is working people—working women especially—have economy down to a fine point; so fine a point that employers are finding out that they can be hired for less and less every year, and they are not slow to push their advantage; so fine that stores and warehouses are overflowing with unconsumed but needed products, and shallow political economists are crying "over-production," while lean and haggard labour goes without. The most arrant nonsense, as well as the most heartless insult, is this smooth talk of the well-fed and well-satisfied bourgeois about economy. With a full stomach and pleasant surroundings, it is an extremely easy thing to let some other man be saving. With every want curtailed and bare necessities already cut down to the lowest point, economy then means calamity, suffering, death. Rob a man of what he produces and is honestly his own, and then persuade him that his own extravagant use of the pittance you have left him is all that ails him! Oh the morality which this great civilisation has developed!

LIZZIE M. SWANK, in *Labor Enquirer*.

Dangerous classes! I do not only find them in the slums, but in the chairs of political economy and the seats of enormous wealth, where brains and wealth unite in the chorus: "It can't be helped!"—*Heber Newton.*



"HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!"

Communications are invited from all concerned with social questions. They should be written on one side of the paper only and should be addressed to the Editors of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

As all articles are signed, no special significance should be attached to them because of the position they may occupy in these pages. None, therefore, are to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except if be so explicitly declared by the Editors.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

Subscriptions.—For Europe and United States, including postage, per year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager of the COMMONWEAL 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Business communications must NOT be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries throughout the world, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

QUESTIONS bearing upon the principles propounded and the objects had in view by the *Commonweal*, will be welcomed by the Editors.

CHUMP.—If you will kindly put your objections into publishable shape, we shall be pleased to insert any letter of reasonable length, if the conditions at the head of this column are complied with. No good purpose can be served by anonymous letters addressed to an individual.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Freethinker—Practical Socialist—Leicester Co-operative Record—Imperial Federation. *Belgium*: Le Chante-Clair (Bruxelles). *Canada*: L'Union Ouvrière (Montreal). *France*: Paris: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—Le Révolté—Le Socialiste—La Tribune des Peuples—Revue du Mouvement Social—La Citoyenne. Le Devoir (Guisse)—Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Buda-pest). *India*: Voice of India (Bombay)—Hindu Patriot (Calcutta)—People's Friend (Madras). *Italy*: Il Fascio Operaio (Milan)—La Lotta (Ancona). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social—Acracia—La Justicia Humana (Barcelona)—Bandera Social—El Socialista (Madrid)—El Socialismo (Cadiz)—La Perseverancia (Huelva). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country—Amerikanische Arbeiterzeitung—Truthseeker. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal. Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Little Socialist—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.) Carpenter. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.) Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Budget—Evansville (Ind.) Neue Zeit Milwaukee (Wis.) Volksblatt.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.—Will appear: "Malthusianism." Under consideration: "Labour Troubles in Dublin"—"Moderation." Declined with thanks: "Remarks on Socialism."

### HOME RULE OR HUMBAG.

It would be but waste of time to go through all the election addresses of even the principal leaders of parties which have been put before the public during the last few days; but those addresses, and the reception of Mr Gladstone on his journey northward, seem to foreshadow the nature and issue of the coming contest, and a few words seem desirable about it. Mr Gladstone has definitely given up his Bill, and takes his stand on the principle of a parliament for Ireland. It is clear that this may mean compromise—that he is prepared to accept something less like independence than the Bill intended; but it may not mean anything more than electioneering vagueness, trying to make the sweep of the net as wide and inclusive as possible,—a dangerous manoeuvre, but which will always be tried at elections, and by Mr Gladstone.

The point is, whether the Irish people are prepared to accept anything less like independence than the Bill; or rather, will the march of Parliamentary events compel them to do so. The Chamberlainites have the power, perhaps, of forcing them to accept a compromise. The immediate purpose of Mr Gladstone's declaration of the death of the

Bill is an olive-branch to Radical dissentients. If they accept it as a body, the whole Liberal-Radical party (outside Lord Hartington's Whigs) will be pledged to shaving down the measure for the new Parliament to something less than the defunct Bill. The Irish, at all events their central group, will shrink from the attitude of irreconcilability if the shaving down is not very flagrant, especially if it gives them, as it almost certainly will do, an immediate opportunity for carrying on the agitation. Unless, therefore, the Chamberlainites are dead against any real Home-Rule, they will give up their present opposition to Mr Gladstone, and leave their Tory-Whig friends in the lurch.

It is much to be hoped that they will not take this course, for in their coming into the Gladstonian camp again lies the real danger to the success of Irish independence. Whether Mr Gladstone is strong enough to win in the elections or not, he will at least have at his back a minority strong enough in opposition to prevent the passing of a measure intended for the complete shelving of the question, which would have to be enforced by the usual method by which English gifts are presented to Ireland—coercion, to wit. But on the other hand, a majority of men merely pretending to support Home Rule, joined to the usual amount of waverers, might so dally with the question as practically to draw us back again into the trouble from which we have seemed to be emerging. A firm and strong minority would educate people somewhat: a sloppy majority would wear them out and make them languid as to the whole subject.

Meanwhile it is observable that no party professes to intend shelving the question; and further, that in spite of all the bluster of the Tory press, the Tories are beginning to see the impossibility of dragooning Ireland in the future, and are loudly disclaiming coercion. Even the *St James's Gazette* is driven to this retreat, and talks about Lord Salisbury's "unguarded moment,"—the moment in which he very frankly expressed the intentions or hopes of the Tory party as regards Ireland; intentions which would have to become those of Whigs and Jingo-Radicals if they were to succeed in getting support enough to impose their schemes on that country. This looks very like throwing up the sponge. Things have come to this point, that even those who, if they could, would coerce Ireland by any and every means, including a scheme of depopulation, which Lord Salisbury is now driven to disavow, perceive that the thing is impossible in the face of the gathering instinct of the English people against their forcible benevolence in favour of the landlords.

It is becoming impossible then to impose the rule of the English bureaucracy in its worst form on Ireland. What alternative is left then to the reactionists in dealing with her? Apparently, to involve the whole question in a hopeless, lawyer-like muddle, so as to sicken people of it, and to get up the old cry of the impossibility of dealing with the Irish. This is what is being attempted; and, on the whole, Mr Gladstone's answer to it must be considered an effective one, and none the less so because of its simplicity; he has for once thrown off all finesse, and puts the broad question before the country of Home Rule or Humberg; it was necessary to do this in order to break through the network of evasions, intrigue, and compromise that the end of last Session had woven round the question. It is no use prophecying as to the result of the elections, but if they go against Home Rule this simplifying of the present issue will give force and distinctness to the powerful opposition which, as above said, is the alternative to a success at the polling booths.

One may say about the Radicals generally, looking at them from the Socialist point of view, that they may be divided into two sections. The first are the pedantic Radicals with certain party shibboleths on their tongues, and in their hearts bitter hostility to everything which seems to interfere even temporarily with the party game which they are playing. Between them and us there is and must be mere war; they will not even listen to us. They look upon us with more hatred than they do upon the Tories, for without the latter they could not carry on their game. But besides these pedantic Radicals, there is another Radical section who are on the look out for progressive ideas, and are the representatives of advancing Democracy. These may, and often do, oppose us as inconvenient impracticable persons, who interfere with what they have learned to consider progress, but they are not really unfriendly and are willing to hear us, and when they have done so they will find, many of them, that they are Socialists after all.

Well, the Chamberlainite Unionist Radicals, many of whom are quite fanatical in their opposition to Home Rule, do on this occasion represent to us the hostile pedantic Radicals, while those who are championing Home Rule represent our Radical friends, who are waiting to be told what Socialism really is, or at any rate waiting to find

out what it is, and who when they have found out will become Socialists. As Socialists, therefore, we are bound to wish the utmost success to those who can at least see that it is necessary for Ireland to take her own affairs into her own hands, whatever the immediate results may be. To the pedantic Radicals, the new Jingoës, we need scarcely wish ill-success, for as things are going they are getting themselves deeper into the mire at every step. WILLIAM MORRIS.

## RUSKIN AS A REVOLUTIONARY PREACHER.

### I.

"ILLOGICAL, incoherent, and dogmatic, yet with so much of beauty both of ideals and of words; unreasonable in much, but yet so full of pity for the evils all around and so sincere in desire to remove them, it is much to be regretted that this writer has prevented the full knowledge of his works to be spread. Ruskin professes to be a Communist, and seems to have some amount of dread at the spread of Socialism" (see Guild of St George, Master's Report, 1885, p. 3). In no one thing do his peculiar notions and contradictions shine out more than in his ideas on publication and selling his books.

I propose to put before the readers of the *Commonweal* the most extreme passages of this writer, and to give them a weapon which the original maker has allowed to get into hands little likely to use.

Over and over again does he pour out his wrath on capitalists, landlords, financiers—"these swine of the five per cent.," as he calls them ('Fors Clavigera,' No. 8, p. 11, Aug. 1871). I have sometimes thought that his method of issuing his books was to prevent too many of the workers knowing the truth; that he felt compelled to write the truth, but hoped it would not spread too fast. This idea is again and again suggested by his continual opposition of desire for improvement and extreme mistrustfulness of the workers. As to his ideas of publishing, in 'Fors,' No. 6, June 1871, he has the following:

"It is no affair of mine whether you attend to me or not, but yours wholly. My hand is weary of pen-holding, my heart is sick of thinking; for my own part, I would not write you these pamphlets, though you would give me a barrel of beer instead of two pints for them,—I write them wholly for your sake. I choose that you shall have them decently printed on cream-coloured paper, and with a margin underneath, which you can write on if you like. That is also for your sake: it is a proper form of book for any man to have who can keep his books clean; and if he cannot, he has no business with books at all. It costs me ten pounds to print a thousand copies, and five more to give you a picture; and a penny off my seven pence to send you the book. A thousand sixpences are twenty-five pounds: when you have bought a thousand 'Fors' of me, I shall therefore have five pounds for my trouble, and my single shopman, Mr. Allen, five pounds for his. We won't work for less, either of us: not that we would not, were it good for you, but it would be by no means good." [It is just here the debatable point comes in.] "And I mean to sell all my large books, henceforward, in the same way,—well printed, well bound, and at a fixed price; and the trade may charge a proper and acknowledged profit for their trouble in retailing the book. Then the public know what they are about, and so will the tradesman. I, the first producer, answer, to the best of my power, for the quality of the book—paper, binding, eloquence and all. The retailer charges what he ought to charge, openly; and if the public do not choose to give it, they can't get the book. This is what I call legitimate business."

And so, I take it, will most readers of this paper. The unfortunate thing is, that as legitimate business is not very general, all those who set themselves against the general current are badly placed. This has been proved by Ruskin. The book-trade practically boycotted him out of the market, and by the difficulties placed in the way of getting his books, added to their very high price, his writings are not well known. Here, too, it may be interesting to mention that even John Ruskin had in time to give in to surroundings. The passage I have quoted was stringently acted upon for some years; but I have before me as I write one of his circulars, dated July 1882, announcing that in future a discount would be allowed to booksellers and librarians. To some the connection may seem remote, but to me it seems a very positive proof that in the long-run environment is the stronger, and what a farce freedom of contract is in relation to the worker really depending on his work for bread.

Ruskin is constantly saying hard things about scientists, and yet by his exquisite mixing-up of poetry, painting, geology, botany, and political economy, proves to completeness the doctrine of eternity and interchangeability. In his 'Queen of the Air' (Smith, Elder, and Co., 1869—I shall always quote from this edition), p. 134, is the following, which many of the nostrum-mongers on trade depression will do well to take to heart:

"It is not political economy to put a number of strong men down on an acre of ground, with no lodging and nothing to eat. Nor is it political economy to build a city on good ground and fill it with store of corn and treasure, and put a score of lepers to live in it. Political economy creates together the means of life and the living persons who are to use them; and of both the best and the most that it can, but imperatively the best, not the most: a few good and healthy men, rather than a multitude of diseased rogues, and a little real milk and wine rather than much chalk and petroleum. But the gist of the whole business is, that the men and their property must both be produced together, not one to the loss of the other. Property must not be created in lands desolate by exile of their people, nor multiplied and depraved humanity in lands barren of bread."

Following on this, he has something on "wealth" and "money," too long to give now, but from which I give just one sentence, showing how opposed he is to the orthodox economists: "A thing is worth precisely

what it can do for you, not what you chose to pay for it" (p. 140). "The wealth of the nation, then, first, and its peace and well-being besides, depend on the number of persons it can employ in making good and useful things" (p. 141). A few pages on in this same book is something on how to employ all the people; but I leave that for the present, to give a few quotations on the land and rent question. "It begins to be asked on many sides how the possessors of the land became possessed of it, and why they should still possess it, more than you or I; and Ricardo's 'theory' of rent, though, for an economist, a very creditably ingenious work of fiction, will not much longer be imagined to explain the 'practice' of rent. The true answer, in this matter as in all others, is the best. Some land has been bought, some won by cultivation, but the greater part, in Europe, seized by force of hand" ('Fors,' No. 2, Feb. 1871, p. 6). He breaks down in the next, for he goes on to qualify in a very weak manner. He does not try to explain of whom any land was originally bought, or who originally had any right to sell land to all eternity.

The next quotation is rather long, but as it cuts to the very core of so much bourgeois teaching, it is exceedingly useful. In 'Fors,' No. 4, April 1871, he is mostly occupied in poking fun at John Stuart Mill and Co., and their peculiar use of such words as "utilities," "commodities," and the like. Particularly he wants to know what "money" is, and what he may do with it, also where he gets it from. He says he is afraid to give it away, even to give a penny in charity, without looking up and down the street first, to see if a "clergyman is coming." He gave thirty pounds for some geological specimens, and that was, "if you must have the truth, because I was a fool."

"But if I hadn't bought it, what would you have had me do with my money? keep that in the drawer instead? Or at my banker's, till it grew out of thirty pounds into sixty and a hundred, in fulfilment of the law respecting seed sown in good ground? Doubtless, that would have been more meritorious for the time. But when I had got the sixty or the hundred pounds, what should I have done with them? . . . Of course, I know I might buy as many iron railings as I please, and be praised; but I've no room for them. I can't well burn more coals than I do, because of the blacks, which spoil my books; and the Americans won't let me buy any blacks alive, or else I would have some black dwarfs with parrots, such as one sees in the pictures of Paul Veronese. I should of course like myself, above all things, to buy a pretty white girl, with a title; and I should get great praise for doing that,—only I haven't money enough. White girls come dear, even when one buys them only like coals, for fuel. The Duke of Bedford, indeed, bought Joan of Arc from the French, to burn, for only ten thousand pounds and a pension of three hundred a-year to the Bastard of Vendôme; and I could and would have given that for her, and not burnt her; but one hasn't such a chance every day."

"Will you, . . . I challenge you, . . . tell me what I am to do with my money? I mean, indeed, to give you my own poor opinion on the subject in May; though I feel the more embarrassed in the thought of doing so, because, in this present April, I am so much a fool as not even to know clearly whether I have got any money or not. I know, indeed, that things go on at present as if I had; but it seems to me that there must be a mistake somewhere, and that some day it will be found out. For instance, I have seven thousand pounds in what we call the Funds or founded things, but I am not comfortable about the founding of them. All that I can see of them is a square bit of paper, with some ugly printing on it; and all that I know of them is that this bit of paper gives me a right to tax you every year, and make you pay me two hundred pounds out of your wages; which is very pleasant for me: but how long will you be pleased to do so? Suppose it should occur to you, any summer's day, that you had better not? Where would my seven thousand pounds be? In fact, where are they now? We call ourselves a rich people; but you see this seven thousand pounds of mine has no real existence—it only means that you, the workers, are poorer by two hundred pounds a-year than you would be if I hadn't got it. And this is surely a very odd kind of money for a country to boast of. Well, then, besides this, I have a bit of low land at Greenwich, which, as far as I see anything of it, is not money at all, but only mud,—would be of as little use to me as my handful of gravel in the drawer, if it were not that an ingenious person has found out that he can make chimney-pots of it; and every quarter, he brings me fifteen pounds off the price of his chimney-pots; so that I am always sympathetically glad when there's a high wind, because then I know my ingenious friend's business is thriving. But suppose it should come into his head, in any less windy month than this April, that he had better bring me none of the price of his chimneys? And even though he should go on—as I hope he will—patiently (and I always give him a glass of wine when he brings me the fifteen pounds), is this really to be called money of mine? And is the country any richer because, when anybody's chimney-pot is blown down in Greenwich, he must pay something extra to me before he can put it on again?"

Then the above, I take it, it will be hard to put together a neater summing-up of the villainy of our national debt, and also of mining royalties—methods of taxing the workers without making anybody the richer. Surely, as he says in another place, a strange wealth to guard with iron railings—*i.e.*, bayonets. But he has not done with rent yet. He goes on:

"Then, also, I have some houses in Marylebone, which, though indeed very ugly and miserable, yet, so far as they are actual beams and brick-bats put into shape, I might have imagined to be real property; only, you know, Mr. Mill says that people who build houses don't produce a commodity, but only do us a service. So I suppose my houses are not 'utilities embodied in material objects' (and indeed they don't look much like it); but I know I have the right to keep anybody from living in them unless they pay me; only suppose some day the Irish faith—that people ought to be lodged for nothing—should become an English one also, where would my money be? Where is it now, except as a chronic abstraction from other people's earnings? So, again, I have some land in Yorkshire, some bank 'stock' (I don't in the least know what that is), and the like; but whenever I examine into these possessions, I find they melt into one or another form of future taxation, and that I am always sitting (if I were working I shouldn't mind, but I am only sitting) at the receipt of Custom, and a Publican as well as a Sinner. And then, to embarrass the business further yet, I am quite at variance with other

people about the place where this money, whatever it is, comes from. The *Spectator*, for instance, in its article of 25th June of last year, on Mr. Gladstone's 'lucid and forcible speech of Friday week,' says that 'the country is once more getting rich, and the money is filtering downwards to the actual workers.' But whence, then, did it filter down to us, the actual idlers?"

THOMAS SHORE, jun.

## A TRAMP'S WALLET.

### I.

It was on a bright July day that I determined, after a long and fruitless search for employment, to do what so many thousand unfortunates of my class have done under the same circumstances, viz., to tramp the country. Weary with the daily marchings about the hot pitiless streets, sick of the ever-repeated "No!" in answer to a plea for work, varied at times with insolent rebuffs from pert shopwomen, albeit workwomen themselves, the idea of taking to the road had the charm of novelty to my inexperienced mind. Born and bred in London, and yet an ardent lover of Nature, my opportunities of viewing her had been of the usual kind afforded to the unfortunate children who are brought up in the "Prison built stark," a few truant wild flowers in the fields, that now, alas! have for ever disappeared under the hideous régime of the Jerry builder.

Despite the saddening experiences I had undergone and the privations I had endured, the prospect of seeing strange places and really the "country," endowed me with fresh hope; and, after getting a little assistance from friends, who significantly remarked that they hoped I should do better than I had in London, which interpreted meant that their last contributions were in, I walked with a light heart through London out into smiling Surrey. As I passed through hedgerows, under shady trees, here and again catching glimpses of the distant hills, my spirits rose, and I carolled gaily to myself as I hastened along the highway.

Gradually, however, a change came over me. The July sun made the road hot and dusty. Dust was everywhere; it worked into my nearly soleless boots, and invaded my eyes and mouth. The slow process of starvation I had been undergoing while out of work now began to tell on me, and I ended my song, and plodded sullenly along, envying with a growing bitterness the careless occupants of the dashing equipages that passed me. An indefinite sense of injury possessed me. Why, I asked, should I, willing to work, anxious for honest employment, be enduring this weary walk and all that has preceded it, while those who have never done a useful day's labour should enjoy the sweets of life? What added to my bitterness was, that in trying to follow out my—boyish perhaps—instincts, to secure some rare wild flower, I had been confronted everywhere with the notice "Trespassers will be prosecuted!"

I stopped at a pleasantly situated lodge at the corner of a private road to ask for a drink of water, and a savage dog pounced upon me. Every passer-by gave me a scornful or indifferent glance, and once I heard the word "Tramp!" uttered. Yes, I was a tramp! How that word has been burned into my memory! In all my after wanderings and the miseries I witnessed and endured myself, that word has assailed me. Written up on warning notices in obscure villages that all tramps and vagrants would be arrested, or in the mouth of some bloated farmer or squire when refusing a request for food, it has met me. Years since, when back in the huge city and at work, or in Sunday best at some pleasant resort I have relieved the passing wayfarer, how my memory has been crowded with reflections of the time when I also was "a tramp"; and now that the indefinite feeling which held me then that something wrong in Society was the cause of my undeserved sufferings has given place to definite ideas upon the injustice of the system, I renew my pledge to work for its overthrow.

My first day's journey ended at the little village of —, where, weary and footsore, I sought a lodging to suit my slender means. For 3d. I secured a "bed" in a large room, filled with others closely packed together, among them a number of drunken harvesters, who, in searching for their litters trod unceremoniously over me. When all had found their corners, bottles with the remainder of the day's allowance of beer were forthcoming, and the company indulged in the rollicking chorus of the "Farmer's Boy." One by one, however, the singers lapsed into slumber, until only one obstinate minstrel maintained the refrain. At last he also succumbed, and I closed my first day's tramp in refreshing sleep.

JOHN LITSTER.

(To be continued).

## LABOUR NOTES.

**AN EMPLOYERS' TYRANNY.**—There is in Bradford an establishment that well deserves to be nailed down as a sample of the tyranny of employers. A large number of young men and women are employed in a certain drapery warehouse, and a glance at the rules under which they live is interesting. When a girl accepts a place in this shop, she finds that the first tax on her resources is that she must pay her own railway fare, and this although most of them are strangers to Bradford, often coming from a distance of 200 miles. When she arrives, she is invited to sign an agreement which states that one moment's notice on either side is sufficient, and one condition is, "if seen sitting down, discharged at once." Shop hours are from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m., and on Saturdays

still later. The intervals for meals make up an hour in all—a quarter for breakfast, half-an-hour for dinner, and a quarter for tea. In order that he may be the better able to enforce his rule which prohibits sitting down under penalty of instant dismissal, he has arranged a series of mirrors and openings in the floors, so that no matter where the assistant is, upstairs or downstairs, her kind-hearted employer can see her. "It is a very cold shop," says one of them in a letter; "even in the depth of winter they have no fire, nor is there any other means of warming it." But the employer is not contented with exercising his sway over them during shop hours. With the exception of a very few who are natives of Bradford, he makes them live together in a large house which he rents for the purpose. They must under penalty of being locked out, be in here by 10 o'clock, although the shop closes at 8 (but before assistants can get away it is 8.30); while if they are not in by 9 they get no supper. Lights are all out at 10.30. Theatres and balls are prohibited. A week's money is kept back, and 12s. per quarter are deducted for "washing." "We clean our own boots," says Miss — "and go from the house to the shop without our breakfast. Last week the weather was very bitter and rainy; and one morning I was so sick and faint I was obliged to go into a shop and rest." Sunday is spent in bed to a large extent, "for then," continues Miss —, "we are too tired even to read." The girls, before coming to this life-crushing den, are led to understand that they will receive a premium on their sales, but when they get there, they find that they get nothing on any sale under two guineas. And the employer, like a sordid spider, sits in the midst, sucking the life out of these poor human flies trapped in his web. Many of the girls are educated and intelligent, but neither education nor intelligence can stay the pangs of an empty stomach, and if, to fill this they must submit to tyranny, how is their education to help them? In what respect are they better than those bondsmen of whom we read, over whom the driver stood with whip and chain? "They are free to go," says one. Yes, but whither? To the streets, no doubt, and it is a wonder that more of them do not; or to the river where they can end it all. For they are toiling for bread, and the crust eaten under the hardest conditions is not so easily regained if once thrust aside. As soon as a better place offers, they do go; but in most cases the choice is between staying and starving, or plunging into the black gulf of a life of shame. I say that such men as this employer are directly responsible for many who are now living a life of prostitution, for many who have thrown life to the winds, and found a resting from labour in the river. But the employer makes a profit, and so what do these slave-crushed lives matter? The profit is the only consideration.

F. H.

**CAPITALISTIC THEFT AND BRUTALITY.**—The cotton workers complain loudly and clearly of violations of the Factory Acts. In the current quarterly report of the Amalgamated Association of the Operative Cotton Spinners of Lancashire the following passage occurs:

"One of the principal topics which has of late been occupying the attention of our members, is the shameless cribbing of time which goes on in our cotton mills. Whether the inspectors cannot stop this wholesale robbery, or whether they have private instructions not to meddle with it too much, we do not know. What we do know is that it must, at all cost, be stopped if we are to prevent factory inspection degenerating into a farce. We are glad to see that the textile trades have arrived at an understanding to prosecute this object conjointly and with similar machinery to that which proved so successful in reducing the hours of work twelve years ago. All operatives ought to have the full specified times for meals, which times ought to be specified on the time-table accompanying the abstract of the Factory Acts placed in the entrance to the mill. We know we have not yet reached this point, and under a system of piece-work probably never will universally, but if we cease to do our best to reach it we shall rapidly go the other way. The textile trades are so arranged that there is a constant temptation to weak minds to assist employers in over-riding the legislative enactments made for our benefit. It is only by constantly and persistently watching and putting down this tendency that we can keep employers any where near the mark. The true remedy for cases in which sufficient time is not allowed for cleaning is to let it remain undone."

In Preston spies are planted to give notice of the Inspector's approach. In one instance the engine starts before six in the morning instead of at half-past six, and if the weavers are not at work by six they are fined. Ten minutes are allowed for breakfast instead of thirty; the dinner time is shortened, and overtime is worked at night. At a meeting of operatives held recently in Padiham, a worker (Mr. Burrows) said:

"There were mills in Padiham that were started at ten minutes or a quarter to six in the morning, and were run until five or nearly ten minutes past eight. Then they started at half-past eight or twenty-five minutes to nine, instead of twenty minutes to, and stopped again at a quarter or ten minutes to one, instead of twenty minutes to, restarting after dinner at twenty-five past one, instead of half-past, and in the evening the engine was run five, ten, and in some cases fifteen minutes after the proper time."

Another speaker stated:

"That a weaver at a certain mill had asked for leave of absence to attend his child's funeral, but he was asked if the funeral could not be put off until Saturday. The employer also addressed some insulting remarks to him, and in his opinion it was time such work was put a stop to. Mr. Burrows said the action in some workshops was most brutal, and he would not like to have the conscience of one employer for all he had in his mill. He (Mr. Burrows) had been attending the funeral of his brother that day, and he was satisfied that he had been killed by overtime and tyranny on the part of the employer."

Cases of most cruel hardship constantly come under my notice. The inspector in this district is highly praised by the "hands" for his honest discharge of his duties, but his district is too large for effective super-

vision. Even when convictions are obtained, the fine inflicted bears a most inadequate relation to the value of the time that has been stolen. Three-quarters of an hour stolen daily in a mill employing 600 workers, represents a theft of two thousand seven hundred hours in one week, or—allowing two weeks for “play”—of one hundred and thirty-five thousand hours in the year! Truly Dick Turpin was a novice, and Bill Sikes a bungler.

W. S.

### AMILCARE CIPRIANI.

THE patriot-martyr whose portrait we give below lies under sentence unjustly. The attempt has just been made to secure his release by electing him as a deputy, but although returned for two constituencies, he is not free. The election of Cipriani for the districts of Ravenna and Forlì has not helped him out of prison. The Camera have declared the election to be null and void—have quashed it; so the Bagno of Portolongone will retain its “convict-patriot” after all.



In view of the interest excited by the attempt to release him, we subjoin a brief sketch of the life of this extraordinary man.

The Socialists of Piedmont have lately published an account of his life from the time when he joined Garibaldi at Palermo in 1860. After the disaster of Aspromonte in 1862, doubly a deserter and rebel (for he had twice left his regiment to join Garibaldi), Cipriani had to leave the country as best he might, his revolutionary instincts turning him to the troubles of Greece, where he threw himself energetically into the insurrection, and finally shared the fate of exile with those whose cause he had taken up. We find him next in Egypt, organising the “Società Democratica Italiana” among the Italian residents in Alexandria, and gathering around himself youthful enthusiasm into a “Falange Sacra,” who hold themselves in readiness for a call from Garibaldi. Meanwhile they are not idle, but in the cholera scare exert themselves ceaselessly in the hospitals and stricken houses. Inaction seems impossible to Cipriani. After returning to Italy to help in the ‘66 fight, he joined in the insurrection of Crete, and enrolled himself among the “rebel band” of Zimbrakakis. It was here he met Flourens, with whom he afterwards worked in the Paris Commune. When the struggle in Crete was suppressed, Flourens was arrested and handed over to the care of the French police, and Cipriani took refuge again in Alexandria, where the incidents took place which were the pretext for his condemnation to penal servitude by the Italian Government. In Egypt Cipriani was the representative of Dervieux and Co., the great bankers. He was invited one night to a supper-party of supposed friends and comrades, where a dispute arose which became a violent nature. Some Italians, thinking he had money, attacked him and demanded that money. Cipriani was forced to save himself against the aggression of so-called friends, and in so doing mortally wounded one of them, the Italian Santini. Whilst trying to escape from his dangerous position, he was surrounded by a patrol of *zaptiehs* (police), and was on the point of being arrested; but he resisted, and as they used their arms, he forced his way through them by shooting at them and killing one. Having escaped, he took refuge in the interior of Egypt, where he lived for some time under a false name. He succeeded in embarking for and reaching London, where he was a photographer for some time. On hearing of the proclamation of the Republic in France in 1870, he hastened to Paris, enlisted in the Garde Mobile, in which he greatly distinguished himself by his indomitable courage. After the battle of Montreuil he was offered the cross of the legion of honour, which he declined, in accordance with Socialistic principles. He was named and praised in the *Ordre de jour*.

He was one of the organisers of the movement which terminated in the proclamation of the Commune. He raised the Battalion of Belleville (the most revolutionary part of Paris), which was commanded by Flourens, whose aide-de-camp he was, and whose devoted friend he had become whilst fighting for the liberty of the Cretans. In the last sortie made by the Commune towards Mont Valérien, Flourens, deceived by a Versailles spy, was treacherously killed. Cipriani, in defending him, was seriously wounded, and afterwards carried to Versailles, where a court-martial condemned him to be shot. His wound saved his life; for the five soldiers who were to be shot with him arrived at Satory before Cipriani could be lifted from his bed and carried to the place of execution. At the moment they were taking him down from the cart to be led before the platoon which was to shoot him, a messenger from Thiers arrived with orders to put off the execution. (This fact is not generally known.) For eighteen months he was kept in a cell and exposed to the most abominable treatment by the Versailles

authorities. Tried a second time by court-martial, he was condemned to transportation to New Caledonia for life. On the transport-boat, “La Danaë,” he showed his usual intrepidity in resisting arbitrary orders. He was condemned by the admiral to seventy days’ imprisonment in a cell, with nothing but bread and water, for refusing to clean the floor—a business which had nothing to do with political prisoners. He fell so dangerously ill from this treatment, that when he was landed his grave was immediately dug, as it was thought to be impossible for him to recover; but his strong constitution disappointed his enemies. In New Caledonia Cipriani resisted all arbitrary orders of the authorities. He defended all those whom he saw ill-treated, and to the last he was a staunch defender of the principles of the Commune amongst the conquerors. He was condemned to three years’ hard labour for having denounced an order of the governor of the island. He was one of the last to be brought back to France. In Paris he entered the staff of the Socialist paper, *La Citoyenne*. When Louise Michel returned and an ovation to her was prepared at the railway station, Cipriani defied a Socialist lady (Mme. Cadol) attacked by the police. He was arrested, tried, and immediately expelled France. He was led to the frontier, and arrested a few days later at Rimini, where he had gone to see his parents. Cipriani was then tried by an Italian tribunal and condemned to twenty-five years’ penal servitude with hard labour for the event of Alexandria in Egypt, though the time had long since passed. An eminent Italian lawyer, Caio Rengetti, published in 1883 a small book to prove that Cipriani’s condemnation was a violation of the law and the constitution. The volume contains opinions to that effect by the most distinguished lawyers of Italy, among whom is the present Minister of Justice. Everybody recognises that no judge had a right to condemn Cipriani, as twenty years had elapsed since the accident complained of. But no one need make ceremonies towards Socialists, and the best place for a revolutionist of that stamp is to be under lock and key, or in chains. He thus will be unable to prevent the Italian Government from plundering, imprisoning, or starving to death the miserable creatures of the province of Mantua, and elsewhere.

### HOLLAND.

Our comrade Domela Nieuwenhuizen, editor of *Recht voor Allen*, has been sentenced to one year’s imprisonment, without hard labour, and a fine of fifty guildens. That means, for such a man as Nieuwenhuizen, a sentence to death. The work will still be carried on with the same energy, and the paper will still appear twice a-week, in spite of the chief commissioner of police.

I. S. V.

## THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 13 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.

### Notices to Members.

*Library.*—The librarians, May Morris and W. Chambers, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m.

*Reading Room.*—Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. All papers received by the Secretary are sorted and filed and are at the disposal of members.

### Notices to Lecturers and Branch Secretaries.

To avoid confusion and mistake, lecturers and Branch secretaries are requested to at once advise the Lecture Secretary of all engagements made by them. Branches will find it more convenient to make their arrangements with speakers through the Lecture Secretary, who will undertake to make all necessary announcements unless otherwise instructed.

*A Meeting of lecturers and open-air speakers will be held Monday 28th, at 7 p.m., at the offices.*

### Branch Subscriptions Paid.

Hackney, Hammersmith, Leeds, Norwich, Oxford, Dublin, to April 30. Bloomsbury, Bradford, Croydon, Merton, North London, to May 31. Clerkenwell, Hoxton (Labour Emancipation League), Mile-End, Manchester, to June 30. Marylebone to Sept. 30.—P. W.

### The “Commonweal”

The Ways and Means Committee desire to impress upon all branches the importance of paying up all amounts owing, in order that a clear balance-sheet may be submitted at the end of this month.

Boards for the use of newspapers can be supplied to Branches at 1s. each. Copies of the cartoon by Walter Crane, “Mrs. Grundy frightened at her own shadow,” printed on fine hand-made paper for framing, price 6d., postage 1d.

## REPORTS.

(Reports and Notices should be addressed to the printer, and to insure insertion in the current issue must reach the office not later than 10 a.m. on Tuesday.)

### Annual Conference.

On Sunday, June 13th, nineteen delegates appointed to represent different Branches, met at 13, Farringdon Road. The Branches represented were:—Birmingham, Bloomsbury, Bradford, Clerkenwell, Croydon, Dublin, Glasgow, Hackney, Hammersmith, Hoxton, Leeds, Manchester, Marylebone, Merton, Mile End, North London, Norwich, and Oxford. Edinburgh, Leicester, Oldham, South London, and Stratford sent no delegates. In addition to its delegate, Norwich sent a goodly number of visitors. A. K. Donald was appointed Chairman, Eleanor Marx-Aveling and W. C. Wade, Secretaries of the Conference. H. H. Sparling read report of past year’s work. Sundry changes had taken place in the *personnel* of the Council during the year, details of which were given; average attendance at Council Meetings had been 15½. During the year there had been twelve Branches added to the eight which took part in the former Conference. Affiliated bodies, the L.E.L., Hoxton, and S.L. and L.L., Edinburgh and Glasgow. Literature published during the year has been a new edition of the “Manifesto of the Socialist League,” with Explanatory Notes by William Morris and E. B. Bax, at 1d.; a new edition of “Chants for Socialists,” by William Morris, at 1d.; two numbers of the Socialist Platform: No. 3, “The Factory Hell,” by Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx-Aveling, at 1d.; No. 4, “The Commune of Paris,” by E. B. Bax, Victor Dave, and William Morris, at 2d. Also Socialist leaflets: Nos. 4, The Cause of Prostitution; 5, The Workers’ Claims and “Public Opinion”; 6, Tram-car Slavery; 7, Home Rule and Humbug; 8, The Unemployed and Rioting; and 9, Shall Ireland be Free? Reports were also submitted by the Treasurer, Financial Secretary, Editor, and Manager of *Commonweal*. The delegates reported for their various Branches. Upon the whole the tone of the reports was encouraging, and promised a still larger measure of success for the year just beginning. At the afternoon sitting

the amendment of the constitution, proposed by Lane and Charles, was discussed and rejected. Amendments proposed by Leeds and Manchester Branches were discussed, modified, and accepted. Council and Officers were elected as reported last week. The Conference terminated in a very enjoyable evening, during which songs and readings were given by members. Many acquaintances, which bid fair to ripen into friendships, were formed, and it was conclusively shown that a great impetus would be given to the movement were such gatherings of more frequent occurrence.

#### Executive.

The Council met on Thursday, 17th, and selected as its officers for ensuing year, for secretary, H. H. Sparling; treasurer, Philip Webb; financial secretary, R. A. Beckett; librarians, May Morris and W. Chambers; lecture secretary, C. W. Mowbray. A Ways and Means Committee was appointed, its members being treasurer and financial secretary *ex officio*, with H. Charles, J. Lane, and W. Morris. It was resolved that we take part, as a body, in the excursion of the combined Socialist bodies on Sunday July 4, and that it be advertised in the *Commonweal*.

At their ordinary weekly meeting on Monday 21st, the Council unanimously voted: "That the Council of the Socialist League desires to express their utmost sympathy with their Dutch comrades in the loss they have sustained by the infamous sentence recently passed on Domela Nieuwenhuizen."

In reporting upon the excursion last week, it was omitted to mention that the Merton Branch joined the rest of the League at Box Hill, about 30 having come down in a brake.

#### Free-Speech at Stratford.

On Saturday ast, T. E. Wardle spoke at The Grove, Stratford, to a fair-sized audience. He was arrested, and when brought up at West Ham Police-court on Monday, was subjected to the full penalty of £2 or a month.

The North London Branch collected 6s. 1½d., and the Clerkenwell Branch 7s. 5d., for the Defence Fund, on Sunday last at their meetings.

#### Branch Reports.

**BLOOMSBURY.**—Last Friday, Thomas E. Wardle lectured to an audience of about 200 people. Sale of literature and collection good.—T. E. W.

**CLERKENWELL.**—On Wednesday June 16, Philip Webb lectured on "The Necessity for Socialism," pointing out the reality of the characteristics of the very poor outside our sham Society, and the unreality of our commercial institutions as compared with freedom and justice for all. Some slight opposition was made by a Radical and a Christian; after a lively discussion, the lecturer replied upon the whole debate. On Sunday, June 20, George Bernard Shaw lectured on "Socialism and Malthusianism." He traced out a brief outline of the old English landed aristocracy up to the present time; was in favour of Malthusianism under present conditions of existence; and of opinion that the population question must be settled after the economic revolution; a great many questions followed the lecture, and were answered satisfactorily; the discussion was vigorous and the lecturer's reply received with applause. This Branch has collected 7s. 5d. for the "defence fund."—W. B., sec.

**MARYLEBONE.**—On Saturday evening comrades Arnold, Burcham, and Mainwaring, addressed a large meeting in the Harrow Road, which passed off very successfully. On Sunday morning two of the above speakers spoke to a good audience at the corner of Bell Street. In the afternoon, in Hyde Park, we had a very large meeting, which was addressed by members of the Branch. A question as to the advisability of issuing a manifesto to the upper and middle classes, and another on the use of force, were vigorously replied to. The meeting was entirely in sympathy with the speakers.—H. C. A., sec.

**NORWICH.**—On Sunday, the 20th inst., our paste-pot brigade took a trip to St. Faith's, a village about four miles from Norwich, with a plentiful supply of leaflets and paste. We succeeded in establishing a very considerable number of free libraries on the various gate-posts, sign-posts, and telegraph-posts on the roads we traversed, not neglecting the barn-doors and several other suitable situations. Then, after a house-to-house distribution of literature, we held a splendid meeting on the green in the evening as the people were leaving the chapel and church, when short addresses were delivered by comrades Mills, Thuxted, Morley, and Slaughter. The meeting was only cut short by a heavy downpour of rain, which came on about half an hour after we commenced, though our audience stood through it well. We were very well received, and promised to visit them regularly during the summer months. Some literature was sold. On Monday, the 21st inst., we held a social meeting at the Gordon Cafe, when several revolutionary songs, recitations, and readings were given by the members present, who included several ladies. Next Sunday our brigade visits Coney to establish some regular meetings there. We hope all who can will rally round and help us in spreading our "Gospel of Discontent" amongst the agricultural wage-slaves.—F. C. S., sec.

**MERTON ABBEY.**—On Sunday last we held our third open-air meeting, when comrades Mainwaring, Graham and Kitz spoke. Our audience was not very large, as the weather was unfavourable, and the scene of our out-door propaganda is at the junction of four little-frequented country roads. We have, however, aroused a great deal of interest in this locality by our persistent efforts on behalf of the working class. Our agitation is specially needed in this district, so devoid of all means for the education of the workers. Next Sunday we shall meet at the same time and place.—F. K.

**NORTH CAMBERWELL RADICAL CLUB.**—On Sunday H. H. Sparling lectured here to a large and very attentive audience on "What is a Religion?" Much interest was shown, a good many taking part in the discussion. In his reply the lecturer said that much stress had been laid upon the idea of religion as a bond or link. Hitherto it had bound and fettered the limbs of man; a true religion would but bind men together and not fetter the individual; such a religion was Socialism and none other.—B. A.

## LECTURE DIARY.

### London Branches.

- Bloomsbury.**—Arlington Hall, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. Friday, June 25, at 8.30 p.m., Walter Chambers, "Our Political Situation."  
**Clerkenwell.**—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Saturday 26 (8 p.m.). Smoking Concert. Sunday 27 (7.30). H. H. Sparling, "What is a Religion?" Wednesday 30 (8.30). A. K. Donald, "The Prophecy of Socialism." Music occasionally.  
**Croydon.**—Royal County House, West Croydon Station Yard. Sunday June 27. F. Kitz, "Sketch of the History of the Working Class." Business meeting at Parker Road every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.  
**Hackney.**—Kenton Coffee House, Kenton Road, Well Street, every Monday at 8, for the enrolment of members and other business.  
**Hammersmith.**—Kelmascott House, 26 Upper Mall, W. Sundays at 8 p.m.  
**Hoxton (L. E. L.).**—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sundays, at 7.45 p.m. June 27, P. Webb, "The Necessity for Socialism."  
**Merton.**—11 Merton Terrace, High Street, Sundays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

**Mile-end.**—I. W. M. Educational Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. June 29. W. Morris, "Education."  
**North London.**—Communications to R. A. Beckett, St. Mildred's House, Poultry, E.C.  
**South London.**—Business meeting every Tuesday at 8.30 at 112 Hill Street, Peckham, S.E.

### Country Branches.

**Birmingham.**—Bell Street Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 7.30.  
**Bradford.**—Scott's Temperance Hotel, East Parade, Leeds Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m.  
**Glasgow.**—Lecture and discussion in new rooms of the Branch, 84 John Street, every Sunday at 7 p.m. William Morris will lecture on Sunday 27th, in Waterloo Rooms, Waterloo Street, on "The Political Outlook"; on Monday 28th, in Temperance Institute, James Street, Bridgeton, on "Socialism." Reading-room of the Branch open every day from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. All sympathisers invited.  
**Edinburgh (Scottish Section).**—4 Park Street. Meets every Friday at 8.30 p.m.  
**Leeds.**—No meeting-room at present. Out-door stations notified below.  
**Leicester.**—Radical Club, Vine Street. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.  
**Manchester.**—County Forum. Thursdays, at 8 p.m.  
**Norwich.**—Gordon Cafe. Every Monday at 8 p.m.  
**Oldham.**—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9, Old Market Place. Wednesdays, 7.30.  
**Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 27 Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.

## Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

| Date.    | Station.                                   | Time. | Speaker.      | Branch.      |
|----------|--|-------|---------------|--------------|
| Sat. 26. | Harrow Road—opposite the "Prince of Wales" | 7     | H. Charles    | Marylebone.  |
| S.       | 27.—Edgware Road—Bell Street               | 11.30 | H. Charles    | Marylebone.  |
|          | Hackney—Well Street                        | 11.30 | C. W. Mowbray | Hackney.     |
|          | Hammersmith—Beadon Road                    | 11.30 | The Branch    | Hammersmith. |
|          | Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street                 | 11.30 | H. Graham     | Hoxton.      |
|          | Mile-end Waste                             | 11.30 | J. Lane       | Mile-end.    |
|          | Regent's Park                              | 11.30 | R. A. Beckett | N. London.   |
|          | Soho—Broad Street                          | 11.30 | T. E. Wardle  | Bloomsbury.  |
|          | St. Pancras Arches                         | 11.30 | D. Nicoll     | N. London.   |
|          | Hyde Park (near Marble Arch)               | 3.30  | W. Chambers   | Marylebone.  |
|          | Victoria Park                              | 3.30  | J. Lane       | Hackney.     |
|          | Merton—High Street                         | 7     | C. W. Mowbray | Merton.      |
| Tu. 29.  | Euston Road—Ossulton St.                   | 7.30  |               | N. London.   |
| Th. 1.   | Hoxton Ch.—Pitfield Street                 | 8     | C. W. Mowbray | Hoxton.      |
| July     | Mile-end Waste                             | 8     | H. Davis      | Mile-end.    |

### PROVINCES.

**Hulme.**—The Viaduct, Chester Road. Sundays, at 7.30 p.m.  
**Leeds.**—Hunslet Moor, 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, 7 p.m.  
**Manchester.**—Grey Mare Corner, Ashton Old Road. Sundays, 11 a.m.  
**Oldham.**—Curzon Ground. Sundays, afternoon and evening.

## MEETINGS OF OTHER SOCIETIES.

- CHAMBERLAIN CLUB,** 21 Choumert Road, Peckham. Sunday June 27, at 8 p.m., A. Scheu, "The Essence of Freedom and of Servitude."  
**FABIAN SOCIETY.**—South Place Institute, Finsbury, Friday July 2. William Morris, "The Aims of Art."  
**NOTTING HILL DEBATING SOCIETY,** "Monarch Tavern," Manchester Street (near Latimer Rd. Station.—Sunday June 27, at 7.30. Charles Murray (S. P. E. L.) "Why have Revolutions failed to Emancipate the Working Classes?"  
**INTERNATIONAL WORKINGMEN'S EDUCATIONAL CLUB,** 40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E.—The first anniversary celebration of the Hebrew Socialist journal, the *Worker's Friend*, will take place at the above club on Saturday evening, June 26, at 8.30, when speeches in several languages will be delivered by delegates of different Socialist bodies, to be followed by a concert, in which the German choir "Freiheit" and several other singers and reciters will take part. Admission 6d.  
**UNITED SOCIALIST SOCIETIES OF LONDON.**—An excursion to Epping Forest, "Robin Hood", will take place on Sunday, July 4, for the benefit of the Socialist movement in Belgium. The procession of the United Socialists will start from Charlotte Street, corner of Tottenham Street, for Liverpool Street Station, with full brass bands, banners, and standards at 9 a.m. prompt. Return tickets from Liverpool Street Station to Loughton can be obtained from the secretaries, porters, and stewards at the United Clubs, not later than Friday, July 2, at 1s. Full entertainment of international singing clubs, dancing, concert, and games. Trains as follows:—From Liverpool Street Station, 10.40 a.m.; trains every hour after dinner; returning from Loughton at 8.24, 9, and 9.31 p.m.

### Home Rule for Ireland and the Present Election.

The Lecturers of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE will be pleased to address any club or association upon this vital question. It is imperative that all should give their closest attention and most earnest thought to the solution of the problem that confronts us, and everyone who can assist in this should be heard.—Address Lecture Secretary at this office.

**Socialist Headquarters, New York.**—Library and Reading-room open daily (Sunday included) from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. *Commonweal* always on the table. Gifts in books and papers thankfully received. Address "Free Socialist Library," 143 Eighth Street, New York City, U.S.

**The Manifesto of the Socialist League.** Annotated by E. Belfort Bax and W. Morris. An exposition of the principles on which the League is founded. 16pp. crown 8vo. 1d.

**The Socialist Platform.**—1. Trades Unions. By E. Belfort Bax, 1d. 2. Useful Work v. Useless Toil. By William Morris, 1d. 3. The Factory Hell. By Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling, 1d. 4. A Short History of the Commune of Paris. By Wm. Morris, E. Belfort Bax, and Victor Dave, 2d.

**Art and Socialism.** By William Morris. Bijou edition, 3d.

**Chants for Socialists.** By William Morris. 16 pp. crown 8vo., 1d.

REVOLUTIONARY RHYMES AND SONGS FOR SOCIALISTS. Fifteen selections. 1d

WORKINGMEN and women in factories, workshops, stores or mills, are requested to go around among their comrades and get up a list of subscribers for the *Commonweal*, and lend a helping hand in the struggle for labour's freedom.