

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

THE great rally of the Caucus at Leeds was no doubt of some importance to whatever party quality may be left in the remains of Liberalism, and also it was of importance that this body, formidable enough in the welter of broken principles, halting opinions, and intrigue, should declare definitely its adhesion to Gladstonian Home Rule. But if one had any lingering hopes in the Liberal Party—as who has?—it would be discouraging to note that what really roused the enthusiasm of the audience at Leeds was not the hope of the coming change in Ireland; not the joy of England discarding some part of its long tyranny and injustice to a people whom we call our fellow-countrymen, and will not allow to be anything else; it was not really these reasonable revolutionary aspirations which moved people, but Mr. Gladstone's name as a party leader. It is only too likely that the question of justice to Ireland was looked upon by this meeting of would-be progressive leaders, great and small, and their adherents, as an adjunct of Mr. Gladstone's personality; a whim of his to be indulged, and which we, the party, can at least imagine we sympathise with, though we don't in the least sympathise with the results which are sure to follow, or indeed guess what they are.

That the assembled Liberals did not think of or wish for the results of the political freedom of Ireland is not a matter of guess, but is proved by the barrenness of the programme put forward by them—a programme about as valuable as a proposal for the re-enactment of Magna Charta, and which, it must be said, seems to have excited no more enthusiasm than that would have done.

Mr. Morley, in a sentence likely to become famous, mentioned his fears of our being in for a period of "degraded politics." This was of course meant for a hit at Mr. Chamberlain, which doubtless he deserves; but there is more in it than that, whether Mr. Morley meant it or not. This "degradation," this slough of despond of personalities, intrigues, and trickeries, is the necessary outcome of parties walking about and pretending to be alive when the brains are knocked out of them. With the single exception of the Irish question the Liberal Party is now shutting its eyes resolutely to all the real questions of the day. The last six years of "crisis" it is determined to look upon as non-existent; it has now come to recognise finality in politics with as little misgiving as the old Tories. Doubtless it thinks itself very progressive as to the matters of Ireland, but the next stage of these will find it out, and "Liberal" will have the same meaning as reactionary.

As far as mere passing party politics go, this meeting has of course a very simple meaning—no surrender to the Unionist Liberals. They are going, when Lord Hartington can make it convenient to come amongst them, to have a field-day in their turn, which will have less interest than even the Leeds meeting to those who look upon the real politics of life and not the sham politics of Parliament. As far as concerns the game played therein, the result of all this means a quiet innings for the Tory Government, which by means of a few threats of "dishing," and a sham attempt to carry them out, can always paralyse the Liberal Party, both sections or either. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" Surely as mean a set of shufflers and blinkards as ever walked the earth.

Mr. Henry George has belied the confident predictions of the bourgeois press both at home and in America by gaining a substantial vote for the mayoralty of New York. Mr. George is not a Socialist, or was not when last heard of; his programme as candidate could not be considered a Socialist one in any sense. Nevertheless the Bourgeois are determined to consider him the Socialist candidate, and a dangerous one at that, and have done their best in a tremulous manner to belittle his success. We must conclude, therefore, that the robber society of New York feels itself beaten, and is anxious and unhappy under its beating. At the least its obvious terror, reflected by our own press, at what would seem to an onlooker a small matter, is a sign of a very bad conscience. In spite of all the bluster and conventional congratulation on the stability and progress of modern civilisation, it seems easily shaken after all.

The meeting at the Mansion House about the Beaumont Hall, or People's Palace as it is pompously called, was such a queer exhibition of stupidity that Guy Fawkes day seemed an appropriate date for it.

The obstinacy of the "saints" who want to teetotal and sabbatarianise Beaumont Hall (when they get it), the nervous anxiety of the Lord Mayor to muddle up the question till the money was got, and the empty conventional resolutions passed made a pretty kettle of fish of it. As a human being one is really irritated at such simplicity of stupidity as Mr. Charrington and Mr. Wookey showed in mixing up teetotalism and sabbatarianism. Surely if ever they want a job done which none but an incompetent person can do, they need not advertise for one in the papers. Yet we owe them thanks, nevertheless, for showing us what the saints' rule upon earth would be if we suffered it; and also for punching a hole in this patronage of the working classes by the thieves who have robbed them.

All this People's Palace business means is that "the people" are perforce such strangers to orderliness, cleanliness and decency, let alone art and beauty, in their own dwellings, that the upper classes, who force them into this life of degradation, do now and then bethink them if they cannot provide them with a place where they can play at being comfortable, so long as they behave like good children, between the spells of their stupid hopeless weary work and their miserable and hideous "homes." Time enough to think about People's Palaces when the workers and the people are one, and no artificial authority stands between them and their human wishes.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL.

SOMETIMES I am rewarded for fretting myself so much about present matters by a quite unasked-for pleasant dream. I mean when I am asleep. This dream is as it were a present of an architectural peep-show. I see some beautiful and noble building new made, as it were for the occasion, as clearly as if I were awake; not vaguely or absurdly, as often happens in dreams, but with all the detail clear and reasonable. Some Elizabethan house with its scrap of earlier fourteenth century building, and its later degradations of Queen Anne and Silly Billy and Victoria, marring but not destroying it, in an old village once a clearing amid the sandy woodlands of Sussex. Or an old and unusually curious church, much churchwardened, and beside it a fragment of fifteenth century architecture amongst the not unpicturesque lath and plaster of an Essex farm, and looking natural enough among the sleepy elms and the meditative hens scratching about in the litter of the farmyard, whose trodden yellow straw comes up to the very jambs of the richly-carved Norman doorway of the church. Or sometimes 'tis a splendid collegiate church, untouched by restoring parson and architect, standing amid an island of shapely trees and flower-beset cottages of thatched grey stone and cob, amidst the narrow stretch of bright green water-meadows that wind between the sweeping Wiltshire downs, so well beloved of William Cobbett. All these I have seen in the dreams of the night clearer than I can force myself to see them in dreams of the day. So that it was a natural thing for me to fall the other night into an architectural dream. I had begun my sojourn in the Land of Nod by a very confused attempt to conclude that it was all right for me to have an engagement to lecture at Manchester and Mitcham Fair Green at half-past eleven at night on one and the same Sunday, and that I could manage pretty well. And then I had gone on to try to make the best of addressing a large open-air audience in the costume I was really then wearing—to wit, my night-shirt, reinforced for the dream occasion by a pair of braceless trousers. The consciousness of this fact so bothered me that the earnest faces of my audience—who would not notice it, but were clearly preparing terrible anti-Socialist posers for me—began to fade away and my dream grew thin, and I awoke (as I thought) to find myself lying on a strip of wayside waste by an oak copse just outside a country village.

I got up and rubbed my eyes and looked about me, and the landscape seemed unfamiliar to me, though it was, as to the lie of the land, an ordinary English low-country, swelling into rising ground here and there. The road was narrow, and I was convinced that it was a piece of Roman road from its straightness. Copses were scattered over the country, and there were signs of two or three villages and hamlets in sight besides the one near me, between which and me there was some orchard-land, where the apples were beginning to redden on the trees. Also, just on the other side of the road and the ditch which ran along it, was a small close of about a quarter of an acre, neatly hedged with quick, which was nearly full of white poppies, and, as far as I could

see for the hedge, had also a good few rose-bushes of the bright-red nearly single kind, which I had heard are the ones from which rose-water used to be distilled. Otherwise the land was quite unhedged, but all under tillage of various kinds, mostly in small strips. From the other side of a copse not far off rose a tall spire white and brand-new, but at once bold in outline and unaffectedly graceful, and also distinctly English in character. This, together with unhedged tillage and a certain unwonted trimness and handiness about the enclosures of the garden and orchards, puzzled me for a minute or two, as I did not understand, new as the spire was, how it could have been designed by a modern architect; and I was of course used to the hedged tillage and tumble-down bankrupt-looking surroundings of our modern agriculture. But after a minute or two that surprise left me entirely; and if what I saw and heard afterwards seems strange to you, remember that it did not seem strange to me at the time. Also, once for all, if I were to give you the very words of those who spoke to me you would scarcely understand them, although it was English too, and at the time I could understand them at once.

Well, as I stretched myself and turned my face toward the village, I heard horse-hoofs on the road, and presently a man and horse showed on the other end of the stretch of road and drew near at a swinging trot with plenty of clash of metal. The man soon came up to me, but paid no more heed than throwing me a nod. He was clad in armour of mingled steel and leather, a sword girt to his side, and over his shoulder a long-handled bill-hook. His armour was fantastic in form and well wrought; but by this time I was quite used to the strangeness of him, and merely muttered to myself, "He is coming to summon the squire to the let"; so I turned toward the village in good earnest. Nor, again, was I surprised at my own garments, although I might well have been from their unwontedness. I was dressed in a black cloth gown reaching to my ankles, neatly embroidered about the collar and cuffs, with wide sleeves gathered in at the wrists; a hood with a sort of bag hanging down from it was on my head, a broad red leather girdle round my waist, on one side of which hung a pouch embroidered very prettily and a case made of hard leather chased with a hunting scene, which I knew to be a pen and ink case; on the other side a small sheath-knife, only an arm in case of dire necessity. Well, I came into the village, where I did not see (nor by this time expected to see) a single modern building, although many of them were nearly new, notably the church, which was large, and quite ravished my heart with its extreme beauty, elegance, and fitness. The chancel of this was so new that the dust of the stone still lay white on the late summer grass beneath the carvings of the windows. The houses were almost all built of oak frame-work filled with cob or plaster and well white-washed; though some had their lower stories of rubble-stone, with their windows and doors of well-moulded freestone. There was much curious and inventive carving about most of them; and though some were old and out of repair, there was the same look of deftness and trimness, and even beauty, about every detail in them which I noticed before. They were all roofed with oak shingles, mostly grown as grey as stone; but one was so newly built that its roof was yet pale and yellow. This was a corner house, and the corner post of it had a richly-carved niche wherein stood a gaily painted figure holding an anchor—St. Clement to wit, as the dweller in the house was a blacksmith. Half a stone's-throw from the east end of the churchyard wall was a tall cross of stone, new like the church, the head richly carved with a crucifix amidst leafage. It stood on a set of wide stone steps, octagonal in shape, where three roads from other villages met and formed a wide open space on which a thousand people or more could stand together with no great crowding.

All this I saw, and also that there were a goodish many people about, women and children, and a few old men at the doors, many of them somewhat gaily clad, and that men were coming into the village street by the other end to that by which I had entered, by two's and three's, most of them carrying what I could see were bows in cases of linen yellow with wax or oil; they had quivers at their backs, and most of them a short sword by their left side, and a pouch and knife on the right; they were mostly gaily dressed in red or brightish green or blue cloth jerkins, with a hood on the head generally of another colour. As they came nearer I saw that the cloth was somewhat coarse but stout and serviceable. I knew, I do not know how, that they had been shooting at the butts, and, indeed, I could still hear a noise of men thereabout, and even now and again when the wind set from that quarter the twang of the bowstring and the plump of the shaft in the target.

I leaned against the churchyard wall and watched these men, some of whom went straight into their houses and some loitered about still; they were rough-looking fellows, tall and stout, very black some of them, and some red-haired, but most had hair burnt by the sun into the colour of tow; and, indeed, they were all burned and tanned and freckled variously; their arms and buckles and belts were all what we should now call beautiful, rough as the men were; nor in their speech was any of that drawling snarl or thick vulgarity which one is used to hear in civilisation; not that they talked like gentlemen either, but full and round and bold, and they were merry and good-tempered enough; I could see that, though I felt shy and timid amongst them. One of them strode up to me across the road, a man some six feet high, with a short black beard and black eyes and berry brown skin, with a huge bow in his hand bare of the case, a knife, a pouch, and a short hatchet all clattering together at his girdle.

"Well, friend," said he, "thou lookest partly mazed, what tongue hast thou in thine head?"

"A tongue that can tell rhymes," said I.

"So I thought," said he. "Thirsteth thou any?"

"Yea, and hunger," said I.

And therewith my hand went into my purse, and came out again with but a few small and thin silver coins with a cross stamped on each, and three pellets in each corner of the cross. The man grinned.

"Aha!" said he, "is it so? Never heed it, mate. It shall be a song for a supper this fair Sunday evening. But first, whose man art thou?"

"No one's man," said I, reddening angrily, "I am my own master."

He grinned again.

"Nay, that's not the custom of England, as one time belike it will be. Methinks thou comest from heaven down, and hast had a high place there too."

He seemed to hesitate a moment, and then leant forward and whispered in my ear: "John the Miller, that ground small, small, small," and stopped and winked at me, and from between my lips without my mind forming any meaning came the words, "The king's son of heaven shall pay for all."

He let his bow fall on to his shoulder, caught my right hand in his and gave it a great grip, while his left hand fell among the gear at his belt, and I could see that he half drew his knife.

"Well, brother," said he, "stand not here hungry in the highway when there is flesh and bread in the 'Rose' yonder. Come on."

And with that he drew me along toward what was clearly a tavern-door, outside which men were drinking meditatively from curiously shaped earthen pots glazed green and yellow, some with quaint devices on them.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued.)

'The Table.'

THE advance of Socialism is sometimes shown in unexpected quarters. We have been sent a copy of a weekly called *The Table*, which, as its name implies, is a journal of "cookery, etc.," and there, amongst recipes for dainty dishes, the fashions, accounts of entertainments, and the like, is an article (a leader) on Dives and Lazarus, which puts the indictment against our Robber Society in quite plain terms, and with a sensible appreciation of the facts of the case. "A hundred years ago," says the writer, "when the cost of necessaries was greater, a merchant or manufacturer possessing £10,000 was deemed a wealthy man: to-day a business man with £30,000 balance is only talked of in the city as 'sound.' Does not this clearly prove that the immense balance in the advantage machinery has given has gone into the hands of the employers, and little if any has gone into the hands of the workers, who are the large majority of the people?" Yes indeed it does, amongst other things; and one must say that such straightforward observation of facts is the best weapon for breaking through the maze of sophistries and averages by which workmen are so often deluded. The writer of this article ends by saying, "We are no revolutionaries; we are not Socialists." That perhaps is only a way of speaking; but anyhow if he continues to keep his eyes open, and to clear his mind of prejudice, he will very soon discover that he is a Socialist, and probably that he has been one a long time. And meanwhile, like all honest men who will look the matter in the face, he is doing us good service.

M.

Some prosecutions of employers for infringements of the Factory Acts have been dismissed most unjustly. In two cases in the Blackburn district it was clearly proved that children were cleaning while the looms were running, but as it was stated that "the firm asserted that such cleaning was contrary to orders given by them," the prosecution came to nothing. Let us see how much this excuse was worth. The Act allows for women and children 56½ hours per week. The machinery is kept at work the whole of this time and sometimes longer. When this kind of employers are asked when cleaning is to be done, they say it is no concern of theirs, the "hands" must do it as best they can. To stop their looms or frames means at least a stoppage of pay, usually the "sack"; the cleaning *must* be done; it is done—and the employer is "not responsible for acts done against his orders." S.

A writer to the *Echo* of November 5, thus lays down the law to "him who would be instructed": "It cannot be too well known that waste land does not repay the cost of cultivation; therefore cultivation must result in a loss either to the cultivator or to the nation. If wages were one-third lower, it might possibly pay to cultivate some of the best cleared land, if no fencing were required." If wages were one-third lower—well it is difficult to imagine what would happen if this were the case. To the writer's eyes it evidently presents a fair picture of prosperous farmers and decent economical cottage-life: to our eyes the possibility paints by no means a pretty picture. The naive and ingenious writer goes on to confess that "two years ago hearing that 10,000 labourers were starving in the East-end" he tried to take advantage of the general distress by getting labourers at a lower rate of wage, *i.e.*, 8s. 6d. a week with free lodging, "knowing that I could myself live well for a quarter of that sum. Ingenious man! one wonders how he did it or for how long? He is exacting too as regards the quality of the labour; the men must be steady, industrious, intelligent, well-versed in their business, etc. Getting the unemployed to work at lower rates under the pretext of charity or what not, is a game that will not be played every year, one is glad to think.

M. M.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH:

(FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF HIS DISAPPOINTED RIVAL.)

(Continued from p. 251.)

Well, I mounted the ridge at last, and by great good fortune espied
The cattle, and not far off. And homeward I drove them in haste;
And Annie came up to meet me, and praised me, and thanked me, and graced
Her soft-spoken praises and thanks with a sweet make-friends-again smile,
Till I well was ashamed of my temper, and said so. But all the while
That lazy knave had been sitting, and never had stirred from the spot
Where we found him at first in the shade, for the sun was scarce less hot,
Though now it was well on its way down the steep sky's westward slope.
And silently we drew near him again, and I could not but hope
He would let us pass in silence: but no; for he gracefully rose,
Though the smell of the breath of the cattle offended his Roman nose,
And came with a smile to greet us, and offered to show us a sketch
He had made on the spur of the moment, he said, though he felt like a
wretch

To have given us all that trouble, but what he could do he had done,
And would we accept in earnest the thing he had sketched in fun,
And take his attempt at atonement, and kindly forgive his offence?

And I saw that the scoundrel had sketched it on purpose to have a pretence
For making a present to Annie, but what could I do? He came,
And put the thing in her hands, and told her his high-sounding name,
And asked for the favour of her's, and she told him, and then for mine
With a gesture of kind condescension to this rude keeper of kine.
And nought could I do but tell him, and stand, and look like a fool,
Or a boy new-caught in a theft and catechised gravely in school,
Or an urchin bewhipped of an usher. And quickly to Annie I turned,
To hide from his scornful glances the heat on my face that burned,
And looked at the sketch that was moving her laughter and winning her
praise,

And saw with keen irritation and stupid sense of amaze
My Annie there to the life, enthroned on a rock like a queen,
And a little way off myself—that the man could have been so mean!—
Like a clod-hopping clumsy clown a-driving a skinny beast
Toward Annie across the moor; and he might, as I thought, at least
Have made me a little more like what I was; for the eyes were a-squint,
And the legs all crooked and curved, and yet there was clearly a hint
In the face that the mis-shapen booby was meant to be taken for me.

And still more foolish and hot and angry I felt, to see
That no one could look without laughing at this contemptible scrawl;
And I knew I was made a mock of; and humbled and silly and small
Was the figure I cut in his sight; for I did not know how to sketch,
Nor to sit so gracefully idle while other folk hurried to fetch
Whatever might hap to be missing, nor yet could I draw and lisp,
Nor look so much like a doll, nor curl my moustache like a wisp
Of yellowish hay tight-rolled; and many another thing
I thought of, that he could do and that I could not; and the sting
Of feeling a helpless fool, and of not knowing what to say,
And of seeing him staring at her, made me urgent to get her away
Before I had lost control of my ever increasing wrath,
For fear I might do him a mischief. But there he stood in her path,
And never a jot did he budge, though I said we had work to do,
And had lost much time already, and lost our tempers too.

At that he laughed, and in anger I turned me away, and went
On the downward path to the farm; and my heart was ill content
To leave him with Annie alone, but I thought she would follow me straight,
And forgot that we had not fastened the severed cord of the gate,
The cord he had carelessly cut—I would it had been a whip,
And that I could have laid it about him, and made my gentleman skip.

But on I went to the farm, and I gave the beasts their food,
And waited and fumed and fretted; and jealous and mean was the mood
That I greeted her with when she came, for I asked with an ugly sneer
How long she had left her beauty, and if I should find him near
When I went to give him the thrashing the rascal so richly deserved.
No answer did Annie make, but her delicate lip was curved
In her scorn of my mean ill-temper and jealous pitiful spite,
And she silently went within. But still more vexed at the slight,
I turned on my heel and departed, and went to my home o'er the hill;
And still as I went in my heart there rankled a sore, and still
I was wroth with my own fool anger. At home I got me to bed,
And slept not a wink till dawn; and rose with an aching head,
And did what I had to do in an aimless stupid way,
And crossed the hill again in the hot afternoon of the day.

Then in sooth, as I plodded along, I made up my magnanimous mind
To forget and forgive what was past, and be happy. But whom should I find
In the garden behind the farm, where none but Annie and I
Were wont to wander at will unseem of the passers-by,
Safe-seated there on the lawn, a self-satisfied smirk on his face,
With his artist's tools about him, and making a sketch of the place,
But the rascal whose knack of drawing had made me look such an ass.
He was making himself at home; I had hardly room to pass,
For his traps and his trumpery tools were littered about on the lawn,
And lots of books full of scraps and sketches and things he had drawn,
All brought, as it seemed, to be shown to my Annie. But Annie herself
Was not to be seen; and I wondered, was I to be put on the shelf,
And to miss her word of welcome, that brightened the whole long day,
Lest this new flame should be jealous, nor care near Annie to stay.

But I loitered about on the lawn, and stood in the fellow's light,
And did what I could by my presence to vex him for very spite;
Till he looked up at last, and spoke—he had only nodded at first,
But his nod had more of a sting for my pride than if he had cursed—
And he begged of me, since, as it seemed, I had nothing better to do
Than to stand in the way of his light, and prevent him from getting a view,
To go rather more to the left, and stand a bit nearer the wall,
And then, if I liked the chance, he would give me a place in the scrawl;
Ten minutes would do for the study, he would not ask for more;
And he thought this sketch would be better than that of the night before.

I looked in his insolent eyes, and I answered him never a word,
But turned and went to the door in silence, as though I had heard
Not a sound of the taunt he had spoken. And there on the threshold I stood,
And I thought that when God made man, and pronounced his work to be good,
He could not have meant such creatures as this to disfigure his earth.
And I looked at him once again, and almost he moved my mirth,
This puny dainty lordling compared with a proper man,
Though I was not in vein for laughter. But then in my soul there began
A dreadful doubt to arise if at all it were worth the while
To fly in the face of fortune, that still did nothing but smile
On all this lounge attempted, and nothing but frown on me;
And whether, as all seemed hopeless, it might not better be
At once and for good to resign this battle as lost, and yield
Its honours to Fortune's darling, and leave him lord of the field.

J. L. JOYNES.

(To be concluded).

"FOR LACK OF PENCE."

A LADY in the columns of the *Daily News* last week, apparently under
the impression that something can be made out of nothing, set to work
to teach "the poor" how to make the most of the wealth which they
have not got, and which the upper classes will not allow them to have.
Two remarkable letters in the same paper have since rebuked her ignor-
ance or simplicity or silliness. The replies are so good that we reprint
the larger portion of them without further comment:

"Knowledge alone without material means will not produce much change.
The writer of that letter thinks the wife should provide 'good and varied
food' for her husband, but if she had the skill of a Francatelli she could
not make a pudding without flour. And what would a knowledge of
hygiene avail the wife whose home is in a cellar or flat in a city slum, or
even in a country cottage up a crowded yard, where the windows are not
made to open, and where there is only one bedroom for the family, young
and old? Every one who has tried it knows that the smaller the house the
more difficult it is to keep clean. Before this writer forms her opinions
would it not be well for her to gain some practical experience? I would
suggest that she should try the experiment of living in her own scullery for
a week with half-a-dozen children round her. This room will probably have
more conveniences than a cottage, and will not open on a dirty street. Let
her there do with her own hands all the cooking, washing, scrubbing, needle-
work, and nursing, spending only about 15s. on the food, clothes, and firing.
I venture to think she will find it difficult to keep 'a spotless gown' and
smooth hair, to say nothing of purveying 'good and varied food.' No, sir;
the causes of all the wretchedness are far deeper than the mere training of
the girls. Is not the misery of the poor a necessary complement of the
luxury of the rich? The writer seems to have a glimmering of this when
she alludes to the working-man as 'one of the mainstays of the nation,' who
should of course be well nourished in order that he may by his labour main-
tain the idle classes.—Yours, etc., A Wife who has Tried both Riches and
Poverty."

"I dare say the writer of that long letter 'For Lack of Knowledge,' in
Tuesday's paper, is a person in very comfortable circumstances, and so can
see the errors and mistakes of her less fortunate sisters through her own
spectacles, and perhaps can write books to tell the poor man's wife how to
spend the small sum of money her husband brings home to her as wages.
In this district both shoe hands' and labourers' wages are very low, and
many of us are at our wit's end to make both ends meet. It is impossible
for women weighed down with domestic cares to keep everything in order.
I know we are told to be content with such things as we have, and to eat
our crust with thankfulness. But it is an impossible task to be content in
our miserable condition. 'Waste not, want not' is preached to us by those
who are not required to practice it themselves. The spirit seems crushed
out of us by the grinding tyranny we are subjected to. If we try to eke
out the scanty earnings of our husbands by doing a little work in what
should be our leisure time, our misery is only increased by the effort. There
are married women in this village who will go to the factory and stand for
hours every day waiting for the foreman's orders; and when his highness
condescends to speak to them it is only to tell them to come another day,
and he will try and give them a little work. And I have known some to go
six times to the factory before they could get a bit of work home with them.
These women would be quite willing to give their attention to their home
affairs, only they cannot make it pay to do so. If the men could only earn
sufficient wages to make their homes comfortable their wives would be very
glad to make the best of their wages, and would be very proud if their
homes could show some degree of comfort and refinement. I wonder how
long we shall have to wait before the Have-alls will feel themselves con-
demned by their exactions, and will try to bring about a better state of
things?—I am, sir, yours obediently, A Northamptonshire Slave."

So far as the Socialist charges about the widespread and increasing misery
in London are concerned, the reviews and magazines for the month give
ample evidence of their truth. The authorities are waking up to the need
of action. It is found that the old arguments about the laws of supply and
demand, and the teachings of academic economics, will not be so readily
swallowed by better-informed Demos. How the classes who claim to have
all the culture must be irritated at the growing knowledge of "the mob"! Few
of the erudite would believe that it was Adam Smith who declared that
employers were in a conspiracy to keep down their servants' wages, and that
where there is one rich person there must be many poor. And yet that is
so. Professor Jevons, much to the horror of the orthodox, showed that the
time may come when the workers will regard what we now call the "classes"
as the hangers-on and the parasites. A greater—Professor Cairnes—told us
that we need not be astonished if we rise some morning to find our institu-
tions quivering or falling under the angry shake of the democracy. And
only the other day Professor Sidgwick has shown us that a form of Socialism,
modified by democracy, is the "coming boom." Poetry has always been on
the side of the people; science has recently capitulated; and now it is satis-
factory to find that political economy is hauling down its colours. When
will the people improve their many opportunities?—*Reynolds's Newspaper.*



"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 invited on Social Questions. They should be written on one side of the paper, addressed to the Editors, 13 Farringdon Rd., E.C., and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to them because of their position in these pages. None to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except it be so explicitly declared by the Editors.

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

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Business communications to be addressed to Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Remittances 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.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 10.

<p>ENGLAND</p> <p>Justice Norwich—Daylight Die Autonomie Anti-Sweater Club and Institute Journal Church Reformer Leicester—Countryman Freethinker Christian Socialist Practical Socialist The Socialist To-Day</p> <p>INDIA</p> <p>Allahabad—People's Budget Madras—People's Friend Bombay—Times of India Bombay Gazette</p> <p>CANADA</p> <p>Toronto—Labor Reformer Montreal—L'Union Ouvriere</p> <p>UNITED STATES</p> <p>New York—Volkszeitung Freiheit Truthseeker Der Sozialist</p>	<p>John Swinton's Paper Boston—Woman's Journal Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer Cincinnati (O.) Unionist Toledo (O.)—Industrial News Springfield (Ill.)—Voice of Labor New Haven (Conn.)—Workmen's Advocate Chicago (Ill.)—Vorbote Paterson (N.J.) Labor Standard Portland (Oreg.) Avant-Courier Milwaukee (Wis.)—Volksblatt</p> <p>FRANCE</p> <p>Paris—Cri du Peuple (daily) Le Socialiste Le Revolte Guise—Le Devoir Lille—Le Travailleur</p> <p>HOLLAND</p> <p>Hague—Recht voor Allen</p> <p>BELGIUM</p> <p>Brussels—Le Chante-Clair En Avant Liege—L'Avenir Antwerp—De Werker</p>	<p>SWITZERLAND</p> <p>Zurich—Sozial Demokrat</p> <p>ITALY</p> <p>Milan—Il Fascio Operaio</p> <p>SPAIN</p> <p>Madrid—El Socialista Cadiz—El Socialismo Barcelona—Acracia</p> <p>PORTUGAL</p> <p>Lisbon—O Protesto Operario Vez do Operario Villafranca de Xira—O Campino</p> <p>AUSTRIA</p> <p>Arbeiterstimme</p> <p>HUNGARY</p> <p>Arbeter-Wochen-Chronik</p> <p>ROMANIA</p> <p>Bucharest—Truncul Roman Jassy—Lupta</p> <p>NORWAY</p> <p>Kristiania—Social-Democraten</p> <p>SWEDEN</p> <p>Stockholm—Social-Demokraten</p> <p>DENMARK</p> <p>Social-Demokraten</p>
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LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE "wonted festivities" of the Lord Mayor's Day have had a gloom cast over them, and the red-nosed civic dignitaries have been shaking in their slippers for the last three weeks, owing to the Social Democratic Federation having announced that the Lord Mayor's Show would be made complete on this occasion for the first time in English history. It was the wont of the ancient Roman conquerors or plunderers to bring their victims to march at their triumphs, and so the S. D. F. thought that they would complete the triumph of the plundering horde of chicken-hearted warriors known as the Corporation of London, by having the legions of the disinherited to make up the rear of the procession. But these "captains of industry," warriors bold in the factory or the warehouse, now reducing a salary, now dismissing a poor girl, or again swindling a customer, are cowards at heart, and so that their own valuable hides should not run any risk of being damaged, they ordered their fighting man, Colonel Fraser, to prepare for emergencies. Every one knows how the gallant Colonel prepared. His "firm but conciliatory letter" and his "judicious proclamation" have been public property for some days.

The leaders of the S. D. F. being wise men in their generation, declined to undertake the responsibility of leading the unarmed disinherited legions against the blue-coats with bludgeons and the red-coats with bayonets. But they determined, instead, to demonstrate in Trafalgar Square, and to call on the most noble marquis and the little man with the big moustache, to do something for the unemployed. What could "the Most Noble" do? He would consider; and it is reported that he is still engaged considering, with the result that his hair is rapidly becoming whiter every hour. "The Most Noble" considered that it would probably be some considerable time before he had arrived at a conclusion, so thought it advisable to have the Christian hero Sir C. Warren to prevent the disinherited even demonstrating. Another "judicious proclamation" was issued forbidding any flags or banners being carried by people not part of the show, or any speeches being made.

At half-past two the west end of the Strand and Trafalgar Square was one dense mass of people, the only open space being that guarded by the police for the procession, and part of the centre of the Square. The windows and roofs of the hotels were all full of visitors. The sky was very gloomy, and a drizzling rain damped the enthusiasm of many of the sightseers. The crowd in the Square was of a very mixed kind; there appeared to be a large contingent of the unemployed, whose faces beamed with everything but contentment. Rushes were comparatively few, and very little horseplay on the part of the youngsters took place. A wave of expectation as to what was to happen imparted a sense of sobriety to the crowd. I met many friends of the S. D. F., all prepared to hold their meeting and do their utmost to preserve order. At last the sounds of the bands became audible, and those on tiptoe could see the banners of the show approaching. The first company was a detachment of cavalry, then bands, then a lifeboat, a stuffed elephant, an Australian trophy. At last the Forty (and more) Thieves that form the Corporation showed their red noses to a contemptuous multitude. Very slight greeting was given to the showmen, and now and then an ugly howl showed that there were plenty of dissatisfied men amongst the crowd. The show having passed, the "proclaimed" meeting was next looked for. Masses of policemen were placed at the corners of the Square to intimidate the Federation speakers. Word passed that the meeting was about to commence. Previously the pedestal of Nelson's Column was clearing rapidly. Suddenly a small red flag was waved by a man standing on the pedestal on the side fronting the National Gallery. Then another flag appeared. A loud "hurrah!" was raised, the first real good one I heard to-day, then a rush of people, and quick as thought from all sides the people rushed into the Square, and now there were red pocket-handkerchiefs being waved, and on every side the red flag held the crowd.

After a time Comrade Mann of the S. D. F. obtained a hearing. His voice rang clear out over the vast crowd, telling the people that their poverty was caused by the robber band they had just seen drive past, and others like them in every city and on every country side in our land; and advising them to unite to break up the robber league, and to organise to make every man and woman in England really free. Great shouts of applause went up to the heavens, telling that the workers of London are waking from their slumbers.

This great meeting shows that the cause of the people is marching on, and it bids us all pluck up heart to work with redoubled energy in spreading the gospel of Socialism, and it further shows that the working men of London do not intend to be bullied by the police, and to be dictated to as to where or when they shall or shall not hold their meetings.

A. DONALD.

SOCIALISM AND LABOUR DISPUTES.

THE Council of the Socialist League has appointed a special Standing Committee to watch all matters bearing upon the struggle between Capital and Labour, especially in times of strikes, lock-outs, etc., and to seize every chance thus presented of educating the wage-earners on social and economic questions. The Committee is willing to work with other labour organisations, to keep up a regular correspondence and interchange of information with all societies, journals, and persons interested in the Cause of Labour, to send speakers and literature to places within Britain and Ireland when any labour dispute or other special circumstances excite exceptional interest in industrial questions, and to prepare a working chronicle of international labour notes for publication in the *Commonweal*.

Reports of labour societies, facts and figures on the condition and earnings of the working-class; newspapers, pamphlets, and letters containing information of any kind upon special incidents of the Labour struggle, will be gladly received, and in return copies of the publications of the Committee will be sent to regular correspondents. The Committee also wish to form a library of works of reference, statistics, and general information dealing with all phases of the labour struggle. Books, etc., for this purpose will be gladly accepted and acknowledged in the *Commonweal*. The wide circulation of the *Commonweal*, both at home and abroad, and the large number of labour papers among its exchanges, give a splendid means of spreading information, and the Committee hope that its efforts to collect, condense, and publish such information, will be helped by the hearty co-operation of all who are in sympathy with the Cause of the workers.

A special column in the *Commonweal* will soon be devoted to the publication of the Committee's work and a record and commentary by some of its members, on the current incidents of the labour struggle. To make this complete and interesting the help of provincial and foreign correspondents will be needed. Local papers and private letters on labour disputes are especially valuable, and should be sent without delay.

As this work will incur a good deal of expense, and will be effective only if funds are at the disposal of the Committee, a special subscription will be opened in aid of the Committee's work. Branches of the League are invited to subscribe regularly, which might be done by making a special monthly collection for this purpose.

The officers of the Committee are: H. A. Barker, general secretary; T. Binning, treasurer, to whom all subscriptions should be sent, and which will be acknowledged in the *Commonweal*; and H. Charles and V. Dave, secretaries for the European Continent. All matter for

publication in the *Commonweal* "Labour Notes" from Britain, Ireland, and America, should be sent to Binning and Mahon. All communications to be addressed to one or other of these officers at the Socialist League Office, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.

Next week a circular letter to the Trades' Unions and other Labour Societies will be published in these columns, and further explanation of the plans and working of the Committee will appear from week to week.

J. L. MAHON.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE GLASS BOTTLE MAKERS.

II.

To show how much more lofty are the views of the Conference than those still generally prevalent among other organised trade corporations in England, it will be sufficient to lay before our readers the ideas expressed in the discussion upon the general statutes of the International Union. Trades' unions are the product of the antagonism between labour and capital. They are the outcome, therefore, of strife and warfare, and as such they have been condemned by almost all the bourgeois economists, and even by some Socialistic writers. Yet it seems that they have been condemned merely because they have not as yet been sufficiently understood. Indeed, if it is true that the first appearance of these societies was marked by much that was startling and violent, it is no less true that there is a growing tendency towards the disappearance of those features; and when, thanks to them, labour shall have been organised, and shall have achieved, as a necessary consequence, its victory over capital, they will be transformed into associations acting with peaceful regularity, gathering about them every workman engaged in any given occupation, not in one country only but throughout all countries, publicly examining their common and distinct interests, and establishing their claims on the knowledge thus acquired. Far from making war their business in future, the trades' unions internationally united will succeed in eliminating all causes of strife inherent in our modern social state. Indeed, the discord which still prevails among working people, the comparative enfranchisement of some operating to the detriment of the rest, and frequently involving the complete ruin of others; the unequal and arbitrary distribution of labour, sanctioned by the masters to suit their own caprices and to render the right of labour a mere farce; the obstacles which lie in the way of certain branches of industry; the engrossment of labour by working men themselves, who allow the working day to be lengthened to an inordinate extent; the whimsical settlement of wages in accord with different prices of industrial products—dear here, cheap there, and still cheaper elsewhere,—all these causes of the present struggle will be banished by the good international organisation of trades' unions, which, when conscious of the mission they have to fulfil, will in future be crowned with peace and concord. Having a common aim and not being biased by personal interests, these associations, embodying in themselves all the working people, will at the same time effect their full emancipation. United in all towns and all countries, they will form such a commanding force as to control capital under their sway, and subdue it under the authority of Labour, after taking the instruments of production from the wage-slave holders, who have unlawfully laid their hands on capital, and restoring them to those to whom they rightfully belong.

The delegates of the Conference have not only recognised in the internationalisation of their union the only and unmistakable way towards the emancipation of labour in their own body, but they have also grasped the fact that in order to carry out this emancipation in a general and universal manner, all the other operative bodies of all branches of industry must be ready to take the same action. They have clearly seen that if the other associations enter upon the same path the way for the entire economic revolution will be prepared—the way for the Social Revolution; and it is certain that in the inaugural manifesto which will shortly be transmitted to the working men of all countries, they will give expression to these ideas. They thoroughly understand that in industrial countries, like England, France, Belgium, Germany, and Northern Italy, social revolution is unavoidable, because industry, as it is nowadays organised, based on the fiction of the "productive power of capital," and consequently on the pretended right of capital to claim for itself the lion's share in the distribution of the products of labour, can achieve nothing but the enrichment of capitalists and the constant gradual impoverishment of the working men; because all industrial forces, applications of science to industry, machines, the division of labour, etc., tend at present to lower wages, and they produce this distressing result all the more in that they work upon a wider scale than ever—that is, because industry is more developed; because, in a word, as the social order is now constituted, the more wealth an industrial people produce, the poorer they become.

If such is the outlook in industrial countries, it cannot be otherwise in agricultural countries, and there also revolution cannot be evaded. In all agricultural countries, such as Russia, Poland, Turkey, Southern Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Ireland, the field-labourer, the serf attached to the soil of his master, or the slave of the wage-holder or landlord, is the tributary of those whose forefathers seized the soil—the inalienable heritage of the human species. The more agriculture—which is in itself but the art of rendering the soil fertile and deriving from it as much produce as possibly can be derived—reaches the end towards which it is developing itself, the more exacting become the

demands of the proprietor, the higher becomes the rent for the ground, the richer grows the drone who takes the rents at the expense and to the detriment of the man of labour—in short, the more the hard-working peasant toils in order to produce, the more he is forced to throw away a great part of his earnings to feed that rapacious Moloch called Private Property.

Therefore, the same imperious exigencies press upon the industrial as upon the agricultural workers; industrial unions, as well as those of agriculture, must be formed everywhere, and must connect themselves in an extensive International Union in order to arrive at the realisation of the economic Social Revolution, by abolishing wage-slavery and taking possession of the instruments of production on the one hand, and by abolishing private property and restoring the soil to the entire community, on the other.

The International Union is well aware that this could only be the last achievement of its efforts, and that before arriving at the full realisation of these its expectations, which are however shared by the working-men of the whole world, it will have to fight boldly against employers in the sphere which lies closest, namely, that of its members' own interests, and will have of necessity to occupy itself also with this side of the question. We allude to the strikes it will have to enter upon and keep up; in regard to these, too, the Union, valiantly shows itself animated with a lofty spirit. As all the delegates were of the opinion that there are moments when strikes must be entered upon; that in certain instances they form the only weapon by which tyranny can be subdued; they unanimously declared that in cases where a strike cannot be avoided it must take place under certain conditions, not only with regard to justice and legitimacy, but also with respect to opportunity and organisation. It is mainly this last point that has been discussed to a great extent, and rightly so, since it is certain that without a well-constructed organisation, and without the support of international solidarity, the strike is almost certain to turn out a dangerous weapon in an unequal struggle; the "exploiting" capitalists being small in number, countenanced by fortune, and protected by power. We are unable to specify here any other details which, besides, do not appear to be of such a nature as to be brought before the public.

To summarise the whole, the International Union of Glass-Bottle Makers has made a serious step towards its complete organisation, and the example it has given deserves to be observed by all other trades' unions, and we are inclined to cherish the hope that all of them will soon come to the conclusion that only there, in the international assemblage of operative bodies, and in their advent to revolutionary Socialism alone, the common salvation and their common aim of the destruction of the universal misery of the proletariat is attained.

Still, I am happy to be able to inform our friends of the International Union of an event which will greatly contribute towards encouraging them in the work they have taken in hand. Comrade Wm. Small, Secretary of the miners of Lanarkshire, in Scotland, informed me recently that a Conference of Miners of England, Wales, and Scotland, will assemble at Manchester on the 22nd of November, and that an appeal is to be addressed to the miners of the Continent to call together a new International Union of all miners. Courage, friends! We shall get rid of every obstacle, we shall baffle every fatality, provided we keep troth with and never forget the old war-cry: "Proletarians of all countries, unite!"

VICTOR DAVE.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," prays the deacon, and then goes out and figures on how he can buy up all the best lots in town, and so make those who come along pay him a profit on his investment. Think of the deacon trying to do the same thing in heaven! Imagine him speculating in corner lots in the New Jerusalem! Fancy him waiting at the gates of jasper to catch the new comers and make a sale "on long time with easy payments," and taking mortgage security with interest! Why not? Is that which is right here wrong in heaven? Does God have one standard of right for earth and another for heaven? If He would not be pleased with an attempt to speculate in ground-rights in heaven, do you think He is pleased with the same thing here? "On earth as in heaven Thy kingdom come" is the prayer we are taught to pray; but if we had remembered that that meant to stop speculating in land, loaning money at interest, or trying in any way to take advantage of the necessities of our fellows, how many of us would have prayed it! Not the deacon, evidently, for his chief delight is in making "a good bargain," by which is understood a deal in which "profits" are large.—*Roll Call.*

BUT THREE WAYS.—Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union*, says: "There are only three ways by which a man can have anything—by producing it, by receiving it as a gift, or by stealing it. There is no shortcut to relief. Mr. Henry George tells us that if we have community in land all things will be well; but Russia has such a communism, and yet has the poorest peasantry in Europe. Another reformer blames the use of machinery, but China has no machinery. Some offer protection as a panacea, but Germany has protection; some free trade, but England has free trade, and the peasantry in those countries are in misery. We must find some way by which employment will be more general and remunerative, and we must recognise the principle that the labourer is worthy of a fair share of the profits of the work. As a whole, it may be asserted that the working-man has received only a bare means of living. You cannot have a great wealthy class without having a large poor class. We must learn in some way to distribute the wealth which they have learned only to accumulate and concentrate. *Politically our country is democratic, but industrially it is aristocratic.* The poor miners in Pennsylvania complain that ten men can assemble at Long Branch over their wine and cigars and decide how much coal shall be mined and how many men shall receive an opportunity to earn a livelihood. There must be something wrong in the system when 500,000 men seek in vain for work."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE CONGRESS IN PARIS.

The letter written by Herr Rackow, and published in your issue of November 6th, may lead your readers to infer that my report of the International Trade Union Congress, held in Paris last August, is somewhat inaccurate. Would you, therefore, allow me to quote the following sentences from a letter written to me by Dr. Cesar de Paepe, of Brussels:—

"Your report is very well done, and very faithful. Especially have you well rendered my arguments, and I find that you have presented them better than I had done myself. For this equally I thank you."

("Votre rapport est tres bien fait et tres fidele. Vous avez surtout bien rendu mes arguments et je trouve que vous les avez meme mieux presentes que je l'ai fait moi-meme. Ce dont je vous remercie egalement.")

When Herr Rackow was speaking the greatest confusion prevailed. The chairman, who did not understand a word of what he said, was constantly interrogating me and asking me to call him to order, if possible, and to abbreviate the inordinate length of his speech. Other persons were also speaking to me, and diverting my attention. Considering these circumstances, and the turbulence of the audience, Herr Rackow ought to feel very grateful that his speech was reported at all, particularly as I do not write shorthand. Also, I was not commissioned to write any such report, and have published the account at my own personal risk and expense.

Fortunately, a sufficient number of copies have now been sold to enable me, at no very distant date, to bring out a new edition. The alterations which Herr Rackow desires will then be made, though they must weaken his position, and prove that the English delegates had more reason, than was understood at the time, for challenging his mandate.—I remain, yours truly,

ADOLPHE SMITH.

"SOCIALISME UTOPIQUE ET SOCIALISME SCIENTIFIQUE."

Please say if there is an English translation of Engel's "Socialisme Utopique et Socialisme Scientifique." If not, do you know if Engels has given permission to any particular person to translate it; and is there any likelihood in that case of its being issued shortly? Or is it open to any one who wishes to translate it into English, to do so?

E. T.

In answer to above I have got a translator for the pamphlet in question, and as it is rather difficult to translate, I should certainly not like any translation to be published without my first having revised it.—Yours faithfully,

F. ENGELS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Practical Socialist* this month is well up to the average, the articles and notes being of the usual kind.

To-Day is by no means a brilliant number this month, the only good part of it being the book notices.

The *Socialist* has another instalment of the interesting "Six Months as a Pinkerton Detective," and some smart verse, "The Human Auction."

"Where does your Interest come from?" by Caroline Haddon (John Heywood, 11 Paternoster Buildings, 2d.), is a well-written, thoughtful pamphlet, addressed to "lady investors." The author has not quite grasped the whole question, as shown by her remarks on page 7. Any one who needs a good pamphlet to give to women of the interest-receiving classes should make a note of this one.

The Gosse-Collins quarrel over the *Quarterly Review* article is of interest mainly to literary and educational circles, but is well worth watching by Socialists. It is bringing out very prominently the fact that there is "Jerry-building" of books as well as of houses, and shoddy "education" as well as cloth. After reading the "arguments" of both sides it looks as though Mr. Collins were in the right, although he has many times before betrayed an ignorance which Mr. Gosse could hardly surpass if he tried.

Articles in the November Reviews worth looking up. *Nineteenth Century*: "The Coming Winter in Ireland," John Dillon, M.P.; "Workhouse Cruelties," Miss Louisa Twinning. *Contemporary*: "Economic Socialism," Prof. Sidgwick. *Fortnightly*: "Materialism and Morality," W. S. Lilly; "The Moujiks and Russian Democracy," Stepniak. S.

The tremendous pressure under which we work has been often spoken of. *Wade's Fibre and Fabric*, quoted by the *Cotton Factory Times*, comments upon the unreasoning hurry of manufacturers to-day, prompted by a desire for "a big production for a small pay-roll." It says: "Everything is speeded up to the highest extent. . . . This high speed is making physical wrecks of the employes." And all for what? To pile up goods so that the makers will be thrown out of employment, the market be glutted, and waste be entailed all round.

Of what avail is it to say that we are labouring to establish a system of co-operation, when that which is most essential to the success of co-operation is lacking? A business training is necessary to successfully carry on a co-operative enterprise. If the management of the large or small concerns now in operation in this country were turned over to us to-day, we would but run them in the ground, for we lack the business training necessary to successfully operate them. Our vanity may prevent us from acknowledging this to be true, but we cannot deny it. It is through no fault of ours that it is true; but if it continues, it will be our fault.—G. W. M. Powderly.

Quixotism or Utopianism: that is another of the Devil's pet words. I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us ready to make, that because things have long been wrong it is impossible they should ever be right is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime from which this world suffers. Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well on the ground that perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary altogether. There is no need for it. Things are either possible or impossible—you can easily determine which—in any given state of human science. If the thing is impossible you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try for it.—Ruskin.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST AND LABOUR NEWS.

BRITAIN.

At the municipal elections held in Nottingham last week, T. Proctor, secretary Socialist Union, contested the Byron Ward against Mr. Brittle, Conservative. The poll showed—Brittle 764, Proctor 478.

In Bristol R. G. Tovey, the candidate put forward by the local Labour League and supported by the Socialist Union, contested the St. Paul's Ward against the mayor. The mayor was elected with only 18 majority over his opponent, notwithstanding the combination of Tories, Liberals, the clergy, and press, against the labour candidate.

"EMPLOYING" THE RUSTIC IN NORTH HERTS.—In the parish of T— there is a population of about 1500 engaged solely in agriculture. Nearly the whole of the land is in five or six farms, and these, again, in the hands of two families of farmers. The weekly wages of an adult man do not average more than 10s. a-week when he is in regular work; but already there are a number of men thrown out, and the outlook for their families in the coming winter is gloomy indeed. The poor have an inveterate hatred of the "union," and will endure almost any privation sooner than go there. A magistrate-parson takes £1500 a-year as his share for gulling the people, and enjoys their dislike and suspicion in common with the workhouse master. The "little" men, who used to farm from ten to twenty or thirty acres, and do a little pig-dealing or higgling to help out their other earnings, are gradually being swallowed by the money-bag, who reigns supreme, and literally makes his sway felt. As an instance of the state of agriculture about here, I may mention that one of the master-farmers of this parish is reported to have said, when some one pointed out the foul state of his barley stubble, that "it didn't matter how many weeds there were, so long as the barley came"; and this barley he has probably sold for something less than 25s. per imperial quarter (eight bushels), the crop perhaps averaging eight to twelve bushels per acre! The men have far more knowledge of farming than most of their "masters," and if one hints that the masters will some day have to be sent away to learn how, they are immensely pleased with the idea.—J. D.

Labour-saving machines ought to increase the leisure of the poor as well as minister to the luxuries of the rich. But this is not the case to any appreciable extent. It is no exaggeration to say that the average producing capacity of the working classes of the country has during the last thirty years fully doubled (aided by machinery), and yet we find that the hours of labour during the same period have not on an average been reduced by one-tenth.

There is a cotton-mill about three miles wide of Littleborough the spinners in which have become alive to their unenviable condition by the introduction in their midst of this paper. The custom has been for the employer not to engage any hand in the factory who was known to be a trades-unionist, and this understanding has long had its effect upon those residing in the neighbourhood of the mill, and the employer has made good use of his opportunity by taking every kind of advantage of his workpeople, save that of sending them home without wages after a hard week's labour. Times without number have the spinners been verging upon this point, yet, child-like, have been penitent, and content to abide their fate—and why? Because they knew no better, and had no means whereby to seek redress from their grievous wrongs. The men have been put upon the right track, and have joined the Littleboro' branch of the Oldham Provincial Spinners and Twiners' Association, and have thus been awakened from their lethargy by the influence of this paper, and the good advice of some of our friends in the district of Littleborough. If employers of labour would have their workpeople not to belong to trades' unions, they should treat them fairly in all matters pertaining to their employment; but this is not their object in debarring them from joining a trade union. Their aim is to use them just as their fancy inclines, and to take mean advantage of their weakness by adopting such measures as are known to serve them in a pecuniary way, but which could not be done with impunity were the hands members of a trades' union.—*Cotton Factory Times*.

LIMERICK.—The dock-labourers are again on strike. The present movement promises to be as long and severe as that which took place a year ago, when shorter hours, increased pay, the discontinuance of steam-winch, which were stated to unduly interfere with labour, and a full day's pay for every day only partly worked, were demanded. Ultimately these terms were granted; the hours were fixed, summer 6 a.m. to 5 p.m., winter 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. The winter hours came into operation on the 1st inst. On that day two gangs of men under a stevedore were employed unloading a steamer; on the approach of the hour for knocking off, they were told they would have to work to clear the vessel, which would probably take three or four hours longer. This the men were willing to do if paid for overtime, which very reasonable demand was refused; they then left in a body, and the obnoxious winches were started, when the strike became general in consequence of breach of agreement.—J. E. M.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—The following is the result of the balloting for the municipal elections in the Hopital Saint-Louis: Debertrand (Labour candidate), 1,014; Dupont (Opportunist), 1,009; Faillet (Socialist), 988; Duc-Quercy (Socialist), 901; Murat (Radical), 822. The votes are much more evenly divided among the different candidates than they were at the elections of May last year, when a Radical was elected by 3,682 votes, Faillet having gained 1,704. It seems to us a great pity that there should have been two Socialist candidates if the success of one was to be assured; the votes of Duc-Quercy and Faillet together would have shown a very satisfactory majority. We read the following in the *Cri du Peuple*: "At public meetings I have declared my intention of retiring in favour of my fellow-Socialist if he should obtain one vote more than myself. I shall keep my word and withdraw my candidature."—A. Duc-Quercy.

It seems that the electoral meetings were of a very stormy nature, a good deal of shaking of fists and exchanging of expressive language taking place between excited would-be politicians. On the eve of the election too, a party of bill-sticking friends of Duc-Quercy had an evil time of it, being threatened with violence if they pursued their quite legitimate occupation. There is an especial spite against the *Cri*, "that infamous and libellous journal."

Here is a ^charming example of the tyranny and insolence of officialism, The engineer-in-chief of the State railways has thought fit to transfer his

service from Tours to Paris, thereby obliging the employés high and low to flit also. It is obvious that an employé, with a family earning some 3 fr. a week, finding it hard to live on such a sum near a provincial town, would be doubly embarrassed by a compulsory residence in the capital. The chief engineer's income is of course increased, but we hear nothing of the salaries of the underlings.—*Cri du Peuple*.

The Working-men's Syndicate of Wheel-polishers says that the Marois establishment makers of gilded nails have, without the least warning or notice, reduced their working staff by one-half. All the men are on strike except five "comrades," who breaking faith have consented to remain and train apprentices. The Worker's Syndicate, although not rich, is supporting the strikers', both members and non-members.—*Cri du Peuple*.

A Syndicate of the Cab-drivers of Paris is being organised, having for its aim "the abolition of the innumerable abuses of which the Corporation is and always has been the victim, and the amelioration by all possible means of the social condition of the workers, so as to attain as speedily as may be their complete freedom."

BORDEAUX.—Labourers who demand employment from your rulers, whom you regard as the dispensers of good and evil, ponder over the following: M. de Freycinet, when at Bordeaux, was entertained by the municipality, and while the "unemployed," through the intermediary of their delegates, were petitioning him for work, this worthy gentleman surrounded by a convivial circle was rioting and feasting in the salons of the town-hall. Cost of the banquet, 47,000 francs (about £1,880)! Alas for your naïveté! Ministerial journeys are costly, and you will have to pay for this one repast more than would be needed to nourish a thousand families during one week!—*Le Revolte*.

AVEYRON.—For some time past the Gua iron-works have been closed for want of orders. This has entailed the complete stoppage of work in the Auzits mines, of which the shafts are closed this week. Consequently, 250 workers will find themselves without employment. No disturbance has taken place as yet.—M. M.

CARCES (Var.).—The electors of this commune had been convened for the 24th October to elect the entire municipal council. One elector alone presented himself at the scrutin: the council was not elected! Such a manifestation of public dissatisfaction with governors and town-councillors, municipality, and so forth, is rather forcible and impressive, and might be imitated.

AUSTRIA.

BRUNN.—In the Session of the Deputies, on the 25th of October, it was admitted by the Minister of Justice that a farm in South-Western Bohemia, estimated to the value of 7858 fl., had been sold at the third auction at the price of one fl. This sale has been annulled, indeed, on account of a fault committed in the necessary formalities, but what does it change? It has been stated that farms are sold under price, that the landlords buy up farms *en masse*. Some villages are deserted, and there is no doubt that the English agricultural situation has made its appearance in Austria.

You will remember that in April, 1886, a small revolt broke out among the Galician peasantry. At that time official papers had been endeavouring to deny and conceal the sad situation of the peasants and agricultural labourers of that country. The same manœuvre takes place now; hirelings deny the truth of a report from Galicia that the peasants are "in very bad spirits" owing to the scanty indemnification they obtained for the injuries caused by the military exercises. You may judge from this example how enviable our peasants are. Not able to compete with the mighty landlord, being distressed by the tax-collector, being therefore in the most melancholy situation, they must let their fields be trampled upon by the imperial and royal soldiers. What can he do? He sells his farm to his neighbour, the landlord, and goes to America, or becomes an agricultural or industrial labourer. I am reminded here of an expression used by Deputy Türk, an Antisemite: "We must improve the situation of our country people, else the agricultural proletariat will make their revolution sooner than the industrial one." And as soon as they unite?

The hon. member for Brunn, the Austrian Manchester as it is called, has brought in a bill to grant favours to building societies. He did so "in order to break a way for the social peace, the worker living in his own house will never become a rioter," etc., etc., the usual by-words that we are accustomed to hear from our hypocritical charlatans. The "social peace" is a mockery while the capitalist and the landlord plunder their hands, and the "hands" put up with it very patiently now—and in the future? Symptoms are appearing that the propertyless classes begin to grow impatient.—F. S.

ITALY.

MILAN.—There is a letter in the *Fascio* this week from an employé of a gutta-percha factory in that city, which gives a complete picture of the lamentable power of endurance in the too-long patient worker, and the endless capacity and resources for grinding in the employer. The work in the department of which he was foreman, having increased enormously, he applied for increase in wages and was told that "if he did not like the work the door was open." Nevertheless he worked on, fell ill, and immediately on his recovery returned to the hospitable shelter of the factory to submit to further insults and promises alternately dealt out to him. This capacity for endurance in the worker, who is seemingly almost immovable in his stolid endurance of almost any insult or tyranny his employer may choose to put upon him, this formidable negative force sullenly, ponderously bearing its weight against the onward progress towards emancipation, is the despair of all reformers, and would be the despair of the Socialist—if so obstinate and arrogantly confident a being could be daunted by any *apparent* obstacle.

The news of Amilcare Cipriani's liberation which I noted some weeks back, has been contradicted; it seems that he is still under lock and key, unfortunately.

SAMPIERDARENA.—On Sunday last the Society for Labour Emancipation held a meeting at which Andrea Costa gave an address on "Great evils and great remedies," which was followed with earnestness and enthusiasm by a very large audience.

TAGGIA (Liguria).—In opposition to the ever-growing Labour Society a League (of the upper class) has been constituted, based on the principles of the Holy Inquisition. I quote one or two articles from their Statute, which is rather funny. "Art. I. It is absolutely forbidden to give work to any workman who forms part of the Society of the Devil." In the next article, fathers and mothers are desired to watch over their sons so that accursed and excommunicated villains may not corrupt them and induce them to belong

to the said society, and to snatch them from the jaws of hell, if unfortunately they are already within the toils. In Article 3, the entrance into any innocent family of that vile and immoral publication *Il Fascio*, is strictly forbidden; and then follow well-rounded phrases of abuse which do credit to the pious pen of the zealous upholders of the sacred bourgeoisie.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—Fifteen hundred beef killers employed by the Armour Canning Company, have gone out on strike to obtain the eight hours working day.

Nov. 7.—Disturbances being apprehended on account of the strike, the Governor has ordered out two regiments of infantry for active service.

AMSTERDAM, Nov. 5.—The Socialist leaders Vanderstadt and Fortuyn were brought up before the Criminal Court to-day on the charge of having published and distributed seditious pamphlets at the time of the disturbances which occurred here last July. The Public Prosecutor asked that a sentence of six months' imprisonment should be passed upon each of the accused. Judgment will be pronounced on the 18th inst.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 13 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.

Notice to Branches.

In future, publications not printed at the Socialist League Office will not be supplied on credit or entered in the Branch accounts with the Central Office. If such publications are ordered direct from and paid direct to the firms which publish them, the parcels may be sent as an enclosure with the weekly parcel from the League Office, and thus save carriage.—*Sec. W. and M. Com.*

Notices to Members.

A Social Reunion of the League will be held in London on Monday, December 27 (Bank Holiday). Suggestions, subscriptions, or offers of help will be gladly received by the Committee appointed to arrange and carry out. Address Reunion Committee, at office of the League.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.

Mile-end, to June 30. Birmingham, Bradford, Clerkenwell, Hackney, Leeds, North London, Norwich, to August 31. Croydon, Dublin, Manchester, Mary-lebone, to September 30. Merton, to October 31. Bloomsbury, Hammersmith, Hoxton (Labour Emancipation League), Oxford, to Dec. 31.

Executive.

The following resolution was passed on Monday Nov. 8:—"That the Council of the Socialist League, while believing that no organised help can be promised to the unemployed before a complete economic revolution is effected, expresses its indignation at the cowardly and sneakish action of the authorities in suppressing a meeting of the unemployed for the purpose of contrasting their miserable condition with the clownish performance of the City robbers."

BRANCH 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.)

BLOOMSBURY.—We held a very pleasant and sociable evening on Friday, November 5th. Next Friday we recommence our discussions. It is hoped that all the members will attend. The open-air meeting at St. Pancras Arches was largely attended on Sunday last.—W. A. C.

CLERKENWELL.—On Wednesday, November 3, P. Barry lectured to a fair audience on "The Bankruptcy of Labour." He pointed out the different improvements of the weaving industry were to the labourer's disadvantage under capitalist conditions; also the advantages to the capitalist monopolist of improvements in steam appliances, and the poverty accruing to the labourer through such monopoly. Referring to the unemployed question, the lecturer stated that there was in this country no less than five millions of men without work, which certainly was proof of the "bankruptcy" of labour; a good discussion followed. Last Sunday evening, several members went to the Green and addressed a large meeting; at the close we invited them to the hall, the result being that our hall was packed. W. B. Robertson was the lecturer, and took for his subject, "Over-production and Over-population," which was very interesting; numerous questions and a brisk discussion followed, which was satisfactorily replied to. Our sale of *Commonweal* has increased this week.—W. B.

CROYDON.—Last Sunday evening, Mrs. C. M. Wilson lectured to an attentive audience on "The Revolt of the Workers of the Nineteenth Century." The lecturer gave an exceedingly clear and vigorous sketch of the rise of the great machine industry and of the Luddites. There was a short debate at the end of the lecture. Literature sold well.—A. T., ast. sec.

FULHAM.—We held our usual open-air meeting at Walham Green. Tochatti and Mordhurst addressed the largest meeting we have yet held, nearly 500. Received some opposition from our usual opponent, the chairman of the Hurlingham Ward Conservative Association. A. K. Donald lectured at our rooms in the evening to an attentive audience, on "Socialism Explained and Defended." Sale of *Commonweals* 52. Two new members made. Our Conservative friends are trying their utmost to get us expelled our premises.—F. M'C., sec.

HACKNEY.—A very good meeting was held on Sunday, opposite the "Salmon and Ball," Hackney Road. Nicoll, Charles, and Lane addressed the meeting. Good sale of *Commonweal*.—J. R. H.

HOXTON.—On Thursday evening we concluded our regular outdoor meetings. On Sunday morning, C. W. Westwood delivered an interesting lecture on "Whigs and Reformers." In the evening, H. Davis lectured on "The Unemployed" to a fair audience. A resolution was afterwards passed protesting against the action of the police in regard to the proposed meeting in Trafalgar Square.—H. A. B., sec.

MILE-END.—On Sunday morning, Chambers addressed a large meeting on the Waste on "The Unemployed." An interrupter, who counselled the poor to remain as God placed them, and not think about disturbing the Lord Mayor's Show, etc., was soundly hissed. Three members made.—C. B.

MITCHAM.—On Sunday last, F. Kitz addressed about 500 persons on Mitcham Fair Green, who listened attentively to his remarks on the forthcoming tinsel tomfoolery on the 9th of November, and of the injustice of the monopolists in preventing a demonstration by the people, whose labour had produced all the wealth and luxury they enjoy. The lecturer pointed out the folly of the workers in allowing their exploiters to make and administer the laws, etc. Merton comrades are giving us assistance in making our Branch a success.—C. H.

NORTH LONDON.—J. L. Mahon gave a lecture on "The Unemployed" at Camden Hall, on Wednesday, November 3. The lecturer pointed out in a thoroughly uncompromising manner that workers had nothing to hope from a

capitalist government, that any relief works started by this gang of middle-class thieves would be a sham, and that the worker's only hope was in the "Social Revolution." The audience, which numbered over 200, and mostly consisted of unemployed workmen, seemed thoroughly in accord with the lecturer. On Saturday, we held our usual meeting at Harrow Road, when Nicoll addressed a crowd of about 150 people. Somerville and Mahon were in Regent's Park on Sunday. We collected 5s. for the Commonweal Fund, and sold 81 Commonweals. We are making headway in this neighbourhood. Three members made.—D. N.

GLASGOW.—On Monday evening, Downie, Adams, and Glasier addressed a meeting at Parkhead Cross. As usual, we had a large and attentive audience. On Sunday morning, Downie and Greer addressed a large meeting at the Green. At mid-day, Greer addressed a very large meeting on George's Square. This is the first time we have occupied this station, and we anticipate making it a good recruiting ground. In the afternoon a meeting was held at the Green,—Greer, Warrington, and Nairne (S.D.F.) being the speakers. In the evening, McKechnie gave a lecture on the much-disputed question of "Interest"; a good discussion followed. At the same hour Glasier gave a lecture to a large meeting of the Henry George Institute, on "Land Nationalisation from a Socialist Point of View." In the discussion which followed all the Land Nationalisers proclaimed themselves Socialists, but affirmed, as against the lecturer, that Land Nationalisation would either accomplish all that Socialists desired, or that it was a necessary first step towards that end.—J. B. G.

HAMILTON.—McMunn lectured here on Thursday, Nov. 4, the subject being "What is Socialism." His interesting exposition of the new religion was much appreciated. Warrington and Glasier, from Glasgow, afterwards addressed the meeting, and were well received. The enthusiasm displayed at this meeting clearly showed that the good work will be carried on with great vigour here. We have decided to get our Commonweals from the newsagents, instead of at our meetings, thus getting the bill shown and brought before the public.—W. M., sec.

HULL.—We are getting our new home into working order, and hope to begin our public meetings again shortly. Arrangements are being made for lectures on Sundays, with occasional lectures, readings, etc., on week nights.—E. T.

LEEDS.—On Thursday night, November 4, Maguire delivered a lecture on "Socialists and Political Action" at our meeting place, "The New Fleece." A good discussion took place, and was adjourned, as the members are of opinion that this question ought to be thoroughly thrashed out. On Sunday afternoon we held an open-air meeting in Vicar's Croft, and Maguire addressed a large and attentive audience on the "George Campaign." We have discontinued our meetings on Hunslet Moor, but shall continue to hold meetings every Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. on Vicar's Croft, weather permitting.—F. C., sec.

MANCHESTER.—We held a good meeting at our usual outdoor station on Sunday morning, and Prince opened with a short address; Hall (S.D.F.) spoke principally on the Land Question, and was listened to with great attention; Smart, a member of the Salford School Board, also spoke, but was continually interrupted by a temperance and revivalist advocate, who when tackled by the speaker decamped. Frederick H. Cadle has been appointed secretary in place of Raymond Unwin, who is leaving the district.—F. H. C.

NORWICH.—Successful meetings have been held here during the week. Our literature has realised £1 18s.—C. W. M.

LANCASTER.—On Tuesday, November 2, W. Morris lectured on "Socialism, the End and the Means," in the Palatine Hall, at Lancaster. The audience, over 600 people, was attentive and caught the points well, and there was clearly much assent amongst them. Several questions were put after the lecture. Our comrade E. P. Hall, who was in the chair, invited names for a Branch of the League, and several gave their names that evening and the next morning, and it is hoped that a successful Branch will be started. Altogether, the meeting must be accounted a success.

PRESTON.—On Wednesday, November 3, in the schoolroom of the Unitarian Chapel, W. Morris lectured on the "Dawn of a New Epoch," to a good audience, although the wildness of the night rather thinned it. Our comrade W. Sharman was in the chair. The few questions put after the lecture, and its general reception, gave one an impression of much progress having been made since last year. Several present spoke enthusiastically, and we may hope that here also a Branch will soon be started.

LECTURE DIARY.

London Branches.

- Bloomsbury.—Communist Club, 49 Tottenham Street. Friday Nov. 12, at 8 p.m. A discussion on Chapter I. of Joynes's Socialist Catechism.
Clerkenwell.—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Sunday Nov. 14, at 7.30 p.m. Dr. Wm. H. von Swartwout, "Wherein Socialists have come short of the Truth." Wednesday 17, at 8.30 p.m. "The Coming Men and Women," by the same.
Croydon.—Royal County House, West Croydon Station Yard. Sunday at 7.30 D. J. Nicoll, "The Charms of Civilisation."
Fulham.—1 Shorolds Road, opposite Liberal Club.
Hackney.—No meeting house at present. Communications to J. Flockton.
Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Nov. 14, at 8 p.m. W. A. Chambers, "The Unemployed."
Hoxton (L. E. L.).—Exchange Coffee House, Pitfield Street, opposite Hoxton Church, N. Sunday November 14, at 11.30 a.m. Committee Meeting. At 8 p.m. W. C. Wade, "Socialism v. Individualism."
Merton.—11 Merton Terrace, High Street. Club Room open every evening. Committee meets every Thursday.
Mitcham.—Corner of Merton Lane and Fountain Place. Club Room open every evening from 7.30 till 11.
North London.—Business Meeting at 32 Camden Road Fridays at 8 p.m.

Country Branches.

- Bingley.—Coffee Tavern. Every Monday evening at 7.30.
Birmingham.—Carr's Lane Coffee House. Every Monday evening, at 8.
Bradford.—Scott's Temperance Hotel, East Parade, Leeds Rd. Wednesdays, at 8.
Dublin.—102 Capel Street. Sunday at 7.30 p.m.; Tuursday at 8 p.m.
Edinburgh (Scottish Section).—4 Park Street. Meets every Thursday at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Reading-room of the Branch, 84 John Street, open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. every day. On Saturday afternoon comrades will assist Hamilton Branch at open-air meeting, New Cross, Hamilton, at 6 o'clock.—On Sunday open-air meetings will be held on the Green at 11.30 and 4.30; and on George's Square at 12.30. In the evening, in our Rooms, J. Bruce Glasier will lecture on "Walt Whitman." Notice—Members are requested to attend at Rooms on Tuesday evening to make arrangements for Prince Kropotkine's forthcoming meeting.
Hamilton.—Branch meets every Thursday evening at 7.30 in the British Workman Meeting Room. On Thursday first comrade M'Leary will lecture.—An open-air meeting at New Cross on Saturday first, by the Branch.
Hull.—11 Princess Street, off Mason Street and Sykes Street. Reading-room open every night, 7 to 10 o'clock; and on Sundays 10 am. to 10 p.m. Lecture every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

- Ipswich.—"George Inn," Woodhouse Street.
Leeds.—New Fleece Inn, Pemberton Street, Dewsbury Road.
Leicester.—Radical Club, Vine Street. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—145 Grey Mare Lane, Bradford, Manchester. Club and Reading Room open every evening. Business meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p.m. prompt. Lecture with discussion at 8 o'clock.
Norwich.—No. 6 St. Benedict St. Lecture and discussion every Sunday and Monday at 8 p.m. Reading-room open every day from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Oldham.—Mrs. Wrigley's Coffee Tavern, 9 Old Market Place. Wednesdays, 7.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25 1/2 Pembroke Street. Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.

Open-air Propaganda for the Week.

Table with columns: Date, Station, Time, Speaker, Branch. Includes entries for London (Harrow Road, Hackney, Hammersmith, etc.) and Provinces (Hunslet Moor, Gorton Lane, etc.).

THREE KINGS' TAVERN, Clerkenwell Close.—Sunday November 14, at 8.30. T. E. Wardle, "Terrorism and Classes v. Sexes."
SOCIALISM IN NEWCASTLE.—A Society for the discussion of Socialism has been formed in Newcastle. The secretary is Edward R. Pease, 29 Claremont Road.
CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST SOCIETY, Industrial Hall, Clark's Buildings, Broad Street, Bloomsbury.—Wed. Nov. 17. Rev. C. L. Marson, "How to push the Cause."

FREE SPEECH DEFENCE FUND.
By Mainwaring, collected in Hyde Park (7s. 5d. and 5s.), 12s. 5d. Deficit, £4, 1s. 1 1/2d.—Ph. W., Treasurer, Nov. 9.
COMMONWEAL PRINTING FUND.
Donation from D. N. ... £15 0 0 Bloomsbury Branch (weekly) £0 5 0
T. B. (two weeks) ... 0 1 0 T. B. ... 0 0 6
Hammersmith Branch (weekly) 0 10 0 N. London Branch, collected
Bloomsbury Branch (weekly) 0 5 0 in Regents Park ... 0 5 0
N. London Branch, collected ... 0 5 5 £17 1 11
Hammersmith Branch (weekly) 0 10 0 PH. W., Treasurer, Nov. 9.

Table with columns: Item, Amount. Includes entries for Bloomsbury Branch, T. B., Hammersmith Branch, etc.

LITERATURE OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

- The Manifesto of the Socialist League. Annotated by E. Belfort Bax and Wm. Morris. An exposition of the principles on which the League is founded. 1d.
For Whom Shall We Vote? Addressed to the Working-men and Electors of Great Britain. 8pp. cr. 8vo. For distribution, 2s. per 100. 3d.
Trades' Unions. By E. Belfort Bax. 1d.
The Factory Hell. By Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx-Aveling. 1d.
The Commune of Paris. By E. B. Bax, Victor Dave, and William Morris. 2d.
Organised Labour: The Duty of the Trades' Unions in Relation to Socialism. By Thomas Binning (London Society of Compositors) 1d.
Art and Socialism. By William Morris. Bijou edition. 3d.
Chants for Socialists. By William Morris. 3d.
The Labour Question from the Socialist Standpoint. By William Morris. 1d.
Useful Work v. Useless Toil. By Wm. Morris. 1d.

Where to get the "Commonweal."

- AIRDRIE—A. Thomson, High St.
ARBOATH—David Noble
BIRMINGHAM—J. Sketchley, 348 Cheapside
BRADFORD—W. A. Clough, Well Street; James Schofield, Wakefield Road; B. Trainor, 33 Heaton Road
BRISTOL—Morrish, Narrow Wine St.
BROOKBURN—David Fairlie
DUBLIN—Wheeler, Earl St.; O'Brien, 22 Upper Ormond Quay; Carver, 41 Amiens Street; Mannock, 9 Great Brunswick Street
DUNDEE—Blair & Son, Castle St.; Wm. Blair, 40 Wellgate and in Overgate
EDINBURGH—B. Given, 20 Bristo St.; News Stall, Princes St.; Inglis, Dundee St.; Jas. Tait, Leith Walk; J. Donald, 272 Leith Walk; Hardie, Cumberland St.; L. Forrest, St. Mary Street.
GLASGOW—R. Ferguson, Ingram St.; W. Porteous & Co., Royal Exchange Pl.; Mrs. Thomson, St. Enoch Sq.; Walter Scott & Co., 4 Bridge St.; J. Tollins, 5 Main St.; Bridgeton; W. Stewart, 94 Canning St., Calton; W. Winning, 270 Crown St.
GRAHAMSTON—R. S. Frew
HAVERHILL (Suffolk)—Chevons & Son, High St.
HAWICK—J. Finlay, High St.; J. C. Goodfellow, High St.
HULL—H. Witty, Suffolk Row, Wincolmead
HULME—Radical Club; Stall corner of Fountain Street and Market Street
LEEDS—W. Walton, Old Market Street; Hutchinson, Meadow Road; J. Walter, 11 Market Street, Briggate.
LEICESTER—Secular Hall.
LEITH—Robinson, Kirkgate
LINTLITHGOW—R. Hardie, High St.
LIVERPOOL—Landing Stage; Stocker, 27 Vauxhall Road; Tibbs, 11 St. James Place; F. Bacon, Prescott St.
MANCHESTER—R. Urwin (wholesale), 145 Grey Mare Lane, Bradford, Manchester; Putnam, 73 Street, behind Oldham Street; Watts, 43 Charles Street, Oxford Road; Jones, 46 Oxford Road.
NORTHAMPTON—W. Brain, 16 Little Cross St.
NOTTINGHAM—C. W. Clarke, 56 Melton St.
NORWICH—Howse, Bethel St.; Thompson, Magdalen St.
OLDHAM—J. Salway, 64 Falcon St. off Ashton Road.
OXFORD—English, 38 St. Ebbe's St.; Miss Foy, 5 The Plain, St. Clement's.
SPENNYMOOR—Wm. Tunstall, 62 High St.