

THE COMMONWEAL

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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A MASS MEETING

WILL BE HELD AT THE

REFORMER'S TREE, HYDE PARK,

ON

Sunday, June 14th, at 3 p.m.,

WHEN SPEECHES WILL BE DELIVERED UPON

STRIKES, Their Cause & Cure

AMONG THE SPEAKERS WILL BE THE FOLLOWING—

D. J. NICOLL, Editor of the *Commonweal*, P. KROPOTKINE, LOUISE MICHEL, R. GUNDERSON, International Society of Tailors, S. MAINWARING, Amalgamated Society of Engineers, C. W. MOWBRAY, Amalgamated Society of Tailors, W. WESS, International Workmen's Party, R. W. BURNIE, London Socialist League, W. LEGGATT, Carmen's Union, J. TURNER, President Shop Assistants' Union, W. B. PARKER and W. CHAPPLE, London Society of Composers, Y. YANOVSKY, Editor of *Workers' Friend*, J. BLACKWELL, Editor of *Freedom*, and other well-known Anarchists.

THE GREAT 'BUS STRIKE.

THE Great 'Bus Strike is a grand lesson to the English workers. It shows what men can do if they are but courageous and determined. It has proved that a section of English workers, who one would have thought were the most imbued with Jingoism and that class pride which has been the curse of the aristocrats of labour, have not scorned to follow the example of the despised "foreigners" in acting with revolutionary vigour for themselves. The courage displayed by the brave Paris 'busmen has stirred the hearts of their English brethren with the same spirit of revolt, and we have seen here in Jingo Tory London, a grand outburst of revolutionary boldness that has startled and amazed the world. Yes, we have seen within the last few days a realization of the International Solidarity of Labour. This solidarity is no longer a matter of words but of deeds. The "howling mobs" of London and the Paris *canaille* have shaken hands across the Channel. These mobs, this rabble that has overturned and smashed omnibuses, these "roughs" on whom the middle classes shower their hardest epithets, and whom Radical prints warn in solemn language against resorting to "violence," it is to these whom credit is really due for the victories in London and Paris.

We have this upon the best authority, the blacklegs themselves. A deputation of these miserable creatures waited upon the Directors on Monday to protest their "loyalty" to the Company, to denounce the "agitators" and to show what wretched and servile hounds they were. One, a creature named Bristow, was asked by one of the Directors, if he and the rest of the despicable gang of crawlers had police protection, would they take the 'busses out, to which he replied, we quote from the *Echo* report of Monday, June 8th, "I don't think it would be safe." The gentleman who wrote that moral sermon to the men in the leading article in the *Star* might ponder upon their words, and bear in mind that there is a large number of craven wretches in the world of the Bristow type. These people have no fine feelings, they love dirty actions almost because they are dirty, and especially would they rush to do any mean and cowardly work to gratify their superiors, by blacklegging to their heart's content, but when they "don't think it would be safe," then they are restrained

from rolling in the mire of infamy, and their natural cowardice becomes a negative kind of virtue.

The busmen's strike, thanks to "roughs" and "howling mobs" who convinced these gentlemen that it was not "safe" to turn blacklegs has been a success. But no thanks is due for this to the "leaders" who were very careful to tell the men how to lose the strike by issuing the following "orders." "Do not do anything unlawful. Do not use threats, intimidation, or violence to any man. Do not injure any property. Keep strictly within the law." These "orders" do justice to Mr. Sutherst's legal training, but not to his common sense. Unless they were meant "ironical" like the famous speech of a Yankee orator, who in addressing an audience concerning a political opponent, said, "Don't put him under the pump. Don't duck him in the horse pond. Don't ride him on a rail. Don't tar and feather him. It is fortunate that the busmen and the "roughs" understood Mr. Sutherst's orders in the same sense as the Yankee orator's audience understood his language, for they immediately proceeded to do all these things to the gentleman of whom he was speaking; and if the "howling mobs" had not understood Mr. Sutherst's orders in a similar sense, creatures of the Bristow type would have felt safe, and the supply of blacklegs might have been unlimited.

We hail the busmen's strike as a popular victory, a victory of the rabble, a triumph gained by the spontaneous action of the people themselves, a truly Anarchist outburst against "law and order" and "property." All honour then to the "howling mobs" who besieged the gates of the yards and drove the blackleg 'busmen back again by sheer terror, when they saw 'busses overturned and smashed by a crowd savage with fury. The deeds of these "ruffians" who did not mind risking their limbs if not their lives to help their brethren, are worth all the sham sentiment of newspaper scribes, and fine gentlemen who talk philanthropic Socialism and preach against "violence" in middle class drawing rooms. We don't believe in this cant. We know that it is only through "violence" that the people can gain any victory, and till the blackleg and sweater dangle from the same lamp post, the masses will still remain in misery and destitution.

Still, we admit that the "leaders," inspired by the dauntless spirit of the men, have shown more pluck and determination up to the present than some strike "leaders" have done. John Burns especially has been all over the shop, like an incarnation of the spirit of the revolt drawing out blacklegs by the hundred and proving plainly to all, that he is at his best in the midst of the rush and excitement of a great strike. Although Anarchists are not great man worshippers, we cannot help regretting that Burns, with his tremendous power of awakening the masses from their apathy into active rebellion against capitalist tyranny, should even dream of wasting his time upon the dullards, asses, and thieves who fill our House of Commons.

Still we have hopes that after a little experience of that place, Burns will agree with us, and at any rate a labour leader who is still looked upon by the police as "dangerous" enough to arrest for "intimidation," can be admired by revolutionists without any sacrifice of their principles.

On the whole we are delighted with the 'Bus Strike, and the most valuable lesson to gain from it is, what can be accomplished by workmen if they are but united and determined. If a general strike of 'Busmen can win a twelve hours day, what could not be gained by a Universal Strike of all workers in every trade and industry. Why they could win not only a twelve or eight hours day, but the creation of their labour, all the wealth which they have made. Is this impossible? well, many of us thought that a general strike of London dockers or 'busmen was "impossible," but both have occurred, and at the rate we are moving we may see events more strange and startling than these great strikes before very long. D. J. NICOLL.

AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

On Wednesday last we paid a visit to the quaint old garrison town of Colchester, to welcome our comrade, C. W. Mowbray, junr., on his release from the military prison, where he had been confined for two months for desertion, and for which he was discharged from the

army, his services being no longer required! Our first point of attraction after leaving the railway station, was of course the camp, in order to have a talk with the soldiers, and to circulate among them the ideas which we held, and to find out what was the feeling of the men towards the workers who revolt against the tyranny of the capitalist. We first visited the lines and had a chat with some soldiers, after which we adjourned to the garrison canteen, where we found the greatest point of attraction existed; here amid the fumes of tobacco and beer were heard the rough jokes intermingled with foul language, which goes to make up the amusement of the men. We wondered for the moment if it was any use trying to impress such people with the sentiments and aspirations of Socialism, and whether our money had not been wasted; but a beginning had to be made. Though it was dangerous in the extreme to make that beginning amidst a mixed audience of Dragoons, Artillery, Munster Fusiliers, Royal Irish, Suffolk Militia, and Norfolk Regiment, with a sprinkling of Army Ordnance men and Hospital Corps, whose minds were all more or less fixed upon a song which was being sung by a lady, the title of the song being "Brave Sir Colin Campbell," being a tribute I suppose to the memory of one of "Britain's murderers." Imagine our feelings when this was sung, it was like madness to think of beginning to do propaganda among men who cheered such a song as this, yet, as I said, a beginning had to be made, and so in we plunged. We asked a soldier if he knew Sir Colin Campbell, and without troubling our readers with questions and answers, we will briefly state what followed closely after. We were not long in getting a group around us eager to listen to a discussion, though it had to be carried on in an undertone, the word was eagerly passed from one to another that we were Socialists, and that we had come to welcome young Mowbray on his release. Many were the enquiries regarding why he had been discharged, and oftentimes we had to repeat the answer that it was owing to his being connected with the Revolutionary Anarchists; we found few among the soldiers who understood what Anarchy meant, but Revolution, they all knew the meaning of. "That's just what we want, mate," it's time we did have a revolution to clear out some of the bosses, "I wish it was here to-morrow," and so forth, was heard from several. We then passed a few papers among them, and order being called again we had to listen to another song, after which "God save the Queen" was played by the orchestra. What startled us for a moment, for we were totally unprepared for this, a few began singing, but the majority by far began howling and hissing; this gave us hope, after the canteen was closed we went with a group of soldiers into the rooms they occupied and there again we had a further talk, staying among them for the night.

We got away early the next morning, soon after the first bugle sounded, in order to wait at the prison gate for our comrade who was released at 7 a.m., and escorted outside the camp, we of course having to follow, as our presence was just beginning to make itself known and felt. We desired to again re-enter the camp but were denied admission; however, we were equal to the occasion, and were not to be balked in this way by a provost-sergeant, so we separated, and one of our comrades gained re-entry with a parcel of papers, whilst we were outside doing the same among the civilians from house to house.

On again meeting our comrade we were immediately assured that more literature was wanted in the camp, so again our comrade went in and circulated amidst much danger from the provost police and the jingo soldier, who is always to be found. We circulated about 500 special numbers of the *Commonweal* and two thousand leaflets, and we may rest assured that this will bear good fruit in the near future. And now for a reason why the soldiers need not be feared so very much; the majority of those who enlist do so merely through lack of work and not from patriotism, and from the time they enter until the time they are discharged, the private soldier is shown his inferiority by every Jack-in-office, from the Colonel to the Lance-corporal, all of whom seem to think that it is their special function to make the life of Tommy Atkins a burden to him. For us this is good; we could do nothing but regret it were it otherwise, and the private soldier will not forget it when called upon to crush a popular revolt, if only in the meantime we are active in showing him his true position as well as ours. To see the face of the soldier when he is first told he is a hired murderer, is indeed a study; a feeling of indignation and a desire to resent the insulting accusation at first seizes him, but what is truly significant the reverse follows, then a feeling of disgust takes the place of the hitherto jingo spirit, and as he thinks perhaps of an old man eking out a bare existence by hard toil in some factory or by some stone heap on the roadside, or perhaps on some farm land, a sickening feeling takes possession of his breast as he silently murmurs to himself the one word "father." Perhaps he may see a lonely cottage in some remote village or a garret in some large centre of industry, where an aged woman is struggling to earn a crust by needlework or doing a little washing, or perhaps working in the fields in all kinds of weather for just enough to obtain the poorest kind of existence, whilst her son is away serving the class who are making her life such a burden. Then he inwardly curses the day which saw him enlist and leave his home, and he longs once again to embrace that being which gave him birth, and which in childhood's days he called by the endearing term of "mother;" perhaps he remembers some poor factory girl, who, oppressed by the accursed conditions of factory life is driven to seek a livelihood on the streets by prostituting her beauty and her person, rather than submit to be slowly murdered by impure air or starved for want of food, and this in order that some painted doll shall regulate all she wants to enable her to please some capitalist robber

murderer, and the soldier slowly wipes his cheek and wonders why the tear silently mounts to his eye as he thinks of his sister or sweetheart. When this occurs, and we have seen it, then there is hope that a little manly feeling still exists in that breast beneath the soldier's coat. Is it any wonder that the days of hard toil and scant pay flashes across his own mind when he thinks, especially of some poor consumptive or perhaps a crippled brother or chum, and wonders how they are getting on.

Strict care is taken to drill the soldier into obedience and servility, and to keep from his reach all books or papers which would make him discontented and spoil him as a fighting machine, therefore it is not to be wondered at, that he knows so little of the real meaning of the labour struggle, and amid the strikes and labour riots which are becoming almost of daily occurrence, it is more important than ever that the soldier should be urged to pause and think, before he allows himself to be used to coerce (and if needs be to kill) his father, mother, sister, brother, or fellow-workers, who are struggling to obtain a decent life.

We feel confident that with the growth of the present feeling among the soldiery, aided by our persistent propaganda in their midst, that the hopes of the capitalist will not be realised when he calls for the help of these men to crush the unwilling slaves of factory, field or workshop. We congratulate our comrades who are in the ranks upon the good work they have done, and we promise them another reassuring visit before long; and in the meantime let them remember that when the time comes, the rallying cry is *Revolt*, and the object Freedom and Happiness to the human race, and when the people, tired of misery, do rise with that battle-cry. Who doubt but that a great number if not all of the soldiers, will re-echo it.

We who have been among them do not, and anyone who does, blindly shut his eyes to the work which has been done, and is being done, in the ranks; 2,500 papers and pamphlets were circulated this time, and the cost of railway fares, etc., did not exceed 30s. Truly this work was among some of the best and cheapest yet done. We can only conclude with the hope that Rochester and Chatham will see us next. Who will help?

Yours for the Revolution,
CHAPPLE & MOWBRAY.

NOTES.

For the last few weeks certain reactionary newspapers, headed by the *Evening News*, have been making a hideous outcry concerning what they are pleased to call the "Immigration of Foreign Paupers." To read these papers one would imagine that starvation wages and the slavery of long hours were unknown in England till the "wicked foreign pauper" came and brought these evils with him. We have even had questions asked in parliament as to an impending invasion of 60,000 "aliens," for the imagination of Harry Marks' young men is not limited, and like their worthy proprietor, they can evolve miracles out of it, such as "gold mines," where the purblind vision of ordinary humanity would see nothing. And if we look into this "patriotic" agitation, we shall see that there is almost as much humbug about it as there was about the Great Rae Mine.

The *Evening News* would have us believe that low wages, long hours, blacklegs, and shoddy goods, are entirely of foreign invention. For instance, the bus and tram-slaves, agricultural labourers, the dockers, and the chain-makers of Cradley Heath, all get so little or work such long hours, because foreign paupers are over-running the fair fields of England and taking the bread out of their mouths. Unfortunately for this argument there is very little foreign labour engaged in these occupations, and yet wages are as a rule lower than among the bakers, cabinet-makers, tailors, and shoemakers, with whom foreigners compete, and it is a still more curious fact, that in some of these latter occupations, the "wicked foreigner" earns higher wages than the Englishman, but how this tends to reduce the Englishman's wages we have yet to learn.

Take again the great blackleg question. Were those men foreigners who worked into the places of the South Metropolitan gas-stokers, the Scottish Railway Strikers, or the striking sailors and dockers? No, these blacklegs were all "free born" Englishmen, and it is a fact that the men who were most active in providing blacklegs for the Dock Company and the shipowners, were Captain Armit, and Messrs. Lemon, Peters, and Kelly, and are the same men who used to head anti-foreign agitations in days gone by, and who, even now, write indignant letters to the *Evening News* about "foreign paupers" taking out their work. Our readers may judge how anxious are these double-dyed traitors, who would sell their own mother for a pot of beer, to really improve the conditions of English working-people. We may depend upon it, that if prohibition of foreign immigration or the expulsion of all the foreigners in England would do this, we should not find these people advocating these measures.

When I listen to the indignant voices of Messrs. Marks, Lemon, Peters, and Kelly, denouncing foreigners for taking the bread out of their mouths, I am reminded of a certain incident that happened a year or two ago. One of our comrades, at a demonstration in Hyde Park, came upon a gang of roughs maltreating a foreign comrade. He remonstrated, and was met with the cry: "This is one of them b—— foreigners, who's a-working under price and lowering our wages."

"Why," said our friend, thinking the accusers were unskilled labourers, "there is no foreign competition in your work, surely?" "Don't do no work, aint such b— fools," was the unexpected reply. These roughs remind one of Harry Marks & Co.

We should imagine that the great genius Marks, having found out that swindling confiding widows and persuading credulous investors to put their savings in phantom gold mines, is a business that brings little credit, though it may be profitable, has embarked his fortune in some sweating dens, and finding the foreigners rather rebellious, on account of the prevalence of Anarchism and Socialism among them, has determined to frighten them into submission by threats of expulsion. It is a strange thing, surely, that this agitation should be at its loudest at the very time when the foreigners have been fighting bravely against the slavery of the sweater. We have noted also that in some articles in the *Anti Jacobin*, in which we fancy we recognise the hand of our old friend (?) Maltman Barry, the preaching of Socialist and Anarchist doctrines by our Berner Street comrades, in their paper the *Workers' Friend*, from which extracts are given, is made one of the counts of the indictment against the Russian Jews. It is therefore evident that this outcry against the "foreigner" is based upon the fact that he is not obedient enough to the sweaters, and not because he takes lower wages or works longer hours than the Englishman. If this is not the case, how is it that the blackleg, if he is only a "free-born Briton," can always find friends and patrons in Harry Marks and his comrades in the Anti-Foreign Crusade. When we hear Harry Marks talking of his "patriotism," after his adventures in New York and the Stock Exchange, we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's famous sentence, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Of "scoundrels," we may say, for the whole gang engaged in howling against the "foreigner" certainly belong to that variety of the human race.

We can only warn the English workers not to be gulled by these shallow knaves, who are trying to divert their attention from their real enemies, the capitalist classes, by stirring up hatred between them and their foreign comrades, who are fighting side by side with them for the freedom and happiness of the human race. N.

The Marquis of Ripon seems to smell revolution in the air. He admitted at the annual dinner of the Palmerston Club, Oxford University, on Saturday last, that the great question of the day was the Labour Question, and it will not wait long for solution, according to his idea. He advises the "payment of members!" in order that more working-men may go to parliament, so that the classes may have a chance of hearing of the conditions of the working classes from workmen themselves. We earnestly hope working-men will not be fools enough to take this advice, as it can only end in compromise or failure. We have forced the attention to the Labour Question upon the classes outside of parliament, our most important work now is to force the attention of the workers themselves to their condition, and this also can be done better outside than in. Workers awake from your apathy.

It is not surprising to us to see the *Standard* of last Monday's issue commenting on the 'busmen's strike, and urging the free use of the policeman's baton. This beats the *Times* into fits, for that journal only urges the use of that weapon in Ireland. The *Evening News*, however, thinks that the "ruffians" who overturned an omnibus ought to have had their heads broke, and they would cry more power to the policeman's elbow who did it. We are only sorry that more have not been overturned, for nothing touches a capitalist's heart quicker than destroying his means of plunder, in other words, his property. We hope working men will make a mental note of whose heads will have to be broken when the struggle begins in real earnest. Look out, Marks, Lawson, & Co., remember Foulon.

Bravo, Wilson! At the Cardiff police court on Monday last, Mr. J. H. Wilson, General Secretary of the Seamen and Firemen's Union, attended to prefer his charges of perjury against the witnesses who were instrumental in getting him three months imprisonment. He could not be present last week at the hearing, so the stipendiary made some insulting remarks about him. On Monday when Wilson turned up he wanted to explain, but the Stipendiary refused to listen to him, thereupon he challenged the Stipendiary to repeat his remarks outside, and when he declined, he called him a coward. The Stipendiary wants him to apologise, but Wilson will see him d—d first. We again say, Bravo! it is about the first case on record, and we hope others will follow suit as a protest against such mockery as Courts of Law.

Bravo! Rotherham (Sheffield). This is good news indeed; the Trades Unionists of that town refuse to take part in the Demonstration to welcome Albert Edward, the Gambler and Christian Prince, who is to visit the town on the 25th. We congratulate them on their good sense, and trust their example will be followed by other bodies of trades unionists. We should, however, trust they will not stop at the "Prince," but show their hatred and contempt for every capitalist thief in the same manner.

Let the working men lay this to heart. About forty-five per cent. of the working population who reach the age of sixty become paupers. Every young workman who is not a fool ought to ask himself if he is

likely to be one of this number, for if he reaches this age he is almost sure to be; and if this does not spur him to action he is fit to be nothing but a slave as long as he can work, and to die a miserable pauper when he is no longer fit to labour for the benefit of the capitalist.

Gibbon it was, I believe, who said, "A nation of slaves is always prepared to applaud the clemency of their master, who in the abuse of absolute power, does not proceed to the last extremes of injustice and oppression." Some of the workers on strike at present might read this and learn something from it. C. W. M.

THE BEAST OF PROPERTY

By JOHN MOST.

(Continued from page 55.)

In order to proceed thoroughly in the economic sense, all lands and so-called real estate, with everything upon it, as well as all moveable capital, will be declared the property of the respective communes. Until the thorough harmonious reorganisation of society can be effected, the proclamation of the following principles and measures might render satisfaction:—

Every pending debt is liquidated. Objects of personal use which were pawned or mortgaged will be returned free. No rent will be paid. District committees on habitation, which will sit in permanence, allot shelter to those who are homeless or who have inadequate or unhealthy quarters; after the great purification there will be no want for desirable homes.

Until everyone can obtain suitable employment, the Commune must guarantee to all the necessities of life. Committees on supplies will regulate the distribution of confiscated goods. Should there be lack of anything, which might be the case in respect to articles of food, these must be obtained by proper agents. Taking such things from neighbouring great estates by armed columns of foragers would be a most expeditious way of furnishing them.

The preparation of provisions will be done effectively by communal associations of workmen, organised for that purpose.

The immediate organisation of the workers according to the different branches of trade, and of placing at their disposal the factories, mines, machines, raw materials, &c., for co-operative production, will form the basis of the new society.

The Commune will—at least for the present—be supposed to mediate and regulate consumption. It, therefore, enters into contracts with the individual workers' associations, makes periodical advances to them, which may consist in drafts upon the communal wares collected and stored, and thereby gives the death-stroke to the old monetary system.

Good schools, kindergartens, and other institutions for education must be founded without delay. The education of adults, which will then be possible, must not be neglected or postponed. Truth and knowledge must be taught in all churches, where no priestly cant will be tolerated. All printing presses must be put into operation to produce books, papers, and pamphlets of educational value by the million, to be distributed everywhere, particularly in regions not yet liberated from thralldom.

All law books, court and police records, registers of mortgages, deeds, bonds, and all so-called *valuable documents* must be burned.

These indications only serve to show that the period of transition, which generally dismays those who otherwise energetically advocate a reorganisation of society, because it appears difficult and arduous to them, need not be of such difficult nature.

And now let us take a look at the ideal of our aspirations.

Free society consists of autonomous, *i.e.*, independent Communes. A net-work of federations, the result of freely-made social contracts, and not of authoritative government or guardianship, surrounds them all. Common affairs are attended to in accordance with free deliberation and judgment by the interested Communes or associations. The people, without distinction of sex, meet frequently in parks or suitable halls, not, indeed, to make laws or to bind their own hands, but in order to decide from case to case in all matters touching public affairs, or for appointing individuals to execute their resolves, and hear their reports.

The exterior appearances of these Communes will be entirely different from that of the present cities and villages. Narrow streets will have vanished, tenement prisons will be torn down, and spacious, well-fitted palaces, surrounded by gardens and parks, erected in their places, giving accommodation to larger or smaller associations brought together by identical interests, increasing comforts to a degree which no individual or family arrangement could reach.

In the country the people will be more concentrated. One agricultural Commune, with city conveniences, will take the place of several villages. The uniting farms hitherto separated, the general application and constant improvement of agricultural implements and chemical fertilisers, the growing perfection of the means of communication and transportation have simplified this process of concentration. The former contrast between city and country disappears, and the principle of equality gains one of its most important triumphs.

Private property exists no more. All wealth belongs to the Commune and the communal leagues. Everybody, whether able to work or not, can obtain from them such articles of necessity as he may desire.

The sum total of necessities and comforts demanded regulates the quantity of production.

The time of labour for the individual is limited to a few hours a day, because all those able to work, regardless of sex, take part in production, because useless, injurious, or similar work will not be done, and because technical, chemical, and other auxiliary means of production are highly developed and universally applied. By far the greater part of the day can be spent in the enjoyment of life. The highest gratification will be found in freely chosen intellectual employment. Some spend their leisure time in the service of their fellow-men, and are busy for the common weal. Others can be found in the libraries, where they apply themselves to literary pursuits, or to gathering material for educational lectures, or simply for private studies. Others again hasten to the lyceums, open to all, and there hear science lectures. Academies of painting, sculpture, and music, offer chances of education for such as follow the fine arts.

Friends of childhood, especially those of the female sex, centre about the places of education, where, under the directions of the real teachers of youth, they aid in the rearing and culture of the rising generation. Teaching will be done only in well-ventilated, light rooms, and, during fine weather, in the open air. And in order to secure the equal development of mind and body, merry play, gymnastics, and work will alternate with the close application of the mind.

Theatres and concert halls will offer free seats to all.

Forced or procured marriages are unknown; mankind has returned to the natural state, and love rules unconstrained.

Vice and crime have disappeared with their original causes: private property and general misery.

Diseases to a great extent cease to appear, because bad lodging, murderous workshops, impure food and drink, over-exertion, &c., have become things unknown.

Man at last can and does enjoy life—THE "BEAST OF PROPERTY" IS NO MORE!

REVIEWS.

"IN DARKEST LONDON," a new and popular edition of Captain Lobe, a story of the Salvation Army, by JOHN LAW, with an introduction by General Booth. William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street. Price 1s.

We have found this little book full of interest, not so much for the story, which is very slight, serving but to link together a series of pictures of East End life whose truth is apparent to all who have given any attention to its various phases. "John Law" (Miss Margaret Harkness) has evidently not been content only to study the subject from books, but speaks from experience and observation. Much of the book is devoted to the work of the Salvation Army, all the members of which according to our author must be angels, and they are contrasted with the Socialists very much to the disadvantage of the latter. "John Law" accuses Socialists of being "jealous" and "quarrelsome." Possibly if "John Law" had been behind the scenes of the Salvation Army she would have found that many members of that body are not entirely destitute of these amiable qualities, to say nothing of petty scandal-mongering and backbiting so common in most religious organisations. We admit that there has never been a serious split in that body, but this is not because General Booth "works with such good will," or is so "facetious," but to the more obvious fact that he owns all property and has a despotic control over the purse strings of the Army. We are sorry to see the book is being used to puff Booth's scheme, the great "General" seizing the opportunity in his preface, soliciting contributions—for in our opinion this plan will do nothing to alleviate but will rather intensify the misery existing in East London. The hopelessness of all attempts to tinker with the pressing problem of what to do with East London, is perhaps best shown in a few words of one of the finest characters in "Captain Lobe," a doctor of great scientific attainments, who devotes his life to work among the poor. "The whole of the East End is starving. What the people want is food, not physic. . . . If I could do anything I would not grumble, but here I fight day after day against an overwhelming mass of misery. Here I have been for ten years knowing all the time that people had better die than live on in this state of semi-starvation. I am at it still, I bring into the world scrofulous children; I bolster up diseased patients; I let people down easily into the grave; I do no good but I cannot get away, the misery I see binds me here as a parish doctor." Let us ask the thoughtful reader if Booth's scheme, which after all is only the old emigration panacea, is likely to carry off all this mass of poverty. What is really wanted is not a plan for throwing the starving poor upon the shores of other countries, but that a complete change in their social condition, that will give to workers the wealth they produce by their labour, and until this is accomplished, all the "schemes" of Booth and Co. will still leave the East End desolate and starving.

"SCOTIA REDVIVA." Home Rule for Scotland, with lives of William Wallace, George Buchanan, Fletcher o' Saltoun, and Thomas Spence, by J. Morrison Davidson. Price 1s. William Reeves.

Morrison Davidson has produced a very readable book upon a question which is generally supposed to be only of interest to Scotsmen. The author succeeds in demonstrating that not only was the "Union" the result of the bribery by the "English middle classes of what Carlyle called, "a selfish, ferocious, famishing, unprincipled set of hyenas," i.e., the nobles of Scotland, but that it has been used ever since as a means of stifling the democratic aspirations of the Scottish people, and of plundering the country for the benefit of wealthy Englishmen. Mr. Davidson points particularly to the cruel treatment of the Highlanders by the middle class legislature of Westminster, which has reduced them from being owners of the land in common to mere tenants at will, and he tells with deep feeling the pitiful story of how they have been evicted by thousands from the land which was once their own. At the same time the men who have endured all these ills at the hands of the commercial classes have shed their blood in many wars for the benefit of these thieves, who, in their greed for gain drove them from their homesteads to make way for sheep or deer. Thus do the commercial classes trample down the people to increase their riches and pleasures. Mr. Davidson's short lives of Wallace, Fletcher, Buchanan and Spence are excellent. We are unable to agree with him, however, in his

approbation of Fletcher of Saltoun's proposal to enslave the vagabonds in Scotland, who the writer admits were driven to beg or steal by "landlordism and usury." Surely the victims of an unjust system of society should not be treated in this fashion. Surely if anyone was to be punished it ought to be the statesmen and rich men who had made them what they were. If Fletcher of Saltoun's proposal can be justified, then the bloody legislation of our early "Protestant" sovereigns might also be defended; but Mr. Davidson in his zeal for State Socialistic remedies and love for the stern old Scottish Republican would surely not go as far as this.

"THE NEW STATE, OR, UNORTHODOX SOCIALISM," by J. Stirling. William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Stirling has endeavoured in this work to bring to birth a new school of Socialism. There is, however, but little that is new or strange about Mr. Stirling's book, which simply belongs to the school of Socialism which is represented by such books as Bellamy's "Looking Backward" or "Gronlund's Co-operative Commonwealth." Mr. Stirling is however in some case even more daring than these authors in describing these details of what he thinks will be the future society, for instance we are informed that all "land and houses, except those devoted to public purposes are rented from the local corporation, all rents paid quarterly in advance. Occupiers of private houses or lands failing to pay the rents as they become due will be liable to eviction and imprisonment." This is frank at least, and as there is a good deal of fine and imprisonment under Mr. Stirling's system, the proletarian who declares in its favour may certainly know what to expect. We are also to be blessed with a police force! these considerations may perhaps overcloud the bright prospect of a "minimum salary of fully eight shillings" and a "six hours, working day." Mr. Stirling's scheme is we fear not likely to excite much enthusiasm: it is too honest. State Socialists should always show the advantages and not the disadvantages of their system, and it is a mistake to let us see that a police force for the purpose of evicting and imprisoning the workers is an absolute necessity in a Social Democratic State.

The Sheffield Group of Anarchist-Communists will hold a Conference on Sunday, June 28th, at 47, Westbar Green, Sheffield. Comrades from other Groups are invited to attend.

A CONCERT AND BALL, together with a Grand Distribution of Socialist, Anarchist, and other Works, will take place on Wednesday evening, July 1st, at the Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, at which over 200 Prizes, to the value of £23, will be given away. Tickets Sixpence each. Further particulars next week.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. The Committee have now secured large and commodious premises in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. Funds however are urgently needed, and subscriptions should be sent to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS. A new propaganda group has recently been formed to spread our principles among the young. The group meets every Wednesday at 8.30, at the Club Autonomie. All young men anxious to work for the Cause are invited to attend.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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