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THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART, AND ITS APPLICATION TO INDUSTRY.

(The following forms part of the paper read by comrade Crane at the recent Liverpool Art Congress, which we are enabled to publish by the kindness of the writer.)

WE are here to further the advancement of Art in its application to Industry. Are we quite sure that we do not mean, The advancement of Industry by the application of Art?

For the last two or three centuries, we appear to have been applying all the power of organisation, the ingenuity, and the mechanical invention of man to the advancement of Industry, in the interest of competitive commerce; not with the advancement of Art as the object, but rather that of profit-making; with the economic result that we cannot find work enough for the compulsorily idle hands to do; while in the din of the vast workshop of machine production, and the fierce battle of the world-market, Art can hardly find a place for the sole of her foot.

Mechanical invention in the interest of trade has dominated us. Mechanical invention has outstripped the invention of the artist. Mechanical smoothness has taken the place of artistic thought and finish. And why? Because, to our great deity of commercial enterprise and successful trade, the amount of the output is more regarded than the artistic quality of the material and work.

The very spirit and meaning of the word "artistic" implies something harmonious; something in relation to its surroundings; something arising out of the joy of life, and expressing the delight of the artist in his work, however arduous; something personal, the expression of one mind or of many; congruous; expressly and lovingly addressed to particular persons, and adapted to particular places and things. Not a mere system of guess work: beginning with the designer, who makes a guess at the sort of thing that may possibly "take," rather than what he personally likes and has a feeling for. The designer again being dependent on the manufacturer, guessing what the market or the trade will take; as he again depends on the conjectures of the trade, as to what an unknown quantity in the public can be induced to take. The public again, surrounded with every species of conundrum in the name of art, is driven to guess in its turn as to—not what it really likes, or what is good and fitted to its purpose, but—what is the correct thing to buy, or what other people buy, or are likely to buy. So the whole structure of applied art under our present system, speaking generally, is built upon the shifting sands of insincerity and speculation.

Let us enquire what natural affinity there is between art and industry. Properly considered, obviously, they should be inseparable; but the spirit that rules industry now is wrapped up in the one object of the salesman—to sell.

The spirit of industry is merely to produce. The spirit of the artist is not merely to produce, but to express, as well as produce, and to express something which is a joy to him in the making, and may be a joy to the user and beholder. In the search after perfection of method of expression, in the struggle to express his thoughts, to make his work, whatever it be—the lines of a design, a simple repeating pattern, a moulding, a sculptured ornament, a figure, a group, a picture, a building—to make his work live, to answer to his thought, and so touch the thoughts of others, the artist will frequently undo or destroy his own work, will cast aside the labour that has cost him perhaps hours of toil and thought, and try again, until his work answers more nearly to the ideal in his mind. Considerations of the market are forced upon him, it is true, too often, but these have no necessary connection with art, and in so far as he ceases to be true to his ideal, and is seriously influenced, or driven by circumstances to work consciously and exclusively for money, he must deteriorate.

Now, the man of commerce, the controller of industry, seeks only to make a saleable article. He is influenced in his industrial production simply by this object. He takes the opinion of salesmen—of the trade, not of artists, as a rule; and so far as any artistic standard or aim enters into the produce of his manufactory, it is strictly checked by

the average of what his rivals are doing, and by the discovery of what the big public can be persuaded to buy.

Slowly, perhaps, some personal force or centre of artistic sincerity creates a new impulse, a new desire in a jaded public, sated with every craze and whim, under the name of art. Slowly the wave of fashion rises, swiftly it rolls; and it affects the salesman first. His arts fail him. He cannot palm off these coarse and inharmonious colours, these hideous patterns, or this clumsy furniture, charm he never so wisely. He sells at a "great sacrifice," and returns to the industrial king—the manufacturer—who either evolves something "new and original" out of his inner consciousness, or on the premises, for next season, or he seeks out the artist. He makes a compact with him. The man of ideas meets the man of industry and profit. The result is, of course, a compromise. The artist must turn out "taking" novelties in design for the market,—that is, the market of guess-work. The market must be the first consideration; it is imperative to sell one's season's goods.

Commerce, like the old woman in the nursery-tale, stands at the stile (of an over-stocked market) with her obdurate pig (over-production) that refuses to move, until the stick (of new demand) has been persuaded to bring its influence to bear, and one by one all the characters of the commercial drama act and re-act upon each other, by the very necessities of their existence,—middle-man and public, capitalist and labourer. We shall find their prototypes in our nursery-tale up to the ox (personifying John Bull) driven to action from the fear of the butcher, the nemesis of foreign competition.

The little allegory from the nursery fits the situation exactly. It has been revealed unto babes.

So the whole mill of industrial commercial production is fed and set in motion, and grinds on year after year. The wheels of its machinery, like those of fortune herself, lifting some into prosperity upon the condition of the ruin of others, and the working order of the whole depending on the existence of the vast majority of our brothers and sisters in the condition of not being more than one week's remove from destitution.

This is the social and industrial structure we have raised—in which we live, and move, and have our being. Art and industry, like figures carved in stone, may adorn its portal, and our hopes and fears, our regrets for the past, our thoughts for the future, play like cloud-shadows upon its grim façade, which will yet mock our efforts at humanising and beautifying, until its tenants some day insist on improvements, perhaps even involving a change of plan and structure.

Meanwhile our fluctuating harlequin of fashion and trade comes and goes. This year we are going to be "artistic"—everything is to be "artistic"—art-colours, art-furniture; art in the attic, art in the coal-hole. Next year, away with your degraded colours! let us be frankly barbaric in mauve and magenta! Is this the delightful, spontaneous caprice of unstable humanity, seeking novelty in the simplicity of its heart? Is it wholly unconnected with the inscrutable movements and exigencies of those commercial and industrial potentates whereof I have spoken?

The world having increased so much under the sway of our industrial kings (we will grant them that); having congregated in vast centres for the convenience of commerce and industry, necessarily has large and immediate wants. Millions of interdependent human beings demand to be fed and clothed, warmed and sheltered; with swift and efficient means of communication, and carriage from place to place. Wholesale industrial production does it, with the aid of steam and electricity; and does it so thoroughly (as regards quantity, and the purchasing power of the community) as to over-shoot the mark, and glut the market; which means that a number of citizens are obliged to go without the comforts and necessities they have assisted in producing, seeing that the system of production is not economically organised in the interest of the community, but rather for the profit of individuals.

The world does not stop in its demands at food, and clothes and shelter, however. Man doth not live by bread alone. He needs mental bread, spiritual exaltation, amusement, excitement, and would clothe his thoughts in artistic and architectural garments. Here, however, wholesale industrial machine production is distinctly at fault, even if in the quantity of its food-stuffs and bare necessities it has been blameless. The making art a commodity, or in the endeavour to make it so, its distinctive virtue and value has been left out of account.

In associating it with purely mechanical and sub-divided toil, in handing it over to the blind fingers of insensate machinery, or in setting before it a purely commercial object, both its spiritual and sensuous qualities vanish, and the reforming and educating influence, both of its practice and its ultimate appeal, is lost. The human interest being reduced to a minimum, or made to depend solely on the impulse of the pictorial sketcher, or designer, in no sort of relation to the man or the process, by which his work is to be reproduced, is apt to lose itself in the desire for mere novelty or trick, to become the art of the newspaper, which rests its claims to attention on its impartial, partial, or partisan record of passing events and news—nothing if not new. Thus both the beauty and the dignity of art are endangered, while the reduction of the handicrafts to mechanism take their personal interest and individuality away.

The idea of producing art wholesale by steam-power, is certainly an extraordinary one. It is very much like printing a misquoted line from a poet, repeating it page after page, and calling the result a book.

Our mechanical invention, directed to the cheapening of the processes of industrial production, and the acceleration in speed of that production, has out-stripped our artistic invention. In our efforts to increase the means of production we have lost sight of the end. In purely artistic production, the old methods, the old tools, mostly remain as they have done for centuries, unaffected by mechanical invention, for the simple reason that nothing can supersede the hand. The tools of the sculptor, the carver, the painter, are but extra fingers, supplementary to the original four and the indispensable thumb, to which the artist continually recurs, and with which his work is begun and ended. That personal touch and impress of character we value so highly, in what we call the Fine Arts, with the disappearance of the handicraftsman, and the severance of designer and workman, has practically ceased to exist, except in those instances of individual revival of pursuit of a craft on its original lines, of which among the cultured and the leisured, or on the part of painters or sculptors, as a diversion, have increased so much of late years.

The modern conditions of manufacture appear to have destroyed the old traditions of the handicrafts. Our commerce has vulgarised and confused the public taste. Yet, where any form of art is concerned, anything in the nature of a pattern or design in the material of surface decoration in any form, appealing to the eye, in the goods produced: manufacture is absolutely dependent on design of some sort. It may be begged, borrowed, paid for, or stolen; but still the design must be there to start with. Yet design, so far as it is under the influence of the existing conditions, has become tamer and tamer, and more and more meaningless and superficial; and it is obvious that the ill-effects of a bad design are increased a thousand-fold—or exactly in proportion to the increase in the mechanical power and speed of its production by the resources of machinery.

When the power of reproduction is so enormous it becomes, obviously, more than ever necessary to reproduce nothing in design, but what is sound and good in its way. If not, far better confine ourselves to the manufacture of plain materials—good cloth, well woven and dyed, without pattern; serviceable furniture, without paring or painting, unless it can be sincere and thoughtful; useful pottery as good in contour as the wheel and the skill of the thrower can make it, unspoiled by the ravings of the china painter, distracted by centuries of false taste, or confused by dictionaries of ornament, or the impressionism of the modern Japanese or Parisian.

There are, of course, certain great industries which are absolutely dependent on the surface designer and pattern-maker; such as cotton-printing, carpet-weaving, paper-staining, for instance; manufactures which would not exist at all without a constant supply of designs. There is no doubt that this is fully recognised by the manufacturers or their managers, and the utmost pains, consistent with a due regard to the possibilities of profit, are taken by the leading firms to secure at least competent working drawings, if not tasteful designs. It may be conceded too, that as regards design, these industries have been the first to show the influence of those ideas, which have produced a kind of revolution among designers of late years; with the result, that a movement which appears to be purely English in origin, has made its mark in these directions, and has largely counteracted the stream of tendency, which at one time set so strongly towards Paris, as the head centre of taste in all matters of art, the disastrous effects of which still affect us in many ways.

The real secret of Continental influence in design upon us is no doubt to be found in the fact that the severance of the arts and handicrafts has never been anything like so complete in other European countries as in industrial England. Our great industrial rival, America, shows the same want of originating power in artistic design; the same tendency, in a more marked degree, to avail herself of Parisian modes in art. However degraded the taste of the designer, or debased in type the design, the French or Italian designer remained thoroughly in touch with the craftsman, and understood the technical conditions of the work thoroughly; so that his working drawings would be perfectly adapted to the method of manufacture. We have here, at any rate, one reason why our manufacturers have given preference to French designers, and have been so much in the habit of crossing the water for new supplies. Yet we must recognise that so closely connected are now all countries, commercial and industrial, that the slightest change in one will surely affect the other. If foreign artists and workmen are in demand, our own suffer; or if our native talent is preferred, then our Continental brothers are worse off;—this, of course, is the result of competition. Level up all round with technical education,

competition would come in again: you would get a technically educated proletariat, but no more secure of a livelihood than they are at present. Supposing England temporarily regained her commercial ascendancy, the suffering would only be transferred from one country to another; and can we morally justify it to ourselves that people of one nationality have more right to live than those of another? These are awkward questions.

I think this shows that existing economic conditions are dead against the aim of the schools [of art]. There are, of course, many schools of high proficiency as such, and as examples of good working models, under the South Kensington system. I am not, however, personally able to feel much more enthusiasm for schools of art, as such, however efficient according to the official standards, than I am for academies; because I believe that the only training worth having in the arts must be in the workshop, as of old: since I hold that the true root and basis of all art lies in the handicrafts, and that the artistic impulse and invention weakens as it loses its close connection and intimate relationship with them.

So that there are abundant reasons why art, as applied to industry, should not be in a flourishing and vigorous condition.

It is not surprising, if we bear these thoughts in mind, that design has come to be regarded as a sort of Cinderella of art; her fine sisters, be-decked in paint and public favour, go to the ball, and leave her to mind the hearth, or the workshop. But she is not without her fairy godmother—inventive adaptation—who comes to her aid; and though it is hoped she will never lose her domestic qualities and substantial household virtues, she may yet win her share of applause, and wearing the shoe of good-luck, be recognised as the true bride of the prince Imagination.

At the preliminary meeting for the formation of this Association, held in London in the summer, I took occasion to say that "we must turn our artists into craftsmen, and our craftsmen into artists." That is the problem before us in this matter of Art and Industry.

I do not pretend to have found a cut-and-dried solution: but there is one first necessary step to be taken, it seems to me, as a matter of common honesty, if we are really sincere in our desire to unite art and industry; and it is this: That the workman should have the credit of the work of his own head and hands—whether designer or craftsman. We must no longer be content with the vague—however convenient—designation of authorship (or rather proprietorship), So and So and Co., now commonly affixed to works of applied art or industry in our exhibitions, but we should require the actual names of the contrivers and craftsmen, whose actual labour, thought, and experience produces what we see.

Make a man responsible, and give him the credit of his own skill in his work; his self-respect at once increases, and he is stimulated to do his best: he will take pride and pleasure in his work; it becomes personal and therefore interesting.

I think it is most important to recognise certain facts—to know exactly how, and where we stand in this matter of art and industry; which, moreover, cannot be separated from the great economic question, of which indeed it is but a part.

Do not let us deceive ourselves, or expect to gather the grapes of artistic or industrial prosperity from economic thorns, or aesthetic figs from commercial thistles.

It is idle to expect artistic sense and refinement to spring from dull and sordid surroundings, or a keen sense of beauty amid the conditions of monotonous and mechanical toil. Unless your artist and craftsman have personal freedom, leisure, cultivation, and continual access to the beauty of both art and nature, you will get neither vigorous design nor good craftsmanship.

Let us look the sphinx fairly in the face, and take the length of her claws and wings, before we offer our solution of the riddle. It may be that the problem will solve itself in the course of time, as part of that great and constant movement of evolution, in which we ourselves, and our lives and interests are involved; which no man can do much either to impede or to accelerate; though the action of the least of us counts in the total sum—since it is the slow but sure result of causes at work through the long progress of centuries, bound up with the laws of nature, and the course of human destiny itself.

WALTER CRANE.

COTTON TRADE.—Important meetings of the Masters' and Men's Committees were held at Bolton on Monday 31st, for the purpose of considering the position of affairs there. The operatives had submitted a proposal that the men at Messrs. Crook be paid day wages at the rate of two guineas per week. This the masters declined to accept, as being 6s. higher than is earned on the class of spinning-mule worked upon, but submitted a counter proposal that Messrs. Crook pay for the month the average earnings of the district on that size of mule—namely, £2, 18s. gross as weekly wages. This includes the payment of two piecers engaged by each spinner. At the meeting of the Men's Committee this offer was unanimously rejected, on the ground that the Messrs. Crook ran their machinery at a higher rate than was the average of the district. The dispute, therefore, still continues. Short time has already commenced, three days a week being worked, and 30,000 operatives are affected. They are fully prepared for this, and say they have sufficient reserve funds to enable them to remain out for twelve months.—The strike at Waterloo Mills has ended in favour of the men.—At Cinderhill Mill, Todmorden, the operatives have given notice for altered arrangements, and a 10 per cent. advance.—The threatened strike at Wellington Mills, Blackburn, has been averted for the present. The spinners in future will be able to get better pay.—The grinders at Park Place Mill, in same town, have decided to come out if the masters take 6d. per week from their wages; at the present time they are only getting 21s. per week, and that is 3s. below Oldham and district.

THE CARES OF WEALTH.

In Defoe's inimitable story of 'Colonel Jack,' the hero, is in the beginning a poor outcast boy of the London streets, who gets his living by day as he can, and at night sleeps in the ash-holes or annealing-arches of the glass-houses in Rosemary Lane or Ratcliff Highway. He is telling of his first introduction by an older companion to the art and mystery of thieving; they have been successful and got clean away with their booty. Whereon, Jack says:

"He shared the money very honestly with me; only at the end, he told me, that though it was true, he promised me half, yet as it was the first time, and I had done nothing but look on, so he thought it was very well if I took a little less than he did; so he divided the money, which was £12 10s., into two exact parts, viz., £6 5s., in each part; then he took £1 5s. from my part, and told me I should give him that for hansel. Well, says I, take it then, for I think you deserve it all: so, however, I took up the rest; and what shall I do with this now, says I, for I have nowhere to put it? Why, have you no pockets? says he; Yes, says I, but they are full of holes. I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with, for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor naked, ragged boy, they would presently say, I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

"Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold, all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was in four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas; at last I sat down, and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone a while, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapt it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money, that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout; in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

"Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes: O, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that could have slept upon a heap of brick-bats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

"Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money, which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so that I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

"As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

"When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell. At last it came into my head that I would look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

"This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green; when I came a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found (as I thought) a place very fit, so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

"As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I

scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again; then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

"The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff (which I had not judgment enough to know), was not firm, and had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

"I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hollod quite out aloud when I saw it; then I run to it, and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, run from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart, when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

"While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I run about, and knew not what I did; but when that was over I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as savourily as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

"It would tire the reader should I dwell on all the little boyish tricks that I played in the ecstasy of my joy and satisfaction, when I had found my money; so I break off here. Joy is as extravagant as grief, and since I have been a man I have often thought, that had such a thing befallen a man, so to have lost all he had, and not have a bit of bread to eat, and then so strangely to find it again, after having given it so effectually over,—I say, had it been so with a man, it might have hazarded his using some violence upon himself.

"Well, I came away with my money, and, having taken sixpence out of it, before I made it up again, I went to a chandler's shop in Mile-end, and bought a half-penny roll and a half-penny worth of cheese, and sat down at the door after I bought it, and eat it very heartily, and begged some beer to drink with it, which the good woman gave me very freely.

"Away I went then for the town, to see if I could find any of my companions, and resolved I would try no more hollow trees for my treasure. As I came along Whitechapel, I came by a broker's shop, over against the church, where they sold old clothes, for I had nothing on but the worst of rags; so I stopped at the shop, and stood looking at the clothes which hung at the door.

"Well, young gentleman, says a man that stood at the door, you look wishfully; do you see anything you like, and will your pocket compass a good coat now, for you look as if you belonged to the ragged regiment? I was affronted at the fellow. What's that to you, says I, how ragged I am? if I had seen anything I liked, I have money to pay for it; but I can go where I shan't be huffed at for looking.

"While I said thus, pretty boldly to the fellow, comes a woman out, What ails you, says she to the man, to bully away our customers so? a poor boy's money is as good as my lord mayor's; if poor people did not buy old clothes, what would become of our business? and, then turning to me, Come hither, child, says she, if thou hast a mind to anything I have, you shan't be hector'd by him; the boy is a pretty boy, I assure you, says she, to another woman that was by this time come to her. Ay, says the fother, so he is, a very well-looking child, if he was clean and well dressed, and may be as good a gentleman's son for anything we know, as any of those that are well dressed. Come, my dear, says she, tell me what is it you would have? She pleased me mightily to hear her talk of my being a gentleman's son, and it brought former things to my mind; but when she talk'd of my being not clean, and in rags, then I cried.

"She pressed me to tell her if I saw anything that I wanted; I told her no, all the clothes I saw there were too big for me. Come, child, says she, I have two things here that will fit you, and I am sure you want them both; that is, first, a little hat, and there, says she (tossing it to me), I'll give you that for nothing; and here is a good warm pair of breeches; I dare say, says she, they will fit you, and they are very tight and good; and, says she, if you should ever come to have so much money that you don't know what to do with it, here are excellent good pockets, says she, and a little fob to put your gold in, or your watch in, when you get it.

"It struck me with a strange kind of joy that I should have a place to put my money in, and need not go to hide it again in a hollow tree; that I was ready to snatch the breeches out of her hands, and wondered that I should be such a fool never to think of buying me a pair of breeches before, that I might have a pocket to put my money in, and not carry it about two days together in my hand, and in my shoe, and I knew not how; so, in a word, I gave her two shillings for the breeches, and went over into the churchyard, and put them on, put my money into my new pockets, and was as pleased as a prince is with his coach and six horses. I thanked the good woman too for the hat, and told her I would come again when I got more money, and buy some other things I wanted; and so I came away."

The weight of chains, number of stripes, hardness of labour, and other effects of a master's cruelty, may make one servitude more miserable than another; but he is a slave who serves the best and gentlest man in the world, as well as he who serves the worst—and he does serve him if he must obey his commands and depend upon his will.—*Algernon Sidney.*

Until we have altered our dictionaries and have found some other word than *morality* to stand in popular use for the duties of man to man, let us refuse to accept as moral the contractor who enriches himself by using large machinery to make pasteboard soles pass as leather for the feet of unhappy conscripts fighting at miserable odds against invaders; let us rather call him a miscreant, though he were the tenderest, most faithful of husbands, and contend that his own experience of home happiness makes his reckless infliction of suffering on others all the more atrocious. Let us refuse to accept as moral any political leader who should allow his conduct in relation to great issues to be determined by egoistic passion, and boldly say that he would be less immoral even though he were as lax in his personal habits as Sir Robert Walpole, if at the same time his sense of the public welfare were supreme in his mind, quelling all pettier impulses beneath a magnanimous impartiality.—*G. O. P. E. H.*



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. only returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them. Subscriptions.—For Europe and United States, including postage, per year, 6s. six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday January 2.

ENGLAND	Boston— Woman's Journal	ITALY
Die Autonomie	Liberty	Turin—Nuova Gazzetta Operaia
Justice	Chicago—Knights of Labor	SPAIN
Labour Tribune	Vorbote	Seville—La Solidaridad
London—Freie Presse	Baecker Zeitung	PORTUGAL
Norwich—Daylight	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Postal Service Gazette	Fort Worth (Tex)—South West	GERMANY
Railway Review	Milwaukee—National Reformer	Berlin—Volks Tribune
The Miner	San Francisco Arbeiter-Zeitung	AUSTRIA
Revolutionary Review	Valley Falls (Kan.)—Fair Play	Wien—Gleichheit
Worker's Friend	Coast Seamen's Journal	HUNGARY
NEW SOUTH WALES	Port Angeles—Commonwealth	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Hamilton—Radical	FRANCE	DENMARK
INDIA	Paris—Cri du Peuple (daily)	Social-Demokraten
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Le Parti Ouvrier (daily)	SWEDEN
Madras—People's Friend	Le Proletariat	Malmö—Arbetet
UNITED STATES	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
New York—Der Socialist	St-Etienne—La Loire Socialiste	NORWAY
Freiheit	L'Union Socialiste	Kristiania—Social-Democraten
Truthseeker	BELGIUM	WEST INDIES
Jewish Volkszeitung	Ghent—Vooruit	Cuba—El Productor
Baecker Zeitung	Antwerp—De Werker	MEXICO
Alarm	SWITZERLAND	Sinaloa—Credit-Foncier
Workmen's Advocate	Bulletin Continental	
	Geneva—Przedswit	

NOTES ON NEWS.

A CERTAIN Mr. George W. McCree (who, since he says he has been a Christian worker in London since 1848, must now be an old man) has been writing an optimistic letter to the press, on the subject, "Is London growing better?" which question he answers in the affirmative. He instances the growth of cheap literature; "Every man can now have his newspaper" (mostly lies), "his magazine, and his cheap edition of Shakespeare, Dickens, Burns, and Scott." True, if he has got any surplus after feeding, clothing, and housing himself: but how is the cheapness got? Our friends the composers, the hack literateurs, the girls in the "doing up" binders, can answer that question partly I think. Dog-fighting is extinct, he says, and pugilism nearly so: yet Jack the Ripper is not extinct, nor the mass of brutality bred from a hideous life of suffering and squalor, of which he is but the blossom.

"For a halfpenny a tired work-girl can get a lift across one of the bridges on a rainy night." Ah, Mr. McCree, how tired is she? Why is she tired? How many nights in the year is she thus tired? What kind of a life does she earn by her hopeless weariness? Does she ever think of this in the course of her lift across the bridges?—and do you and your like? "An aged toiler with his bag of tools can reach home for twopenny, often for a penny." O noble boon, O glorious gain! Yet it would be more of a gain if that "aged toiler" had a tolerable home to go to, instead of the dog-hole which serves him as a halting-place between the workshop and the workhouse.

"Clothing, food, fruit, and furniture are cheap." Yes, how blessed cheap, and how damned nasty when they are intended for the consumption of the workers, who have made them, or grown them, and brought them to market! "In hundreds of tidy establishments hot coffee" (Ugh! what stuff it is!) "plumcake, peasoup, good milk, and a

rare vegetarian dinner on easy terms await the hungry man." In these "tidy" establishments I note that dirt and stink are not expressly charged for: and yet they are charged for, since cag-mag is dear for what it is, and the poor man's penn'orths are but scanty ones. It is sickening to think of this commercial dolo to the "lower classes" of garbage not fit to be thrown to the dogs: and to think that it has a price at all; that there is anyone, I won't say to buy it, but to eat and drink it, uncompeled.

"Many public-houses have been closed." Yes, but many are open, and are full too, beastly holes as they are, with not a rag of comfort in them; which is worse (to my unphilanthropic mind) than their selling liquor—if it were good: whereas that offered to the poor is just about good enough to poison cats with—if it were strong enough.

"Ragged schools and refuges have almost entirely prevented another generation of criminals." Open Pentonville gates then, and let out everybody but Socialists and rioters, since there are no criminals! As indeed I think there are but few who have not been made by that "vastly improved" London of yours, and polished up fine by Pentonville and its sister hells.

"The increasing sympathy between the rich and the poor, the employer and employed." Of that increasing sympathy, I think I know more than you do, Mr. McCree; and I have seen some curious examples of it, and heard some queer talk on the subject both among the rich, and among the poor; and, judging from all I have heard and seen, it has seemed to me that that "increasing sympathy" was about what was likely to happen betwixt a mass of most miserable slaves, now beginning to discover that they are slaves, on the one hand, and a body of slave-owners, blind and supercilious, but now at last beginning to see a possibility of their losing their slaves. Such sympathy as there can be between two such sets of men is likely to lead not to the continuous cheapening of cag-mag and shoddy for the benefit of the "lower classes," but to experiments in the streets of some new machine guns.

For a word here to those of our readers who belong to the rich classes, the well-off. Some of you prate about the virtues of the working classes, and doubtless they have virtues, in which lie hid the germs of our new society: but unless they are, conscious and willing servants of your class, and on the verge of rising into it, they have not got those virtues which you think they have: commercial virtues, to wit, which you call, e.g., honesty, fidelity, and gratitude, but which others might call commercial foresight, servility, and prudent expectation of fresh benefits. No, the "poor," as you call them, are divided into two groups; those who are conscious of discontent against you, and would raise themselves at your expense by abolishing your class; and those who, without being conscious of their wrongs, work you and your wealth for what it is worth.

The first group are the intelligent and really honest among the "poor:" the second (poor wretches!) have not intelligence enough to be honest and courageous, and are able to do nothing at present, but get out of you what they can by fawning on, and cheating you, taking your miserably shabby gifts with such "gratitude" as can be imagined. Both these groups are your slaves and therefore your enemies; but whatever you may think, and in spite of all your efforts at stifling the free speech of the first group, it is the second that is the most dangerous to you, for it is by far the most numerous: and when the day comes, as it most surely will, unless you are wise in time, when these poor people can make no more out of you; when your "captainship of industry" is discovered even by yourselves to be a fraud (i.e. when you can no longer live on it) when your charity doles to the poor have to cease, you will be face to face with the once-contented poor, those Englishmen whose patience and good sense you now contrast so proudly with the foolish visionaries of Continental Socialists, but who then will be "contented" no longer; and who will, driven by their ignorance and despair to attack, not your position only, but your persons.

If you could but be wise in time! But can you be? My experience of the last five or six years makes me doubt it. Class prejudice is so obstinate, and so deceptive and insinuating, that in proportion as the movement towards equality grows and becomes more practical amongst the discontented "poor," the hearts of the rich are hardened against that movement. There are many in that class, some of whom I know, who six years ago were flushed with excitement over the rhetorical part (not the would-be economics, of that they knew little and cared less) of Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty,' who are now mere votaries of Law-and-Order. There was no appearance of the two camps being formed then; now there is, and they are being driven into their own camp. And these, mind you, are not mere hypocrites or tyrants at heart, they are simply people who cannot escape from their class. So strong that curse is!

London is better is it? We want more evidence than that of Mr. McCree to prove that. At least it is bigger, and who can really doubt but that with its size its suffering has increased? But if it is bigger, why is it bigger? Because the riches (far be it from me to say the wealth) of the country has increased enormously. Will anyone say that the improvement of London, "vast" as it may be, is at all proportioned to that increase in riches? If he does say so he lies. What has been done then with that increase of riches, which should

have been used for the bettering of London, i.e., for the welfare of those who made it? It has gone the way of all riches, it has been wasted by the rich. We have been laborious, ingenious, and commercially successful—what for? That we might remain unhappy, and sing songs of triumph over the cheapening of cat's-meat for human beings. In a word, we are slaves still, for all our "vast improvement."

Says the *Pall Mall* anent the police outrage of Christmas Eve: "If they (the outrages) are not inquired into and punished promptly and severely, Mr. Monro will pass as Sir C. Warren has passed, for there is nothing more abhorrent to the average citizen than organised outrage by a disciplined force inflicted on law-abiding men exercising their rights of citizenship." I fear that the writer is judging other citizens by himself; very few signs of indignation against these outrages have appeared as yet. The events of the past two years in England and America tend to show that whatever was the case once, the average citizen is now always willing to hound on the police against poor men who are not pleased with their poverty. They expect the police to support law-'n'-order to the utmost, by any means convenient to them at the moment. Mr. Monro has been put in his place to see this done, and for nothing else. I agree that the Christmas Eve job is a test for him; but nothing would surprise me more than his passing that test satisfactorily to honest men and good citizens.

W. M.

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

FORTNIGHT ENDING JANUARY 12, 1889.

1	Tues.	1651. Charles Stuart the Younger swears on his knees to the Covenant at Scone. 1730. Edmund Burke born. 1774. Thomas Hollis died. 1788. Etienne Cabet born. 1840. John Frost, Chartist, sentenced. 1863. Slaves emancipated in the United States. 1881. L. A. Blanqui died.
2	Wed.	1813. Trials of Ludlites at York. 1868. Swearing in of special constables because of Fenian alarms. 1885. Gower Street explosion.
3	Thur.	1642. The five members accused by Charles Stuart the Elder. 1831. Trades-union "outrage." 1838. Trial of Glasgow cotton-spinners for combination. 1852. John Mitchel escapes from Tasmania. 1869. First Congress, at Geneva, of the Romand sections of the International, and founding of <i>L'Égalité</i> , journal of that federation, edited by Bakounine and 8 others.
4	Fri.	1838. Meeting of sympathy with the Canadian rebels. 1846. Food riot at Inverness. 1875. Creation of the <i>Chambre du Travail</i> , federation of all the labour associations at Brussels. 1879. Execution of Moncasi.
5	Sat.	1066. Death of Edward the Confessor. 1477. Raising of the siege of Nancy by the Swiss republicans, and death of Charles the Bold. 1537. Killing of Alexander de Medici, tyrant of Florence. 1755. Damiens' attempt on Louis XV. 1808. Wilhelm Weitling, Communist, born.
6	Sun.	1402. John of Arc born. 1561. Anabaptist rising in London. 1661. Rising of Fifth Monarchy men suppressed. 1794. Trial of Wm. Skirving for sedition. 1872. Socialist Congress at Chemnitz (Saxony); 120 delegates.
7	Mon.	1763. Allan Ramsay died. 1772. Fr. Marie Charles Fourier born. 1793. Trial of James Tytler for sedition. 1850. Revolt in Barham Union Workhouse, near Ipswich. 1866. <i>La Tribune du Peuple</i> becomes the first official organ of the International in Belgium. 1872. Strike of 70,000 colliers and ironworkers in South Wales.
8	Tues.	1642. Galileo died at Florence. 1793. Trial of John Morton, James Anderson, and Malcolm Craig for sedition. 1796. Collet d'Herbois died. 1883. Monster trial at Lyons of the Anarchists, Kropotkin and 57 others.
9	Wed.	1832. Suicide of Colonel Brereton during trial by court-martial at Bristol. 1854. Astor Library, New York, opened. 1871. Bombardment of Paris.
10	Thur.	1645. Archbishop Laud beheaded. 1793. Trial of John Elder and Wm. Stewart for sedition. 1798. Trial of George Meal-maker for sedition. 1870. Victor Noir shot by Pierre Bonaparte. 1880. Trial of the makers of the underground passage towards the Imperial Treasury of the city of Kherson; 9 sentenced (2 to mines). 1885. First number of <i>La Revue Sociale</i> , monthly review edited by P. Argyriades.
11	Fri.	1831. Richard Carlile sentenced for "inflammatory language" in <i>Prompter</i> .
12	Sat.	1746. Heinrich Pestalozzi born. 1793. Aug. Comte born. 1826. Constitution of New Harmony adopted. 1840. Chartist rising at Sheffield. 1848. Rebellion in Sicily. 1870. Victor Noir demonstration at Paris.

Death of Blanqui.—Louis Auguste Blanqui, born at Puget-Théniers, 8 Feb. 1805; died at Paris, 1 Jan. 1881. After having studied at the same time law and medicine, he very soon began his career as a politician and a revolutionist. He entered the *Carbonari* societies, where he became acquainted with the Communist Buonarrotti, one of the most prominent Babouvists. During the eventful year 1827 Blanqui was wounded three times—in April and in May, and Nov. 29, when he had his neck pierced by a bullet. Soon afterwards he was arrested at Nice, and that was his *début* in prison life. 1829 he entered the *Globe*, an influential paper of the time, and July 27, 1830, he took to arms, but the monarchy he helped to pull down having been replaced by another one, he became one of the most ardent members of a secret society, *Société des Amis du Peuple*, and made such a vigorous propaganda that he was arrested July 31, 1831. The 10th of January 1832 he expounded his theories before the jury, stating the necessity of war between the rich and the poor classes, and was sentenced to one year in jail. One of the defenders of the accused of April 1834, he appeared in that capacity in May 1835 before the Court of Peers. Again arrested, on March

13, 1836, he was sentenced in August of that year to two years, 3,000 francs, and police supervision for the affair of the Rue Lourcine—i.e., illegal association and clandestine fabrication of gunpowder. The 12th May 1839 he took up arms again with the members of the *Société des Saisons*. Denounced at the very-moment when he was reaching Switzerland, he was arrested October 14, 1839, and sentenced to death by the Court of Peers, January 13, 1840. His sentence having been commuted to one of imprisonment for life, he was transferred to the Mont-St-Michel. There he suffered intensely, both morally and bodily. A report of the doctors, stating his condition of health hopeless, having been sent to the Government, he was pardoned Dec. 4, 1844. Blanqui protested against any measure being taken in his favour, and refused to leave the infirmary. Towards the end of May 1846 the authorities put in a cell next to his an *agent-provocateur*, Houdin, who denounced him as the inspirator of a new secret society, and he was tried, but acquitted, by the tribunal of Blois in April 1847. At last, February 25, 1848, a revolution burst out in Paris, and Blanqui, acclaimed at the Prado Club, was liberated by the will of the people. As soon as he arrived at Paris, he founded the *Central Republican Society*, which played a prominent part in all the events of that eventful year. After the invasion of the Chamber, he was again arrested (May 26). On the 7th of March 1849 he was tried by the High Court at Bourges and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, which he passed at Doullens, at Belle Isle, and at Corte (Corsica). After his ten years were over, he was administratively, in pursuance of the law of public safety, transported at Mascara (Algeria), where he was detained until the general amnesty of 1859. At Paris, where he went back again, he at once resumed his revolutionary work. On March 10, 1861, he was arrested, and sentenced June 14 to four years for secret conspiracy and publication of forbidden literature. Aug. 27, 1865, he escaped from the hospital Necker, where he was lying ill, and succeeded in reaching Brussels, from which town he continued to direct the organisation and the movements of his political followers and friends. He also often came secretly to Paris, and was there, in fact, on January 12, 1870, when Victor Noir, murdered by Pierre Bonaparte, was buried. If Rochefort had not been there on that day, Blanqui and his friends would have again resorted to an insurrection, but owing to Rochefort's cowardice, he had to wait for another opportunity. August 14, he tried with a few men to plunder the gun-magazines of the fire-brigades of the Boulevard La Villette. Three weeks afterwards, the Third Empire was smashed to pieces at Sedan, and Blanqui began the publication of *La Patrie en Danger*, which has been very rightly considered as a real masterpiece of journalistic power and knowledge. On October 31, 1870, an insurrectional movement caused Blanqui to become a member of a provisory government, but a convention was passed between himself and the members of the so-called "regular" government. Feb. 12, 1871, he wrote, under the title of *Un dernier mot* (a last word), a severe indictment against the men of the 4th September, and left Paris on the same day. On March 10 he was sentenced to death, *in contumaciam*, by a court-martial for the affair of October 31. A few days afterwards he was arrested and transferred to the fortress Taureau, whilst at Paris he was elected a member of the Commune, in the 18th district by 14,953 votes, and in the 20th by 13,859. In September 1872 Thiers ordered him to be confined at Clairvaux, his sentence to death having been changed to one of perpetual detention. In 1878 the revolutionary Socialists of Paris began an agitation in order to obtain the release of the veteran revolutionist and conspirator. They induced their friends, wherever a vacancy occurred, to put down Blanqui's name as their candidate, and after many vain attempts, they succeeded on Feb. 20, 1879, at Bordeaux. The French Chamber of course invalidated the election, but the result of the political agitation was, however, that Blanqui was liberated from jail. An old man of 75 years of age, having suffered one half of his lifetime in prison, very often under dreadful circumstances, which we cannot record here, Blanqui certainly would have deserved some rest; but his indomitable energy would not allow him to stop for one moment in his propaganda work. He organised meetings and delivered speeches at Marseilles, Nice, Bordeaux, St Etienne, Lyons. Nov. 3, 1880, he went to Milano, to honour the combatants fallen at Mentana, and a fortnight afterwards he started at Paris a new paper, *Ni Dieu ni Maître* (Neither God nor master). December 27 he took the chair at the meeting of the Rue Lecourbe, and made his last speech, a glorification of the revolutionary ideas for which he had struggled and suffered all his life through. During that very night he had an apoplectic stroke, and after two days' illness, passed away. An immense crowd, with red flags, made his funeral one of the largest demonstrations that have been witnessed at Paris. A bronze statue of Blanqui, lying dead in his shroud, was erected on his grave in 1885, and is one of the best works of the illustrious Dalou.

Blanqui was a Communist, but he first wanted to become master of the political machinery in order to overthrow the bourgeois régime, by means of a provisional dictatorship he would have edicted, in political and economical matters, a certain number of dispositions which would have by and by led the masses of the people to adopt Communism pure and simple. He laid down his views in the following works: 'Defence of Louis Auguste Blanqui before the Court of Assize,' Paris, 1832, 8vo; 'Reply of Auguste Blanqui,' Paris, 1848 (an eloquent answer to Taschereau's accusations against Blanqui being a denunciator and a mouchard); a collection of articles, signed Suzamel, on morals, monotheism, mixture of faith and science, etc.; 'La Patrie en Danger,' Paris, 1871, 8vo; 'A Political Prisoner in 1871,' Paris; 'Ni Dieu ni Maître,' Paris, 1880; 'La Critique Sociale,' 2 vols. 8vo, published by Granger, Paris, 1885. He also wrote various scientific works; among others, 'Concerning the Causes of Zodiacal Light'; 'Sidereal Eternity,' being an astronomical hypothesis; etc.—V. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Joseph (Southview, Clevedon) writes for information "on the question of Socialism, bearing particularly in mind the past history of the subject, its definite aims, present position, and future prospects":

- BENOIT MALON—"Histoire du Socialisme," 5 vols. Derveaux, Paris. 45 frs.
- R. MEYER—"Emancipationskampf des Vierten Standes." 2 vols. Mehring, Berlin. £2.
- LACROIX ET GUYOT—"Histoire des Prolétaires." 1 vol. Derveaux, Paris, 10 frs. (about).

The foregoing are valuable in order named. An exhaustive series of articles on "Socialism from the Root Up," by William Morris and E. Belfort Bax, appeared in this paper some time ago; the numbers containing it can be sent if required. The article "Socialism" in last edition *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and the paper read by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw to the Economic Section of the British Association last year, published in November *Our Corner* (63 Fleet Street, 6d.) may also be read.

- J. G. (Edinbro')—The books you ask for are:
 - W. H. P. CAMPBELL—"The Robbery of the Poor." Modern Press, London. 1884. 8vo.
 - JNO. CARRUTHERS—"Communal and Commercial Economy." Stanford; London, 1883. 8vo. 9s.
- They shall be sent.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

BRITAIN.

JOHNSTON ENGINEERS.—At a special meeting of master engineers, it was decided to grant an advance of 1s. to the workmen, beginning on Jan. 1.

ALYTH MILLWORKERS.—The operatives in D. Smith and Sons spinning mills, Alyth, struck work on Dec. 21st. They demand an advance of 5 per cent. immediately.

EDUCATE, EDUCATE.—At Larkhall, Scotland, there is a miner who is a member of the School Board, and in the evening classes he is a member of the Board School. That is one phase of the labour struggle which it is worth while to reflect upon.

SHIPBUILDING TRADES.—The executive of the Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders' Society have made a demand for a rise of 12½ per cent. in the wages of all their members in the shipyards on the Tyne and Wear, thus making the claim general on the north-east coast. If the advance be conceded the total improvement in wages during the past twelve months will have been 17½ per cent. It should be remembered, however, that the men suffered reductions during the four years' depression equal to 25 per cent.

SHALE WORKERS.—The *Glasgow Mail's* commercial man says:—"Gentlemen engaged in the oil trade fear that they will have some trouble with the shale miners, who are demanding an advance in wages owing to the colliers having received a rise. The oil companies state that they would be happy to concede the men a rise were the prices better for the manufactured article. However, there is a feeling that the various companies will require to grant the men some advance. Presently there is a good demand for burning oil." Is the "will require" not father to the "would be happy?"

SOUTH WALES COAL DISPUTE.—The wages dispute between the employers and the workmen in the South Wales coal trade continues. Mr. A. Thomas, M.P., speaking on the 28th last, in the Rhondda Valley, where he owns several collieries, expressed an earnest hope that the masters would agree to the demands of the men, and so revise the sliding-scale basis as to make it respond more rapidly to the rise and fall in the marketable price for coal. He had been severely condemned for having recently prophesied an increase of 15 per cent. in wages; but 5 per cent. had now been granted, and he had every confidence that before autumn the remaining 10 would follow.

SEAMEN'S STRIKE AT LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool sailors and firemen are again making a request for more wages, and their demand in this instance is greater than the previous ones, being for an all-round advance of £1, or something like about 30 per cent. Circulars have been freely distributed amongst the men emanating from the "National Amalgamated Sailors' and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland," and as a result there was a good deal of excitement in the vicinity of the Sailors' Home, Canning Place, Monday. The rate of pay now demanded in the case of steamers is £4 5s. per month for firemen and £4 for sailors, whilst in the case of sailing vessels £3 5s. was asked for Baltic and Quebec ports, and £3 for southern voyages. A number of both steamers and sailing ships were down for signing articles, but in no case would a crew consent to go at the old rate of pay. Some of the steamers being bound to leave instantly had to pay the higher wages, but several sailing ships would not accede to the demand of the men, who appeared more united than they were on former occasions. The disaffected men kept a sharp look-out for any who might show a willingness to take the old wages, but notwithstanding this some men did sign at the old rates.

LONDON BOOT TRADE.—A meeting of manufacturers and workmen, appointed by their respective bodies, was held at Seyd's Hotel, Finsbury Square, on Monday, 31st, for the purpose of compiling a statement of wages for the whole of London. The meeting was the outcome of negotiations of a conciliatory character which have proceeded for some months between the representative societies, with the object of placing the relations between employers and workmen upon an amicable and workable basis, besides tending to prevent a continuance of the sweating system. Ten were appointed on each side, and although 12 workmen attended three withdrew on the voting taking place. In the first place a letter was read from Mr. Thomas Lilley (of Messrs. Lilley and Skinner, boot manufacturers), regretting his inability to attend, and adding that it had appeared clear to the delegates of the Trades Union and the members of the Employers Association that if a new statement was to be formed it should be sufficiently broad and comprehensive to embrace not only a limited section of the trade, but there should be an honest attempt to settle the whole question, and to make one statement of wages to which every manufacturer and every workman in London could fairly agree. At various subsequent meetings of manufacturers and workmen it was unanimously agreed that upon this broad basis a new London statement should be built. The task that lay before the board presented one of the most difficult problems the shoe trade had had to solve. Speaking on behalf of manufacturers, he said that what they were fully agreed upon was this—that if there was to be a London statement it must be one that every manufacturer in London and the suburbs should be compelled to work to, thus raising the status of the trade and putting an end to the present miserable system of sweating and other irregularities.—Mr. Freaque, a workman, complained of the sweating system, and the chairman said that the employers were at one with the workmen in wishing to put it down.—A long discussion then took place upon a proposal emanating from the employers, to the effect that a comprehensive statement of wages for the whole of the metropolis should be drawn up, but this encountered opposition from the working men delegates, some of whom considered that the third-class rejected statement of five years ago should be made the minimum. Eventually the meeting adjourned for half an hour to discuss the matter in private. On reassembling the workmen asked that the resolution might be withdrawn, but this was not acceded to. An amendment was then submitted from the workmen, to the effect that the word "comprehensive" be omitted, and upon this being carried the resolution was unanimously agreed to as altered. The meeting was then adjourned till Thursday, when other resolutions will be considered.

METROPOLITAN PAUPERISM.—The last returns to the Local Government Board from the various parishes and unions of the metropolis show the number of indoor poor to be 59,801, and outdoor poor 24,589 adults, 15,521 children under the ages of 16 years, or a gross total of 99,831, exclusive of lunatics, imbeciles, and inmates of various hospitals and institutions or of vagrants. The number at the corresponding period of last year was 102,559, being a decrease in pauperism of no less than 2,728.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

The third national Congress of syndicates and corporative working men groups, held at Bordeaux and at Le Bouscat, some weeks ago, has voted, amidst others, the following resolution, as a means to ensure the application and execution of the various measures decided by the Congress. "Whereas, up to the present moment, the powers that be have always refused to listen to the isolated claims which have been laid before them, and that it is therefore urgent that such a situation should be put an end to, by presenting these revendications under a new, collective, general and more imposing form; further, that in order to give to that new movement a stronger weight, it is necessary to concentrate the action of all the syndicates upon a small number of revendications, i.e. those which are the most general and the most important, without thereby renouncing any other claims, the Congress resolves: 1. On Sunday morning, February 10, 1889, a delegation of all syndicates and corporative working men groups of France shall be sent, to the Prefecture of their department or to the *mairie* of their respective communes, in order to demand the following reforms: a. Eight hours workday; b. Fixing of a minimum of wages, corresponding in each locality with the normal cost of life, minimum to be enforced upon all employers of work. 2. On Sunday, February 24 following, the same delegation shall be sent to the same departmental or communal authorities to receive the result of their deliberations. In both instances the delegations shall be accompanied by an imposing mass of working men."

A very important Congress of Revolutionary Socialists has just been held at Troyes. More than 300 various Socialist organisations have sent delegates, and the first sitting of the Congress has been opened amidst over two thousand assistants. The population of Troyes is very sympathetic to the assembled workers, but the officials of Floquet's government have done their utmost to provoke disorder, but in vain. This Congress, not being one of the *possibilist* shape, all schools of Socialism are represented, and it is expected that the resolutions which shall be passed there will be of considerable importance as to the International Revolutionary Congress to be held next year at Paris.

At Cette, the native town of Rossel, who has been chief commander of the military forces of the Commune, there was until recently, a street called *Thiers Street*, after the name of that infamous little demagogue, who ordered Rossel to be shot at the plateau of Satory. The municipal council of that town has now decided to alter the denomination of this street, which will henceforth become *The Rossel Street*.

In three or four weeks there will be a legislative election at Paris, and General Boulanger has promised to stand as a candidate. Lively scenes, to be sure, will be witnessed on that occasion. The political clown, Henri Rochefort, who is Boulanger's Barnum, foresees 300,000 voters coming forward in favour of his favourite friend, and Floquet is quite upset at the idea that the Parisian people could vote for the "pretender." He is in search of the best man to oppose Boulanger; most likely Ranc, a renegade, or Vacquerie, a republican of the Victor Hugo stamp, will be the selected sheep. Boulanger's popularity and success being chiefly the outcome and result of the government's blunders, it is most likely that before the poll comes on they will make some egregious faults, so as to ensure the election of the man they fear most in France.

BELGIUM.

The glass-blower's industry suffers heavily from an acute crisis, which is likely to become disastrous to the workers of that trade. The small producers, ruined by the colossal production of the large firms, fail to find the usual credit at the bankers, and in all probability will ere long be compelled to stop work altogether, and the industry will then at once be monopolised in the hands of the large producers, who form between themselves a few but important financial companies. The workers now engaged in the small firms risk, therefore, to fall very soon out of work. The big companies mastering the market, will again be in a position to lower the wages, which, of course, will result in protests and in agitation; and if the glass-blowers resort to strike, a considerable number of other workers will be compelled to take the same course. In expectation of such events, it will be wise for the workers to commence to organise their forces in time, in order to succeed in the struggle they will have to face.

Some more workers have been arrested in connection with the last miner's strikes, and the government seem to do all they possibly can to irritate the working-people of the coal districts. Among those lately arrested is to be mentioned also Hector Conreur, one of the most sympathetic figures among the Socialist propagandists in those regions, and who, not long ago, was released from jail. The Belgian Nupkinses have already begun their "work." A series of strikers have been sentenced to six and seven month's imprisonment.

ITALY.

In our issue of Dec. 22 last, we wrote a few lines concerning a pamphlet which comrade Valera is about to issue at Milano. As it appears, we misunderstood his intentions; to what extent, however, the following letter will explain:

"Dec. 26th, 45, Theobald's Road, W.C.

"Dear comrades,—Comrade Victor Dave, who wrote a note on my pamphlet ('Lasciateme Passare') misunderstood its meaning. He says that 'I intend to persuade Socialists convicted for political offences to ask for pardon from their respective governments . . .'; I said the contrary. Not because I should shrink from giving them such advice, but because the governments, as soon as they became aware of our tactics, would not grant it. But if they were so stupid as to allow us to work for our cause, why should we hesitate between lying idle in prison cells or lost in foreign countries, and continuing to fight against that society which we wish to eradicate or pull down?"

"Because your temper of mind forbids it.

"Temper of mind! This is a false firmness of mind. Strength of mind consists in being faithful to the cause which I deliberately espoused and loyal to my friends; not in being a mere toy in the hands of my enemies.

"To talk of honour between me and them is nonsense.

"If, for instance, I want to pass a bridge in order to destroy something, no matter what, and my rulers compel me to take off my hat, I swear I would not go back.

"My ideal is higher and greater than a quarrel about a mere question of form. I shall bow to them perhaps to-day, but only to be their own hangman to-morrow.

"Moreover, my social hatred is not really directed against a certain set of

men in power, but against all those classes which represent society at large, and which will not surrender booty derived from labour until they feel the revolutionary knife at their throats.

"Once cut the throats of our bloodsuckers, and we shall hear no more of liveried ministers and their royal masters.

"This, and only this, is the reason why I should like to see Socialists trampling on every prejudice—as long as there is no principle involved—in order to hasten direct towards those better days when work shall entirely be for the workers.—Yours sincerely,
"PAOLO VALERA."

Now our readers may judge for themselves. Comrade Valera will take off his hat in order to pass the bridge. . . . When his pamphlet comes to hand, we may have something more to say.

SWITZERLAND.

In reference to the circular of the National Council, dated May 11, 1888, by which a political police department has been instituted in Switzerland, and in further reference to the "secret instructions" issued by the various cantonal authorities, one of which secret documents we reproduced last week in this column, M. Locher, the newly-elected member for Zurich in the National Council, has introduced a proposition to the effect of cancelling the circular of last May, because it is altogether in contradiction with paragraphs 4, 55, and 56 of the Federal Constitution, as also with the regulations of the cantonal constitutions, regarding the rights of free speech and free meeting. M. Locher gave the best possible reasons in defence of his proposition, which, nevertheless, was negatived by 99 members of the Council. Poor "free" Helvetia, 99 councillors obeying Bismarck's orders, and not the slightest symptom of insurrection amongst the once so proud sons of Tell.

Comrade Hans Bächtold died last week at Bern, and was buried by all the friends of the labour movement in the canton. The name of Bächtold is closely connected with the history of the Socialist cause in Switzerland, and especially in the canton of Bern. He was one of the best committee members of the former *Arbeiterbund*, and has worked devotedly since the last eighteen years in the ranks of the Socialists. His power of organisation was unrivalled, and the proletariat has lost in him one of its ablest defenders.
V. D.

LETTER FROM AMERICA.

The following clipping from the *Chicago Times* of December 12th may be taken as a sign of the times:—

"The Socialistic Turner society of Lake View [a suburb of Chicago city] circulated printed cards yesterday announcing a free entertainment for Friday evening at Lincoln Turner hall. The programme consists of a lecture by Frau Hedwig Henrich-Wilhelmi upon "The Power of Faith," to be followed by a free discussion from the Socialists. Mayor Boldenweck immediately notified the manager of the Turner hall to inform the Socialists that the hall would not be opened for the entertainment. He further said that he would send word to the committee that they should not arrange for any more meetings, as none would be permitted while he was mayor of Lake View. At the police-station are stacks of rifles and cartridge-boxes containing twenty-five rounds of ammunition ready to be put on at a moment's notice. The captain said emphatically that no Socialistic meetings would be tolerated. In his weekly instructions to the policemen yesterday afternoon he said to them that should any officer wilfully neglect to report gatherings of the Socialistic Turner society, he would be relieved of his star."

For the purpose of holding their meetings the Socialists and Anarchists of Chicago have to resort to all the tricks and dodges used by the Russian Nihilists. And yet we are told we are living in a free country!

The committee appointed by the Senate of the State of New York to investigate the different trusts has completed its labour. Amusing was the testimony of the president of the cotton bagging trust, who spoke of the trust as a "sympathetic movement" on the part of the manufacturers.

Competition must go. Even railroad presidents say so. In a lecture delivered at a meeting of the Commercial Club of Boston, Charles Francis Adams, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, gave vent to the following remarkable utterances:

"Our present difficulty lies in a word—in the absence among railroad men of any high standard of commercial [mark the phrase] honour. These are strong words, and yet, as the result of a personal experience stretching over nearly twenty years, I make bold to say they are not so strong as the occasion would justify. The railroad system of this country, especially of the region west of Chicago, is to-day managed on principles which, unless a change of heart occurs, and that soon, must inevitably lead to financial disaster of the most serious kind. There is among the lines composing that system an utter disregard of those fundamental ideas of truth, fair play, and fair dealing which lie at the foundation not only of the Christian faith, but of civilisation itself. With them there is but one rule—that many years ago put by Wordsworth into the mouth of Rob Roy—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can."

The railroads of this country are moving rapidly toward some great system of consolidation."

For his criticism of railroad "morals" Adams is to-day declared by his colleagues to be a crank, but they all sustain him in his belief that a combination of all the railroads of the United States is in the air. C. P. Huntington, the great railroad king of the west, says to-day: "When there is only one railroad company in the United States it will be better for everybody, and the sooner this takes place the better. I don't think we can move too fast. There are strong influences at work to bring about this consolidation." Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the large Vanderbilt system, said: "Mr. Adams' ideas on consolidation are excellent. The day is certainly coming when all the roads will be consolidated." Another railroad president expressed himself like this: "General union is the only salvation, and it is coming earlier than most people expect."

The trial against the alleged "Q" railroad dynamiters in Geneva, Ill., is proceeding.

Friday the 14th inst. a meeting has been organised by the A. R. Parsons Club in Cooper Union, New York City, to welcome Mrs. Parsons on her return.

On the 11th inst. the delegates of the American Federation of Labour met in convention in St. Louis, Miss. This is numerically the strongest labour organisation in the world, numbering 700,000 members in good standing.

It is characteristic of the capitalist press that the proceedings were hardly mentioned in the columns of the dailies. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, welcomed the delegates, and after having opened the congress, proceeded to read his annual address. He advocated a new eight-hour movement, and deprecated political action. As regards the coming international congress at Paris, he said it would not be wise to have so many international congresses in succession, but that the relations of American and foreign trades unions were of the most friendly character. Referring to the Knights, he said: "As regards the Knights of Labour, I can only state that their behaviour toward us has not assumed a more friendly nature. It seems—intentionally or unintentionally I know not—to be in their system to use their influence in the fights between capital and labour in favour of the capitalists. In this way they have met with some success during the last year." He went for Powderly as the czar of the Knights of Labour in red-hot style. The first and second days were spent principally in appointing committees. The treasurer submitted the following report: Balance on hand December 1st, 1887, 2,605 dollars; income 4,512 dols.; expenditure 3,933 dols. The third day was devoted chiefly to discussing whether or not the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners should be admitted in the Federation. The Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners is already admitted. A resolution to the effect that the Amalgamated Society be not admitted on the ground that it would be detrimental to the interests of labour to have more than one organisation in any trade admitted to the Federation created a good deal of discussion, and strong speeches were made in support of it. The resolution was finally adopted. A resolution was also adopted to employ organisers in all cities numbering more than 150,000 inhabitants. The delegates also resolved to recommend to the different unions the printing of a weekly organ of the Federation, and further to submit to Congress a Bill taking the children out of the control of the single States and putting them under the control of the national government. The Bill should also contain a paragraph prohibiting in the United States the employment of children under fourteen years of age. The eight hours movement engaged the attention of the delegates on the fourth day. The 1st of May 1890 was selected to introduce all over the United States the eight hours a-day system. The delegates resolved to organise on the 22nd of February 1889 (Washington's birthday), 4th of July (commemoration of independence), and the first Monday in September (Labour Day), all over the United States mass meetings for the purpose of agitating this question. A committee was appointed to draw up a manifesto to call on the bosses to grant the eight-hours day. A motion to increase the salary of the president from 1,200 to 1,500 dollars a-year was lost—26 against, 19 for. A motion to levy a weekly assessment of two cents per member for the purpose of creating a strike fund was adopted. The fifth and last day was devoted to the election of the officers. Samuel Gompers and P. J. McGuire were re-elected president and secretary. Boston, Mass., was chosen as the next meeting place of the convention.

Newark, N.J., December 18, 1888.

HENRY F. CHARLES.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 13 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Library.—The Library is open to members of the Socialist League and affiliated bodies. LIBRARY CATALOGUE, containing the Rules, 2d. D. J. NICOLL and W. BLUNDELL are the Librarians.

London Members' Meeting.—The next monthly meeting of members will take place on Monday, Jan. 7, 1889, at 13 Farringdon Road, at 9 o'clock sharp.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888: Clerkenwell and Leicester to December. *Notice to Branch Secretaries*—Please remit to Central Office your Branch Capitation fees as soon as possible. A list of Branches in arrears will shortly appear.

Propaganda Fund.—R. Unwin, 3s. 6d.; K. F., 6d.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication.
FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

"COMMONWEAL" PRINTING FUND.

K. F., 6d.; A. Seglie, 6d.; T. R., 6d.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE.—Propaganda Committee meets on Tuesday, January 8th, at 8.30 p.m. Important business; all members who are interested in the propaganda are asked to attend.
D. J. NICOLL.

REPORTS.

HAMMERSMITH.—Good meeting at Latimer Road Sunday morning. *Weals* sold fairly; choir attended. Speakers were Lyne, sen., A. J. Smith, Dean, and Maughan. At Weltje Road, good meeting in evening by Mordhurst, Lyne, sen., and Maughan.

MILE END.—On Saturday evening, Gould, S.D.F., opened a very interesting debate on "Will Parliamentary Action help to bring about the Social Revolution?" Harding, S.D.F., occupied the chair. The opener was supported by White and Richardson, and opposed by McCormack, Cores, Davis, and Charles. The debate was adjourned till Saturday next.—H. D.

MITCHAM.—On Sunday last, a meeting was held at Clare Villas, Mitcham, of a number of the old members of the Mitcham branch. It was decided that the Fair Green, Mitcham, be the open-air station as heretofore, and the secretary be instructed to notify the S.D.F. of the fact, as there has been some misunderstanding upon the point. It was also resolved to acquire an indoor meeting-place at the earliest opportunity.

VICTORIA PARK.—Good meeting in Victoria Park on Sunday, addressed by Davis. Fair sale of *Weal*.

ABERDEEN.—At indoor meeting on 24th, Morris's lecture, "Whigs, Democrats, and Socialists," was read and discussed on Saturday night. Usual meeting at Castle Street addressed by Duncan, Aiken, and Leatham.—J. L.

IPSWICH.—On Thursday evening Creed lectured in the Pioneer Hall; H. Brown in chair.—J. T.

NORWICH.—On Sunday afternoon usual meeting held in Market Place addressed by Mowbray. Very fair audience present. In evening Mowbray lectured in Gordon Hall. Fair sale of *Commonweal*.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

- Bloomsbury.**—This Branch is now actively working. Socialists resident in this locality should send their names in at once to 13 Farringdon Road.
- Clerkenwell.**—Hall of the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Sunday Jan. 6, at 8.30 p.m., Free Concert by members and Friends. Branch Members' Business Meeting at 7 p.m. sharp.
- Fulham.**—8 Effie Road, Walham Green. Committee meetings are held on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock sharp. All members are earnestly requested to attend. Sunday January 6, at 8 p.m., William Morris, "Socialism."
- Hackney.**—Secretary, E. Lefevre, 14 Goldsmiths Sq., Goldsmiths Row, Hackney Road.
- Hammersmith.**—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W.
- Hoxton.**—12, Basing Place, Kingsland Rd. Business meetings of this branch are held every Friday evening at 9 o'clock.
- London Fields.**—All communications, etc., to Mrs. G. G. Schack, 26 Cawley Road, South Hackney.
- Milham.**—Meets every Sunday, 3 Clare Villas, Merton Road, at 11 a.m.
- Mile-end and Bethnal Green.**—95 Boston St., Hackney Road.
- North London.**—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. On Friday Jan. 11, Nicoll will open a discussion, the subject to be "The Social Revolution: the Means and the End. Members please attend at 8.30.
- Waltham and Camberwell.**—This branch is now in working order. Friends in this locality are earnestly invited to co-operate, and send their names in. Committee meetings every Monday, 7.30 p.m., at 3 Datchelor Place, Church St., Camberwell Green.
- Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.**—International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen** (Scottish Section).—Secretary, P. Barron, 14 Ann Street. Branch meets in Oddfellows Hall on Monday nights at 8. Choir practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursday evenings at 8.
- Bradford.**—Read's Coffee Tavern, Ivegate. Meets Tuesdays at 8.
- Carnoustie** (Scottish Section: Forfarshire).—Meeting every Wednesday, at 8 p.m., in the Carnoustie Restaurant. Samuel Wilson, Secy.
- Dundee** (Scot. Sect.).—Meetings every Sunday in the Trades Hall, opposite Tay Bridge Station.
- Edinburgh** (Scottish Land and Labour League).—35 George IV. Bridge. Meetings for Discussion, Thursdays at 8 p.m.
- Galashiels** (Scot Sect).—J. Walker, 184 Glendinning Terrace, secy.
- Gallatown and Dysart** (Scottish Section: Fife).—Meet every Tuesday at 7 p.m. in Gallatown Public School. Secretary, A. Paterson, 152 Rosslyn St.
- Glasgow.**—84 John Street. Reading-room (Draughts, Chess, etc.) open 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. daily. Weekly meeting of members on Thursday evenings at 8. French Class meets every Sunday at 11.
- Ipswich.**—Pioneer Hall, Tacket Street. Meets on Sunday evenings.
- Kilmarnock.**—Secretary, H. McGill, 22 Gilmour St. Branch meets on every alternate Tuesday.
- Leeds.**—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Rd. and Front Row. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m. communications to T. Paylor.
- Leicester.**—Hosiery Union Offices, 11a Millstone Lane. Fridays at 8 p.m.
- Norwich.**—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Monday, at 8, Lecture by Mowbray, subject "Life of Christ"; tickets 1d. each. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' Meeting. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Hall open from 8 p.m. until 10.30. Saturday, 8 until 10.30, Co-operative Clothing Association.
- Oxford.**—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. Wednesdays, at 8.30 p.m.
- Walsall.**—Lecture Room, back of Temperance Hall. Mondays at 8 p.m.
- West Calder** (Scottish Section).—Sec., Robert Lindsay, West Calder.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY 6.

- 11.30...Latimer Road Station...Hammersmith Branch
11.30...Regent's Park.....Mainwaring
11.30...Walham Green, opp. Station.....The Branch
3.30...Hyde Park.....Hicks
3.30...Victoria Park.....The Branch
7.30...Broad Street, Soho.....Nicol
7.30...Clerkenwell Green.....The Branch
7.30...Weltje Rd., Ravenscourt Pk.....Hammersmith.

Tuesday.

- 8.30...Fulham—back of Walham Green Ch. ... Branch

EAST END.

SUNDAY 6.

Leman Street, Shadwell 11 ...Cores.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen.**—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Glasgow Green at 2 p.m.; Paisley Road at 5.30.
Ipswich.—
Sproughton, Wednesday evening.
Westerfield, Thursday evening.
Needham Market, Sunday morning and evening.
Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Sunday: Market Place, at 3.

LIMEHOUSE BRANCH S.D.P.—Sunday Jan. 6th, at 8.30, H. Davis will lecture on "Anarchist Communism v. Social Democracy."

DULWICH W. M.'s LIBERAL AND RADICAL CLUB, 108 Lordship Lane.—Mr. F. Verinder, "The Taxation of Ground Rents and Values." Thurs. Jan. 10, at 8. All those desirous of helping in the work of the S.L. in and around Wimbledon and Merton, should communicate with comrade F. Kitz, 3 Clare Villas, Merton Road.

LEICESTER.—A course of lectures on "Socialism, its Aims and Principles" is being delivered in Leicester Secular Hall. The fifth lecture will be delivered on Sunday January 20 by Graham Wallas—subject, "Property under Socialism."

THE SOCIALIST CO-OPERATIVE FEDERATION.—The Half-yearly Members' Meeting will be held at 13 Farringdon Road, E.C., on Saturday Jan. 12, at 8 p.m., when the attendance of all members is requested. Members please bring or send their subscription cards for audit.

SOUTH LONDON.—Friends who will help to establish a Branch of the Socialist League in South London will please place themselves in communication with C. Henze, 41 Bolton Street, Thomas Street, Kennington Park, S.E., or by letter to H. Hopkins, 17 Gairloch Road, Shenley Road, Peckham, S.E.

A meeting of the East-end Branches of the Socialist League will be held on Thursday Jan. 10, at 8 p.m., at the International Working Men's Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road, for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming one large English section of the Revolutionary Party in the East-end. Branch Secretaries please take notice. Friends and sympathisers are urgently requested to attend.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red mark against this notice are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

SOCIALIST LEAGUE LITERATURE.

- Chants for Socialists.** By William Morris. . 1d
Organised Labour: The Duty of the Trades' Unions in Relation to Socialism. By Thomas Binning (London Society of Compositors). . 1d.
The Commune of Paris. By E. Belfort Bax, Victor Dave, and William Morris. . 2d.
The Aims of Art. By Wm. Morris. . 1d.
Bijou edition, 3d.; Large paper, 6d.
The Rights of Labour according to John Ruskin. By Thomas Bareslay. . 1d
The Tables Turned; or, Nupkins Awakened. A Socialist Interlude. By William Morris. In Wrapper . 4d.
The Manifesto of the Socialist League. Annotated by E. Belfort Bax and William Morris. An exposition of the principles on which the League is founded. . 1d.
Useful Work v. Useless Toil. By William Morris. . 1d.
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