



All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

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

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

Subscriptions for THE COMMONWEAL, free by post: for 12 numbers, 1 copy, 1s. 6d.; 3 copies, 4s.; 4 copies, 5s. Parcels of a dozen or a quire, if for distribution, will be sent on special terms.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPORTANT—Newsagents, etc., who supply the *Commonweal*, are asked to send in their names and addresses to the Manager, 13 Farringdon Road, for publication. The following leaflets have been issued by the League:—No. 1, "Why be Transposed?" No. 2, "Down with the Socialists!" No. 3, "To the Radicals"; No. 4, "The Cause of Prostitution." Copies will be sent to anyone on receipt of stamp for postage.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed at the office of the League, and are at the disposal of members.

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

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the new *Socialist Platform* series. Three numbers are now ready. The first, on "Trades' Unions," by E. Balfour Bax, with an interesting appendix, 16 pages, one penny; the second, by William Morris, on "Useful Work v. Useless Toil," 24 pages, one penny; the third, by Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling, on the "Factory Hell," 16 pages, one penny. Quantities will be supplied at a cheaper rate for sale or distribution.

LECTURES will be given throughout the winter at Farringdon Hall on Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m. The series will commence on Sept. 9. Subjects will be announced in *Pull Mall Gazette* and *Echo* on current evening.

DUBLIN.—All sympathisers with our movement are urgently requested to write to the Secretary at 13 Farringdon Road, E.C.

MANCHESTER.—This journal and all other publications of the Socialist League can be obtained from our wholesale agent, J. E. D. Bourne, 10 Herbert Street, High Town, Cheetham.

A CHORUS is now being formed at the Socialist League, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. All members and friends (especially ladies) of the Socialist League who possess fair voices, are invited to join. No previous knowledge of music necessary. Further information may be obtained from Edwin Pope. Choir practice every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

ROBERT SEIDEL writes from Mollis, Canton Glavis, forwarding a copy of his "Instruction by Manual Labour" and a critical attack upon it by H. Laupp. We hope to be able to review both works.

A READER (Northampton).—The quotation you forward from the *Weekly Times* of July 25 is, as you say, quite Socialistic in sentiment. Under a Socialistic régime holidays will not be the fragmentary, practically useless, things they are to-day. Every day will be a holiday, and work, as it ought to be, pay.

WM. HOLMES (Chicago, U.S.A.) writes us that he regards the *Commonweal* as the "ablest Socialistic paper in the world. I only wish," he adds, "I was in London and could take part in the agitation with the comrades there. . . . Quite a good many intelligent and wealthy business and professional men in the city call themselves Socialists, but they are the kind that do us no good—the milk-and-water sort—and are too much engrossed in scrambling for the Almighty Dollar to heed the cries of the disinherited and suffering proletariat. We have a good field here, and are doing good work, but we lack the co-operation of men of genius and means. Nevertheless, the Chicago Group of the International have not been idle in the work of propaganda, and we shall continue to spread the good seed as best we can."

ANYONE willing to form a Labour Emancipation League in Manchester is asked to communicate with Fred Willis, 46 Bold Street.

The editors insert with pleasure the following letter:—"DEAR COMRADES.—In your report of the Conference I am made responsible for the senseless statement that 'what was wanted was to get the attention of the superficial and frothy men.' I do not desire superficial Socialists any more than I desire insane Socialists. What I did say was that the workers were for the most part superficial, and that if we wished to create among them a desire and a demand for the *Commonweal* we must look to it that our articles are simpler in construction and more interesting in style than they have been heretofore.—Yours fraternally, T. MAGUIRE." [As the person responsible for the Report in our last issue, I must, in justice to myself, state that I took down verbatim in my shorthand what Comrade Maguire said.—EDWARD AVELING.]

RECEIVED.—*Cri du Peuple* (daily)—*Neu Yorker Volkszeitung* (weekly)—*Sozial Demokrat* (weekly)—*Anarchist*—*L'Insurgé*—*Worker's Friend*—*Der Sozialist* (weekly)—*Wage-Worker*—*La Revue Socialiste*—*Neue Zeit*—*La Question Sociale*—*Labour Standard*—*Freiheit* (weekly)—*Tolcross Advertiser*—*Il Parja*—*Recht vor Allen*—*Ni Dieu ni Maître*—*The Altruist*—*Denver Labour Inquirer*—*Chicago Alarm*—*Norwich Laylight*—*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*—*Belfast Labour Advocate*—*Detroit Labour Leaf*—*Boston Liberty*—*Dublin University Magazine*—*Union Socialiste*—*Christian Socialist*—*Justice*—*Church Reformer*—*National Review*—*The Word*—*Boston Woman's Journal*—*San Francisco Chronicle*—*Watchman* (N.Z.)—*Index*—*El Angel del Hogar*—*Republican*—*Cleveland* (O.) *Carpetweaver*—*Journal Vigilance Association*—N.Y. Progress.

The following additional books and pamphlets have been received for the Library of the League since last acknowledgment:—Parcels of books from Craig, Spauling, Morris and Wardle; "Odes of Horace," from Nicoll; "Communism," from A. Longley.

A SUPPLEMENT of Four Pages is issued with this number. The October number (9) will be ready on Friday, Sept. 25th. Reports and notices for the Lecture List must reach the office not later than Monday, 21st.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

VI.—THE NEW PROLETARIAN.

How near to the goal are we now, and what shall we live to behold?

Will it come a day of surprise to the best of the hopeful and bold?

Shall the sun arise some morning and see men falling to work, Smiling and loving their lives, not fearing the ill that may lurk In every house on their road, in the very ground that they tread? Shall the sun see famine slain, and the fear of children dead? Shall he look adown on men set free from the burden of care, And the earth grown like to himself, so comely, clean and fair? Or else will it linger and loiter, till hope deferred hath spoiled All bloom of the life of man—yea, the day for which we have toiled?

Till our hearts be turned to stone by the griefs that we have borne,

And our loving kindness seared by love from our anguish torn. Till our hope grow a wrathful fire, and the light of the second birth

Be a flame to burn up the weeds from the lean impoverished earth.

What's this? Meseems it was but a little while ago
When the merest sparkle of hope set all my heart aglow!
The hope of the day was enough; but now 'tis the very day
That wearies my hope with longing. What's changed or gone away?

Or what is it drags at my heart-strings?—is it aught save
the coward's fear?

In this little room where I sit is all that I hold most dear—
My love, and the love we have fashioned, my wife and the little lad.

Yet the four walls look upon us with other eyes than they had,
For indeed a thing hath happened. Last week at my craft I worked,

Lest oft in the grey of the morning my heart should tell me I shirked;

But to-day I work for us three, lest he and she and I
In the mud of the street should draggle till we come to the workhouse or die.

Not long to tell is the story, for, as I told you before,
A lawyer paid me the money which came from my father's store.
Well, now the lawyer is dead, and a curious tangle of theft,
It seems, is what he has lived by, and none of my money is left.
So I who have worked for my pleasure now work for utter need.
In "the noble army of labour" I now am a soldier indeed.

"You are young, you belong to the class that you love," saith
the rich man's sneer;

"Work on with your class and be thankful." All that I hearken
to hear,

Nor heed the laughter much; have patience a little while,
I will tell you what's in my heart, nor hide a jot by guile.

When I worked pretty much for my pleasure I really worked
with a will,

It was well and workmanlike done, and my fellows knew my skill,
And deemed me one of themselves though they called me gentle-

man Dick,
Since they knew I had some money; but now that to work I
must stick,

Or fall into utter ruin, there's something gone I find;
The work goes, cleared is the job, but there's something left
behind;

I take up fear with my chisel, fear lies 'twixt me and my plane,
And I wake in the merry morning to a new unwonted pain.

That's fair: I shall live it down—and many a thing besides
Till I win the poor dulled heart which the workman's jacket
hides.

Were it not for the Hope of Hopes I know my journey's end,
And would wish I had ne'er been born the weary way to wend.

Now further well you may think we have lived no gentleman's
life,

My wife is my servant, and I am the servant of my wife,
And we make no work for each other; but country folk we were,
And she sickened sore for the grass and the breath of the
fragrant air

That had made her lovely and strong; and so up here we came
To the northern slopes of the town to live with a country dame.

Who can talk of the field-folks' ways: not one of the newest the
house,

The woodwork worn to the bone, its panels the land of the mouse,

Its windows rattling and loose, its floors all up and down ;
 But this at least it was, just a cottage left in the town.
 There might you sit in our parlour in the Sunday afternoon
 And watch the sun through the vine-leaves and fall to dreaming
 that soon
 You would see the grey team passing, their fetlocks wet with
 the brook,
 Or the shining mountainous straw-load: there the summer
 moon would look
 Through the leaves on the lampless room, wherein we sat we
 twain.
 All London vanished away ; and the morn of the summer rain
 Would waft us the scent of the hay ; or the first faint yellow
 leaves
 Would flutter adown before us and tell of the acres of sheaves.

All this hath our lawyer eaten, and to-morrow must we go
 To a room near my master's shop, in the parlours of Soho.
 No words of its shabby meanness! But that is our prison-cell
 In the jail of weary London. Therein for us must dwell
 The hope of the world that shall be, that rose a glimmering spark
 As the last thin flame of our pleasure sank quavering in the dark.

Again the rich man jeereth : "The man is a coward, or worse—
 He bewails his feeble pleasure ; he quails before the curse
 Which many a man endureth with calm and smiling face."
 Nay, the man is a man, by your leave ! Or put yourself in his
 place,

And see if the tale reads better. The haven of rest destroyed,
 And nothing left of the life that was once so well enjoyed
 But leave to live and labour, and the glimmer of hope deferred.
 Now know I the cry of the poor no more as a story heard,
 But rather a wordless wail forced forth from the weary heart.
 Now, now when hope ariseth I shall surely know my part.

* * * * *

There's a little more to tell. When those last words were said,
 At least I was yet a-working, and earning daily bread.
 But now all that is changed, and meseems adown the stair
 That leads to the nethermost pit man wife and child must fare.

When I joined the communist folk, I did what in me lay
 To learn the grounds of their faith. I read day after day
 Whatever books I could handle, and heard about and about
 What talk was going amongst them ; and I burned up doubt
 after doubt,

Until it befel at last that to others I needs must speak
 (Indeed, they pressed me to that while yet I was weaker than
 weak).

So I began the business, and in street-corners I spake
 To knots of men. Indeed, that made my very heart ache,
 So hopeless it seemed ; for some stood by like men of wood.
 And some, though fain to listen but a few words understood ;
 And some but hooted and jeered : but whiles across some I came
 Who were keen and eager to hear ; as in dry flux the flame
 So the quick thought flickered amongst them : and that indeed
 was a feast.

So about the streets I went, and the work on my hands increased ;
 And to say the very truth betwixt the smooth and the rough
 It was work and hope went with it, and I liked it well enough :
 Nor made I any secret of all that I was at

But daily talked in our shop and spoke of this and of that.
 Then vanished my money away, and like a fool I told
 Some one or two of the loss. Did that make the master bold ?
 Before I was one of his lot, and as queer as my head might be
 I might do pretty much as I liked. Well now he sent for me
 And spoke out in very words my thought of the rich man's jeer ;
 "Well sir, you have got your wish, as far as I can hear,
 And are now no thief of labour, but an honest working man :
 Now I'll give you a word of warning : stay in it as long as you can,
 This working lot that you like so : you're pretty well off as you
 are.

So take another warning : I have thought you went too far,
 And now I am quite sure of it ; so make an end of your talk
 At once and for ever henceforth, or out of my shop you walk ;
 There are plenty of men to be had who are quite as good as you.
 And mind you, anywhere else you'll scarce get work to do,
 Unless you rule your tongue ;—good morning ; stick to your
 work."

The hot blood rose to my eyes, somewhere a thought did lurk
 To finish both him and the job : but I knew now what I was,
 And out of the little office in helpless rage did I pass
 And went to my work, a *slave*, for the sake of my child and my
 sweet.

Did men look for the brand on my forehead that eve as I went
 through the street ?

And what was the end after all ? Why one of my shopmates heard
 My next night's speech in the street, and passed on some bitter
 word,
 And that week came a word with my money : "You needn't come
 again."

And the shame of my four days' silence had been but grief in vain.
 Well I see the days before me : this time we shall not die
 Nor go to the workhouse at once : I shall get work by-and-by,
 And shall work in fear at first, and at last forget my fear,
 And drudge on from day to day, since it seems that I hold life
 dear.

'Tis the lot of many millions ! Yet if half of those millions knew
 The hope that my heart hath learned, we should find a deed to do,
 And who or what should withstand us ? And I, e'en I might live
 To know the love of my fellows and the gifts that earth can give.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

V.—LABOUR-POWER. MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE. ESSENTIALS FOR LABOUR.

In capitalistic circulation, the excess of the returns to the
 capitalist over his outlay is surplus-value. The source of
 surplus-value is some commodity of such a nature that its
 consumption (or the realisation of its use-value) creates value.
 This commodity is labour-power. The one source of all surplus-
 value, as, indeed, of all value, is human labour-power.

Labour-power is the sum-total of all the physical faculties
 of man that can be put into action to produce use-value. Of
 course, the word physical is here used in the wide sense that
 is, I think, its only sense. All bodily faculties are included,
 those of the brain as well as those of the muscles. The facul-
 ties of the brain are but functions of a particular part of the
 body. They are therefore physical, and enter into that totality
 of functions which is the labour-power of the individual.

Labour must not be confused with labour-power. In this
 confusion of the two, a very common event, is the fruitful
 source of much misunderstanding by the student and misrep-
 resentation by the opponents of Socialism. Labour is the realisa-
 tion of labour-power. Every ordinary person has labour-power.
 Not everyone realises it, *i.e.*, performs labour. The labourer is
 the human being who does realise his faculties in the production
 of use-value.

That labour-power and labour are not one and the same
 thing is seen again when we consider the means of subsistence.
 Labour-power realised in the production of use-value, or not so
 realised, needs maintenance, restoration. Its possessor, whether
 he is a labourer or a University cricketer, requires means of
 subsistence. Whether labour is or is not put forth, means of
 subsistence are essential.

What are these means of subsistence ? They are food,
 clothing, housing, warmth, rest, children, education. On the
 first five there is no need to dwell. The last two call for a
 word of comment. The commodity labour-power must be con-
 tinuous on the market. There must be a constant supply. As
 one generation of labourers passes another must take its place.
 Children are an actual means of subsistence for the stock of
 labour-power as a whole in the community, not of course for
 the labour-power of the individual parents. For a like reason,
 education is necessary to prepare the children for the due use
 of their labour-power in the way that the capitalistic system
 commands.

These means of subsistence have to us a special interest, as
 it is their equivalent that the labourer produces during the
 earlier part of his working-day. Until he has produced their
 equivalent he can and does produce nothing whatever for his
 lord. But the moment he has produced so much value, whether
 in yarn that he has made out of cotton, or bricks that he has
 made out of clay, in the soil that he has ploughed, or the cattle
 he has driven a-field—the moment, I say, that he has put into
 any commodity or commodities so much value (the result of his
 labour-power realised), as is the equivalent of the means of sub-
 sistence necessary to maintain that labour-power, from that
 moment all other value that he may produce is not his, but
 another's.

In this connexion the student is not concerned with how the
 relative positions of capitalist and labourer have come about.
 That will have to be considered later. The labourer and the
 holder of capital are face to face to-day. That this is the case
 not even the capitalist will deny. Explanations as to how this
 came to be, he and his can and do offer. On these explanations
 much will have to be said later. For the present, let us only
 note that it is by no means a question of natural history, or to
 be accounted for by immutable natural laws. Evolution has