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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

J. H. JOHNSON and **W. BLUNDELL.**—May be used later on.

W. TAYLOR.—We may be able to do what is wished in after issues.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.—For all information as to this order and steps to be taken in organising assemblies, address the General Secretary, Frederick Turner, Lock Box No. 17, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

C. M. M.—Have not time to send anything more than our good wishes to you in your struggle.

VERITAS.—Canvassing with all its attendant evils, of which not the least is the method of payment of the canvasser, is a necessary part of our miserable commercial system. Join us in the endeavour to get rid, not only of canvassing but of the system.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Der Rebell—Freethinker—Practical Socialist—Leicester Co-operative Record. *Belgium*: La Guerre Social (Brussels). *Canada*: L'Union Ouvrière (Montreal). *France*: Paris: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—Le Révolté—Le Socialiste—La Tribune des Peuples—Revue du Mouvement Social, Le Devoir (Guise)—Le Forçat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik (Budapest). *Italy*: La Question Sociale (Turin)—Il Fascio Operaio (Milan)—*Morocco*: Almoghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Roumania*: Drepturile Omului (daily, Bucharest). *Serbia*: Tchas (Belgrade). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social—Acracia (Barcelona)—Bandera Social (Madrid)—El Socialismo (Cadiz). *Switzerland*: Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country. (Boston): Liberty—Woman's Journal—Index. Denver (Col.) Labor Inquirer—Chicago (Ill.) Alarm—Detroit (Mich.) Labor Leaf—Muskegon (Mich.) Social Drift—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.) Carpenter—Chronicle. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.): Die Parole—Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Philadelphia (Pa.) Socialist—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer—Atlanta (Ga.) New Working World—Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Budget—Portland (Oregon) Alarm.

Notes on Matters Parliamentary.

Big as the passing days are with hopes of events to come, hard as the times are now, and troublous as the outlook is, there has seldom passed a month in which there is so little to say about the proceedings of that "representative" body called Parliament, which according to the views of some worthy persons is the only instrument by means of which the reconstruction of Society can be carried out. It has as usual manifested its mingled tyranny and impotency, and for the rest has been doing nothing but trying hard to sit on two stools at once, with apparently little fear of the consequences, which however duly follow in the shape of a more peremptory dismissal than the ordinary "dissolution"—a final one, to wit.

Its impotency was well shown in the matter of the £50,000 lopped off the estimates by Mr. Labouchere's successful resolution. The august assembly was gravely told that though it was its undoubted duty to watch the outgoings of the national purse, it must exercise that duty reasonably—i.e., not at all. Then presently the Government uttered its official "can't be done," and relegated Mr. Labouchere to the making of a funny speech on the subject next year, and every year as long as the farce of Parliamentary Government lasts. This incident is a good measure of the real power of the Radicals in Parliament, and if they are encouraged by its results, they are sanguine men indeed.

While we are on these small matters, we may note the petty piece of tyranny exercised by our popular House in forbidding the people to use the national property on a Sunday. The House of Lords had just discovered that the world would not come to an end if the museums and picture galleries paid for by the people could be seen by the people. When it is attempted to endorse this opinion in the Commons, the attempt will probably be defeated by an opposition led by the pious Broadhurst and the still more pious Arch. Perhaps after all, then, the Primrose Habitation of Buccleuch,

who petitioned the House of Lords to abolish the Commons' House, were democrats in disguise, who wished to get rid of the Hereditary House by beginning first on its only support, the House of Commons.

For indeed Society need not tremble at Mr. Labouchere having nearly achieved a second success. The second or third generation of money-bags elevated to seats in an upper house by means of various cajolery and bribery exercised on servility, will be quite "hereditary" enough to be safe men, especially when helped by a good cohort of successful bamboozlers and muddlers up of facts, under the name of lawyers.

One thing has happened in Parliament of some importance to the party faction-fight, though of little otherwise: Mr. Bradlaugh has practically declared his adherence to the Whigs. I congratulate the Whig Party on their gain of a really able man, and Mr. Bradlaugh on having at last reached his level. He now stands on firm ground after much floundering through sham democratic mud.

To come to matters of more importance. There is Mr. Chamberlain's circular to the Boards of Guardians, which is as complete an exemplification of the helplessness of our present governmental system as could be. We may fairly assume his wish to do all that can be done under the present circumstances. Considering his position, he may be said to admit the existence of hard times to the full, and to be anxious not to say anything offensive to the feelings of the working-men. But, after all, phrases will not feed folk, and it seems to me he gives them little else. I should like to ask Mr. Chamberlain if he really thinks that useful work (and he clearly aims at that) can be given to the unemployed "without competing with that of other labourers now employed"? And also how long such hybrid work as he proposes can go on if the present distress goes on, or only betters a little? It is after all only playing at finding productive or serviceable work for the unemployed. Surely Mr. Chamberlain knows this. Is he thinking nothing more exalted than, "After me the Deluge"?

Well, at least he is resigning his place, and his motives for doing so are being much canvassed. One can easily imagine them. Perhaps he thinks Mr. Gladstone will not carry his Irish measure, as he probably will not. Perhaps he is not very anxious to see the Irish landlords rather more than compensated for their land, which pleasure Mr. Gladstone's bill will probably do for them. Perhaps also he sees that the arrangements made, the Irish peasants will decline to pay this "compensation" to the landlord, unseen, indeed, but still existing; and that the English taxpayer will have to pay it; and Mr. Chamberlain may well dread the English taxpayer.

But perhaps, again, he sees that Mr. Gladstone's scheme means separation simply, in the long run, and that when this is found out, the "great heart of the English people," of which we sometimes hear, will be ready to burst with rather undignified rage, and will serve out those politicians who brought matters to this pass, and Mr. Chamberlain naturally does not want to be served out. Yet it would scarcely answer his purpose to find himself the representative of the stupid prejudice of Englishmen against Irishmen, which is quite as strong among Liberals and Radicals as it is with the other side.

But of course he has a good opportunity for sitting on two stools. If the democratic side and Home Rule win he can say, "How could I consent to buying out the landlords on their own terms, with all the dangers obviously appertaining thereto?" If the Whig-Radical integrity of the empire wins, he can say, "How could I consent to the injury done to the great Anglo-Saxon race and its future—by admitting that a nation of Celts don't belong to that race?" The temptation towards shuffling is great; but it might be better not to yield to it. For after all, the question for *England* really is, "Shall Ireland separate with civil war or without it?" And for *Ireland*: "Shall we be allowed to deal with the land as we think good?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

X.—READY TO DEPART.

I SAID of my friend new-found that at first he saw not my lair;
 Ye: he and I and my wife were together here and there;
 And at last as my work increased and my den to a dwelling grew,
 He came there often enough, and yet more together we drew.
 Then came a change in the man; for a month he kept away,
 Then came again and was with us for a fortnight every day,
 But often he sat there silent, which was little his wont with us.
 And at first I had no inkling of what constrained him thus;
 I might have thought that he faltered, but now and again there came,
 When we spoke of the Cause and its doings, a flash of his eager flame,
 And he seemed himself for a while; then the brightness would fade away,
 And he gloomed and shrank from my eyes.

Thus passed day after day,
 And grieved I grew, and I pondered: till at last one eve we sat
 In the fire-lit room together, and talked of this and that,
 But chiefly indeed of the war and what would come of it;
 For Paris drew near to its fall, and wild hopes 'gan to flit
 Amidst us Communist folk; and we talked of what might be done
 When the Germans had gone their ways and the two were left alone,
 Betrayers and betrayed in war-worn wasted France.

As I spoke the word "betrayed," my eyes met his in a glance,
 And swiftly he turned away; then back with a steady gaze
 He turned on me; and it seemed as when a sword-point plays
 Round the sword in a battle's beginning and the coming on of strife.
 For I knew though he looked on me, he saw not me, but my wife:
 And he reddened up to the brow, and the tumult of the blood
 Nigh blinded my eyes for a while, that I scarce saw bad or good,
 Till I knew that he was arisen and had gone without a word,
 Then I turned about unto her, and a quivering voice I heard
 Like music without a meaning, and twice I heard my name.
 "O Richard, Richard!" she said, and her arms about me came,
 And her tears and the lips that I loved were on my face once more.
 A while I clung to her body, and longing sweet and sore
 Beguiled my heart of its sorrow; then we sundered and sore she wept,
 While fair pictures of days departed about my sad heart crept,

And mazed I felt and weary. But we sat apart again,
Not speaking, while between us was the sharp and bitter pain
As the sword 'twixt the lovers bewildered in the fruitless marriage bed.
Yet a while, and we spoke together, and I scarce knew what I said,
But it was not wrath or reproaching, or the chill of love-born hate ;
For belike around and about us, we felt the brooding fate.
We were gentle and kind together, and if any had seen us so,
They had said, "These two are one in the face of all trouble and woe."
But indeed as a wedded couple we shrank from the eyes of men,
As we dwelt together and pondered on the days that come not again.

Days passed and we dwelt together ; nor Arthur came for awhile ;
Gravely it was and sadly, and with no greeting smile,
That we twain met at our meetings : but no growth of hate was yet,
Though my heart at first would be sinking as our thoughts and our eyes they
met :

And when he spake amidst us and as one we two agreed,
And I knew of his faith and his wisdom, then sore was my heart indeed.
We shrank from meeting alone : for the words we had to say
Our thoughts would nowise fashion ; not yet for many a day.

Unhappy days of all days ! Yet O might they come again !
So sore as my longing returneth to their trouble and sorrow and pain !

But time passed, and once we were sitting, my wife and I in our room,
And it was in the London twilight and the February gloom,
When there came a knock, and he entered all pale, though bright were his
eyes,
And I knew that something had happened, and my heart to my mouth did
arise.

"It is over," he said—"and beginning ; for Paris has fallen at last.
And who knows what next shall happen after all that has happened and
passed ?
There now may we all be wanted."

I took up the word : "Well then
Let us go, we three together, and there to die like men."

"Nay," he said, "to live and be happy like men." Then he flushed up red,
And she no less as she hearkened, as one thought through their bodies had
sped.

Then I reached out my hand to him, and I kissed her once on the brow,
But no word craving forgiveness, and no word of pardon e'en now,
Our minds for our mouths might fashion.

In the February gloom
And into the dark we sat planning, and there was I in the room,
And in speech I gave and I took ; but yet alone and apart
In the fields where I once was a youngling whiles wandered the thoughts of
my heart,

And whiles in the unseen Paris, and the streets made ready for war.
Night grew and we lit the candles, and we drew together more,
And whiles we differed a little as we settled what to do,
And my soul was cleared of confusion as nigher the deed-time drew.

Well, I took my child into the country, as we had settled there,
And gave him o'er to be cherished by a kindly woman's care,
A friend of my mother's, but younger : and for Arthur, I let him give
His money, as mine was but little, that the boy might flourish and live,
Lest we three, or I and Arthur should perish in tumult and war,
And at least the face of his father he should look on never more.
You cry out shame on my honour ? But yet remember again
That a man in my boy was growing ; must my passing pride and pain
Undo the manhood within him and his days and their doings blight ?
So I thrust my pride away, and I did what I deemed was right,
And left him down in our country.

And well may you think indeed
How my sad heart swelled at departing from the peace of river and mead,
But I held all sternly aback and again to the town did I pass.
And as alone I journeyed, this was ever in my heart :
"They may die ; they may live and be happy ; but for me I know my part,
In Paris to do my utmost, and there in Paris to die !"
And I said. "The day of the deeds and the day of deliverance is nigh."
WILLIAM MORRIS.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

XI.—THE LUST FOR SURPLUS-VALUE IN ENGLAND.

WE have, following "Das Kapital," taken an example of the shameless devices of the exploiter to obtain unpaid labour from the exploitee, from eastern Europe. Now, under the same guidance, let us trace out some of the history of these same devices in England. To understand this terrible and disgraceful history, first let us remind ourselves of the general provisions of that Act of 1850, which in the first place marks the conclusion of one stage in the ceaseless struggle between employers and employed, and in the second place has been the basis for all those slight modifications in 1871, 1873, 1874, and other years that have left the 1850 Act virtually master of the situation.

As these papers are only a *résumé* of Marx' book, I do not profess in them to deal with any history later than 1867. Possibly, after this work is done, a summary of the factory legislation of more recent years, along the lines suggested by him, may be made. By the 1850 Act, the average working-day for a man is 10 hours. Oh Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday the hours are 12, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., with intervals of half-an-hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, leaving for actual work 10½ hours a day. On Saturday the time is from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., with half-an-hour for breakfast, *i.e.*, 7½ hours of actual work. 10½ × 5 = 52½, and this + 7½ = 60 hours for 6 days, *i.e.*, 10 hours of actual labour on the average per day.

Every worker knows that these 10 hours are like committee men, with power to add to their number. By this device or that, in every branch of industry, in every factory, in the person of every labourer,

the 10 became 10 and a fraction, or even at times 11 or more. One of the commonest of these devices is that known as "nibbling." Thus work may be and often is begun at 5.45 a.m. instead of at 6 ; five minutes are "cribbed" from the beginning of breakfast time, 5 minutes from the end ; the morning work is continued 10 minutes beyond the moment of stopping for dinner, the afternoon is begun 10 minutes too soon ; 6.15 instead of 6, and 2.15 instead of 2, become the times for ceasing work on five days in the week and on Saturday respectively. For every man this means 15 + 5 + 5 + 10 + 10 + 15 = 60 minutes for 5 days or 300 minutes, with on Saturday 15 + 5 + 5 + 15, or 40 minutes of extra unpaid labour in a week. Suppose there are 50 weeks in the year, allowing two for holidays and accidental pauses. 340 minutes × 50 = 1700 minutes, and as the nominal working day is of 10 hours, each of 60 minutes, dividing 17,000 by 600, will give us the number of extra unpaid working days each man gives in a year to his master. It is over 28 days, wherever this nibbling obtains. And the system denounced with forcible use of the very figures just quoted, by Factory Inspector Leonard Horner, in 1859, is in vogue and in many places in full swing to-day.

The regularly recurrent crises in our capitalistic method of production only alter the lust of the capitalist after surplus-labour in degree. His anxiety to prolong the working day becomes at these times more marked. With interrupted production, short time working, less time spent in work, the more of that working time must from the capitalist's point of view be surplus working-time. Hence the worse trade is, the more unscrupulous are the masters. Thus, Horner reports that when in his district 122 factories were closed, 143 were standing still, and all the rest were working very short time, work was prolonged beyond the legal limits. The same thing occurred habitually during the cotton crisis time of 1861-65.

Masters consciously and men for the most part (as yet) unconsciously recognise the formation of surplus-value by this surplus (unpaid) labour. "Let me work my factory 10 minutes a-day over the legal time," says one manufacturer, "and you will put £1000 a-year into my pocket." And the men and children call one another "full-timers" and "half-timers," as their hours are the 12 or only 6 a day. Unconsciously, they in the very names, recognise that they are to the capitalist and under our modern method of production, nothing but personified labour.

Press of other matter in the *Commonweal* this month makes this article shorter than usual. I am the more content with this, as the next number of the journal will be the first of the weekly series, and the detailed history of the cruel exploitation of English workers can well begin in our issue of May 1.

Act of 1850 (legalised limits)	Monday to Friday, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m.
of working day	} Saturday 6 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Meal times	½ hour, breakfast ; 1 hour, dinner.
Nibbling and cribbing	... Encroachment on meal-times at both ends. Beginning earlier, leaving off later than legal times.
Full-timers, half-timers	... The names for those whose working-day is respectively 12 and 6 hours. The phrases embody the idea of the worker as personified labour.

EDWARD AVELING.

THE IMBECILITY OF WHOLESALE THRIFT.

PERHAPS the coolest specimen of "chaff," the most perfect illustration of "insult added to injury," is now being perpetrated by certain of our bourgeois friends. The reason for the present depression in trade, for thousands of working men being absolutely without the means of subsistence, for young girls taking to the streets in shoals—so numerous indeed, that even here competition has asserted its dread supremacy, and a woman's person is so cheap as to be barely worth the selling—for all this misery, this starvation, this prostitution is the *extravagance of the working classes!* In other words, the British workman should no longer be content with living on nothing, but should curtail his necessities, so that he may live on something less than nothing.

Such a theory propounded in an epoch of universal self-denial and hideous privation, might be expected to have been promptly laughed out of existence. Emanating, however, from a bourgeois source, the middle classes, frightened, perplexed, and possibly slightly conscience-stricken at the present state of the labour-market, have caught at this flimsy doctrine, partly to justify them in the eyes of the victims, but chiefly with a view to wield it as a potent argument in their projected attempt at a universal further reduction of operatives' wages.

As the denouncers of the habits of luxury and prodigality at present so evident among the labouring classes, support their sophistry by a spurious logic, it is as well that we examine a little into the merits of the case.

It is argued by a large fraction of bourgeois society that the whole solution of the social question lies in the drink question. Every year, say the sapient ones, between 350 and 400 millions of money are spent in Great Britain in drink, of which a large proportion is consumed by the working classes. Now supposing each working man, on an average, to spend £10 annually in liquor, if each working man turned abstainer (of course the worker must always set the example of virtue to his betters) he would be £10 a-year richer, and could afford £10 worth more clothes, bread, meat, etc.