



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.

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Will be used—'Socialism in Perthshire.'

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday September 19.

ENGLAND Bradford Observer Justice Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight North British Daily Mail Railway Review Telegraph Service Gazette Worker's Friend	CHICAGO (Ill.) —Vorbote Fort Worth (Tex.)—South West Milwaukee—National Reformer Providence Independent Citizen Paterson (N J) Labor Standard St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole Coast Seamen's Journal	SWITZERLAND Zurich—Sozial Demokrat Arbeiterstimme
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INDIA Bankipore—Behar Herald Madras—People's Friend	HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen	SPAIN El Productor Madrid—El Socialista
UNITED STATES New York—Der Sozialist Truthseeker Volkszeitung Jewish Volkszeitung Alarm Workmen's Advocate Boston—Woman's Journal Liberty Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	BELGIUM Ghent—Vooruit Liege—L'Avenir Antwerp—De Werker	GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune AUSTRIA Wien—Gleichheit Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
	PORTUGAL Lisbon—O Protesto Operario	ROMANIA Jassy—Municipal DENMARK Social-Demokraten SWEDEN Stockholm, Social-Demokraten

A MODERN MIDAS.

In one respect at least, we Socialists have an advantage over other people. The very simplest and rudest ideal that a Socialist can conceive of would bear realisation well; a Socialist could only be discontented with such realisation by ceasing to be a Socialist; and there are few creeds or causes of which this could be said. Some have discounted the usual ideals, so to say, and rejected them beforehand, like the old Scotch lady who declined to sacrifice her pleasure on earth for the chance of sitting on a damp cloud and singing psalms all day for ever in another world; others, like Swedenborg, have gravely (though in his case with much humour also) tried to reason devotees out of the more foolish parts of their ideal, and put heaven before them as little more than the realisation of Socialism in a future state. Modern creeds, on the other hand, with characteristic cowardice, have generally evaded the difficulties that beset the realisation of ideals by taking care to make them so vague that at no stage of the change could it be said whether they were realised or not.

One religion there is, however, whose ideal as a religion is simple and straightforward enough, and quite capable of realisation, and indeed is often realised; that religion is the religion of money-making. To put yourself in such a position that no one could for a moment suppose that you need do or were doing anything useful, is, as we all know, the one thing to be striven after according to the Money-God; although the pursuit of this ideal is made easier by the pretence of having others, of the damp-cloud and psalm-singing nature. But the realisation of this ideal does not always (it is said) bring satisfaction: "to live the life of a gentleman" has been found irksome to many who have had in earlier days more exciting ways of life than that. Nay, one anecdote I know, which was told me as a fact by a business man of great respectability, which seems to show that a "gentleman's" life has unexpected dangers. A man in business in a large Midland town, said my acquaintance (who knew the man), after a long struggle as an agent and broker and what not, carried on with that untiring energy and strength of mind which so distinguishes the English bourgeois (only, by the way, the man was a German)—this man at last grew rich, and "lived like a gentleman"; and then very rich, and lived, I suppose, more like a gentleman. But here came the hitch: either he was so bored by the results of his triumph, his realised ideal, or his mind was so strong before that now it became weak, and he found that the only fun to be got out of his ideal was the pursuit of it. In short, this German representative of English industry went mad, and his madness took the form of his thinking that his ideal was still

unrealised, and that he was poor and struggling still. He now grew so little like "a gentleman" that he begrudged his own belly, his own back (and not other peoples') victuals and clothes. His friends (or hangers on) would come to him and say, "So and so, the doctor has ordered you a mutton chop"; and he would answer, "Well, the doctor had better send it me then; I can't afford it." The case being urgent, and the man daily growing weaker, the "friends" would say, "Well, that's true; but look here, if you will have a mutton chop we will pay you for eating it."

Then Midas, believing, as he naturally would, that the money which he had "made" came from nowhere in particular, and that there was no reason why this miracle should not be again, and even continuously exhibited, would say with caution, "Well, what will you give me?" and they, having command of an unlimited bogus cheque-book, would say, also with caution, "Well, let us say £100"; but Midas would turn away with a snort of indignation, and the bidding would rise to £500. "Come," Midas would say, "make it £750! Eating chops is such expensive work"; and they after some demur would agree, the cheque would be solemnly drawn and signed, and Mr. Midas would fulfil his part of the contract with all the probity of a British merchant. But of course the game had to be repeated at every fresh meal. The same comedy had to be played with the clothing of this pattern of industry. When he became visibly lousy, or perhaps a little before, there was the job to get him to change his shirt! He would manoeuvre and dodge about to screw another £100 out of his bribers, as though he had got a treasure to sell them, which they could not bear to lose, and would chuckle over his bogus cheque with complete enjoyment.

I don't know how long this industrious apprentice lived in this condition; I unamiably hope a long time, for he must have been a great nuisance to his hangers on, or keepers, or what not, and they deserved it for not being Socialists. It must be observed that the man was admittedly mad, and not an ordinary miser, and had kept a plenteous house and great state before he reverted to his original thrift and industry.

The moral is obvious enough not to need repeating: only perhaps some of our Fabian friends will not so much see Midas in the story, as a judgment called down on the man for neglecting to learn the true theory of rent in its various forms.

Indeed, I must unsay what I have just said, and end by asking our readers to look upon this true story, which does not stand by itself, as a type of our sham society, which inflicts so many miseries on others in order to be itself unhappy. W. M.

YARMOUTH AND FREE SPEECH.

THREE comrades have already been heavily fined, or the option of a month's imprisonment for obstruction at Yarmouth. On Saturday last, four comrades appeared before the Great Unpaid; a fifth summons had been issued, but our comrade did not turn up. The cases had been heard the week previous and was adjourned so as to enable us to compromise, which we refused to do, as we intend to win at all costs. On Saturday morning considerable excitement was caused, and the public crowded the Court. The number of cases was 38, comprising Socialists, Salvation, Blue Ribbon, and Church Armies. The defendants being called on, the magistrates adjourned for a short time to consider the *injustice*, not *justice*, they should pass upon these men and women. Upon their return into Court, the chairman announced that he, and the four other idlers of society, had carefully considered the cases, and must carry out the law by inflicting a fine which all could pay, viz., 1s. including costs, or three days imprisonment. All the defendants decided to go to prison, except in one case, that of a female belonging to the Salvation Army, the fine being paid by a friend much to her annoyance. Time is allowed the defendants to pay the fine; if not paid, distress warrants are to be issued; that failing they go to prison. In all cases defendant's goods are secured, so the authorities cannot touch them. Our own comrades, I am pleased to say, have no goods, so they will do the alternative—go to prison. We are winning all along the line. It looks like the authorities surrendering, as only a few weeks back the fine and costs amounted to £2 19s. 4d.—Saturday last, 1s. and costs!

Since the decision on Saturday, we understand twelve names of the Salvation Army have been taken for holding a meeting on the disputed spot. On Sunday we held a meeting and had no interference from the police. We intend holding meetings during the week, and expect action will be taken against us; still we shall carry on the fight with more vigour, as we intend to win. We are fast gaining the sympathy of the workers in Yarmouth. A. T. S.

DAMN THE PUBLIC, BY ORDER.—The following regulation has been issued to the employees in telegraph offices:—"Telegraphists are not to give to the public any assurance as to the time telegrams are likely to be in transit. By order." (Here followeth the official seal.)

SOCIOLOGICAL LIBRARY IN FLORENCE.—The managing committee appeals to writers and publishers of books and pamphlets upon social subjects to send copies of their publications to the above institution, as the utility of the library is obvious for the furtherance of knowledge of social science and the Socialist movement. *Librarian*: Dott. A. Salvestrini, Via Cavour, 27. *Secretary*: Dott. I. Danielli, Via De' Robbia, 8.

ROUGH ON RAILWAYMEN.—A convalescent home has been opened for railwaymen, at Dover, which the *Railway Review* calls "a boon"; it is, however, not by any means an unmixed one, as they will have to share its privileges with policemen. What have railwaymen done that they should deserve to be classed with moral-miracles?

"**THAT IS THE LAW, MADAM.**"—A woman applied to the magistrate at Westminster police-court the other day, asking for a separation order from her husband. He deserted her some months ago, but had now reappeared and threatened to sell her furniture. She had bought the few things she had with her own earnings. The magistrate having elicited that she was married eighteen years ago, said, "Your husband can take everything you have, and sell it. That is the law, madam." "It cannot be so cruel," replied the woman, weeping. "To think that my home should be sold up by a man who will not work!" "That is the law," repeated the magistrate. "If he threatens you with personal violence, that is another matter. Don't remain under the mistake, however, that the things you have bought are your own."