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NOTES ON NEWS.

A CURIOUS article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is a good example of how far the force of conventional ignorance can go. It is in praise of advertisements, and its writer actually says, and I suppose really does think, that advertisements cheapen wares! Says he, "The morning cup of cocoa pays for the morning newspaper," thinking apparently that the said cocoa is cheapened by its having to bear its share of the advertising-rag, differentiated by this that or the other political humbug, which we are pleased to call a newspaper.

Did it ever occur to this very droll writer that the said advertising sheet cost labour, and that that labour might have been employed in producing things useful to the citizens, instead of puffing the private adventure of some capitalist which has for its object the robbing of anyone who will allow himself to be robbed?

An advertisement is, in short, an act of war, and cheapens wares just as much as a battery trampling down a wheatfield cheapens bread. If the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its enthusiasm for advertisement, and the rotten rags called newspapers, would give us the statistics of advertising of all kinds, say in the form of the "Puffer's Almanack," it would earn my eternal gratitude.

Another *Pall Mall* writer (or perhaps the same) has a rapturous article on the subject of the Eiffel Tower, and hopes we shall have several in London. Now as to its beauty (?) tastes differ, but I shall not allow myself to be bullied by Philistia into silence even on that point; so I say that it appeared to me a hellish piece of ugliness; but let that pass. But what is the meaning or use of it? Its use is simply to catch francs. All the labour of the thousands of workmen employed on it has been devoted to the erection of a franc-catching trap; a piece of brigandage on the public.

That teacher of the public, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, ought to be able to see that these Eiffel Towers, advertisements, and the rest of it, are on one side of them mere acts of war of the predatory classes, the capitalists; and on the other bonfires wherewith to burn up the energies of the working-men, to waste their labour as much as if it had never been; to have fed, clothed, and housed the men who built the Eiffel Tower without providing them with "employment" would have been comparatively an act of wisdom. This is the kind of folly, to pay for which the lives of the workers are worn away in shame without their ever having had a day's real pleasure. Do not let us tolerate for a single moment any act of the accursed thing—Capitalism.
W. M.

To see how Socialism grows in favour it is only necessary to glance down any club lecture-list, or over the pages of any newspaper. I do not often see the *Weekly Budget*, nor I suppose do many readers of the *Commonweal*, but all the same it has an enormous circulation, mostly in country districts, so that it is interesting to note what a friendly attitude the editor assumes towards a mild (very mild!) kind of Socialism. The people must be more converted than some of us fancy when a firmly-established story paper such as this finds it necessary to progress in our direction.

A writer in the *Twentieth Century* has been "busting up" Henry George's reputation for originality by showing that 'Progress and Poverty' is only an old work by Patrick Edward Dove, worked over, re-written, and dressed in garments of more modern cut. To this Mr. George has replied in his own paper, but up to the present to no great effect. Of course, it does not affect the value of his book in the least that he took so much of it from another without acknowledgment, but it throws the same kind of light on his own character that his treatment of Socialists and others has done.

The Rev. T. W. Lewis, who describes himself as "a humble Methodist preacher, living and working to glorify God and do good to humanity," sends an article to the *New York Independent*, defending the action of the whites in killing twenty-seven Negroes in the State of Mississippi recently. He says, "The Anglo Saxon was born to rule in this Southern country." And again:

"I wish to say, in conclusion, that I am a true friend of the Negro. I preach to them. I believe they have immortal souls and are capable of advancement in morals as well as in mental culture. I preach a gospel of peace and love. . . . If we let the Negro alone, let him send his children to school, attend his church, see that he is paid for his work and not tampered with by designing white men, he is a peaceable citizen. But school him in politics, arouse his blood against the white people among whom he lives, and you make a fool of him. Yes; worse than a fool. You make him a dangerous element in society."

Whereupon comrade Pentecost in *Twentieth Century* comments in this fashion:

"This is the gospel of peace and love that is preached everywhere to working-men; for the Negro is the working-man of the South. Let him alone in his ignorance; let him send his children to school long enough to read and write a little; let him go to church, where he will be taught the virtues of economy and contentment in poverty; pay him for his work about one-fourth of what his work is worth; but do not train him in the art of getting his rights, do not arouse his mind, his blood, against his oppressors. If you do, you make him a dangerous element in society, which means, dangerous to the rich criminals, for whose benefit society is, at present, organised. This is the gospel that is preached by a large number of 'humble Methodist preachers, living and working to glorify' the God of the rich, and do good to the class that hires them to preach 'peace and love' to the poor; that is, that the poor should be peaceful and loving toward the rich."

Another "little war" is looming in the distance. There is one part of New Zealand known as the Uriwera country, where the Maories have remained isolated in their mountain fastnesses, refusing all contact with civilisation, adhering to their old customs and superstitions, and leading the life that their ancestors led before the arrival of Captain Cook. Gold is known to exist in the Uriwera country, and, if an attempt to "open it up" which is about to be made, is successful, the place will be soon rushed by crowds of intending diggers. Conflicts between the whites and Maories will then be inevitable; and the usual result inevitable also.

There has lately been going the round of the papers an amusing and true story at the expense of the Hamburg police. When the embassy from the Sultan of Zanzibar was in the city the African diplomatists lodged in the Hamburger Hof, whose landlord, in honour of his guests, hoisted the red flag of Zanzibar upon the roof of his hotel. To a German policeman the sight of a red flag is more enraging than it is supposed to be to a bull. The astonished chief of police marched into the hotel and asked the landlord what the — he meant by unfurling the revolutionary symbol in so conspicuous a place. The landlord explained that the official flag of the African monarch was unfortunately the exact double of the official flag of the European anti-monarchical party; and though he danced with rage, the professional defender of law'n'order could only glare helplessly at the offending flag which waved so tauntingly in front of him.

Competition is killing itself all round, and combination—not yet for the common benefit—is taking its place. The publishing house of "George Routledge and Sons" is to be turned at once into a Limited Liability Company. But a more important change is under discussion. This is an amalgamation of the future Routledge and Co. with Messrs. Warne and Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. If this should really come about, it will be a very powerful combination. A second scheme is also talked of, in which three other well-known publishing houses are interested; Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., Messrs. Trübner, and Mr. Redway. These rumours may be incorrect or premature, but they are certainly well founded, and show which way the current sets,
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