



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.

Business communications to be addressed to Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Remittances in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DETWILER (Chicago).—Your letter was insufficiently stamped, and cost us ten cents. Enclosure has been forwarded.

“AUSTRALIAN RADICAL” (N.S.W.).—Our manager complains of irregularity in your supplies, which causes disappointment to customers.

“AUSTRALIAN TRADES AND LABOUR JOURNAL.”—Will some of our comrades oblige with the address of this paper? If possible, also with a specimen copy.

“REVISTA DA FLORIDA.”—Freedom’s address is: 7 CANCEL STREET, MERROW STREET, WALWORTH, LONDON, S.E.

CONTENTS.

	—o—	PAGE.
A Dream of the Past and Present .. .. .	LIZZIE M. HOLMES	353
International Notes .. .. .	VICTOR DAVE and SEN.	354
Chicago and London .. .. .	REGINALD A. BECKETT	355
Revolutionary Calendar .. .. .		355
Notes on News .. .. .	MORRIS and SPARLING	356
In the United States .. .. .	H. F. CHARLES	357
Correspondence .. .. .		357
The Labour Revolt .. .. .	NICOLI, MARSHALL, and TURNER	358
Capital and “Labour” at Leicester .. .. .	D. J. NICOLL	358
Executive Announcements, Reports, Lecture Diary, and Notices of Meetings .. .. .		359
Advertisements, New Publications, etc., etc. .. .. .		360

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday November 6.

<b>ENGLAND</b>	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	<b>BELGIUM</b>
Church Reformer	Chicago—Knights of Labor	Antwerp—De Werker
Labour Tribune	Baecker Zeitung	Ghent—Vooruit
London—Freie Presse	Fackel	Liege—L’Avenir
Norwich—Daylight	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	<b>SPAIN</b>
Railway Review	Milwaukee—National Reformer	Barcelona—Revolucion Social
Sozial Demokrat	San Francisco Arbeiter-Zeitung	<b>PORTUGAL</b>
Unity	S. F.—Coast Seamen’s Journal	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Worker’s Friend	<b>FRANCE</b>	<b>GERMANY</b>
<b>UNITED STATES</b>	Paris—Le Proletariat	Berlin—Volks Tribune
New York—Twentieth Century	La Revolte	Hamburg—Zeitgeist
Der Sozialist	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	<b>AUSTRIA</b>
Freiheit	Nice—L’Associazione	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Volkszeitung	<b>HOLLAND</b>	<b>ARGENTINE REPUBLIC</b>
United Irishman	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Workmen’s Advocate	<b>SWITZERLAND</b>	Lotlabana—Productor
Boston—Woman’s Journal	Arbeiterstimme	
Investigator		

NOTES ON NEWS.

MR. GLADSTONE’S speech to the working-men of Saltney last week, though as long as need be, and doubtless as attractive to the platitude-lover in its oratory as his utterances usually are, scarcely needs much comment in detail; it plays the same wearisome tune which we have been used to hear played from the period of “leaps and bounds” onward. It is called optimistic, but really and truly is in the depths of pessimism; for this is the meaning of it.

“Friends, we are very comfortable, and we should be glad if you also could be so, always so long as your comfort takes away nothing from us. To say the truth we fear that you are not living in comfort, but since it is for our good that you should go on living as you do, pray endure your misery, and don’t try to alter matters. Meantime, we will do you this service, if no other; we will pretend that you are getting better and better as the days go on, and that really compared with what you were half a century ago (when you were all but in universal open revolt against us), you are quite happy, or at least ought to be. So be contented, thrifty, and hopeful—of our continued prosperity.”

This sort of poisonous and lying twaddle was what was always said by Liberal politicians when addressing the workers twenty, nay, ten

years ago; it now needs a G.O.M. to say it in its completeness. Does the dim old man believe it, I wonder? Perhaps he does, as much as a hardened old politician can be said to believe anything. But just fancy this preacher of contentment, this old Conservative gentleman, being the dangerous revolutionary person who used to terrify the Tories so! He has undergone the usual fate of political heroes, and is now a stationary mile-stone on the road, marking the rate of progress which live men are making.

The Art Congress just over at Edinburgh was on the whole but a dull affair, and would have been very dull indeed but that to a Socialist its humours showed some signs of the times. It goes without saying, that though there were people present who were intent on playing the part of the art-philanthropists, all the paper-readers, except the declared Socialists, showed an absurd ignorance of the very elements of economics; and also, of course, that the general feeling was an ignoring of the existence of the working-class except as instruments to be played on.

Education was much talked of; but it was not understood that if you have condemned a man to be a slave, his education must be that of a slave. Art for the working-classes was talked of by men who chose to ignore the fact that men anxiously facing starvation, or wearily bearing it, are not free to receive pleasure from a work of art; although at the Congress meetings the clock-hands pointing to lunch-time at once emptied the room of the well-fed audience. Socialist artists and craftsmen (since there were none but Socialists capable of taking up the job) were set to lecture audiences of Edinburgh workmen on the due methods of work for producing popular art, though both lecturers and workmen audience knew but too well that such art was impossible for wage-slaves either to make or enjoy.

However, the said lecturers did not hide this fact under a bushel; and since a reactionist Edinburgh evening paper angrily declared that the Socialists had ruined the Congress, it is probable that their plain speaking had some effect. It must also be said that the working-men audiences received any allusions to Socialism, or any teaching founded on it, with more than assent, with enthusiasm rather. The definitely Socialist meetings, held under the auspices of our Edinburgh friends, were very successful, and the local Socialists are well satisfied with the result of the week.

W. M.

Last week saw another horrible proof of the reckless greed with which capitalists pursue profit as their sole aim. The Glasgow “accident,” “fatality,” or “disaster,” as the newspapers have been calling it, or the Glasgow massacre as we know it to have been, has shocked and startled everybody. Everybody, that is, but the people responsible for that and similar events. They regard it, as indeed it truly is, as only an unavoidable incident of commercial methods. To get profit you must work cheaply; to work cheaply you must run risks—or rather, make your slaves run risks; running the risk long enough means that sooner or later the crash comes off and your poor slaves suffer.

But if you have only been careful enough in arranging and distributing the risk, the “catastrophe” is put down to “Providence” or some other irresponsible cause, and you escape all punishment. Nay! if you only weep and wail a little, spend a fraction of the blood-money you have made out of the system which produced the “catastrophe” in burying one or two of its victims and healing the bruises of one or two more, there will be few but will do you reverence as a more than perfect man. Only the bad and wicked Socialist will call you murderer and so spoil by a discordant note the chorus of your praises.

But the people are listening more and more to the bad and wicked teachings of the rights of man as against the powers of property, and they will soon demand that whenever such a thing as this in Glasgow occurs there shall someone hang for it—even if they have to do the hanging themselves!

If the London Trades Council were anything other than a discreditable gang of ring-runners and place-makers, it would have long ago started a paper somewhat after the pattern of the Newark (N. J.) *Mutual Aid*. This is a small four-page journal co-operatively printed and published, and devoted to the positive side of boycotting as a weapon against sweaters and rat labour. It gives a list of fair houses and co-operative associations, as well as news of the trades union and co-operative movements, so that those who feel that way can deal exclusively with fair houses for all things. Failing the Trades Council, why does not the Labour Association take it up? By the way, can anyone tell us what the Labour Association is doing, if it does anything?

Another sign of the times is the public prayer in churches for the recovery of Mr. Bradlaugh. What would have been said a few years ago in reply to a prophecy that this would take place, will hardly bear imagining! I am glad to see that there is a chance of Mr. Bradlaugh’s recovery (by virtue of the prayers?) because he is an open and sturdy enemy of ours, and therefore to be prized in these days of sham friends and would-be patrons.

S.