



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOCIALIST ARTIST.—Thanks for note and enclosure. We are always glad to have sketches, etc., but if for reproduction in the paper, they must be in strong line and as nearly as may be in outline.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
News from Nowhere; or, an Epoch of Rest (continued) ..	WILLIAM MORRIS	113
Primitive Communism	PAUL LAFARGUE	114
Don Quixote (translated by LAURA LAFARGUE)	EUGENE POTTIER	115
Notes on News	S.	116
The Tactics of Anti-Socialists	J. HALDANE SMITH	117
The Order of the Gallows	WILLIAM HOLMES	117
Free Speech in Regent's Park	N.	117
The Labour Struggle	N.	118
Literary Notes	L. W.	118
Executive Announcements, Reports, Lecture Diary, and Notices of Meetings ..		119
Statement of Principles, Advertisements, etc., etc.		120

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday April 9.

ENGLAND	CHICAGO (ILL)—VORBOTE	SWITZERLAND
Brotherhood	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Arbeiterstimme
Freedom	Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt	ITALY
Labour Elector	Philadelphia—United Labour	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Seafaring	Paterson Labour Standard	Rome—L'Emancipazione
Unity	S. F. Coast Seamen's Journal	SPAIN
Worker's Friend	San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung	Madrid—El Socialista
NEW SOUTH WALES	Pacific Union	Barcelona—El Productor
Sydney—Bulletin	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	GERMANY
Hamilton—Radical	FRANCE	Berlin—Volks Tribune
INDIA	Paris—La Revolte	AUSTRIA
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
UNITED STATES	Le Proletariat	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
New York—Der Sozialist	Charloville—L'Emancipation	DENMARK
New York—Truthseeker	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Freiheit	Rouen—Le Salarist	Social-Demokraten
Twentieth Century	HOLLAND	SWEDEN
United Irishman	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Volkszeitung	Anarchist	WEST INDIES
Workmen's Advocate	BELGIUM	Cuba—El Productor
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	
Investigator	Ghent—Vooruit	
Nationalist	La Societe Nouvelle	

NOTES ON NEWS.

I SUPPOSE it is natural that after each wretched little by-election there should be a howl of triumph from one of the political parties, and of rage from the other, together with all kinds of arguments and explanations as to the meaning or non-meaning of the victory or defeat.

The Tzar has "fallen ill" it seems; four or five times over has the report been "confirmed" and "contradicted," so there must be something in it. Does it mean that another attempt at executing him has nearly succeeded? Or is it only the rage and fear and worry caused by all the troubles that he sees rising round him or threatening in the near future?

Not that they were really "patriotic" or Jingo, but they hated despotism so much that they hailed with joy the chance of bringing the "Colossus of the North" to his knees. Was it not their chance of bringing about the destruction of that great stronghold of tyranny, that storehouse of reaction, the Russian Empire.

Nor would there be now; yet, if war against Russia were to break out, the warm hopes of all of us would go on the side of her enemy. For who knows how many prison doors some shattering reverse of her arms might not open? even, it may be, giving a chance for a Siberian revolt, that would for ever end the myriad horrors of that hell upon earth.

But it looks now as though the rising would not wait for war, but would begin right off. If it does, there will be little chance of giving aid from outside. But one thing can and will be done, if any other government were to go to the aid of the Russian in repelling the arisen people, it would have to be attacked at home, and given enough to do to occupy its attention for the time being.

An artist friend writes to us as follows: "The Royal Academy was instituted to enable very poor artists to expose their pictures for sale, and so bring their name and works before the public, by that means doing away with the cruel blackmail of the picture dealer. Now it is an aristocratic Tory club. A poor artist could sooner get through the eye of the proverbial needle than into it. Give us poor artists a word of hope and you will gain many hundreds of believers, as each studio is a little world in itself."

We do not quite see how the Royal Academy can be other than it is under present conditions. Bourgeois society moulds everything after its own image, and what is the Academy or art itself that they should escape? The only word of hope we have for artists is the same that we have for any one else.

All the same, it is not easy to refrain from damning the Academy up hill and down dale for the worst collection of snobs, flunkeys, and self-seekers that the world has yet seen. The way in which they shut out men of any independence until they are either strong enough to force their way in or weak enough to become "respectable," should make young or poor artists see that there is nothing to be hoped from these monopolists except for those who toady them.

Is there going to be a protest made in the name of English labour against the glorification of "the Christian pioneer," as suggested by a writer in our last issue? Where is the Metropolitan Radical Federation? Will they take it up? All the Radicals and Socialists of London would turn out against the representative of the worst form of "imperial" piracy, and the Irish would join to a man against the English policy of grab which is behind him.

Murder at Knutsford! dreadful murder! Dreadful enough this time, certainly; only it has been committed practically by the British nation, and therefore does not shock the moral sense of comfortable easy-going people, who think, probably, that it does not much matter to them, since they are never likely to come into the clutches of the Judge and the Home Secretary. But to those who have learned to feel the burden of collective responsibility, these legal murders are far worse than any of those homicides caused by passion or misery, which our lawyer-rulers put side by side with the calculated commercial slayings of such men as Palmer. The peculiar baseness of Matthew's "compromise" in this case is in fact swallowed up by the shame which a person, not absolutely stupefied by the cowardly convention of a "society" founded on wrong-doing, feels at such murders as those authorised by law at Knutsford and Worcester. The only immediate practical remedy for such horrors is that the juries should in such cases return no more than a verdict of manslaughter.