NOTES ON NEWS.
This Kaiser has quite fluttered the capitalistic dove by his rescripts.
Of course we get the irrepressible article in the Pall Mall Gazette, assuring us once more that we are indeed all Socialists now, and putting the thing forlorn and this lack of coöpera-
tion of Monarchism. Of course, on the other hand, we get the general “Poo! poo!” of the orthodox capitalistic press, both Liberal and Tory.

Most of them say, “Ah! Kaiser, here’s an opportunity for you! If you could only be good like us English, and have free trade, then, we would go to your Coggresse; then, at last, and not before, would be the time to consider whether our working population should starve or thrive—or, at all events, to pretend to consider it. For, of course, you will understand, that while free trade is the kernel of the question to us, the questions you are suggesting of the duration of the day’s labour, the conditions of factories, and so forth, have ceased to be practical ques-
tions to us since we passed the consolidation of the Factory Acts in order to make the Factory Hall respectable.
And as to our working-
classes, we assure you we are not at all afraid of them; they are sheep and like to be shorn, and if they have a bit under the operation, our nerves are strong enough to bear it. Liberty of the press! Free competition! Unrestricted march of economic laws! Free trade! Imitate us and keep on bawling out these phrases, which cost nothing, and you will live peacefully and die happy.”

Well, perhaps! And yet, on the surface of things, it scarcely seems likely that the Kaiser should set out on his enterprise of dishing the Socialists without some reason behind him, even if his step be only an electioneering dodge, as seems likely. It is unreasonable to suppose that he is impressed, not to say alarmed, by the spread of Socialism, and feels that it would be no bad stroke if he could make a consider-
able body of working-men from the Socialist party: a thing which he may consider possible in Germany, where the superstition of Loyalty is yet strong. At any rate, if the workers refuse to bite at his phantom minnow, his “intentions” will help to respectably his position amongst the respectable of all Europe, and in no case will they cost him much. For who knows if the quarrel with Bismarck is anything more than a bit of stage effect?

W. M.

Some of our Radical friends have not been best pleased at our ex-
posure from time to time of what hollow shams “Republican institu-
tions” can be. A few weeks ago, when we wrote of the Argentine, they could say, and some of them did, that it was a new country, populated for the most part by a heterogeneous mass of recent immi-
grants, and still suffering from the effects of Spanish mis-rule, and if they read the reports of the National Convention of the coloured citizens of the United States, they will find that the Stars and Stripes is still the “burning lie” it was before the war. That in spite of the blood poured out to free the negro, he is only technically free; that so far as he is concerned, “Republican institutions” are a sham and a fraud; that even in the Northern States, where he is allowed to exer-
cise his “political rights,” he is still estracised and treated as a helot.

Together with the position of the working-classes in France, Argentina, and the United States, this continued ill-treatment of the negro needs to be accounted for, before we can accept the adequacy of “Republican institutions” to the cure of social ill.

“Ivy is worth over £4,000,000 per ton, and those advertising ‘humanitarian’ brigades, 'Explorer Stanley and Co., have over 600 tons of it.’

That is how the Sydney Bulletin speaks of the painted person who is an object of worship to Mr. John P. Brown and men of his kidney. Where is divine vengeance and the power of respectability?

The newspapers are talking of another “Carnegie free library,” and are prizing Mr. Carnegie to the skies because he offers a million dollars for the endowment of a free library. Well! as we have said before, we should like to hear what the sweated iron-workers have to say about this “generous” disposal of their unpaid earnings. It is all very well to have free libraries, but they would probably have preferred to live decently first of all, and then to have built libraries where they wanted them. “Justice, not Charity.”

M. Lemoinne, the well-known French writer, has been speaking plainly to his countrymen, who have been so jubilant about the Russian alliance. He says:

“We foolishly take the northern visitors who flock to the Mediterranean every winter, under the combined attractions of sunshine and the roulette, to represent the Tsar and the Russian people; and there is no man to tell us that, behind these idle and cosmopolitan tourists, there are millions of men far away in the north who know nothing of this superficial agitation, who are ignorant of our very existence, and who acknowledge but one order on earth, whose word they are prepared to obey at the sacrifice of their life. We forget in our levity that we have no means of knowing the views of the solitary man who wields such crushing power, or the workings of his mind.”

His utterance is quoted by the Pall Mall, with the comment:

“M. Lemoinne is wrong in saying that ‘we have no means of knowing the views if the solitary man.” The Tsar has expressed them frankly enough, to be never speaks without significance.’ If M. Lemoinne does not know what these views are, it is his own fault for not reading the Pall Mall Gazette.”

The Pall Mall has often enough been accused of being a Russian organ, but has never quite so fully and cynically avowed the fact.

The richest man in Germany, according to recently published statis-
tics, is Herr Krupp, the notorious maker of (legal) murder-machines, whose income for the current year amounts to £27,000. Clearly his business has been flourishing in the past year, for a twelvemonth ago his revenue was officially estimated at “only” £218,000. It is a profitable trade, amusing for the rich How the poor devil who never get above skeleton-keys and burglar’s jemmys must look up to and admire their big brother!

This Anti-Opiuim League has been formed in Holland, having for its object to bring public opinion to bear on the system of raising revenue from the farming of the opium monopoly in the Dutch West Indies. The manifesto of the League is signed by a considerable number of present or former members of both branches of the Netherlands Legis-
lature, ex-colonial officials, and other influential persons. Anyone who has read ‘Bahce Daimas’ and ‘Bhan Away from the Dutch,’ must wish all success to the League; though it is difficult for an Englishman who “looks at home” to say much upon the matter.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:
OR,
AN EPOCH OF REST.
BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.
CHAP. VI.—A LITTLE SHOPPING.
As he spoke, we came suddenly out of the woodland into a short street of handsomely built houses, which my companion named to me as Piccadilly: the lower part of these I should have called shops, if it had not been that, as far as I could see, the people were ignorant of the arts of buying and selling. Wares were displayed in their finely designed fronts, as if to tempt people in, and people stood and looked at them, or went in and came out with parcels under their arms, just like the real thing. On each side of the street ran an elegant arcade to protect foot-passengers, as in some of the old Italian cities. About half-way down, a huge building of the kind I was now prepared to expect told me that this also was a centre of some kind, and had its special public buildings.

Said Dick: “Here, you see, is another market on a different plan
from most others: the upper stories of these houses are used for guesthouses; for people from all about the country are apt to drift up hither from time to time. As for food, as for any other matter of personal and domestic use there are people who are fond of oddities and who help others to see how long a tradition would last. In this house of London still satirizing itself as a centre,—an ancient centre,—for all the world about, I sought as I might for a sense of custom, a consciousness of the citizens we have come across; and I thought that if, as seemed likely, I should presently be shown about as a curiosity for the amusement of this most unbusiness-like people, I should like to look a little less like a discharged ship's purser. But in spite of all that had happened, my hand went down into my pocket again, where the coinage of the streets was the same, money, but not in the shape of something metallic except two rusty old keys, and I remembered that amidst our talk in the guest-hall at Hamersmith I had taken out of my pocket to show to the pretty Annie, and had left it tucking itself into her face fell fifty per cent, and Dick, beholding me, said rather sharply—

"Hillo! Guest! what's the matter now? Is it a wisp?"

"Yes," I said, "but I've left it behind."

"Well," said he, "you have left behind you can get in this market, so don't trouble yourself about it."

I had come to my senses by this time, and remembering the astounding it had no use for any kind of lecture on social economy and the Edwardian coinage; so I said only—

"My clothes— Couldn't I? You see— What do you think could be done about them?"

He was not in the least inclined to laugh, but said quite gravely—

"O don't get new clothes yet. You see my great-grandfather is an antiquarian, and he will want to see you as you are. And, you know, I mustn't preach to you, but surely it wouldn't be right for you to be seen as you are, without dressing yourself with something that would not do to quarrel with my new friend. So I merely said, "O certainly, certainly."

We had said goodbye, and as you may as well see what the inside of these booths is like: think of something you want."

"I said: "Could I get some tobacco and a pipe?"

"Of course," he said; "what was I thinking of, not asking you before?"

I was a little surprised, and though I was not selfish lot, and I'm afraid he is right. But come along; here is a place just handy."

There we do not go down, and I followed. It was a very large room, almost circle, and as] I entered, was slowly passing by looking into the windows as she went. To her quoth Dick: "Maiden, would you kindly hold our horse while we go in for a little?" She nodded with a kind smile, and fell to petting the horse with her pretty hand.

"What a beautiful creature!" said I to Dick as we entered.

"What, old Greylocks!" said he, with a sly grin.

"No, no, old Greylocks!" I said, "I am feeling as if I were assisting at a child's game, and wondering whether I should get anything but make-believe."

But the girl took a dainty little basket from a shelf beside her, went to a jar, and took out a lot of tobacco and put the little basket down on the counter before me, where I could both smell and see that it was excellent Latarkia.

"But you haven't weighed it," said I, "and—how much do I take?"

"Why," said she, "I advise you to cram your bag, because you will be going where you can't get Latarkia. Where is your bag?"

I fumbled about, and at last pulled out my piece of cotton which does deep with my tobacco pouch. But the girl looked at it with some derision and said—

"Dear neighbour," I can give you something much better than that cotton rag. And she tripped up the shop and came back presently, and she put it in the bag, and the girl gave it to me, and nodded and got up and went out. The girl held up in her thumb and finger a red morocco bag, gaily embroidered, and said, "There, I've chosen one for you, and you are to have it: it is pretty, and will hold lots.

Therewith she fell to cramping it with the tobacco, and laid it down by me and said, "Now for the pipe: that also you must let me choose for you; there are three pretty ones just come in."

She disappeared again, and came back with a big-bowled pipe in her hand, carved out of some hard wood very elaborately, and mounted in sprigged with little golds. It was, in short, as pretty and gay little pipe as I had ever seen; something like the best kind of Japanese work, but better.

"Dear me!" I said, when I set eyes on it, "this is altogether too grand for me, or for anybody but the Emperor of the World. Besides, shall I—"

The child seemed rather dashed, and said, "Don't you like it, neighbour?"

"No," I said, "of course I like it."

"Well, then, take it," said she, "and don't trouble about losing it. What will it matter if you do? Somebody is sure to find it, and he will use it, and you can get another."

She handed it out of her hand, and I took it at it, and while I did so, forgot my caution, and said, "But however am I to pay for such a thing as this?"

Dick laid his hand on my shoulder as I spoke, and turning me with a comical expression in them, which warned me against any appearance of excitement, he turned his head, and held my tongue, while the girl simply looked at me with the deepest gravity, as I were a foreigner blundering in my speech, for she clearly didn't understand me a bit. And thank you very much," I said last, effusively, as I put the pipe in my pocket, not without a qualm of doubt as to whether I shouldn't find myself before a magistrate presently.

"Well," said he, "you are very welcome to the little less, with an affection of grown-up manners at their best which was very quaint. "It is such a pleasure to serve dear old gentlemen like you; especially when one can see at once that you have come from far over sea."

"Yes, my dear," said I, "I have been a very welcome sight."

As I told this lie from pure politeness, in came the lad again, with a tray in his hands, on which I saw a long flask and two beautiful glasses. "Neighbours," said the girl (who did all the talking, her pretended being a kindly, sanctimonious, and snarticle), "would you mind trying this?"

Dick, as you, I managed to drink a glass of wine; and there were no longer labourers compelled to drink rot-gut instead of the fine wine which they themselves made.

"Don't you drink a glass to us, dear little neighbours?" I said. "Not at all."

"I said: "Well then," said the la\l; "I like lemonade better: but I wish your health!"

"And I like ginger-beer better," said the little lad.

Well, well, thought I, neither have children's tastes changed much. And therewith we gave them good day and went out of the booth.

To my disappointment, like a change in a dream, a tall old man was holding our horse instead of the beautiful woman. He explained to the young man who could always manage to get a glass of wine for us before, we since do not have guests like this every day."

Therewith the boy put the tray on the counter and solemnly poured out a straw-coloured wine into the long bottle. Not for me, thought I, with the whimsey of the world, and then I, I am yet in the world, and the grapes of the Rhine have not yet lost their flavour; for if ever I drank good Steinberg, I drank it that morning, and I made a mental note of it. Dick, as you, I managed to drink a glass of wine; and there were no longer labourers compelled to drink rot-gut instead of the fine wine which they themselves made.

"Don't you drink a glass to us, dear little neighbours?" I said. "Not at all."

"I said: "Well then," said the lad; "I like lemonade better: but I wish your health!"

"And I like ginger-beer better," said the little lad.

Well, well, thought I, neither have children's tastes changed much. And therewith we gave them good day and went out of the booth.

To my disappointment, like a change in a dream, a tall old man was holding our horse instead of the beautiful woman. He explained to the young man who could always manage to get a glass of wine for us before, we since do not have guests like this every day."

Therewith the boy put the tray on the counter and solemnly poured out a straw-coloured wine into the long bottle. Not for me, thought I, with the whimsey of the world, and then I, I am yet in the world, and the grapes of the Rhine have not yet lost their flavour; for if ever I drank good Steinberg, I drank it that morning, and I made a mental note of it. Dick, as you, I managed to drink a glass of wine; and there were no longer labourers compelled to drink rot-gut instead of the fine wine which they themselves made.
they were actually compelled to do some such work, because they
had no work to do at home, and that the neighbours couldn't stand it. However, I'm happy to say that all that is gone by now; the disease is either extinct, or exists in such a mild form as to be of no practical medicinal danger or consequence. It is sometimes called the Blue-devils now, or the Mullegarbs. Quarter.

Names, isn't they?

"Yes," said I, pondering much. "But the old man broke in: "It is possible, I have seen some of these poor women grown old. But my father used to know some of them when they were young, and he said that they were as little like young women as might be; they had heads like bunches of skewers, and wretched little arms like sticks; and waists like hour-glasses, and thin lips and peaked noses and pale cheeks; and they were always pretend-
ing to be offended at anything you said or did to them. No wonder they were ugly to children; for no one except men like them could be in love with them—poor things!"

He stopped, and seemed to be musing on his past life, and then said: "And then, the women, the women, were still anxious about that disease of Idleness: at one time we gave our-
selves a great deal of trouble in trying to cure people of it. Have you not read any of the medical books on the subject?"

"No," said I; "for the old man was speaking to me.

"Well," said he, "it was thought at the time that it was the sur-
vival of the old medieval disease of leprosy; it seems it was very-
catching, for many of the people affected by it were much secluded,
and were waited upon by a special class of diseased persons queerly
dressed up, so that they might be known. They wore amongst other
garments, breeches made of worsted velvet, that stuff which used to be
called the Scotsman's suit.

All this seemed very interesting to me, and I should like to have
made the old man talk more. But Dick got rather restive under so much history; besides, I suspect he wanted to keep me fresh as he could for his great-grandfather. So he burst out laughing at last, and said: "Excuse me, neighbours, but I can't help it. Fancy people not liking to work and being so ridiculous. Why, even you like to work—are you foolish, sometimes," said he, pantomimically, waving a horse with the whip. "What a queer disease! it may well be called Mullegarbs.

And he laughed out again most boisterously; rather too much, I
thought, for his usual good manners; and I laughed with him for
company's sake, but from the teeth outward only; for I saw nothing
funny in people not liking to work, as you may well imagine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM MORRIS.

I HAPPEP TO BE AT THE BOURSE DE TRA'VEL LAST WEEK, TO HEAR HOW IT stood with the general strike movement, and when in the secretary's office, citizen Ribierau showed me a letter he had just received from a certain citizen (?) Bouchard, requesting information as to the working of our Bourse de travail, as being of the greatest interest to him. The letter was written in tolerably good French, marked with various spellings, which I suppose harks back to an habitus of the Quarter Latin. No matter; Mr. Bouchard (II) with his own hand, was very careful to add at the end of his letter, do him and his fellow-countrymen good if they persevere in their bold enter-
prises.

Having read the letter, my friend Ribierau asked for my opinion upon it.

"Here I say," I "it looks very strange to me. Englishmen should come to have a look about our Bourse de travail, for the whole of Europe
knows us as Socialists; and should be interested in looking into how to make use of this municipal grant to "settle" disputes between masters and servants, and have employment for the unemployed—which, indeed,
would be impossible, as we have double the number of hands needed for the work at any time of the year. No! our aim is to fight the capitalists to the bitter end; and I am sure if you say this in your answer to Mr. Bouchard, as no doubt you will, for it is a fact, he will not favour you with another answer.

Having said so much, I burst into a hearty laugh, where the general secretary stared at me, and musingly joined in the laugh, without knowing what was the joke. However, I fancy I caught a glimpse of good manners, and grew serious as a lobster. "So," said I, "it seems that the English Tory Government will give a Labour Exchange to the people of London; and what have you there, Ribierau? Or rather, have you an hour to spare, tell me how Paris got on first at least; that's more important." Here is the substance of what the general secretary of the Paris Labour Exchange told me. "The first idea of a Bourse de travail was brought before the municipality of Paris, as far back as 1810, the 28th of March.

A few years ago a new system was established, the citizens in general refusing to have anything to do with it. The Municipality voted
Annuaire des Travaux Unis, as promising several valuable advantages in different parts of Paris, in proportion as the Budget would admit of it. They thought that this first building, working-men used to meet on certain squares called gardens, would tend to engage them. But the masters do not come to us, for the good reason that, the market being over-
stocked with workers, they are in positions to drive them from them direct from the country or from private registry offices in town. The capital sheriff, the Watch and Court, and it will never work properly unless the Government does away with the breach of faith, and this naturally won't do. Some desper-
adoes, labouring under a strong sense of injury, have blown up some of the offices, but we have done us no good.

Only a small proportion of the workers are organized in unions, and have a right to hold meetings here; 120 unions, or syndicates as they are

[INCOMPLETE.]"