



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. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

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. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

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Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. (Aberdeen).—Your figures were illegible, and that is how the mistake occurred. We cannot publish your letter, as our columns are overcrowded this week, but we are willing to state for the benefit of the general public that the number attending the eight hour demonstration at Arbroath was 7,000, and not 2,000, as reported in last week's issue.

R. P.—Report of Midland Socialist Conference crowded out this week. Shall go in next.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday July 2.

<b>ENGLAND</b> Belfast Weekly Star Coming Times Die Autonomie Justice London—Freie Presse Labour Tribune Norwich—Daylight Railway Review Sozial Demokrat Seafaring The Whirlwind Worker's Friend	<b>NEW YORK</b> —Truthseeker Boston—Woman's Journal Investigator The Dawn Chicago—Rights of Labour Cincinnati (O.) Volks-Anwalt Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung Pacific Union Philadelph.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard	<b>ANTWERP</b> —De Werker Ghent—Vooruit
<b>QUEENSLAND</b> Brisbane—Boomerang	<b>FRANCE</b> Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti ouvrier Le Proletariat Charleville—L'Emancipation Lyon—L'Action Sociale Rouen—Le Salariat	<b>BERLIN</b> —Volks Tribune
<b>INDIA</b> Bankipore—Behar Herald	<b>HOLLAND</b> Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid	<b>MADRID</b> —El Socialista
<b>UNITED STATES</b> New York—Freiheit Twentieth Century Volkszeitung Bakers' Journal Workmen's Advocate Volne Listy New York—Der Sozialist	<b>ITALY</b> Milan—Il Fascio Operaio	<b>LISBON</b> —O Protesto Operario <b>PORTO</b> —A Revolucao Social
		<b>VIENNA</b> —Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Volksfreund
		<b>ARBEITER</b> —Wochen-Chronik
		<b>SOCIAL-DEMOKRATEN</b>
		<b>STOCKHOLM</b> , Social-Demokraten Malmö—Arbetet
		<b>CUBA</b> —El Productor
		<b>Buenos Ayres</b> —Vorwarts

NOTICE.

Letters should be addressed as under—

Editorial matter for insertion in 'Commonweal,' address "The Editors."

Business letters address "'Commonweal' Manager."

Letters containing Reports should be marked "Report" on the envelope, and if intended for next issue should reach the Office not later than Tuesday morning.

NOTES ON NEWS.

"SIGNOR ARRIGO has given particulars of his detention by the brigands. He declares that nothing can be more horrible and infamous." Yes; quite so. What happened to the signor apart from the anxiety about his life, and his loss of liberty, was that he was ill-fed (as one is in English prisons at least). In other words he shared the short commons of his captors, and has at least gained this advantage from his captivity, that he has found out how the poor live. It is to be hoped he will use his knowledge in doing his best to get rid of that condition of poverty which he found to be so "horrible and infamous."

It is a curious thing, by the way, that even acknowledged brigandage is duly exploited, and gives a profit to the enterprising capitalist. For it seems the industrious working brigands are in the employ of gentlemen, who live on their somewhat ill-paid labour. Signor Arrigo's guard, who seems to have been a very good-natured friendly fellow, was one of these journeyman brigands, and found it as difficult "to better himself" as most journeymen do. So commercial is the present age! So bent upon using up all waste in the process of making money! Even when that waste is no better than the lives of a few poor men.

The present Government is going to pieces—not the least doubt about it. They are perishing of dry rot, dying of too many amendments, of too much parliamentarism altogether. The editor of the Star is in raptures, and evidently considers that it is he who is dealing a death blow to the Government, while it is really perishing of general public disgust at its stupidity, meanness, cowardice and cruelty.

It is an exciting time for Government, the temperance people, and the editor of the Star; but strange to say, the work-people do not seem greatly interested. The cowardly betrayal of the people by the Liberal party, who have looked on with calm satisfaction while such small liberties as we have were torn from us by brutal force and ruffianly violence, has even alienated many a workman who used to look upon the Grand Old Sham as the incarnation of all earthly justice and wisdom. The people see now that he is but a middle-class politician with a genius for eloquence of an ambiguous character, which may mean little or nothing, although there is a lot of sound about it. The Great God Gladstone has fallen never to rise again. These who once worshipped him can see that he is only made of a very poor sort of clay after all.

But let us imagine Salisbury, Balfour, Matthews and Co. gone; and Gladstone, Harcourt, and T. P. O'Connor in their places. What then? Has the millenium come? Will the foul slums of London, with poverty, want, and care vanish like a "summer fog" before the rays of glorious sun? I trow not. The first two "nice old gentlemen" have a pleasant little trick of giving the lie to every promise they make in opposition directly they get into office. Workmen, have you forgotten how these great and good Liberals behaved when they were last in power? Peace, retrenchment, and reform was written on their banners when they went to the polls. How did they fulfil their promises? Two bloody, useless, and cruel wars—in Egypt and the Soudan; heavier and heavier taxes after, to pay for these massacres; and brutal and shameful coercion in Ireland.

"O, but they have reformed since." Have they, my dear simple friend? Have you forgotten Trafalgar Square and "our admirable police"? What a splendid Home Secretary would be our dear friend Tay Pay O'Connor! He is so fond of "free speech" in his own paper. Please ask Mr. Massingham, the late sub-editor of the Star.

If there is any one so simple as to believe in the electioneering lies with which the country will soon be flooded, he will soon be undeceived. The next Liberal Government will do what the last Liberal Government did—copy the Tories who were in office before. Neither of the great gangs of political impostors are worth a single vote or a single cheer. Nor is it by forming a "Labour Party" headed by gentlemen who are only humble imitators of these great professors of political fraud and dodgery, that the workman will improve his position; but by making a clean sweep of all political humbugs and tricksters. The only reform of the present rotten system of wholesale fraud and robbery is its complete destruction. The people must free themselves from the tyranny of landlord and capitalist, even if they have to wring the necks of these noxious vermin in the process, and the best reformer for the House of Commons would be a modern Guy Fawkes.

Here are two paragraphs from last Sunday's Dispatch, with the "common"—far too common—headline, "Sad Case of Starvation." Elizabeth Bryant, a widow, aged sixty-three, lately living at 29 Ben-Jonson Road, Mile-end, has died of hunger in a Christian land, and the inquest took place last Saturday. Henry Bryant, her son, who gave evidence, said his father died in the workhouse infirmary in February, 1889. His mother had been ill for a long time, and quite unable to get out lately. For nearly twelve months the deceased had lived on tea and dry toast. She had applied to the parish for out-door relief, which they had refused, but offered her the "house." Henry Bryant also applied, but without result. The poor old woman then ill in bed made shirts, but could not earn more than 4d. a-day. The son had been paralysed for five years, and had been unable to get work. The