



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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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.

R. O. B.—You can lay your complaint before him; but we doubt whether he can do anything for you.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 25.

ENGLAND	Boston—Liberty	HOLLAND
Brotherhood	Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	Hague—Recht voor Allen
Die Autonomie	Chicago—Rights of Labour	Middelburg, Licht en Waarheid
London—Freie Presse	Vorbote	BELGIUM
Labour Tribune	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	Ghent—Vooruit
Norwich—Daylight	Los Angeles—Cal. Nationalist	ITALY
People's Press	S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Railway Review	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	SPAIN
Sozial Demokrat	Philadelphia—United Labour	Madrid—El Socialista
Seafaring	Philadel.—Knights of Labour	GERMANY
Worker's Friend	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	Berlin—Volks Tribune
NEW SOUTH WALES	St. Louis—Altruist	AUSTRIA
Sydney—Bulletin	FRANCE	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
QUEENSLAND	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
Brisbane—Worker	Le Parti ouvrier	HUNGARY
Brisbane—Boomerang	Le Proletariat	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
UNITED STATES	Amiens—Le Peuple Picard	DENMARK
New York—Freiheit	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Twentieth Century	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	SWEDEN
Volkszeitung	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Bakers' Journal	Rouen—Le Salarial	Malmö—Arbetet
United Irishman	SWITZERLAND	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Boston—Woman's Journal	Arbeiterstimme	Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts
Investigator	Bulletin Continental	El Perseguido
Nationalist	Przedswit	

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.

THERE is, as everybody can see who wastes his time in reading the capitalist papers, a great pothor going on about our bargain with Germany, as to what we, each of the two countries, consider our property. Just so, two highwaymen armed and masked (*we* are the most careful about the mask), finding themselves on the same "lay," look sourly on each other for a while, and then see the necessity of coming to some sort of agreement as to their action; and having come to the agreement each regrets that he has not bested his brother robber a little more; and each has friends to twit him with his folly, and enemies to inform the world in which he moves that he is a dunder-head and a dastard.

I think I have heard, or seen it written, that nations were got together and grew in order to afford mutual protection to their members. If so, it was a long time ago, and perhaps a long way off. For clearly the object for their existence now is organised robbery of the weak both within and without their own bounds; and surely this African business gives us as good an instance of the game as easily can be read of in history.

Then also, we must have Stanley's opinion of the said bargain, and, indeed, wait with trembling anxiety till he has pronounced before we go for the Salisbury government neck or nothing. The sense of relief shown by the *Daily News*, for instance, when it finds that that great and sympathetic soul does not actually condemn the transaction, is delicious to witness. Stanley has spoken and we can be happy.

Well, well! we have had several "uncrowned kings" in my time, and Stanley, it seems, is the last of them, and may be said almost to have thrust down Gladstone from his throne. One thing must be said, that his filibustering majesty keeps up the traditions of kingship pretty well. The African massacres and the hanging of unwilling "soldiers of civilisation," are quite in the style of the best performers in the trade. And surely the adoration of this last "uncrowned one" shows us pretty well what would be the fate reserved for persons at home inconvenient to the commercial aristocracy, if only the latter dared. Black men in Africa were not killed because they were black, but because they were weak.

Mr. Gladstone has been spinning one of his yarns to the railway men, and began by buttering them all over, and told them how happy they were to be a part of the machinery of commerce (if they only knew their happiness); what a blessing it was for them that it was a necessity of their occupation that they were compelled to form habits of regularity and order; and how much better they were in all respects than the old servants of the mail-coach days,—which latter is probably true enough, for if ever there was a blackguardly system of travelling, surely that was the most blackguardly in all respects.

So far so good: but what reward does Mr. Gladstone propose for these treasures that he praises so much? Well, chiefly that they shall be allowed to exercise that noble virtue, *thrift*. That is, that they, by compulsion (for that is what it comes to) shall half-starve themselves and their families in order to get a very small account at a savings-bank, so that they may provide against their wholly starving. In short, these admirable public servants, as Mr. Gladstone, surely not without warrant, considers them, are to be kindly allowed to pay the poors-rate which the shareholders would otherwise have to pay.

Please to observe, meantime, that *thrift* is the art of *thriving*. If that be so, I cannot call the saving railway men thrifty, for they are but poor professors of the "art of thriving." They might be so much more thrifty that they could compel the shareholders, who contribute no iota toward the business of carrying passengers and goods, to hand over to them their ill-gotten gains, wrung out of the labour of these poor useful men. That would be thriving. Their present thrift, which Mr. Gladstone praises so, is not thriving, but starving; and no one starves except a madman or a slave.

Mr. Gladstone talks about the eloquence of figures. A hundred and ten hours a-week, at fifteen shillings a-week are, it seems, the wages paid to the "cleaners." Is there no eloquence in *those* figures then? To think that half the United Kingdom should bow down before *this* uncrowned king, Gladstone! What shall we call him? Mere invective is meaningless. Perhaps he was once a man: what he really is now is an official, whose public life is simply a constant conventional masking of facts in order to make them presentable to the office. Carlyle calls him an uncolscious hypocrite. I do not know that the description can be bettered. W. M.

Our Jingo press does not exactly know whether to be grieved or pleased concerning the recent division of African territory between England and Germany. It is doubtful whether we have got the best part of the swag or not. But why does it not take the word of its Stanley, who is in ecstasies. "Half a million square miles" of land added to the glorious British empire! O Jeosophat! It takes the great explorer's breath away. He is "electrified." He is so pleased to find that there is a greater scoundrel in this world than himself—our worthy Premier, who negotiated the "treaty." Stanley, the piratical mis-