



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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, including postage:—For British Islands, Europe, United States, and Canada, a year, 6s.; six months, 3s.; three months, 1s. 6d. For Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic, a year, 8s.; six months, 4s.; three months, 2s. For India, Ceylon, China, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, a year, 10s.; six months, 5s.; three months, 2s. 6d.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

SPECIAL RECRUIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.—To aid in spreading our principles, the following largely reduced terms are offered to those who obtain new subscribers: Two new yearly subscriptions for British Islands, etc., 10s. 6d.; for Australia, etc., 15s.; for India, etc., 19s. Five new subscriptions: For British Islands, etc., 25s.; for Australia, etc., 37s. 6d.; for India, etc., 47s. 6d. Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of postage.

Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SAMUELS and P.—Articles in type, but crowded out.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Labour Day	WILLIAM MORRIS 137
Stanley's Exploits: or, Civilising Africa (continued) ..	D. J. NICOLL 137
Correspondence	139
In the United States	H. F. CHARLES 139
Notes on News	WILLIAM MORRIS 140
News from Nowhere; or, an Epoch of Rest (continued) ..	WILLIAM MORRIS 141
The Labour Struggle	D. J. NICOLL 142
India	A. BROOKES 142
Executive Announcements, Reports, Lecture Diary, and Notices of Meetings ..	143
Statement of Principles, Advertisements, etc., etc. ..	144

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday April 30.

ENGLAND	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	ITALY
Die Autonomie	Philadelphia—United Labour	Milan—Il Fascio Operaio
Justice	S.F. Coast Seamen's Journal	SPAIN
London—Freie Presse	San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung	Madrid—El Socialista
Labour Tribune	San Diego—Califor. Nationalist	Cadiz—El Socialismo
Norwich—Daylight	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	PORTUGAL
People's Press	FRANCE	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
Sozial Demokrat	Paris—La Revolte	GERMANY
Seafaring	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Berlin—Volks Tribune
INDIA	Le Proletariat	AUSTRIA
Bankipore—Behar Herald	L'Egalite	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
UNITED STATES	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Trieste—Confeder. Operaia
New York—Truthseeker	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Brunn—Volksfreund
New York—Der Sozialist	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	DENMARK
Freiheit	Rouen—Le Salariat	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Volkszeitung	HOLLAND	SWEDEN
Volne Listy	Anarchist	Malmö—Arbetet
Workmen's Advocate	BELGIUM	WEST INDIES
Boston—Woman's Journal	Antwerp—De Werker	Cuba—El Productor
Investigator	Ghent—Vooruit	ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	SWITZERLAND	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Chicago—Knights of Labour	Arbeiterstimme	

NOTES ON NEWS.

In Mr. Morley's speech the other day, while talking about the subject of labour legislation, he said that though State Socialism was a bad thing yet it had this advantage, that it might save us from Revolutionary Socialism, which was a worse one. Political men are so sloppy in their public talk, that they probably seldom recognise the meaning which their words bear to the ordinary intelligent person; and probably all Mr. Morley meant by this phrase was to temporise with the tendency toward labour legislation while at the same time he declared himself opposed to Socialism. But what he has actually done is to ticket himself a reactionary before the world, and a stupid one at that.

For the plain meaning of his phrase is this, "These measures you ask for will do you workmen more harm than good, that I know; but in order to amuse you, and prevent your looking into your own affairs

too closely, I will yield with a good grace to your injuring yourselves; it will at least help in keeping things as they are." Isn't this politics all over? That is, the completest development of charlatany.

In the same spirit the House of Commons and the Liberal press have been dealing with the question of profit-sharing; the *Star* especially publishing an article on the subject, which is simply reactionary, and also very nonsensical and shilly-shally; with one hand putting forward *laissez faire*, with the other State Socialism, and always working the practical-politics wire, the shut-your-eyes-to-anything-that-is-not-before-Parliament platitude, which one would think too stale for even a daily paper by this time.

The *Star* says, "We dismiss from our consideration all proposals which look to the twenty-first century for their realisation." This is nothing but the usual platitudinary sneer of the debating-club bore; in the mouth of a writer in the *Star* it is either a dishonest evasion of the point at issue, or it is the result of the "invincible ignorance" of a reactionist masquerading as a Progressive Radical. I can only say that those who will not look to the essential principles of a serious subject are (I speak gravely) triflers and fools, and very dangerous fools too. Those who with all opportunity of learning what the true claims of labour are, do not learn to understand them, and who do not state them openly and simply when they have understood them, are doing their best to prepare for us a period of violence and misery in the twentieth century, or not improbably in what is left of the nineteenth.

The real question for all people not professed reactionaries is how can we speediest make an end of the disinheritance of the useful classes? How can we the speediest take the resources of nature out of the hands of the monopolists? And I assert that this profit-sharing business is not even an advance, however small, towards the answering of this question.

Here is a plain question or two on profit-sharing which every workman can understand. Will the workers who share in the profits have to pay rent to an individual for the land on which the factories stand? Will they have to pay interest to an individual for the capital which they use? Or, to put it in other words, will the factories which *they* have built, standing on the land which *their* labour has made valuable be *their* property, or the property of their masters who looked on while they were toiling?

Or, shall we say, What shall be the workers' share of profit? Will his employer claim extra shares,—first, because he is a manager; secondly, because he is a gambler in the world-market; and thirdly, because he is the owner of land or the instruments of labour?

Again, how many workers are to share in the profits? The dockers, the brickmakers, the navvies, the tram-men, the railway-men, the field labourers, the women and children whom the curse of commercialism has driven from their homes (when they have any) into the Factory Hell? Is the fringe of labour (*i.e.*, nine-tenths of it) to be left out in the cold then?

There's the rub; for, in short, my practical friends, the meaning of these schemes is an attempt to avoid the consequences of the class-war which commercialism is fast bringing to a point where it will break up "modern society;" an attempt to manufacture a new class of privileged persons (though their privilege will be but a little one) in order to keep those wicked lower orders in order. My practical friends, the present strike-war, though it is wasteful and laden with misery, has two advantages over this twaddle. In the first place, it is the *only* way of compelling the master class to share any of the profits with the men; and in the second, it will lead to the sweeping away of profits, masters, and all—and that long before the twenty-first century.

By the way what is the matter with the *Star*? Amongst other smaller sins, mostly of omission, it indulged in a sin of commission in publishing a morceau of twaddle far out-doing the debating-club-bore of two or three years ago, for that obnoxious creature is being educated into silence now. This strange production, which was as dull as *Punch* and as fatuous as the *Times*, was called a "translation from the German." Hey-day! is Berlin down to that standard then? Did the Kaiser send it to Mr. T. P. O'Connor? Or, is it perhaps a joke (a very bad one in that case) of our usually brilliant friend G. B. Shaw? Or, lastly, is the "German" that branch of the Teutonic tongue which is current in Dublin?

On the other hand, the *Star* has had the grace to give the public some of the facts about the Hero of the Day, the Rifle-and-bible newspaper correspondent Stanley; in guarded language certainly, but still so that it cannot be misunderstood; as thus, Stanley is (perhaps) a hero; but he has done no good; killed a great many people for nothing; rescued a man who was in no danger, and didn't want to be rescued; and the reason why we are so fond of him is that we hope and believe that he is helping us Britons (who are fond of keeping curates to do the rough work) in the "scramble for Africa," which is disgracing the nations of Europe at present. All this is good as far as it goes, and we must congratulate the *Star* on saying it.

W. M.