

THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[VOL. 7.—No. 268.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE "BACCARAT CASE."

In the days of our children's children, when the evil times before the Revolution have begun to be forgotten, the records of the Tranby Croft trial will constitute a really precious document for the use of any eccentric delver into the past who may wish to re-construct the story of the cruel years preceding the Great Change. The tale will seem incredible enough at first, and it will only be by strenuous exertion of the imagination that one living in an age when "money" and all that "money" implies have long ceased to exist, will be able to realise something of what the old society must have meant when such was the fruit thereof. It may not be unprofitable for us to attempt to look at the Wilsonian "amusements" in something like the fashion in which they will be regarded, "when the strife of toil and battle overthrows the curse of gold."

In the first place, we need not in the least trouble ourselves to consider whether Gordon Cumming was or was not "guilty" of what is called "cheating." Not there lies the moral of the drama,—the point of the history. From our platform, from the platform of our enquiring grandchildren, it is quite as anti-social, quite as "immoral," to play baccarat at all as to cheat,—indeed it might reasonably be argued that the cheat is preferable to the "fair" player, since the latter is both a thief and an imbecile, while the former, although also a thief, is at least a thief of some intelligence. The real interest of the Baccarat Case lies quite in another direction,—in the light shed by it upon the vacuity and noisomeness of the lives our masters, the big bourgeois, lead,—they and the sham aristocrats and spurious "princes" who are in truth only bourgeois under another name.

Let us strive to understand what this baccarat playing for sums of money, representing far more than the annual income of the highest paid worker really implies. I have heard Socialists say sometimes that gambling of this kind is no worse than gambling on the Stock Exchange, or even than the constant robbery of the workers by the idlers which is involved in the carrying on of what is humourously styled "legitimate trade." In truth, as it seems to me, there is a very vital distinction between these different methods of thieving. A man who is "on the Stock Exchange" may be only there because, under present social arrangements, he sees no other way open to him of gaining access to the means of life,—nay (since, until the Revolution comes, Stock Exchange there must be) he may be doing less harm there than if he were depriving some wage-slave of his last hope of existence by competing with him in the "labour market." The evening gambler who, in his playtime, with his livelihood and far more than his livelihood assured to him, must still be grasping after the riches of his own chosen friends, surely occupies a very different ethical position. Baccarat "played" as an "amusement," means that the players have ceased to be human beings, loving honest joys and pastimes, and have become mere beasts of prey, worse than other known beasts of prey, who, even when their appetites have been satiated, yet out of mere wickedness continue to devour, not strange and hostile enemies, but each other.

"These be thy gods, oh Israel!" For this it is, that seamen on the Wilson Line brave perils like heroes and live lives no dog would live; for this it is, that firemen labour for hours in the stoke-hole hell and die of that hell in seven years at the most. Thousands of workers toil all their lives in utmost wretchedness, not for themselves or their class, but in order that Mrs. Arthur Wilson and her sons and her daughters may guzzle and gormandise with "princes" and "generals" through autumn afternoons and evenings, and join with them in cutting cards for hundreds afterwards,—what time the champagne circulates and the havannah smoke curls upward. It would be well, perhaps, if "poor Jack" were to think a little on these things when he eats his filthy food or inhales the shag from his black pipe. A little musing on such contrasts as these would be by no means wasted expenditure of energy on Jack's part. Jack can put an end to such deeds as these whenever he chooses; let him never forget that. He has only to make up his mind—he and his fellows—to work no more for masters but only for himself and his mates, and that time of which we spoke just now shall surely come, when Tranby Croft shall seem like an incom-

prehensible nightmare. For Baccarat, as for other things, the General Strike is the sovereign remedy.

It is, for all that, a strange and fascinating portent that these over-fed swine, with everything that heart of man can desire within their reach, should yet resort for distraction to the methods of poor devils struggling together for bare life. No one would expect Mr. Lycett Green, "M.F.H.," or that young Wilson, who once spent a whole month (probably the most noxious period of his life) in his father's office, or any other of the party, to care for literature or art or conversation. Yet surely a game of billiards or a dance, according to age and sex, would have been more alluring than this undisguised taking of current coin from the pockets of one another. Not so; the pursuit of gain has become so much a part of the bourgeois nature that it is the only amusement really cared for. Even the fetish of family duty and that natural respect for the dead which surely is not merely fetishism, go down before the great god Baccarat. One had thought that the *bourgeois* was at least tenacious upon the formalities of mourning for relatives; but the death of Mrs. Arthur Wilson's brother and her consequent "domestic affliction" are not allowed to interfere with the customary orgies for a moment.

How shall we describe this "society" and with what phrase shall we characterise it? Surely that adjective which "high-sniffing" Matthew Arnold most foolishly and unjustly applied to Shelley's circle is most appropriate here. It is *sale*,—dirty, nasty, and foul. The bourgeois is already putrescent; he has outlived his function and his use, just as his predecessor the feudal lord outlived *his* use. Yet these particular bourgeois whom we have been considering hurtful vermin as they are still economically considered, have in a certain sense a use of their own. They should teach the wage-slaves who read their story to be ashamed of their masters. From such shame the step to determination to work no longer for masters of any sort is surely easy. We have only to resolve, all of us together, to take that step and the glad sun will soon look down upon a fair world of joyful workers who will take their pleasures in far different fashion from that of the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of Tranby Croft.

R. W. BURNIE.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

BY ELISEE RECLUS.

THESE two words, Evolution and Revolution, closely resemble one another, and yet they are constantly used in their social and political sense as though their meaning were absolutely antagonistic. The word Evolution, synonymous with gradual and continuous development in morals and ideas, is brought forward in certain circles as though it were the antithesis of that terrible word Revolution, which implies changes more or less sudden in their action, and entailing some sort of catastrophe. And yet is it possible that a transformation can take place in ideas without bringing about some abrupt displacements in the equilibrium of life? Must not revolution necessarily follow evolution, as action follows the desire to act? They are fundamentally one and the same thing, differing only according to the time of their appearance. If, on the one hand, we believe in the normal progress of ideas, and, on the other, expect opposition, then, of necessity, we believe in external shocks which change the form of society.

It is this which I am about to try to explain, not availing myself of abstract terms, but appealing to the observation and experience of every one, and employing only such arguments as are in common use. No doubt I am one of the persons known as "dreadful revolutionists;" for long years I have belonged to the legally infamous society which calls itself "The International Working Men's Association," whose very name entails upon all whom assume membership the treatment of malefactors; finally, I am amongst those who served that "execrable" Commune, the "detestation of all respectable men." But however ferocious I may be, I shall know how to place myself outside, or rather above my faults, and to study the present evolution and approaching revolution of the human race without passion or personal

bias. As we are amongst those whom the world attacks, we have a right to demand to be amongst those whom it hears.

To begin with, we must clearly establish the fact, that if the word evolution is willingly accepted by the very persons who look upon revolutionists with horror, it is because they do not fully realise what the term implies, for they would not have the thing at any price. They speak well of progress in general, but they resent progress in any particular direction. They consider that existing society, bad as it is, and they themselves acknowledge it to be, is worth preserving; it is enough for them that it realises their own ideal of wealth, power, or comfort. As there are rich and poor, rulers and subjects, masters and servants, Cæsars to command the combat, and gladiators to go forth and die, prudent men have only to place themselves on the side of the rich and powerful, and to pay court to Cæsar. Our beautiful society affords them bread, money, place, and honour; what have they to complain of? They persuade themselves without any difficulty that every one is as well satisfied as they. In the eyes of a man who has just dined all the world is well fed. Toying with his tooth-pick, he contemplates placidly the miseries of the "vile multitude" of slaves. All is well; perdition to the starveling whose moans disturb his digestion! If society has from his cradle provided for the wants and whims of the egotist, he can at least hope to win a place there by intrigue or flattery, by hard work, or the favour of destiny. What does moral evolution mean to him? To evolve a fortune is his one ambition!

But if the word evolution serves but to conceal a lie in the mouths of those who most willingly pronounce it, it is a reality for revolutionists; it is they who are the true evolutionists.

Escaping from all formulas, which for them have lost their meaning, they seek for truth outside the teaching of the schools; they criticise all that rulers call order, all that teachers call morality; they grow, they develop, they live, and seek to communicate their life. What they have learned they proclaim; what they know they desire to practise. The existing state of things seem to them iniquitous, and they wish to modify it in accordance with a new ideal of justice. It does not suffice them to have freed their own minds, they wish to emancipate those of others also, to liberate society from all servitude. Logical in their evolution, they desire what their mind has conceived, and act upon their desire.

Some years ago the official and courtly world of Europe was much in the habit of repeating that Socialism had quite died out. A man who was extremely capable in little matters and incapable in great ones, an absurdly vain *parvenu*, who hated the people because he had risen from amongst them, officially boasted that he had given Socialism its death-blow. He believed that he had exterminated it in Paris, buried it in the graves of Père La Chaise. It is in New Caledonia, at the Antipodes, thought he, that the miserable remnant of what was once the Socialist party is to be found. All his worthy friends in Europe hastened to repeat the words of Monsieur Thiers, and everywhere they were a song of triumph. As for the German Socialists, have we not the Master of Masters to keep an eye upon them, the man at whose frown Europe trembles? And the Russian Nihilists! Who and what are these wretches? Strange monsters, savages sprung from Huns and Bashkirs, about whom the men of the civilised West have no need to concern themselves!

Nevertheless the joy caused by the disappearance of Socialism was of short duration. I do not know what unpleasant consciousness first revealed to the Conservatives that some Socialists remained, and that they were not so dead as the sinister old man had pretended. But now no one can have any doubts as to their resurrection. Do not French workmen at every meeting pronounce unanimously in favour of that appropriation of the land and factories, which is already regarded as the point of departure for the new economic era? Is not England ringing with the cry, "Nationalisation of the Land," and do not the great landowners expect expropriation at the hands of the people? Do not political parties seek to court Irish votes by promises of the confiscation of the soil, by pledging themselves beforehand to an outrage upon the thrice sacred rights of property? And in the United States have we not seen workers masters for a week of all the railways of Indiana, and of part of those on the Atlantic sea-board? If they had understood the situation, might not a great revolution have been accomplished without a blow? And do not men, who are acquainted with Russia, know that the peasants, one and all, claim the soil, the whole of the soil, and wish to expel their lords? Thus the evolution is taking place. Socialism, or in other words, the army of individuals who desire to change social conditions, has resumed its march. The moving mass rushes onward, and now no government dare ignore its serried ranks. On the contrary, the powers that be exaggerate its numbers, and attempt to contend with it by absurd legislation and irritating interfering. Fear is an evil councillor.

No doubt it may sometimes happen that all is perfectly quiet. On the morrow of a massacre few men dare put themselves in the way of the bullets. When a word, a gesture are punished with imprisonment, the men who have courage to expose themselves to the danger are few and far between. Those are rare who quietly accept the part of victim in a cause, the triumph of which is as yet distant and even doubtful. Everyone is not so heroic as the Russian Nihilists, who compose manifestoes in the very lair of their foes and paste them on a wall between two sentries. One should be very devoted one's self to find fault with those who do not declare themselves Socialists, when their work, that is to say the life of those dear to them, depends on the avowal. But if all the oppressed have not the temperament of heroes, they feel their sufferings none the less, and large numbers amongst them

are taking their own interests into serious consideration. In many a town where there is not one organised Socialist group, all the workers without exception are already more or less consciously Socialists; instinctively they applaud a comrade who speaks to them of a social state in which all the products of labour shall be in the hands of the labourer. This instinct contains the germ of the future Revolution; for from day to day it becomes more precise and transformed into a more distinct consciousness. What the worker vaguely felt yesterday, he knows to-day, and each new experience teaches him to know it better. And are not the peasants, who cannot raise enough to keep body and soul together from their morsel of ground, and the yet more numerous class who do not possess a clod of their own, are not all these beginning to comprehend that the soil ought to belong to the men who cultivate it? They have always instinctively felt this, now they know it, and are preparing to assert their claim in plain language.

This is the state of things; what will be the issue? Will not the evolution which is taking place in the minds of the workers, *i.e.*, of the great masses, necessarily bring about a revolution; unless, indeed, the defenders of privilege yield with a good grace to the pressure from below? But history teaches us that they will do nothing of the sort. At first sight it would appear so natural that a good understanding should be established amongst them without a struggle. There is room for us all on the broad bosom of the earth; it is rich enough to enable us all to live in comfort. It can yield sufficient harvests to provide all with food; it produces enough fibrous plants to supply all with clothing; it contains enough stone and clay for all to have houses. There is a place for each of the brethren at the banquet of life. Such is the simple economic fact.

"What does it matter," say some. The rich will squander at their pleasure as much of their wealth as suits them; the middle-men, speculators and brokers of every description will manipulate the rest; the armies will destroy a great deal, and the mass of the people will have the scraps that remain. "The poor we shall have always with us," say the contented, quoting a remark which, according to them, fell from the lips of a God. We do not care whether their God wished some to be miserable or not. We will re-create the world on a different pattern! "No, there shall be no more poor! As all men need to be housed and clothed and warmed and fed, let all have what is necessary, and none be cold or hungry!" The terrible Socialists have no need for a God to inspire these words; they are human, that is enough.

Thus two opposing societies exist amongst men. They are intermingled, variously allied here and there by the people who do not know their own minds, and advance only to retreat; but viewed from above, and taking no account of uncertain and indifferent individuals who are swayed hither and thither by fate like waves of the sea, it is certain that the actual world is divided into two camps, those who desire to maintain poverty, *i.e.*, hunger for others, and those who demand comforts for all. The forces in these two camps seem at first sight very unequal. The supporters of existing society have boundless estates, incomes counted by hundreds of thousands, all the powers of the state, with its armies of officials, soldiers, policemen, magistrates, and a whole arsenal of laws and ordinances. And what can the Socialists, the artificers of the new society, oppose to all this force? Without money or troops they would indeed succumb, if they did not represent the evolution of ideas and of morality. They are nothing, but they have the progress of human thought on their side. They are borne along on the stream of the times.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

We are sorry to see the 'Bus Strike, begun with such courage and vigour by the men, should terminate in such an inglorious compromise. When last week we gave the leaders credit for showing more pluck and determination than some strike leaders, we did not think that in a few days' time they would advise the men to return to work on a compromise suggested by Lord Mayor Savory, of sermon stealing notoriety. This compromise, as might be expected, is very much like the terms previously unanimously rejected at a meeting of the men. The only thing the 'busmen have really gained being the concession of a "working day of twelve consecutive hours as nearly as possible," and a good deal depends upon the interpretation placed by the directors upon the words "as nearly as possible." The drivers have to take sixpence a day less than was offered to them by the company at the beginning of the strike. We should imagine that those drivers of the L. G. O. who invited Lord Mayor Savory's interference must be very sorry for what they have done.

We are getting sick, and we should think most workmen are as well, of the policy of eternal compromise pursued by their "leaders." It is not as if the workers as a rule make exorbitant demands, that from the nature of the case is impossible, and even an ordinary middle-class man must admit that in this case of the 'busmen the demands were moderate enough. Then why did not the leaders state firmly that they had made these demands and would take nothing less.

But no, the firmness is all on the side of the 'bus directors; they can draw up an ultimatum, and say they will give no more to their men if they keep their 'buses in their yards for a year; but the "leaders,"

with all the winning cards in their hands, with the sympathy of the working-class entirely with the strikers, subscriptions flowing in, the 'bus-yards completely blocked, blacklegs afraid for their lives to venture out, can only capitulate on terms proposed by a gentleman belonging to the same class as the 'bus directors, and whose first thought is not for the men, but for the City gentlemen and the "vast and important companies" on whom the strike entails "inconvenience" and "annoyance."

Nothing, however, will alter our opinion of the heroism displayed by the workers in the early part of the struggle. The only pity is that they should consent to be led by the people who show such a pitiful want of firmness and resolution. It may be truly said that all that is admirable about the battle has been the spontaneous enthusiasm and the courage shown by the men. And if they had trusted entirely to themselves, not only to block the yards, but for the whole conduct of the strike, we are sure they would have done better. Sooner or later the people will get tired of their present leaders, unless they show a little more determination, and less eagerness for that middle-class patronage which many of them seem to make the whole business of their lives to obtain.

The same lesson may be learnt from the 'Bus Strike as from most labour struggles. The salvation of the people lies in their own hands. Let them trust in themselves, and not simply throw off their old chains to make themselves new fetters. All recent strikes have been successful when the people have trusted to their own courage, their own enthusiasm, and their own common sense, as they did on Sunday, June 7th, when the 'Bus Strike broke out, as even the *Star* admits; but directly they have ceased to rely on their own good qualities, and allowed "leaders" and "committees" to boss and "discipline" them, so surely have they invited defeat or surrender. At the present time most of the "leaders" of the labour movement do not lead, they are useful only to the capitalist, for their words and their deeds (!) are like so much cold water damping down the fire of enthusiasm which glows in the breasts of the people.

We note that the *Evening News* is very pleased at the close of the 'Bus Strike. It says that if the men had been so "badly advised" as to reject the Company's terms, the Directors would have employed "blacklegs," busses would have been brought out manned by these gentlemen, and this would be followed by serious rioting in which the police would be helpless. Therefore the troops would be called out, and "the State would have had no alternative but to force even at the bayonet's point the right of Companies to employ whomsoever they liked." We can conceive that it would have been very awkward for the present Government, to show their love of the sacred blackleg by murdering the people, but why the labour leaders should endeavour to rescue the ministers from this embarrassing position we cannot understand. At any rate they must feel pleased at the gratitude of the *Evening News*.

Our comrade who was recently sentenced to two month's imprisonment at the Thames Police Court has shown that he has the courage of his convictions. He told the magistrate that he was a Socialist, and that therefore being out of work and starving, he helped himself to some of the surplus wealth of the nation. When arrested and charged with the "crime," he declared that he had done this as a Socialist, and he considered it no theft for a starving man to take what he wanted, but that it was robbery for rich men who had plenty to take from the poor. The magistrate said these ideas could never be allowed in England, and gave our comrade two months. Of course if such dangerous notions were not put down by the strong arm of the law, every starving man might imitate our comrade, and the capitalist thieves would see their ill-gotten wealth melting away like snow before the heat of the sun. All who are in want of food should imitate this bold example. If generally followed it would quickly lead to that final movement of universal expropriation, when the workers will take from the rich robbers not only the wealth which they have stolen, but all means of producing wealth by which they are enabled to steal. N.

It is really difficult—even for those of us who see something of bourgeois society behind the scenes—to gauge the depths of brutal anti-human selfishness to which the middle-classes and their parasites of the "learned professions" can descend. Lately the Middle Temple Benchers (moved perhaps by some vague sense of the storm coming) opened their gardens for a couple of evening hours to the children of the workers upon whose toil they live in luxury. It would seem incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the insolent young loafers of the "junior bar," who amuse themselves the live-long summer afternoon by playing what is called "lawn-tennis" in these gardens, are moving heaven and earth to get the Benchers' order revoked, because the little children of the toilers come between the wind and their nobility, and force them to curtail their game by an hour or so. I wish one could be sure that they also would have their reward; but probably, when the Revolution comes, these miserable hounds will skulk away somewhere, leaving better men than they to pay the penalty.

R. W. B.

COMRADES who were in Hyde Park on Sunday the 14th, must have been pleased to see such a splendid audience as the one our comrades had the pleasure of addressing on that day. The subject was one, the

importance of which can never be overrated, i.e., "The General Strike." The idea was carefully handled by our comrades Tochatti, Turner, and Nicoll, who left no point unexplained to the satisfaction of a very large and attentive audience.

We must not forget our comrade Yanovsky, who I am sure imparted some very important information to the audience, regarding the "foreigner," question, and I am sure what he said will not be forgotten if ever an attempt is made to fan into a flame any anti-foreign feeling that may exist; he strongly advised English workmen to consider this question fairly on its merits, and he felt certain they would hear very little of the subject in future.

The greatest silence and attention was given to our comrade Louise Michel whilst speaking; she dwelt extensively on the new idea, "The General Strike." Our Comrade explained that in all past revolutions the people flew to arms and the barricades, but ignorance of economics and a true solution of the labour problem caused the failure of their efforts; now the workers were organising with a determination to alter their conditions of life and work. It was for us the Anarchist-Communists to inspire the workers with the new idea, in order to end for ever this accursed struggle, her concluding words being "Revolt, and by the General Strike realise the Social Revolution." Comrade Coulon acted as translator.

We feel sure comrades everywhere will be pleased to hear that Louise Michel is engaged in mastering the English language, and will in another fortnight we hope, be able to address English audiences in their own tongue. This will be a very valuable aid to the movement, for we shall be able to hear from her own lips the story of her life without the help of interpreters, who, however good they may be, seldom translate verbally what is said. We thank Coulon for what he has done in this way in the past, but hope, so far as Louise Michel is concerned, his services will not be needed in future.

The Demonstration, though unaided by brass bands and banners, was a real success so far as we were concerned. Our literature was eagerly sought after, a sure sign that the efforts of our comrades will bear fruit a hundredfold. Comrades Mowbray, Cooke, Cantwell and others took part also in contributing to the success of the meeting.

Are there no women in the ranks who will start a Women's Anarchist-Communist Group? We feel sure it would be productive of much good for the movement. There are great numbers of women who object to be forced to associate with the male sex; surely if our female comrades could do something to reach the women workers by having at our various meeting places, women's social and educational meetings. Perhaps our comrades Mrs. Tochatti, Louise Michel, and others will take the matter up. Why not a women's Anarchist paper also? Hurry up comrades, there is no time to lose when tailoresses, laundresses, and others are waking up.

C. W. M.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

THE classes that most threaten the peace and welfare of the great mass of human beings in the world are at the present time not only using incendiary language, holding riotous meetings (which they call conventions and legislatures), breathing forth threats of violence, and declaring they will accomplish their objects by physical force, but they are actually using force and violence on all sides. A peaceable, industrious working-man or woman is no longer safe, either in their home, in the workshop, or on the street. The unjustifiable violence of these "dangerous classes" is becoming something appalling. If the great body of the people do not soon make up their minds that something must be done to check the forcible encroachments of these pestilential marauders they may as well give them the earth and lay down and die. The records of their evil doings for only one month are enough to daunt the bravest citizen living in fancied security and peace.

In the first place, they have stolen the land which belongs to all the people of earth and thus gained a great advantage over the landless many; and there seems to be no way of making them disgorge, so brauning and impudent are they in their show of force and readiness to take human life. In Pennsylvania they broke into people's homes, and while some held guns to frighten the owners, others grabbed the furniture and threw it into the street. They shot a young girl who was protecting a sick woman; they clubbed and beat many more, and drove innocent children out from their shelter into the rain; many other depredations and murders have they committed in the same region in the last month. In the same State they are forcibly detaining three working-men who had been so badly used by some of their dangerous set that in self defence they injured a man who afterwards died. They threaten these three men with death—they are even deliberately planning their assassination, and keep men armed with guns walking about the place in which they are confined. At the Clark Thread Mills armed men were hired to stand around and intimidate some working people that were trying to treat for a little more

favourable terms of slavery; and these hired incendiaries liked their job so well that when they were finally called off they objected. They liked drawing pay from two corporations at the rate of ten dollars a day, and nothing to do but strut about and overawe other people. In Detroit they tried to call in a large body of drilled men with guns to frighten the street-car men who were protesting against some of their encroachments, when it was discovered that the armed men were hardly in sympathy with the dangerous classes who wanted to use them, and they were not entrusted with the detestable work. In Chicago, a class of desperadoes who have obtained possession of all the tracts, rolling-stock called the North Western Ry., and of all the strength of thousands of working-men, took it upon themselves to "discipline" some of the men whose daily strength they were using. The way they did it was to forbid their working at all or drawing anything to live upon from the wealth that their years of labour had created; and at every switch they placed six or seven men wearing blue coats, with big clubs in their belts, and concealed pistols on their persons.

Wherever there is any difference of opinion as to the amount of work to be done in a day, or what fraction of that which they produce shall be given them, between employers and the employed, the employers—the dangerous classes—immediately bring into the field armed men with no other purpose than to threaten, intimidate, club, and shoot their victims. Their deeds of violence in the older countries of recent date cannot be enumerated in a short article like this. In their scientific records, they give accounts of the newest improved instruments for murdering human beings, such as great iron cannon on wheels, dynamite guns and electrical machines for killing one at a time at the rate of twenty-five an hour. They are improving all sorts of devices for depriving people of their liberty, and now, those who do not think, or write, or speak, in a manner to suit them, are shut up behind invincible walls. All their methods and arrangements for living in luxury and idleness from the toil of others are enforced and carried on by the most violent means, and a constant aggressive show of force. All useful, busy people wish to pursue their way in peace unmolested; but until they learn who really are the dangerous classes, and decide to wipe them out of existence, they will not be allowed to do so.

—From Chicago *Freedom*.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

For what justice is this, that a rich goldsmith or an usurer, or to be short, any of them, which either do nothing at all or else that which they do is such that it is not very necessary to the commonwealth, should have a pleasant and wealthy living, either by idleness or by unnecessary business, when in the meantime poor labourers, carters, ironsmiths, carpenters, and ploughmen, by a great and continual toil, as drawing and bearing beasts, be scant able to sustain, and again so necessary toil, that without it no commonwealth were able to continue and endure one year, should get so hard and poor a living, and live so wretched and miserable a life, that the state and condition of the labouring beasts may seem much better and wealthier. . . And yet besides this the rich men, not only by private fraud, but also by common laws, do every day pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their daily living. They invent and devise all means and manner of crafts; first, how to keep safely without fear of losing that they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the work and labour of the poor for as little money as may be. . . . Therefore, when I consider and weigh in my mind all these commonwealths which nowadays anywhere do flourish, so, God help me, I can perceive nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their commodities under the name and title of the Commonwealth.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

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NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Waltham Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 8.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.
Glasgow.—Lectures and Discussions every Sunday evening, at 7, in the Hall, Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, City.
Hull.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—*International Educational Club*, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blunk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of the United Anarchist Societies of London will take place on Sunday next, June 21st, to Epping Forest, by way of Liverpool Street, G.E.R., to Loughton. Processions, with Full Brass Band and Banners, will march from the Club Autonomie at 9, and from the International Club, 40, Berner Street, at 9.30

The Sheffield Group of Anarchist-Communists will hold a Conference on Sunday, June 28th, at 47, Westbar Green, Sheffield. Comrades from other Groups are invited to attend.

A CONCERT AND BALL, together with a Grand Distribution of Socialist, Anarchist, and other Works, will take place on Wednesday evening, July 8th, at the Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, at which over 200 Prizes, to the value of £23, will be given away. Tickets Sixpence each, to be had at all Anarchist and Socialist Clubs and meeting places.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Printed in the London Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the London Socialist League, by C. W. MOWBRAY, at 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.