

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY

Who is Guilty?

The outrage in Madrid has again started the hue and cry in hunting down Anarchists; and the cloud of lies in the press has obscured for the moment the real cause of the act in the endeavour to shield those in power who are directly or indirectly responsible for it.

To understand what motive can drive men to such deeds it is only necessary to reason about events that are happening around us every day, and to ask ourselves the cause of the terrible conflicts that are constantly taking place between oppressors and oppressed in all parts of the world. It would also be well to inquire of our own consciences how far we are responsible for the continuance of these causes, or to what extent we are helping to bring nearer the day when those twin curses the State and capitalist exploitation (the root of all the evil), shall give place to freedom and justice, to the solidarity of mankind.

For let it be clearly understood we are living in a state of social war. This war is becoming daily more acute as the workers on the one hand become more and more conscious of their economic servitude, and as on the other hand the exploiting classes, with their allies the kings and the Governments, become more and more determined at any cost to resist all attacks on their privileges. On the shoulders of those who are denying justice to the workers—denying their right to the wealth they create and to a share in the joy of life—must rest the responsibility for the ravages of this war. Every hour of every day it rages without abatement in field and factory and workshop—under the despotism of the Czar and in the “freedom” of a Republic. No day dawns without its victims of the night; no night falls without its victims of the day. This terrible unceasing and unequal struggle between the exploiters and the workers, through all its varied manifestations, impresses the human mind more and more vividly with the awful injustice of the social system which to-day crushes humanity down.

The Madrid outrage is a direct consequence of the war which has been waged by the Spanish Government against the Anarchists with barbarous, inhuman cruelty since the days of the Mano Negra. What those tortures and executions meant for our comrades—innocent of all crimes but the unpardonable one of loving justice—all the world knows. And to-day, when the peasants of Spain are starving in a country they would only be too happy to make fruitful by their labour, and when the workers in towns revolt against their misery and for answer are shot down by the troops, the idiots who presume to govern intelligent men can think of nothing better than to spend two millions on the wedding of two useless puppets, whose lives are endangered by the criminal folly of those who later will be using them for their own base schemes.

Where justice reigns outrages will never be known, but under governments such as these they are precisely what any sane mind might predict would happen.

Having pointed to the causes which are responsible for these outrages, we have just a few words to say to those who call for the suppression of Anarchism and Anarchists.

First of all, then, neither Anarchism nor its propagandists will ever be suppressed. At the present day it stands that desire for liberty, equality and justice which in some shape or form has manifested itself through all ages, and which, if it could have been killed, tyranny would have annihilated centuries ago. Yes, Anarchism speaks to mankind with the voice of reason. It uses no argument which it does not desire should be submitted to the most searching criticism, the most pitiless logic. On the other hand, it spares no prejudices, no formulas, no superstitions, that have supported the tyrannies of the past, or continue to support the rulers and exploiters of the

present. It asks for free speech, free inquiry, free discussion for all schools of thought. But if these elementary rights are denied, it does not preach submission nor the turning of the other cheek. No, indeed, friends! We are not slaves but rebels, and when we struggle for our own freedom we know we are striving for the freedom of all without distinction.

That outrage and bloodshed will never cease till freedom and justice have been won for the workers must be patent to all. But till that day dawns we know on which side in this terrible class war the victims will be heaped. Here and there a ruler, an exploiter may fall, but that will weigh as dust in the balance against the death-roll of the workers, our brothers and sisters, the men, the women, the children that capitalism devours in grinding out its gold for one day of this cursed inferno.

And in face of all,—in face of the horrors of this system of robbery and oppression, of that merciless sacrifice of the workers in the Courrières mines, of the murdered Italian peasants, of the countless crimes of the Russian Government, of which we cannot bear to think and dare not trust ourselves to write, in face of the thousands dying every year to fill the capitalist belly, and to clothe the capitalist back—these robbers; these tyrants soaked in human blood, have the audacity to talk of the sacredness of human life!

Well, we say plainly that they are the guilty ones—they, and all who actively or passively support them. They are the criminals who, so far from wishing the workers should conquer their rights—that life should be worth living for all—persecute, torture and kill the brave and generous souls who struggle to free humanity from the capitalist's yoke and the fetters of the State.

And in the roar of this chaos, that we are told means order, and under the cloud of those hypocrisies that have been named “civilisation,” there are some who feel—who know—they share no guilt in all this misery and massacre. They are the revolutionists,—those who strive to end a system which we may truly call “the foulest birth of time.”

A CALL FOR ACTION.

AN APPEAL AND A SUGGESTION.

We appeal to all who have any care for the first principles of Justice and Humanity to use their efforts in every possible direction to prevent the action of that base diplomacy which would send the English Fleet to Kronstadt. Are we to demonstrate our friendliness with the unspeakable murderers of the brave revolutionists who are struggling to gain for Russia those elementary liberties that England has enjoyed for more than two hundred years?

We cannot bear that what would be an eternal and damnable disgrace should be burnt into our souls without protest, and as Englishmen we ask all those who would be willing to demonstrate against this shameless political prostitution of our honour to work together for the organisation of such a protest as will at least prove that the heart and conscience of the people have nothing but hatred and detestation for such an infamous compromise with the inhuman criminals of the Russian autocracy.

Fellow citizens, let us sink our differences for once, and let all of us—Socialists, Democrats, Trade Unionists, Radicals—march in protest under one flag—the flag of Humanity.

J. TURNER, A. MARSH, T. H. KEELL.

Freedom

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NOTES.

"TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY"!

It is nearly time the great Carnegie wrote us another volume on "triumphant democracy," and gave us all the latest examples of the glorious developments of the capitalist system under that form of government which has made him so rich and his workers so poor. The world has been "shocked" over the Beef-Trust revelations, but we are sure he could show that these things are necessary for the free play of capital and the free development of those few great individuals who own the United States.

There is a great outcry about Armour and his filth, but it is really doubtful if he sacrificed more lives than the other fellow. The one has killed and injured by his poisonous products; the other by the Pinkerton police. And there is another maniac just crossed over who has done the same thing with his low-flash oils. They all belong to the same band of brigands; and whether they poison, or burn, or shoot, or stab, we've got to put up with them till their doom is sounded by the Social Revolution. So wake up, fellow workers, and fight them à outrance, if you want to save the world from these devouring monsters.

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!

If it were possible to describe the disgraceful exhibition at Westminster over what it chooses to call an Education Bill, we should say that the Ministers blunder while the priests plunder, and that behind the scenes they are both in the swindle.

As a matter of fact, what do all these piffles care about education; what, indeed, do they understand by the word? Have they any competency to discuss a subject of such magnitude, of such world-wide and vital importance, a subject involving the physical, moral, and intellectual welfare of the whole people? All this compromising with priestly domination, dogma, superstition, Gradgrindery, and administrative redtapisism have no more to do with true education than capitalist economics have to do with the well-being of the workers. Ask anyone who knows the *personnel* of the so-called Council of Education, and they will tell you they are a prayer-grinding set of nobodies heading straight for reaction. The same with the impossibles at St. Stephens. If any of them have any good intentions they can effect nothing there, and dare not go to the root of the question, which would touch the basis of their cherished system. Deep human sympathy, intelligent, broadminded, with free play for all the varying individual characteristics; helpful encouragement for the budding mind and the growing body—are these the things the State will give? Rather what it always takes away! But it will be said that things have improved. Yes, thanks to Charles Dickens, to Ruskin and Morris and the rest who possessed the qualities mentioned above, and compelled our legislators to take some action. But it is not in the interest of human progress to compare present conditions to evils that have been, but to look forward to what can be, nay, must be, in the best interests of the rising generation.

SOCIALIST ECONOMICS.

In a note on the Miners' Congress *Justice* (June 16th) tries once more to show that Anarchism is not Socialism. And it gives as its definition of the latter "that all the means of production should be owned by the whole of society, and should be used and administered for the general well-being." As we are told at the same time that "the workers must by their votes and political action capture the political machine," we see at once that the means of production are to be owned and administered by the State. Here is the gulf that separates the Anarchist from the State Socialist. For if the workers should fall to such a degree of slavery as to accept this form of "Socialism," they would speedily find that they "owned" nothing, but, on the contrary, were themselves "owned" by a pack of administrative

officials who would lord it over the "industrial army" in a way that they would have cause to remember. Some of these Social Democratic slave-drivers have told us what to expect, so we do not exaggerate.

But our Socialism is something better than that: it is, in fact, its highest form—Communism, which some Social Democrats also avow as their ideal. But for us this Communism—must be *free*—free in every detail of its organisation—free in every phase of its social life. To the devil with your officials: what we want done we can do ourselves. Does not an old and wise proverb teach us that? And we are convinced that the workers can produce and consume without your rad-tape.

As to the "moral" lecturing of a Burns, the administration of a Webb, the citizen army of a Corporal Quelch—we'll none of it. It is all a comedy of errors that would end in tragedy. No; freedom we must and shall have, and with it the fullest satisfaction of all needs, which Communism ensures.

We have received a letter from our old comrade Tom Cantwell, who we regret to say is still an invalid, but who writes with a vigour that would do credit to one enjoying his full powers. Referring to the impossibilities of political action, he says:—

In the first place: We are a "Constitutional Monarchy" (just the same as Germany and Russia, only more so). Yet the "Revolutionary," "Scientific" Social Democrats, allured by the fatal attractiveness of swearing (in a—to them—more or less novel fashion), enter Parliament, and vow to maintain and cause others to maintain and observe the laws, King, Queen and Constitution of "this glorious British Empire"; the said Constitution and laws having been carefully framed and imposed by generations of royalty, landlords, usurers, *alias* bankers, pimps, priests, physicians, lawyers, professional cutthroats—euphemistically termed "naval and military men"—and other privileged parasites, with the express object and purpose of perpetuating the parasitism of themselves and their "assigns." That is to say—in order to put the position more clearly—the newly-elected "Revolutionary Social Democrat" is allowed to join the Westminster Association of Gas-bags on condition that—like Bradlaugh—he solemnly promises to maintain and continue this Constitution and its contingent and consequent iniquities (which he was specially elected to help modify or destroy). And, as friend Steel points out in the *Clarion*, part of that Constitution is a mysterious collection of beings called the Privy Council, whose function it is to issue "decrees" or "orders" similar to the Czar's ukase, with the express object of superseding any authority likely to be set up by Social Democrats or any other reformers if they should become numerous.

A HERO OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

As to those who fought in the insurgent bands and those who were most compromised as members of the strike committee, their lives were saved by a courageous engine-driver, Ukhtomsky. At the last moment, when the insurrection was crushed and it seemed already impossible to pierce the ring of troops which held all the outlet from Moscow, Ukhtomsky offered to take the most compromised insurgents and strikers on a train and to break through the iron ring. This he did most successfully under a hail of bullets from the machine guns. He was arrested later on quite accidentally, having come to a railway station while a Semenovsk detachment was there. The officer looked through the portraits supplied to the troops by the spies, and at once recognised him. "You are the engine-driver Ukhtomsky," said he; "you will be shot." "So I thought," calmly replied the prisoner, and before dying he narrated the following:—"When all roads leading out of Moscow were occupied by the troops, I undertook to take the insurgents and our strike committee men in a train through your ring. You had already placed machine guns in the orchards—menacing the line. In this dangerous—quite open—space on the railway curve I developed a speed of sixty miles per hour. I myself drove the engine. The pressure in the boiler I brought up to fifteen atmospheres—the very limit for the boiler. The danger was not from machine guns, but from the boiler bursting. I went not only with open draught doors, but also with an accelerated speed of the syphon. And as we ran at this speed along the curve the machine guns begun to rattle. Still, the real danger lay in our speed, in the possibility of being thrown off the metals down the embankment. However, I regulated the steam with an experienced hand, feeling that I had on my responsibility the lives of those whom you tracked. You wounded six men, but nobody was killed. All are now safe and far away. You will not have them."

He quietly spoke before his death to the soldiers and won their sympathies. He stood upright and calmly looked on them. When the first volley was fired the three workers with whom he was shot fell dead, but not one single bullet had been fired at Ukhtomsky. None of the soldiers would kill him. The officer ordered a second volley to be fired—and then he fell on the snow with a terrible expression of agony in his eyes. The captain discharged a revolver at his head.

THE "SINN FEIN" MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

A new national movement in Ireland is beginning to make great headway, and to all appearances may eventually develop in a Socialist and anti-militarist direction. "Sinn fein" may be translated as "ourselves first," though not in the devil-take-the-hindmost sense but rather as a protest against the domination and exploitation by a foreign power. A few extracts from the *United Irishman* will make clear the general aims of the movement:

Speaking of the Irish party and its chances of gaining Home Rule, it says: "The year 1906 will decide whether what we declared in the year 1899 and have reiterated ever since was true or false—that Parliamentarism is a policy wrong in principle and impotent in action." This must not be taken as implying an Anarchist attitude, but it is decidedly a healthy scepticism. Again, "We perceive that a free Ireland is a thing to be brought into being, not by the Gladstones and the Morleys and the Bryces, but by our own faithful and persevering brains and hands." This also shows a clear vision of the value of the promises of English politicians.

But there is also a keener insight into economic evils than the Irish people have hitherto manifested. Referring to the question of the national language it says: "One has only to look at the cases of Germany and France to see how often peoples, rich in the possession of their own tongue and with every sign of material prosperity—flourishing banks, an unflagging national debt, and a fat and contented shopkeeping class—have failed to solve the problem of existence,—that is to say, the idle rich, the idle poor, the slums, the workhouses, and the prisons. We might quote more to the same effect, but we have only space to add that a strong appeal is made to the Irish people to refrain from enlisting in the army and navy, and that this added to the rest gives some hope that Ireland, so long under the heel of the priest and the politician, is at last awakening to the true causes of her misery."

INTERNATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY LABOUR UNION.

OBJECT OF UNION.

To advocate Direct Action and the General Strike in all economic questions—as opposed to the political methods.

The I.R.L.U. is entirely a voluntary organisation, and hence it is not true that we surrender our liberty in organising our fellows to sell their labour as they please. Combination, free co-operation, is not a surrender of individual freedom. The principles of trade unionism are essentially sound—both economically and ethically. It is astonishing to hear it said that to form a voluntary association to sell labour with the greatest advantage is a surrender of liberty; that to demand an eight hour day by direct and general action is a compromise, and that trade unions resort to violence and invasive means. This, however, does not argue unfitness of the people for free institutions, it only demonstrates that trade unions are human institutions. Having to fight organised State-supported monopolies, finding themselves reduced to the necessity of accepting inequitable terms through prior violations of equal freedom on the part of the governing power, they cannot always exercise sufficient self-restraint to keep within the bounds of what is considered "legitimate" resistance. The I.R.L.U. is a necessity of the times. It needs no paid leaders or officials—surely a sufficient recommendation in itself. So fellow-workers rally, unite! unite and organise your emancipation through direct action and solidarity of interests for the good of all.

We give this brief summary of the objects and principles of the above union, which we hope to hear more of when it has had time to become organised. Meanwhile those who are prepared to join are invited to the meetings, held every Sunday evening at 6.30 at Liberty Hall, corner of Camp Road and Lovett Road, Leeds.

SINCERITY IN LITERATURE.

"It is not only the grocers who sands their sugar before prayers. Writers who know well enough that the triumph of falsehood is an unholy triumph, are not deterred from falsehood by that knowledge. They know, perhaps, that even if undetected it will press on their consciences; but the knowledge avails them little. The immediate pressure of the temptation is yielded to, and Sincerity remains the text to be preached to others. To gain applause they will misstate facts, to gain victory in argument they will misrepresent the opinions they oppose; and they suppress the rising misgivings by the dangerous sophism that to discredit error is good work, and by the hope that no one will detect the means by which the work is effected. The saddest aspect of this procedure is that in Literature, as in Life, a temporary success often does reward dishonesty. It would be insincere to conceal it. To gain a reputation as discoverers men will invent or suppress facts. To appear learned, they will array their writings in the ostentation of borrowed citations. To solicit the "sweet voices" of the crowd, they will feign sentiments they do not feel, and utter what

they think the crowd will wish to hear, keeping back whatever the crowd will hear with disapproval. And, as I said, such men often succeed for a time; the fact is so, and we must not pretend that it is otherwise. But it no more disturbs the fundamental truth of the Principles of Sincerity than the perturbations in the orbit of Mars disturb the truth of Kepler's law.—From *Principles of Success in Literature*, G. H. Lewis.

LITERARY NOTES.

Tutmonda Socia Revuo—Universal Social Review.

The Esperantist International Revolutionary Group has just sent out an appeal in Esperanto for the creation of an international review in that language. I beg you, in the name of this group, to insert in your columns the following extract:—

TO THE ANARCHISTS.

For three years in the Anarchist and Socialist papers, in lectures, and in a pamphlet called *Les Libertaires et l'Esperanto* I propagated the idea of a review on the social movement of the whole world, called *Sociologia Revuo*.

In Sweden, my friend Einar Hökansson also worked for a similar review; Zoltán Baranyai did the same work in Hungary, etc. In France, our friend Berthelot made every effort to publish *Tutmonda Socia Revuo*.

At the moment of writing I have received a letter from Comrade Louis, secretary of Paco Libereco, in Paris, proposing to join his labour to mine.

Thanks to all these combined energies, I believe we shall reach the end in view.

On the other hand, we read in the *Belga Sonorilo* that the Algerian syndicalists also intend publishing a review in Esperanto to defend the interests of the international working class. Let us hope they will unite with us.

Many Socialists will also bring us their moral and pecuniary support. My occupation does not leave me the time absolutely necessary to take care of such an important review as *Tutmonda Socia Revuo*, but my friend Verema, helped by an editorial committee, will do that work better than myself.

We shall do our utmost to have correspondents everywhere, sincere comrades, placed so as to be well informed. Where this fails we can be written to by friends in any language. There are few which could not be translated by one or other of us.

Our review will chiefly be devoted to Anarchist ideas, edited in the different national languages. It will endeavour to correct the news so often false that the capitalist press spreads over the whole world, and will make known that about which it always keeps silent. Does a new idea spring up, do we have to face a moral or an economic problem, a scandalous proceeding like those of Malato, of Montjuich, of the Afano Negra, of the new Anti-militarist International, etc.? Let us be immediately informed, and through the means of one language and one review we shall have reached, with reliable documents, in a few weeks every honest comrade, every man of progress, even those who do not yet possess any Anarchist paper in their language, and who are, therefore, deprived of all relations with their brothers of other nations.

And now, comrades, let everyone give some help, and soon *Tutmonda Socia Revuo* will be the bond between all good hearts, which will send to every spot of our planet the great ideas which must renew the world!

EMILE CHAPELIER,

Of the Liberaire Communist Colony, "The Experiment,"
in Stockel (Bois), Belgium.

While waiting for subscriptions to enable us to start the review we publish a small leaflet with the aim of bringing together the comrades interested in the idea. Those who wish to receive it regularly are requested to send at least 1s. to M. Verema, Case 4967 Central Genève (Switzerland).

P.S.—The group Paco Libereco has just published an Esperanto translation from the French *The New Guide for the Soldier* ("La nova guidlibreto de la Soldato"), a pamphlet which is expected to make good anti-militarist propaganda in many countries.

Received. *Die Freie Generation*. Documente der Wellenschanung des Anarchismus. No. 1 vol. i. Price 3d. Franz Buchbauer, 38, Broad Street, Golden Square, W.

Une Colonie Communiste. Par Emile Chapelier. Price 1d. R. Faignoux, 74, Rue des Six Jetons, Bruxelles.

Essays in Socialism, Old and New. By E. Belfort Bax. Price 6s. net. E. Grant Richards, 7, Carlton Street, S.W.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

South Africa.

We gladly print extracts from the following letter from Comrade Erasmus describing the strike of cigarette makers in Capé Town. As an example of what can be done by trade unionism in the economic struggle it has a deep interest for all workers, and it would be welcome news to hear that similar action had been taken by the sweated victims in the East End.

Without making a long story of it we, knowing that both the large factories had a big stock on hand, worked night and day to defeat the scheming scoundrels. We stopped the contract Greeks and we planned the manufacture of the "Lock-out Cigarettes." The lock-out by Messrs. Policansky Bros. forced us to go in for the latter on a large scale, and on the night before my trial we decided unanimously to make our manufacture permanent. . . . The attempt of Hermann and Canard to have me sentenced to three months' hard labour, following on their dastardly breach of agreement, has given us the complete sympathy of the public and the strenuous support of the other unions, with the result that we have been completely successful in establishing our locked-out workers as the employes of the S.A.G.W.U. in a flourishing industry. . . . The establishment of our members as their own masters under a management board controlled by the S.A.G.W.U. will be an incalculable strength to South African trades unionists in all future struggles, and we therefore appeal to all unionists to support this attempt to free ourselves from the domination

of the unscrupulous and heartless employers, whose expressed aim has been to supplant our members with child labour, female labour, and contract labour on sweating terms. Your own future victories and strength to resist encroachments depend largely on our success. I can speak for our cigarette makers in promising their willing, free, and substantial support in the event of your requiring same. . . . Our funds have been acquired as follows:—The Cigarette Makers themselves voted £150 of their funds, and they subscribed individually another £150. The Tramway Workers Group voted the whole of their funds as a loan, and subscribed £75 individually. The Cabinet Makers and Furnishing Trades Group voted the whole of their funds, and the Painters Group the whole of their funds as loans. The Tailors have voted £30 and promised more. The Hebrew Dividend and Dividing Society has voted £15 and promised more. The Self-defence Committee have voted the whole of their funds. The older societies are considering the vote of some hundreds of pounds each.

J. ERASMUS, Hon. Secretary,
South African General Workers Union.

United States.

The most important item of news from America is the release of Alexander Berkman. After fourteen years' imprisonment for his attempt on the life of Frick, he comes back to the world still young, and with his enthusiasm for the cause still undamped. He will find plenty to do for the propaganda amongst American workers, and we wish him health and success.

There have been some amusing letters in the New York papers re the Madrid affair, and this has given Kelly and Bell the opportunity for replies which will enlighten some of the stupid as to the real point at issue. An interview with Kelly, published in the *Globe*, will have a good effect on the New Yorkers.

Australia.

Comrade Fleming, with that courage and energy so characteristic of him, determined that the Anarchists should have a voice in the May Day demonstrations in Melbourne, and accordingly marched with his red flag and his few friends to the Yarra Bank and mounted his platform. But, as happened with the English Anarchists in Hyde Park in '91, an organised gang howled him down and rushed the platform. Tom Mann, always to the fore when it is a fight for fair play, came to his assistance and tried to get him a hearing. But to no purpose, and the roughs with the Catholics once more killed free speech as they have done so many times before. Nevertheless, Fleming continues his propaganda and wins the respect of many for his honesty and sincerity.

Russia.

The Russian people still suffer, though happily not silently as of old. That sublime if spiritless patience is gone for ever. Every outrage by police or troops is now requited with tireless precision. The two men, Cossack and gendarmier officers, who maltreated Mile. Spiridonova, lie in their graves; the secret police and their agents, especially in Poland, that centre of tyrannous misrule, are given short shrift. A policy of retaliation and vengeance is an ugly thing, calling out the worst elements in man or woman—but moments arrive in the history of nations when no other policy is possible. It will not help in the rebuilding of Russia, but it will teach those "dressed in a little brief authority" a lesson. Already the Cossacks refuse in some districts to do police work, while there are constant resignations from the latter force. In Riga lately two children (a boy and girl of thirteen) were sent to the scaffold. The boy had thrown a bomb among a group of soldiers, his little sister had proved a courageous assistant. Both died bravely before the eyes of their mother and a watchful crowd, the people apparently helpless to organise a rescue. The Caucasus remains at the mercy of military dragoonades, and revolting tales filter down from the mountain villages of raids upon the unarmed peasants, of devastation by fire and sword, of every kind of bestiality committed by an unrestrained soldiery. In the wheat-growing provinces the villagers are starving—their corn was sold even before its sowing. In Georgia, the first *Université Populaire* has just been founded, and promises well; a wealthy sympathiser intends to establish it in a fine building, and meanwhile another has placed a large hall at the disposal of the committee for meetings.

France.

A few days since the papers were full of Clemenceau's speech in self-defence against the attacks of Jaurès. And the verdict seemed unanimous—put a Socialist in power and he becomes a simple Radical. "If," said Clemenceau at the conclusion of his brilliant speech, "Jaurès had been Minister of the Interior in my place he would have acted exactly as I have done, and found there was no other way to act." It was the putting together of the two foremost orators of France, and Clemenceau won the day, his very antagonists acclaiming him as he descended the tribune. To read his speech, however, showed the most powerful Minister in the present Cabinet to be a past-master in the art of sophistry. Even Jaurès could not combat his eloquent sophisms. It was the people against the Government up there among the Northern miners. If the Government was to be upheld, however his or Jaurès' heart might bleed for the people, they had to be whipped. He did not like whipping them, it hurt him very much to crush those dear miners who in sweat and blood dug the fuel that warmed him in winter—but, *que faire!* they were for the moment rioters—they actually killed an infantry officer and struck at his poor soldiers, the soldiers of the Republic, in short, of the Government. When he saw that his heart grew steel. He would end this scandal with a hand of iron. And he did. *Voilà tout!* And Jaurès would have done just the same. Thus Clemenceau, Jaurès never denied it. How could he? It is the eternal truth. If unarmed men resist a Government, its poor dear soldiers with their little death-dealing toys must whip them back into submission. Between Radicals and Socialists in power there is no difference. The nest fouls the bird.

The anti-militarists, if less openly aggressive, are circulating literature with persistent energy and to considerable purpose. There was something very like mutiny in three ships of war just recently. The men objected to being forced to do useless tasks, and when refused shore leave collected on deck and sang *l'Internationale*. Of course, arrests followed, but arrests expands rather than smother ideas. At Brest, Clemenceau orders that the anti-militarist propaganda shall be rigidly suppressed—but we fancy the order comes too late. The Bourse du Travail was at one time occupied by the police and troops, and like that in Paris, is to be kept under surveillance. But such arbitrary acts only breed renewed resistance and determination. The Paris trade federations, forcibly ejected from the Bourse, have founded their own quarters, and are at this moment busily erecting a hall for meetings and adding other offices to the existing premises. As regards strikes: the metal-workers of Fresseneville have now been out three months, and thirty-three will be tried at the next assizes for complicity in the destruction of their employer's house. Meanwhile their families are starving. The navvies and men working on the Paris Metropolitan have wrested the promise of an eight-hour day on all renewed contracts from the municipality. If the promise is not kept they will at once resume the late

strike. The masons have also just come to terms with the masters; they are to get an increase of wages and half or a whole day off per week. The stone-cutters are the only section of this trade who mean to fight for an eight-hour day. Sunday work, either for the entire day or till 2 p.m. (work begins at 6 a.m.) is the usual order of things in France. The hairdressers are the only workers who have so far, in Paris, succeeded in getting a day's rest once a week. They have not come out on strike, but their representations seemed to have forced the patrons to wholly close their shops on Sunday in the city and Monday in the suburbs.

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