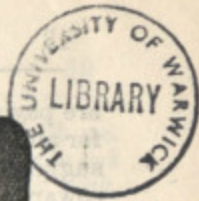


Freedom



A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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MONTHLY: ONE PENNY.

NOTES.

Peace Possibilities.

During the past month we have been treated to two discussions on peace possibilities: one in the House of Commons and one in the Duma. The former was initiated by Philip Snowden, who, in an eloquent speech, asked whether there was no alternative to the colossal expenditure of men and money, and whether all that it was hoped to gain by continuing the war could not be as easily obtained now. He asked the Government to state its terms of peace. The reply by the Prime Minister, in his usual equivocal phraseology, was a repetition of his former ambiguous statements about crushing Prussian Militarism, restoring and indemnifying small nationalities, etc., etc. M. Sazonoff, in the Duma, said the same thing. "Prussianism," he said, "must be crushed for ever, otherwise all the sacrifices of the Allies would be in vain." What balderdash! And they know it. For while Asquith speaks about crushing militarism, etc., Runciman gives the show away by declaring that Germany must never be allowed to raise her head in the commercial world. Which, of course, is the real object, but not so likely to foster the patriotic passion which inspires men to gladly give their lives, and without which the war would not last another day. In any case, militarism can never be crushed by militarism, for on it rests the strength of the State; and a more sinister and dangerous militarism is crushing us here whilst we are supposed to be crushing the Prussian variety. The war will cease and militarism end when the workers, realising their power, rise up and declare themselves unwilling to assist further in the prosecution of the war. If Mr. Snowden and his friends are sincere in their efforts, they must see that those to whom they are appealing are hardly likely to call a halt on sentimental grounds. The halt will be called when the workers halt.

Revival of the Inquisition.

Never before have we had such a spectacle of humbug and hypocrisy as that presented by the Tribunals to hear appeals for exemptions from those liable for military service. To say that the whole affair is a farce is to put it mildly; it is more, it is a disgusting example of despotism in its most tyrannical and brutal form. Young men, with or without genuine conscientious objections, placing their faith in the holy pledges of the Government that they would be fairly treated, submit to a cross-examination upon their objections, and are bullied, browbeaten, insulted, and harassed by stupid questions, made to answer irrelevant inquiries, and swept aside to join without any of their points being touched upon. We were told that the Tribunals were to be civil courts, but it appears that, for example, at the City Tribunal, the military representative, Major Rothschild, has more to say than any one else, and is clearly the most important man present. It is not possible to give even a few of the more glaring cases of brutal treatment exercised by these inquisitors, whose stock question appears to be: "What would you do if the Germans were at your gate?" This surely touches the depth of stupidity, and such queries need an equally stupid rejoinder. But, judging the Tribunals by their first week's working, it is apparent that the best course for the man who has made up his mind not to serve is to simply ignore them. We never had much faith in Ministerial promises; we have none now.

"But we have three Labour members in the Government!"

"We have. And at the Bar of History how will they or their friends answer the charge that these assaults upon our civil liberties only became serious in number and in intensity after the Labour representatives had entered the Government?"—*Glasgow Forward.*

In the Name of Liberty!

In support of our distrust of the Tribunals we might quote the *Star* of February 25, wherein they ask for a "square deal":—

"It will be a long time before the mingled blundering and duplicity of the Conscription era in England is forgotten. Take the widow's son. Mr. Walter Long said in the House of Commons on January 18:

'Nobody desires to take the only son of his mother who is a widow and looks to her son for maintenance and support and relies upon him practically for everything in the world.'

The Tribunals under the new War Office screw are in fact taking the only sons of widows who are dependent upon them, or only granting a brief postponement. Yesterday Mr. Walter Long sent out an official circular in which he suggested to the Tribunals that they were not to consider what 'serious hardship' might be caused to the widow if her son were killed, but only what hardship might be caused to her if he were called up—which, as an exercise in casuistry, will take a great deal of beating. All this time we are still bidden to 'trust the Tribunals.' . . . If this is what Mr. Long and the Government mean by 'trusting the Tribunals,' it is a curious method of showing their confidence. What the public are demanding is a 'square deal,' as Mr. Roosevelt once put it, and they seem very unlikely to get it."

The widow's son is not the only victim. There are hundreds of cases of men with businesses being told to sell up, and given a month or six weeks in which to do it, which spells absolute ruin. So apart from the man opposed to the war and militarism, who expects little sympathy for holding unpopular opinions, the new inquisition is outdoing its predecessor. How long, we wonder, will the infamy be permitted to exist? And in the interests of a War of Liberty!

The Soldier's Reward.

"A grateful country will reward you" was the message given to Britain's soldiers in the past. It is history how they were rewarded. We have seen men with street organs, in the workhouse, or reduced to beggary as a reward for their services. But that was in the past. When the great cry went forth for men for this war, they were to be treated in a manner worthy of their great sacrifice. But how have our rulers carried out their promise? "A Guardsman invalided out of the Army stated at a London police court that he had been discharged for frostbite, and was not receiving any pension or allowance." *Up to the end of 1915, twelve thousand men were invalided out of the Army without a pension.* The explanation of the Government is simple. "These men were weak or defective when they entered, and the strain of military service has produced the illness for which they are discharged; and if pensions are to be allowed, the medical examination must be made more thorough, which would mean a greater increase of rejections and less men for the Army." This is in effect the reply of the Government. It carries its own commentary.

Patriotism and Profit.

The scandal of the exorbitant freight charges and gigantic profits of the shipping companies has again been filling our daily Press. It has cropped up periodically since the war began, and it still stands where it did. The Government readily find a plausible excuse, and go so far as to take control of the shipping (but not the profits). They refer in glowing terms to the patriotic manner in which these carrion crows have assisted the Government in the matter of transport, but it is plain to see that the shipping companies, like the capitalists generally, are making hay while the sun shines. They are taking the opportunity to fill their coffers, and never mind at whose expense. It happens that, as usual, it is the workers who

are paying in increased cost of everything; yet when they ask for an increase of 5s. on their usual 40s., the cry that is raised is suggestive of the revolution. They are decried as mercenary cowards, unwilling to fight, but anxious to make all they can. Yet where is the difference between an increase of 5s. on 40s. and an increase to 75s. per ton on coal to Genoa, which formerly was carried for 7s.? The only difference is the modesty of the workers' demands. We do not suggest that the Government should take complete control of the shipping, but we do suggest that the workers should be equally patriotic and go in for the whole hog. When the workers are filled with the same kind of patriotism as that inspiring the shipping magnates, we shall be in for another kind of war—and it will not be in Flanders or Mesopotamia.

"Economy in all things," says the Premier, must be rigidly exercised by the nation if we are to pull through. A wise saying no doubt, for all recognise the value of economy, whether it is in energy or goods. But the value of these platitudinous injunctions of men like Asquith is entirely lost when their actions are balanced with their words. He is getting £5,000 a year, and he says, "I mean to continue taking it." But as an earnest of his endeavour to assist the nation, he and his colleagues have agreed to accept 25 per cent. of their salaries in war vouchers—at 5 per cent. interest. Economy on those lines is easy, but what of the old-age pensioner with 5s. per week and the value of a sovereign reduced to between 10s. and 12s.! Even the papers of the wealthy are warning them not to make an ostentatious display of their wealth, and at the same time chiding workers for buying boots at 12s. a pair. Economy for the workers is a good text to preach on, but in times of peace our daily portion is meagre, and to still further reduce it spells starvation and worse. No, it will not do. Asquith and Co. must find some other stick wherewith to beat the workers. To prate of economy is only aggravating the feeling of resentment which is rapidly spreading through the country. We do not want to economise in the necessaries of life, we want them available for all.

The Northcliffe Press, having played a heroic part in the agitation in favour of Conscription for single men, is now urging the Government to go "the whole hog." No sooner had the Military Service Bill become law than the Military Correspondent of the *Times* started shrieking for more. "Labour," he writes, "so far as it was represented at Bristol, has made a marginal note upon the Act, but has decided not to agitate in favour of repeal. . . . The opponents of the Act, having made their protest, fall into line, and the general order is 'Steam ahead!'" The *Daily News*, commenting on these lines and endeavouring to square the circle of expediency, declares "those sentences represent either a fundamental and inexcusable ignorance of the attitude of Labour or an attempt to take a grossly unfair advantage of its loyalty and public spirit." No use for the *Daily News* to make excuses for its contemporary's blunt truthfulness. The murder is out, and the docility of Labour duly recognised and soon to be rewarded, it seems, with still more Conscription. Labour, through the instrumentality of its leaders, has fallen an easy victim, and the capitalist Press does well to swagger and talk of "Steam ahead!" Labour having once blundered down a wrong turning, is likely to have to take a good many more wrong turnings before finding the right road again. But if Labour, the wooden-headed, can but grasp the full significance of that "Steam ahead!" it might assist a little towards the speedy finding of the lost road.

The voice of property is calling, and certainly in a very high-pitched tone. The eternal wrongs it suffers—this is the burden of its cry. And here and there in the papers, scattered surely in unguarded moments, we find the truth—naked and unashamed—without raiment or disguise. "The more single men," we read, "as opposed to married men, who can be utilised for the Army, the fewer homes we shall have broken up and the fewer changes house property will undergo." And this is followed up in a doleful wail over Sir Alfred Mond's Bill, which, if passed, would enable any man called up for naval or military service to apply to the Courts for relief from contracts when he is unable to meet the liabilities they involve. The measure is limited to tenancies where the rent does not exceed £30 a year in London and £20 in the provinces. Those who are acquainted with the past history of this worthy Member would certainly not accuse him of revolutionary tendencies, yet the wail became something like a roar when the property owners and representatives of insurance companies, who also happened

to be Members of Parliament, attacked the Bill. They called the proposals immoral, and said that the proposed moratorium was mere robbery under legislative form. And, of course, although they are in Parliament ostensibly to guard the interests of their constituents, a vital matter such as this so nearly interfering with their profits must be tackled and their active opposition prosecuted with all energy, and they will no doubt successfully defend their rights. But he who is still antiquated enough to believe in our precious system of representative Government can ruminate upon the moral and sadly adorn the tale.

A 'bus conductor who had been a victim of a Zeppelin raid was, on February 28, up against those amiable twins, Patriotism and Profit. And very incorrigible they proved. As he was injured whilst on duty, he claimed compensation from his employers, the London General Omnibus Company. The victim lost his left eye and had since been employed by the Company at a lower wage. Patriotism and Profit proved sympathetic but obdurate, and dismissed the man's claim, holding that he was not exposed to special risk. But that lowered wage is clear evidence that where the two P's come into conflict, it's always the former that goes under.

Robert Blatchford has been telling the readers of the *Weekly Dispatch* that the State should be run on business lines. "Tax luxury and think nationally," he declares. This alone will save the Empire from red ruin. All-round State control alone will do the trick. All else is futile, it seems. Because the British Navy is a State-managed service, so all else should be State-owned, State-controlled. But he overlooks one important point, that since the war we have been State-owned and State-controlled, until the State and tyranny have become interchangeable terms, and even a person of most obtuse understanding can see in the State the hateful institution of oppression it really is. No, Robert, your illustration of the State-managed Navy is just a little unfortunate, and we note you forebore to speak of a State-managed Army, having some recollection of a Dardanelles expedition perhaps; but no sensible person will dream of thinking nationally along the lines you indicate, for the robber State has bound us, gagged us, and robbed us, and we do not propose to turn the other cheek.

The sentence of six months' imprisonment passed on Mrs. Nellie Best is a particularly infamous one, and should call for active protests from all liberty-lovers. As honorary secretary of the Women's Anti-Conscription League, she had published certain leaflets against recruiting and conscription. Her spirited defence is one that should appeal to all Anarchists, and her high courage in confessing that she had done her utmost to prejudice recruiting since the outbreak of war is particularly inspiring. "She was proud," she declared, "that she had succeeded in keeping hundreds of lads from enlisting." The vicious sentence, we may be sure, was passed because of her unrepentant attitude, for authority is always particularly indulgent to the penitent. We congratulate her for having defied the law and set an example which we hope will bear speedy fruit.

Under the heading "Anarchist Outrages," the *Daily News* held forth on February 1 on the Zeppelin menace, and quoted from the Spanish paper *El Pais*. There is no difference," says this paper, "between Zeppelin raids and Anarchist outrages," and urges neutral nations to protest against the criminal proceedings, if only to safeguard the conquests of civilisation. This, of course, the *Daily News* endorses, declaring the raids "Anarchist outrages" and a denial of all law. Now, although most hirelings of the Press know perfectly well what Anarchism stands for, yet it always suits their purpose to traduce it. Thus the murder of the Archduke and Archduchess Ferdinand of Austria in June, 1914, was blazoned abroad as the work of Anarchists, though subsequent facts proved it to have been perpetrated by Serbian Nationalists. The *Daily News*, we suppose, has never heard of Anarchist morality, which would make impossible crimes like the Zeppelin raids or the aeroplane attacks by the British. These outrages, far from being a denial of all law, are the last word in international law which successive Hague conferences elaborated so carefully for years. The State, with the connivance of other States, cannot organise for murder and then pretend to be surprised when such incidents take place. They rightfully fall into the category of war, and war we know is hell. It is the last word in capitalist exploitation and "civilisation."

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT KILL.

This is a true story—a tragedy of real life in France. It was told to E. Richard Schayer, an American writer, by an old schoolmaster in Montdidier, France. Mr. Schayer retells it in the "American Magazine."

"This is the story of a man who would not kill," began the old schoolmaster. "He came to me two years ago, fresh from his three years of military service, which he had hated, with letters from mutual friends. I took him as my assistant instructor.

"Paul Savigny was his name. He was pale, but strong, with the pallor of too many night hours given to study. His black eyes had all the fire and piercing quality to be found in leaders in thought and argument. But he was quiet, studious and kind, and kept very much to himself. Everyone loved him—the pupils adored him. With them he was all gentleness and gaiety, but firm enough, when need be, to inspire respect and obedience. They learned rapidly under his tutelage, and I was delighted with him.

"When war came so suddenly down upon us, Paul held himself aloof from all the excitement, the public meetings and speeches. The morning that Germany's declaration of war became known to us I asked Paul what were his thoughts. I shall never forget the expression on his face as he looked straight into my eyes, his own gleaming with the light of strong resolve, and answered:

"War is without reason or excuse—a hideous, a shameful thing. I shall have nothing to do with it!"

"For a moment the full import of his words did not make itself clear to me. Then I said, in my astonishment:

"But, then, you will have to go all the same when the call for the reserves of your class comes."

"He smiled gently. 'No,' he replied. 'Nothing shall ever force me to take up arms against my fellow men.'

"You mean," I cried, "that you will refuse to go when France calls?"

"Precisely," he replied.

"But that would be madness!" I exclaimed. "It would be shameful! They will force you to go—or imprison you—or worse."

"Whatever they do to me," he answered, "they cannot make me fight. It is monstrous, this war. It is the work of diplomats and Governments, not of the peoples. It is legalised murder. I shall not commit murder for my country nor for any power on the face of the earth. That is my resolve. Let us talk of something else."

"I did not continue the argument, thinking his resolution but that of a visionary who, when the time came, would go like the rest, regardless of his beliefs or creeds. It seemed that I was right, for when the call came a few days later Paul was prevailed upon by his friends to present himself at the recruiting office and receive his orders. It had been arranged for him through some influential friends in Paris that he should be detailed for clerical work in the commissary department, where he would not have to fight.

"He came to me in his uniform to say good-bye. He told me of his expected assignment. 'For that reason alone I have submitted myself to the military system,' he said. 'I hate it all, all of it. I hate this uniform. It is the badge of blood-lust and butchery—of man in his lowest, most bestial guise. I am a coward. I have sacrificed my beliefs, my ideals, to this extent. But further than this I shall not go. I shall not fight—I will not kill—no matter what they do to me. Farewell, my old friend, my father!'

"He went with his regiment to some point of mobilisation near Paris. A week later I received a postcard. He was still drilling with his regiment, but he was expecting every day to be given the promised post on the commissary staff. The ensuing weeks were filled with the terror and clamour of war. . . .

"One morning the school door opened and in walked Paul. He was dressed in his old suit of black. His face was haggard and drawn under his coat of tan, but his eyes blazed as ever with his unconquerable spirit. The children shouted with joy as they recognised him. Discipline thrown aside, they clamoured about him and plied him with questions as he struggled forward to my desk and reached for my hand.

"Silence, my little ones," he cried. "I have come back to teach you. Return to your places."

"It was almost the hour of recess, so I permitted the pupils to scamper off, shouting the glad tidings of Paul's return to everyone they met on the street.

"Silently, I waited for his explanation. He looked at me, and smiled grimly.

"It is finished," he said. "They tricked me. I was not given a clerical position. My regiment was ordered to the front day before yesterday. I went with them, hoping to the last that I should get the promised work. That night we camped within a mile of the trenches and were told that the morning would find us in battle. I came away. In the confusion I was not stopped at the railroad station. I have thrown my detestable uniform into the closet. This is my proper dress. I am a teacher, not a butcher. May I stay with you as of old until they come for me? It will not be long."

"I pleaded with him in tears. I pictured the dangers of his position, the contempt and anger of his townfolk—how they would misunderstand his motives and look upon him as a traitor and coward. I told him he would be tried, convicted, and probably shot.

"I know all that," he replied. "It is useless to argue with me. If you do not want me to come to the school, I shall stay away and wait for them in my room. But I should like to be here, at my work, when they send for me." . . .

"It seemed a little thing to do for him, who was so determined to throw his life away for a belief, an ideal. I consented. That day he finished the afternoon session in his old capacity and then walked about the town. Where once he had encountered nothing but smiling friendliness and cheerful greetings, he now met only suspicious glances and interrogation. To all questioners he replied, simply, that he had returned to teach school.

"By night all the town knew that Paul Savigny had left his regiment, resumed civil attire, and was again teaching school. The news of his return reached the military authorities. I was visited by a staff officer and closely questioned. I gave as little information as possible.

"No action was taken that night, but the next morning, while the children were in the midst of their grammar lesson and Paul stood demonstrating at the blackboard, the expected happened. We heard the thud of feet outside the door, a sharp command, the ring of rifle butts on the cobbles, and the door was jerked open by a young officer.

"Paul Savigny," he demanded.

"I am here, Monsieur," answered Paul quietly from his post at the blackboard.

"You are wanted at headquarters at once. Come!"

"Paul reached up to the top of the blackboard and wrote, in his firm, clear hand, the little sentence you noticed to-day when you were in my schoolroom: 'La guerre est une bête sauvage qui dévore la civilisation.' Turning to the children, he said:

"Good-bye, my little ones. That is my last lesson. Study it well and never forget it." . . .

"Paul's trial, in camera, was swift and brief. We learned afterwards that he made no excuses or evasions, contenting himself merely with the explanation that he would not fight, and that when he had found the promise of a clerical position unfulfilled he had left the army and returned to his profession. He was found guilty of cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy and condemned to be shot. He was to die a dog's death, despised by all his former friends—the most loathed thing known to man."

The old schoolmaster's voice broke into a husky whisper. He rose to his feet. "Come, Monsieur," he said. . . .

We passed a big white building sitting back from the road. Sentries at the gate and soldiers moving about within the enclosure suggested a barracks or headquarters. A little way beyond, the town merged into the open country. On the left the white stuccoed wall of a hillside cemetery met the road. The little graveyard was built in terraces up the steepest part of the hill.

A narrow strip of grass separated the wall from the road. Here my guide came to a halt and I saw, close against the wall, a low mound marked by a plain wooden cross. A faded wreath of wild flowers lay on the rough sod. There was no inscription on the cross to tell whose grave it was that lay in unhallowed ground, just outside the enclosure reserved for more worthy clay.

Removing his hat, the old man raised his brimming eyes to mine and spoke at last, huskily and tremblingly:

"You do not need to be told, Monsieur, what lies here. Observe. They dug this grave close to the wall. See, here is where he was made to stand, the yawning pit of his own grave at his feet. They laid eight rifles out there in the road. Four were loaded with ball cartridges, four with blanks. Eight white-faced reservists, none of whom had ever shot anything more important than a hare, took up the rifles.

"Then beneath that poplar, Paul embraced me in farewell. His last words were:

"Some day France will know that I died, not as a traitor or coward, but in protest against tyranny and evil, and for my faith in the future regeneration of mankind."

"At his request they did not blindfold him nor bind his hands. He faced them, Monsieur, with head held high, eyes shining.

"The young lieutenant, formerly a provision merchant, faltered the commands. As he reached the fatal word 'Fire!' I turned away my head. The volley was ragged, scattering. I felt as though I had been pierced with a thousand bayonets. When at last I could bear to raise my head, the firing squad was marching away. Two other soldiers were filling the grave.

"I forced my steps back to this spot and watched the men finish their work. One of them produced from his barrow this little cross. There was a dispute.

"He should not have a cross. He was a traitor, a deserter, a coward!" cried one.

"Deserter and traitor, maybe," said the other, "but coward, no. He died as no man dies who is afraid. I say he should have the cross."

"The cross was placed. Since then I have come every Sunday with a little wreath of simple blossoms. The townfolk humour me, knowing my attachment. But to most of them Paul's name still stands for all that is cowardly and treacherous. I wonder will it ever be otherwise? Will they ever understand?"

"And you, Monsieur, what say you? Was this man a traitor—a fool—or a martyr?"

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Tyranny Triumphant.

At last our rulers have fastened Compulsory Military Service on the people. They have worked long and patiently, and now have achieved their aim. We shall be told it is only for the single men, but in the present docile temper of the people we know that if the war continues the married men will also be conscripted. It is no good beating about the bush, let us face the facts boldly. In the struggle between the people and their rulers, the people have been badly beaten. The whole of the forces of modern capitalist society—the State, the Church, and the Press—have been mobilised against them, and, handicapped by their ignorance, it would have been surprising if the people had not succumbed. The tactics of their enemies were aimed at dividing their ranks, and as they did not understand the game that was being played, these tactics were successful. Instead of showing a united front, the married men allowed themselves to be played off against the single ones, in the belief, which was carefully fostered, that if all the single men were squeezed into the Army, the married men would not be called on. As a writer put it in a weekly paper, the married men were made to think that by attesting they would be getting out of the trenches and not into them. Now they find they have been humbugged and trapped. But their credulity has no limits, and the older men still hope to save themselves by agreeing to conscription for the young married men.

What these people do not understand is that Conscription for all men was definitely aimed at from the beginning; but if that had been publicly stated, the opposition would have been too strong. So the Government moved cautiously step by step, the Press playing the game nicely by creating an atmosphere suitable for the Government's purpose. When the Registration Bill was introduced, many of us knew and said it was the prelude to Conscription; but the Government flatly denied that it was intended for that purpose, and the people accepted the Government's denial. The result, however, has shown that it was a deliberate lie—the Registration Act was the foundation of the Military Service Act.

Conscription is the culminating point of the attack on the few liberties which the people had gained by generations of struggle against their rulers. The latter had made these concessions in times of popular revolt, but had always waited for the day when they could take them back again. The war has given them this opportunity, and since it began they have crushed freedom of the Press, free speech, and freedom from arbitrary arrest. Under the Defence of the Realm regulations, and merely by the order of what is termed the "competent military authority," papers have been suppressed, publishers raided, and goods seized, and persons arrested and held in prison without any charge being made against them. Under the Munitions Act, the workers have been fastened to their work as with chains, and the few barriers their Unions had raised against their employers swept away, leaving them at their mercy. This is the direct result of the servility of the people, who of recent years have begun to look on the State as their guardian angel, anxious to do things for their welfare.

Shakespeare sums up the situation very nicely in "Julius Cæsar," where he makes Cassius say:—

"And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep."

As long as the people act in the servile manner they do, there is little hope of a change. When the war is over, and they begin to realise how they have been tricked and betrayed by those in whom they placed their confidence, it is more than possible there will be an outburst, and blood may run in rivers here as it has on the Continent; but unless the people see things more clearly than they do now, their fighting will be in vain, as they will simply put fresh rulers in the place of their old ones. It is our task, as Anarchists, to break down their faith in the State and all forms of government. It will be a heavy task, and we shall have to face bitter persecution and opposition from the privileged classes, and even from the people themselves; but it will have to be faced, and in our fight we shall find many range themselves on our side whose eyes have been opened by this terrible war. Let us, then, prepare for this fight, and let our ideas be put forward clearly, unflinchingly, and without compromise. To struggle is to live, and the joy of the struggle will be sufficient reward.

THE GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND.

The unwillingness of the Government to apply the Registration Act and the Military Service Act to Ireland has caused much comment in the Press, and many have been the reasons suggested for their action. The true cause is the hostility of the Irish people to the British Government, which they have always regarded as an alien Government. But if the Government have not applied the screw directly, indirectly they have left no stone unturned to achieve their purpose. Their principal weapon has been money, and this has been poured out like water to corrupt those whose influence was required. The *Workers' Republic*, the fighting organ of the Irish Trade Unionists, in its issue of February 5, has an article dealing with this question, and speaks out very plainly. The writer says that "to the propertied classes 'Empire' meant high dividends and financial security, whereas to the working class that meant only the things it was in rebellion against." But of recent years the ties of self-interest binding certain classes and individuals to the Empire have spread to a most astonishing degree, "until its ramifications cover the island, like the spread of a foul disease." The writer goes on to say:—

"It would be almost impossible to name a single class or section of the population not evilly affected by this social, political, and moral leprosy.

"Beginning with our Parliamentary representatives, we see men so poisoned by the evil association of Parliament and enervated with the unwonted luxury of a salary much greater than they could ever hope to enjoy in private life, that they have instantly and completely abandoned all the traditions of their political party and become the mouthpieces and defenders of an Imperial system their greatest leaders had never ceased to hold up to the scorn of the world.

"We see the ties of self-interest so poisoning those men that they become the foulest slanderers and enemies of all who stand for that unfettered Ireland to which they also once pledged their heartiest allegiance. For the sake of £400 a year they become Imperialists; for the sake of large travelling expenses and luxurious living they become lying recruiters.

"Corporation after corporation elected to administer our towns and cities neglect their proper business, and make their city halls and town halls the scene of attempts to stampede the youth and manhood of Ireland out of the country to die inglorious deaths in foreign fields. . . .

"There is nobody in a representative position so mean that the British Government will not pay some price for his Irish soul. Newspaper men sell their Irish souls for Government advertisements paid for at a lavish rate, professors sell their souls for salaries and expenses, clergymen sell theirs for jobs for their relatives, business men sell their souls and become recruiters lest they lose the custom of Government officials. In all the grades of Irish society the only section that has not furnished even one apostate to the cause it had worked for in times of peace is that of the much hated and traduced militant Labour leaders.

"But if the militant Labour leaders of Ireland have not apostatised, the same cannot be said of the working class as a

whole. It is with shame and sorrow we say it, but the evil influence upon large sections of the Irish working class of the bribes and promises of the enemy cannot be denied. . . .

"For the sake of a few paltry shillings per week thousands of Irish workers have sold their country in the hour of their country's greatest need and greatest hope. For the sake of a few paltry shillings separation allowance thousands of Irish women have made life miserable for their husbands with entreaties to join the British Army. For the sake of a few paltry shillings separation allowance thousands of young Irish girls have rushed into matrimony with young Irish traitors who in full knowledge of the hopes of Nationalist Ireland had enlisted in the Army that England keeps here to slaughter Irish patriots.

"For what is the reason for the presence of the English army in this country? The sole reason for the presence of such soldiers in Dublin, in Ireland, is that they may be used to cut the throats of Irish men and women should we dare demand for Ireland what the British Government is pretending to fight for in Belgium. . . .

"The British Government stands in the market places and streets of Ireland buying, buying, buying the souls of the men and women, the boys and the girls, whom ambition, or greed, or passion, or vice, or poverty, or ignorance makes weak enough to listen to its seductions."

It is refreshing to read such rebellious outspokenness nowadays, when the workers of these islands are pouring out their blood to protect the interests of their rulers, who in times of "peace" have robbed and exploited them, and used them as their tools in time of war. We regret, however, that the *Workers' Republic* should print articles glorifying the German Government's power of organisation. There is no hope for the workers in any Government, and if the Irish look for German help to gain their freedom from the British Government, we would remind them of the fable of the horse who sought the aid of man against a wild boar. When the man, mounted on the horse's back, had killed the boar, he said to the horse, "I am glad that I gave assistance at your entreaties, for I have captured a prey, and have learned how useful you are," and so compelled him, unwilling as he was, to submit to the rein. It is known that the German Government were willing to help Carson and his gang just previous to the outbreak of the war, and Irish workers know that Carson is one of their bitterest enemies. Let the Irish workers avoid Governments at all costs.

The Clyde Workers.

The workers on the Clyde are still in the fight. During the past month the *Worker*, the organ of the Clyde Workers' Committee, has been suppressed and three of the leading spirits arrested. Also John McLean, the ex-schoolmaster, who has already been imprisoned under the Defence of the Realm Act, has been again arrested upon a similar charge. Bail was refused, and he was handed over to the military authorities at Edinburgh. The Clyde workers, however, demanded his release and a trial by a Civil Court. Their demand was, moreover, backed up by a stoppage of work in more than one munition centre, and McLean was handed over by the military authorities to the civil authorities, who released him upon £100 bail, which was paid by the workers. This is good and inspiring, as showing the spirit actuating the Clyde workers. The spirit of revolt is growing there, and we hope it will be directed towards the ultimate gaining of liberty by all the workers.

A Warning from the Past.

"Arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any country at once. It must be introduced by slow degrees, and as it were step by step, lest the people should see its approach. The barriers and fences of the people's liberty must be plucked one by one, and some plausible pretences must be found for removing or hoodwinking, one after another, those sentries who are posted by the constitution of a free country for warning the people of their danger. When these preparatory steps are once made, the people may then indeed, with regret, see slavery and arbitrary power making long strides over their lands; but it will be too late to think of preventing or avoiding the impending ruin."

Lord Chesterfield (1694-1773).

RESISTING REGISTRATION.

At the Hull Police Court on February 21 Alfred Kitson, joiner, married, was brought up in custody on a charge of refusing to fill up a Registration Paper under the Registration Act. He had made the following statement on his form:—

"I refuse to give you any information. I do not believe in slaying my fellow men, and will not have part or lot in the making of munitions of war. I am a free man, and therefore refuse to register myself as a slave. I have no more faith in you than I have in the Kaiser. You all believe in murder and robbery, and you will not give justice to the workers of our land in times of peace. You make the wars, so fight them yourselves. I have had nothing to do with the foreign policy, never having voted for any representative in Parliament. You may do as you like; but I refuse to assist you."

The defendant was summoned on the same charge on February 4, but he failed to appear, and was arrested under warrant.

The Magistrate pressed the defendant to comply with the Act and thus avoid any further trouble. Other people were complying with the law, and it was simply stupid to refuse.

Kitson made a lengthy speech in defence of his action. Ever since he had begun to think, he said, he had come to the conclusion that all was not right in this country, and he had gradually evolved the idea that the law of the country was not just, but that it acquiesces in a system of robbery of the vast majority of the people. The law was based on coercion, and when he received the application to fill up this form he asked himself why should he, a freeborn Englishman, fill in forms for people in whom he had no faith, and who did not believe in freedom; for men who did not believe in justice and the principles of righteousness and truth that he valued more than life itself. Although it was explained that the Registration was not intended to be made use of for military purposes, he foresaw that it was so intended, and later events had proved that he was right. People said we must comply with law and order, but he had come to the conclusion that there were two kinds of law and order. There was the law and order based on coercion, which produced absolute misery, robbery, and murder, and there was the law and order based upon individual character and conscience, the result of teaching that was higher than man-made law, and was the fruit of religious conviction. He had decided that he could only submit to that form of law which is based upon righteousness, truth, and justice.

Kitson further stated that as a result of proceedings such as were now being adopted in this country, the vast majority of the German working people, who believed in international solidarity, had been stampeded into war. They had been reduced to the level of automatic machines disciplined to do the bidding of other men without thinking for themselves, and this Registration Act was the first step towards a similar state of things in this country. An honest man could not do other than resist such a development to the utmost of his power, relying upon the dictates of his own conscience. Only by more and more men of all countries taking up this attitude would the horrors of militarism be brought to an end. It was the first step in a system of regimentation to which he absolutely refused to be a party, and rather than take a hand in it he would be prepared to spend the rest of his life in gaol. If the Magistrate were to give his verdict as an honest man and not in his official capacity as a magistrate, he would have to admit there was no case against him. He was an honest working man, entirely innocent of doing any wrong either to his own or to any other man's country.

The Magistrate explained that he was there to administer the law, and appealed to the defendant again to settle the matter by filling up the form. (Kitson: "I thought you were here to administer justice.") "We are guided by the law of the land. If you want to do right you will fill up this form. (Kitson: "It is not right.") I am an older man than you. Let me give you my advice. My advice is fill up this form. You are simply trying to carry out as a citizen the law of the land. If you still refuse I must simply administer the law and inflict the penalty."

The defendant persisted in his refusal for the reasons he had already explained, whereupon the Magistrate inflicted a fine of £2 2s.

Kitson refused to pay the fine, and was therefore committed to prison for 29 days.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS.

March 2, day of ill omen to all liberty-lovers, is now with us. It has brought victory to our oppressors, and defeat to those whose voices have been raised in defence of freedom. The dawn of this sinister day has meant little or nothing to the great mass of the people, whose lack of imagination prevented them grasping the full significance of the Military Service Act. They do not see that we have lost something that cannot be regained without actual revolution. They cannot grasp the abject servility that makes a man take the line of least resistance, and, rather than refuse to obey a law which should outrage every moral fibre of his being, passively allow himself to be marched and counter-marched, and shoulder a rifle meant for the murder of a brother man. So much easier this, the surrendering of his will to some upstart bully in authority, the donning of the King's uniform—fit emblem of flunkeyism—the long nights in the trenches, the discomforts, the uncertainties, suspense, and risk—all these things count for little to the Englishman, whose respect for law and authority has become a byword with the nations.

Nothing is worth the sacrifice of one's manhood. Yet what is the end that will crown this quiet acceptance of an odious law? Only a few more slaughtered millions and ruined homes, despairing women, and wealth destroyed. Only chaos at last when all accounts are settled up and the respective armies pack up their kits and, broken and ruined, return home. Not on the field of battle the victory. But in the homeland where we were wont to swagger and boast our liberty—here over the remnants of our freedom, here do the forces of reaction make holiday and our Government celebrate its internal victory. Then to those who see at last will come the real fight to be fought—the line of least resistance will serve no longer, freedom must be reconquered and manhood regained. Disobedience must then become the highest duty of each, and the laws that bind us as with bands of steel be defied and broken.

To Anarchists, who have always insisted upon the immorality of all man-made law, the period through which we are passing is one of unbroken tragedy. But they have seen in the past the almost unheeded encroachment upon our liberties, and knew that when the Government felt itself strong enough the net would be spread. That the victims have been hauled in so quietly speaks much for the credulity of the human race. The lying Press, the patriot-mongers, and the Labour luminaries—this treacherous trinity has befooled, flattered, and finally trapped those who normally would have refused to countenance war. And so, one by one, those who would have resisted have fallen away, have foresworn their ideals, and signed away their freedom, thinking perhaps that one man can do but little against all the forces of law and reaction. But it is just that one thing that matters, that each person conscious of wrong does *not* help to minimise the evil by joining and aiding the wrongdoers, even though expediency is on his side. Only active resistance counts, whether it be that of a solitary individual or the growing number that are inspired by his sturdy opposition. *Nothing at all can sanction or excuse the failure to defend our freedom.* We stand in opposition to the Military Service Act because of the abject slavery it involves, despite the defection of those who would not face the coming fight against our oppressors. To us the future is dark with the menace of further tyranny, but we are pledged to resist to the end, to stand steadfast in the faith that our cause will grow. As Olive Schreiner puts it so beautifully in "Three Dreams in a Desert":—

"I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way! . . . They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet. Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over. . . . And, of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge. . . . And what of that? . . . They make a track to the water's edge. . . . Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass? . . . *The entire human race.*"

VOICE OF LABOUR.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN COMRADE.

London, February 23, 1916.

DEAR COMRADE,—

I haven't heard from you yet, so either you are faithless to your promise, or else our fatherly friend the Censor thought my letter really too true to be good and suppressed it. Indeed we feel very suppressed over here, just now; luckily there is a good deal of suppressed anger knocking about which may unsuppress itself one day; let's hope so.

The Compulsion Act Tribunals are in full blast and are really the last touch of bitter sarcasm on the fact—as we are told!—that this noble nation is fighting for freedom! Fighting to down Prussianism! The tribunals, as you doubtless know, have been set up to decide which of the unmarried men shall and which shall not be compelled to go to the war. They are civilian bodies, aided by military advisers; you know what that means. The long and the short of the whole thing is just this, that we are living under a military despotism. The Man of War rules us with a sword, and is in his turn ruled by his employer, the Man of Money. It's the old trinity over again, the market, the Church, and the parade ground.

I wish I could write more cheerfully, my friend, but I don't think I've ever felt so miserable over affairs, as I do now. Is there not cause to be wretched? Cause to despair about? Almost, but not quite, for amid the gloom and horror there are a few sparks of hope, which may kindle into fires that will warm all our hearts. They need warming.

The thing that has hit me hardest personally is the falling away of several friends, who have been poisoned by this patriotic *spirit*, which has done more hurt to men and women than all the intoxicating liquors ever sold. They shut up the pubs at 9.30, but patriotic spirit shops are in full blast all day, and as late at night as they care to be. This patriotic fervour is a venomous disease; it blinds clear sight, deadens clear hearing, stupefies the brain, demoralises the whole system. "Whatever my country does is right," shouts Mr. Panting Patriot; yes, even when it does what we curse others for doing!

Patriotism hands its victims over to the despots as ready tools! Be patriotic! Oh, be patriotic and fight, or help others to fight; be patriotic and obey blindfold and believe blindfold; go where and do what you are bidden to do! Oh, generation of patriotic fools! Pouring out your blood in battling for you know not what, and fighting to rivet your chains the more tightly.

Why pour out all this on *your* devoted head? Because I feel that way. If you don't like it, drop it in the waste-paper basket, that's easy.

And what about these sparks of hope, you ask? Well, one of them is this: Our rulers have gone stark, staring mad, I do verily believe. They are drunk with power, and in their drunken folly they are *overdoing* it. Rulers can fool the people up to a certain point, no farther; that is the danger point for them, it may be salvation point for us. Our rulers seem to be lying now for the mere fun of deceiving; they are not content with taking from us all they need, but finding how easy it is to rob us of our little freedom, they are taking our *all*. There is a spirit of hatred and disgust beginning to spread among the workers *at last*; it may grow to a head, explode, blaze! And then the whole damned sham of government for the people, by the people, will be blown to hell, where it was bred. The worker knows more and thinks more to-day than ever he did before. Among other things he knows *now*, at last, is that political Labour leaders are, consciously or unconsciously, the best friends the capitalist possesses; he knows that all politics are deadly poison to freedom; he knows that State Socialism is now being tested and found wanting; he knows that he must depend upon himself! Everything and most everybody he has trusted is failing him, and his will soon be the desperation of despair. To whom will he turn in his rage? To us, I believe, for he knows that what we have told him has proved true! Every hour the truth of our faith grows more distinct, more compelling, more full of hope for all men and women who work. Of course, the despots do all they can to shut our mouths, but—we shall see. With the summer will come a horror of slaughter that will, I believe, *sicken* the people. They will begin to ask for what salvation is this baptism of blood? And they will *feel* that the only true answer is that there is no salvation for the worker unless he takes his own affairs into his own hands. This war is a horror; but the war to come will be a death blow to those who have engineered and are profiting by this present bloody strife.

I don't know whether I am conveying to you anything of

what I feel; I hope so, and I hope you on your side of the sea will put up a sturdy fight against the militarism which Roosevelt and others are desirous of saddling on your backs. You've seen something of what it means in Europe! For freedom's sake keep the States free of it. All luck.—Yours,
W. T. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PREVENTION OF WARS.

(To the Editor of FREEDOM.)

DEAR SIR,—In the February issue of FREEDOM, friend John Tamlyn, in his excellent article ("Will Science Abolish War?"), asserts that "so long as exploitation lies at the base there can be no peace." In other words, the only way to prevent wars is to stop exploitation. Perhaps you will allow me a little space to discuss this.

I am in agreement with Mr. Tamlyn as to the root cause of modern warfare—it is (as he says) exploitation. The present-day inflation of armaments can only exist because the result of labour, beyond a pittance for the labourer, is diverted into the pockets of those who already have more than they can spend. The resultant "savings" are lent to Governments (at a percentage—obtained again from labour!) who devote them in the main to the building of navies and the maintenance of armies. The hugeness of modern fighting machines is thus seen to be due to exploitation (no one would contend that taxation of the rich provides the means).

Further, the lack of purchasing power, from which the workers suffer, renders it unprofitable for more than a certain amount of the above-mentioned "savings" to be used as capital at home. Interest would fall in rate, and that would never do! The surplus therefore goes to the financing of syndicates, whose purpose is to obtain concessions in foreign markets, where "native" labour permits of much profit. The scramble for the exploitation of these markets and the rivalry engendered thereby result in international disputes and the growth of militarism and armaments, with war always hovering around.

Thus exploitation of labour at home produces the root motive for modern wars, at the same time providing the huge machines used to wage the wars.

Nevertheless I disagree with friend Tamlyn's assertion that peace cannot be till exploitation disappears. Desirable as the abolition of our present economic system may be, I am of opinion that at the present juncture we can gain more by uniting to secure democratic control of foreign policy than by wrangling over the best way to crush the capitalist. War and militarism are the common foes of all who aim at human well-being. These foes prevent *all* growth towards freedom, hence we must smite them before we can hope to proceed further on our road.

Popular control of foreign policy means the abolition of secrecy in diplomacy. The economic grip on foreign affairs will be impossible when the people secure control. Only under the veil of secrecy dare the financiers carry out their schemes. This war—this "last experiment"—has shown up the evils of secret class diplomacy with its lack of effective interest in popular ideals.

Let us at any price secure publicity and abolish the grip of the cliques, and we shall be in a fair way towards an enduring—if not a permanent—peace. With the Governments impoverished and the peoples awakened, we shall have at least a decade in which to fight for freedom and well-being.

On the other hand, if we ignore the diplomatic causes of wars, we shall fail to overthrow the economic enemy, as we are too divided in our economic aims to achieve much, and meantime "clique control" of the diplomatic machine will be increased.

Even when an ideal economic system is attained it will be desirable to hold inter-communal and international conferences; and the democratisation of foreign policy will, besides rendering the economic causes of war inoperative, help to pave the way towards these future world conferences.

In a nutshell, my point is that all reformers and revolutionaries should unite at the present critical time in order to render it impossible in future for the economic causes of war to operate through diplomacy. When this object is attained, Communists, Individualists, Collectivists, and all the other brands of revolution and reform will be free to fight each other besides the Conservatives, till in the end between them they succeed in crushing the capitalist.—Yours, etc.

CHARLES D. KING.

["Democratic control of foreign policy" is a will-o-the-wisp, like democratic control of other things. Foreign policy is simply concerned with sharing in the exploitation of other races. We wish to abolish exploitation at home and abroad, not to "control" it, whether democratically or otherwise.—Ed. FREEDOM.]

A SUGGESTION FROM AMERICA.

(To the Editor of FREEDOM.)

DEAR COMRADE,—Greeting.—My dear old comrades at Home Colony, Washington, send me your paper, FREEDOM, and many others, which I peruse with much pleasure and profit. Fine times these for us Anarchists. How beautifully our diagnosis of affairs is being vindicated the world over!

I am writing for the purpose of making a suggestion, which I hope may bear fruit. But before giving you the details, I shall tell you in a few words how we made the idea work here in Lincoln in connection with another movement.

Several weeks ago, the famous evangelist Billy Sunday spent some seven weeks preaching in Nebraska. His sermons were printed in all papers. He revived the old idea of literal Hell, which had been passing out of people's minds. Minor revivals were started up everywhere and mimic "Sundays" sprang up in every town. Lincoln started to get the fever. Lincoln is a city of superstition shops (sometimes called "churches"). I made up my mind I would make it hard sledding for the spiritual imps. So I had printed at my own expense many thousands of the bills such as I enclose, and delivered these to every home in the city, house to house; left them in buggies, autos, and in stores; gave them to children to hand to their teachers; put them under church doors, so the sexton might certainly get one, etc., etc. As a result, I have already seen a number of revival attempts fail completely. So much for the direct methods of Anarchy.

When the war closes, or before, I suggest that the cities in all the warring nations be in this manner literally plastered with bills demanding that *all war debts be repudiated!* The idea could be amplified as you on the ground might deem wise. There is no other solution possible. If the stupendous war costs are loaded on the people, Europe will simply perish, and the workers will be reduced to such servitude that they will have not vitality enough to free themselves from it.—Yours for the Revolution,

Lincoln, Neb.

G. V. THORNE.

The Fox Without a Tail.

["The keenest of recruiting agents are the wounded soldiers from the Front—especially those who have lost a limb."—*Daily Paper*. This phenomenon has been aptly explained by Æsop in his well-known fable, "The Fox Without a Tail."]

A Fox being caught in a trap, was glad to compound for his neck by leaving his tail behind him; but upon coming abroad into the world, he began to be so sensible of the disgrace such a defect would bring upon him, that he almost wished he had died rather than come away without it. However, resolving to make the best of a bad matter, he called a meeting of the rest of the Foxes, and proposed that all should follow his example. "You have no notion," said he, "of the ease and comfort with which I now move about: I could never have believed it if I had not tried it myself; but really, when one comes to reason upon it, a tail is such an ugly, inconvenient, unnecessary appendage, that the only wonder is that, as Foxes, we could have put up with it so long. I propose, therefore, my worthy brethren, that you all profit by the experience that I am most willing to afford you, and that all Foxes from this day forward cut off their tails." Upon this one of the oldest stepped forward, and said, "I rather think, my friend, that you would not have advised us to part with our tails, if there were any chance of recovering your own."

"Preparing Class 1936."

Last summer the following note appeared in the official French Parliamentary journal, the *Journal Officiel*:—

"M. Girod demanded from the Minister of War what had been done with the information gathered regarding the preparation of the Class 1936, and whether the systems of permissions suitable for our soldiers shown in it shall soon be put into practice." M. Millerand, the Minister of War, answered that "permissions were immediately to be issued."

To the uninitiated, who do not know what the Class 1936 is, the question and answer will convey nothing. The Class 1936 is the children to be born this year, and who will consequently be 20 years old in 1936, and thus liable for military training; and the "permissions" are to enable the French soldiers to visit their homes and their wives and sweethearts to prepare this Class. This is another of those "military necessities" that we hear so much of nowadays. Not much of the "glamour of love" in this.—*British Columbia Federationist*.

"What Are We Fighting For?"

"What are we fighting for, if we are to jettison all our liberties one by one; first, the freedom of the Press, then the freedom of the platform, then open Courts of Justice, next trial by jury, next by the censorship of news and opinions by a Government that never appreciates the blessed light of publicity. If we are getting rid of all these liberties one by one, I do not know for what we are fighting. I thought the whole object of this war was to preserve these liberties. I ask, is it for this we are sacrificing the flower of England's manhood; is it for this we are squandering the nation's resources, the stored comforts of her people, and the garnered products of her industry? I want to know how much better off we should be, even if we went to war, if we Germanise our institutions? What shall it profit us if we gain the whole victory and lose the prize we are fighting for?"—*Sir W. Byles, M.P., in House of Commons*.

INTERNATIONAL MODERN SCHOOL.

With further reference to our note in last month's FREEDOM re our being compelled to relinquish Ashburton House, we are now able to furnish February's financial account for the benefit of sympathising comrades and those scholars who failed to attend our last gathering.

February's income: School, 12s. 8d.; Ernest Humphrey, 6d.; Special Donation, £1; B. Black, 5s.; per W. Ruderman, 14s. 6d. It was decided by the School to hand over the balance, after paying liabilities, to the Anti-Conscription League—£1 1s. 10½d. This has been done.

JIMMY.

PROPOSED COMMUNIST COLONY.

There is little to report concerning the proposed Communist Colony. A farm has been offered at a fair rental, but the condition of the roads has prevented comrades from viewing it. Progress will be reported later. Can any reader supply information about any literature dealing with Communist Colonies?

H. BANKS.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(February 4—March 2.)

FREEDOM Guarantee Fund.—A. Mattison 1s, A. Wolfe 6d, Felix 10s, D. Cameron 2s 6d, E. Humphreys 6d, J. Ratigan 2s, W. D. Selkirk 3s 6d, E. Michaels 1s, T. S. 2s 6d, J. Fisher 6d. **Marsh House** (socials and sale of refreshments and literature), week ending January 29, 16s 5d; February 5, 2s 10d; February 12, 13s 4d; February 19, 10s 9d; February 26, 6s 2d; members' subscriptions (February), 19s.

FREEDOM Subscriptions.—A. Mattison 1s 6d, C. Whiting 1s 6d, A. Wilbers 4s 2d, M. Beck 2s, R. Aldington 1s 6d, K. Geffert 1s 6d, A. Reynolds 1s 6d, A. Smith 1s 6d, W. D. Selkirk 1s 6d.

Political Prisoners' Fund.—E. Humphreys 6d, F. Crowsley 3s.

Marsh House.

Thursday, March 9—Discussion, "That Capital is not International"; opener, S. Ccrio.

Saturday, March 11—Gramophone Concert. Dancing as usual.

Thursday, March 16—Discussion.

Saturday, March 18—Whist Drive. Collection. Prizes. Dancing as usual.

Thursday, March 23—Discussion.

Every Sunday, Social and Dance, 8 p.m. Collection.

The Library and the Pamphlet Fund.

In future the books in Marsh House Library may be borrowed on Sunday evenings on payment of 1d. per volume. Librarian: E. Michaels. The proceeds will go towards the reprinting of pamphlets. Presents of suitable books will be much appreciated.

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