

Voice of Labour.

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MONTHLY: ONE PENNY.

To the Sons of Labour.

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Grave this deep in your hearts,
Forget not the tale of the past!
Never, never believe
That any will help you, or can,
Saving only yourselves!
What have the gentlemen done,
Peerless haters of wrong,
Byrons and Shelleys, what?
They stand great famous names,
Demigods to their own,
Shadows far off, alien
To us and ours for ever.
Those who love them and hate
The crime, the injustice they hated,
What can they do but shout,
*Win a name from our woes,
And leave us just as we were.*

FRANCIS ADAMS.

Workers of all Nations.

—:o:—

In spite of easy and speedy means of international communication, the millions who toil in all lands are kept far apart, through their poverty; and look on each other with an unsympathetic eye, by reason of prejudices put into their minds by men who are interested in the maintenance of frontiers. The knowledge filtering through a vigilant capitalistic press of doings among workers in other lands is always distorted into stories of outrage, incendiary fires, assassinations and reigns of terror.

Read the account of labour troubles in such places so far apart as Baku in Eastern Russia, Milan in Italy, Cherbourg in France, Bilbao and Barcelona in Spain, the great struggle on the railways in Holland, the bitter fight at Penrhyn, the Pennsylvania miners' revolt, and among others the Colorado mining strike, where we had the armed hirelings of the State quarrelling with the legal ravens as to who should dispose of poor brow-beaten labour. Then in Canada we see the whole armed force of the young Dominion hurled into Sault St. Marie to overawe the poor cheated workers of a great syndicate.

And all the press descriptions of these affairs shone lurid with accounts of violence of some kind or another. Now it must not be supposed for a moment that violence is inseparable from direct action. These men were determined to assert their rights peaceably and it was only when the strong arm of the State, siding with Capital, suppressed those workers, courageous, yet slow to move, intelligent, yet denied their share of the feast of knowledge, they came at last face to face with the exploiter. These men who have been engaged in strikes in the past, in countries so far apart, may appear to some to have only wasted energy; but it is not so, they have been as it were the skirmishers who have harassed the great enemy. Those guerilla fighters have cast many a shadow on the smug-faced capitalist; what shall it be when they discover the true position of their despoilers? Toiling the long day, with the vague feeling of bondage cramping their lives somewhere; but often, so subtle is the disguise of slavery, that they can only

murmur and vainly grope in the dark of ignorance for their oppressor.

Now it lies with the Anarchist to show who the tyrant is. With us it must be a labour undertaken before all others to drag our fellow workmen into the light.

We have received the knowledge of the fact that in the existence of Government lies the secret of the bondage which clogs the lives of men. To aid in the destruction of this vast organisation is the purpose of our lives; and as a means to this end we know that intercommunication between the men of all nations is desirable, therefore into whatever man's hand this paper may fall let him take it as an instruction to send on whatever item of news he may possess concerning all agitations, strikes, revolts, resistance of governmental tyranny, and cases of direct action on the part of men, and thus aid in giving to workers of Britain a chance of learning what their brothers in other lands are doing.

To the politicians who are rampant among the workers in this country—workers give no heed; take to heart the lesson given by Germany after thirty years' political agitation and their eighty-one working men Members of Parliament. "Oppression, sweating and poverty" is still the coat of arms worn by the workers there. Freedom for the individual is unknown; why they actually expelled a literary man from the Democratic ranks because he wrote to an opposition paper; and Kaiser Bill's person is so sacred that they rattle away workers by the dozen to prison for remarks about him—remarks no one would heed in this country.

They dare not hold a trade union meeting without a police official is present; that is one of the effects of thirty years "agitation on political lines." We are far from freedom; yet the workers in Britain have by direct action here and there got some of their desires fulfilled. For instance, the miners have fought for and gained a five days week. The bakers of Glasgow got an eight hours day and a minimum wage of 33s. per week by direct action.

Going to France, we find that the grievance of extortions practised by Government employment bureaux is to be remedied, but only after the workers, sick of the political hope deferred, threatened to wreck the premises, and by enthusiastic demonstration proved their earnestness of purpose, and the popularity of their union bureaux. In Barcelona, Bilbao and Santander we find the workers face to face with the exploiter, and happy am I to be able to say pulling the sacred wrappings from the priest, and (hope of sunny Spain) demolishing the structure of superstition—that staunch ally of exploiter and governor.

There in Barcelona by direct action they have solved the problem of the slum dwelling by refusing to build or repair slum property. Is that not better, fellow trade unionists, than fighting for a farthing? How soon would the jerry buildings of our towns disappear if the operative masons adopted this policy?

Slowly but surely direct action must supplant political quackery, and I cannot resist the temptation to quote other instances of its success.

The hotels of Chicago refused to pay the coal bag men the rate they asked for delivering coal, and the proprietors started to use natural gas. "Checkmate," the capitalist press cried out, and advised the carriers to capitulate.

But what was the next development? Bakers, waiters, plumbers, and bricklayers, refused to do any work for the hotel keepers. Result, carriers demand conceded. Now, had these men left their case in the hands of the Illinois Legislature when would it have been settled?

So grows a great idea. The *débâcle* of the Franco-

Prussian war swept off the first fruits of solidarity with its fundamental principal of direct revolutionary action. But many seeds remained, they to-day are bursting into leaf, and we shall see a glorious reaping time, when to all men shall fall sheaves of knowledge, and partaking of knowledge shall give them power; power to slay the chimera that guards the future, wherein we may enjoy life in unity and peace free from the domination of man over man, and the superstition of the priest and the blood thirstiness of the ruler gone for ever

J. S. M.

The Tame Men of To-day.

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One of the Doukhobors at a meeting in Exeter Hall stated that the reason of the unrest amongst his fellows in Canada was the fear that the material prosperity of their present condition is unmaning them and destroying their individuality.

This seems a peculiar state of affairs to the ordinary tame man, but here is another strange happening.

A steam factory was recently erected in Tangiers, and gave out a prospect of employment to a large number of the idle Moors. But what do we find them doing? Down they pull the engine, and with axe and torch lay the building level. What base ingratitude, say some—what ignorance!

But was it not an instinctive move on the part of a wild race who foresaw the slavery of the wheel? Or maybe spurred on by a telepathic message from their shackled brothers of Europe telling them the black doom that follows industry everywhere.

Now the tame man who relies on plenty of cheap bread, margarine, sausages, shoddy clothes and jerry-built houses, for the advance of his race, cannot understand why the Doukhobors are inclined to renounce prosperity or the Moors to trample on commercialism. There is a reason for this.

Civilisation tends to make men march on a line drawn straight along the path called respectability from the cradle to the coffin.

Hemmed in by the ditch of conventionality and the wall of conformity confronting the least move to the right or left, he drifts along a prey to the fears of what his neighbours may say, in holy terror of poverty or a shower of rain.

Ah, but many will say tame man has an end in view, his life is not aimless, he hopes some day to rise. Yes, I know that.

What is this rise when honestly stated? It means a mounting on the shoulders of his fellows to become that envied mortal—an employer of labour. And should he reach this goal great is his power and small the responsibility.

The old slave-owner was bothered about the health and upkeep of his slaves, and then they were always trying to escape. But tame man does not bother his owner by trying to escape. No! the owners are very often bothered by slaves seeking for bondage. He is a very easily-managed animal; among no wild people of the earth could such willing slaves be found.

Free from rebellious thought, their tameness has enabled the exploiter to make Western Europe the workshop of the world.

For man's own initiative we have substituted discipline and now discipline is lauded amongst tame men. Wild men claim individual initiative as their

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birthright; discipline is abhorred by a people whose every need must be self-supplied or done without.

It is this departure from the position of natural man that deprives a race of courage and personality. We are fast becoming, under the tyranny of the hooter, the policeman and the politician, a mere bundle of nerves and flesh, fit only to suck sustenance from the products of the chemists, and dwell like the hermit crab in a house that becomes a shell or part of ourselves.

You can hire the tame man to murder his brother, but you won't catch him fighting for himself. He cringes to the boss, and fears the face of the landlord as he would the plague; he trembles at the tread of the tax-gatherer, and yet he will enter any grimy flaming hell if you call it a "factory," or into the depth of the earth's entrails amid death and danger for a pittance. The natural man can wrest his livelihood from the forest and the stream, his physical ability and endurance is great, he is a master of craft and ingenuity, he can make his own arms, tools, house and boats, tame his own beasts of burden. But then natural man often eats his aged parents in times of dearth; and look at his cruel nature.

But what does tame man do with his aged? He shuts them up in a horrid prison, clad in a livery of disgrace, and there deprived of all liberty, hounded to death by petty tyrants—they sink disgraced into their grave.

But it is only the useless members of his community that natural man eats; while the tame man exalts them, turns them into rulers in the shape of priests, police and politicians, who eat of the produce of the tamed and ride on their backs.

But after all the wild man is not so cruel as the tame; he is hospitable and generous to the stranger. How many doors would a Bantu negro have to knock at before he could find shelter in tame man's land.

The tame man of Europe is not a man, but a conforming slave, a coward and an intellectual ass, and shall remain so until he shakes off his rulers and his ghost is driven away.

CA IRA.

GLASGOW ECHOES.

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The danger of becoming politicians cannot be better illustrated than in the recent municipal elections. A number of years ago the Labour men were put forward as uncompromising Socialists; to-day the Socialists have joined forces with the trade unions, the co-operators, the Nationalists, etc., with the result that the Conservative Associations are actually running candidates who are supposed to be ideal Labour representatives. No doubt they are, as I believe that they represent the average voter much more accurately than do the few Socialists who have managed to get into the Council.

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The programmes of these Labour candidates must be lamentable reading to any person of a Socialistic tendency, and to anyone accepting the Socialistic doctrine that rent, interest, and profits are the means by which we are exploited, they are nothing less than farcical. In some of these programmes no reference at all was made to any economic subject. They were entirely made up of appeals to the religious and moral prejudices of the electors, while the candidates, almost without exception, lamented the terrible degradation of Sunday clubs, ice cream shops, etc. What harm the ice cream shops have done those gentlemen I for one am at a loss to understand, while they fail to tell us that it was the present persecuting action of the magistrates which has rendered drinking clubs necessary. At the same time it must be pleasant to know that the clubs are to be licensed in the future. This, at least, will help to make them respectable; and the respectable classes, who do not care to be seen near them,

will then be able to gratify their desire for a drink on Sunday.

But we may ask, have the various moral crusades of the magistrates been so successful that we should be glad to see them initiating another? I think not; indeed, nothing but failure has resulted from their efforts in the past.

The one result noticeable since those crusades were initiated has been the advertisement of immorality in all the various phases in which they have persecuted it. It is now a good many years since they started with the publicans, and can one honestly say that there is less drunkenness in Glasgow to-day than there was when this crusade was initiated? Then there was the crusade against betting. When this was initiated betting journals could only be obtained in the lower class shops in certain districts of the city. A decent newsagent was ashamed to keep those betting journals upon his counter.

How different it is to-day. Almost every stationer can give you quite a selection of sporting papers; papers which contain nothing but betting news and tips for the various races. Not only this, but many newsagents can offer one a selection of telegrams direct from the field. The bookmaker has his agents in all the large factories, while a very large majority of our young men bet to a greater or lesser extent.

Our police, some time ago, prosecuted certain pictures which they held to be immoral, and the result has been practically the same as in the case with betting—namely, a huge advertisement to those whom they persecuted. At the time they started the prosecution of immoral pictures the papers publishing those vulgar illustrations could only be obtained in the very lowest districts in the city, but no sooner had the prosecution of spicy pictures commenced than the circulation of these journals went up by leaps and bounds, until to-day, like the betting journals, they can be obtained in every district of the city, while some newsagents' stock seems to be composed of little else than a selection between these and betting journals.

Then take the prosecutions directed against immoral houses, and against prostitution. Have they resulted in any greater success than the others? No man who judges impartially can say that they have. Only the other day I noticed that in the Cowcaddens district they had in the preceding year 500 cases for this crime (immorality it might be but not crime) alone, which was a record for the district. Sometimes I wonder if our magistrates ever think of the waste of energy or of the debasing nature of the occupation which our police are given when they are put in the position of prosecuting prostitutes.

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Some time ago Councillor Battersby complained of the growth of Hooliganism in the city, and now Mrs. Bramwell Booth states that Glasgow is the most debauched city which she has visited; and yet our rulers call out for more police and more laws. These remedies have failed in the past; not only so, but with every new law, with every increase of police, there has been a corresponding increase of crime. To the Glasgow municipal authorities this matters little, indeed, if we are to believe that the speakers are voicing the sentiments of the majority of the council when speaking in favour of the present provisional orders which are to be presented to Parliament, then they seem to be glad when the criminal statistics are rising. In asking the council to give the sanitary inspectors full authority to enter any house or school at a moment's notice, and order such house or any person in such house to be cleansed to their satisfaction within twenty-four hours; or if such cleaning be not to their satisfaction, that they should be empowered to seize upon any persons and cleanse them after their own

methods, while any person offering objections to their methods, or not having their house in a condition which will satisfy the inspector within the twenty-four hours, shall be instantly prosecuted on the authority of such inspector. At the present time they must report such neglect to another department, with the result that before a prosecution can be undertaken the majority of the houses are in a fairly clean condition, and the prosecution is not necessary. To the ordinary individual this would seem to be a recommendation of the present system, but not so to the Glasgow officials interested. Every little nobody employed by the corporation feels that he is insulted if he has not the power to instantly lodge in jail any person who offers any opposition, or who does not at once obey his commands in every particular.

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These new provisional orders contain one or two interesting points. As usual, the council seek to obtain an additional loan. This, I suppose, will mean another rise in the taxes, but of course the taxpayer is so used to an annual increase that he would express nothing but surprise if the present taxes should not be a good deal larger than the previous one. In spite of the increase of population and the increase of wealth, our governors require more and more every year to manage the affairs of the city. This, I suppose, is one of the benefits of municipalisation, though in every other sphere of commerce the business man expects that his expenses will decrease in proportion to his turnover.

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Many attempts have been made to abolish street trading, but the various parties have resented police interference with such vigour that they have always been successful in raising sentiment in their favour, with the result that the prosecutions have been unsuccessful. Now the police are going to adopt new tactics and I have no doubt but that they will be successful. These street traders are now asked to let the police regulate and control them. They are all to be licensed, of course, but as time wears on such a licence will become very difficult to obtain. The natural result is that those traders will gradually become monopolists, and as the competition will become limited, they have a very insinuating bribe held out to them. On the other hand, the ideal looked forward to by those who have introduced those clauses into the bill is to abolish street trading altogether, at least so far as the juvenile portion of the community are concerned, and with the aid of the Bill and the absence of combined opposition on the part of those concerned they hope to rid the shopkeepers of a very severe form of competition.

JOHN GIBSON.

After nearly two thousand years' preaching of Christian morality it is estimated that the number of female prostitutes in London is as great as the entire population of Paisley.

After a long and weary struggle the Penrhyn quarrymen are beaten. Why? simply because it did not suit the leaders of the British trade unions to encourage and support a direct fight with tyrants such as Penrhyn. As aspirants to political "honours" these vultures of labour who pose as leaders will do everything in their power to improve their chances of gaining a seat in the house of thieves. The majority of them are determined to get there and the more ineffectual strikes can be made to appear the better they are pleased; and every strike that fails (perhaps through their treachery and double dealing) they turn into an argument in favour of Parliamentary representation. The reason why so many strikes are failures is because the leaders want them to be failures. Watch them.

February 15th, 1904.

WHERE IS WOMAN TO-DAY?

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Politically, women are in the nursery, in jail or in Bedlam. Like children, criminals and idiots, women are only fit to obey laws, not to make them!

One is at a loss to conceive how that half of mankind, to whom all owe so much, should be allowed to occupy this apparently irresponsible place.

Is it safe for the general welfare of the race that the mothers should be so stultified?

A man is to a great extent what his mother makes him. Her influence (more or less conscious) affects his whole life for good, i.e., usefully or for evil, when it will produce hurtful results.

So that it is of great moment what women think, feel and do.

Many centuries ago, in tribal times, there seems to be undoubted evidence that women held at least as powerful positions as men. But in modern days it has been otherwise.

Edward Carpenter says there is much to show it is owing to the greed of "Private Property." Men laid hold upon every valuable they could, claiming as their own property their wives even. Physically weaker, women were taken advantage of. They could not keep themselves free, so step by step have become more or less chattels or slaves. "He who seeks to take in his hands the destinies of his fellows may be unknowingly a curse to them, in the very degree of his capacity to overrule their wills, as he thinks for their own good" (J. M. Robertson).

It is said that women are too delicate and dainty to be exposed to the rude, rough grind in the general strife. They must be guarded and protected at home, in the sphere into which they are born. That might be beautiful and true—could it be lived up to. But so far it has meant the coddling and pampering of a few women at the expense of the great majority of their sisters.

The human race will advance on more equal lines. Too much prominence has been given to sex differentiation, and humanity, as a whole, has consequently suffered.

The emotional sensibilities have been stimulated and excited to quite an unhealthy extent. Women, instead of fulfilling their special functions as strong, helpful wives and complete motherly mothers, are forced, through sheer lack of vitality, to shirk their duties. How can a great nation live if its women become vigourless and unfitted to become the mothers and teachers of the race? Overdressed dolls and poor female drudges must give place to healthier types.

And similar conditions of weakness exist among men, where it is exceptional to find a wholesome, thinking worker delighting in a natural life.

The welfare of the species and of the individual is one, so care must be taken that each human being may begin life sound in body and in mind.

It seems short-sighted and foolish policy on the part of any people to neglect the mothers. Only in theory do we believe that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Otherwise the hand would be better nourished.

Happily, there are signs of awakening all around. British Conservatism is bursting its bonds. But till the overburdened woman herself claims juster treatment no great gain can be looked for.

Charity is not desirable. It covers and has covered and nourished multitudes of sins. Pity is easily evoked—Who wants to be pitied? To feel that one is able to act is to know what it is one's duty to do. Kropotkin says "Power to act is duty to act."

And women are growing more and more conscious of a latent power—deep down a calm exultant feeling glows. But they have long been on the downward grade, so hard and weariless struggling will be necessary in order that women shall again take their necessary place in the world. They know that their cause is the cause of the oppressed labourer over the whole earth. By means of trade unions and other commonwealths of workers women are proving able and willing to help. For women and workers must turn the wheel of progress in the near future says a great living thinker. And no one will deny that much of that progress of mankind can only be of woman's creation.

Within the last ten to twenty years women have been

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taking a wider view of their duties, obligations and privileges. Some believe the parliamentary franchise to be the most secure protection for their liberties, so they form women's suffrage societies, and agitate for power to vote. But what will a vote give? Can truly good legislation and administration go along with a humanity not truly good? It is hopeless to expect from Government a capacity and a rectitude greater than the society out of which it grows. And in truth, what right has one man, or even a majority of men, to force ideas upon his fellows? Absence of any but voluntary law seems likely to be most workable. One of the most common sayings one hears from the lips of politicians is "Taxation without representation is tyranny." Yet it seems to dawn upon very few of these well-meaning creatures that about half of the taxpayers in this country are women—none of whom are permitted to vote.

It has often been said that women are lacking in appreciation of abstract ideas such as Justice, Truth, etc., and that they are illogical. But is the allegation well founded? Oliver Cromwell, speaking of the equality of rights, said "She (the wife) ought to obey her husband and carry out the view at which he deliberately arrives. I also say to regard this as a humiliation, as a wrong, is an evil in itself; as a mark, not of spirit and courage, but of a base, unworthy, mutinous disposition—a disposition utterly subversive of all that is most worth having in life. The tacit assumption involved in it is that it is a degradation ever to give up one's will to the will of another, and to me this appears the root of all evil, the negation of all that which renders any combined efforts possible." A keen student of men says, "We find (at any rate in the British Isles) a most wonderful and celestial indifference to anything but their own affairs amongst the 'lords of creation.' An indifference so ingrained and constitutional that it is rarely conscious of itself, and which assumes quite easily and naturally that the weaker sex exists for the purpose of playing the foil, so to speak, to the chief actor in life's drama."

Women are, like the Indian nation, despotically governed by well meaning but short sighted men, who, in their rather heedless search after happiness, waste much by the way. These men act like a child in a garden chasing a gay butterfly. He tramples down unseen flowers, caring little for anything but the coveted creature at last within his grasp. After all his happiness is but short-lived and costly.

We are reaping to-day the fruits of what our ancestors sowed ages ago. And how does the harvest satisfy us? We say that in future more care must be paid in the spring time to ensure good seed, culture and environment. All are of vital import.

ALICE M. MUIRHEAD.

REVIEWS.

MAN AND SUPERMAN.

In submitting this review we feel that apologies are due both to the author and the reader. To Mr. Shaw we express our sincere regret at reviewing his book so long after it was published; to the reader we ask pardon for reviewing it at all. However, as the publisher failed to send us a copy for review, and our space is very valuable, Mr. Shaw will, no doubt, appreciate the delicacy of our position; and as it is only the sternest sense of duty that compels us to protest against the literary conspiracy to boom the book, the reader will pass us over in silence if he is unable to commend us for our work.

We have read the book from "kiver to kiver," and can truthfully say it is the greatest conglomeration of sense and nonsense that even G. B. S. has ever written—and that is saying a good deal. Chaotic in its construction, verbose in its utterance, one is tempted to ask, rising from its perusal, "What is it all about?" After plodding through a thirty-seven paged preface, we learn three things:—first, that A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic of the *Times*, once asked Shaw why he didn't write a Don Juan play; second, that this is a Don Juan play, only Don Juan has become Donna Juanna; third, that the author is a well read man, who, if not a liar, certainly handles the

truth very recklessly. Several years ago he wrote a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, replying to a criticism of William Archer, in which he stated that he never read books; his preface to Walkley disproves this, hence our remark above.

Man and Superman is a play of four acts, and is entitled by its author as "Comedy and a Philosophy." It is neither. Some parts are funny—none are philosophical; and the hero, John Tanner, is such a backboneless critter, and the heroine, Ann Whitefield, such a liar and hypocrite, that the gush poured out over this book by prominent reviewers is understandable only on the supposition that it is a literary conspiracy.

G. K. Chesterton describes it as "the best book that will be written for some time." The *Daily News* reviewer, while describing it as "mocking," &c., makes the surprising statement that "this latest play has all the astonishing originality and cleverness which make the author, perhaps, the best worth reading of any of the writers of his generation." W. M. Thompson lauds it to the skies in *Reynolds's* (presumably because Shaw follows his tactics and sneers at the working man). Alex. M. Thompson in the *Clarion*, while chaffing Shaw on the influence of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, describes it as "brilliant," &c., and the *Saturday Review* calls it his "masterpiece," whatever that may mean. Although not Nietzscheites, we really must protest against this calumny against Nietzsche, for he never could have created such a jelly-fish of a man as John Tanner.

In the unfolding of the play Shaw seems to have followed the authors of the modern musical comedy, so incoherent is he.

Two acts take place in England, the other two in Spain, but beyond the mere fact that John Tanner has fled to escape being married—poor man!—to Ann, and is pursued and overtaken by this modern Donna Juanna—whose only desire, by the way, seems to be respectably married to Tanner, which is hardly Juanesque—there is no particular reason why they didn't stop in England. There is but one thing clear in the play, and that is patent upon the first appearance of Ann, viz., that she is determined to marry Tanner, and he, poor man, struggles—so he says—and struggles, but finally succumbs to the "life force" and agrees to do so.

After reading this play we are convinced that it is partly autobiographical, that Tanner is Shaw, and we now have the secret why Shaw, after ridiculing marriage and preaching free love for years, suddenly heard a carriage drive up to his door in Fitzroy Square, two men walk in, lift him off a sick bed, put him in the carriage, drive him off to the office of a registrar, and before he knew it found himself married. The secret is revealed to us; it wasn't Shaw, it was the "life force!"—why not Grape Nuts?

There is a humorous scene in the third act where Shaw pokes fun at some Social Democrats who drop their h's and an Anarchist with celluloid collar and cuffs; but it, with other incidents, are mere by-products to the main theme, which is the marrying of Tanner and Ann.

This is the crowning performance of "life force," a phrase we understand as a desire for reproduction; but as this is a manly desire, and one we would never accuse Shaw of having, we need not take it seriously.

The "Revolutionist's Handbook," and "Maxims for Revolutionists," are the best things in the book. Some of these are quite good. Others show a straining for effect which is not always happy. But the ideas have often been put forth by others, and by people who believe in them, an accusation we refrain from making against their present author. If this sounds rude, read the "Revolutionist's Handbook," p. 235:—"What a man believes may be ascertained, not from his creed, but from the assumption on which he habitually acts."

The book has a pharasaical smell about it, and apart from the question of principle, which is no doubt a dull theme to the ex-vestryman, we must compliment him on his ability as a clever bagman who has written a rather stupid book and manipulated things so nicely as to get boomed the way he has. We refrain from advising anyone to read it.

Many trade unions have discussed political action, but it would be interesting to learn how many (if any) have discussed the General Strike. Has yours?

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—:o:—

We have fed you all for a thousand years
And you hail us still unfed,
Though not a sovereign of all your wealth
But marks the worker's need.
In the cold and wet we toil and sweat,
While you lie on a bed of wool.
If blood be the price of England's wealth,
Good God! we have paid in full.

There's never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you;
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But it's we are the ghastly crew.
Go, reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where they spin;
And if blood be the price of England's wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know,
From the day you chained us to your field
To the strike of a week ago.
You have taken our wives, our babes, our lives,
For that was your legal share;
But if blood be the price of England's wealth,
Good God! we have bought it fair.

FELLOW WORKERS,

The growth and intensification of the capitalist system are ever increasing the poverty and misery of the people, and more and more reducing the wealth producers to a level of mere mechanical slaves. This system, with its horrible slums, gin palaces, and factories, brutalising and degrading the workers, compels us to try to do something, however little, to awaken thought and action amongst our fellow-workers. Hence the reason why we issue our little paper. We come with no axe to grind. We do not ask you to send us to Parliament, Town or County Council, nor do we wish to represent you in any way whatever. We bid you think, and thinking, act for yourselves. You, yourselves, must be your own saviours. You must work out your own salvation—not

in fear and trembling, but with courage and hope; fearing not to stand alone, and in season and out of season protesting against tyranny and oppression. Suffering as we are to-day from one of those periodic depressions of trade which, from various causes (this time it is the back-wash of the South African War), sweep over the country, throwing thousands out of employment, carrying in its train everywhere ruin and misery, and with the capitalists leagued together to destroy the Trade Unions, it would seem as if the present were a time for pessimism. But no, for though we read about the failure of strikes here and there, and of labour leaders preaching of the day of strikes being over, a keen observer might detect a deep undercurrent of discontent amongst the workers everywhere, a discontent which does not find satisfaction even in the Socialist movement, for in the exact same ratio as they, the Socialists, are being elected on the various public bodies, they are being "found out;" and slowly but surely the workers are beginning to learn the truth that the Anarchists have been preaching for years—namely, that it is not the present capitalist representatives that ought to be removed but the capitalist institutions themselves that must be abolished. And so, confident of the future, though only a few working men and women, we issue our little paper; and whether its life be short or long we bid you trust only in yourselves, and work for the abolition of the present capitalist system.

The receipt of a copy of this paper is an invitation to become a Subscriber.

All Orders for literature, &c., should be addressed to George Dallas, 3, Mitchell Street, Rutherglen.

To Scottish Readers.

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Will all those interested in or who sympathise with Anarchism, and desire to know more of its philosophy, write to *Voice of Labour* Office for information? An attempt is being made to bring the Anarchists in Scotland more in touch with each other. Will comrades in the various Scotch towns write, especially those who are prepared to sell *Voice of Labour*?

ANARCHIST MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

The first of a series of articles on the Anarchist Movement in France, by M. Franssen, Editor of *L'Homme Libre*, will appear in our next issue.

The Use and Significance of Strikes.

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Middle-class economists, as well as certain sections of the Socialist party (the Parliamentarians), frown upon the strike, declaring it to be not merely futile but productive of evil. The former point to the dislocation of trade, and hypocritically deplore the privations to which the strikers are often reduced. The latter disapprove of such action on the score of its not being sufficiently "scientific." They call it the blind, unreasoning revolt of ignorance from the inevitable. They advise the workers to confine their efforts to sending a number of self-seeking politicians to the Legislature, who will make speeches—shaking their forefingers while they quiver with generous emotion—and advocate the passing of laws to remedy social and economic evils. Such laws, when the middle class graciously permit them to be passed, are generally so constructed that only lawyers benefit by them, owing to the involutions which confuse them, and the technicalities with which they bristle—witness the various "compensation" and "liability" Acts.

Or, again, reformers point with pride to the Factory Acts, those Procrustean measures which have caused no end of mischief, and utterly failed to abolish child labour, which was the principal object for which they were enacted. Every little while the age limit is raised, but the physical deterioration of the children outstrips the legislators' action; and where the little ones are actually excluded from the mills and factories, they are thrown upon the street. A walk through the principal thoroughfares of any of our large cities, swarming with wretched mites, selling matches, flowers, newspapers and the like, discovers the mockery and futility of all such legislative action.

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During the Middle Ages, the popular masses over the length and breadth of Europe were engaged in a prolonged contest with the ruling class, the feudal aristocracy. The ultimate result of this contest was the breaking down of the feudal system. The people—whether of the city, the plain or forest—had not by any means what we moderns term "a walk over." The struggle was cruel, bloody, and replete with suffering. They were often crushed. Almost every rising was put down with merciless rigour. Where the sword failed and cajolery proved futile, the basest treachery was employed to enable the rulers to achieve a temporary triumph.

No doubt there were pessimists and croakers in those days, to whom the struggle seemed senseless and hopeless. No doubt the rebels often were admonished to give up such useless and mischievous conduct; to submit to the inevitable, and trust to the good offices of the priest and the fatherly consideration of the baron, both of whom were heart-broken at having to maintain "law and order" in such strict fashion, but were nevertheless determined to do it—from the most exalted motives, of course.

The people fought and bled. To contemporaries they seemed to suffer defeat; but we who can look back upon those times, and comprehend the meaning of the struggle, know that the object of the struggle was gained—Feudalism has disappeared.

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The economic struggle now going on throughout Christendom, and which finds its acutest expression in strikes, bread riots and the like, is but the continuance, under a modified aspect, of the struggle alluded to above. It is the same contest, the same effort of the oppressed toiler to be rid of the grievous burden laid upon him by the crafty, dissimulating priest and the juggling middle-class exploiter, the successor of the feudal lord, sprung from the people and therefore doubly guilty.

The contest must continue as long as the burden is not removed. Revolt is begotten of oppression—is, in fact, its natural and inevitable outcome. Treat with kindness and consideration, any domestic animal—a cat or a dog—and you will find that it seeks your society, clings to you, follows you about; take hold of it by the paw in such a manner as to convey, ever so slightly, the impression of restraint, and it will strive to get away. The harder you make your hold the more determined will be its efforts to release itself. It is the natural, spontaneous resentment of insulted liberty—the instinctive repudiation

of authority and coercion evinced by all animals, and also by all children before "education" has ruined them.

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Had it not been for strikes and other modes of revolutionary action, the working population of this country would still be living in the abject and miserable condition of a hundred years ago. Even when the legislature inaugurated meliorative measures it was usually done in response to direct pressure from workers politically unenfranchised.

When workers who have struck are forced to give up the struggle (as frequently happens through various causes—sheer want, inadequate organisation, or the treachery of leaders), it is described as a failure because the particular object of their action has not been gained.

But this is a superficial view. No strike ever fails. In one way or another some good results follow. The temporary setback inspires them with a dogged determination to win another time; while the dearly-bought victory warns the exploiters of the necessity of concessions. Such concessions are often made quietly soon after a strike. The result of the protracted and bitter duel between the ground-hog, Lord Penrhyn, and his slate workers—an apparent defeat for them—has not been hailed with the jubilation that might have been expected. A few superficial sneers have been visible, but the general demeanour of the ruling class is sober and subdued. They know that this great strike is already fruitful of results inimical to their interests: the land problem is nearer solution, while the grand object lesson given by the Co-operative Society in acquiring the neighbouring quarry is teaching the worker some of the possibilities that lie before him.

I will state an apparent paradox: in any contest which does not end in the utter destruction of the vanquished party, it is the victor who has the least cause for jubilation. It is not the man who beats you that you need fear, but the man that you have beaten: he may be your future conqueror. Defeat makes him familiar with your power and methods, and teaches him how to improve his own preparatory to renewing the struggle.

The triumph of the workers is inevitable because they cannot be destroyed. "Victor from vanquished issues out at last." They are gradually wresting a greater and still greater measure of freedom from the ruling class. And as in former times the peasants and craftsmen risings increased in number and intensity until they developed into civil wars and conflicts between nations,—so shall the labour struggle spread and develop, until a time shall come when the workers of the world, realising their solidarity of interests, will combine to seize the heritage from which they have been so long excluded—a universal revolt of Labour, which will form the dividing point between the old order and the new era coming upon us.

ALVAN MARLOW.

The Beauties of Government.

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To be governed is to be watched, inspected, spied, directed, law-ridden, regulated, penned-up, indoctrinated, preached at, checked, appraised, seized, censured, commanded, by beings who have neither title nor knowledge nor virtue. To be governed is to have every operation, every transaction, every movement, noted, registered, counted, rated, stamped, measured, numbered, assessed, licensed, refused, authorised, indorsed, admonished, prevented, reformed, redressed, corrected. To be governed is, under the pretext of public utility and in the name of the general interest, to be laid under contribution, drilled, fleeced, exploited, monopolised, extorted from, exhausted, hoaxed and robbed; then, upon the slightest resistance, at the first word of complaint, to be repressed, fined, villified, annoyed, hunted down, pulled about, beaten, disarmed, bound, imprisoned, shot, mitrailleused, judged, condemned, banished, sacrificed, sold, betrayed, and, to crown all, ridiculed, derided, outraged, dishonoured.

PROUDHON.

There is some dock construction going on in Dundee, where, according to the press, women are working as dock labourers.

The Case of John Turner.

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The readers of the *Voice of Labour* are no doubt readers of the daily press and are aware of the arrest and confinement of our comrade, but it may be as well to recapitulate briefly the facts in his case. He was arrested immediately after his first lecture in New York, which took place at the Murray Hill Lyceum, on October 23rd last. His subject was the General Strike, and as, during the course of his remarks, he proclaimed himself an Anarchist, he was arrested on a warrant sworn out some days previously by Mr. Cortelyou, the new Secretary (Minister) of Commerce and Labour. His arrest was the first under the new law, passed last March, whereby any person who expressed a disbelief in organised government within three years after his arrival in the United States could be deported. Turner having declared himself an Anarchist, implied a disbelief in organised government, therefore, according to the law, became an undesirable.

Arrested on October 23rd, he was conveyed to Ellis Island the same night, and it was the intention of the inquisitorial commission to deport him next morning. The comrades, however, acted with a promptitude that must have dazzled Mr. Cortelyou and his satellites. They were ready next morning with a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the deportation was postponed. A week later Judge Lacombe, of the United States Circuit Court, dismissed the writ on the ground that the United States, being an independent State, had the right to refuse admission to any alien it saw fit. He also stated that the right of free speech could only be claimed by citizens of the country.

The comrades, who in the meantime were reinforced by some prominent Social Democrats and the Central Federated Union of New York (Trades Council), formed a Defence Committee, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court. They are now raising funds and trying to arouse public opinion, and have succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations.

A decision is not expected until the middle of February or early in March, so there is time to work.

Turner is at present confined on Ellis Island, where the Immigration Offices are. Although within sight of the Statue of Liberty, which is supposed to enlighten the world, he is treated worse than a pick-pocket for having dared to enter that free country! He is allowed to associate with no one except his gaoler, and converse with his visitors only in the presence of the officials. Champagne not being more than twelve shillings a bottle, and rump steaks three to four shillings each, this government of money kings no doubt expect him to get fat on the thirty cents (1s. 3d.) a day they so generously allow him. There is not much chance of riotous living on that sum, and it would have meant a tightening of the belt. The Committee are looking after him in this respect, however, so he is all right.

He writes to say "that apart from the loss and inconvenience, and some unavoidable humiliations, I am having a holiday."

It is characteristic of the man not to make a fuss; and feeling that his action is in the cause of freedom, I've no doubt he is enjoying the situation immensely.

On Dec. 3rd the famous old hall, Cooper Union, was packed with four thousand people to voice an emphatic protest against this violation of free speech. The list of Vice-Presidents included such men as Carl Schurz (an ex-cabinet minister), Felix Adler (son of the Chief Rabbi of London), Henry George, and some twenty others. The chairman was John T. Crosby, a well-known lawyer and single-taxer, and the speakers were John De Witt Warner (an ex-Congress man and one of the best known men in the State), Ernest H. Crosby (poet and Tolstoyan), Rev. Henry Frank, and Congressman Baker. Letters were read from William Lloyd Garrison, Rev. Thomas C. Hall, Edward M. Shepard, and Turner himself. The meeting was both large and representative, and it is something to be thankful for in these degenerate days that so many prominent men were broad-minded enough to participate. True, there was rather too much sugar sprinkled over Turner, and the "Christian nation" was unduly emphasised. On the whole, considering the atmosphere these people live in, and these are merely political Radicals

the question was handled very sanely both by speakers and writers.

Edward M. Shepard, who is one of the best known men in New York, sent a long letter setting forth in masterly style his objection to the law, and asked "Is it not intolerable that our Government should admit a man freely who believes in despotism, religious persecution . . . but that, on the other hand, men should be excluded for holding doctrines long preached by many of the Quaker and other sects greatly respected by us all; doctrines the very holding of which implies a certain nobility and generosity of temper and faith?"

Ernest H. Crosby said in part, "I am here to offer apology to John Turner for the brutal discourtesy with which my country has treated him. It is a stigma on the land. No more outrageous thing has been perpetrated since the falling of the Bastille." Congressman Baker said, in alluding to Turner's statement that he was willing to rot in prison if the cause of Liberty was advanced that he had "come 224 miles to pay homage to one of God's noble men, John Turner" (a good phrase, but one I expect Turner would as a Freethinker and a modest man probably disagree with).

William Lloyd Garrison sent a letter from Lexington, Mass., expressing his sympathy with the meeting, and said that "it was generous of Mr. Turner to suffer persecution voluntarily that the citizens of the United States may test the constitutionality of the law against free speech and free thought as well."

"If the methods of Russia and Turkey are to prevail here," continued Mr. Garrison, "the sooner we know it authoritatively the better."

The meeting was a splendid success, and has caused a breakdown in the boycott of the press. Up to the holding of this meeting the *Evening Post* and the *Daily News*, both of New York, were the only papers which took any notice of the case, but on Dec. 4th the *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Evening Post*, *Daily News*, and other papers, all had splendid reports.

Once more the Anarchists have demonstrated that they are the advance guard of the Libertarian movement, and if this agitation results in the repeal or amendment of this iniquitous Act we will have cause to flatter ourselves. It is hard on Turner to be confined where he is, but at the rate the agitation is growing there is little doubt some amendment of the Act will follow.

It is pleasant to state that at a recent meeting of the London Trades Council that body unanimously passed a resolution, proposed by S. Mainwaring and seconded by H. Quelch, editor of *Justice*, protesting against Turner's arrest. The resolution, which contained an appeal to the Trade Unionists of America to resist Turner's deportation to their utmost, was ordered to be cabled to the American Federation of Labour.

A leaflet had been prepared setting forth the facts of the case, and copies are being sent to trade unions, co-operative societies, etc., requesting them to pass resolutions of protest and forward same to America. Any friends desiring copies of this leaflet can have same by writing to me at *Freedom Office*, 127, Ossulton Street, London, N.W., and enclosing enough for postage.

It is very important that all comrades who belong to trade unions, co-operative societies, Radical clubs, etc., should bring the matter before them. If they pass resolutions, forward copies to the American Federation of Labour, Washington, D.C.; Central Federated Union of New York, Rivington and Eldridge Streets, and E. G. Smith, 1804, Madison Avenue, New York City. By doing this great good will be done in stimulating the comrades there and a closer affiliation brought about between the workers there and here.

H. KELLY.

At North Berwick the other week a summons was issued for the arrest of a man who has been dead and buried for the last two years; the law in its infinite wisdom having discovered that since his death he has been guilty of salmon poaching.

The one outstanding feature of the recent municipal elections in Scotland was the indifference displayed by the people as to who "represented" them. It is to be hoped that they have found out at last that representative legislators and administrators are, along with the clergymen, the greatest humbugs on earth.

The Seeds of Discontent.

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The busy machines slowed down and in a few seconds stopped entirely. It was lunch time, and from various pockets newspaper parcels containing slices of bread and butter were produced, and for ten minutes work was forgotten and the time was given up to eating and talking. The girls formed themselves in little groups round the room, only one girl remained at her machine, and she sat there as if waiting for the signal to be given to commence again.

A girl in the group nearest her noticed she was not eating, and called out "What's the matter, Liz?"

"Nothing," responded the girl. "Not hungry, that's all."

"Poor devil," said the first speaker, "I don't believe she ever has enough to eat," this *sotto voce* to her companions. Aloud she said, "Oh, that's all rot. You must be hungry by this time. Have a slice of mine—the bread's rather stale, but the butter will make it slide down."

"No, thanks," replied Liz, "I don't want anything."

"A queer card, Liz," said one of the girls to the others. "Nobody knows much about her. Her father got into trouble last year and is still doing time, and Liz has to keep the home going. She had an awful job at first, but now she's taken on here it's a bit better. We live in the next room to her, so we know a little about her. She never says anything here."

Just then a young girl excitedly broke from her own party and crossed the room.

"I say, girls, some of us are going to get the sack!"

"How do you know?" burst in her listeners.

"Why, I heard the forewoman say that the guv'nor's been grumbling at the amount of work turned out, and said some will have to go!"

"Well," said a girl who had not hitherto joined in the conversation. "I know who will first get the kick out. You think I don't, eh? Well, it will be Liz over there. You know the guv'nor has a fad to show his swell friends round the factory, and he likes us all to look nice and happy and comfortable. Kind of glory to him, do you see? And Liz over there looks starved and miserable, and she will be the first to go—mark my words!"

"It will be hard luck if she is sent off," said the girl, who had offered the bread and butter. "It won't be easy for her to get another job. When they make enquiries they will hear about the father, and they will cry off. Here no questions are asked as long as you can work all right."

Liz, all unconscious that she was the topic of conversation, sat looking in front of her. She was thinking of how she could make both ends meet till Saturday. Rent and firing took up so much money, there was little left for anything else, and her mother was such a helpless kind of person—always on the verge of tears.

The forewoman came up and stood behind her, and said, not unkindly, "Liz, the guv'nor wants to see you in his room after lunch time."

"Wants to see me?" repeated Liz.

"Yes," said the forewoman as she left her.

One of the girls came to her. "Anything the matter, Liz? Hope she hasn't been growling at you."

"Oh, no," said Liz, "she says the guv'nor wants to see me. Do you know what it's about?" she asked.

"No," said the other, as she turned her face away, "but I hope it's all right."

The bell rang to resume work, and Liz got up and tapped at the guv'nor's door. She had never been in his room before, and she felt flurried and nervous.

She received no answer to her first meek little tap, so tapped a little louder.

"Come in," cried a loud voice, and as she entered the room the guv'nor looked up and said, "Oh, it is you, is it?"

"The forewoman said you wanted to see me, sir?"

They looked at each other. She saw a tall, portly man of sixty, florid and important looking, with the face of one who all his life had commanded others, and in whose opinion his own judgment was always infallible. It was not a bad face—perhaps the usual face for a "captain of industry"—but to her it was hard and severe. He saw a miserable slip of a girl of sixteen, painfully thin and ill-looking, a girl who had never had any childhood, but whose whole life had been a struggle for existence. Ignorant and unlearned, still with the look of a dreamer, which gave the pale face a pathetic interest.

"I am afraid you are not very strong," he began.

She did not like this interest coming from an employer, it sounded ominous, so she broke in—

"Oh yes, sir, I'm quite strong."

"I think the work is a little too hard for you here. I think you might find something easier."

She understood his drift. He went on—"Probably you could obtain a situation where you could get more out-door exercise. Why," he said, warming up to his subject, "you could become a nursemaid and have plenty of outings—the best thing in the world for you!"

She stood very quiet. "Who would take me, sir?"

"Who would take you?" he repeated, "why plenty of people. There is a great dearth of domestic servants."

"Would they take me when they learn my father is a convicted thief?"

"Dear me," he replied, "this is very terrible!"

"Would they take me, sir, when they know that?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," he said reluctantly.

"What am I to do if you send me away?" The quiet voice had an insistence in it he was bound to answer.

"My dear girl, I cannot help your father being a bad man."

"Can I, sir?" she said in the same quiet, even tone. "If I go from here—it is the one factory in the town—where am I to go? I am willing to work hard—I don't mind how hard. Don't send me away. God knows where I shall go to."

This was most annoying. He had made up his mind that the girl should go. He prided himself on never changing his mind, he had kindly suggested other ways for her earning her living and this argument was most irritating, so he closed the matter by saying, "My good girl, I think there are plenty of openings for you elsewhere, you may take a week's notice, and during that time you will most probably find something to suit you."

She looked at him as a wounded animal might to one who had inflicted a terrible blow. Could a man like this ever guess what it meant to her? It was useless to plead, the only thing left—to go; so she went to the door and closed it quietly behind her.

He sat still for a few minutes. He liked to think that he took a great interest in the welfare of his workers. The girl's face worried him. It was so quiet and still. He could not forget her reply when he said he couldn't help her father being a bad man. "Can I, sir?" Well! Of course he was not responsible, and he turned to his papers.

Liz returned to her machine. When the days

had been very black ones, and she had felt weary and miserable, she had sometimes spoken aloud at her work as some vent to her feelings. Nobody in the room heard her but she sometimes fancied the machine echoed her words and at times thundered a reply. And to-day as she worked it seemed to understand.

"It is a shame!" she wailed.

"A shame," echoed the machine.

"Why is it so hard to live?"

"Why," said the machine.

"I offered to work hard, but that was no good. I am always working. I never played like other children. I am only sixteen, and so old!"

"Old at sixteen," moaned the machine.

"Is it worth it? I have always had more kicks than ha'pence. Nobody ever wanted me. It is a very hard world!"

"A hard world," echoed the machine.

And then a very curious thing happened: the machine seemed to leave off echoing and was hurling forth words, and she listened.

"Little girl! there is a time coming to you and all poor things like you; a time when children shall have their full playtime, and young maidens a happy girlhood. When men will not be able to dictate to their fellows whether they may live or starve; but that time is not yet, but it is coming, coming—"

"What must I do," she whispered, "to bring that time about?"

"Work and sow the seeds of discontent," thundered the machine.

Political Chloroform.

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There is within the Labour movement to-day an increasing number of persons who for reasons, personal and otherwise, are persistently advocating the adoption of a policy of political action. It is to be hoped, however, that the workers will not be led away altogether with the vague generalities and petty personalities of politics, but will carefully consider what effect this policy will have upon them, individually and collectively, if finally adopted. It is impossible to deal fully with the evils of political action in a short article; all that can be done is to give briefly some idea of the destroying effect and the blighting and demoralising influence of political action.

Those who return a political representative to Parliament deliberately give up their right to remedy their own wrongs. They place the right and power to act into the hands of the representative whom they elect, and consequently become dependent on that so-called representative to remedy their wrongs and redress their grievances. Instead of doing something for himself, the worker who adopts political action has to play the unmanly part of waiting until somebody else does something for him. This waiting, this depending upon others will kill—in fact, to a great extent has killed—all individual initiative and free action, until ultimately the workers will cease to trust in themselves at all, and will place their trust unreservedly in their political representatives and leaders, to whom they will look for guidance in all things. Then, with such a state of affairs the Labour movement will see the rise of a most powerful, arrogant and tyrannic priesthood—the priesthood of Labour.

Manifestations are not wanting to show that this priesthood already exists, although as yet it is only in its infancy; and while the priests of religion are steadily losing ground among the workers, the priests of Labour seem to be just as steadily gaining ground. The revolt of the engineers against their leaders makes one hope

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that a timely reaction has set in against the infant priests of Labour.

An examination of recent events will show the deadening influence this political chloroform has had upon the trade unionists. There is no doubt about it, the recent decisions in the law courts against the unions would not have been so tamely submitted to had it not been for the feeling of hesitancy, of uncertainty, and, worst of all, a feeling of dependence on their leaders and Parliament, that has appeared among the trade unionists, and which can be traced directly to the advocacy of political action.

Another example of its power for harm is seen in the Socialist movement of to-day. A movement which should have been a powerful factor in the struggle for economic liberty has, in every country where it has adopted political action, only made itself ridiculous; and, instead of being feared, is laughed at by the master class. The master class know that they have nothing to fear—on the contrary, they have everything to gain—by the Socialist and Labour movement adopting political action.

They know that once the worker can be got to waste his time in discussing elections, votes, and candidates, he will soon forget all he ever learned about social and labour problems. A splendid illustration of this is seen in Canada just now. A large number of European immigrants have brought with them distinctly revolutionary ideas, and two Commissioners who had been investigating for the Bible Society reported this, and pointed out that "serious and grave perils" may result if these ideas are not destroyed. The *Toronto Globe* of September 19 has an article dealing with the report, and suggesting several ways of counteracting and destroying the obnoxious opinions of the immigrants. From that article the following is quoted:—"Another desideratum is the organisation of municipalities. Foreigners soon learn the value of citizenship when they find it entitles them to exercise the privilege of raising and spending of public money. Many of them never have had such a privilege before, and nothing will operate more effectively to dispel the Socialistic ideas which they have quite naturally imported with them from their former environment."

Further comment on this is needless, as it is an open admission of what the Libertarians have been contending all along. It is only by keeping alive and still further spreading this spirit of revolt that the wage-slaves of capitalism can make any progress towards economic freedom, and anything, such as political action, which tends to stifle and destroy the revolutionary spirit is a danger and a menace to the cause of social and economic liberty. It remains for the workers to decide what means they will adopt in the struggle for emancipation. On what side will you range yourself? Will it be on the side of slavery and oppression, following the "will o' the wisp" of politics in company with your masters, the priests of Labour, and political tricksters; or will it be on the side of Liberty and equality of opportunity, following nobody, but engaging in a direct fight against tyranny and oppression in company with the Anarchists, the poets, and the brightest intellects of the human race? Don't take this side or that side simply because someone else has done so; reason it out and choose for yourself, and remember it is better by far to have

A stormy freedom, than peaceful slavery.

JOHN DOHERTY.

Superstition dies hard, very hard at times. The Paisley I.L.P. and Socialist Choir have refused to sing any Socialist songs on Sundays except those set to sacred music.

VOICE OF LABOUR.

Trade Unions and Parliament.

—:o:—

FROM AN ANARCHIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

What are Trade Unions?

Trade Unions are voluntary economic associations for mutual protection and help in expropriating their own produce from the parasites of society.

Parliament is a capitalists' institution that defends the appropriation of the means of production and the necessities of life for the parasites of society by organised force.

Trade Unions are, therefore, anti-Parliamentary associations—states within a state. The contradiction of Trade Unions taking Parliamentary action can only be accounted for through a few unscrupulous men's lust for notoriety, power, self-aggrandisement, and as a means to enable them to batten as virtual parasites themselves, supported by the erroneous doctrines laid down by Karl Marx—the law of evolution, centralising of wealth, large capitalists swallowing up the small ones, etc.

The State Socialists are mainly to blame for the unions accepting Parliamentary action. This has been brought about by the activity of a Socialist minority in the Trade Unions and the inactivity of the unionists themselves, and to the fact that when the idea of Parliamentary action became a little prominent, the few energetic unionists left the unions and let the Socialists have full sway, instead of fighting the erroneous idea.

To-day we see the powerful Trade Unions recognising Parliamentary action as part of their propaganda. I am afraid they will have to lose a great deal of time, energy, and money before they are disillusioned of the futility of Parliamentary action to remedy the evils under which society suffers to-day.

Trade Unions were a power in the land up to the year 1871 (the year they committed themselves to political action). They had some say about their conditions of labour up to that time. All the benefits derived from Trade Unions were attained before then. A committee of the House of Commons reported "that laws against Trade Unions only produced irritation, distrust and violence." From 1871 their power has gradually slipped from them, and they find to-day it is null and void—with an indifferent people, mere wrecks of individualism, with no initiative, no effective opposition to anything—broken reeds, leaning on a few unscrupulous leaders who denounce everything in the shape of revolt.

Trade Unions have become mere charity institutions, whose members cannot lift their voice, because they are afraid they will lose the money benefits to be derived from them.

Let them look the Parliamentary action facts straight in the face, and they will soon discover the thing is absurd. Parliament is a commercial, capitalistic, plutocratic, aristocratic institution of parasites, associated to look after their exploiting vested interests, composed in proportion to amount of interest to be protected, viz., land, usury, and profits; army, navy, lawyers, and brewers. Divided into sets of monopolies, each set looking after its own interest. So equally balanced that if any attack is made on any one interest, they can, by transferring their votes to the opposition party, overthrow the ruling Government.

The credulity and ignorance of the Labour parties ever to think of getting a majority in the House of Commons, are, like the ways of God, past understanding. The bourgeois have told them plainly: "The people be damned; we have privileges worth fighting for, and no majority or social philosophy will ever make us give them up, as long as we have the army

and navy at our call." Their aim is to get the workers to take up their attention with politics as they know there is no chance of them ever getting a majority as things are at present. Their being only eight millions of voters in the kingdom, four of which are income-tax payers—more or less parasites themselves, who will always vote for a Liberal or a Tory; of the other four millions 20 per cent. are disfranchised by default in payment of rates and removals from constituencies.

The exploiters see the advantage of allowing a few Labour men to enter Parliament, so as to more easily dupe the exploited. But they will only allow them to get in by becoming protégés of one of the political parties. The Liberals are anxious to compromise, as they are hampering them from getting into power owing to their splitting the votes at elections. This is the only hope of Labour Members entering Parliament. The leaders are already divided on the compromise. When we remember the fight for power is only a sham battle; whenever the interest of the parasites are in danger—but this cannot be under present conditions—the same as in the case in Holland, where, when the Labour party became strong the ruling classes joined together to fight Labour. Or they can disfranchise the unions, Labour and Socialist parties, and limit their number of representatives to Parliament to, say, two each—as is the case in Victoria. Therefore, as protégés to the Liberal party is their only hope of entering Parliament, compromising their programme, as the Chartists did sixty years ago, whose programme is about as far forward now as it was at the start. Their energy in this direction is all in vain, only supporting the exploiters to defend an untenable position, and taking the attention of the workers away from their evil conditions.

The sooner the rank and file of the Trade Unions know their wishes can only be attained in the future, as in the past, by direct action against the force and will of the ruling classes, the better for all concerned. Let them understand that the producers of wealth must be the distributors, that monopolies protected by Governments are the unequal distributors, and must be smashed, as Marx, Proudhon and Warren demonstrated from the principles laid down by Adam Smith in the "Wealth of Nations," namely, "That labour is the real measure of price." But Marx's methods have failed, as they must fail. Let us try Proudhon's and Warren's method: abolish monopolies by abolishing their cause and protectors—Governments. Let the people manage their own affairs in their own way by individuals or voluntary associations.

ANGUS MACKAY.

Chimes.

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Coming events cast their shadows before them, and at present everything points to a gigantic struggle between Capital and Labour, both in America and in Spain in the very near future.

At the recent strike in Bilbao, the wealthy class all left the town, while the men of God were afraid to show themselves on the streets. Of course the Spanish workmen do not walk about the streets aimlessly, like the British workman, when on strike. They will not starve quietly, and that is why the rulers are so afraid of them.

The master class are more afraid of the General Strike than any other weapon the workers possess, and the rapid progress the idea has made on the Continent has alarmed them in this country, hence their efforts to render strikes useless by making them illegal, and the encouragement given to the unions to adopt political action.

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