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WHY I AM A MEMBER OF THE I. L. P.

BY GRIFFITH DELL.

I think, for the sake of clearness, I had better begin by defining Socialism as I understand it.

I do not regard Socialism as merely the "nationalization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." That is only the scaffolding, so to speak, for the building of the beautiful fane that will be true Socialism, which is a universally prevalent spirit of altruism and love. It is consequently impossible for Socialism in its fullest and truest sense to become an accomplished fact at the present time.

The social system of any country is the outcome of the national spirit, and, pessimistic though it may seem at first sight, I can come to no other conclusion than that, bad as it is now, our present organization is the reflection of the moral altitude of the mass of the people.

The hand of every man is against his neighbour in the fierce struggle for life, and it is only the exceptional man or woman who sees the hideousness of it all. Our national spirit is "each for himself." When it is "each for all" Socialism will be possible. And this I feel to be the most important part of our work, as true revolutionists—to educate, to enlighten, and to lift up, rather than to demonstrate scientifically: to appeal to that love of right and good which lies latent within the soul of every human being, rather than to the intellectual faculties: for, at the risk of being accused of "mere sentimentalism," I must confess to being more of a moralist than an economist. To make English men and women brothers and sisters seems to me a shorter road to Socialism than to convince them of the impregnability of its economic basis. But here I would say that I do not expect nor desire every revolutionist to share any of my opinions, any more than I should expect or desire everyone to have red hair; for of all things let us have in the revolutionary ranks forbearance and charity one to another as comrades in very deed and not in word only.

I have not an exaggerated idea of the importance of the Independent Labour Party's position in the evolution of the perfected social state out of the present chaos. It is at most a small power striving toward light—one that will have its day and fulfil its mission, and eventually vanish to make room for a mightier than itself: it is but a body of men hammering together a little of that scaffolding whereby may rise Socialism—that infinitely lovely fabric builded of noble souls of men and women, whose spire touches heaven indeed. And although I should take off my coat for scaffold-building, and work with my whole heart to get a Socialist majority returned to Parliament, yet, none the less, I have the firm conviction that true Socialism will never be attained by mere legislation, but only through that spirit of love and fraternity that I have spoken of.

But let us have Socialists everywhere, in Parliament as well as out of it.

Wherever you find a true Socialist you find a man willing to cheerfully do his share of the labour nature exacts from every child of her's; one who will recognize an equal in every human being he meets, neither regarding his capacities nor weighing his virtues, but by reason of the divine spark which dwells within the human soul; one who hates wrong and all injustice and who loves right and freedom. I think that a man who holds principles like these, and pledges his honour to uphold them in that modern harbour of misrule and injustice, which we call Parliament, is worthy of support; if he be a liar, then we will seek for an honest man.

To me it seems that, for the present, laws and government must be, and that Anarchism will be the final social condition for an uplifted people.

We have lost our Paradise through the oppression of tyrants and through laws made by evildoers. By the just laws framed by lovers of men must we be made worthy that Eden where alone no government will be necessary.

That such a time will come is certain. There is no ideal that the human soul is capable of conceiving that is impossible of realization.

But not yet. We must work and have patience, holding fast to the faith, with eyes steadfastly fixed on the light at the end of our path. We are but poor men and women: we cannot take one great step and be at our journey's end; it is a long, long way yet.

The first step seems to me to be—making people happier and better, by creating better and healthier and more beautiful surroundings, and—a majority of honest Socialists in Parliament would do this.

That is why I belong to the Independent Labour Party.

DRAWING THE LINE.

The uses of organisation are much insisted on by Parliamentary Socialists, and from their point of view these uses are of great importance. To get a multitude of men to act in unity for a common end seems at first mention an admirable thing, but cooperation is not in itself a novelty, nor is it always a blessing. We call nothing of the kind good until we know its end. If the object of organisation be merely to elect a particular man or set of men to office, it is evident we should know something of the men, and something of the office they aspire to fill, before we can get any enthusiasm for the preliminary organisation. Is the man good? Is the office necessary?—are questions needing to be answered before we can work the ganglia of rapture. Men are so variable, and many of them so unreliable, that we prefer to save up our enthusiasm for the more impersonal and less changeable devotion to principles. Fling up your caps if you like for Tom, Dick, or Harry; we hold up our hands for certain principles to which we desire to have these men's assent. We will organise to advance our theories, but not to promote any set of men to office. Nor will we be bound on any consideration to vote for candidates we personally disapprove. It matters not how they label themselves, if they seem unfitted to bring our principles into creditable action we claim liberty to stand aloof from them. Here we draw the line between the political parties and ourselves. We decline to be organised for voting purposes; for educational ends we may or may not cooperate, but in all things we demand freedom. We do not wish to compel others to be good after our pattern. When the merits of a candidate are pressed on our attention we simply ask, Is he worth voting for? Can he do any good? At present nearly the whole energies of Parliamentary Socialists are devoted to getting certain men into office, and we cannot pull ourselves together for such a paltry object. The common use of organisation is to enable certain men to conveniently use certain other men for ignoble and personal ends. For that reason we are not having any. Nearly all cooperative effort of a worthy kind will command the united suffrages of the people, and if any difference of opinion exist the people should be left to sift and settle the matter.

R. G.

IN COMMON-SENSE COUNTRY, "as there was no mammon there were none of those dismal things which are eternal essentials where mammon reigns. There were no arsenals, no armies, no police, no spies: no banks, no prisons, no poorhouses: no brothels, no divorce courts, no nunneries, no confessionals: no "rings," no strikes, no infernal machines, no gallows. Common-sense found no sort of use in any of these queer things. Common-sense knew by hearsay that mammon could not reign without them: but then common-sense found no reason whatever for putting up with mammon, or paying its expenses."—L. S. BEVINGTON.

CHRISTIAN ANARCHISM.

By J. C. KENWORTHY.

In reply to Touzeau Parris, in October LIBERTY, it may be worth while to say a few words further on this matter of Christian Anarchism.

The reason why I do not call myself a Christian Anarchist is, that to do so would do more harm than good with the mass of people, who do not understand the term. I have not the slightest objection to those who understand the legitimate significance of the words so calling me. But I am not going out of my way to court misapprehension. I am content to be known as one who seeks to follow the Jesus of the Gospels: this seems, to me, least open to misapprehension.

Why is our comrade Parris amused about the orthodox perverters of the gospel who "read black where you should read white?" It is a serious matter; rather more serious than if a body of commentators who should call—only call—themselves Socialists, were to construct a careful and deliberate "comment" on the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels, and show the document to be Ultra-Conservative, and an authorization to burn at the stake those who believe in common property in land and capital! It could be done! The Pope did just this with the will of Francis of Assisi. Surely, surely, much is gained by proving, as is quite simply done, that Jesus was in the very forefront of the revolution!

Comrade Parris "defies" me to prove that "men are the creation of an all-powerful, all-wise, and all-loving being." Well, I cannot prove to a man blind all his life, that red is red, or any colour at all. Nor would I attempt to prove anything to one like the Septchman who said "I'm always open to conviction—but I'd like to see the man who'd convince me." But I am quite prepared, when asked, to give my reasons for the above statement; which I find to be just as valid for the building of my life as though it were part of an architect's true plan for the building of a house. I merely mentioned it as the first great fact of life to the christian—the first article in the spiritual belief which differentiates the Christian Anarchist from other Anarchists.

The "life hereafter" is the second such great fact and article of belief. Here again, I hold to this on grounds of fact, demonstrable fact, and of reason—pure reason. And has our comrade never read the story (legend, he would call it) of the death and resurrection of Jesus, that he should say "there is not a single passage there declaring that the human spirit or soul enters the other life upon the death of the body?" See how the commentators have deluded even our clear-sighted comrade!

He speaks of "a radical error that blinds" me; namely, an "implied belief in the supernatural." Now, I do not understand his use of the word "supernatural." If, however, he means it to cover the spirit world, and all the associations and intercourse of humanity with that other order of being, then I must say, this is essential to the Christian conception of life. But these things are not "supernatural"; they are entirely "natural"; so natural that the Christian knows them and acts in them in the supreme part of his environment. Because these things do not appear real to, are not consciously apprehended by, Touzeau-Parris and many others, it is not to be supposed that they are unreal to, unapprehended by, others who know of them, and believe in them. Competent observers who have seen ghosts know that there are ghosts, notwithstanding the doubts of those who have not seen them, and even of some who have.

Then our friend raises the question, as to whether Christianity, "Christian civilisation," has not failed.

I ask, Has civilisation ever tried christianity? The answer is plainly, No. When it does, it will become something quite other than what it now is, and just what we reformers (I understand) want it to be. That will be when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of God and his Christ. And this, Parris and others are, after all, little as they suspect it, doing something to bring about.

I repeat that, the better Anarchist, Communist, Reformer one is, the more surely this miserable society of ours will become to us a wilderness; and—for myself, and I suppose I am human, like other men—I need the conviction that this life is not all, that it shall "be well with the righteous", to give me the hope, courage, power, which shall enable me to use my life most effectively in the cause of the right.

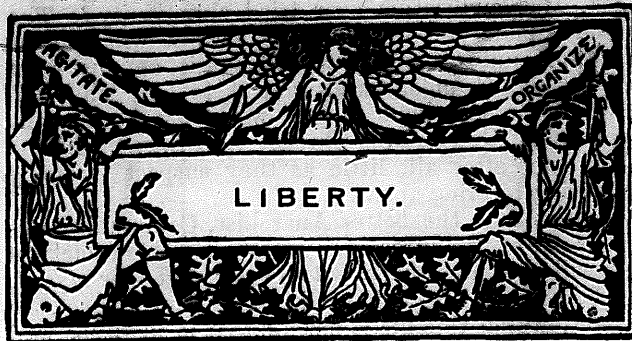
SINGLE TAX STUPIDITY.

To the Editor of LIBERTY.

In order to make out a case for the single tax, in your November issue, Mr. Arthur Withy has to assume that all men have equal rights to use the earth. In order to shatter such pretensions as are made by single taxers I must show that "equal rights" is a figment of the imagination. In a state of nature the rights of men are measured by their might, and whatever men have the might to do they have the right to do. The only alternative to the right of might is the right of contract. When men are sufficiently intelligent to perceive their self-interest they will abandon the right of might for the right of contract, or equal liberty. Then will the sunburst of Anarchy illumine the universe. The state of nature, in which might and right are synonymous, has not vanished with the appearance of government; for, as I have said, the only alternative to the right of might is the right of contract, or voluntary agreement. No government has ever yet entered into a contract with the people, and in the absence of a contract there is no obligation. No person is by any principle of justice bound to respect the laws made by a band of individuals calling themselves a government. And, in so far as the government invades the life, liberty, and labour products of individuals who have made no contract with it, these individuals are bound by no principle of justice to respect the government in any way. Even in the most civilised government of to-day there is no contract between the people and the government, and the right of might is just as valid as it ever was. This is subtly recognised by Christians and Hebrews, who bow in fear and trembling to God because he is "almighty."

When government is dead and the right of might gives place to the right of contract it will be in order to talk of "equal rights". Till then the single taxers have no basis for their theory. If I, as a member of the community have a right to a share of the economic rent of every piece of land, I have also the right to dispose of such share in any way I may think fit. I may take my share or leave it, but even if I do the latter, the state has no right to touch a fraction of it unless I personally consent: and I shall not consent! But the state will take no notice of my protest. Why then talk of "equal rights"? The whole trouble with the land is that people have to pay rent for the use of it. Landlords will accept rent so long as the people consent to pay it. The only real solution of the land question lies in the refusal by the people to pay rent. As Proudhon said: "Products are bought only with product," and taxes can be paid only with products; therefore the taxation of land values leads logically to the taxation of labor values. There is no necessity to deal further with the single tax. I have shown that it has no basis in fact or logic.

WILLIAM J. ROBINS.



"LIBERTY" is a journal of Anarchist-Communism; but articles on all phases of the Revolutionary movement will be freely admitted, provided they are worded in suitable language. No contributions should exceed one column in length. The writer over whose signature the article appears is alone responsible for the opinions expressed, and the Editor in all matters reserves to himself the fullest right to reject any article.

We would ask our contributors, to write plainly and on one side of the paper only.

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LIBERTY,

LONDON, DECEMBER, 1895.

DEATH OF L. S. BEVINGTON.

It is with deep sorrow we record the death of our dear comrade, Louisa Sarah Bevington, which took place on Thursday, the 28th ult., at her residence at Willesden, in the 50th year of her age.

L. S. Bevington was one of the most remarkable women of her time. Born and reared in the lap of luxury, but of better stuff than most of those thus delicately nurtured, she gave early indication of that great ability as a thinker and writer which she afterwards displayed, and which led to an introduction to the leading writers on science and philosophy, and secured for her the life-long friendship of Herbert Spencer.

Her early writings, which were chiefly of a poetical nature, gained recognition at once, and stamped her as a poet of uncommon power. Her later writings marked her out as one of the keenest and brightest thinkers of the day on social topics.

As an advocate of free thought she won renown in her brilliant reply to Mallock's article on "Modern Atheism," in the *Nineteenth Century*. This reply necessitated a second edition of the magazine. It was in this reply-article our friend enunciated her firm conviction—arrived at after years of thought and investigation—that "Conscience has taken milleniums to develop, and it has developed in obedience to a need, not to a creed—springing out of the fundamental demands of progressive existence rather than from the comparatively recent demands of theological aspiration."

Of late it has been one of L. S. B.'s greatest regrets that she was prevented by ill health from earning money by her pen which would have enabled her to support and advance the cause with which her feelings were in most active accord. Only those who were fortunate in having her friendship could adequately appreciate her natural purity of character, and the great bravery which characterised her whole life.

It might truly be said that she rose superior to circumstances. Her private trials were of that description which would have utterly broken down a less resolute nature, but so keenly alive was she to social injustice, that—ignoring her own sufferings—she strove with all her might to make the world better; and the advanced thought of today is enriched by her efforts, and her name will be revered, and handed down with those of Francois Galton, Herbert Spencer, Peter Kropotkin, and Louise Michel. Her friends were to be found in all ranks of life, and her readiness to aid all with the hand of a friend

was not limited to her own circle, but everything she did in this direction was characterized by the grace and unobtrusive charm which so highly distinguished her.

As our readers are aware, it was during the latter part of the summer that our comrade's illness assumed a serious aspect, and necessitated all the care and attention her family could give her. Nothing however could save her life. Only a few hours before her death she was in excellent spirits—had been in fact dictating a contribution for the columns of LIBERTY, in answer to the letter of D. B. in our last number, which she was of opinion was both "quaint and foolish", her contention being that any person recognizing authority of a spiritual nature could not possibly be a true Anarchist. With this conviction she passed peacefully away early on the morning of the date above mentioned.

"Key-Notes," a small volume of poems—the title of which was probably suggested by Emerson's reference to the "Key-Note of Nature and Spirit"—was the first of Miss Bevington's works. It was published in 1879. Four of the songs, entitled respectively "Morning," "Afternoon," "Twilight," and "Midnight," were reproduced in a well known American periodical, the *Popular Science Monthly*, at the special request of Herbert Spencer, under the title of "Teachings of a Day." One of the teachings was that

"In the drift of things and forces
Comes the better from the worse."

The mind of Miss Bevington had not as yet acquired its full vigour, for we find her asking "When breath has ceased for ever, are men all the same?" Indeed the whole work is not inaptly described in a few lines which we quote from the dedication:

"The sum of them together cast
Makes just one questioning dissonance, such chord
As symbolises best unfinished life."

At this time Miss Bevington had scarcely begun the good work she was eventually to carry on.

Between 1879 and 1882 (the latter being the date of issue of her second book) L. S. B. had been very busy contributing articles to various magazines and newspapers—*Modern Thought*, *Mind*, *The Anglo-Continental Review*, etc.

"Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets" displayed most unmistakably an advance on all previous efforts. There was a breadth, a fire, a power to

"Hold aloft a meaning steadfastly
Amid the ruin-crash of falling creeds"

which occasioned *The Cambridge Review* to say

"This little book shows beyond doubt that a poetess has risen among us stronger in her particular style than any of her predecessors."

The *Athenæum* wrote

"That Miss Bevington is a poet there can be no doubt: her poetic gift is that of an uncommon order to be met with in Blake's drawings and in the best of Dr. Garth Wilkinson's poems. There is in all three that sure power of inner vision which can clothe spiritual ~~life~~ with visible form."

In well nigh every page of these "Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets" there is an ever growing desire for freedom—the purest, the strongest, the best that men or women may win. It is in connection with this incessant longing and craving for liberty that one of the most important events in the life of L. S. B. occurred. She was married to an artist, a German. After a few years of wedded life they found themselves not altogether at variance, but out of tune with each other. In the light of this fact the last verse of the last sonnet ("For Freedom's Sake") in the volume has now a touching interest:

"But we have chosen Freedom: so I make
Here—as we part for weeks, for years, for life—
My promise: I will whet my will's keen knife
And one by one all memory's fetters break.
Ah! go Forget, forgive love's lingering strife!
One Kiss?—Our last. Goodbye—"for Freedom's sake."

Her "will's keen knife" was used—how deep, how hard to bear, the wounds inflicted only she who felt them could tell. But her path thenceforward was clear and

straight, and her work thorough. She took her stand with

"Anarchy's few;
Fighting the False and the Bad
In all that they do;
Forcing a way for the Glad,
The Pure and the True."

Her articles in the *Commonweal*, *Freedom*, and *Echo*, and more recently in *Liberty* and *Torch* are ample evidence of our assertion. Our readers will remember "Liberty Lyrics", containing the latest of L. S. B.'s poetical works. We must not omit mention of the fact that the translation of Louise Michel's "Commune of Paris" (which has been running through the last 12 numbers of *LIBERTY*) was done by Miss Bevington, between whom and the author there has long existed a sincere and sympathetic friendship.

The last work published by L. S. B. was "Common-Sense Country". Our Comrade has left some finished and some unfinished MS. The publication of all or any of these will be eagerly anticipated by those who have already become acquainted with her writings.

The interment took place on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., at Finchley Cemetery. Amongst those attending were the brother, a sister, and several cousins of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kropotkin, Dr. and Mrs. Donkin, Mr. and Mrs. James Toehatti, the Misses Rossetti, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, and others.

The coffin was taken from the hearse to the grave, and at once lowered to its resting place amidst the utmost silence and without any formal ceremony whatever. A gentlemen, a stranger, stepped forward and placed a very handsome wreath upon the coffin, and then quietly withdrew. To the wreaths contributed by the relatives of our comrade was added a large one "From the London Anarchists," the ground work of which was red flowers, the letters being formed in white flowers.

TO OUR READERS.

The next No. of *LIBERTY*—the first of Vol. III.—will consist of Twelve Pages. The size of the page will be rather smaller than this, but with additional pages, and using a larger quantity of small type, we shall be enabled considerably to increase the amount of reading matter. Our present Contributors most generously promise to continue their invaluable assistance, and several other friends have offered to write on subjects of great interest to Anarchists and to revolutionary Socialists. In the direction here indicated, and in other and similar methods, we hope to largely increase the number of readers of *LIBERTY*, and at the same time prove to our present readers that we do not forget their help in the past and that we intend doing our level best to deserve their continued confidence.

ABERDEEN SUBSCRIPTION SALE.—The winning numbers were as follows: 1682, 1925, 1494, 1371, 1524, 1455, 1971, 1594, 821, 1808, 482, 1226, 727, 1501, 1262, 1798, 1607, 1384, 1587.

P. KROPOTKIN will deliver a Lecture at the Grafton Rooms, Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, on the 13th inst.: subject—"Le rôle Historique de l'Etat."

A **PUBLIC MEETING** on the Lanchester case is to be held at St. Martin's Town Hall on the 19th of December, and all those who desire to express their disapproval of the iniquitous lunacy laws, through which so many victims have been and are still being entrapped into private and public asylums for all sorts of sinister purposes, should turn up and support the movement. A number of well-known speakers will be there.

Can Roman Catholics be Anarchists?

To the Editor of *LIBERTY*.

Before an answer can properly be given to the above question we (Catholics) must know what Anarchism is. We can agree with much of what "D. B." wrote when he asked the question in your last issue. Certainly it is true that the Church has refused State control, and

must always do so, because—the Church is above the State, although always desiring to allow the State perfect freedom in its own sphere, which should never run contrary to God's laws, natural laws, or human reason. The Church does therefore stand in a different position—towards Anarchism, or any other movement—than that occupied by other churches. The remarks about the clergy in Ireland and in other countries having stood up manfully for the people are true—and a matter of history I presume no one will doubt or question. I cannot understand the next point—wherein Catholics are accused of practicing spiritual oppression within the borders of their own churches. The Church from the earliest times has been in almost continual conflict with state governments, kings, or rulers, has often dared the oppressor to do his worst, and her children have suffered martyrdom in consequence, and would do the same again, no doubt; but mark, it has always been a passive resistance, which has in the end triumphed, for the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. D. B. says it would be interesting to ascertain how far this liking to support the principle of individual liberty can be relied on in the coming fight for freedom. The principles of the Church do not change. What they were in the past they will be in the future. Of all men, Socialist writers of the revolutionary type are the least likely to be unduly predisposed in their views of what the Church has done for the people, and yet in their writings one finds a full acknowledgement of the good work accomplished for civilisation, not only by the Church as a body but by those very monks and nuns who are the special bugbears of anti-catholic writers: they see in the very wealth of the mediæval church a factor of civilisation and national prosperity, and in the so-called Reformation they know that there took place a wholesale robbery of the poor, and of the mechanics through confiscation of their trade guilds, the effects of which we are suffering from to this day.

The Church's love of liberty is the same today as ever, and will ever remain the same. The Church's meaning of liberty is well understood by her children. When I know the Anarchist definition of liberty the two can be compared. The utterances of the Holy Father will be accepted by his children with that obedience which his exalted position entitles him to. "He cannot forget (says D. B.) that in Rome he is a temporal prince as well as spiritual ruler." Quite so: why should he forget a position which is his by every known right—a position which brutal force alone compelled him to abandon only under protest. "Unrestricted liberty to teach and practise their belief is all English Catholics ask for: therefore (says D. B.) they should give hearty support to the Anarchist propaganda." This I take it is a false conclusion. Because Catholics agree that hunger, misery, robbery, and injustice are wrong and are going on around us, and because we resist the oppressor in consequence of our love for justice and liberty, it does not follow that we must therefore become anything other than Catholics. Our history for the past 1800 years proves it. We can assist any society or group that aims to right wrong or improve mankind. We can take the good out of the teaching of any society, but there is no need to join it, nor any reason why we should not, provided the object is good and true. In her efforts for the abolition of slavery, in her moralistic orders, in her councils, and her edicts which run without regard to political boundaries, in the low born hands in which she placed a sign before which the proudest knelt, in her bishops who by consecration became the peers of the greatest nobles, in her servant of servants (so his title ran) who by virtue of the ring of a fisherman claimed to arbitrate between nations, the Church in spite of everything was yet a promoter of association, and witness for the natural equality of men. One has only to study the history of the Church to know that it is unnecessary to become anything but a good Catholic, for although others play their part the Catholic Church must remain a potent factor in social evolution.

OSCAR BAKER.

"Can Roman Catholics be Anarchists?" From the very nature of their faith they cannot. They believe in a god who is the sole cause, reason, arbiter and absolute disposer of all things. This god being truth, justice, beauty, life and power, it necessarily follows that man is "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity" and consequently unable to find truth, justice, etc., without a divine revelation. Roman Catholics teach that their church, with an infallible pope as its head, has been made the custodian of that revelation "by special appointment", and that it is the only inspired expounder of the will of the ruler of the universe to man. Thus the Church is essentially authoritarian in spirit, that is, anti-anarchist. It denies the right of private judgement, and claims to be above human reason. Infallibility cannot be confined to theology, but must include the scientific, social, and political affairs of the world. Anarchists recognize rebellion to be an important factor making for progress. While those who rebel against the authority of the Pope are to be considered as having no rights, by the Church. Why the Church "has refused to be bossed by any temporal authority" is because it wants to boss the temporal authority itself, (that is not "Anarchistic in spirit") asserting as it does that "the law of God and the law of the Pope are one and the same all other powers being its subjects". In Catholic countries the State is consecrated by the Church, and is, according to the teachings of that church, subordinate to it; are we not told that "princes hold their power from God through the Church"? Anarchism as the synonym of individual liberty is the logical outcome of the Reformation and therefore the enemy of Roman Catholicism.

J. F.

THE REV. TOBIAS SMUGLY ON ANARCHY.

His sermon was not altogether on Anarchy. By no means. It was simply before his last "in conclusion," which preceded the usual peroration, that he deemed it worth while to descend from the sublime heights to which his eloquence had soared, and touch on such an everyday subject as Anarchy. The bulk of his sermon was devoted to elucidating whether Aaron's rod was beech or simply pitchpine. "This, my brethren," he said, "is one of those ever-recurring mighty problems which must be solved, this is one of those momentous questions which perplex and move us, this is the dark and inscrutable riddle which must be read if we would have our minds prepared to receive and cherish all the other grand truths of the past."

He went on in this strain for some time, and, after quoting half the Bible, succeeded in proving completely to his own satisfaction that the rod was neither beech nor pine but birch. Whether he thought there was some association between the birch and Anarchists, or that there ought to be, I don't know, but at any rate he proceeded to give the congregation of Little Bethel his opinions and ideas on these men and their propaganda thusly:

"It grieves me, my brethren, to make known unto you that I have received information which compels me to accept the alarming conclusion that there are, in the neighbourhood of our church, a body of men engaged in the devil's work, not only turning the hearts and minds of the people away from God, but also from their masters. If they succeed in imbuing the minds of the people with their pernicious doctrines, if their abominable wickedness should triumph and their abhorrent principles reign supreme, what, I ask, oh what will the condition of the people be? How could the people do without the landlords—those noble-hearted, broad-minded, charitable, benevolent men, who so generously relieve them from all care and anxiety regarding superfluous money, who heroically accept the burden of riches with all the risk and danger it entails of forever losing perfect bliss, in order that the great bulk of humanity may be certain of receiving it. Ah, my brethren, this is heroism, this is courage but seldom seen in the history of the world. What could the people do without the capitalist, who so generously provides them with employment, so that they may get through the day without time hanging heavily on their hands, so that they may be kept out of mischief, for you know Satan always finds mischief for idle hands to do—this truly philanthropic capitalist not only employs them, but out of the largeness of his heart and his genuine sympathetic feeling actually condescends to pay them wages? What, I ask you, would become of our beautiful factories, whose majestic chimneys reach almost to the sky, belching forth their smoke, grandly colouring the air and carrying with it new beauty to the skies. Instead of the stately grandeur of those enduring piles of brick and mortar we would have only green fields, blue skies, and a clear atmosphere. Oh, my brethren, is it not almost too horrible to contemplate—this outrageous abolition of the landlord and the capitalist? Where would be the opportunity for noble, self-denying, charitable, christian work for the young ladies of this congregation, if those abandoned wretches triumph, and burn the slums, as they threaten? What will become of the society for providing boots and blankets for the poor ignorant heathen in far off lands? These Anarchists—deluded, impractical madmen—suggest that we should keep the boots and blankets for our own people at home; but they forget our own people have the inestimable privilege, which is denied the poor savage, of gazing at boots and blankets in our shop windows. And now I come to the last and most terrible calamity. What, my brethren, oh! what would become of me?"

And here the Rev. Tobias was so overcome with emotion that he sank back on the cushions, and the service was declared over.

J. BLAIR SMITH.

A GLASGOW MAN WITH THE SWISS POLICE.

Some few months ago I went, on the advice of my doctor, to Switzerland. On arriving at Rotheras, the capital of Bale, I found a lodging in the house of a poor widow. I had retired to bed, and was in fact fast asleep by half-past twelve, at which time I was rudely awakened by someone leaning over me and mumbling something which I could not understand. The room being dark and the window near the ground I suspected I was being called upon by a burglar. The intruder sharply asked me "Did you write a letter today?" I said "Who are you?" The reply was "A policeman." By this time I was thoroughly awake, and instantly answered "No." I had not written any letter during the week. He opened the door of my room and then I saw that the adjoining apartment was lighted up, and that my landlady and her children were all there and apparently in great alarm at the visit of the officer. This individual said to the woman "See, he denies having written any letter." Being an Anarchist I thought I was suspected, and I immediately asked him to show me the letter. I could not contain my laughter when I caught sight of a scrap of paper on which I had written in pencil a few stray thoughts. I said the writing was mine, but it was not a letter. He answered by informing me that I was his prisoner, and ordered me to come with him to the police office. I had no desire to increase the alarm of the family, so I got up and dressed. While doing so my purse fell on the floor and, having some coppers in it, created considerable noise. I stooped to pick it up, when my wrist was caught in the iron grip of the officer, and on looking at the man's face I saw it was pale with fear. More amused than angry I asked him if he was frightened, and if he thought it was a six-shooter that had fallen from my pocket.

When he saw that I was laughing at him he let go his hold and went to the door, where he stood shaking like an aspen leaf. I again asked him if he was afraid, when he replied "No, I am not afraid, but my wife is dead, and I am thinking of my poor children." I assured him he was in no danger, and displayed my purse to his affrighted gaze.

I was soon prepared to accompany him, and we marched along the deserted streets to the office. I was led up to a counter, on the inner side of which the chief constable (or whoever he was) was seated. "This is the man: he does not deny," said the policeman, who then took up a position behind me. The chief jumped from his seat, and withdrew a few paces, eyeing me with rather an unsteady look. "Are you a foreigner?" "Yes," "Have you written this?" "Yes." "Why have you written this?" "Because I took pleasure in writing it." "Are you an Anarchist?" "Yes." "Are you not ashamed to be an Anarchist?" "No, I am proud that I have intelligence enough to understand Anarchism." "Do you believe in God almighty?" "No, because if there be a God he would not allow the present unjust state of society to continue: how could he see some of his poor children starving for bread, and forced to suicide, while others live in the greatest of luxury?" "Don't you believe in eternal punishment?" "No, I don't know anything about any other world than this." "But you are not going to be arrested here." "Just as you like: I am not afraid of prison." "Well, you are honest, you don't deny your creed you may go." I asked that the policeman should accompany me back to my lodgings, to assure my landlady that she was perfectly safe in allowing me to remain there, or I might be compelled to walk the streets, or go to an hotel and charge him (the chief) with the cost.

The policeman was ordered to go with me. As we walked he began to talk in praise of Anarchism, said he was half an Anarchist, and would like to ask me some questions if I would go to another office where he was going on duty, as he did not like to talk too much in the streets.

After making matters all right with the landlady, I complied with his request, and as soon as we were alone he commenced to put a lot of questions about Anarchists and the movement generally, interspersing his questions with remarks to the effect that he was sick of the present system, and would like to blow up the rich people and their residences in that neighbourhood if anyone would only tell him how it could be done. He then produced a bottle of whisky, and asked me to have some, but I declined. I answered such of his questions as I thought proper, and intimated that I was not to be caught by any trap he might set for me. I managed to get his name and address, as they will enable me to recall my acquaintance with the Swiss police.

I duly returned to Glasgow but very little the worse for my midnight adventure, excepting a slight cold. Had I been foolish enough to drink, I might have said something that would have been brought against me, and sworn to, and I might have been sent to prison.

Perhaps this short account of my experience may be of service to any comrade thinking of visiting Switzerland. H. W.

To the Army of Revolt.

Greetings.

Courage and speed you well.

The warfare is not for political freedom alone:

Nor yet for industrial freedom alone.

May be you are struggling against long established canons of obedience, against legalized ties to infidelity to marriage, against claims unduly pressed of family tradition:

Courage and speed you well I bid you.

On no account must pains and penalties of rebellion be heeded.

Greater far the breaking of bonds, the step nearer Freedom

Than all the terrors of Heaven and Hell.

The great thing is the step nearer Freedom.

May be you are in conflict with public opinion:

You are against popular taste in art and literature:

Fight fiercely on.

Public opinion and popular taste are acceptable en masse, but never authoritative and coercive.

The blast of social displeasure will not kill so fatally as the galling irksome chains of social compulsion.

Whatsoever the warfare against all decrees of convention, rules of polite society, etiquette, explicit commands as to God or the soul, current morality, servile compliances,

If you, personal and immortal, stand for Freedom

I am with you, irrespective of causes and disputes.

And if in the fight for Freedom you but pass from one master to another, and find the chains still fetter,

Be not discouraged.

For in time the last link shall be broken—if you desire it.

And if the solitude of the struggle, and the coldness of isolation that blows o'er Freedom's frontier depresses you,

Be not discouraged.

You are not really alone:

I for one stand by you—close.

And unobserved are many around you, whom an outstretched hand will reveal—

Unseen now, impossible to be seen till you claim them, waiting only the grasp of your hand—

Brothers and Comrades all in the fight for Freedom.

The Army of Revolt is not confined to making one particular capture:

Always the fight is for Freedom.

JOE CLAYTON.

THE MONOMANIACS: A FABLE IN FINANCE.

By HENRY SEYMOUR.

Once upon a time there lived in the moon a race of people who subsisted principally by eating one another. In course of time their numbers became so diminished that they viewed with alarm the approaching extinction of their species. But the first law of nature sufficiently asserted itself to induce them to relinquish cannibalism except as a luxury, and by degrees they went to fishing, to pasturage and husbandry, ultimately developing a rude system of commodity production.

By and by they found hand-labor to be excessively tiresome, and although they worked from morning till night they had very great difficulty to produce enough to support themselves. Step by step, they devised better tools, and contrived some ingenious inventions by which a great deal of labor became economized. They soon found out that a still more economical method of production resided in the principle of division of labor; and the quantity of their products were thus augmented to a considerable degree. At this stage, a new problem arose. How were they to measure the relative quantities which each should equitably exchange with the other? Hence arose the necessity of a medium of exchange. The principle of barter no longer sufficed. He who produced six times the quantity of corn he himself stood in need of could find ready customers, but it often happened that these customers had no suitable thing which they could offer in exchange, and so no exchange could take place. He who caught enough fish to feed the rest of the community could exchange some of it for corn, but he also required other things than corn, for was it not said of old that man cannot live by bread alone? He required a pair of boots, for instance, and the bootmaker, preferring flesh, did not want the fish. So after tarrying until the fish stunk, he would manure the soil with it and go barefooted. In fine, they were in a hopeless fix for the want of some means to adjust exchanges.

Now there happened to be amongst them, one known by the name of Old Roth, who much resembled a chimpanzee. He had never been known to do any labor worthy of mention since he devoured his mother-in-law in the old time when cannibalism was the only political economy practised by these people. He had suffered the worst terrors of indigestion and was a confirmed invalid. He eked out an existence under the new regime by borrowing from his neighbors. He would borrow from one and preserve his credit by repaying him with what he borrowed from another. He was doubtless the prototype of that subtle economist who first announced the idea of the productivity of capital.

His opportunity had at last arrived. His inventive genius had made him the hero of the hour. He had discovered a royal road to fortune, but affected the utmost indifference with respect to his own interests, and posed as the benefactor of his race. So he summoned together all the people and when they were seated about him, he addressed them in this wise:

"Friends—I have made a brilliant discovery, which is destined to be of the greatest service to you all. You have long labored under the manifest disadvantage of being unable to exchange your respective productions with equity and facility. I have devised a system of exchange whereby the equitable transfer of products can be made and nothing wasted. After a long time of deep study, during which I have been ungenerously reproved for idleness, I have solved this all-important problem, and I have brought you hither to tell you of it and to make you a present of the idea if you will just grant me one small concession."

"Name it," shouted all.

Continuing, he said, "the concession I refer to is that I be permitted to hold the exclusive possession of that yellow dirt I have scraped together in the corner, it being all that I could find in these regions."

This was so peculiar a request that the people fell to looking in each others' faces in bewilderment, wondering if the old man had taken leave of his senses.

"Certainly we agree," said they, after recovering from their astonishment, knowing that the dirt could be of no possible value, and remembering that he was entitled to it, seeing that he had scraped it together with his own hands.

"Thanks," exclaimed Old Roth, "and now I will unfold my scheme. It must have occurred to you hundreds of times that the system of barter which you have so long practised is a most wasteful and inefficient one."

"Hear, hear," shouted the multitude.

"Such being the case," he went on, "it must be equally plain that if some scheme were devised to supersede it and to make the exchange of your products perfect and complete,—no matter whether one of the parties in an exchange desired what the other possessed a superabundance of, or not,—it would be the greatest boon ever bestowed upon the inhabitants of Lunarland."

"Good Old Roth," shouted the astonished natives.

"Very well," he resumed, "then let each and all of you agree to accept yellow dirt in payment for products. The bootmaker may have boots for sale. The fisherman may require a pair of boots, but it may also happen that the bootmaker will prefer flesh to fish for his repast, and therefore will not sell his boots for fish, in which he will be wise, seeing that the perishability of the latter is more rapid than that of the former. Now if you will all agree to accept yellow dirt for your vendible products, the problem is solved. The bootmaker will sell his boots to the fisherman for so much yellow dirt; with which the bootmaker will be able to buy beef from the butcher, and so on."

The inhabitants of Lunarland were simply entranced with the pro-

posal—it appeared to them so simple, and so effectual.

One of them, a bit of a wag in his way, rose and said he would like to ask the speaker a question. How would the fisherman procure, in the first place, the yellow dirt wherewith to pay his bootmaker's bill? At which, the old man waxed exceedingly wroth.

"Oh, that's simple enough," replied Old Roth, concealing his annoyance, "all that the fisherman has to do is to bring me so much fish in exchange for so much dirt, and the same applies to every other member of the community. Once in their possession they will be able to spend it in such manner as best pleases them."

There was unanimous assent.

From the moment that the people came to understand that yellow dirt was a charm which brought anything one wished, there came to pass a fierce scramble to secure the possession of the yellow dirt in preference to any other thing. The fisher toiled all day and night and brought a huge haul to Old Roth in exchange for some of the yellow dirt. Likewise, the bootmaker labored intensely to make and to bring his productions to Old Roth in exchange for yellow dirt. All other producers of all other things, indeed, acted similarly. But presently they met with disappointment.

"See," said Old Roth, "I have no use for more than one pair of boots, or more than enough fish to last me two days, or more than a single suit of clothes, or more than one bushel of corn which I can get my servant to make into bread. And for these things I will cheerfully give you relative quantities of my yellow dirt. You must then go about your business, which is clearly to exchange these other remaining things amongst yourselves, by means of the yellow dirt which I have given to each of you."

The old man's manner was so persuasive, his contention so plausible that they straightway set about the doing of this thing.

The fisherman bought a bushel of wheat from the corngrower with all the yellow dirt he had, since Old Roth had previously determined that so much of his dirt was of the same value as the bushel of corn he had bought. Then the corngrower bought a pair of shoes from the bootmakers with the yellow dirt he had. And the bootmaker bought a basket of fish from the fisherman. Here was an obvious advantage which the invention of money had brought them. They each now possessed the same quantity of yellow dirt that they had before, and had made a complete circle of exchanges.

Albeit, it soon became obvious that the quantity of yellow dirt Old Roth had given them in exchange for products for his individual consumption was insufficient to effect the exchange of all the multitudinous products that were requisite for the consumption of the rest of the community. Their combined wants were so much greater than his. So business came to a comparative standstill, the number of exchanges to be made with yellow dirt were of course restricted, and consequently production was stopped; for, under the regime of division of labor, production was only carried on for the immediate object of exchange, and if exchange were depressed, production had to be correspondingly diminished.

A great stagnation in trade occurred; and while they were all desirous to fashion useful things from the raw products of nature, they were compelled to be idle and to suffer privation for the want of these things, for the reason that the means of exchanging them were insufficient. There was plenty of yellow dirt to suffice for this purpose, but it remained in Old Roth's possession.

This commercial anomaly did not fail to bring fresh grist to Old Roth's mill. Yellow dirt being so desirable an acquisition for all, they competed wildly with each other to give more of their products for the same quantity of yellow dirt. This mad race was carried on until those who worked hard twenty hours a day could only get from Old Roth such an amount of yellow dirt as would purchase the merest means of supporting life. The finance king chuckled exceedingly that his stock of yellow dirt would last the longer.

After a time, there arose a great commotion in Lunarland, and the people murmured. They began to have a dim perception that Old Roth, in controlling the supply of yellow dirt to the community, had made them his veritable slaves. Old Roth never ceased to preach to them that they were free, as a blind. But they began to grow desperate; crime developed very rapidly; person and property were no longer safe. So Old Roth bethought a little, and devised new means to restore peace and at the same time preserve his supremacy. He very graciously offered to lend them any quantity of yellow dirt on good security, if they would agree to repay him at the end of a specified time with a little more added to it, as a compensation for the service rendered. Where the "little more" was to come from did not transpire, nor did these people, reduced to their last straits, higgie over the terms.

Matters became smoothed, and everyone fell to thinking that the arrangement was a perfectly just one. Business revived the moment more yellow dirt circulated, and there seemed no lull until the interest became due. Then so much yellow dirt vanished from circulation and correspondingly depressed trade. And as these periods recurred, so business became worse and worse. Eventually Old Roth got every scrap of his yellow dirt back again, as interest, and yet the community were ever indebted to him the same. After all the yellow dirt had disappeared from circulation and had got into Old Roth's hands once more, then the Lunarians began to think that interest was not just, for it became impossible to pay any more, notwithstanding that they were still under an obligation to do so. Old Roth therefore was obliged to content himself in going without the return of the principal, it no longer being in existence, having been paid as interest. He remembered the maxim "Ex nihilo nihil fit." But the people's debt remained for

over (since they could not refund the principal) and he was therefore able to command all he desired. He had a huge mansion built, magnificent in its appointments; the decorations were sumptuous; the most delicate alabaster statuary adorned the majestic entrance. The best stud of horses was his; the most costly carriages that the artistic and mechanical ingenuity of mortal could devise, and the daintiest delicacies that ever graced the table of a prince. All these things he could enjoy, and could perpetuate these enjoyments because his debt never diminished—each year the interest return on the unpaid principal being more than enough to command its payment in kind to furnish him with such luxuriance and splendor. And in the same degree that he increased his riches, did they who ministered to him become poorer. So potent was the power of yellow dirt,—it being now the only means wherewith to procure happiness,—that the people became possessed of an irrepressible mania to get it at all costs. All other considerations were excluded from their thoughts; but those who were the shrewdest amongst them suggested that money be made of a more plentiful thing, and there was an idea in the air that yellow dirt, as a token of exchange, had had its day. Seeing this, Old Roth went to great pains to ridicule all innovations; and as he controlled the newspapers he made them circulate all sorts of sophistries about the nature of money. The people being comparatively unacquainted with these things, became more more or less bewildered, and abandoned, in despair, all hopes of improvement.

It occurred to Old Roth that it would be more expedient to offer the people small loans on easier terms. He foresaw that unless some yellow dirt was put into circulation, all industry would collapse, and then he would not be able to procure the things that he desired, in spite of his vast possessions.

The re-appearance of yellow dirt electrified the community. The people were literally seized with a wild impulse to get and to keep it; those who failed to secure it in the usual way of producing something of value to exchange for it, concocted all manner of devices by which they could gamble it from those who had been more fortunate in their quest. The arts of commerce were shaped to the mad pursuit of dirt-scraping. Once in their possession, they hoarded it in strong iron boxes and vaults of masonry. They quite forgot its original utility, which was that of purchasing food and luxuries, and simply secured it for the purpose of worshipping it.

Old Roth had his claws tightly riveted on the yellow dirt he had put into circulation, notwithstanding all their strong boxes. He laughed long and loudly at their financial guilelessness. He always was able to dictate terms to his debtors, and made them favorable to himself, so arranging the conditions of payment at such specified times that it was a physical impossibility for all of his debtors to discharge their claims. By this means he could foreclose on the securities of the delinquents, which were always double the value of the loans, and so get even more than his dues, and could thereby undersell other dealers and monopolize markets. Thus the yellow dirt would come straight back to him just when he willed. And by contracting or expanding the volume of yellow dirt in circulation, he could thus depress or raise the value of all other things to his own advantage when about to buy or sell. In a word, Old Roth, in controlling the circulating medium, pulled the wires of the entire industrial and commercial world.

The manipulation of the volume of the currency soon got to be a fine art with Old Roth. He forced the wages of those who worked for him down and down until the women replaced the men because they were content with lesser quantities of dirt. As time went on the women were replaced by the children for the same reason. These miniature slaves had to support their parents in idleness. The death rate of the children rose rapidly: half developed boys and girls often were seen dropping from sheer exhaustion at their work. Avarice filled the whole being of the financier: not even satisfied with the pass to which he had brought the community by his designs, he cut down the very means of subsistence of his child-slaves, so that only the more robust survived. The women offered their bodies for sale, and the men their souls. Crime increased to an incredible degree. Starved men became wild beasts. Old Roth organized a number of men, who were only too willing to do anything to get yellow dirt, to terrorize the criminals, and built jails and torture racks to make men honest. In course of time, he triumphed; all human arts were called into play to exterminate all those who refused to be starved to death for Old Roth's amusement. Yes, crime was eventually suppressed, but only to be replaced by widespread insanity. Presently, a scourge came upon the land, and it happened that all who contracted the dire disease died of it. All the vaunted wisdom of the medicine men availed nothing: it was beyond all human skill to arrest its ravages. Its cankerous roots were fastened in the very conditions of social life. Its name was *Demoralization*.

Old Roth and his children alone survived. For the first time it became manifest to him, now that he had no food to eat, how worthless was his yellow dirt. How glad he would be now if he had an opportunity to give all of it for a single loaf of bread. But alas, there were no more ignorant people to traffic with, and so Old Roth and his family were reduced to the necessity to eat yellow dirt. Filled to overflowing with disgust, he afterwards concluded to emigrate to a more congenial planet where fools abounded, and looking around, he made for Terra Firma, in search of fortunes new, cogitating, on the journey, a colossal scheme for exploiting the universe.

Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty, support each other; he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave.—(Firebrand.)



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