# ALLANFORTH COMMUNE: THE TRIUMPH OF SOCIALISM

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Allanforth Commune: The Triumph of Socialism by Findlay Watt

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#### FINDLAY WATT

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## FINDLAY WATT

"I have seen violence and strife in the city, day and night they so about it upon the walls thereof: Iniquity also and mischief are in the midst of it. Wickedness is in the midst thereof: oppression and guile depart not from her streets."

-PEALM IV. 9-11

"If then seest the oppression of the poor, and the violent taking away of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter, for one higher than the high regardeth; and there be higher than they. Moreover, the profit of the earth is for all; the king himself is served by the fields."

ECCLESI ASTES V. 8-9

#### AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Socialism is impracticable! And even if shown to be practicable and desirable, there is no sane method by which the transition from the present Individualistic to the future Socialistic state can be effected!"

Thus speaks the very respectable, prosperous, church-going citizen whose utmost range of political vision contemplates the possible exchange of a Liberal Government for a Conservative, and vice versā.

But is our very respectable citizen quite certain that the existing system is practicable? For, after all, a "practicable" social system must be one which in practice operates beneficially to all society. A few years hence people will look back to the social conditions existing at this day with wonderment bordering on contempt.

"What?" they will say, "40 millions of cultivable and habitable acres in these islands, and yet the great mass of the 46 millions of population content to be herded in barrack-like houses in congested areas called cities! An annual income equivalent to an average of £200 per household, yet millionaires are not only permitted, but set in high places, while, as a natural corollary,

millions grovel in hunger and wretchedness, dirt and disease 1"

They said it would not pay the employer, it would not pay the landlord, it would not pay the merchant, to give wages and supply the wants of the millions on terms which would prevent hunger and wretchedness, dirt and disease! They spent millions a year on prisons, asylums, and poorhouses, Old Age Pensions, National Insurance, and Education, but no cure was or could be effected! Had the nation not learned in the year 1913 that it pays to keep the whole population healthy, prosperous, and contented?

Their social system was absurd, utterly impracticable!"

But, dear reader, these things shall not always be. For many years Labour, and all it stands for, has been timidly tapping at the door of Christendom: even now the knocking has become quite loud: the sick patient within babbles about these terrible words, "Socialism," "Confiscation," "Taxation," and appeals to the Doctor if these euphonious words, "Liberalism," "Conservatism," "Rent," "Profit," "Dividend," are not ever so much pleasanter.

But the knocking without continues: it is now elamorous. If these pages persuade you of the wisdom of opening the door before it is battered down, the Author will be satisfied that he has not laboured in vain.

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## ALLANFORTH COMMUNE.

#### CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN EDINBURGH.

Ir was Christmas Eve of the year 1911. I had turned my back upon the cares and anxieties of the swiftly closing year, looking forward, as we all do, to a better and brighter time in the coming year (though that happy anticipation had no firmer foundation than the "hope which springs eternal in the human breast "), and in the peaceful enjoyment of a good going pipe, was sauntering eastward along Princes Street, when my attention was arrested by a large crowd at the corner of Charlotte Street, from the midst of which a voice, in no raucous, but rather pleasantly powerful tones, proclaimed, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." This open-air meeting I speedily recognised as one of the efforts made by the members of Charlotte Chapel for the reclamation of those who had lost their way on Princes Street, and the voice that of their vigorous and devoted pastor, Josiah Kerr.

After spending but a few minutes on the fringe of the crowd I continued on my way eastward, while the words of that text kept jingling in my