

Irish Economic Section on back page.

Workers' Dreadnought

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by
SYLVIA PANKHURST

VOL. IX. No. 21.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1922.

[WEEKLY.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

SUNDAY AT HAMPSTEAD.

(An idle idyll by a very humble member of the great and noble London mob.)

This is the Heath of Hampstead,
There is the dome of St. Paul's;
Beneath, on the serried house-tops,
A chequered lustre falls:

And the mighty city of London,
Under the clouds and the light,
Seems a low wet beach, half shingle,
With a few sharp rocks upright.

Here will I sit, my darling,
And dream an hour away:
The donkeys are hurried and worried,
But we are not donkeys to-day:

Through all the weary week, dear,
We toil in the murk down there,
Tied to a desk and a counter,
A patient stupid pair!

But on Sunday we slip our tether,
And away from the smoke and the smirch;
Too grateful to God for His Sabbath
To shut its hours in a church.

Away to the green, green country,
Under the open sky;
Where the earth's sweet breath is incense
And the lark sings psalms on high.

On Sunday we're Lord and Lady,
With ten times the love and glee
Of those pale and languid rich ones
Who are always and never free.

They drawl and stare and simper,
So fine and cold and staid,
Like exquisite waxwork figures
That must be kept in the shade:

We can laugh out loud when merry,
We can romp at kiss-in-the-ring,
We can take our beer at a public,
We can loll on the grass and sing. . . .

Would you grieve very much, my darling,
If all you low wet shore
Were drowned by a mighty flood-tide,
And we never toiled there more?

Wicked? There is no sin, dear,
In an idle dreamer's head;
He turns the world topsy-turvy
To prove that his soul's not dead.

I am sinking, sinking, sinking;
It is hard to sit upright!
Your lap is the softest pillow!
Good-night, my Love, good-night.
By James Thomson (born 1834, died 1882).

SUMMER TIME.

By SYLVIA PANKHURST.

What glorious weather! Do you not long to be out in the fields or at the seaside, you toilers beside the jarring noise of the machinery in the half-lit factory; you day-long prisoners in the stuffy draper's shop, standing with aching feet and weary head to give unwilling service behind the counter?

The watering cart, with its flashing spray, the occasional hay wain that comes into the City, even the hawk's barrow with its vegetables, and the flower girl's basket, remind us, in these enticing days, of the meadows with their buttercups and the cool shade of the leafy lanes. The deep nostalgia that dwells within us for the rural life from which all our forbears came; for the quiet breadth of Nature which alone can lave away the weariness and fret of modern cities, rises again, as it did in early springtime.

The workgirls at the high windows of that garment sweat-shop in the crowded East End thoroughfare gaze wistfully down upon the people in the street, because they move unrestrained out there in the sunshine, although the road is dusty and littered with refuse, and the women who examine so eagerly the paltry wares on the stalls are shabby and careworn.

You toiling, moping workers and you half-fed, down-at-heel workless killing time in your melancholy, you would like to leave the City to lie on your backs on the grass and look up at the wide sky and hear the larks sing overhead, noticing all about you: the humble bee as he goes from flower to flower, the flight of small birds up there wheeling and turning in close formation for mutual protection, because a hawk is amongst them; and down there, on the sod beside you, the ants hurrying away with their eggs to subterranean passages because their nest has been disturbed by some careless human foot. You would like to go boating on the river, or down on the beach, where the children paddle and make sand castles.

But most of us cannot go away for a holiday; and of those who do, the majority are only able to manage a day, or just a little more. This year fewer people than usual can go into the country. The village shop and lodging-house keepers are complaining of that. "We have had no season yet, and there are only two months left that can be counted on."

What a topsy-turvy civilisation ours is. Our people cannot go into the country in summer time; but it is not for lack of transport: trains half-empty, two-thirds empty, three-quarters empty—yes, almost empty—are going out from the big cities into the country every hour. Suppose the railway companies were to declare that on a certain day passengers might travel to and from the country without paying, what an exodus there would be. All the trains would be crowded by City people going out to enjoy themselves in the fresh air. The country people, too, would come in to look at the cities. What a rejoicing there would be! Poor people would remember that day and talk of it all their lives as a great event. If some railway magnate wishes to earn fame, he has but to propose the scheme and induce his colleagues to agree.

But why should not the trains run free every day, as they did in Soviet Russia when I went there in 1920?

This year many people who try to manage a few days in the country once a year cannot go. Why? Is it because their work in the towns is

so greatly needed by society? On the contrary, many of the people who cannot go to the country are working short time or not working at all. The unemployed are least able of all to go for a holiday. Their doles will not cover railway fares; and, beside that, they must turn up at the Labour Exchange to prove that they are not working. Vigilant official eyes are even fixed on their hands to see whether they have been employed at any useful labour; if the skin is roughened; if there are marks of paint, or any other evidences of toil; then the dole will be stopped. If you cannot get money for your work you must not work under the Unemployment Insurance system; under this capitalist system, which has been developed in the million years or so since prehistoric man began his struggle here.

In the *Daily Herald* the other day was a photograph of three little girls and a boy helping to get in the harvest, carrying the corn-sheaves to be loaded on the wain. "This picture," said the *Herald*, was taken within ten miles of London. School children enjoy this strenuous work, but the agricultural workers see another side to the matter."

Quite so: how unsocial we are in this capitalist civilisation. To the children, to the city workers holidaying in the country, helping with the harvest is a joyous lark, if they are not obliged to do too much of it. Boys and girls whose parents have taken rooms in a farmhouse or with some cottager, if you help the farmer in with his corn you will break the sacred canons of Trade Unionism; nay, more, you will rob some poor labourer of employment and his children of their bread. Even if a crop is in danger of utter ruin by the storm, you must not help to save it unless you are paid a trade union wage and unless such work constitutes your regular means of livelihood. If you save the food of man or beast under any other conditions you will not be a social benefactor in the eyes of your fellow-workers, but the thief of another's job.

A topsy-turvy world indeed! When Communism comes the town will be the country and the country will be the town. The advantages of both will be close at hand. Fields and gardens and tree-girt roads will break up the cities. Rapid and free means of transport will make the present crowding together unnecessary. Everyone in a little country like this will have the free use of the telephone, the aeroplane, electric light, power, and heat. Already there is a telephone for one in eight persons in the U.S.A., and one in every forty-seven persons in this country, for one in every ten in Canada. One need not extend one's imagination very far to conceive of a telephone for every household. There will be no such blighted districts as the Black Country and the slum areas of the large cities to-day, when production for the benefit of the people is substituted for production for profit.

We shall have long holidays, in which we shall travel where we please. There will be guest-houses to receive us. We shall quickly learn by experience how many guest-houses to provide for the various districts, just as Lyon's and the other big caterers know how much food to supply to their various shops each day, and how near together they can profitably place their shops; indeed, the problem of supply will be

(Continued on page 3)

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THE APOSTLE.

By GUY A. ALDRED.

(One of many MSS. written in Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow.) II.

What was Socrates but a public brawler and third-rate arguer of Athens? He had no professional standing, no sense of cultural etiquette, no notion of placing a monetary value on his time. Was not Aristophanes right to laugh at him and to ridicule him? He drank the hemlock, true! But why was it necessary for him to do so? It was open to him to propose a substantial fine as punishment, and most likely this alternative would have been accepted. He could not propose this because his idle chatter had served him so ill that he and his friends had not the means with which to pay it. Then consider this wastrel's treatment of his wife, Xantippa. Note how he hastened this sorrowing woman and her children from the prison, that he might spend his last hours gossiping with the cronies and posing for eternity. What would be said of a Communist who acted like this to-day by the scholars and first-rate men of our time? Exactly the same as was said of Socrates by the first-rate men of his time, of course. And yet the judges and critics of Socrates are forgotten. Only Socrates and the Plato he inspired and the Xenophon he fascinated are remembered. They stand not for Athens only but for Greece. And to-day's first-rate, the wise ones of leisure and of culture, the sophists of degrees and learning, men of authority and repute, murmur the name and fame of the Athenian third-rater, the brawler, seditionist, and blasphemer with reverence and humility. His first-rate critics are cold and silent in death—as cold as their hauteur in life, as silent as their sympathy in power. The grave has garnered their haughty culture and the tomb has harvested their genius.

Modern scholars agree that the fate is just. In support of this contention they have developed an absurd habit of eulogising Plato because he is Plato, as once men declaimed Socrates because he was Socrates. This grave and distant eulogy of an old-world philosopher is supposed to give tone to their learning and to guarantee their academic standing. To secure the correct effect, it is essential that one speak a little deprecatingly of Xenophon. Actually, these pedants of the scholastic form are concerned neither with the philosopher Socrates nor yet with his soldier admirer. Their anxiety is to parade a passing knowledge of a dead language as an atonement for want of a living thought. Their outlook, like all first-class outlook, is static, not dynamic. They belong not to the quick, but to the dead. Their whole being is parasitic, non-recreative, reposeful, beautifully indolent, without strain or energy. Had they been contemporary with Socrates they would have voted his death and condemned equally his romantic eulogist and his matter-of-fact amanuensis.

From the static viewpoint of established scholarship it is an unjust departure from precedent and tradition to applaud Socrates, Plato, and Xenophon. There was nothing great about these men as scholars measure greatness. And what are those conversations about which so much is heard? Our first-class misdemeanants or pedants write as though they would have been found in the prison-room discussing with the Athenian questioner the hour before his death. Do they not know that, in reality, they would have given no serious thought to the questioner or his doom? They would have had no thought of him in his imprisonment except for a moment, maybe, in order to despise him. One can imagine the sniff with which they would have greeted Plato when they saw him emerge sorrowfully from the prison-house!

Cæsar dead and turned to clay is unworthy reverence. The rejected third-raters and gorbards for opinion dead and turned into clay are the pedants' distinction.

It places no price on intellectual services, but rejoices in the tramp's philosophy. Freely is greatness of soul and power to teach and to elevate given by Nature. Freely should it be exercised for the elevation and glory of man. The great exponent of this philosophy, after Socrates, was Jesus.

Against Jesus he contrasted Cæsar. Against the forum he contrasted the Church. Even the death of the first Cæsar demonstrated the greatness of the forum. Julius was no mean monarch. He had neither the petty soul of the small magistrate nor yet the narrowed vision of an inheriting king. He achieved a crown and sought immortality and eternal power. What is his memory? A death scene ending a myth of glory; a warning against ambition; an appendix to texts of ecclesiastics. Who dwells with love or tender remembrance on a single incident of his life? Deprive him of his state, his pomp, and ceremony—he is nothing. Devote, if you will, great and wonderful learning to the revelation of his glory. Still Cæsar remains a mask—without life or purpose, a dead achievement fossilised among the State records of monumental stone, a thing called emperor, a people deprived by bread and circus into stagnation concentrated—Cæsar. But for Brutus's dagger, where would be the fame of Cæsar?

In the political history of mankind Cæsarism signifies death. The shadow of Cæsar's glory extended itself over Germany as Kaiserism; over Russia as Czarism. Everywhere it loomed, its splendid Imperial sway meant a long weary night of almost hopeless despair, untold sadness, poverty, and martyred exile.

When Cæsarism fell before the growth and street authority, the forum influence of Jesus and his plebeian Church, it resorted to cunning where previously it had rejoiced in persecution. Cæsarism had no opposition on principle to mere Christian phraseology. It had no bias on principle towards Pagan phraseology. Its only leanings were towards luxury, indulgence, power, and the perpetuation of slavery among the masses. If it could use the Christian watchwords and ideas to achieve this end, then Cæsarism was willing to be baptised that it might be born again—of the old spirit in a new form. And so Cæsarism temporised. It dictated its magnificent falsehood to the task of Cæsarising the Church founded by the influence of Jesus in opposition to Cæsarism. Marvellous and deadly was its success.

RED NIGHTS.

A STORY BY L. A. MOTLER.

(Continued from last week.)

One by one they came through—the War Office, the Home Office, the Foreign Office. Then simultaneously we heard we had possession of Scotland Yard and the Houses of Parliament. The coup seemed to be coming off faster than we had anticipated. When the news of the capture of the Bank of England came through, Milly said she could hear shots as the speaker left the line for a minute. We had a moment of suspense, and then we were reassured. The Post Office, the Treasury, and, after some time, the Chequers, were on our list.

Whilst Bagoff was downstairs looking out for Bergner's armed cars, I proceeded to get my artisans on the job. I had a list of them, with their jobs opposite their names, so I had no difficulty in distributing them amongst the various departments. We were soon up to our eyes in work, taking off the plates of the night's news from the machines and getting ready for our own stuff. I had been provided previously with some manifestos to start on. These were to be in bold type across the two innermost pages. The advertisements we left on, as we had no time to get matter ready to fill all the paper. The newspapers then had, as you know, an arrangement for printing the title in red ink, and this I re-arranged so that it should be used for the inside pages, where in red capitals we were to print "The Workers in Their Places."

This ran across the top of one page over the manifesto announcing our victory and the programme of the United Workers' Parties. The other page was an appeal to the strikers to return to their jobs and keep the wheels of industry going, since now each man worked for the good of all.

I was busy with all these details, sitting in the editorial chair, when the door swung open and Bagoff came in hatless. He had some terrible news to tell, I could see from his face. Fox entered immediately behind him.

"Come at once," Bagoff said, taking my arm. "It is neck or nothing." And as I followed him out, leaving my work undone just as it was on the point of being launched into history, he told me in breathless sentences how we had been betrayed, and nothing was left but flight.

I have already mentioned that Bergner was charged with the taking of the staffs into armed cars as soon as they had been seized at the various points. This had been on our suggestion to accept our suspicions of Bergner, were willing to stretch a point and give him some job which they thought would prevent him from spoiling the coup should he be the kind of man we judged him to be. Instead—

But you shall see. All had gone well in every direction, even at Wandsworth, the news of whose capture came through as I was engrossed in my task. But Fox, whom we had delegated to go with Bergner, to keep an eye on him, had become suspicious at certain of his actions. He had taken two armed cars to Scotland Yard, and, leaving them there, went inside, presumably to see about the prisoners. Fox, however, noted that there seemed to be no sentry at the door, as had been arranged, and his suspicions were confirmed on seeing some armed police rush out, making for the cars. Fox and a few others made off after a brisk skirmish. The rest were overpowered; and Fox, who had darted into an adjacent doorway, saw my namesake, Commissioner Smith, get in the foremost car with Bergner. The armed police had already doffed their uniforms and put on the coats of the men they had taken prisoner.

Apparently, then, Scotland Yard had not fallen. It had been a plant to lull the revolutionaries, hence the message sent that the Yard had been taken. This had been, no doubt, an arrangement of Bergner's with the Commissioner, to whom he had told the whole plot. The groups sent to seize the Yard had doubtless been overpowered by Smith, ready warned and armed to receive them.

Fox had hastened to us to tell us the grave news. The motor-cyclists had been informed also and sent round to the various points.

"Why not make a stand for it?" I asked Bagoff. "Surely the Commissioner and Bergner haven't enough force to overthrow us now that we have got established at so many points?"

Just then we came to the exchange-room, where Milly was at the 'phone. She looked up as we entered. Her face was drawn. I read in it the answer to my question.

"I have been expecting you," she said. "The War Office was not taken after all. Troops have already been sent to the other points we have taken, and already those at the Bank are engaged in a struggle. I can hear the firing whenever the speaker leaves off. We had better make away before the troops come here. The War Office knows all our plans; that's how every point is invested. It is a wonder the troops are not here now."

"It's that scoundrel Bergner," I said. "The traitor," cried Milly. "And to think that if only the Head had listened to us—"

The sound of a shot in the street cut short her remarks. The troops had arrived at last. Bagoff said:

"I'm off to look after the defence. You and Milly had better make off. There's the 'e' escape at the back, and the troops will take some time to come round there. Go to the Admiralty, where my man is doing great things. Milly told me he was trying to get the Fleet up the river where the 'Leviathan' is. This ship has been seized on his directions, and once the Fleet is up to the forts he thinks he can get hold of them. That may be our last chance, and he may have something for the two of you to do. Hurry."

And with this he was off, Fox at his heels. We had shaken hands grimly, as we knew not what the night might bring forth. As it was, Fox fell with a bullet in his brain as soon as he had reached the lift.

(To be continued.)

IRISH NEWS.

DAIL EIREANN FACTS AND FIGURES.

POGROM AGAINST CATHOLICS STARTED JULY 21ST, 1920.

| | |
|---|---|
| Killed to date | 447 |
| Wounded | 1,793 |
| Number of Catholics driven from their employment by uniformed Specials and armed mobs | 9,250 |
| Number of Catholics similarly driven from their homes | 23,960 |
| Number of Catholics now homeless in Belfast | 8,800 |
| No Protestants were driven from their employment or homes in Belfast in the same period. | |
| A list of Protestants and Catholics tried at Police Courts and by Commission for having arms in their possession, from April 26th to the end of June; there were: | |
| | Jury Bound and Doing |
| | Arrested. Disagreed. Over Discharged. Time. |
| Protestants | 35 1 6 13 15 |
| Catholics | 69 Nil. Nil. 7 22 |

All the Protestants have been tried, forty Catholics are awaiting trial. The average sentence on Catholics is three to five years' penal servitude, plus the cat-o'-nine-tails. No Protestant has been flogged. The Catholic population numbers only 10 per cent. of the population of Belfast.

Prisoners held without charge in Crumlin Road Gaol are allowed no visitors or parcels. The food consists of bread of insufficient amount, one pint of poor-quality milk, and one ounce of butter per day. There is one lavatory per 60 men, and only available at certain times. Some prisoners have been confined thus for several months.

James McAlorum served in the British Army from 1909 to 1919. He was driven from his work at McCausland's by an Orange mob in 1920, and again driven from work on the tramway on Newtownards Road. He obtained work on the tramway in Antrim Road as a foreman gangster. He and his mates were there attacked at work, and McAlorum was shot in the thigh. He was then accused of being one of seven men who assaulted a Protestant, James Arnold, in a public-house, and robbed him of 5/-.

Witnesses testified that McAlorum was not present during the assault, and the jury disagreed. On a second trial he was convicted and sentenced to three years' penal servitude and fifteen strokes of the cat.

He wrote to his wife from prison:

"Dear Wife,—
"Four warders entered my cell and took me to an underground dungeon, where the officials had erected what they call a flogging triangle. Gathered in a cluster around this instrument of torture were the Prison Doctor, Governor, a dozen or so of prison warders, and a number of Special Constabulary.
"I was stripped to the skin, and the warders tied me hand and foot to the triangle, and when they had me secured the Englishman who was sent over here specially to administer torture commenced the barbarity. When I had received the fifteen lashes, and while the officials were bandaging my back, I had a look at the man who had flogged me, and the sweat was running down his face.
"This man, who was almost six feet in height, had exerted all his strength and energy in inflicting this savage operation, and left my back in such a state that a whole piece of my skin could not have been touched from my waist to my neck with the point of a needle. One of the victims who was led to the chamber of torture after I had received my flogging was a mere boy of seventeen years of age, named Edward O'Neill. The agonising cry of this child prisoner pleading to the prison doctor to intervene and save him from the cruel and unmerciful punishment could be heard all over the prison.
"I am an innocent man, and the Northern Parliament's Secretary for Home Affairs is aware of the fact as there was information reached him that must have proved to him most conclusively that I never committed the offence for which I have been flogged and sentenced to three years' penal servitude.
"At my first trial the jury failed to agree, but not only that, the judge who presided, seeing that there was not a particle of evidence to connect me with the offence, allowed me out on my own recognisance, as my securities were not present."

Raids and Looting.

During the month of June there were 200 raids on Catholic dwellings by the forces of the

Belfast Government. After these raids a form had to be signed by the victim stating that nothing had been taken by the raiding party. In most cases, however, the Specials helped themselves to any portable property they could lay their hands on.

On July 8th a party of military, accompanied by four Specials, raided the house of Mrs. Mulholland, Cavendish Street, and arrested a young man named James McParland, who lodged there. His money was taken from him. Some delph was broken during the raid, and the officer in charge told Mrs. Mulholland they would pay for it, which they did by handing her a sovereign in gold taken from McParland.

A good many arrests are occurring like this in Belfast, and in a number of cases it is only by mere accident that anything is known about them. The men are arrested on mere suspicion, and nothing further is known about them, for no visits or communication with the outside world are permitted.

A Typical Scene.

On July 11th the Unionists of Old Lodge Road dressed a goat in Orange colours and tried to drive it up Stanhope Street. A military picket on duty in Wall Street cleared off at the signs of trouble, and did not return until all was quiet. A drumming party accompanied by Specials with rifles came down Wall Street to Stanhope Street, both Catholic streets. The Specials cleared the Catholics off the street, and the drumming party performed for about ten minutes at the corner of Wall Street and Stanhope Street. They then cleared off and a heavy barrage of fire was opened into Stanhope Street from Old Lodge Road.

A remark made by a Protestant lady who is the wife of a prominent Belfast business man was overheard on a tramcar. The tram was proceeding along a leading thoroughfare of Belfast, from which Catholic business people had been chased by the Orange mobs, and all their shops either closed or taken over. This lady remarked, "We have chased them from their shops, now we'll start on their private houses next." Attention is directed to the "we."

During the month of June alone there were over 200 raids by Specials and Crown forces on Catholic dwellings; 45 Catholics were arrested; against the bulk of these no charge has even been preferred; there were 70 sniping attacks on Catholic streets (most of these were attacked by Specials); 196 Catholic families were evicted and their premises looted and burned; in addition, 160 Catholics were evicted; 20 Catholics were killed; 57 wounded; attempted murder by snipers of eight others, and 18 houses of Catholics were bombed or fired into, and 24 threatening notices were served on Catholics; eight Protestants were killed, and 33 wounded.

A Daily Mail Lie.

The Daily Mail of July 3rd had a paragraph headed "Rebel Scum," in which it was stated that a brother of Father Dominic, who tended

the wounded in the Four Courts, had just returned from Dublin and had said that the Republicans were "the scum of Ireland" and that the trouble with them would be over in a fortnight. Father Dominic's brother thereupon protested that he had not been to Ireland since January, and that he did not regard the rebels as "the scum of Ireland"; indeed, his opinion was "quite the reverse."

British Home Secretary Interferes With Liberty of Irish Citizen.

Father Dominic, who tended the wounded in the Four Courts, was passing through Ireland on his way to the Continent for historical researches when Mr. Shortt, the British Home Secretary, served upon him the following notice:

"Whereas on the recommendation of a competent military authority it appears to me that for securing the restoration or maintenance of order in Ireland it is expedient that

FATHER DOMINIC O'CONNOR

should, in view of the fact that he is a person suspected of acting, having acted, or being about to act in a manner prejudicial to the restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland, be subjected to such obligations and restrictions as are hereinafter mentioned:

"Now I hereby order that the said Father Dominic shall forthwith proceed to reside in the area under the jurisdiction of the Irish Provisional Government and shall remain there until further orders. If, within seven days from the date on which this order is served on the said Father Dominic, he shall submit to me any representations against the provisions of this order, such representations will be referred to an advisory committee, appointed for the purpose of the above-mentioned regulations and presided over by a person who holds or has held high judicial office, and will be duly considered by the committee. If I am satisfied with the report of the said committee that this order may be revoked or varied without injury to the restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland, I will revoke or vary this order by a further order in writing under my hand. Failing such revocation or variation this order shall remain in force.

(Sd.) ED. SHORTT,
"One of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State."

This order does not accord with the following statement by Sir Hamar Greenwood in the House of Commons—one of many such statements by members of the Government:

"I must disclaim, and the Government disclaims, any responsibility for law and order since the transfer of powers on April 1st last."—Hansard, Vol. 154, No. 84 (May 18th, 1922).

"The lust for office has in recent years made bodies of honourable men act like the veriest adventurers."—Robert Marquess of Salisbury.

AGE.

Life is a book he holds between his hands,
The bruised and battered volume of the year;
His, and yet no more his. Another stands
Invisible beside him, and he fears
Almost to stop, lest that one, ruthlessly
In some unguarded moment, seize upon
The treasured gift and vanish suddenly.
Almost he dares not look lest it be gone.
No more his trembling fingers turn the page;
His heavy eyes no longer look ahead;
Serene he sits upon the throne of age
And ponders what already has been read.
And musing so, from out the past there slips
The smile of Youth, and plays about his lips.

HELEN FRAZLE-BOWER.

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Workers' Dreadnought
FOUNDED 1914.

Editor: SYLVIA PANKHURST.

All Matter for Publication to be Addressed to the Editor
Business Communications to the Manager:
Workers' Dreadnought, 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4
TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 7240.

SUBSCRIPTION:
THREE MONTHS (13 weeks) ... Post Free 2/6
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Vol. IX, No. 21, Saturday, August 5, 1922.

THE OUTLOOK.

Russia And The Capitalist Countries.

There is no reason to doubt that the French Government is negotiating a trade agreement with Russia. The circumstance illumines the fact to which we have frequently called attention, that there were two great contests at Genoa and the Hague: the one between the British and French Governments, the other between the Russian Soviet Government and the capitalist Governments. There was no partnership of righteousness between the Lloyd George Government and the Lenin Government. In the first contest British and French capitalism contended for the concessions, including oil wells, to be secured in Russia. It was in the effort to get preference for British capitalists that the Lloyd George Government backed Russia in declaring that to foreign capitalists dispossessed by the revolution their actual properties need not be restored by the Soviet Government if other compensation were made.

On the other hand, all the foreign capitalist Governments, including the British, were agreed in insisting:

1. That there must be restoration or compensation for the capitalist.
2. That the compensation must be real.
3. That the Soviet Government must establish effective working rules and effective working machinery which would automatically secure the machinery which would automatically secure that their obligation would be fulfilled.

This was explained in the House of Commons on July 26th by Sir P. Lloyd Greame, Director of the Department of Overseas Trade.

Lloyd George, in the same debate, added that all the capitalist Governments further insisted that the Soviet Government must accept liability for the credits granted to the Tsar and others before and during the War. This, he said, the Soviet Government had agreed to do. In regard to private property, the Russian delegates had taken the demands of the capitalists back to their Government for a further reply. He hoped it would be favourable. Only when the Soviet Government showed that it was carrying out the pledges exacted from it by capitalism; only when "they are putting back into possession owners of property as rapidly and as effectively as they can," would the Soviet Government be recognised. Even then the Lloyd George Government and the other capitalist Governments make no promise of credits to Russia, or even of encouragement of their nationals to trade with Russia, though it is in the hope of gaining these things that the Soviet Government is throwing Communism overboard. Do as we tell you, and when you have won our confidence we shall see what we shall do is what in effect Lloyd George and the other capitalist Ministers say to Russia, and the Soviet Government behaves, alas! very much like an obedient schoolboy trying to please his master.

In the Government White Paper on The Hague Commission it is stated that Commander Hilton Young, for the British Government, made it clear that credits, if given at all, could only be given to individuals, and in no circumstances to the Soviet Government. All the capitalist representatives insisted that the Soviet Government should not be treated as a property owner.

That is a direct attack on the State Socialism for which the Soviet Government professes—or should we say *professed to be working?* The corporations in which the Soviet Government

joins the private capitalist in shareholding will apparently be discriminated against.

Commander Hilton Young spoke with the true voice of British capitalism, the voice behind the Government, the voice which those who desire to see things as they are must take much more seriously than the deceitful weathercock blandishments of Lloyd George. Lord Robert Cecil was right when he said that Capitalism and Communism will not trade together.

Clynes Takes The Mask Off.

J. R. Clynes, the chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, in replying to the Government statement, pleaded for recognition of the Russian Government, on the ground that the Russians have given proof that they recognise the rights of private property.

He added that it was necessary for Russia to make a complete departure from the methods she had followed; that France had special reasons for the emphasis which she had placed upon the question of restitution and compensation; that France might have just complaints to make against the policy of the Soviet Government, and that the British Government should show an appreciation of the French point of view.

The only inference to be drawn from these remarks, taken in conjunction with the fact that the Labour Party had a representative in the Government when the Government began the anti-Soviet intervention in Russia, is that to force the Soviets to recognise the rights of private property, foreign Governments were justified in invading, blockading and ostracising Russia.

Would Clynes agree that if the British Government were to carry out its promise to abolish mining royalties, without giving what foreign Governments consider adequate compensation, those Governments would be justified in invading, blockading, and ostracising Britain? Would Clynes agree that the foreign Governments would be justified in such attacks if the mines and railways, or other properties were nationalised here, or is it only if a Soviet Government is set up that Mr. Clynes thinks such action correct?

Go to, fellow-workers, why do you allow a renegade of this calibre to represent you?

"No More War."

Left-Wing Communists displayed a banner in the No-More-War Procession bearing these words:

"We do not support this demonstration. It is humbug. Communism only will stop all wars."

When those who made the last war and are preparing for the next cry "No more war," HUMBUG is the only appropriate reply.

Lloyd George And War.

Lloyd George says he will consecrate his remaining days to save humanity from war. Yet he and his Government are still following the policy of exploitation and grab which caused the last war. He says that the Churches must teach the people to hate war; yet if his Government come into conflict with France, Germany, or America, he will at once call on the Churches to make the war popular, and they will respond—as they always do.

Lloyd George wishes to make the people hate war so much that they will not fight for freedom from capitalism, however much they are oppressed. Fisher, Minister of Education, voiced the same view when he proposed, not disarmament, but the abolition of the revolver. The fact is, these capitalist Government men want to disarm everyone but their own forces. The Government desires to be able to fire its machine-guns at us whilst we are deprived of even a revolver with which to protect ourselves when we rise up against the tyranny of the powers that be.

The Irish Treaty Fraud.

Acceptance of the Downing Street Treaty was represented as a means of securing peace in Ireland. On that ground it was reluctantly accepted by those of the average Irish men and women who agreed to it. It was because the Treatyists promised peace that they secured a majority in the Dail and in the elections.

The Treaty, however, is meaning, not peace to Ireland, but war. It should be observed that the Irish Parliament has not met since the elections gave the Treatyists their majority. The war made by the Treatyist Provisional Government upon the Republicans at the bidding of the Lloyd George Government has, therefore, not received the Parliamentary sanction upon which democratic countries are supposed to insist. A rigorous censorship seeks to prevent the expression of opinion hostile to the Treatyist war policy.

Reprieve for O'Sullivan and Dunn?

We learn that a petition for the reprieve of O'Sullivan and Dunn, on the ground that they acted from conviction, is being organised by their legal adviser.

A reprieve which merely substituted penal servitude for life for the death penalty would not meet the case. These men acted from conviction in the course of a war. Their opponents, the Lloyd George Government, should hold them as war prisoners, not as criminals. Whatever may be the war law etiquette of the situation, this is the least the Lloyd George Government should do, since, without declaring war, it has instituted a sort of war in Ulster, a sort of war carried on by the Government forces by just the methods employed by O'Sullivan and Dunn in retaliation. In the sort of war in Belfast, and in the civil war it has caused in the rest of Ireland, the Lloyd George Government, and the capitalists behind it, are wholly in the wrong.

OUR UNITY.

By KARL LIEBKNECHT.

("Rote Fahne," November 19th, 1918.)

Unity. Who could desire it, or strive to attain it, more than we do? Unity, which makes the proletariat strong in fulfilling an historic mission! But it is not every "unity" which strengthens. Unity between fire and water puts out the fire and evaporates the water; unity between the wolf and the lamb renders the lamb food for the wolf; unity between the proletariat and the ruling classes signifies defeat.

Only similar forces strengthen each other by uniting; when opposing forces link themselves together they are crippled.

To unite similar forces is what we strive for; various kinds of forces unite in order to hamper and divert the radical, driving forces of the revolution; that is what the present apostles of unity are striving for, just as it was the aim of the preachers of unity during the war.

Policy is action. To work together for action places unity above method and goal. Whoever is at one with us in goal and method is our welcome companion in the fight.

The apostles of unity want to liquidate today the "Revolution" which has hardly started; they want to turn the movement into "safe channels," in order to save capitalist society. By the restoration of the class State and the preservation of the economic class ascendancy, they wish to wrest the power from the proletariat, whilst they hypnotise it with the "unity" slogan. This is where these assail us, because we oppose this intention, because we earnestly and sincerely desire the liberation of the working class and the Socialist world revolution.

Can we, dare we, combine with them without becoming co-partners in their guilty designs?

Unity with them would mean the destruction of the proletariat, the surrender of Socialism, and of the International. Their due is not the brotherly clasping of hands, not unity, but conflict.

The working masses are the executors of the Social Revolution. Clear class-consciousness, the clear recognition of their historic task, the clear will for its accomplishment, undeviating energy, these are the attributes without which they cannot accomplish their work. Now, more than ever, the first precept is the dissipation of the mists of the "unity" slogan, the exposure of all lukewarmness or treachery, and the unmasking of all false friends. Clarity can only proceed from pitiless criticism; unity can only proceed from clarity; the power to bring about the new world of Socialism can only come through unity of conviction, aim and will.

INTERNATIONAL SYNDICALIST CONFERENCE.

An International Syndicalist Conference Has Just Been Held in Berlin. The Following Resolutions Were Adopted. We Print Them for the Information of Our Readers:

1. Revolutionary Syndicalism is the movement of the active masses, based on the class struggle and aiming to combine all brain and manual workers in economic fighting organisations, for the purpose of emancipating them from wage slavery and Governmental oppression.

Free Communism.

The ultimate object of Revolutionary Syndicalism is the re-organisation of the whole social life on the foundation of free Communism, by the united revolutionary efforts of the working classes themselves.

Revolutionary Syndicalism holds that only the economic organisations of the proletariat can accomplish these ends, and it therefore turns to the workers, in their capacity as the producers and creators of all social values, in contradistinction to the modern political Labour Parties within the sphere of which constructive economic aims play no part.

2. Revolutionary Syndicalism is the outspoken enemy of all economic and social monopoly. It strives for their abolition by the organisation of economic communes, the industries to be conducted by the industrial and agrarian workers themselves, through the system of free Soviets, independent of any political power or party.

In Place of Government of Men, Management of Things.

Against the politics of State and Party, Revolutionary Syndicalism puts the economic organisation of labour; in place of government of men, management of things. For this reason Revolutionary Syndicalism does not aim at the conquest of political power; on the contrary, it strives to eliminate all the functions of the State from the life of society. It holds that, together with the monopoly of ownership must also disappear the monopoly of government, and that the State, in whatever form—even in the form of the so-called Dictatorship of the Proletariat—can never serve the emancipation of labour, but must ever prove a hindrance, the creator of new monopolies and new privileges.

3. The aim of Revolutionary Syndicalism is twofold: on the one hand, it conducts the revolutionary struggle, day by day, for the economic, moral and ethical improvement of the workers within the existing social order; on the other hand, it strives to educate and prepare the masses for the conduct and management of the industries by themselves, to fit them for the adequate organisation of production and distribution, and of all the other branches of social life.

4. Revolutionary Syndicalism holds that the organisation of a socio-economic order, which bases itself entirely on the producers, cannot be regulated by the laws and decrees of State or Government. It can be accomplished only by the combined effort of all the workers, labouring with hand or brain, in each particular industry—namely, by the taking over of the conduct of every branch of industry by the workers of that branch themselves, and in such a manner that every group, branch, and industry functions as an independent, autonomous member of the whole economic organisation, and all co-operating, on the basis of mutual agreements, in the work of general and systematic production and distribution in the interest of the whole community.

5. Revolutionary Syndicalism is the enemy of all centralistic movements and organisations, founded as they are on the principles of State and Church, and which systematically suppress independent thought and initiative. Centralism is the artificial organisation from above, which transfers the regulation of the affairs of the individual, of the small groups, in all their complexity, to the few in power.

Organisation From Below.

By these means the individual is turned into a will-less object, controlled and manipulated from above. The interests of the whole are thus subordinated to the privileges of the few, variety made uniform, personal responsibility converted into dead discipline, and education turned into mere drilling.

6. Revolutionary Syndicalism repudiates all Parliamentary activity and participation in Governmental bodies. Even the freest suffrage is powerless to alter the extreme social contrasts existing in present society. The whole Parliamentary system serves but the purpose of making social injustice and hypocrisy with the appearance of legal right: to induce the masses to sanction their slavery with the seal of the Law.

7. Revolutionary Syndicalism repudiates all arbitrariness, political and national boundaries. In Nationalism it sees only the religion of the modern State, behind which are hidden the interests of the possessing classes. Revolutionary Syndicalism recognises only regional differences, and demands for every group of people the right to regulate its own affairs, in solidary co-operation with all other economic, regional or country organisations.

8. For the same reasons Revolutionary Syndicalism fights against militarism in every form, and considers the anti-militarist propaganda as one of its most important activities in the struggle against the existing

social order. This includes refusal of military service, and the organised boycott by the workers of the manufacture of the implements of war.

9. Opponents of organised violence in the hands of any representatives of Government, the Syndicalists realise that the decisive struggle between capitalism in power and coming Socialism will not terminate without a severe conflict. They therefore recognise violence as a means of defence against the methods of violence on the part of the ruling classes, in the attempt of the revolutionary people to take possession of the industries and of the land.

10. Only within the revolutionary economic organisations of the labouring masses is to be found the lever of their emancipation and the creative power to re-organise society in the spirit of free Communism.

Resolution No. 2.

The preliminary International Conference declares: The fundamentals of the Revolutionary Syndicalist organisations as embodied in the theses, and unanimously accepted by the delegates at the preliminary Conference, are not merely the result of the discussions at the Conference—they were also expressive of the reports of the Revolutionary Syndicalist and industrial organisations not present at the Conference.

World Congress of Revolutionary Syndicalist Organisations.

2. The Red Trade Union International, neither from the point of principle nor on the ground of its statutes, represents an International organisation that could combine the revolutionary proletariat of the whole world into one militant, fighting organisation. The Conference therefore decides to create an International Bureau, which is to issue an immediate call for a world Congress of the Revolutionary Syndicalist organisations—the Congress to take place from November 12th to 19th, 1922.

In the hope that the Labour bodies now adhering to the Red Trade Union International may participate in the forthcoming International World Congress, and there may help to establish the necessary basis for the gathering of all the revolutionary Syndicalist forces of the world into one and the same body, the Bureau is instructed to forward the decisions of the preliminary International Conference to the Executive Committee of the Red Trade Union International.

Resolution No. 3.

1. The Conference of the Revolutionary Syndicalist and industrialists has agreed upon the formation of an International Bureau.
2. The Bureau consists of (a) three members of the Revolutionary Syndicalist organisations of the country where the Bureau will be located; (b) one member each of the Syndicalist organisations of other countries belonging to the Bureau.
3. Revolutionary Syndicalist organisations in various countries who will join the Bureau are entitled countries belonging to the Bureau.

In the country where the Secretariat of the Bureau is located, one substitute for each member of the Bureau is to be chosen. The latter may participate in the sittings of the Bureau which does not deliberate upon questions of principle.

The purpose and aim of the Bureau is to carry out the decisions of the International Syndicalist and industrialist Conference held in Berlin, June 16th-19th, 1922.

Resolution No. 4.

The preliminary International Revolutionary Syndicalist Conference urges the representatives of the Revolutionary Syndicalist minorities to keep up and strengthen the revolutionary propaganda in their respective countries. Also to carry their work into the Labour organisations they belong to, and there to keep up a constant, vigilant fight for the victory of the ideas and principles of revolutionary syndicalism.

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

A Child's Lesson.

"THE BETTER LAND."

By TOM ANDERSON.

"The Better Land" is a story about which every boy and girl in Scotland, for the last 100 years, has been told. It is a land away beyond the big blue sky, it is said; but let me tell you there is no "sky." We call it by that name because the ancient astronomers did so. What we call the sky is simply the vapour caused by the sun. The sky does not exist; it is a myth. The story I, and every boy and girl of my boyhood, was told about the "better land" was

only a story without any foundation, in fact. The "better land," up above the sky, was supposed to be heaven; but we now find that there is no "up or down" in the sense that we were told; there is nothing but space, infinite space, space beyond the conception of the human mind.

I was told the story by my old parson. "Tommy," he would say, "if you are a good boy you will go to the 'better land,' and if you are a bad boy you will go to the 'bad place' down below, and be put in a big fire that never goes out." My old parson believed that; but then that is nearly fifty years ago.

There is no "up or down." Think that over. It means there is no heaven or hell. Let me give you a sum to do; you will require a great big slate for it. Our world is 25,000 miles in circumference. How long do you think it would take a flying machine, travelling at 100 miles an hour, to go round the world? It would take 250 hours.

Now listen: We can now measure distance by light. A ray of light will travel three times round our world in a second, which is equal to 75,000 miles. That would be 4,500,000 miles a minute, or 270,000,000 miles an hour. My sum, then, is, what distance would the ray of light travel in 31,226 hours? That is the time a ray of light would take to travel to the nearest star, travelling at the rate of 75,000 miles a second. Get out your slate, then, and multiply 270,000,000 by 31,226, and you will get the answer—8,431,020,000,000 miles. That is "some" distance. An aeroplane, flying at the rate of 100 miles an hour, would take fully 160,000 years, and that without ever making a stop! That would only take you to the nearest star. When you got that length and you had been on the way for 160,000 years you might have as far again to go to the next star. The query is, when will you reach the "better land"? You cannot live for 160,000 years unless you are a spirit; and as we have no knowledge of spirits we cannot take them into the sum.

You can see from this that the "better land" is far, far away. In all the Church hymns they tell you it is very far away. In fact, they are always singing about the distance it is away, but I do not think they know how far away it is.

There is a land not so far away, but there are no angels in it, nor gods or devils; it only contains beasts—beasts who live on the other dumb beasts who want to go to the "better land." Why do they not make the land that is near at hand a "better land," and so save themselves such a long journey travelling to a "better land"?

I will tell you the reason: The beasts have been told the story of the "better land"; that it is true; and that they will go there after they die, and they will play a harp, a golden harp, and walk in golden streets, without any work to do. Everyone will be happy there; there will be no pain or suffering. There will be no rich, no poor. "The lion shall lie down with the lamb." The King will welcome you, and the angels will sing to you, and you will be in your Father's mansion; and there will be no night. It will be one continuous holiday, a thousand times better than a week at the Isle of Man. The poor beasts of this earth have been taught this story, and they believe it, and many of them long to go to the "better land." The reason certain people tell the poor beasts this story is to keep control over them. For you must know if the beasts found out it was all "cod" something might happen. The beasts might make a "better land" here; and, you know, that would never do, so they tell them that God told them to tell them. Of course that is part of the "cod." But still the beasts believe them, and if you can keep the beasts in order with a simple tale like that, what is the use of having an Army? Of course they keep the Army as a safety-valve; but they tell the beasts the Army is to protect them from the dirty foreigners. The beasts believe that also.

You see, when you train and rear beasts for a few hundreds of years you can get them to do anything you like, and as the old story wears out the keepers of the beasts always have a new one coming along, and there is no end to the stories. The one of the "better land" will last

(Continued on p. 7.)

How Fortunes were made in the Mines.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS IN COAL MINES, 1841-43.

IV.

Further Heart-rending Evidence Given by the Child Mine-workers.

John Maffin, sixteen years old, putter, Gosforth Colliery: "Was strong before he went down pits, but is not so now from being over-wrought and among bad air."

Robert Hall, seventeen years old, half-marrow, Feligin Colliery: "The work of putting makes his arms weak and his legs work all the day; makes his back work. Is putting to the dip now in a heavy place. Each one of them takes his turn to use soams (the rawing straps), and put's with them, and the other shoves behind. Both are equally hard. If it is a very heavy place there are helpers-up, but not so many as they want. Has known one sore strained by putting."

Michael Richardson, fifteen years old, putter, St. Lawrence Main Colliery: "About three-quarters of a year since he wrought double shift every other night, or, rather, he worked three times in eleven days for thirty-six hours a time without coming up to the pit. About six months ago he worked three shifts following, of twelve hours each shift, and never stopped work more than a few minutes now and then, or came up the pit till he was done. There was then some night work to do, and the over-man asked him to stop, and he could not say no, or else he (the over-man) would have frowned on him and stopped him, perhaps, of some helpers-up. Thinks the hours of lads ought to be shortened, and does not know whether it would not be better even if their wages were less."

James Glass, eighteen years old, putter, Walbottle: "Puts a tram by himself. Has no helper-up and no assistance. Mostly puts a full tram up. Is putting from a distance now. Mostly the trams are put by one person. Was off work the week before last by being sick. Was then putting in the night shift, and had to go home and give over. Could not work. His head works * nearly every day. He is always hitting his head against stone roofs. His arms work very often. Has to stoop a good deal. The weight of his body lies upon his arms when he is putting. The skin is rubbed off his back very often."

Boys Fall Asleep and are Killed.

Mr. James Anderson, a home missionary, residing in Easington Lane, Hetton-le-Hole, in reply to queries proposed, handed in the following written evidence: "The boys go too soon to work. I have seen boys at work not six years of age; and, though their work is not hard, still they have long hours, so that when they come home they are quite spent. I have often seen them lying on the floor fast asleep; then they often fall asleep in the pit, and have been killed. Not long ago a boy fell asleep, lay down on the way, and the waggons killed him. Another boy was killed; it was supposed he had fallen asleep when driving his waggon, and fallen off and was killed."

East of Scotland.—From the tender age and sex of the great proportion of the workpeople, the long hours of work, the wretched condition of the pits, and the meagre and unsubstantial food, the degree of fatigue produced by colliery labour in the district is extreme. "The tender and feeble power of girls and boys of this age (eight years old and under) must be taxed beyond

* Works—aches.

their strength by an uninterrupted labour of twelve hours' average daily labour called for irregular periods, sometimes by day and sometimes extending through the whole night. The medical evidence shows that this labour is injurious to the bodily frame; from the exhaustion of their labour they are in most instances too fatigued even to attend their evening school, should one be found in their neighbourhood; and, after taking a meagre supper of kail and porridge, they are but too glad to seek the ill-provided rest which is to prepare them for the toil of the succeeding day."

Barney Walker ten years old, Blindwells, St. Germain's, Beving Pit, East Lothian: "Pushes the carts and carries coal. I go down at six in the morning and go home at seven, when mother sends me to bed, as I am so fatigued."

Catherine Thompson, eleven years old, putter, Redding Collieries, Stirlingshire: "We both work on father's account, and draw his coal. The hutchies hold 8 cwt., which we have first to fill before we draw. The distance we draw is said to be full 1,000 yards. I can scarcely stand after I have been running and pushing all day."

Ellison Jack, a girl eleven years old, Loanhead Colliery, Midlothian: "My task is four to five tubs; each tub holds 4½ cwt. I fill five tubs in twenty journeys. Am very glad when my task is wrought, as it sore fatigues."

"When Mother and Father First Took Me Down I Was Frightened."

Jesse Wright, eleven years old, coal-bearer, Edmonstone Colliery, Midlothian: "Don't like the work at all; daylight is better; the work is horribly sair. When mother and father first took me down I was frightened at the place. Have got a little used to the work, but it crushes me much. I leave work when bad air is in the pit, which frequently has occurred."

Robert Seton, eleven years old, coal-putter, Rosewell and Barley Dean Collieries, Midlothian: "Father took me down when I was six years old, and I have been wrought below ever since. Brother and I draw one waggon, which holds 6 cwt. of coal. The work is as sair as ever laddie put his hand to."

Boys Frequently Fall Under the Slyphes and Get Much Injured.

Andrew Young, eleven years of age, coal-putter, Arniston Colliery, Midlothian: "Draws with ropes and chains: slype first to the main road, and then pull to the pit bottom on the rail roads. Sometimes I have to slype 100 to 300 fathoms, according to the rooms the men work in; the wall is far away from level road. We draw as the horses do, only we have no wheels to the slyphes, therefore the work is very sore. Boys frequently fall under the slyphes and get much injured. When we descend a brae, the practice is to hang on in front, and other laddie to pull behind; but, with the baskets holding 5 cwt., we are frequently overpowered."

Jane Kerr, twelve years old, coal-bearer, Dryden Colliery, Midlothian: "I work every day. The work is very sair and fatiguing. I would like to go to school, but canna wone (go) owing to sair fatigue."

"I Crawl On All Fours."

Elizabeth Selkirk, eleven years old, coal-drawer, Haugh Lynn Colliery, Midlothian: "Works from three in the morning till four and five in the afternoon, and frequently all night. The work is so sore that I canna help going to sleep when waiting for the gig to draw. Father is very bad in the breath, so I am wrought with brother. I do not always change myself, as one o'er-fatigued. We have had much trouble (sickness). My work causes me to stoop double, and when I draw I crawl on all fours, like the cuddies. (Very sickly emaciated child, subject to severe pains in limbs and bowels, arising no doubt from over-work and want of food. Her parents, with seven children, live in a wretched hovel at Perthhead; the room not more than 10 ft. by 14 ft.; the furniture consisted of two old bedsteads, nearly destitute of covering, and a few old stools and bits of broken crockery.)"

(To be continued.)

ESPERANTO.

EKZERCO No. 9.

Ĉu vi opinias ke pluvos?—Mi pensas ke ne ĉar la nuboj estas disigantaj kaj la subiranta suno estas jam malalta je la horizonto.—Do, frue post la sunlevigo mi elitiĝas kaj naĝos en la rivero, kaj tiam iros por longa marŝado trans la montojn por enspiri la freŝan aeron.—Bene, mi akompanos vin ankau.

VORTARETO.

| | | | |
|-----------|------------------|-----------|---------|
| opinii | to be of opinion | tiam | then |
| nubo | cloud | post | after |
| dis | shows separation | sublevigo | sunrise |
| iĝ | to become | naĝi | to swim |
| jam | already | marŝado | tramp |
| malalta | low | trans | across |
| horizonto | horizon | monteto | hill |
| do | then | enspiri | inhale |

NOTES.

Ke pluvos—that it will rain—"it," being impersonal, is not translated.

Mi pensas ke ne—I think not (literally, I think that not); similarly, mi pensas ke jes—think so.

Je—impersonal proposition, no definite meaning, translated according to the sense of the phrase.

Do, tiam—then, the first a conjunction, the latter denoting time.

El-ĵi-ĝ-os—literally, "will become out of bed" or "will get up."

MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

Daŭrigo.

Tiun ĉi proponicion, kiu, laŭ mia opinio, desuŝitiga fari por la historio kion la de Darwin teorio estas farinta por la biologio, mi ambaldestis laŭgrade alproksimiĝintaj dum kelkaj jaroj antaŭ ol 1845. Kion mi mem sendepende progresis al ĝi estas plej bone montrate en mia *Condition of the Working Class in England*. Sed kiam mi ree renkontis Marks en Bruselo, printempe, 1845, li jam estis ĝin elpensinta, kaj metis ĝin antaŭ mi en terminoj preskaŭ tiel klaraj, kiel tiuj, per kiuj mi ĝin elmontras tie ĉi. * "The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844." De Frederiko Engels. Tradukita de Florence K. Wischniewetzky—London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

Daŭrigo.

SUMMER TIME.—Cont. from p. 1.

Summer when we are catering for people's needs instead of for their purses: when no one is obliged to check his wants by the reflection: "Can I pay?"

How satisfying a holiday will be when we need have no care for the bills or the railway fare; no thought for the rent that has been accumulating whilst we were away; no compunction for those others who could not have a holiday!

Not only shall we take long holidays, but we shall work at necessary productive work, only for short hours daily. Three or four hours of productive work, at the most, will suffice to supply all, and more than all, the people need. We shall work at what we choose, where we choose. To do productive work will be so universally recognised as a social duty that few will even think to avoid it, just as to-day few parents seek to abandon their children; and the few who do, in most cases are labouring under acute economic pressure. As to what industry we shall work in, where we shall work, and what craft or branch of industry we shall practice, there will be an infinite variety of choice, just as there is an infinite variety in taste and temperament.

When our three or four hours' necessary productive work is done we shall have the rest of the time to study, to create, to practise the arts, to enjoy life as we choose. All this is possible, do not doubt it, because we can produce more of everything that the people need and desire than we can use.

When Communism comes, O golden when! Meanwhile, the worker who toils ten hours a day at some monotonous, distasteful employment, which would be done by machinery if human beings were not so cheaply hired, asks: "Who will do the dirty work?" The answer is, of course, that the "dirty work" will be largely eliminated; what there is will be shared; volunteers will be called for, and the response will always exceed the demand when the work that has to be done is for the common good.

Do you doubt that? You must be a pessimist indeed if you do! Life contradicts such pessimism every day in its records of heroism and sacrifice. At Ton Pentre, the other day, when Morgan and Lidwell Davies were buried by a fall of roof in the mine, over a hundred miners worked in relays, at great risk, to rescue them. If more men had been needed; if there had been space for more men to take part in the work of rescue, they would have been forthcoming; thousands would have volunteered.

Nor is it only in the sudden emergency that men and women are willing to work. Every employer of labour knows that a large proportion of workers work in ways that he cannot compel, in ways that do not bring the worker a penny extra in wages; not to earn more, or to win his favour, or to make their jobs more secure, but simply because they see that some piece of work should be done, some useful object should be created for, some damage should be checked.

The capitalist system militates against all gratuitous service, all care for the property of others; yet humanity will have its way at times, and it is constantly substituting mutual aid and service for the mere observance of the bond which competitive capitalism and wage-slavery dictate.

Were this not so, life would be a much more terrible thing than it is, especially for the employing classes.

Suppose every employee said, "I wasn't paid to put out that light; I wasn't paid to shut that door; I wasn't paid to turn off that tap; I wasn't paid to extinguish that fire; I wasn't paid to stop that horse; I wasn't paid to give that alarm; I wasn't paid to extricate that poor fellow from the machinery that has caught him, and in which he will be mangled—"

Yet the employer of labour, under the economic pressure of the capitalist system, does not, and in the long run cannot, respond to the needs of the worker in the same spirit. He does not say: "This man's family is large; this man's child is ill; therefore I must increase his wage. This worker needs rest; therefore I must give him a holiday on full pay."

Competitive capitalism directs that the worker shall be paid the least that he can be induced to accept. If trade is bad, no compunction, in the long run, causes the employer to refrain from dismissing his employees, and though the store-houses are full, the community only provides a bare pauper's dole for the workers.

The working classes of the world are short of the products of labour; great masses of people are so short of the products of labour as to be actually dying from sheer want; yet the International Labour Office is meeting gravely and pompously to discuss "world unemployment."

Growing numbers of workless people evicted from their homes are drifting out of the towns into the country, to sleep under hedges or in barns—if they can manage to creep into them unobserved—and to subsist as best they may. The National Vagrancy Committee estimated in May last that 30,000 persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five were tramping the country, and that number must be greatly on the increase since the five weeks' gap system was introduced into the insurance payments, and since the Poor Law Guardians grew more close-fisted in their grants of relief. The National Vagrancy Committee in May was calling, through the columns of the *Daily Herald*, for compulsory Labour Colonies, where men will work like slaves, deprived of liberty, for a bare living. "The Labour Party 'Right to Work Bill' would establish slave colonies for the unemployed, if passed into law."

Sentence to such places as Belmont and Hollesley Bay would be still more common than to-day should the Webbs and the others who pull the strings of the Labour Party come into power. Labour Colonies are not Socialism: under Socialism we shall share and share alike, both the work and its products; each will take what he or she needs and desires, because, when we all share the productive work, when we have removed the parasitic mountain of idlers and unproductive workers, which has grown up, and is growing every day larger under capitalism, we can easily supply all the needs, all the desires of every one of us.

At Belmont men rise at 7 a.m. Their working-day lasts from 8 to 5 p.m. They must be in bed by 8 p.m. Their breakfast time is from 7.30 to 8; their dinner time from 12 to 1; their supper time from 5 to sleeping time. These are the only breaks in the day they can more or less call their own. Their beds are of straw; their clothes ex-German prisoners' uniform dyed brown. (Where is the country fit for heroes, O fools who believed those lying words?) Their breakfast is 4 to 6 oz. of bread with margarine, and tea; their dinner pea soup, with 2 or 3 oz. of bread; their supper is bread, margarine, and tea. The wage is ½ oz. of shag weekly; the first ounce comes at the end of seven days.

The wives at home get what the Guardians may be pleased to give; one man's family received 8/3 worth of food and 12/- in cash. Afterwards his wife received, instead of relief, an order for the Poor Law Infirmary, the children being taken into Poor Law institutions. So one "Englishman's home" was broken up.

The National Vagrancy Committee, through the columns of the *Daily Herald*, in May called for compulsory Labour Colonies, in order that the families who, rather than be separated in Workhouse prisons and slave colonies have gone on tramp, may be laid hold of.

The National Vagrancy Committee is now again through the columns of the *Daily Herald* complaining that pensioned ex-soldiers are "abusing the tramp wards." Mr. A. H. Bonser, the chairman of the Committee, who seems to be a veritable Bumble, protests:

"A pensioned man can go to the pension officer and say, 'I am going to seek work in Liverpool. Can I have my pension transferred there?' Thus these men go from place to place, and, as they are ex-Service men, see do not demand any task, so they get free supper, lodging, and breakfast."

"We are putting certain views to the Ministry to circumvent them."

Realise, O people of intelligence, what this means. These are pensioned men, men broken in the War. They are men who have lost the use of a limb, whose sight is impaired, or whose physique is otherwise injured. They cannot

work as other men—that is why they are pensioned. They cannot, like Lord Lascelles, Lloyd George, or the King, go for a sea voyage or into a nursing home. Their pension is too small even to allow them to live in good country air and be well fed and clothed. Their pension is only a part-pension; it is not enough to keep a strong healthy person, still less provide comforts for an invalid or a convalescent. They ought to demand; they ought to receive, all that is necessary to re-build their health or to keep them in comfort for the rest of their lives if recovery is impossible. Even according to the low standard of capitalist morality their claim to that is undeniable. If they quietly take the pittance which is all that a fraudulent ruling class allows them, and then go out on tramp to ally their natural craving for the healing influences of rural surroundings, merely obtaining from an ungrateful Government the meagre bed and breakfast of the tramp ward, the rulers who have dishonoured their pledges have good reason to congratulate themselves on shuffling off their obligations so easily.

But the Bumbles, with their philosophy of £ s. d., have no bowels of compassion, no sense of the deeper justice, no realisation that we are all human beings after all, and that they themselves, in spite of their prosperous money-making, are but parasites upon the producing class, parasites who neither reap, nor sow, nor weave, nor build.

NINE MONTHS FOR A SPEECH.

Mr. S. G. Dallas has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for referring to Sir Henry Wilson as a murderer, saying that he was shot in a good cause and that the same thing must be done in England. Mr. Dallas denied having used the words complained of. He declared that he spoke in an absolutely opposite sense.

Mr. Justice Shearman believed that "perhaps in a moment of intense excitement" he had used words of a most mischievous character.

Does Mr. Justice Shearman, in moments of intense excitement, never make use of mischievous words? Has he never, no, never, damned or otherwise abused someone, when labouring under excitement, whether intense or otherwise?

Perhaps Mr. Justice Shearman always keeps careful guard over his tongue; it may be so, but the mass of people do not; and why should Mr. Justice Shearman require of Mr. S. G. Dallas that he be superior to the mass of people?

We who are propagandists are often greeted by our opponents by such expressions as: "You ought to be burnt," and "You ought to be lynched." The men and women in the street frequently assert that Lloyd George, or some other political personage with whom they disagree at the moment, "ought to be hung."

Mr. S. G. Dallas denied that he had used the words complained of; that is sufficient indication that he did not mean them seriously, whether he uttered them or no. The man who means things like that does not deny them.

Mr. Justice Shearman is fully aware that Mr. Dallas did not intend to back those words by action, and that none of his hearers would act upon them.

The sentence of nine months' imprisonment is simply vindictive. Mr. Justice Shearman ought to be ashamed of it.

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.—Cont. from p. 5.

for many years to come—the keepers will see to that. Remember, then, that the "better land" is at least 8,481,020,000,000 miles away, and that it would take you 160,000 years, riding on an aeroplane flying at the rate of 100 miles an hour, to get there, and even then you might only be half-way. The moral of the story is, make the earth the "better land," and you will save time, and souls also.

NOT JEWS, BUT GENS.

Owing to a printer's error the word "Gens" appeared in last week's Proletarian Schools as "Jews." The sentence should read thus: "And before the slaves were the Gens, and women were the rulers."

Irish War News.

We have received the following article by the ordinary post from Ireland.

The Real Cause of the War Between the Irish Republicans and Free Staters.

When the Downing Street Treaty was signed last December it seemed to the National Revolutionaries that the spirit of revolt was dead for ever. The Irish Reds knew, however, that the country was only going through a transitional period, which would lead us up against British Imperialism once more and result in an armed conflict for the key to the Atlantic. The spirit which arose with the signing of the Treaty was that of Mammon. In place of the people preparing to fight the Treaty they were drinking, racing, dancing, and carousing. All, save a far-seeing minority, were in favour of the acceptance of the Treaty. The Labour fakirs had "doped" the workers to such an extent that the proletariat thought when the Act of Union would be re-affirmed unemployment would automatically disappear, trade would revive, and slumdom cease once for all. Such catch-phrases as "The Treaty makes the Irish people master in their own house," "The safest and surest way to the Republic is by working the Treaty," were current.

The capitalists and "goombeenmen" were all ardent Treatyites, because the Free State Constitution would guarantee the fullest exploitation of their capital; but Ireland could not escape the collapse of capitalism through which other nations are passing, and hence the Free State could no more revive trade and abolish unemployment than could the Six-County Government.

The lung-drawn out Dail debates on the Treaty and the discussion on document No. 2 made us sick, as also did Seay Milroy's alternative oath of allegiance.

The Treaty was ratified one Saturday night early in January, the result being a victory for Collins and Company by a majority of seven votes.

The next move of the compromisers was the sacking of the old Republican Cabinet. Its place was taken by a Free State Cabinet. So started the Reconquest of Ireland for the British Imperialists.

The next obstacle to the new Dail was the fear of the Army's anger. It was decided to call an All-Ireland Convention to find out the Army's temper towards the new Government. Then Rory O'Connor called all the Press representatives to 23 Suffolk Street, and spoke of the Army taking the Government into its own hands to save the Irish Republic.

Immediately he was sneered at in Waterford by Mike Collins, and his statements were referred to as "those mutinous views of Commandant O'Connor."

Mike's followers joined him in slandering the Republicans. The Press called them Mutineers and Bolsheviks. De Valera was dubbed "an enemy of Ireland."

A few weeks before the Army delegates assembled, Arthur Griffith announced, through the Press, that the Army Convention would be illegal, as the Government did not sanction it. This is the man who would disarm the proletariat and arm the bourgeois White Guards.

The Minister of Defence (R. Mulcahy) sent out a new catch-phrase: "The Army is, and must be, the servant of the people, and not the master."

No matter what is in office, the Army is always the master of the people, and every capitalist Government rules through a military dictatorship.

The night before the Army delegates met, the Minister of Defence issued a warning that all soldiers attending I.R.A. Assembly would be suspended for an indefinite period. The "warning" was ignored; the delegates showered into Dublin from all parts of Ireland.

The Assembly deliberated and passed its resolutions without the slightest opposition. The two important resolutions were:

"That the Army re-affirms its allegiance to the Republic."

"That the Army shall be governed by an Executive of 16."

It seemed that the Irish Republic, for which so many young lives were offered, was not destined to die.

A week after this the good work was started by an attack on the *Yellow Freeman's Journal*, which all its life has fed on Castle gold. It was suppressed for trying to cause disaffection and indiscipline among the Republican Army.

While all this was taking place, Churchill was supplying Lancia cars, armoured cars, and other war material in abundance to the "Provisional Government."

Then a momentous thing happened. One night, a few days before Easter 1922, the Four Courts were seized by the Republicans. The old guerilla warfare was revived on a small scale. Some barracks of the Free State Army were attacked, lorries of troops ambushed, and despatch riders captured and deprived of their despatches. Winston Churchill was meanwhile supplying the 18-pounders in secrecy to the Provisional Government.

A few weeks after the capture of the Four Courts a stop-press edition was issued, stating that an effort for "Peace" was called for by such personalities as Republican Dan Breen, some Free Staters, and a few doubtful Republicans who were beginning to show "cold feet." The Republicans were now fortifying the Ballast Office and the Kildare Street Club—two buildings they had just seized as outposts, to help their comrades in the Four Courts.

An Army conference to find a basis for unification was formed by an equal number of representatives of the Republicans and Free Staters, and a truce of ten days was proclaimed to find a basis for unification.

A few days later another attempt at an Army conference was made. This sat till about a week before the onslaught on the Executive Headquarters of the I.R.A. Towards the end of the conference certain elements began trying to fly the white flag. These weak-kneed elements and compromisers were a bigger danger than Beggar's Bush and Dublin Castle put together.

Directly after the conference had broken down for ever the Director of Boycott, Commandant Leo Henderson, a fine type of Irish Republican, was arrested by Free State forces during the execution of his duty in seizing Belfast goods at Ferguson's garage, Baggott Street, to enforce the Belfast boycott. It was no other than the Criminal Investigation Department which conveyed the news of the raid to Free State Headquarters. The officer in charge promised to treat Commandant Henderson as a prisoner of war, but broke his promise a few days afterwards, Commandant Henderson being lodged in Mountjoy Gaol and treated as a common criminal. This high-handed action was an attack on Rory O'Connor and the Army.

Major-General McConnell, of the Provisional Government forces, was arrested by order of the I.R.A. Executive, and a message by phone was sent to the Bush that he would be held as a hostage until the Director of Boycott was released. The answer of "big business" was, of course, in the negative.

About four hours before the attack on the I.R.A. Headquarters, two armoured cars were sent by the Beggar's Bush to patrol along the quays and around the vicinity of the Four Courts.

Two parties of men were mobilised by the Republicans to mine the approach leading to the Four Courts. They carried on their work under the muzzles of the Vickers' guns. The work was scarcely completed when a fleet of Lancia cars came dashing along and stopped outside the Law Courts. When no attempt was made to arrest those engaged in the mining operations they retired inside.

An ultimatum was delivered to the Commandant-General and staff to surrender the building and all munitions therein within half an hour.

As soon as the ultimatum was rejected two 18-pounder shells were sent crashing against the magnificent dome of the Four Courts. Half an hour later the attack began in earnest. Rifles, machine-guns, bombs and shells were brought

into action against the garrison. The fight went on for two and a-half days.

The Republican Department of Publicity meanwhile was issuing its *War News*; its proclamation was posted up on every lamp-post and wall. As to the rules of war, the Free State Army does not seem to know of any. The hospital for the wounded was situated in the centre of the back of the Four Courts. Near nightfall the medical officer felt he must have a light to attend to the wounded. He sent out a note to the Free State Brigadier-General, who replied that if the light were covered with a red cross it could burn for two hours. The lamp was scarcely burning for two minutes when a machine-gun was played on it. The firing then became so hot that the hospital had to be removed to the basement, and even there no one was safe.

Arthur Griffith and Mike Collins were all the time conspicuous by their absence, but an old revolutionary was again at her post—Madame Markievicz, an old comrade of Connolly and Larkin. The remnants that were left of Ireland's Red Guard were also at their posts. They saw, like Connolly, that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity, and a step nearer the Co-operative Commonwealth.

A week before the Four Courts battle the Republicans met at Badenstown Churchyard, to commemorate Theobald Wolfe Tone.

The Free State Army held a demonstration of their own the next Sunday. A man who was marching into the British Empire with his hands up delivered an oration over the grave of a believer in the Rights of Man, who died in a prison rather than re-affirm the Act of Union. The scenes after the Treatyites pilgrimage were shocking. A good supply of Guinness's porter was consumed by the so-called followers of Tone.

An Advisory Committee, consisting of such personalities as Sir Neville Maccready and Mr. Cope, the late Under-Secretary for Ireland (or England) was sitting in secrecy in Dublin for a few days before the battle of the Four Courts. Maccready and Cope were advising the Free State Ministry of Defence as to how to crush the Republicans. It could be clearly seen that Winston Churchill was saying to Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins:

"Take our 18-pounders and shell the Four Courts, or Maccready will do the job himself."

Collins and Griffith were like Punch and Judy in Churchill's hands.

The tinpot Provisional Government has imposed a vigorous censorship on all papers printed and issued in Ireland. We know of cases in which ex-Auxiliaries and Black and Tans have offered their services to the Provisional Government. Some far-seeing citizens are beginning to see far more than the Farmer Grazier Government wishes. Already through Dublin the cry of "By what mandate?" is being sent broadcast. When a Government wishes to declare war on any foreign country or on the internal enemy, the sitting of Parliament is usually called for. Nothing of this kind has happened here. The Free State Parliament has not yet held a sitting. It is clear that the English Ministry of Defence had all the say, and not Dick Mulcahy or Beggar's Bush.

The guerilla war is still being waged effectively against the Government of Collins and Griffith; it is now just as successful as when used against the British Army and the Black and Tans last year. The next big battle will take place in Cork, and the Free State Army is making preparations for a bloody conflict. We believe that the Free State troops will be landed under the protection of British warships, for we have received information to the effect that there are a few boatloads of troops around Liverpool waiting to be shipped to Cork at any minute to assist the Free Staters.

We believe that I.R.A. will win through though it may take some time; but the people are gradually sliding back to the Republican faith and are treating the Beggar's Bush troops as Black and Tans and mercenaries.

FROM THE ECONOMIC SECTION.

Published by E. Sylvia Pankhurst at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and printed by S. Corio at 10 Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London.