

# Red Industrialism in Ireland.

# Workers'



# Dreadnought

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

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[WEEKLY] PRICE TWO PENCE

## WRITTEN ON THE DAY THAT MR. LEIGH HUNT LEFT PRISON.

What though, for showing truth or flatter'd  
state,  
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,  
In his immortal spirit, been as free  
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.  
Minion of grandeur, think you he did wait?  
Think you he nought but prison walls did see,  
Till, so unwillingly, thou unturn'd'st the key?  
Ah, no! Far happier, nobler was his fate!  
In Spencer's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,  
Calling enchanted flowers; and he flew  
With daring Milton through the fields of air:  
To regions of his own his genius true  
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair  
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched  
crew?

—Keats.

## FRAGMENT: TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

People of England, ye who toil and groan,  
Who reap the harvests which are not your own,  
Who weave the clothes which your oppressors  
wear,  
And for your own take the inclement air;  
Who build warm houses . . .  
And are like gods who give them all they have.  
And nurse them from the cradle to the grave. .

What men gain fairly—that they should possess,  
And children may inherit idleness.  
From him who earns it—this is understood;  
Private injustice may be general good.  
But he who gains by base and armed wrong,  
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,  
May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress  
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he  
Left in the nakedness of infancy.

—Shelley.

## SHELL OIL.

Little wonder the capitalists are scrambling  
to put their money in oil! The "Shell" trans-  
port and trading company has just announced the  
payment of a dividend of 27½ per cent., free  
of tax, for the year 1921. The company made  
only £7,495,010 profit, as against £8,870,042 in  
1920, and a dividend of 88 per cent.; but the  
shareholders considered it had done very well,  
in view of the general industrial depression, and  
they received their chairman with cheers of  
gratitude at the Cannon Street Hotel. Sir  
Fortesque Flannery, who moved a vote of thanks  
to the chairman and directors, said, "We are  
suffering, as everyone has suffered, from what  
has resulted from the War."

## YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

A blue mark in this space  
indicates that your subscrip-  
tion is now due.

The high cost of produc-  
tion of the paper necessitates prompt payment

## The House that was Seized.

### The Case of Four Homeless Families.

40 South Grove, Peckham, a nine-roomed house, stood empty for years.  
Four homeless families—four men, four women, and sixteen children—have occupied it for  
several months.

The fathers of these families are all ex-Servicemen. So far from having homes "fit for  
heroes to live in" provided for them, they could find no homes at all owing to the acute  
shortage of houses.

Proceedings have been taken under two ancient Statutes of Richard II. and one of  
Henry VI. for having "unlawfully and forcibly made entry and detainer of certain lands and  
tenements situate at 40 South Grove."

The owners make no use of this house. The families occupying it have nowhere else to go.  
The Law steps in to protect the rights of the owners and to thrust the homeless families  
out in the street.

### Lambeth Police Court.

The seats for the public, and the standing-  
room at the back, are crowded with poor people.  
The elderly magistrate sits on the bench,  
comfortable and ruddy-faced.

In the dock are four men, two of them wear-  
ing the soldier's khaki puttees with civilian  
clothes. They are not cowed and ashamed, but  
stand stiff and alert, obviously prepared for a  
struggle.

From the solicitors' benches in front a slim  
man in black half rises, lolling languidly back,  
with one hand in his pocket and one foot on  
the seat.

His tones are mincing; one can scarcely hear  
what he says. He is appearing, he intimates,  
on behalf of the Receivers in Chancery, on the  
instructions of the Master in Chancery, to appeal  
to his worship the magistrate to deal with these  
men in the dock, who are occupying a house  
which "was seized."

"Was seized!" exclaims the magistrate, as  
though dismayed by the enormity of the  
proceeding.

"Do they claim that they have a right to  
it? What right can they have?"

Greatly shocked indeed is the magistrate by  
such boldness on the part of these four working  
men.

The prosecutor explains, in his mincing tones,  
in which some warmth of disdainful indignation  
is apparent, that the four men, with four women  
and sixteen children, have actually been in pos-  
session of this house since February.

As a matter of fact, one homeless family  
moved into the house last December, but the  
Receivers in Chancery did not discover the pre-  
sence of unauthorised occupants till a couple of  
months had passed.

The Master in Chancery, explains the prosecu-  
tor, has authorised these proceedings under the  
Statutes 5 Richard II., c. 8, 15 Richard II., c. 2,  
and 8 Henry VI., c. 9.

"You are aware, sir," he says, "that they  
are still in force."

The magistrate knows nothing about these old  
Statutes. He shakes his head. The ways of  
the Chancery Court are beyond his compre-  
hension.

The Magistrate: "Why not an ordinary  
action for ejectment?"

The Prosecutor: "This has come before the  
Master himself; I am acting under his instruc-  
tions."

The Magistrate: "But what has that got to  
do with me? Why have you let all this time  
elapse? By an ordinary ejectment order you  
could have got them out much sooner."

The Prosecutor (waxing more indignant)—the

Master evidently desires to mark his view that  
this is a serious offence): "These men should  
be punished. They have seized this house in  
gross violation of the King's Peace."

The Magistrate (looking up from the text of  
the old statutes): "Do you suggest a fine?"

The officials of the Court confer in whispers.  
The magistrate continues his study of the vener-  
able Statutes: he ruminates to himself over the  
ancient language:

15 Richard II., c. 2, A.D. 1391.

"... them that make entries with strong  
hands into lands and tenements, or other pos-  
sessions whatsoever, and them hold with force,  
and also of those that make insurrections, or  
great ridings, riots, routs or assemblies, in  
disturbance of the peace, or of the common  
law, or in affray of the people, shall be holden  
and kept, and fully executed; joined to the  
same that at all times that such forcible entry  
shall be made, and complaint thereof cometh  
to the justices of peace, or to any other of  
them, that the same justices or justice take  
sufficient power of the county, to go to the  
place where such force is made, and if they  
find any that hold such place forcibly after  
such entry made, they shall be taken and put  
in the next goal, there to abide convict by  
the record of the same justices or justice, until  
they have made fine and ransom to the King;  
and that all the people of the county, as well as  
the sheriff and others, shall be attendant upon  
the same justices to arrest such offenders, upon  
pain of imprisonment to make fine to the  
King."

8 Henry VI., A.D. 1429.

"Item, whereas by the noble King Richard,  
late King of England, after the Conquest, the  
second, at his Parliament holden at Westmin-  
ster the morrow after All Souls, the fifteenth  
year of his reign, amongst other things, it  
was ordained and established, that the statutes  
and ordinances made, and not repealed, of  
them that made entries with strong hand into  
lands or tenements, or other possessions what-  
soever, and hold them with force, and of them  
that make insurrections, riots, routs, ridings,  
assemblies, in disturbance of the peace, or of  
the common law, or in affray of the people,  
should be holden and fully executed."

"And for that the said statute doth not  
extend to entries into tenements in peaceful  
manner and after holden with force."

"... that henceforth where any doth  
make [any] forcible entry into lands and ten-  
ements or other possessions, or them hold  
forcibly, after complaint thereof made within  
the same county where such entry is made to  
the justices of the peace, or to any of them,



by the party grieved, that the justices or justices so warned, within a convenient time shall cause, or one of them shall cause, the said statute duly to be executed, and that at the costs of the party so grieved."

What would Richard II. and Henry VI. have thought, could they have been present to see prosecuted under their Acts, not the powerful robber barons of their day, with their strong bands of armed men, but these four unemployed, homeless workers, with their wives and sixteen children, the youngest of them born in the house they asked?

The Magistrate (looking up from the Statutes of Richard II. and Henry VI.): "First of all, you've got to prove forcible entry if you proceed under these Acts."

The magistrate and the prosecutor confer in undertones as to whether the Acts of Richard II. and Henry VI. are all necessary, or whether that of Henry VI. will suffice.

The men in the dock—Keeling, Dunn, Nay, and Summerfield—whose fate is thus being decided without reference to them, break in upon the discussion between the magistrate and the prosecutor.

Keeling: "I have been trying to find the owner of the house. I thought that Mr. Rosenberg might find the landlord and find me a place to go to."

The Magistrate (blandly): "I don't like to get people into trouble unnecessarily. We might adjourn, to give them an opportunity to clear out."

The Prosecutor mutters objections.

The Magistrate: "If these men say they go—"

Nay: "At the time I am accused of making forcible entry into these premises I was at Gibraltar, serving in the Army."

The Magistrate (indulgently): "Then you couldn't be breaking into this house."

Keeling: "We are willing to pay rent."

The Magistrate (testily, incoherent): "People don't want tenants forced upon them. Law of this country... property... can't allow this sort of thing."

Nay: "Would you be prepared to have a statement from all of us?"

The Magistrate (more testily, more incoherent): "Houses cannot be entered in this way... rights of property... law... This county... landlords don't want... can't allow."

The Prosecutor (in low tones to the magistrate): "...Proceedings in the High Court."

The Magistrate: "Oh, there are proceedings?"

Nay: "We are all four ex-Service men."

The Magistrate: "Ex-Service men can't get into other people's houses."

Nay: "We were thrown out on to the streets. We had nowhere to go but the Workhouse, which I very much object to; they break up the families there. It says in the marriage service let no one part man and wife."

Nay: "We've looked after the house and repaired it."

The Magistrate: "If we were to adjourn, it would give you an opportunity to clear out."

Nay: "We're accused of stealing and—"

The Magistrate: "No, no; no one accuses you of stealing."

Summerfield: "I was living under the tarpaulin last winter, and my little children were hungry and cold. They wouldn't give them anything but the Workhouse. I was the first one to go in there. I found all the paper hanging down, and it was littered with rubbish. The newboys used it as a lavatory; it wasn't fit for anyone to go into. I cleaned it out."

The Magistrate: "Now I shall adjourn, to give you an opportunity to go; if you don't, there will be forcible ejectment under this old Statute."

The Prosecutor: "Tell them there will also be imprisonment."

The men in the dock: "Where are we to go?"

The Magistrate (irritated by not receiving the customary thanks and promises): "Three weeks is all I'll give you."

"The men in the dock: "Will this landlord find us another place to go to?"

40 South Grove.

An old house with nine rooms, including the kitchen and a scullery. The unemployed who have annexed it have mended the windows, whitewashed the scullery and outhouses, mended the paper on the walls, and repaired the drains. They have done the best they can to make the place comfortable with the few poor pieces of furniture they possess and the scanty means at their disposal. One of the men makes toys, for sale on a barrow in the street.

The place overflows with little children. The occupants are overcrowded, but not more so than many other workers who pay rent and occupy their premises in conformity with the law.

The shortage of houses, acute in all working-class areas, is specially acute in Peckham and Camberwell. It was not far from here that the Ormeside Road evictions took place. It is not far from here that the families are living in huts made from rough wood covered with oil-cloth and roofed with tarpaulin weighted down by stones. One of the men living there with his family got work with a builder on his discharge from the Army; but the builder, being short of work, dismissed him. Thus he became unemployed; and, not being able to pay his rent out of the insurance dole, he was rendered homeless, and has lived eight months under the tarpaulin.

The case of Keeling, Nunn, Nay, and Summerfield will be heard again on August 23rd.

In the twentieth century, now that modern science and machinery enable mankind to produce more of the necessities and adornments of civilised life than can be actually used by the world's population, people whose only crime is unemployment are living thus.

Is it not time for the workers to refuse to go homeless or to starve in a land of plenty?

Socialise the houses.

Socialise the food.

Socialise all the means of life: the entire range of production and distribution.

In the meantime, regard an injury to one as an injury to all.

Do not allow Keeling, Nunn, Nay, Summerfield, and their families to be victimised.

## RED NIGHTS.

A STORY BY L. A. MOTLER.

(Continued from last week.)

We were well down the fire-escape ere this occurred, however, and making our way through the hoardings that were at the back of the huge newspaper building, where an extension was being erected. Nobody was in the back street into which we emerged, as attention was concentrated on the front, the troops having barely arrived. Our own men had been indiscreet enough to fire at once on seeing the troops come up within range.

Milly nearly crooked her ankle on the kerb the street being badly lighted, but she just smiled and ran on. We turned the corner and darted into a doorway before the troops came round at the double. We could see them clambering out of the half-dozen motor lorries that had brought them, and at the top of the street we could just glimpse a tank, followed by a fast-gathering crowd. As they passed us we stepped out of a doorway and mingled with them.

We could not delay, however, and soon made our way out and were on a bus bearing us westwards. As we got to the top of Whitehall we saw a barricade had been erected, packed with troops and police. And we discovered the meaning of the regular chug-chug we had heard when our bus neared Chancery Lane. It was a small field piece in action. The whole of Whitehall had been cleared of people, and it was now a regular *champ de bataille*. Firing came from the Government offices, but it died down as one by one the shells took effect. The Government had given orders to wipe out the revolutionaries even at the cost of destroying the historic buildings. And, above all, they needed

to get possession of the wireless to communicate with the Fleet. It was imperative to them to know what was going on in the high seas. They wanted to check whatever orders the revolutionaries had transmitted before they began to take effect.

I looked at Milly. She turned away, with a set mouth but a suspicion of tears in her eyes. I took her arm and turned across Trafalgar Square. As I passed up towards Charing Cross a hand was laid on my arm. I turned and met the bloodshot eyes of Bagoff. His dishevelled clothes had been put into some hasty semblance of order, so as not to attract attention.

"It is all over," he said. He threw his head in the direction we had just come from. "The Head has decided to quit, and such as are left alive are to meet at Golder's Green, near the reservoir. It is no use staying to be shot. The whole Army has been turned against us. The Admiralty was deserted twenty minutes ago. The troops don't know it, as the occasional shots coming from there are only abandoned cartridges exploding by a fuse attached to them. We had better hurry, for the rendezvous is fixed for half-an-hour."

We dived into the nearest Underground and were soon speeding northwards. As we alighted from Golder's Green station we saw two of the Headquarters walking in front of us. We did not join them till we had passed out of the crowd, then all five of us made for the reservoir. We expected to see a motor waiting, but found no sort of conveyance. Nor was there anyone save our five selves at the rendezvous.

In a minute, however, a gate opened across the road, and someone came towards us. I recognised the naval officer, who had one hand bound in white, but was smiling cheerily.

"You're just in time," he cried, and, taking Milly by the arm, led us through the gate into the grounds of a well-set house. As we passed up the steps of the front door he turned to us.

"I am taking you in for a snack. We have only a quarter of an hour left, but that will be enough to take the edge off your appetites. You can have a proper meal aboard."

And, ushering us to a room where food and drink was laid on the tables, he left us. We found five others of the Headquarters there—all that remained of the sixteen. Four had been killed in the melee, and the other two shot out of hand when captured. We remained talking between mouthfuls until a young man dressed in engineer's overalls came in and spoke to us.

"The Commander sent me to say the bus is ready, and, if you are, he will be glad if you will join him."

We rose, wondering what way we were to make our escape. "Bus" evidently meant aeroplane, but the grounds were far too small for a "take off." As we crossed over to the lawn we saw a huge biplane of a kind new to us. On each side, besides the usual two planes, were a set of smaller ones, like the laths in a Venetian blind. On top, over the body, was a peculiar kind of propeller.

We were handed warm coats, and all got inside. The machine was built like a passenger-carrying bus, with seats on each side, a covered body, and glass windows. We had barely settled down when we felt some motion. Slowly the huge machine began to rise, without any forward movement. Then I remembered some recently invented contrivance, called a helicopter, I think, by means of which an aeroplane could rise horizontally, and, if needed, remain in a stationary position in mid-air. Then slowly, with gradually increasing speed, the plane shot forward and our journey was well begun.

Bagoff was seated at the front end, just behind the compartment where the Commander was piloting the strange craft. I saw him bend over a table as something began to click-click. Then he picked up a piece of paper, and, after scanning it, passed it on to us. It was a message such as are printed on tape machines. Take a last look at England," it said. And looking down I saw we were well over the sea.

The last of our Red Nights.

THE END.



## THE BREAKDOWN OF OUR INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

(Continued from May 27th issue.)

Of course, as long as society remains organised so as to permit the owners of land and capital to appropriate for themselves, under the protection of the State and historic rights, the yearly surplus of human production, no such change can be thoroughly accomplished. But the present industrial system, based upon a permanent specialisation of functions, already bears in itself the germs of its proper ruin. The industrial crises, which grow more acute and protracted, and are rendered still worse and still more acute by the armaments and wars implied by the present system, are rendering its maintenance more and more difficult. Moreover, the workers plainly manifest their intention to support no longer patiently the misery occasioned by each crisis. And each crisis accelerates the day when the present institutions of individual property and production will be shaken to their foundations, with such internal struggles as will depend upon the more or less good sense of the now privileged classes.

But we maintain, also, that any Socialist attempt at remodelling the present relationships between Capital and Labour will be a failure if it does not take into account the above tendencies towards integration. Those tendencies have not yet received, in our opinion, due attention from the different Socialist schools; but they must. A re-organised society will have to abandon the fallacy of nations specialised for the production of either agricultural or manufactured produce. It will have to rely on itself for the production of food and most of the raw materials; it must find the best means of combining agriculture with manufacture—the work in the field with decentralised industry—and it will have to provide for "integrated education," which education alone, by teaching both science and handicraft from earliest childhood, can give to society the men and women it really needs.

Each nation her own agriculturist and manufacturer; each individual working in the field and in some industrial art; each individual combining scientific knowledge with the knowledge of a handicraft—such is, we affirm, the present tendency of civilised nations. The following pages are intended to prove the first of these three assertions.

The prodigious growth of industries in Great Britain, and the simultaneous development of the international traffic which now permits the transport of raw materials and articles of food on a gigantic scale have created the impression that a few nations of Western Europe were destined to become the manufacturers of the world. They need only—it was argued—to supply the market with manufactured goods, and they will draw from all over the surface of the earth the food they cannot grow themselves, as well as the raw materials they need for their manufactures. The steadily increasing speed of transoceanic communications and the steadily increasing facilities of shipping have contributed to enforce the above impression. If we take the enthusiastic pictures of international traffic drawn in such a masterly way by Neumann-Spallart—the statistician and almost the poet of the world-trade—we are inclined to fall into ecstasy before the results achieved. "Why shall we grow corn, rear oxen and sheep, and cultivate orchards, go through the painful work of the labourer and farmer, and anxiously watch the sky in fear of a bad crop, when we can get, with much less pain, mountains of corn from India, America, Hungary, or Russia; meat from New Zealand, vegetables from France, apples from Canada, grapes from Malaga, and so on?" exclaim the West Europeans. "Already now," they say, "our food consists, even in modest households, of produce gathered from all over the globe. Our cloth is made out of fibres grown and wool sheared in all parts of the world. The prairies of America and Australia; the mountains and steppes of Asia; the frozen wildernesses of the Arctic regions; the deserts of Africa, and the depths of the oceans; the tropics and the lands of the midnight sun are our tributaries. All races of man contribute their share in supplying us with our staple food and luxuries, with plain clothing and fancy dress, while

we are sending them in exchange the produce of our higher intelligence, our technical knowledge, our powerful commercial and industrial organising capacities! Is it not a grand sight, this busy and intricate exchange of produce all over the earth which has suddenly grown up within a few years?"

Grand it might be, but is it not a mere nightmare? Is it necessary? Is it advantageous for humanity? At what cost has it been obtained, and how long will it last?

Let us turn seventy years back. France lies bleeding at the end of the Napoleonic wars. Her young industry, which had begun to grow at the end of the last century, is crushed down. Germany and Italy are powerless on the industrial field. The arms of the great Republic have struck a mortal blow to serfdom on the Continent; but the return of reaction tries to revive the decaying institution, and serfdom means no industry worth speaking of. The terrible wars between France and this country, which wars are often explained by merely political causes, had a much deeper meaning—an economic meaning. They were wars for supremacy on the world-market, wars against French commerce and industry; and Britain won the battle. She became supreme on the seas. Bordeaux was no more a rival to London, and the French industries seemed to be killed in the bud. And, favoured by the powerful impulses given to natural sciences and technology by the great area of inventions; finding no serious competitors in Europe, Britain began to develop her manufactures. To produce on a large scale in immense quantities became the watchword. The necessary human forces were at hand in the peasantry, partly driven by force from the land, partly attracted to the cities by high wages. The necessary machinery was created, and the British production of manufactured goods went on at a gigantic pace. In the course of less than seventy years—1810-1878—the output of coal grew from 10 to 135 millions of tons, and the exports of manufactured ware from 46 to 200 millions of pounds. The tonnage of the commercial fleet was nearly trebled. Fifteen thousand miles of railways were built.

## THE APOSTLE.

By GUY A. ALDRED.

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

From that time onward Imperial Pagan Priestcraft decked itself out in the garments of Christian beauty. But the robes did not suit the robed. Bread and circuses were given to the poor—as charity! Paganised, that noble stately word of the streets lost its wonderful old-time meaning of understanding love and reverent tender consideration. It was no longer the text from which Jesus had preached in those street orations of which the poor love to tell, in their epic of glorious contempt for the deadly dull and most proper synagogues. It no longer inspired the thought: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." It no longer pleaded for the woman taken in adultery and uttered brave words of wisdom about "casting the first stone." It now acquired a hateful corruptive palliative soup-kitchen significance. It meant mesmerising the people into quietness, patient misery, and crime. It spelt the death of the soul of man, the perpetuated crucifixion of Jesus. In a sense of irony, it preached: "Jesus and him crucified"—by the Church of the world of Caesarism, of course. The entire performance was a mockery—a skeleton masquerading as human being, death pretending to be life, the grave presuming to be a human habitation.

Jesus was Caesarised. He was stereotyped into a dead Christ and an ornamental God, reduced from a living voice of the streets to the dead authority of Church and State. His tenderness was paraded as interested charity. His manhood was degraded to charlatan divinity and despicable deceit. Funeral pyres were lighted by Caesarism in his name. Lies were proclaimed in the terms of his pet phrases. He was imprisoned by the church of privilege in a goal of flattery, torture, idolatry, and divinity. But he never lost his great wonderful living power. The prison of State never killed his wonderful humanity, just as the freedom from station never

revealed the genius of Caesarism. Intrinsic worth is never destroyed. False pomp and ceremony hides it for a time, but can never imitate it.

So that the death of the State is the dawn of Caesar, whilst the death of the Church is the glory of Jesus. With the fall of the Church, Protestant and Catholic, the shadow of Jesus passes for ever, but not the shadow of Jesus. The Christ of fiction and the Church militant, of divinity and establishment, disappears only that the Jesus of reality may be revealed and released unto mankind to take his place in the councils of the streets for ever—Jesus the son of man, poet and prophet of the poor, the great outstanding figure of his epoch, proclaiming the eternal glory of the third-rate. Deprived of the false pomp and ceremony with which the Church surrounded him the better to entomb his influence, robbed of the bogus halo of ecclesiastical divinity, questioned and tortured with enquiry, considered in the marked simplicity of his character as he was, the man sorrowing at the dominion of kings and their iniquities, the greatness of Jesus becomes manifest. This is not the Jesus of Rome or even Calvin. This is the Jesus of Servetus, dying with perfect greatness for his faith.

And so the forum nurtured and educated the Apostle. It lost him God and found him man. It deprived him of Christ and gave him Jesus. So that he mixed with Demos at thought and learned to say in his inmost soul with a power and conviction mere church-goers cannot hope to understand: "Jesus, the very thought of thee, with sweetness fills my breast." For Jesus meant to him the people, its tragedy, martyrdom, and faith epitomised in one individual. Almost, in his Atheism and his Iconoclasm, he found himself saying:

"Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine  
Which Time has given on his mighty scroll;  
No wreaths, no garlands ever did entwine  
So fair a temple of so vast a soul."

Almost, except for a consciousness of the sweetness and greatness of this life and teachings of Gautama the Buddha—another enlightener of the forum.

For the spirit of the forum was upon him. It called him first as a child of Demos to think and to educate. It made him preacher and teacher. Then it chose him solemnly and deliberately for apostolic work. He knew the call and felt the inner consecration. I suspect that, individually, the parhutes were never conscious of the call they uttered in their collective personality of Demos. But call Demos did—and the Apostle heard and responded. He felt his love go out unto the people and his soul quicken within him. The white flame of a great atheism enwrapped him. He was transfigured, and the voice of the people whispered within him: "My beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." He was tenderly grateful unto his mother for having borne him. The great blessing of knowing his life's work was given unto him and enriched his life and outlook. Unto the people from whom he had received as much he would return the same a thousandfold if it was given unto him to do. Demos at thought had received its child as a novice and sent him forth an apostle to link hands and purport across the abyss of time with Jesus the son of man.

I suspect that it was the sacrament and the glory of this call to achievement that followed the Hyde Park forum in the eyes of the Apostle, and explained his prejudice towards it above all other forums. He compared it to Westminster, and considered of how much more eternal weight and consequence was its wisdom than the paper enactments of the State assemblies. In Parliament was evolved with laborious expediency some measure of passing legislation. In the forum they discovered the soul of the people, and winged its message throughout the world of misery.

Demos directly thinking decides finally. There is no appeal and no repeal. The Republican movement of a century back came to nothing but promise in the forum because it failed the needs of Demos. So failed Chartism, Labourism, with the consent and approval of the forum, sweeps aside Liberalism also. But on the fringe of Labourism are gathering the forces of Communism. The forum is watching with an

(Continued on p. 5)



by the party grieved, that the justices or justice so warned, within a convenient time shall cause, or one of them shall cause, the said statute duly to be executed, and that at the costs of the party so grieved."

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The Magistrate (blandly): "I don't like to get people into trouble unnecessarily. We might adjourn, to give them an opportunity to clear out."

The Prosecutor mutters objections.

The Magistrate: "If these men say they'll go—"

Nay: "At the time I am accused of making forcible entry into these premises I was at Gibraltar, serving in the Army."

The Magistrate (indulgently): "Then you couldn't be breaking into this house."

Keeling: "We are willing to pay rent."

The Magistrate (testily, incoherent): "People don't want tenants forced upon them. Law of this country. . . property. . . can't allow this sort of thing."

Nunn: "Would you be prepared to have a statement from all of us?"

The Magistrate (more testily, more incoherent): "Houses cannot be entered in this way. . . rights of property. . . law. . . This county. . . landlords don't want. . . can't allow. . ."

The Prosecutor (in low tones to the magistrate): ". . . Proceedings in the High Court. . ."

The Magistrate: "Oh, there are proceedings?"

Nay: "We are all four ex-Service men."

The Magistrate: "Ex-Service men can't get into other people's houses."

Nay: "We were thrown out on to the streets. We had nowhere to go but the Workhouse, which I very much object to; they break up the families there. It says in the marriage service let no one part man and wife."

Nunn: "We've looked after the house and repaired it."

The Magistrate: "If we were to adjourn, it would give you an opportunity to clear out."

Nay: "We're accused of stealing and—"

The Magistrate: "No, no; no one accuses you of stealing."

Summerfield: "I was living under the tarpaulin last winter, and my little children were hungry and cold. They wouldn't give them anything but the Workhouse. I was the first one to go in there. I found all the paper hanging down, and it was littered with rubbish. The newsboys used it as a lavatory; it wasn't fit for anyone to go into. I cleaned it out."

The Magistrate: "Now I shall adjourn, to give you an opportunity to go; if you don't, there will be forcible ejection under this old Statute."

The Prosecutor: "Tell them there will also be imprisonment."

The men in the dock: "Where are we to go?"

The Magistrate (irritated by not receiving the customary thanks and promises): "Three weeks is all I'll give you."

"The men in the dock: "Will this landlord find us another place to go to?"

40 South Grove.

An old house with nine rooms, including the kitchen and a scullery. The unemployed who have annexed it have mended the windows, whitewashed the scullery and outhouses, mended the paper on the walls, and repaired the drains. They have done the best they can to make the place comfortable with the few poor pieces of furniture they possess and the scanty means at their disposal. One of the men makes toys, for sale on a barrow in the street.

The place overflows with little children. The occupants are overcrowded, but not more so than many other workers who pay rent and occupy their premises in conformity with the law.

The shortage of houses, acute in all working-class areas, is specially acute in Peckham and Camberwell. It was not far from here that the Ormeside Road evictions took place. It is not far from here that the families are living in huts made from rough wood covered with oil-cloth and roofed with tarpaulin weighted down by stones. One of the men living there with his family got work with a builder on his discharge from the Army; but the builder, being short of work, dismissed him. Thus he became unemployed; and, not being able to pay his rent out of the insurance dole, he was rendered homeless, and has lived eight months under the tarpaulin.

The case of Keeling, Nunn, Nay, and Summerfield will be heard again on August 23rd.

In the twentieth century, now that modern science and machinery enable mankind to produce more of the necessities and adornments of civilised life than can be actually used by the world's population, people whose only crime is unemployment are living thus.

Is it not time for the workers to refuse to go homeless or to starve in a land of plenty?

Socialise the houses.

Socialise the food.

Socialise all the means of life: the entire range of production and distribution.

In the meantime, regard an injury to one as an injury to all.

Do not allow Keeling, Nunn, Nay, Summerfield, and their families to be victimised.

## RED NIGHTS.

A STORY BY L. A. MOTLER.

(Continued from last week.)

We were well down the fire-escape ere this occurred, however, and making our way through the hoardings that were at the back of the huge newspaper building, where an extension was being erected. Nobody was in the back street into which we emerged, as attention was concentrated on the front, the troops having barely arrived. Our own men had been indiscreet enough to fire at once on seeing the troops come up within range.

Milly nearly crooked her ankle on the kerb the street being badly lighted, but she just smiled and ran on. We turned the corner and darted into a doorway before the troops came round at the double. We could see them clambering out of the half-dozen motor lorries that had brought them, and at the top of the street we could just glimpse a tank, followed by a fast-gathering crowd. As they passed us we stepped out of a doorway and mingled with them.

We could not delay, however, and soon made our way out and were on a 'bus bearing us westwards. As we got to the top of Whitehall we saw a barricade had been erected, packed with troops and police. And we discovered the meaning of the regular chug-chug we had heard when our 'bus neared Chancery Lane. It was a small field piece in action. The who's of Whitehall had been cleared of people, and it was now a regular *champ de bataille*. Firing came from the Government offices, but it died down as one by one the shells took effect. The Government had given orders to wipe out the revolutionaries even at the cost of destroying the historic buildings. And, above all, they needed

to get possession of the wireless to communicate with the Fleet. It was imperative to them to know what was going on on the high seas. They wanted to check whatever orders the revolutionaries had transmitted before they began to take effect.

I looked at Milly. She turned away, with a set mouth but a suspicion of tears in her eyes. I took her arm and turned across Trafalgar Square. As I passed up towards Charing Cross a hand was laid on my arm. I turned and met the bloodshot eyes of Bagoff. His dishevelled clothes had been put into some hasty semblance of order, so as not to attract attention.

"It is all over," he said. He threw his head in the direction we had just come from. "The Head has decided to quit, and such as are left alive are to meet at Golder's Green, near the reservoir. It is no use staying to be shot. The whole Army has been turned against us. The Admiralty was deserted twenty minutes ago. The troops don't know it, as the occasional shots coming from there are only abandoned cartridges exploding by a fuse attached to them. We had better hurry, for the rendezvous is fixed for half-an-hour."

We dived into the nearest Underground and were soon speeding northwards. As we alighted from Golder's Green station we saw two of the Headquarters walking in front of us. We did not join them till we had passed out of the crowd, then all five of us made for the reservoir. We expected to see a motor waiting, but found no sort of conveyance. Nor was there anyone save our five selves at the rendezvous.

In a minute, however, a gate opened across the road, and someone came towards us. I recognised the naval officer, who had one hand bound in white, but was smiling cheerily.

"You're just in time," he cried, and, taking Milly by the arm, led us through the gate into the grounds of a well-set house. As we passed up the steps of the front door he turned to us.

"I am taking you in for a snack. We have only a quarter of an hour left, but that will be enough to take the edge off your appetites. You can have a proper meal aboard."

And, ushering us to a room where food and drink was laid on the tables, he left us. We found five others of the Headquarters there—all that remained of the sixteen. Four had been killed in the melee, and the other two shot out of hand when captured. We remained talking between mouthfuls until a young man dressed in engineer's overalls came in and spoke to us.

"The Commander sent me to say the 'bus is ready, and, if you are, he will be glad if you will join him."

We rose, wondering what way we were to make our escape. "Bus" evidently meant aeroplane, but the grounds were far too small for a "take off." As we crossed over to the lawn we saw a huge biplane of a kind new to us. On each side, besides the usual two planes, were a set of smaller ones, like the laths in a Venetian blind. On top, over the body, was a peculiar kind of propeller.

We were handed warm coats, and all got inside. The machine was built like a passenger-carrying 'bus, with seats on each side, a covered body, and glass windows. We had barely settled down when we felt some motion. Slowly the huge machine began to rise, without any forward movement. Then I remembered some recently invented contrivance, called a helicopter, I think, by means of which an aeroplane could rise horizontally, and, if needed, remain in a stationary position in mid-air. Then slowly, with gradually increasing speed, the plane shot forward and our journey was well begun.

Bagoff was seated at the front end, just behind the compartment where the Commander was piloting the strange craft. I saw him bend over a table as something began to click-click. Then he picked up a piece of paper, and, after scanning it, passed it on to us. "It was a message such as are printed on tape machines. Take a last look at England," it said. And looking down I saw we were well over the sea.

The last of our Red Nights.

THE END.



## THE BREAKDOWN OF OUR INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

(Continued from May 27th issue.)

Of course, as long as society remains organised so as to permit the owners of land and capital to appropriate for themselves, under the protection of the State and historic rights, the yearly surplus of human production, no such change can be thoroughly accomplished. But the present industrial system, based upon a permanent specialisation of functions, already bears in itself the germs of its proper ruin. The industrial crises, which grow more acute and protracted, and are rendered still worse and still more acute by the armaments and wars implied by the present system, are rendering its maintenance more and more difficult. Moreover, the workers plainly manifest their intention to support no longer patiently the misery occasioned by each crisis. And each crisis accelerates the day when the present institutions of individual property and production will be shaken to their foundations, with such internal struggles as will depend upon the more or less good sense of the now privileged classes.

But we maintain, also, that any Socialist attempt at remodelling the present relationships between Capital and Labour will be a failure if it does not take into account the above tendencies towards integration. Those tendencies have not yet received, in our opinion, due attention from the different Socialist schools; but they must. A re-organised society will have to abandon the fallacy of nations specialised for the production of either agricultural or manufactured produce. It will have to rely on itself for the production of food and most of the raw materials; it must find the best means of combining agriculture with manufacture—the work in the field with decentralised industry—and it will have to provide for “integrated education,” which education alone, by teaching both science and handicraft from earliest childhood, can give to society the men and women it really needs.

Each nation her own agriculturist and manufacturer; each individual working in the field and in some industrial art; each individual combining scientific knowledge with the knowledge of a handicraft—such is, we affirm, the present tendency of civilised nations. The following pages are intended to prove the first of these three assertions.

The prodigious growth of industries in Great Britain, and the simultaneous development of the international traffic which now permits the transport of raw materials and articles of food on a gigantic scale have created the impression that a few nations of Western Europe were destined to become the manufacturers of the world. They need only—it was argued—to supply the market with manufactured goods, and they will draw from all over the surface of the earth the food they cannot grow themselves, as well as the raw materials they need for their manufactures. The steadily increasing speed of transoceanic communications and the steadily increasing facilities of shipping have contributed to enforce the above impression. If we take the enthusiastic pictures of international traffic drawn in such a masterly way by Neumann-Spallart—the statistician and almost the poet of the world-trade—we are inclined to fall into ecstasy before the results achieved. “Why shall we grow corn, rear oxen and sheep, and cultivate orchards, go through the painful work of the labourer and farmer, and anxiously watch the sky in fear of a bad crop, when we can get, with much less pain, mountains of corn from India, America, Hungary, or Russia; meat from New Zealand, vegetables from France, apples from Canada, grapes from Malaga, and so on?” exclaim the West Europeans. “Already now,” they say, “our food consists, even in modest households, of produce gathered from all over the globe. Our cloth is made out of fibres grown and wool sheared in all parts of the world. The prairies of America and Australia; the mountains and steppes of Asia; the frozen wildernesses of the Arctic regions; the deserts of Africa, and the depths of the oceans; the tropics and the lands of the midnight sun are our tributaries. All races of man contribute their share in supplying us with our staple food and luxuries, with plain clothing and fancy dress, while

we are sending them in exchange the produce of our higher intelligence, our technical knowledge, our powerful commercial and industrial organising capacities! Is it not a grand sight, this busy and intricate exchange of produce all over the earth which has suddenly grown up within a few years?”

Grand it might be, but is it not a mere nightmare? Is it necessary? Is it advantageous for humanity? At what cost has it been obtained, and how long will it last?

Let us turn seventy years back. France lies bleeding at the end of the Napoleonic wars. Her young industry, which had begun to grow at the end of the last century, is crushed down. Germany and Italy are powerless on the industrial field. The arms of the great Republic have struck a mortal blow to serfdom on the Continent; but the return of reaction tries to revive the decaying institution, and serfdom means no industry worth speaking of. The terrible wars between France and this country, which wars are often explained by merely political causes, had a much deeper meaning—an economic meaning. They were wars for supremacy on the world-market, wars against French commerce and industry; and Britain won the battle. She became supreme on the seas. Bordeaux was no more a rival to London, and the French industries seemed to be killed in the bud. And, favoured by the powerful impulses given to natural sciences and technology by the great area of inventions; finding no serious competitors in Europe, Britain began to develop her manufactures. To produce on a large scale in immense quantities became the watchword. The necessary human forces were at hand in the peasantry, partly driven by force from the land, partly attracted to the cities by high wages. The necessary machinery was created, and the British production of manufactured goods went on at a gigantic pace. In the course of less than seventy years—1810-1878—the output of coal grew from 10 to 133 millions of tons, and the exports of manufactured ware from 46 to 200 millions of pounds. The tonnage of the commercial fleet was nearly trebled. Fifteen thousand miles of railways were built.

## THE APOSTLE.

By GUY A. ALDRED.

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

From that time onward Imperial Pagan Priestcraft decked itself out in the garments of Christian beauty. But the robes did not suit the robed. Bread and circuses were given to the poor—as charity! Paganised, that noble stately word of the streets lost its wonderful old-time meaning of understanding love and reverent tender consideration. It was no longer the text from which Jesus had preached in those street orations of which the poor love to tell, in their epic of glorious contempt for the deadly dull and most proper synagogues. It no longer inspired the thought: “Judge not, that ye be not judged.” It no longer pleaded for the woman taken in adultery and uttered brave words of wisdom about “casting the first stone.” It now acquired a hateful corruptive palliative soup-kitchen significance. It meant mesmerising the people into quietness, patient misery, and crime. It spelt the death of the soul of man, the perpetuated crucifixion of Jesus. In a sense of irony, it preached: “Jesus and him crucified”—by the Church of the world of Caesarism, of course. The entire performance was a mockery—a skeleton masquerading as human being, death pretending to be life, the grave presuming to be a human habitation.

Jesus was Caesarised. He was stereotyped into a dead Christ and an ornamental God, reduced from a living voice of the streets to the dead authority of Church and State. His tenderness was paraded as interested charity. His manhood was degraded to charlatan divinity and despicable deceit. Funeral pyres were lighted by Caesarism in his name. Lies were proclaimed in the terms of his pet phrases. He was imprisoned by the church of privilege in a gaol of flattery, torture, idolatry, and divinity. But he never lost his great wonderful living power. The prison of State never killed his wonderful humanity, just as the freedom from station never

revealed the genius of Caesarism. Intrinsic worth is never destroyed. False pomp and ceremony hides it for a time, but can never imitate it.

So that the death of the State is the doom of Caesar, whilst the death of the Church is the glory of Jesus. With the fall of the Church, Protestant and Catholic, the shadow of Julius passes for ever, but not the shadow of Jesus. The Christ of fiction and the Church militant, of divinity and establishment, disappears only that the Jesus of reality may be revealed and released unto mankind to take his place in the councils of the streets for ever on—Jesus the son of man, poet and prophet of the poor, the great outstanding figure of his epoch, proclaiming the eternal glory of the third-rate. Deprived of the false pomp and ceremony with which the Church surrounded him the better to entomb his influence, robbed of the bogus halo of ecclesiastical divinity, questioned and tortured with enquiry, considered in the marked simplicity of his character as he was, the man sorrowing at the dominion of kings and their iniquities, the greatness of Jesus becomes manifest. This is not the Jesus of Rome or even Calvin. This is the Jesus of Servetus, dying with perfect sweetness for his faith.

And so the forum nurtured and educated the Apostle. It lost him God and found him man. It deprived him of Christ and gave him Jesus. So that he mixed with Demos at thought and learned to say in his inmost soul with a power and conviction mere church-goers cannot hope to understand: “Jesus, the very thought of thee, with sweetness fills my breast.” For Jesus meant to him the people, its tragedy, martyrdom, and faith epitomised in one individual. Almost, in his Atheism and his iconoclasm, he found himself saying:

“Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine  
Which Time has graven on his mighty scroll;  
No wreaths, no garlands ever did entwine  
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.”

Almost, except for a consciousness of the sweetness and greatness of the life and teachings of Gautama the Buddha—another enlightener of the forum.

For the spirit of the forum was upon him. It called him first as a child of Demos to think and to educate. It made him preacher and teacher. Then it chose him solemnly and deliberately for apostolic work. He knew the call and felt the inner consecration. I suspect that, individually, the parkites were never conscious of the call they uttered in their collective personality of Demos. But call Demos did—and the Apostle heard and responded. He felt his love go out unto the people and his soul quicken within him. The white flame of a great enthusiasm enveloped him. He was transfigured, and the voice of the people whispered within him: “My beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.” He was tenderly grateful unto his mother for having borne him. The great blessing of knowing his life's work was given unto him and enriched his life and outlook. Unto the people from whom he had received as much he would return the same a thousandfold if it was given unto him to do. Demos at thought had received its child as a novice and sent him forth an apostle to link hands and purpose across the abyss of time with Jesus the son of man.

I suspect that it was the secretiveness and the glory of this call to achievement that hallowed the Hyde Park forum in the eyes of the Apostle, and explained his prejudice towards it above all other forums. He compared it to Westminster, and considered of how much more eternal weight and consequence was its wisdom than the paper enactments of the State assemblies. In Parliament was evolved with laborious expediency some measure of passing legislation. In the forum they discovered the soul of the people, and winged its message throughout the world of misery.

Demos directly thinking decides finally. There is no appeal and no repeal. The Republican movement of a century back came to nothing but promise in the forum because it failed the needs of Demos. So failed Chartism, Labourism, with the consent and approval of the forum, sweeps aside Liberalism also. But on the fringe of Labourism are gathering the forces of Communism. The forum is watching with an

(Continued on p. 5)



# Workers' Dreadnought

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## AN APPEAL TO YOU.

To you who are holiday-making, we issue an urgent appeal from the staff of the *Workers' Dreadnought* which remains at work. Do not forget that expenses are just as heavy during the holidays as at other times.

We have heavy liabilities to meet and a great propaganda to do.

Send us your donations to the *Dreadnought* Fund.

To you who stay at home and to you who are going away for holidays, we urge: Do not relax your efforts to increase the *Dreadnought* circulation.

Remember that every little helps, and that we need your help to carry on!

## WORKERS' CONTROL IN IRELAND.

### The Beginning.

Amidst the turbulence of the Nationalist struggle in Ireland an industrial movement is growing, whose object far transcends the petty tariff reform nationalism of such men as Arthur Griffith. The object of this industrial movement is no other than the Communist Industrial Republic.

The stronghold of this movement, though its influence extends throughout Nationalist Ireland, is in Munster, which is the most highly developed region of the butter industry, the most highly developed industry in Ireland.

Two years ago the seventy workers employed in fourteen creameries about Knocklong took possession of the factories, and, dismissing the manager, set up soviets and carried on for a week, at the end of which their employers were glad to regain possession by granting increased pay. The incident so fired the imagination of the workers that it has been followed by similar efforts of workers on farms, in flour-mills, gas-works, saw-mills, railways, and so on. The Dock and Harbour Board, in Cork, was superseded by the workers in this manner. The south and south-western railway system was in the workers' hands when the employers capitulated. In almost every case the workers obtained substantial concessions by these measures, and in most cases held the concern till they voluntarily surrendered after obtaining the concessions. At a Drogheda iron foundry, however, the workers' soviet was driven out by the Black and Tans; and in one or two cases the forces at the disposal of Dail Eireann were used against them.

### Movement Towards Permanent Workers' Control.

The taking over of the works merely to obtain wage or hours concessions from the employer was but a beginning. The permanent sovietisation of the concern is now developing.

Cleeve's, the biggest firm of butter and condensed milk makers in Munster, began reducing wages and dismissing workers during the winter.

On May 18th the workers took over Cleeve's Creamery at Mallow, and are still in control there.

The movement has now spread throughout Munster, and across its borders, and all the works that have been taken have been held, except at Bruro, Bruree, and Kilmallock. The attempt to take the Lanadowne Works, in Limerick, and the Kanturk Works, failed; but

everywhere else the workers' attempts at seizure have been successful.

### Sixty Creameries Taken Over.

The workers are now controlling sixty creameries and a number of farms. They control the Tipperary gasworks, where fourteen men are employed, as well as fourteen creameries in the neighbourhood.

In the Glen of Aherlow is an estate of 400 acres of arable land and 1,400 acres of woods and mountains, owned by Marcy Dawson, a British naval officer who went mad. This estate fell into the control of the agent, a man named Sanders. Did he appropriate it? Dawson called in the Black and Tans to blackleg the farm workers. The place was finally closed down after a prolonged dispute.

Eighteen months later the Workers' Council of Action re-opened the place. The workers repaired the disabled machinery and leaking boiler, set going the saw-mill, which employs ten men, and is one of the best in that part of Ireland.

### A High Standard of Production Maintained.

As may be expected, there are difficulties to be encountered. Firstly, there is the difficulty of obtaining the raw material. People might fear to supply the workers' soviets lest the original owners should return. Nevertheless, the workers' creameries obtain from the farmers 60 per cent. of the milk the old owners used to get.

The butter produced under workers' control reaches the highest standard; 60 to 80 tons of butter is produced a week, and the work is everywhere carried on with efficiency.

### No High-brow Experts. A Rank-and-File Achievement.

The Irish soviets have no unpleasant stories to record of reduced output as a result of workers' control. These Irish soviets are purely the work of the humble rank and file. No high-brow experts, no bigwigs have had a hand in the work. Some local organisers of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and the actual workers in the concerns taken over, have done the work.

### Some Difficulties.

Inexperience in certain directions, and the hostility met with in others, create some difficulties, of course. The soviet in the Tipperary gasworks found no difficulty in collecting the money from the workers using slot meters, but when they attempted to collect accounts from the well-to-do they found that only 50 per cent. of the people concerned were willing to pay. The gasworks were needing coal, and, being obliged to pay cash for it, the collection of accounts was proceeded with as quickly as possible. On the necessary amount being collected, it was found that the woman clerk had banked it, as she always did, in the name of the firm, without realising that it would thus be impossible for the soviet to withdraw the money from the bank. In order to get the coal required it was necessary to get some more money.

It is interesting to observe that the dispute which led to the taking over of the gasworks arose from the refusal of the firm to pay a journeyman's wage to an apprentice who had served his time. The apprentice was appointed manager by the workers' soviet, and he went on working at his old wage, without even getting, or demanding, the increase on account of which the dispute had arisen.

### Attacks by the Farmers' Union.

The Farmers' Union carries on a warfare against workers' control. It makes raids on creameries, burning them down or taking away essential parts of the machinery, if the vigilance of the workers can be overcome.

### British Government's Hostile Action.

Only a portion of the soviet creameries' product can be sold in Ireland. The greatest difficulty facing the creameries is to find a market for it abroad.

There is no difficulty in finding customers in Britain, but the British Department of Agricul-

ture, acting in conjunction with the Free State Government, has succeeded in preventing the delivery of butter to customers in Ireland. Twenty-nine tons of soviet butter was taken off ship at Falmouth by British authorities the other day. £800 worth of soviet butter sent to a Glasgow customer is detained by the authorities in Glasgow. Another consignment is detained in London. None of the soviet butter disposed of in Ireland has been lost to the workers, though some of it was detained by the authorities for a few days.

The workers have retaliated against hostilities on more than one occasion by taking off the trains the butter from Cleeve's non-soviet factories. They have taken some prisoners also, and released them on conditions, and will take more prisoners as occasion arises.

The existence of the soviets and the temper of the workers is causing employers to deal carefully with their workers. Thus the wages of fitters in Cork are £5 4s. 10d. a week; and generally, though Irish wages used to be considerably lower than British, in many cases they have been maintained at or above the war level, whilst British wages have fallen.

### The Workers and the Republicans.

There is a good deal of co-operation between the workers and the Republicans, because the Republicans need the workers. Therefore, the soviets operate to a certain extent under the protection and permission of the Republican forces. In some cases, however, the class prejudices of Republican commandants occasion trouble with the workers. In one case the Republican commandant used his forces to put down a farm soviet and to compel the workers to labour under the supervision of the Republican forces. The Workers' Council of Action makes protest in such cases, and, as workers' support is essential to the hard-pressed Republican forces, such practices will be easily stopped. Nevertheless, it is important to observe that, while the Republican forces censor the war news and other matters of purely republican interest appearing in the newspapers published in the territory they control, the ordinary capitalist matter in regard to Labour questions and the class struggle at home appears unchanged. Of course, to alter the whole tone and outlook of the ordinary capitalist newspaper would mean big changes. Nevertheless, if the fighters for a Red Republic were in control, questions concerning the workers' economic status and their class position would be treated as of first importance. Either the present daily papers would become Red, or Red papers would necessarily appear.

At present the workers who are taking control of mills, creameries, and so on, are, many of them, quite unaware that their actions are tending towards a change in the whole structure of society. They do not realise that they are laying the foundations of a Soviet Republic.

In Russia the workers have been deluged with propaganda for a Workers' Soviet Republic, whilst the practice of workers' administration has been largely denied them, control by bourgeois experts, enforced where necessary by the military having superseded the workshop committees which originally seized the factories.

In Ireland, on the other hand, the workers are learning in practice how to carry on a workers' soviet administration without any extensive soviet or Communist economic propaganda.

Of course numbers of Reds who are helping to build up the workers' soviets are consciously working for a Communist Republic, but masses of workers are not, for the deed is outstripping the word in Ireland. The great propaganda by meetings, posters, newspapers, gramophones, literature, and in all sorts of ways that the Soviet Government was able to maintain once it got into power in Russia, of course, cannot be attempted in Ireland yet.

The Republicans realise that they cannot achieve much in their fight with the Free State Government and the British Government without the organised help of the workers. Moreover, the Republican ranks are largely honey-combed with Communists and industrial revolutionaries. A civil organisation is being developed in connection with the Republican forces. It is more or less informal as yet. This



is built up partly on the soviet principle. The workers in the various units of production and distribution and transport elect their representatives to a central committee with a civil executive nominated by the Army Council. The representatives on the various committees are chosen with regard to their technical knowledge for doing some essential work. This is necessary, of course, because the Republican army must provide itself on Irish soil with munitions of warfare, means of transport, food, and clothes: all things necessary to carry on their fight. This is the problem which faces every Army and Government which makes war; but when the war is with a foreign country the equipment of the Army is carried on by the population at home in regular fashion. In a civil war, like that of Ireland, each army has both enemies and friends in the territory it occupies. Clearly the Republicans, who are insurgents, without either the wealth or the power of a government in the seats of office, must endeavour to gain the co-operation of the workers, and must appeal to them to work as volunteers willing to face all risks. In such circumstances workers' management of industry is inevitable.

### ECHOES OF THE RAND STRIKE.

The terms set forth in a letter from the Chamber of Mines to the miners' organizations, dated January 30th, 1922, is said to have been the cause of the declaration of the general strike on the Rand. These terms were as follows:

"1. Average ratio of Europeans to natives on producing gold mines to be fixed for two years at no less than one European to 10.5 natives.

"2. Present addition to basic wages (approximately 20 per cent.) to be immediately reduced by half, the remaining half to be eliminated at the end of June.

"3. May Day and Dingaan's Day to be no longer paid holidays in the mines.

"The Chamber is prepared to increase substantially the number of apprentices so as to assist to a greater extent than it does at present in equipping the youths of South Africa for the future.

"Having regard to the state of the industry caused by the strike, no guarantee is given that strikers will be immediately re-engaged at the conclusion of the strike, or that every man taken on will be employed in his former capacity or working place."

The attitude of the older Labour leaders towards the strike and the future is well shown by the following sworn affidavit submitted to the Martial Law Commission by Mr. J. Thompson, Chairman of the augmented executive to the Martial Law Commission:

"The letter of the Chamber of Mines was responsible for everything that has occurred, for immediately following its publication in the Press, the position changed. From every district, and from nearly every Union, a demand came for the declaration of a general strike. The workers got very bitter, and on Monday, March 5th, 1922, it was decided by the Executive of the Unions and the Executive of the Federation, at a united meeting, to call a general strike. The general strike had been turned down by the Federation Executive Committee on more than one occasion, and was only very reluctantly agreed to under a very pressing demand from the vast majority of workers. He desires to emphasise that at several meetings with individual leaders of the Nationalist Party (the Opposition Party of the Government), and with the Transvaal Executive of the Party, material support of the members of the Party was always given conditional on the strike proceeding on the lines of no violence, and the A.E. was warned that any departure from peaceful methods would at once cut off support from that quarter. The measure of public violence that did occur was the direct and only possible result of the Chamber of Mines, who always appeared throughout the strike to be following a common policy aimed at the crippling of Trade Unionism.

"He (Mr. Thompson) is unable to submit any comprehensive statement for several reasons, inter alia (1) all records have been taken by the police or stolen by others; (2) he does not desire to make any statements except such as will assist

the Commission in arriving at accurate conclusions, and more especially to exonerate bodies who are at present under suspicion of co-operation with connivance at some scheme for altering the Constitution of the Union by force of arms."

### UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Thomas Sullivan, organizer for the Oil Workers' Industrial Union, has been sent to the county goal at Gaspar, in the state of Wyoming, on a vagrancy charge. He was denied his right under the U.S. Constitution of trial by jury. When he read to the magistrate the law which guarantees the right of every man to a jury trial, the Court said: "Sixty days for contempt of Court."

Sullivan had been out in the Natrona county oilfields organizing, and returned to his room to find a policeman inside and his effects strewn upon the floor. The policeman had no search warrant; he said he had a right to break into anybody's house. Sullivan pleaded not guilty to vagrancy, declaring he hadn't missed a day's work since November.

"Your job isn't a useful job," said City Attorney R. M. Boeke.

Sullivan was put into solitary confinement, and since then has been held incommunicado.

A petition signed by 300,000 persons for the release of the eighty-seven political prisoners in the United States was presented to President Harding on July 10th.

Another witness for the prosecution against Sacco and Vanzetti has admitted perjury. This man gave evidence against Sacco and Vanzetti under the name of Carlos E. Goodridge, in Massachusetts. He is wanted by the State authorities for larceny under the name of Erastus C. Whitney. He has been married to one woman as Erastus C. Whitney, born in Jefferson, N.Y.; to another as Carlos E. Whitney, born at Catskill, New York; and to another as Carlos E. Goodridge, born at Claremont, Va. He happened to be in the Massachusetts Court charged with larceny when Sacco was detained there on the murder charge. That is how he came to see him. Whitney, Goodridge, or whatever his name is, pleaded guilty to the larceny charge against him, yet he was released on probation, though he has a criminal record reaching back to his boyhood. Then he was brought up as a witness against Sacco and Vanzetti.

The defence naturally says that the thief was released on probation, in order that he might give false evidence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

### IRISH NEWS.

#### FROM THE OFFICIAL REPUBLICAN BULLETIN.

##### Raids, Threats, and Thefts.

The following telegram from Laurence Ginnell to Mr. M. Collins was occasioned by a raid on the nursing home where Mr. Ginnell is recuperating after his strenuous campaign in America on behalf of the Irish Republic:

"Am convalescing in home of two trained nurses, Kilbride Villa, Bray. Free State soldiers robbed house last night, including 200 of my money, six Bank of England ten-pound notes. Leader gave receipt signed Finnegan; said he had Capt. Doran's orders to

##### SHOOT ME AT SIGHT!

"I claim from you my money and effective protection."

De Valera's home was raided on July 7th.

##### Murder.

A boy named Sanderson, being refused a visit to one of the prisoners in Mountjoy Gaol, went to rear of prison and whistled to him. He was shot by Free State troops, and has since succumbed to his wounds.

##### England's Malicious Satisfaction.

In reply to a question in the House of Commons on July 20th, as to whether he was quite satisfied with his Irish policy now, Mr. Churchill said: "I am increasingly satisfied with it."

### Who Rules Ireland?

Speaking at Colchester on June 20th, Sir L. Worthington Evans, Secretary of State for War, said:

"The Government had told Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith that they had to govern or go. They had commenced to govern and had kicked the rebels out of the Four Courts. Hitherto the dirty work had been done by the British; now the Irish were responsible for clearing up their own country."

### ESPERANTO.

SLOILO (key) DE L'EKZERCO No. 9.

Do you think that it will rain?—I think not, because the clouds are dispersing and the setting sun is already low on the horizon.—Then, soon after sunrise, I shall get up and swim in the river, and then will go for a long tramp across the hill to inhale the fresh air.—Good; I will accompany you also.

### MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

Daŭrigo.

El nia kuna antaŭdiro je la germana eldono de 1872 ni citas la jenan:

"Kiom ajn la stato de aferoj estas sanginta dum la lastaj dudek kvin jaroj, la ĝeneralej principoj proponitaj en tiu ĉi Manifesto estas, ĉiutute, tiel pravaj hodiaŭ kiel iam. Tie ĉi tie la detalo povus esti plibonigita. La praktika aplikado de la principoj dependos, kiel diras la Manifesto mem, ĉiutote kaj ĉiutempe, de la historiaj statoj en tiu tempo ekzistantaj, kaj, pro tiu kaŭzo, neniu speciala emfazo estas metata al la revoluciaj rimedoj proponataj ĉe la fino de Sekcio IIa. Tiu parto estus, en multaj manieroj, redaktata tre malsame hodiaŭ. Konsiderante la gigantajn paŝegojn faritajn de Moderna Industrio de 1848, kaj la akompanantan plibonigitan kaj etenditan organizon de la laboranta klaso; en vido de la praktika sperto akirita, unue en la februara revolucio, kaj poste, ankoraŭ pli multe, en la Pariza Komunumo, kie la proletario por la unua fojo tenis politikan povon dum du tutaj monatoj, tiu ĉi programo en kelkaj detaloj estas fariĝinta antikva. Unu fakto aparte pruvigita per la komunumo, t. e., ke "la laboranta klaso ne povas simple preni posidon de jam-farita ŝtata maŝinaro kaj ĝin uzi por siaj propraj ŝtataj maŝinaro kaj ĝin uzi por siaj propraj celoj." (Vidu "The Civil War in France: Address of the General Council of the International Working-men's Association," eldonita London, Truelove, 1871, p. 15, en kiu tiu ĉi punkto estas plue klarigata). Plue, estas mem-evidente, ke la kritiko de la socialista literaturo estas manka rilate al la nuna tempo, ĉar ĝi nur pritraktas ĝis 1847; ankoraŭ, ke la rimarkoj pri la rilatoj de la Komunistoj al la diversaj opoziciaj partioj (Sekcio IV.), kvankam laŭprincipe ankoraŭ pravaj, tamen en la praktiko estas antikvaj, ĉar la politika situacio estas tute ŝanĝita, kaj la progreso de la historio forbalais de la tero la plimulton el la politikaj partioj tie nome cititaj.

Sed jam, la Manifesto estas fariĝinta historia dokumento, kiun ni ne plu havas ian rajton ŝanĝi.

La jenan tradukon faris Sro. Samuel Moore, tradukinto de la pligranda parto de "Kapitalo," de Marks. Ni estas ĝin reviziintaj kune, kaj ni aldonis kelkajn da notoj klarigantaj la historiajn aludojn.

Frederick Engels.

Londono, 30'an de Januaro, 1888.

Daŭrigo.

### ANTI-PARLIAMENTARY COMMUNIST MEETING:

FOREST GATE, WOODBRIDGE ROAD,

Saturday, August 12th, 7 p.m.

Speakers: A. Kingman, N. Smyth.



## WORKERS' OPPOSITION.

By Alexandra Kollontay.

(Continued from last week.)

At present the state of things is altogether different. In spite of the widely circulated promises made by the All-Russian Party Conference held in September, a no less important question than that of concessions was decided for the masses quite unexpectedly. And only due to the sharp controversy that arose within the Party centres themselves was the question of dealing with the trade unions brought out into the open to be thrashed out in debates.

Wide publicity, freedom of opinion and discussion, right to criticise within the Party and among the members of the trade unions—such is the decisive step that can put an end to the prevailing system of bureaucracy. Freedom of criticism, right of different factions freely to present their views at Party meetings, freedom of discussion—are no longer the demands of the Workers' Opposition alone. Under the growing pressure from the masses a whole series of measures that were demanded by the rank and file long before the All-Russian Conference was held, are recognised and promulgated officially at present. If one only reads the proposals of the Moscow Committee in regard to the Party structure he becomes proud of the great influence that is being exerted on the Party centres. If it were not for the Workers' Opposition the Moscow Committee would never have taken such a sharp "turn to the left." However, we must not over-estimate this "leftism," for it is only a declaration of principles to the Congress. It may happen, as it has happened many a time with the decisions of our Party leaders during these years, that this radical declaration will be forgotten, for, as a rule, they are accepted by our Party centres only just as the mass impetus is felt, and as soon as life again swings into normal channels the decisions are forgotten.

Did not this happen to the decision of the eighth Congress, whereby it resolved to free the Party of all elements who joined it for some selfish motives, and to use discretion in accepting non-working elements? What has become of the decision taken by the Party Conference in 1920, when it was decided to replace the practice of appointments by recommendations? The inequality in the Party still exists in spite of the repeated resolutions passed on this subject. As far as the persecutions inflicted on those comrades who dare to disagree with the decrees from the above are concerned, they are still being continued. There are many such instances. If these decisions are not enforced, then it is necessary to eliminate the basic cause that interferes with their enforcement—that is, to remove from the Party those who are afraid of publicity, strict accountability before the rank and file, and freedom of criticism.

Non-working members of the Party, and those workers who fell under their influence, are afraid of all this. It is not enough to clean the party of all non-proletarian elements by registration, to increase the control in time of enrolment, etc., for it is also necessary to create opportunities for the workers to join the Party; it is necessary to simplify the admission of workers to that Party, to create a more friendly atmosphere in the Party itself, so that the workers might feel themselves at home, that in the responsible Party officials they see not superiors but more experienced comrades, who are ready to share with them their knowledge, experience, and skill, and consider seriously workers' needs and interests. How many comrades, particularly young workers, are driven away from the Party just because we manifest our impatience with them by our assumed superiority and strictness, instead of teaching them, bringing them up in the spirit of Communism.

Besides the spirit of bureaucracy, an atmosphere of officialdom finds a fertile ground in our Party. If there is any comradeship in our Party it exists only among the rank and file members.

The task of the party congress is to take into account this unpleasant reality, and ponder over the question: Why the Workers' Opposition insists on introducing equality, on eliminating all privileges in the party, and placing under a more strict responsibility to the masses, those

administrative officials who are elected by them.

Thus, in its struggle for establishing democracy in the party, and the elimination of all bureaucracy, the Workers' Opposition advances three cardinal principles:

1. Return to the principle of election all along the line with elimination of bureaucracy, by making all responsible officials answerable to the masses.

2. Introduction of wide publicity within the Party, both concerning general questions and where individuals are involved; paying more attention to the voice of the rank and file (wide discussion of all questions by the rank and file, and their summarising by the leaders; admission of any member to the meetings of Party centres, save when problems discussed require particular secrecy); establishment of freedom of opinion and expression (giving the right not only to criticise freely during discussions, but to use funds for publication of literature proposed by different Party factions.)

3. Making the Party more of a workers' party, with limitations imposed on those who fill offices, both in the party and the Soviet institutions at the same time.

This last demand is particularly important and essential, for the reason that our Party must not only build Communism, but prepare and educate the masses for a prolonged period of struggle against world capitalism, which may take on unexpected and new forms. It would be too childish to imagine that, having repelled the invasion of the white-guard and imperialism on the military fronts, we are free from the danger of a new attack from world capital, which is striving to seize Soviet Russia by round-about ways; to penetrate into our life, and use the Soviet Republic for its own ends. This is the potent danger that we must stand guard against, and herein lies the problem for our Party—how to meet the enemy well prepared, how to rally all the proletarian forces around the clear-cut class problems (the other groups of the population will always gravitate to capitalism). To carry on preparations for this new page of our revolutionary history is the duty of our leaders.

The most correct solution of the question will be possible only when we succeed in uniting the Party all along the line, not only together with the Soviet institutions, but with the trade unions as well. In the latter case the filling up of offices in both—in the party and in the trade unions—does not only tend to deviate the party policy from the clear-cut class line, but on the contrary, renders the Party more immune to the influences of world capitalism during this coming epoch; influences that are exerted through concessions and trade agreements. To make the Central Committee one of workers is to create such a central committee, wherein representatives of the lower layers connected with the masses would not stop to play the role of "parading generals," or a merchant's wedding party, and become closely bound with the wide non-partisan working masses in the trade unions, being enabled thereby to formulate the slogans of the time, to express the workers' needs, their aspirations, and direct the policy of the Party along the class line.

Such is the line of the Workers' Opposition. Such is its historic task. And whatever derisive remarks the leaders of our Party may employ only vital active force with which it is compelled to contend, and to which it will have to pay attention.

## THE "NO MORE WAR" FRAUD.

The Government of General Smuts, who is as zealous as Lloyd George for "No More War," has been dropping bombs on the Hottentots of Blondeswart, South Africa; and every bomb cost £5.

The Protectorate of Blondeswart was captured from the Germans during the War, and the League of Nations gave the South African Government the Mandate to govern it.

The Hottentots have been considered a law-abiding people, and everyone in Britain must remember the appeals to our sympathy that were made during the War, on the plea that the Germans ill-used the South African natives,

and that only the British can be trusted to treat the coloured peoples with justice.

Now the South African Government has been contending with what was called a rebellion or the Hottentots.

The Blondeswart Hottentots were unwilling to work for the white settlers, who complained that there was a shortage of cheap labour. There are various ways of making a native work: one is to encroach on his land; another is to tax him. Therefore, the Blondeswart people soon had to complain that the South African Government had taken away part of a reservation while the German Government had permitted the natives the use of the land which once was all theirs. Moreover, the South African Government introduced a tax on the dogs which the natives use for hunting.

The Hottentots refused to obey the new regulations, and the South African administration proceeded to punish them. The *Cape Times* reported that "in the course of a hot pursuit and a series of running fights" the administration "inflicted heavy casualties, fifty being killed and many wounded." "The morale of the enemy," added the *Times*, "is now totally destroyed, and it is also obvious that they were short of ammunition. On our side one man was slightly wounded."

On June 8th General Smuts announced that the Union military forces had now achieved "another great triumph," for the "rebellion was completely quashed." The Hottentots had surrendered. Abraham Morris, their leader, who was one of the Government's ablest scouts and fighters against the Germans has been killed by a bomb from an aeroplane.

General Smuts recently told the House of Commons that the natives are "like little children," and we must treat them as such.

## TRADE UNION RULES AND THE LORDS.

The absurdity of the House of Lords being permitted to decide the application of trade union rules and of the workers' organisations being allowed to do this or that in regard to their members is clearly apparent. The fact that the trade unions submit to the dictation of the House of Lords is another proof of their incapacity for the class struggle. On July 28th the House of Lords decided that two registered carpenters' and joiners' unions might not expel their members for taking part in Lever Brothers' co-partnership scheme, although one of the unions actually had a rule stating that members might be fined or expelled for taking part in co-partnership schemes in which the workers hold only a majority of shares in the concern.

The rules of registered unions are submitted for the approval of the Registrar-General; and, since he has approved this rule, it was rather sharp practice for the Lords to give this decision.

Workers applying for a partnership certificate at Levers must sign an undertaking that he will in all respects abide by and conform with the provisions of the scheme, and will not waste time, labour and materials or money in the discharge of his duties, but will loyally and faithfully further the interests of Messrs. Lever Brothers (Limited), its associated companies and its co-partners, to the best of his skill and ability.

This is like the oath of allegiance to King George: a Socialist cannot take it.

Lever Brothers have just announced a life, unemployment, and sick insurance scheme for their employees who are co-partners. The scheme may be withdrawn at any time if Lever Brothers do not desire to continue it. The benefits are dependent upon good conduct, the workers being graded up or down for good or bad work and time keeping.

## DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £251 6s. 6d. H. and M. per S. Pankhurst, 12/-; I. A. Cahill, 10/-; E. Brimley (monthly), 10/-; Mrs. Hart, 3/-; Anon., 10/-. Total for week, £2 5s. Total, £258 11s. 6d.



# How Fortunes were made in the Mines.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS IN COAL MINES, 1841-42.

## IV.

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

#### "Father is Nearly Done in the Breath. Mother is Clean Done For."

David Woddell, eleven years old, picks and draws, Edgehead Colliery, Midlothian: "I work fourteen and fifteen hours, and work every day except Monday, when I stay up because father does. Sister and I work, and we are very sore wrought just now, as we have night and day work. Father cannot labour much, as he is nearly done in the breath. I don't know how old he is. Mother is clean done for; she can hardly breathe, and has not worked for some years."

David Smith, twelve years old, coal drawer, Preston Hall Colliery, Midlothian: "Draws in harness. It is very horrible sore work; do not like it; would like daylight work better; drawing is so sair."

#### "I Draw in Harness. We are Worse Than The Horses."

Janet Moffatt, twelve years old, putter, New Craighall Colliery, Midlothian: "I draw the carts through the narrow seams. The roads are 24 in. to 30 in. high; draw in harness, which passes over my shoulders and back; the cart is fastened to my chain. The place of work is very wet, and covers my shoe tops. I pull the waggons of 4 to 5 cwt. from the men's rooms to the horse road. We are worse off than the horses, as they draw on iron rails, and we on flat floors."

Archibald Muckle, twelve years old, coal-hewer, Edgehead Colliery: "I go down at four in the morning, and don't come up till six and seven at night; it is very sair work, and am obliged to lie on my side, or stoop, all the time, as the seam is only 24 to 26 in. high. There is much bad air below, and when it rises in our room we shift, and gang to some other part, and leave when the pit is full, as it stops our breath. The pit is very wet, and am compelled to shift myself when home on that account. Never been to day school since down; go to the night as often as the labour will allow, am so sore fatigued."

John King, aged twelve years, coal-hewer, Sherrie Hall and Somerside Collieries, Midlothian: "The work takes away the desire for food, as it is o'ersair."

#### "There Is Difficulty In Breathing and the Lights Go Out."

Isabella Read, twelve years old, coal-bearer, Edmonstone Colliery, Midlothian: "Works on mother's account, as father has been dead two years. I am wrought with sister and brother. It is very sore work; cannot say how many rakes or journeys I make from pit's bottom to wall-face and back; thinks about 80 or 25 on the average; the distance varies from 100 to 250 fathoms. I carry about 1½ cwt. on my back; have to stoop much and creep through water, which is frequently up to the calves of my legs. When first down fell frequently asleep while waiting for coal, from heat and fatigue. I do not like the work, nor do the lassies; but they are made to like it. When the weather is warm there is difficulty in breathing and frequently the lights go out."

#### "Never Been Able to Get the Knowledge of the Letters as I am so Sore Wrought."

George Wright, twelve years old, coal-putter, Blindwell, St. Germain's, Beving Pit, East Lothian: "Works twelve to fourteen hours with father. The place I draw in is wet; the water comes up to my knees. Am much fatigued by the work, which is distressing, being 800 fathoms from coal to pit bottom, and makes me very sick. Never been able to get the knowledge of the letters, as I am so sore wrought. (Poor, ignorant, miserable object.)"

Catherine Melklejohn, aged twelve, coal-bearer, Blindwell, St. Germain's, Beving Pit, East Lothian: "I start to work at five in the morning, and lay by at six at night. I bring coal from the wall-face to pit-bottom—large pieces on my back, small in a creel. The distance of my journey about 200 fathoms. It takes me three burthens to fill one tub of 5½ cwt. My back is very sore at times, but I never lie idle. Would not like to work so long, only father bids me. (A most intelligent, healthy girl. Few men could do one-third the labour this lassie is compelled to perform.)"

William Woods, fourteen years of age, coal-hewer, Sheriff Hall and Somerside Collieries, Midlothian: "The sore labour makes me feel very ill and fatigued; it injures my breath. (I examined this boy on the Saturday, at a cottage near the pit, and the state of exhaustion he was in can scarcely be imagined.)"

John Baxter, aged fifteen years, coal-hewer, Collinshield Collieries, Midlothian: "I work from two in the morning till six at night; done so for five years. My adopted mother puts my coal. The work is gal sore for both of us, but the woman has been a real kind friend to me, as I lost my mother soon after my birth, and my father was murdered seven or eight years ago; he was thrown into the canal, and the murderer was never sought after as there was no talk about the death, and therefore no inquiry."

Walter Cosser, fifteen years old, coal-putter, Dalkeith Collieries, Midlothian: "Could go to night school, but am aye that wearied that am never fit to gang."

Agnes Kerr, fifteen years old, coal-bearer, Loanhead Colliery, Midlothian: "It is sore crushing work; many lassies cry as they bring up their burthens. I cannot say that I like the work well, for I am obliged to do it; it is horse work."

Margaret Drylie, sixteen years old, putter, Elgin Colliery, Fifeshire: "The work is sore straining; was laid by for three months short time since with pains in the limbs, caused by over-work."

## PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

### A CHILD'S LESSON.

#### The Tower of Babel.

By TOM ANDERSON.

The story of the building of the Tower of Babel is very well known by every Scottish girl and boy; the reason being, of course, the story is given in the Holy Bible, and, being given there, we are taught that it is true.

Forty years ago, when I was a lad, everyone believed it, none of us ever doubted it. Many of us thought it a wonderful story. And to those of us who were learning to be tradesmen, joiners, masons, plasterers, bricklayers, painters or plumbers, the story seemed to appeal more. We thought it curious, the changing of the language; and we could quite well see that when the bricklayer asked for more lime and the labourer brought him a shovel there was likely to be a row. Or if the foreman joiner said, "Saw this plank," and your language being changed so that you did not know what he was saying, you took the plank and threw it over the top, and possibly killed someone at the bottom, there might in all possibility be a free fight.

The story of the building of the Tower of Babel is given in Genesis, chapter 9, verses 1 to 9, and it is believed by all persons calling themselves Christians. It is a beautiful myth, and I cannot do better than write it for you. Will every girl and boy who reads it be so good as

to read it to their parents; just that the old folks may hear the stories of their childhood?

1. "And the whole earth was of one language and of one flesh."

2. "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there."

3. "And they said to one another, Go to: let us make bricks and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and alime had they for mortar."

4. "And they said, Go to: let us build a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make a name, lest we be scattered abroad, upon the face of the whole earth."

5. "And the Lord came down to see the city, and the tower, which the children of men built."

6. "And the Lord said, Behold, the people are one, and they have all one language, and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do."

7. "Go to; let us go down, and there confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech."

8. "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the earth; and they left off to build the city."

9. "Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of the earth."

The myth of the building of the tower, like all other myths, has its origin in reality thousands of years previous to the recording of it, and so every tribe in the world had its tower.

Dr. Delitzsch says: "Actually the Mexicans had a legend of tower building as well as a 'flood.' Xelhua, one of the seven giants rescued from the 'flood,' built the great pyramid of Cholula in order to reach heaven, until the gods, angry at his audacity, threw fire upon the building and broke it down; whereupon every separate family received a language of its own."

Dr. Kalisch says: "Most of the ancient nations possessed myths concerning impious giants who attempted to storm heaven, either to share it with the immortal gods or to expel them from it. In some of these fables the confusion of tongues is represented as the punishment inflicted by the deities for such wickedness."

Dr. Livingston tells the same story of the natives of Lake Nigann. It was the only way the natives of one district could account for the different languages.

The American tradition is to the effect "that the world was full of giants—they the giants—they formed a godless resolve to build a high tower; but whilst they were so engaged on the undertaking a fearful wind overthrew it, which the wrath of God had sent against it. Unknown words were at the same time blown among the men, therefore arose strife and confusion."

The Hindoo legend of the confusion of tongues is as follows: "There grew in the centre of the earth the 'wonderful world tree,' or the 'knowledge tree.' It was so tall that it reached nearly to heaven. The tree said in its heart, 'I shall hold my head in heaven, and spread my branches all over the earth, and gather all men together under my shadow, and protect them, and prevent them from separating.' But Brahma, to punish the pride of the tree, cut off its branches, and cast them down on the earth, when they sprang up as wata trees, and made difference of belief and speech and customs to prevail on the earth."

The name Babel is really Bab-el, or "The Gate of God." To tell you the origin of the myth would take too long; but let me say at one time it was true, say 20,000 years ago, or more. The story as given in Genesis was written not as having taken place at the period when the writer penned the story. The story was beginning to die; it was fading away with the rise of culture. That is, it was past believing. What must it be to-day? A story for a pantomime? Yes, that is all. Yet it was once true; and to the humans that trod the earth in those ancient days I raise my cap and say: Your stories are beautiful.



## DEMOCRACY AND THE GIFT FOR GOVERNMENT.

Lloyd George, as you know, fellow-worker, made his name as a democrat: it was as a democrat that he began his public career and offered himself as a candidate for popularity.

You remember also, fellow-worker, that the late War was supposed to be fought in the interests of democracy. The Republics of France and the United States, and the Democratic Monarchy of Britain (the crowned Republic, some of the democrats called it) were fighting the autocracies of Germany, Austria, and Turkey. It was a war of new and old systems. We were told: what a quantity of bombast was talked about it.

Some people were foolish enough to believe it, and some people actually fancy that Lloyd George is still a democrat.

Of course you know, fellow-worker, that Lloyd George is preaching to a different tune now. He has thrown democracy overboard: it has served its turn for the time being.

In the House of Commons the other night he was boasting that 1,200 civil servants are governing 315,000,000 people in India. "There are men," he says, "whose names are hardly known"; "ordinary and insignificant men," he called them, governing huge territories—their every word a command; their every sentence a decree accepted by these millions of people, accepted willingly."

Not so much willingness, you know, fellow-worker; but let that pass.

The Americans, declared Lloyd George, "are full of wonder" at the achievement, and regard it as a miracle of the British gift for Government."

The German Emperor might have spoken thus of his autocracy: doubtless his thoughts upon government ran just in that strain, but the German Government under the Kaiser was much more democratic than the Government of India under George V., and the capitalist administration of Lloyd George, the Secretary for India, the Viceroy, and the 1,200 British civil servants.

The Czar of all the Russias, too, of course, spoke and thought on the same lines, but even Russia under the Csars was not so autocratic as the present Government of India.

Lloyd George admitted that this is what he said of British rule in India:

"There is hardly anything that is comparable to it in the history of the world, certainly not since the great day of the Roman Empire. Here," he declared, "is something for us to be proud of."

If the Germans had said that—Well, well, fellow-worker, you know what would have been said! How the Democratic (!) Press of this country, from the *Morning Post* and *The Times* to the *Daily Express* and the *Daily News*, would have headlined their disgust, and how Lloyd George would have perorated!

But let that pass, fellow-worker: there is a greater Empire, a greater domination than that which the British Government and its 1,200 civil servants exercises over the Indian people.

That Empire, that cruel and most oppressive domination, is wielded by the very rich over the working populations of the world. That Empire grows in power and in evil day by day.

You, as a member of the working class, under capitalism, are more wholly at the mercy of your rulers the capitalists, who control the Government and dictate the conditions of your employment and your life than ever were any body of people in the history of the world.

Seldom, indeed, in the history of the world, have the people submitted as tamely to a rapid worsening of their condition as the workers of to-day.

How much lower must the standard fall, fellow-workers, before the point of resistance is reached?

The dockers are now facing an attack on their wages. They know, every man of them knows, fellow-worker, that if they leave the matter in the hands of their officials their resistance will be ineffectual.

They know, every one of them, that if they fight alone, without the assistance of workers in other industries, they will fight in vain.

They know, every one of them, that their Union officials, and the officials of other Unions, will not make the fight a joint fight. They are beginning tentatively to act according to the necessities of the case. They, as rank-and-file men, men actually working in the docks, are beginning to hold conferences, to set up machinery, and to prepare plans of action with transport workers and railwaymen.

That is a beginning. The movement must not stop there. It must spread till it takes in workers in all industries; until the men and women who do the work are organised in every place where they work and are linked together in One Big Union, through which they can take entire control of production.

Such a big effort must be for a big object—for a Communist Industrial Republic.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

## AN INDUSTRIOUS DO-NOTHING.

BY L. A. MOTLER.

My friend Collis asked me the other day:

"Any luck?"

And my friend Archibald Certainly Not asked me t'otherest day:

"Any luck?"

You would think, Henry, my boy, that perhaps they referred to a little matter of sixpence each way on Pondoland. But they are not that sort of girl. At least Collie is not. If you take the word "luck" to mean work, then you have bit the nail on the bread-basket.

No, I have had no luck, I told them.

"Why don't you write something, then?" they asked.

When I was in South Africa—but I am telling you. It is not so easy to get work in these "blessed" islands, with about a million and a-half going round trying to sell a song called "Unemployment," written by one of themselves. You would not believe it, but I have slightly bent my typewriter with about a thousand of "In answer to your advertisement in the *Daily Mail* of even date . . ."

You may not know it, but a lot do, that I have a sort of cold in my left foot, which prevents me from "listening in" to the enlightening conversation of my fellow-mortals. So, of course, I am just naturally an expert at pen-pushing. The paper trade has never known stagnation whilst I have been around and kicking.

I am, unfortunately, like the man of whom the old rhyme said:

"Yorkshire bred

And Cheshire cheese,

Strong in the head

But weak in the knees."

There's a joke here somewhere, and while you are thinking it over, Henry, I'll have the same again, thanks.

The beer I had in South Africa—

"Why don't you write something, then?" asked Collie. That's where I was, if I remember. Well, it's like this: I can amuse my friends now and again with little bits of poetry and whatno, but when it comes to writing an article for a paper that coughs up the dough, somehow I never get there. I told Collie she might as well ask Trotsky to draw a comic children's corner for the *Herald*.

"But you're so clever," she said soulfully.

"That's just it," I answered dolefully.

When I was in South Africa—yes, I must really get it off my chest—the only chance for me was to become an editor; but all the editors out there would not admit it was time they retired to a Home of Rest. I never found a single gold nugget on the Rand lying about without a collar on its neck. I have walked up and down and round about Kimberley, but the only diamonds I saw there were on packs of cards. And as for ivory, all the elephants hide themselves modestly in the thickest part of the Adde Bush

and are never "at home" to strangers.

I have travelled five thousand miles round the Transvaal, Natal, Cape Province, and the Orange Free State (where there are a few orange-trees and not much freedom), but nowhere did I see the old and courteous intimation "Hands wanted." Most of what I did see was cinema like tin and plaster dorps scattered over a forlorn, grassless, sunbaked veld irrigated by rivers, sluits and spruits that only knew water four months in the year. And in Johannesburg, the "Golden City," I was given a handbill, which read:

"Mass Meeting of the Unemployed in the Town Hall Square to-day. Bread or Stones? Work or —?"

Here in this country it is much more pleasant to be unemployed. You can go to a Labour Exchange and have all your family history entered on nice forms in buff, white, pink and blue. Then if everybody is satisfied that you are really an out-of-work printer they will give you an address five miles out of town where they want a blacksmith.

Also, there are more philanthropic societies here, always willing to help the under-dog, and no questions asked about its licence. So I thought me of going round to the Bureau for Aiding and Abetting those Afflicted with Cold Feet in the Left Ear. They said to me:

"You are afflicted with the statutory affliction within the meaning of George III., cap. a, small i, plus an x?"

"That I am, madam," I said, making my best Transvaal Automobile Club courtesy. "For twenty years I have used no other."

"In that case you are qualified to fill up Form W, which is only to be signed on Thursdays. Let me see—this is Friday, yes. Call again in a week's time."

Now I come from Wigan, where they say that everything comes to him who waits not but goes round and kicks up a row at the front door instead of arguing with the cook at the back. So being Lancashire bred, but not being able to live by bread alone, I hied me to the Royal Welfare Association for the Assistance of those, etc., etc."

I was accosted by a philanthropist in a dark suit, cut away at the neck to show a celluloid collar worn with its face to the back premises. He said:

"You are Church of England, of course?"

In spite of the "of course," I intimated that the Church of England and myself passed each other on opposite sides of the street. So I was referred to a gentleman of another denomination.

"Are you a Catholic, and do you attend your duties regularly?" he asked me, after I had crossed half the West End to find him. I said that regarding both parts of the question the answer was point-blank. He then suggested that I betake myself to a doctor. Apparently an individual afflicted with cold feet in the left ear, being neither Protestant nor Catholic, and expecting such societies to put a job in his way, must have cold feet in the brainpan. I went to the hospital.

I was pretty tired out with walking round, so I did not fall off my seat when the doctor showed me a diamond-studded gold watch and then said what I was suffering from was over-work.

"You must take a rest," he said.

I nodded in a tired fashion.

"A thorough rest," he added, putting the diamond-studded in his yard-and-half waistcoat. I nodded again.

"By the way, what's your occupation?" he enquired.

"I'm an anarchist," I said.

"Well, well, don't throw any more bombs for a month," he said.

THE APOSTLE.—Cont. from p. 8.

thusiasm and anxious hope. Demos at thought wonders if the historic crisis is at hand; if the day of deliverance from class rule is dawning. To speed the emancipation, he appoints his ministers of the forum and sends forth his choicest apostles.

(To be continued.)

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