

The Latest from Ireland.

Workers' Dreadnought

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A POLISH INSURGENT.

By JAMES THOMSON.

(Written in 1863.)

What would you have? said I;
'Tis so easy to go and die,
'Tis so hard to stay alive,
In this alien peace and this comfort callous,
Where only the murderers get the gallows,
Where the jails are for rogues that thieve.

'Tis so easy to go and die,
Where our country, our mother, the martyr,
Moaning in bonds doth lie,
Bleeding with stabs in her breast,
Her throat with a foul clutch prest,
Under the thrice-accursed Tartar.

But Smith, your man of sense,
Ruddy and broad, and round—like so!
Kindly—but dense, but dense,
Said to me: "Do not go;
It is hopeless; right is wrong;
The tyrant is too strong."

Must a man have hope to fight?
Can a man not fight in despair?
Must the soul cower down for the body's weak-
ness,
And slaver the devil's hoof with meekness,
Nor can nor dare to share
Certain defeat with the right?

No hope!—We can haste to be killed,
That the tale of the victims get filled;
The more of the debt we pay,
The less on our sons shall weigh:
This star through the baleful rack of the cope
Burns red; red is our hope.

O our mother, thou art noble and fair!
Fair and proud and chaste, thou Queen!
Chained and stabbed in the breast,
Thy throat with a foul clutch prest;
Yet around thee how coarse, how mean,
Are these rich shopwives who stare!

Art thou moaning, O our mother, through the
swoon
Of thine agony of desolation?—
Do my sons still love me? or can they stand
Gazing afar from a foreign land,
Loving more peace and gold—the boon
Of a people strange, of a sordid nation?"

O our mother, moan not thus!
We love you as you love us,
And our hearts are wild with thy sorrow:
If we cannot save thee, we are blest
Who can die on thy sacred bleeding breast—
So we left Smith-land on the morrow,
And we hasten across the West.

LAW AND AUTHORITY.

Under the Iron Heel of Kensington Bumbles.

The case of Montague Channell and his struggle to maintain a home for his family should cause those who live in comfortable ease, confident that all is well with this twentieth-century civilisation, to catch a glimpse of the injustice upon which the foundations of society are built. Will that glimpse cause them to seek further? Will it induce them to brush aside the veils of indifference in order that the full light of truth may blaze upon their intelligence? Will it be for them the arresting incident which shall send them forth to a crusade for the brotherhood of man?

Evicted by Landlord.

Montague Channell, now temporarily residing with his wife and children at 8 Barker Street, Kensington (we say temporarily residing, for a notice to quit has just been served on him), lived in 1914 at 42 Queen's Gate Mews, Kensington. The Rent Act at that time enabled a landlord to evict tenants should he desire the premises in their occupation for his own use. Montague Channell's landlord, being seized with this wish in regard to the premises occupied by Channell, applied to the Court for an eviction order, and obtained it, despite the pleading and protest of Channell, who, with his wife and five young children, was thereupon put into the street.

In Spite of 2,000 Empty Houses.

Channell appealed to the Mayor and Councilors of the Royal Borough of Kensington to find him accommodation, but these worthies declared their inability to assist. Two thousand houses at that time stood empty in the Royal Borough, but the rents of these houses were much too high for the humble finances of Montague Channell to approach them.

It is usually from the poor that the poor are driven to seek assistance, and the opulent empty houses of Kensington being denied them, Montague Channell and his family took refuge in the small and humble dwelling of Mrs. Channell's mother, at 126 Ifield Road, West Brompton, within the Royal Borough of Kensington.

Driven Out by Borough Council.

The consequent overcrowding was obnoxious to the authorities of the Royal Borough; and, in the duteous prosecution of their civic duties, they served upon the mother of Mrs. Channell a notice to abate the overcrowding, by turning her daughter and family once more into the street. The notice took effect on October 31st, 1919.

Homeless Family Paraded Fleet Street.

With all the forces of organised society, as it seemed, against him, Montague Channell bethought him of the proverb that even the worm will turn. He went with his wife and children to Fleet Street, and there paraded with placards describing the manner in which the heavy hand of social institutions had fallen upon him to deprive him of a home.

Arrested.

Such defiance of the conventions being regarded as intolerable, he was presently arrested and dragged, with his family, to Vine Street Police Station. There the homeless unfortunates were received in the manner commonly extended

to thieves: they were searched, their little money and small belongings taken from them, and locked up in cells.

The search having revealed no incriminating evidence, the police inspector in charge at Vine Street advised that Channell and his family should repair to the Workhouse. Channell repudiated the suggestion; but negotiations between the police and Poor Law authorities for his incarceration in the Workhouse proceeded apace.

The Homeless Refused to be Workhouse Inmates.

Channell stoutly asserted that he would not become a Workhouse inmate, since he was willing to pay rent, and because in his opinion the Biblical injunction, "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder," is founded on principles of righteousness which should not be defied. He pointed out that in the Workhouse the infant is parted from the mother as soon as it has ceased to take the milk from her breast, even though it be but a few weeks old, whilst the younger children are sundered from the elder, the boys from the girls, and the husbands from the wives.

Channell showed fight; he declared that he would expose the social injustices from which he was suffering, and the callous treatment which law and authority had meted out to him, were he taken before the magistrate on the obstruction charge.

But Agreed to be Tenants.

The telephone wires were busily occupied for some time, and finally the remarkable offer was made to Mr. Channell that he should enter the Workhouse, not as an inmate, but as a tenant! The Channell family left Vine Street about 8 p.m., the poor little tired and hungry children being almost in a state of collapse by this time.

On reaching the Workhouse it was found that the authorities there had no intention of treating their new tenants as such: they sought to impose the usual penal methods, stripping, bathing, and dressing in Workhouse clothes, and the separation of the family. The Channells found it impossible to resist the entire procedure, but insisted that unless permitted to wear their own clothing they would quit the institution at once, and this concession was at length granted.

The disturbance of his daily life had meanwhile caused Mr. Channell to lose his employment; and, anxious to provide the necessary financial basis to maintain his family, he desired to set out next morning on the urgent task of procuring work.

The Master of the Workhouse, Mr. Francis Birch, informed Mr. Channell that he would only be permitted to leave the House to seek work on the same terms as the inmates—namely, on a pass being granted to him with the obligation to return at 8 p.m. Mr. Channell refused to accept the pass or submit to any conditions, and was finally allowed to quit the House as his own master.

On returning he found that his wife, who had maintained the struggle for independence in his absence, had been allotted two rooms for the reception of the family, but that the Guardians had refused to permit the Channell family

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ture to be brought in. The furniture, therefore, remained in a damp stable, where it had been hastily housed, and where it rapidly deteriorated, a large part of it being utterly ruined.

Within a fortnight Mr. Channell's diligent search for employment met with success. He obtained a situation as a builder's storekeeper.

Within a fortnight, also, the Kensington Guardians had accepted the fact that Mr. Channell would only remain as a tenant, and had decided to charge him 7/6 per week rent for his two small rooms.

Workhouse Life.

Meanwhile, the Channells were learning all there was to know of Workhouse life. At first they were served with Workhouse food:

Breakfast.—Margarine and bread, cocoa, or tea.

Dinner.—Potatoes (in the skin), corned beef, or boiled beef, or stew; Thursdays, rabbit; Fridays, fish.

The Evening Meal (usually called tea).—Bread and margarine, tea, or cocoa.

All this was badly cooked, poor in quality, and insufficient in quantity. The inmates all complained of hunger. Mr. Channell bought food for his family, and Mrs. Channell cooked it on the small open fire grate in one of their rooms. Mr. Channell bought the utensils necessary for cooking and paid for fuel and light. The authorities attempted to dictate what should be his bed-time, but he refused to submit.

On Christmas Day the inmates had their only good meals of the year: ham was added to the bread and "marg." at breakfast, and the women were given sweets, an apple, and an orange; whilst the men received tobacco and a pipe. Dinner consisted of roast pork with sage and onions and Christmas pudding, after which the inmates were free to roam about the Workhouse buildings as they pleased, instead of going only where they were bid like walking automata. For tea there was cake with the bread and "marg." A concert wound up the evening, and the inmates were allowed to go to bed at nine instead of at eight, as on other days.

So passed the red-letter day of the year. The careful Kensington Guardians permitted beer to the inmates on the day of the Armistice, but they judge it wisest not to sanction this dissipation so often as once a year.

To be "Bad"; or to be Poor?

The Channells learnt with some surprise that there were two sections in the Workhouse—one for the poor, and one for some mysterious young ladies who were termed "L.C.C. girls," and whom it transpired had been arrested for prostitution and placed on probation in the Workhouse. These young women were treated with much greater favour than the humble persons whom poverty had driven into the House. There were flowers and nice table-cloths, and a piano in the rooms they occupied. Charitable ladies and members of religious bodies came to take them out for motor rides and picnics. They were treated, Mr. Channell thought, as guests. Meanwhile, he was pained to see that poor old men and women were working every day from early morning until nightfall, at labours beyond their strength: scrubbing, painting, digging, and window cleaning, a half-ounce of tobacco for the men, and snuff for the women, being the only wages of their toil.

On March 29th, as a result of his constant agitation, Mr. Churchill was permitted to bring his furniture to the Workhouse. At the same time, the two small rooms allowed him were changed for a large ward.

A Struggle For a Midwife.

At the beginning of May Mrs. Channell, now expecting the early advent of her sixth child, Mr. Channell proceeded to make arrangement for the attention of his wife's usual nurse; but the Workhouse authorities intervened, to declare that they could only allow their own doctors and nurses to attend within the institution. Mr. Channell therefore applied to Dr. Hobbs, the Superintendent of the Workhouse Infirmary, to attend his wife, but Dr. Hobbs refused, saying that if Mrs. Channell required attention she must enter the Workhouse maternity ward.

Mrs. Channell refused to agree to this; as a careful mother, she did not wish to leave her children, since her husband was out at work all day.

Mr. Channell now applied to the relieving officer for an order for the parish medical officer, Dr. Gregory, to attend, but both the relieving officer and the medical officer refused their services.

Mr. Channell at this again showed fight, and informed the authorities that unless they would arrange for medical attendance upon his wife he would inform the British Medical Council. Thereat the authorities agreed to send a maternity nurse from the Infirmary to Mrs. Channell when her services should be required.

The Guardians now announced that the arrangement permitting Mr. Channell to be a tenant in the Workhouse would terminate in a month's time. He must either find accommodation elsewhere or the family would be parted and become regular inmates of the Workhouse institution.

Perhaps it was Mrs. Channell's distress at this unfortunate prospect which communicated itself to her infant child. Certainly she had ceased to have the natural milk for it, and the baby was not taking kindly to the substitute. The superintendent doctor assured Mrs. Channell that the baby would have a better chance to thrive in the Infirmary, and when it was three weeks old she, with great reluctance, agreed to allow the child to become a patient there.

The change merely accelerated the infant's weakness, and when it was seven weeks old it died, in June 1920.

A Struggle over a Funeral Coach.

Mrs. Channell considered that the baby failed to receive the constant attention that she herself would have given, and she deeply regretted that she had allowed her judgment to be overborne.

The infant's body was removed to the mortuary by the steward of the infirmary, without consultation with the parents, and thereafter taken away by the undertaker through a misunderstanding. The authorities at first refused to allow the funeral equipage to drive up to the premises where the family were living, but on Mr. Channell's agitated threats to expose the harassing treatment to which he was being subjected the prohibition was withdrawn.

At the end of the month Mrs. Channell was called before the House Committee and told that she and her family must become inmates; but, on her vehement refusal, the matter was left in abeyance.

Unemployed Relief Refused.

On January 8th, 1920, Mr. Channell had the misfortune to become unemployed—a misfortune which proved to be particularly grievous in his case. The unemployment dole being wholly inadequate to a man with so large a family, he was compelled to apply for outdoor poor relief. The relieving officer refused him, on the ground that he was living in the Workhouse.

Mr. Channell then applied to the Mayor's Relief Committee, but again met with refusal on the ground that since he was in the Workhouse the Guardians should relieve him.

Cheap Milk Refused.

He applied to Dr. Fenton, Kensington medical officer of health, for milk at reduced cost under the Ministry of Health Maternity and Infant Care. Dr. Fenton refused to grant this, and gave Mr. Channell a letter, stating that the Guardians should assist him, and that the relieving officer had been informed of this decision.

Mr. Channell took Dr. Fenton's letter to the relieving officer and asked for relief, his family, at that time, being without food. Again he was refused, and he declared to the relieving officer that somehow he must procure food; but that day passed, and the family went hungry.

Arrested for Stealing Milk.

Next morning—Sunday, January 12th—Mr. Channell went out, and before the eyes of two policemen took five pints of milk from a doorway in Lexham Gardens, a very prosperous district.

He was immediately arrested, of course, as he had expected, and taken to Kensington High Street Police Station. He told his story there but when he said that he was living in the Workhouse with a starving family the police considered him a madman until he produced the letter from Dr. Fenton. Inquiries at the Workhouse having verified Mr. Channell's story, the policemen released their prisoner on his undertaking to appear in Court next morning, and provided the Channell family with food at their own expense.

For once the unfortunates discovered that some kindly feelings may be hidden away beneath an official uniform.

Before Mr. Boyd, at the West London Police Court, Mr. Channell told his story—whereupon the magistrate bound him over for twelve months and gave him some temporary relief out of the poor-box.

The publicity given to the case caused kindly disposed persons to send periodical parcels of food to Mrs. Channell at the Workhouse, and this aid assisted the family to make ends meet for more than four months.

The Guardians, it is stated, were not pleased by this display of charity.

Meanwhile a number of other homeless people had followed Channell's example and become Workhouse tenants on similar terms.

Evicted from the Workhouse.

The Workhouse authorities could by no means reconcile themselves to the innovation. The tenants refused to obey the institution rule of being in and in bed at 8 p.m. The children, instead of remaining discreetly hidden, were apt to run about in front of the institution on the paths between the flower-beds which are only intended for show.

The Guardians at last resolved to eject their tenants. Channell, having been the first to come, and, therefore, the head and front of this offending, must be the first to go. An order of ejection was therefore sought at the West London County Court, on the ground that the ward occupied by the Channells was required for the extension of the Infirmary. There were at the time some large wards vacant, but these were situated above the Master's private apartments, and it was considered impossible to put them into use, lest any noise from above should penetrate to the ears of the Master and Matron.

Mrs. Channell was now expecting the birth of a seventh child, and the Court granted an ejection order, which should not take effect until a month after the birth. The child was born on May 9th, 1921, and on July 9th the bailiff of the Court turned the family into the streets.

The Channells were homeless again, and the baby was suffering from bronchitis, as a hospital doctor certified. The Fellowship of Reconciliation sent the three eldest children to the country until such time as their parents could find a home. The rest of the family returned to the dwelling of Mrs. Channell's mother.

Out Relief Refused.

The Guardians again refused out-relief, but offered to take the family back into the House, not as tenants, but as inmates; but Channell replied that a body of people capable of turning a two-months-old child suffering from bronchitis into the street were not capable of taking care of it.

After three months, Mr. Channell at length found room for his family in a wretched slum at 8 Barker Street.

Unemployment Dole Stopped: Trade Union Official Confirms Refusal.

On May 24th, 1922, he was still unable to find work, and his unemployment dole ceased. He applied again to the Guardians for relief, but again he was refused. He was permitted to lay his case before a committee of the Labour Exchange. This remarkable committee, consisted of one man, a trade union official, Mr. Little, secretary of the Fulham Branch of the General Workers' Union.

Mr. Little decided that the dole could not be renewed because Mr. Channell had not been

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THE COLLECTIVE ASPECT OF EDUCATION.

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

(Author of "Women and Economics.")

II.

A child's behaviour is all that its affectionate mother sees as a rule; and it is generally not what she wants. She knows nothing of these previous processes, knows only that he is pulling over the workbasket or something or other. And she says to him, "Stop!" That is, she puts a check between these previous brain processes and their natural result in action. The child wants to know why. We haven't got any further yet than assuming that what we have to do is to stop and reason with him, argue with him. That isn't the point at all. Haven't you heard people say, "I can't stop and explain everything to a child?" Of course you don't have to. But a reasonable atmosphere around the child is not the same thing as a moment-to-moment explanation of every act. If the child has confidence in your previously proved rationality it is much easier to lead him to have confidence in you again. But as a rule we make this check between him and his conduct, and we don't insert any new data into his mind. any new impression, anything to induce him to alter his action. We alter it: either with a threat or an advantage or something.

Why We Do Nothing.

The result of this on the brain of the world as a whole is to fill the world with that enormous population who have such a magnificent capacity for not doing anything. They do the work they have to, because they have to; but they have very little capacity to modify their own conduct by their own wills. After you are grown, after you are free, after you want to do something from your own choice, you find it very difficult to establish connection between the volitional centres of the brain and your own conduct. That difficulty I hold to be due to our treatment of children, our almost universal treatment of children, in coming in between the first determining processes of the brain and the ultimate process of action.

Why We wait to be Told.

We are not contented with that. It is not quite sufficient that the child never should do anything at all. So we say to the child, "Do so," "Do this," and the child says, "Why?" If I could give you any satisfactory explanation you might be willing to do it. But you wouldn't be willing to do it just because somebody told you. The things we want children to do are just as absurd for the most part to the child's mind as that would be. And the child, being a rational creature, says, "Why?" As you are well aware, we seldom give the reason, because we have none, couldn't explain it to ourselves. And that induces the child to perform this action without its having gone through his mind at all. It never was his action. It is our action. We make him do it through threat of pain or something. However we induce him to make it, we don't make it through his own perception, retention, judgment, volition. It is not his behaviour. The result of that is the world that we know, where almost all the people behave as they are told, as other people do, according to habit, under anything on earth except the judgment and determination of their own minds. That is why we women dress as we do. It isn't our clothes. We never invented these things. We don't know what we are going to wear next year or the year after. We don't care. We wait to be told. We wear from year to year, from generation to generation, and from age to age, what we are told. And we never even ask who told us. Now think of adult human beings, with brains and perhaps a college education, having on their bodies a whole lot of things they themselves never decided to wear. You say, "Why do you wear that?" and they can't tell you. You say, "Who told you to wear it?" and they don't know. This is a general and sweeping statement, much modified by individual cases, and it applies very thoroughly to the men as well as women, the difference being that the men don't change as often, the reason for that being

that they don't have to continually cater to the most changeable taste in the world.

Why We Fail to Progress.

But the effect on the human brain of this kind of environment in infancy is to my mind the reason why people are so slow and weak in changing their human conduct. Yet that change is the one thing that the world is for. We have acting upon us always and underlying the genetic forces, the natural forces that govern us as they do all other animals; but we ourselves can bring to bear upon our own conduct some power of choice, some power of volition. And it is not one person—oh, in hundreds—that does it, that lives volitionally at all. I don't mean that we ought to have that choice and that volitional power in every action. That would be sheer suicide. There is no greater waste of nervous force than to live on a fresh determination every time; and the natural tendency is that every act as soon as you do it twice tends to become a habit. It is naturally passed on to the habit centre of the brain, because it is so expensive if your conduct is entirely from choice. But the relative ease with which we submit to habit and submit to discipline and submit to the imitative forces and submit to everything rather than thinking and acting for ourselves, is what keeps us from advancing our own evolution as we might.

How to Live with the Group.

Children should have a free environment in babyhood, and to that freedom should be added a more complex and careful educational environment than anyone on earth has yet dreamed of—I don't believe in the least that all that is needed is to let a child alone and to develop its individuality and to do what it particularly pleases. That's the barest negative beginning. I am just saying don't tie his hands and feet. But then comes the whole science of education. The most important lesson—suppose you had to bring up an ant: what would be the most important lesson for an ant to learn? How to live with the other ants, of course. It wouldn't do him any good to develop an individual course—or do her any good, I should say, because it is Mrs. Ant and Miss Ant that runs the concern. If you happen to belong to a collective species, if the activity on which the race depends is collective, then the most essential thing for every individual to learn is how best to work with the group. The family is not the same thing as the social group. It is an earlier form. If you grew up as a child with all your ideas and emotions wholly based on the family, that doesn't necessarily fit you for a democracy. It is much nearer monarchy. Maybe a dual monarchy. But it is not a democracy. It is not a representative form of government.

Children Represent a Later Stage of Life than we.

The child from its earliest years, beginning with babyhood, should, to my mind, be educated to understand that it only lives as part of something; that the others are just as important as itself. I think that should be reached by having even babies spend part of their time together. I think that the school day should be coterminous with the workday, and the workday much shorter than it is; that the father, mother and child, and the baby should go to their different works, their different schools, and all come home together; but that this place where the babies would be together would have things in common rather than things separately. Not a whole lot of separate toys that we spend so much time over in teaching the unfortunate child with tears and pain what is mine and what is thine; but water and sand and clay, things that are ours to play with, to play on, to play in, but not to take separately and run off with; things to slide down and to run up; all sorts of materials for educative exercises, but not separate personal possessions; and to have the child in its earliest years appreciate the fact that the largest loaf was for all of them because they were children, and not just for one of them because it is "mine." In other words, I think that the social consciousness is the highest field for us to live in, and that while children on the one hand represent an earlier stage of life—that has been rubbed into us until we think

it is all there is—on the other hand they represent a later stage of life than we—or else the world doesn't go on at all. Every generation of children must be beyond its parents if the world is to progress.

Teach the Social Relationship.

So that it seems to me that people of the very best and wisest in the world should attend to the first years of children during those hours of the day when the mother is working, as I think every healthy woman should; that the family would be at home with their children all the rest of the time, this being merely like going to school or kindergarten, this baby garden to go to; but that in that place, built and furnished and planned for babies, every human being would learn with his earliest impressions that society is a great kind living thing that provides for us; not just that he has some parents to provide for him or her; that we should deliberately teach the social relationship just as early as there is the power to perceive it—and that age is a good deal earlier than any of us think. I have one little story I think you will like, told me by a woman in England years ago, something like this. She had had a little girl two and a-half years old. Holding her up to the window and talking to her in that besotted manner we use when we are talking to children, she said, "Look, Maisie, see the nice man sweeping the street for Maisie?"

And this child, this infant, said, "No, mamma, not for Maisie, for all the mans." She was not quite three years old.

Learning by Desire.

A child is a member of society, and, as such, has the capacity to understand its relationship, and should be so educated. If I went on from that, the amount of school that I would have from babyhood up, all would be part of the same thing, so there would never be a break. There would never be a parting when the unfortunate infant was sent to school. I wouldn't have them know when they were sent to school, wouldn't have them realise when they were being educated, but would have the educational machinery so surrounding them that they couldn't help being educated every moment they were awake. And that for the most part I think should be through the eye and the ear, not in any way as lessons, as a required thing, but such as mural paintings and pictures and collections of all sorts, with the highest ability known to educators constantly studying quantities of children and learning how with the most exquisite art to provide bait for them all the day long—things that would allure and interest and lead the mind, not drive it, but lead it on to where to-day no one knows. Then the teachers sitting around, busy about something else. One child grabs another child: "Here is a new boy. What, don't you know anything butterflies? Don't you know? Come along, she will tell you." And he drags the child in to where the children are. So the teacher leaves off her work and gets the books and the cases and just fills up these children with butterflies and butterfly information until they are tired of it and go off. All that is absorbed without effort, is kept without effort, and becomes part of the brain and strengthens it without exhaustion.

I think I can put in one brief illustration what seems to me the most simple definition of education, and I think it ought to be liked: Some children are playing, boys and girls. Another child comes up and says, "What are you playing?" And they tell him. "I want to play," he says, "teach me." And they teach him, and he plays. That is education. He doesn't have to have an examination to see if he knows it. He learns it because he wants to, and he incidentally does it, and then he knows it always and he hasn't wasted the most precious thing there is, the accumulated nervous energy of the human race that we pour out like water during the years of childhood in the process that we call education.

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THE OUTLOOK.

The Capitalist Grip on Russia.

Mr. Leslie Urquhart, on behalf of the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, Ltd., has secured for the company all the properties it formerly owned or leased in the Urals and Siberia. The Soviet Government has granted these properties to the company on a ninety-nine years' lease, allowing the company "to make its own arrangements with the workers on the usual trade union terms such as prevail in England."

A comrade recently returned from Russia says: "It is not what we worked for and fondly hoped it might be, but the shops filled with goods look brighter than when they were closed."

If the Soviets had used the windows of the shut-up shops as picture galleries, the charge of dreariness could not have been made, and the masses might have enjoyed fine works of art which were hidden away in galleries usually closed.

The Trade Union Congress.
Its Failure.

The trade unions are composed of largely unconscious masses, most of whom join the unions firstly as a necessary step towards securing employment, and because everyone, or almost everyone, employed with them has done it; and secondly, for the sake of the friendly benefits. The members of most unions have, to all intents and purposes, no voice in their political policies, and little power over their industrial policies. The constitutions of the unions and the apathy of the members enable the union officials to direct the course of the union, provided they do not exact from the members more active support than is compatible with this apathetic following or a lead from above. The Trade Union Congress is in a quite opposite position: it is a loose federation of these unions whose powerful executives jealously resent any encroachment of their own independent power. To the trade union officials the Trade Union Congress is largely an annual festival, at which they can air their powers of debate and receive the applause of the lesser lights in the trade union firmament. Though they accept seats on the General Council of the Congress, they are determined that that Council shall not encroach in the least upon their own individual power. The General Council, therefore, remains a mere shadow of authority; the functions it is permitted to exercise are of strictly minor importance.

With ill-considered opportunism some agitators continue to steer their course as though the trade union structure, which is fundamentally unstable at the root, could be put right by amalgamating its reactionary elements at the top. Very real discontent is manifesting itself amongst great sections of workers who are being taught by bitter experience that trade unionism cannot protect their wages, when, in capitalist eyes, there is a surplus of labour, and with a falling market.

In response to the agitation and the unrest, the General Council laid a resolution to add to its own powers before the General Council of the Trade Union Congress at Southport. This resolution the General Council had evidently no strong wish to see adopted. Several members of the Council opposed it. It was, moreover, a very tentative resolution, and would have made no real difference had it been carried.

Briefly, the resolution provided:

2. That the affiliated unions should keep the Council informed on matters arising between the unions and employers, and between one union and another.

2. That the General Council should disseminate the information "to all unions in the industry concerned which are affiliated to the Trade Union Congress."

Note that this provision is not to extend to all unions, in order that workers in all industries may know what the workers in other industries are doing. No; the information is only to circulate within the industry; the suggestion is merely to overcome, in slight measure, the dislocation caused by the fact that in a given industry are many. It is not proposed to build up an inter-industrial solidarity.

3. As a rule, the General Council shall not intervene, unless invited by the union or unions concerned, until the union and the employer have failed to settle their differences and a stoppage of work is threatened. Only then will the General Council call representatives of the union into consultation, use its influence to effect a settlement, and give its advice to the union or unions concerned.

Obviously the machinery is intended primarily to prevent the stoppage of work.

If the union or unions refuse the advice of the General Council, the Council shall report to the Trade Union Congress.

4. If the unions accept the advice of the Council, and the employers, nevertheless, enforce a stoppage, then the General Council shall "take steps to organise, on behalf of the union or unions concerned, all such moral and material support as the circumstances of the dispute may appear to justify." The Council may raise funds by a call on the affiliated unions proportionate to its membership to meet the expenses.

5. If there is failure to reach a settlement between two unions, the Council may require those unions to submit their quarrel to its Disputes Committee; and, should the unions refuse to do so, the Council shall report to the Trade Union Congress.

There is nothing at all drastic here; and, be it observed, there is no least hint giving power to the General Council to call either a sympathetic or a general strike.

Robert Smillie rightly said that the proposals would not be of much use; yet he supported them.

Frank Hodges, in opposing the resolution, revealed the typical opinion of the reactionary trade union official, whose permanent post and entrenched position are, to himself, of first importance. He scorned the General Council, saying:

"It is a combination, for a year only, of the interests of the 187 unions represented in the Congress; its personnel is not continuous, it does not represent continuity of policy, and its members are still the representatives of their trades."

Securely fixed in his own life appointment, Mr. Hodges is not prepared to delegate any part of his authority to any upstart delegates whom the Congress of the year may have elected. Mr. Hodges is not prepared to trust democracy so far as that, even in spite of the fact that the official element firmly dominates the Trade Union Congress.

It was clear that the General Council resolution would make no difference to the position. Nevertheless, such officials of powerful unions as Hodges objected to it, because it admitted the principle that the smaller fry had a right to discuss the doings of these great ones. Obedient to the bigwigs, the delegates carried the previous question against the resolution by a large majority.

The Congress remained smugly content with the inadequacy of its mechanism for fighting the battle of the workers and protecting their standards of life. It remained wholly content to tolerate the capitalist system. The hopeless plight of millions of workers did not arouse the delegates from their apathy.

Officialdom created a precedent by voluntarily consenting to hear the deputation of the unemployed that clamours now at the doors of every Labour Conference; the deputation which on this occasion slept out at night under the pier, though the hundreds of well-paid trade union officials who were delegates could easily have subscribed for a lodging for these brothers.

The Congress expressed no opinion upon the demand of the deputation for 30/- a week for the unemployed man, and 5/- for each child, with allowances for rent and fuel. The Congress resolution did not declare for maintenance at trade union rates; it asked only that the pay of the unemployed on relief work should keep them in "reasonable comfort," and that "adequate" maintenance should be given in lieu of work. It put forward, as the main solution for unemployment, the revision of the Versailles Treaty and trade with Russia.

J. T. Brownlee, of the engineers, urged that the Government should "place money at the disposal of British manufacturers," in order that they might sell their goods at cost price, and so overcome the difficulties of exchange.

These trade union Reformists will advocate any nostrum, so long as it does not entail the overthrow of Capitalism.

The Trade Union Congress, like the Labour Party, pins its faith almost wholly to the restoration of British trade, by raising the value of German money, in order that British manufacturers may compete with Germany on something like equal terms, and in order that Germany and other countries the exchange value of whose money is now low, may again buy goods from Britain.

Modify the Versailles Treaty, do not make Germany pay so much, is the appeal of the Trade Union Congress. British Labour leaders have not the courage to go so far as to say: Set the Treaty aside and abandon the reparations payments. They really desire to do so, because, basing their opinions on the teaching of J. M. Keynes and other Liberal politicians, whose views they follow slavishly, they believe the Versailles Treaty to be mainly responsible for the present trade depression and unemployment. Though they would like to say: "Let Germany off all further payments," they fear to do so lest their words, being quoted against them, they might lose some votes at the next election.

A striking example of the unintelligence and insincerity of British trade union politics to-day was displayed by Tom Shaw, who said:

"By pursuing the present policy the German people may be driven to the Monarchists, and then there will be no reparations; or again, they may be driven to the Communists, and again there will be no reparations. Germany lies in the centre of Europe; and to break that centre would be to break the whole economic system of Europe."

Clearly the thought behind such words is one of unity with Capitalism, and a desire to preserve the Capitalist economic system at any cost. No voice arose to say: Let us destroy that system and, escaping from its calamitous experiences, build anew on a fairer basis.

Truly the Trade Union Labour Movement is dead.

Let us on with the task of creating the new movement of conscious workers, with whom the future lies.

COMMUNIST WORKERS' PARTY OF THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL.

WORKS FOR COMMUNISM.—A classless order of society in which there shall be no rich and poor, no masters or servants, no landlords and capitalists, no buying and selling, no money, no wages. Each shall use according to need and desires of the earth's fruits and the product of the common labour. Each shall give to the service of the community according to capacity. Production and distribution shall be organised by those who do the work through the Soviets.

TACTICS.—No compromise with non-Communists and Reformers. No affiliation with the Labour Party. Continuous teaching of Communism. Continuous struggle for Communism.

Preparation for the Soviets: that is to say, organisation of the workers to take over and administer the industries of the creation of One Big Revolutionary Union with industrial departments built up from the workshop basis on the Soviet model. Continuous teaching of the futility of Parliamentary action, refusal to take part in it, preparation for the Soviets.

Write to the Preliminary Committee for the Communist Workers' Party (Fourth International), Workers' Dreadnought Office, 152, Fleet Street, London E.C.

SOUTH AFRICA TO-DAY.

By A COMRADE ON THE RAND.

While the masses have been taking no heed, the natural process of capitalism in a backward country has proceeded (the privileged position, which the white worker imagined himself to occupy alongside his employer, has been completely undermined by the black wage-slave, ready and willing to be exploited, and competent to do a good deal of the work previously booked up as belonging exclusively to the white "aristocrats of labour."

The rapidity of absorption into industrial life, mines, railways, and so on, of the younger generation of the farming section, the Dutch backvelders, has been amazing. It can only be compared to the flocking into industrial centres of the German peasant following the abolition of the communal holding of land in '48. Big business, appalled by the audacity of the imported overseas workman in 1913-14, looked to the back veldt for a supply of white workers, largely uneducated and presumably docile. The spirit of the age was not, however, taken into account, and the new psychology of the young Dutchman, who is a born fighter in the literal sense, has, according to the Boss Press, "staggered humanity" in South Africa.

The first attempt of the Chamber of Mines to curtail the employment of relatively dear white labour and replace it by cheap black labour was resisted to the point of a strike declaration by the Federation of Craft Unions. Unfortunately, this declaration was in reality a strike against the black worker, and resolved itself into the usual quarrel regarding the sharing out of the swag produced by the bottom (black) layer of South African society. Consequently a section of workers (white) on strike, took up arms to blot out—not the enemy, but another section of the workers (black).

Ten Thousand Strike Prisoners.

This phase was overshadowed later by a better realisation of the nature of the struggle, so the two months' "starve-the-boss-out" policy of inaction of the Federation was by no means lost. It was a valuable time, in so far as it gave the class-struggle men a good opportunity to clarify the outlook. The opportunity was taken advantage of to the full. Also in this time a remarkable fraternisation of British, Dutch, Italian, and Greek workers was accomplished, and the commando system was organised with as complete detail as was possible under the circumstances. Meanwhile, another movement, apart from, and yet part of, the purely strike movement, shaped itself. It took the form of a republican political movement supported by the Nationalist Party, and, at the last, the leaders of it were the commandants who took the main commands in the actual fighting.

The hopeful part was the growing consciousness, while the fighting proceeded, that capitalism was the root cause of the whole trouble, and at the final surrender and round-up of over 10,000 prisoners a feeling of intense bitterness against the capitalist and the system had become deep-seated. That is good!

Workers' Heroic Fight.

Of the actual fighting nothing need be said, further than that the workers were heroes, every one. So short of arms and ammunition was our side that only fourteen rifles and less than ninety rounds of ammunition were available to check the advance of the Scottish at Dunswart, and yet they were repulsed with heavy casualties and fifty-three rifles captured, at a cost of one killed and eight wounded.

Eighty-nine Policemen Prisoners.

Again, our men had eighty-nine police riflemen prisoners for five days in Fordsburg, and yet when the surrender took place all these men were handed over well fed and unharmed.

Strike Prisoners Shot.

The Scottish, on the other hand, shot their prisoners in cold blood at Turfontein, as the capitalist enquiry clearly established. We lost Fisher—who refused to surrender to the myrmidons of F.A.T., and, while a lot of our best men are still untaken, Bill Andrews, George Mason, Shaw, Shuttleworth, Day, Long, Gainsworthy, and a host of others were all captured, and now await trial on charges varying from high treason and murder to inciting to public violence.

At present we are all unemployed. Never in my experience in this country—and I have been here twenty-two years—has organisation proceeded at such a pace and with such a clear objective.

What Comrades in Britain Can Do.

We are now agitating for a general amnesty, and in this you can render invaluable assistance. We base our claim on the fact that the Government is taking no action for the proved deliberate murders, by order of British officers, of the three Hanekoin brothers, also the murder of Dowse, also the murders, deliberately committed by the order of Captain Fulford (in England at present), at Boksburg, and a long list of minor, but still very real, atrocities. A Defence Committee is in existence, and a host of lawyers are engaged, while some hundreds of prisoners are awaiting trial and sentence on capital charges. I do not think all lives will be saved, but a strong public opinion on our side will undoubtedly stay the bloody handed Smuts from wholesale executions.

So we know we have no need to request you to get busy, comrades, for these men and women are the men and women who count in the world.

LABOUR FAKIRS AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN STRIKERS.

A Labour Party and I.L.P. meeting was recently held in the Town Hall, Birkenhead, with Bob Smillie as the speaker. A number of meetings have been held by the Revolutionary Industrial Union Propaganda League in Liverpool and Birkenhead, dealing with the brutalities of the boss class on the Rand and the close proximity of the strikers to death by hanging. At all the League meetings the workers express solidarity with their fellow-workers in South Africa. It is obvious that the so-called workers' organisations should either be made to toe the line, or be condemned as reactionary, traitorous, and useless, despite the urgent call for a United Front.

On August 31st four workers opened up a meeting in Birkenhead by singing "Hold the Fort," the one-time song of the transport workers of this country. After a short talk explaining the South African strike and its culmination, the crowd, of some hundreds, decided to march *en masse* to the Town Hall to the Labour meeting, there to voice their solidarity with their Rand fellow-workers and their disgust at the refusal of the Trade Union and Labour Party Joint Council to move in this matter.

The crowd, headed by a banner, "Smuts, the Murderer," and "Shall the South African Strikers die?" proceeded on its way to the Town Hall. On arriving there it was stopped by the startled Labour fakirs at the entrance to the meeting.

The speaker explained the reason for the crowd and what its intentions were.

"But," queried the Labour leader, "what sect are you, who do you represent?"

"We are working men," came the answer, "and we are here to answer the call of our brothers on the Rand. We demand entrance to the meeting, that we may spread the call still further."

The surprise and resentment that was shown that a bunch of working men should decide to do anything without a party or leaders astonished even the old Socialists among the crowd.

The man at the door asked for someone in the crowd to act as delegate and come into an ante-room to decide what form the protest should take.

Right here came the treachery of these so-called Labourites, whom certain brands of comrades love so well. As the delegate walked into the room the Labour fakir attempted to push him in and lock the door outside.

Unfortunately for the fakir, the delegate happened to be an old-time wobbly, and the fakir—like the king who went to war—met the floor. The delegate returned.

As we were not concerned with breaking up even Labour meetings of this type, although the crowd of workers was anxious to vent its anger on these traitors, we asked the crowd to accompany us outside the hall, saying that we would hold a protest meeting in the street. There we found an advanced I.L.P.er pleading with the police to arrest us; but, the crowd being too formidable, the police refused.

After half-an-hour's further discussion on the O.B.U. and the tragedy of the Labour politicians' betrayal of the miners in South Africa, some of the people from inside the hall joined our meeting, and a few of the Labour leaders attempted to heckle us, actually stating because the speaker could not give us the names of the miners who are condemned to death we had no right to protest. But the crowd were in no humour to listen, and so the would-be hecklers sneaked away to avoid personal injury. The crowd then gave three rousing cheers for the South African strikers, and assisted in singing "Solidarity for ever."

One thing has impressed itself on the workers who attended the meetings: that was the bold-faced manner in which the I.L.P. ignored the fact that men, fellow-workers, are to-day facing death at the hands of Smuts, the murderer. The workers understood from this the fate that would be meted out to them when the C.P.G.B. had assisted the Labour Party to take over the reins of office, and they understood our insistence on the fact that the motto of the working class should be: "We never forget." WOBBLY.

MORE SLAUGHTER IN INDIA.

News contained in Press telegrams which the authorities refused to accept reaches us from India.

On July 30th the Bhils of Urmarcha village—men, women and children—were arrested on account of the Bhils' refusal to pay excessive taxes. The prisoners were kept without food, under insanitary conditions.

On August 2nd the Bhils of the district called a conference into Khemakhara village to discuss the payment of taxes. Mr. S. Sadhu, the organiser of the Society Rajasthan Sewa Sangh, and editor of a hand-written weekly called *Uper-Mal-Ka-Danka*, was in the district. He, with Mr. Ramnaryan, were invited to help the conference to decide the terms of settlement.

On August 2nd, whilst the conference was assembling, twenty armed policemen, ten on foot, ten on horse, appeared, and asked Ramnaryan and Sadhu what they were doing there. They explained that they were invited to assist the conference, but were ordered by the police to leave the village. Ramnaryan and Sadhu replied that they would not go unless the police could show a warrant to eject them from the village. Three of the police now unsheathed their swords and advanced towards the people, whilst the others took up positions ready to fire. The 300 men and 100 women who had assembled broke into the singing of national songs. One of the horsemen announced that he would fetch a written order, and departed, but returned with five additional horsemen. Sadhu and Ramnaryan were then seized by the police and bound with rope. A Bhil teacher named Prem-chandra was so indignant that he twisted the end of the rope about himself to demonstrate his solidarity with the prisoners. The people were highly incensed; they seized sticks and stones to fight the police, but Sadhu and Ramnaryan appealed to them to use no violence. They threw down their missiles, and 300 of them followed quietly after the three men bound with ropes, who were dragged by road to prison at Dhangermo. The 200 people remained sitting outside the prison.

It will be remembered that after the burning of the villages of Bhoola and Balolia the authorities had promised redress of grievances, and the Bhil people had agreed to pay three-fourths of the taxes pending a settlement. Instead of redress of grievances, further oppression has followed. The grazing of cattle and cutting of fuel is prohibited. The people were driven out of the villages of Bhrangunaga and Jawanpura in order to make way for the military. People going from village to village, or even going outside their village, are arrested and beaten. Two men, Kokullal and Ramsukh, who were searching for their buffaloes lost in the forest, were arrested and put in the stocks all night.

Mrs. Ramnaryan and a student, named Kanhiyalal, came to the village, and were surrounded by horsemen, who told them that they must follow them, as they had orders to arrest every public worker. Mrs. Ramnaryan refused to go with them till they could show a warrant, whereat they pushed her forcibly and abused her in insulting terms. Five girls rushed to her and aided her resistance.

At noon Mr. Ratansingh, sub-inspector of police, arrived with two horsemen and fifteen infantry. He ordered them to fire at Mrs. Ramnaryan. They took aim, but he then checked them and read out to Mrs. Ramnaryan the order for her arrest. Kanhiyalal, the student, was also arrested. Mrs. Ramnaryan was imprisoned in a temple, where she heard of her husband's arrest. She was glad to learn that she had a chance to follow him. Meanwhile, the women of the neighbourhood gathered outside the temple. At nightfall soldiers ordered them away, but the women lay down to sleep outside the temple. The soldiers then began to beat the women, but Mrs. Ramnaryan appeared and succeeded in pacifying them. The people brought food for Mrs. Ramnaryan and Kanhiyalal, but they refused it, saying they would fast twenty-four hours in protest. The authorities who had imprisoned them provided nothing for them to eat.

A GRATEFUL READER.

A comrade expresses gratitude for the fact that the *Dreadnought* can be read at the local Free Library; having exhausted the unemployment dole, he cannot afford to buy it.

Is the *Dreadnought* available at the Library in your district? If not, write to us.

SOVIET RUSSIA

AS I SAW IT

By SYLVIA PANKHURST.

(WRITTEN BEFORE THE POLICY OF REVERSION TO CAPITALISM WAS INSTITUTED).

TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE.

"There is a vast mass of information in this book . . . and those interested in Soviet Russia will find much that is interesting amongst the mosaic of impressions it contains. . . ."

—Daily Herald.

THE NEW YORK MURDER-GANG TERROR IN IRELAND.

By ECONOMIC SECTION.

While Clynes, Tillet, Henderson, and Judas H. Thomas are misleading and fooling the workers of England into the belief that they have something in common with the employing class, the world is witnessing an old terror that has been started afresh in various countries. We

are all aware that it is Orgeschism in Germany, Fascism in Italy, and the Klu-Klux-Klan in the United States; but there is a part of the world called Ireland, where another new murder gang has been started in the interests of the Irish capitalist class and to the delight of the Downing Street vultures who are howling out for more Irish blood, and mean to get it. On Monday morning August 28th, 1922, in the *Bulletin* issued by the Irish Republican Publicity Department, it reads as follows:

The Republican War Bulletin.

VOL. 1. No. 9.

August 29th.

Price 2d.

Seventh Year of the Republic.

MEN AND MEASURES MAY COME AND GO, BUT THEIR PRINCIPLES
ARE ETERNAL.

Shocking Murder of Republican Officers.

Alfred Colly, aged 21 years, Vice-Brig. of the Dublin Brigade of the Fianna Na H-eireann, and Sean Cole, aged 19 years, Commandant of the 2nd Battalion Dublin Brigade, Fianna Na H-eireann, were seized by Free State Imperial troops on Saturday last (26th). Were brought in a motor to the Yellow Lane, near "The Thatch," of the Swords Road, and were there brutally murdered at 5.45 the same evening.

The details of this awful crime are reported in the *Sunday Independent*, the *Independent* at the time of publishing the account not knowing that the murdered youths were Republican officers. In the presence of a number of people, who were overawed by the revolvers of the assassins, the two youths were placed against a gate and riddled with bullets. When the people of the locality were able to approach the bodies after the departure of the murderers, they found, as the *Independent* describes, "the two young men in partly sitting positions, one against each gate-post, and each shot through the head. They were quite dead, with blood gushing from the ugly wounds. The crowd knelt down and said prayers. Later other wounds were discovered on the bodies in the region of the heart."

Alas! fellow-worker, what a shocking piece of news to read in the morning paper. You are going into chains for another week, with the thoughts of murder and a big lock-out in front of the workers of Dublin. This winter will be a season of hardships and sufferings for the proletariat of Ireland. When the Black and Tans were here they had a murder gang of their own, commanded by Captain Hardy; but now, since they are disbanded, the Free State Army Headquarters have found that it is necessary that a new Irish murder gang be formed.

Now, it is well that it should be made known that these lads were neither spies nor informers against the Free State Army, as some would imagine; they were just ordinary soldiers of the Irish Republic. One of these, Sean Cole, was a member of the Irish Engineering Industrial Union and an enemy of the present system of society. He always had a great admiration for the Economic Section, which he believed was going about the right way, in so far as securing the Workers' Republic.

Sean fought in the recent fighting, and escaped when the surrender came, and resumed activities again as soon as his comrades got together. He was in the truest sense of the word a soldier, the type of which is not to be found among the usual army that is organised by, and in the interests of, the boss class. He joined when a mere youth, and by study and perseverance he in due course rose from the ranks to be Commandant of the 2nd Battalion, Fianna Na H-eireann. The same can be said of Alf Colly, who was an intimate friend of Cole, and who also rose from the ranks.

In Ireland to-day a guerilla warfare on a fairly large scale is being waged against the forces of the Free State by the Irish Republican Army. Now, a few weeks ago Michael Collins was killed in an ambush in County Cork, and, of course, the master class started to mourn the loss of the many-a-time defender of their organised system of brigandage. A few nights before the burial of Collins, C.I.D. men from Oriel House raided 23 Suffolk Street, the offices of Eamon De Valera. They were just inside when they threw three typewriters out into the street, set the papers on fire, and before leaving wrecked the place as far as they were able. It was on that evening that the two unfortunate youths Colly and Cole were brutally done to death;

and whether their murderers were C.I.D. men or the Beggar's Bush murder gang, we cannot tell, but the Republican Intelligence Department will find that out in time to come. But it looked very strange when the Commissioner of the Civic Guard (Ireland's new R.I.C.), Michael Staines, was sent to the inquest to state "that these men were deserters, and that the Republicans shoot deserters nowadays." Staines failed to bolster up the case for the Free State, and when cross-examined admitted he was sent by Mr. Cosgrave (who did not want to come), on behalf of the Irish Provisional Government. So the finger of suspicion pointed to the Free State military authorities, and Mr. Staines went home "with his tail between his legs."

The Workers' Right.

Now, in the economic field the struggle between Capital and Labour is becoming bigger and bigger. The workers in the biggest industry in Dublin—the building trade—are threatened with a lock-out for refusing to have their wages cut. In the country districts the agricultural workers are fighting a bitter war with the farmers for an increase in their harvest wages of three shillings.

It was once remarked by George Bernard Shaw that "the farmers of Ireland were prepared to kick the King's crown into the Boyne, but before and after that would fight the labourers, rather than increase their wages by a shilling," and it was Shaw himself who could see what is happening to-day in the agricultural community.

The labourers have resorted to sabotage, which in a lot of cases has been the means of making these land barons concede their demands. The bishops and the preachers steer clear of all this, because they know they have lost their power over the workers, as far as labour disputes are concerned.

The farmers are getting the Free State Army to try and break the land strike. This should be a lesson to the workers who have any belief that the Provisional Government will cure their ills. One chance is left to the workers, and if they seize it the Communist Republic will come nearer.

Let the wage-slaves of Ireland join or support the I.R.A., who are helping to smash and destroy Irish Capitalism and British Imperialism, once for all.

The Economic Section has its workers in every department of labour, and Republicanism in Ireland, and all are working to clear and make short and smooth, as far as possible, the path to the Irish Workers' Republic. The Irish Labour fakirs are nearing the end of their tether, and all their energy is now lost in passing pious resolutions. The bishops and the master class offered up masses for the repose of the soul of Collins, who, as a Yankee Industrialist (I.W.W.) remarked, "has gone to receive pie in the sky"; but when Irish youths are murdered, these Christian gentlemen pass over their bullet-riddled bodies in silence and at the same time shed crocodile tears for Mick Collins. When the Irish workers combine with the I.R.A. in the struggle for political and economic freedom, then these big-mouthed, hypocritical humbugs will be swept from power. It is then that Ireland's murdered sons will be avenged, and it is then the new era will dawn on the Irish Communist Republic.

ESPERANTO.

SLOSILO DE L'EKZERCO No. 12.

Every week the learners read easy phrases in our journal, and less easy reading matter from *The Communist Manifesto*, which was translated by an American. Those who wish to read much like the *Non-National Review*, organ of the Universal Non-National Association, which is both informative and literary. Excellent language exercises are to be found in the "Collection of Exercises" of Zamenhof.

EKZERCO No. 13.

Jus okazis en Frankfurt la dua Kongreso de Sennacieca Asocio Tutmonda. Romain Rolland prezidis antaŭ ducent dudek laboristoj el dek du landoj, kiuj diskutis gravajn problemojn de proletaria agado. Ĉiuj personoj facile komprenigis. Por la organizo de S.A.T. la mondo estas dividita laŭ geografiaj sektoroj? Naciajn limojn oni ignotas.

VORTARETO.

agi	to act	kompreni	to understand
antaŭ	before	labori	to work
cent	hundred	laŭ	according to
diskuti	to discuss	limo	boundary
ignori	to ignore	okazi	to happen
jus	just	sektoro	sector

NOTOJ.

Ordinal numbers are formed by using the adjectival *a*. Dua, second, from *du*, two. Compare dudek (20) and dek du (12). *Ad* denotes continued action.

HAVE YOU READ?

The Origin of the World, by R. McMillan, 1/6. This is an excellent book for proletarian schools. It was written by an old scientist for a young Australian girl. It treats of the depths of the sky, the speed of the earth, the earth's motion, the law of gravitation, force and energy, the birth of new worlds, the death of worlds, our earth in its early days, the beginning of life, primitive forms of life, the struggle for existence, birds and beasts, early men. The book is illustrated, and tells its story in simple language which children will not fail to understand. It is suitable for reading aloud to a school class.

The Evolution of the Idea of God. (Grant Allen. Cloth, 2/-; paper, 1/-.)

An Easy Outline of Evolution. (Dennis Hird. Cloth, 2/-; paper, 1/-.)

The Story of Creation. (Edward Clodd. 1/-.) *Savage Survivals*. The story of the race, told in simple language by J. Howard Moore. (Cloth, 2/6; paper, 1/6.)

Ancient Society, by Morgan, 7/6.

The World's Revolutions, Untermann, 3/6.

The Ancient Lowly, Osborne Ward, 2 vols., 12/6 each.

You can obtain these at the *Dreadnought Bookshop*, 152 Fleet Street.

The *Dreadnought Bookshop* can obtain for you any book or periodical you want. Send for our catalogue, which is supplied without charge.

THE APOSTLE.

By GUY A. ALDRED.

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

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from last week.)

As I have said, Robert Olcott, the apostle, was a third-rate individual. He belonged to the twentieth century—and the streets. He belonged especially to the mean streets. From these he gathered inspiration, and amidst their garbage he sought sweetness and beauty of being. If we would portray his character and influence correctly, we must picture him on these streets seeking and striving amongst his own people. We must see him in the Forum where Demos has assembled to find the way, the truth, and the life, the logos and the logic of regeneration. We must see him responding to the public opinion of the gutter.

Third rate is the Apostle, and third-rate is the standing of the Forum. But then the Fourth Estate travels third class. And it is *en route* for the Social Revolution.

CHAPTER III.

Germinal.

One midsummer day of rest in the year 1907 the Apostle entered the Park from the Bayswater Road side. He moved across the carriage-way through the crowds towards the famous Reformers' Tree. Here was located the platform from which he intended to speak. It was a marvellous achievement of the carpenter's craft—marvellous from its height and the ingenuity of its construction. It certainly afforded the orator who used it a commanding position from which to declaim his anathemas—over the heads of the people in more senses than one, murmured the wits. But let us be patient. That which transcends the people's intelligence to-day moves, in a most singular manner, its heart to-morrow. Strange how the despised mass master philosophy the while that kings neglect wisdom. Strange, but true. Perhaps some understanding of this curious phenomenon inspired the Apostle as he pressed through the crowd towards the platform.

The spirit and the sweetness of the forum was upon him. One could see that from watching him making his way through the crowds with gentleness and modesty and much inconvenient halting. He displayed an almost amusing reluctance to push or to elbow forward aggressively. It revealed courtesy, and even tenderness, a whimsical chivalry and love of order. Obstacles seemed to amuse him. They caused a strange smile of playful humour to light up his face, twinkle gravely his eyes, and lend to his countenance a touch of mischief. He sparkled with fun whilst he hungered with love.

It is good to watch people and observe their change of expression as thoughts rise and play in their mind. It is good to watch the pulpit when it moves about in the pew, unprotected by its standing and unhampered by its calling. It is good to see the face of the preacher unmasked, indexing, correcting the character of his soul, unrobed of habit, unconscious of observation. It was good to watch the Apostle this afternoon.

He was totally wanting in sense of annoyance. One realised that mean anger and personal bitterness had no place in his soul. He moved easily as though among his own people, and yet with a certain uncomfortable shyness, as though not quite at home individually with the crowd. These characteristics were consistent with those manifested in the speech he delivered shortly afterwards from the rostrum.

I do not say his words were very wise ones, as the world counts wisdom. I should rather say that they were decidedly unwise. Persons of comfortable situation in life would have dismissed them with contempt and annoyance. Statesmen, seeking to defend their administration from whispers of departmental scandal might have seized on several sentences for prosecution. I am sure that grateful place-seeking attorneys could, with a little adroitness, have sustained a charge against the author of dis-

affection. For he spoke to his own people as a minister of the mighty mob, which were the interests of mankind. He spoke of the failure of the mob and of the triumph of the mob. He told how they ministered to the vice of power, upholding, serving, and maintaining its hypocrisy. And he spoke with tender repentant realisation of the fact that in and among them dwelt all the virtue that the world had ever known. Serfs of bread who stoned the prophets and martyred the apostles! They were likewise the angels of revolution!

From age to age the mob served the cause of priest and king and maintained passing systems of tyranny through which mankind travailed in its struggle towards freedom. But from the same mob came always the first eager gladness to welcome the new truth, to seek it, to acclaim it, to honour its prophet, and, with rough wholesome love, proclaim its tidings. Always this mob desired to discover and be true to the call of its soul, the call of joy and service in living. It martyred truth never from original desire, but always from ignorance coupled with hopeless subordinate necessity. Each epoch told the story of its atonement as it moved ever splendidly forward towards the final liberation of humanity. From martyring, its children in increasing numbers embraced martyrdom—not from subordination, but design, until the old falsehood was swept aside. Jesus, well knew this when on the gallows he declared that the mob knew not what they did in the hour when they allowed their martyrs to die scorned and neglected. He knew that the mob always repented when the light dawned. Such repentance was the flood-tide of history.

Watching, one saw this thought form in his mind, traced the first confused wonderment in his eyes as he began to give it expression, and noted the breaking over his face of a quaint smile, as its full significance dawned upon him. The idea softened the imperviousness of his speech and mellowed the audacity of the thoughts he uttered.

The speech as a whole did not lend itself too readily to offence. It was frank and uncompromising. There was no doubt as to the speaker's opinion on a vast number of tabooed subjects. But his words were not arrogant. They were weighty and modest. Although obviously impromptu, they were well-considered as coming from a balanced mind. They revealed a sustained consistency of purpose. There was an absence of personal grievance. The speaker did not feel his lot a personal wrong. If there were ill-conditions to be borne, he had as much right to bear them as anyone. There was nothing very objectionable in that. It was the fortune of war and destiny, to be accepted as part of the scheme of things. His protest against the system proceeded not from his own condition so much as from consciousness of the crime of such condition existing. His words were not so much spoken by him as spoken through him. The letter of them was mild enough; but their spirit and purport were extreme. It was the purpose and the message, not the media, that told of social revolution.

He spoke to them of Cupid and the sabbath, and then told of the message of Paris. Jesus, the man of fact and third-rate reputation, had thundered down the ages a message that no falsehood could overlay or disguise—the eternal verity that the sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath. This wonderful doctrine meant that the transient was made for the eternal, not the eternal for the transient. Here was the keynote of all revolt, all sedition, all unrest. Herein man was called upon to sit in judgment on his divinities, his constitutions, kings, and rulers. The gutter was elevated above the throne, and the rights of man asserted before the decrees of monarchs. Before states made men subjects, great Nature made them men. Lowell had realised this message that subjectship was wrong when he wrote the wonderful words:

"Man is more than constitutions:
Better rot beneath the sod,
Than be loyal to Church and State
Whilst doubly false to God."
(To be continued.)

HELSINGFORS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I.

Until Helsingfors was fixed upon for this year's Esperanto Congress I knew no more about the place than about the North Pole or Kamchatka, or any fishing village beside the Arctic seas.

Yet Helsingfors is the capital of Finland, now an independent Republic. The streets are wide, there are tramlines and motor-cars, and as many chances as anywhere else of getting run over.

The best hotels are not far behind the Savoy or the Carlton, in London. In my bedroom I find two telephones and electric light, three tables, a sofa, and four arm-chairs (which are dreadfully in the way, as I only sit in one at a time), besides the bed and the hot and cold water basin and a double French window, probably necessary for the winter, but very complicated to open and shut. Yet I only pay sixty marks a night, which at the present rate of exchange equal about five shillings.

Had it not been for the twelve hundred Esperantists crowding here from thirty or forty different countries, I could have had excellent accommodation for two shillings a night! Cheaper than Yarmouth!

As it is, my meals at the restaurants cost me anything from 7d. to 1/11, including a glass of excellent milk or very light beer.

Beer and wine are freely sold, though wine is much too dear; but spirits are absolutely forbidden. During the week that I have spent here I have seen one drunken man, and another one walking rather suspiciously; this is very good for a seaport town, where any sailor can easily smuggle a flask of rum in his pocket.

Small steamers are constantly running in and out among the hundreds of lovely pine-clad islands between the town and the open sea. Yachts, launches, and canoes are plentiful around the little summer-houses that peep from among the pines on the islands, but all this in winter is frozen up, and only accessible with sledges or ice-boats during eight months of the year.

The Esperanto Congress is a great success, but is not so large as last year's at Prague, where we numbered 2,400. This is accounted for by the position of Helsingfors in such a distant and remote corner of Europe. The French, I am glad to say, were in great force.

On the other hand, the Congress affords a better proof, if possible, of the absolute need for Esperanto. Not a soul can understand me in the street, whether I try English, or French, or German, or Spanish, or Esperanto; excepting, of course, our fellow-Esperantists and the trained hotel porters, who all speak English.

The Finns speak only their own language, as a rule, though a very few know Swedish, or Russian, or Estonian, the languages of the neighbouring States.

The first thing that I saw when I came out of my room in the morning was "BAD RUM" in bold letters on a door. As spirits are forbidden here, I took it to be the landlord's version of sour grapes; but on the next storey below I found in large letters "DAM RUM." This took my breath away, until it dawned upon me that it really only meant "ladies room," and the other words meant "bathroom."

At a restaurant I noticed the word "Kex," and it took me some time to realise that it was an attempt to make English visitors understand that cakes were obtainable.

Three military bands play in turns during the evening on the Esplanade in front of the hotel, and one is painfully impressed by the immense numbers of soldiers loitering against these bands, and much outnumbering the civilians, who likewise promenade from one band to the other. These soldiers are boys between eighteen and twenty-two, dressed in cheap grey stuff, constantly having to salute as they stroll backwards and forwards in groups and happen to pass an officer.

Speaking to a Russian visitor about this, I learnt that the Finnish Army, of 10,000 men, is supposed to be kept on foot to guard against an attack from Russia; but Russia has an army of 2,000,000 men, and could mop up those 10,000 in a few days.

The real use of the Finnish Army is to prevent a rising of Finnish Reds. The Finnish white Government is in fear of its Red proletariat, just as the Russian Red Government is in fear of its white reactionaries.

It seems probable that for many years to come every country of Europe will be pretending to keep its army for defence against its neighbours, whilst the real reason will be in white Governments the constant fear of a Red rising, and in Red Governments the fear of a white rising.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £279 12s. 4d. T. Wilson, 10/-; Portsmouth Group, 2/- (monthly); D. Jewson, 5/-; Hammersmith Meeting, £1 10s. 4½d.; Mrs. Beckett, 10/-; W. B. Findley, 10/-; A. J. Marriott, 2/6; Mrs. Hobbs, 10/-; Hammersmith Debate, half collection, 7/6½; Clapham Common Collection, 8/-. Total for week, £3 10s. 5d. Total, £283 2s. 9d.

Wanted a Stonemason.

Have you observed, fellow-worker, that the *Pebbs Magazine* and the *Communist* are appealing for £5 to restore Karl Marx's tombstone, and for £1 10s. a year to keep the grave in order?

They urge, fellow-worker, that comrades from other countries make pilgrimages to the grave, and that its present neglected state will cause the foreign comrades to think but poorly of the British Communist movement.

Therefore, fellow-worker, they are appealing to you and me to give our pennies to pay some capitalist firm to put the grave of a Communist in order.

When the foreign comrades read that appeal, they will surely express profound surprise.

"Are there no workers in the British Communist movement?" they will ask. "Are all its members stockbrokers and commercial travellers, or members of England's leisured aristocracy, who have taken to Parliament, the Bar, or the Church, and have carefully refrained from learning to use their hands, even by way of a hobby?"

"Are there no stonemasons in the Socialist movement of Great Britain, no labourers, even, who could assist in raising the stone; nor any careful, practical people, who could give to the grave the little care that a mother spends on the grave of her child?"

"We could understand these British comrades," they will say, "if they should declare that since the spirit of Marx is in his books, and his grave only holds his mouldering bones, the grave matters nothing at all; but it is beyond our comprehension that the British comrades, possessing the ordinary respect for graves and monuments, should pay money to a capitalist firm, to hire a proletarian stonemason, to go with his tools, to work on Marx's grave."

Our movement will cut a pretty poor figure over this business in the eyes of the Internationals, fellow-worker; and if any of our capitalist masters read the *Pleb's* appeal, they will wink to each other and say: "They are still fast asleep, these slaves—how they snore!"

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

LAW AND AUTHORITY.—Cont. from p. 2.

working in 1921, although he had had five weeks' relief under the new Act of April 1922, and although he had been an insured contributor since the Act was introduced in 1913, and had never received unemployment pay or missed contributing until 1920.

Mr. Channell next applied to the Minister of Labour, Dr. Macnamara, for a reversal of this decision. After considerable delay, he received a reply stating that unemployment benefit had been refused, because the Committee was not satisfied that Channell was seeking full-time employment. On receipt of this communication Mr. Channell at once took it to the Labour Exchange to protest. He supplied the officials with the addresses and telephone numbers of persons to whom he had applied for employment, but Mr. Little, the trade union secretary and committee of one, replied that once he had made a decision it was beyond his power to reverse it.

Again Mr. Channell appealed to the Minister of Labour, but Dr. Macnamara gravely replied that he could not reverse the decision of the Committee.

Meanwhile, the unhappy Mrs. Channell had given birth to her eighth child. There was no maternity benefit to look for now, so she applied to Queen Charlotte's Hospital for a visiting nurse, but was told that she lived outside the radius dealt with. She applied to St. George's Hospital, but learnt that that institution only supplies a doctor where the patient has a nurse in attendance. Of course she had no money to pay a nurse.

On July 30th the baby was born, and as the mother and child lay waiting attention, Mr. Channell hastened to the parish doctor for aid. The parish doctor was away, and his partner in private practice, who had undertaken the parish doctor's duties, was ill, but sent Mr. Channell to Dr. Gardner, of Fulham, who finally arrived to give the necessary attention.

All Income Stopped—Still no Relief.

Channell, with all income cut off, now again appealed to the Guardians for relief. They refused to relieve the family, or even to grant food to the wife alone, until their medical officer had visited the woman and certified that it was necessary for her to have it!

The doctor having played his part, the Guardians granted 9/- worth of food a week for four weeks, to be consumed by the wife alone. Of course Mrs. Channell shared the food with her offspring, whilst Channell himself was selling or pawning all that remained of the household goods in order to find food for the family. For two weeks one of the churches provided the family with a loaf a day.

The Channells now again applied for milk at reduced cost under the Ministry of Health, on

the ground that Mrs. Channell had a young baby which she could not suckle; but again the Health Department replied that the Board of Guardians was the right and proper authority to deal with this case.

In the Workhouse or out, the Channells now found their appeals denied by all authorities.

The Health Department having notified the Guardians of its refusal to grant milk either to mother or child, the Guardians now, after a day's delay, dispatched their medical officer to see the unfortunate infant. His first words on entering the tenement were: "Is the baby dead yet?" He granted three tins of Nestle's milk per week for the infant, on the strict understanding that none of it was to be consumed by the mother or the other children.

No School Dinners for the Children.

The little Channells had been having free dinners at school, and were promised that, like some of the other children, they should have their dinners during the holidays. By some official oversight they were not given the necessary tickets, and so went hungry.

When the holidays came to an end the education authorities announced that there would be no more free dinners for the Channell children, since the Board of Guardians was the fit and proper authority to deal with their parents' case.

Meanwhile, the landlord at 8 Barker Street has served notice to quit on the Channells for non-payment of rent.

So Montague Channell and his wife, who has suffered more than all, find themselves outcast, with all authority against them. They are discarded by employers, evicted by landlords and the boasted departments of social insurance and welfare offer only the Workhouse prison and the partition of the family.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Workers' Dreadnought*.

DEAR COMRADE,—In the issue of August 26th I notice that you commented on the Irish struggle that the Irish Labour leaders were contemptuous of the British Labour movement in 1914 because it failed to accomplish the general strike against war.

I would like to point out that the present Labour leaders in Ireland are made of a different calibre to those who were responsible for the vigorous Irish Labour movement pre-war. There is no doubt at all that the present Irish Labour Party does not possess any Connollys, Partridges, or Larkins. These men have always practised what they preached; and, what is more, have had the backing of the rank and file, and previous to 1914 proved to the most mere observer that the English Labour movement was official-ridden and rotten to the core, which the English rank and file know to their cost to-day.

With the murder of Connolly, the death of Partridge, and the incarceration of Larkin in an American prison on a trumped-up charge, the cowardly silence of the English Labour leaders is only equalled by the treacherous apathy of the present Irish Labour leaders towards that incarceration, thus proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that the fear and hatred held towards Larkin by the English Labour leaders is now shared by their Irish prototypes.

How can anyone hold up the present alleged Irish Labour leaders, Johnson the Englishman, eulogised by the secretary of the English Labour Party, O'Brien, son of an ex-policeman, sic, the ninth part of a man, Cathol O'Shannon, ex-Socialist, ex-Bolshevik, ex-member of the Citizen Army, who claims he is going to squeeze all that it is possible to squeeze out of the Free State Bill, to be compared in any way favourably with men of the type of Connolly, Partridge, and Larkin, who were the most deadly opponents of the drink traffic, with creatures of the type mentioned, who have, with fourteen others, in the late Irish elections been elected as T.D.s on a "cheaper beer" ticket, it is hard to understand.

Larkin, although nominated for Mid Dublin, refused to stand proclaiming himself in opposition to the careerists and opportunists of the "cheaper beer" fame party. It is only fair to the Irish workers and their brothers of the rank and file in England, who so magnificently, from a financial standpoint, supported the appeal of Connolly and Larkin in the great 1913 struggle, to point out these facts.

The writer would suggest, instead of wasting time and space in your valuable paper, discussing these creatures who have not the courage to decide openly for or against Republicans or Free Staters, that an appeal should be made to both Irish and English rank and file to keep these alleged leaders busy answering questions as to why they are doing nothing to help in the release of political prisoners in Ulster, England, America, and other countries.

Fraternally yours,

SEUMAS UA FAOLAIN.

(Member of the I.T. & G.W.U.)

Our reply to this correspondent is that we did not compare the present Irish Labour leaders with Connolly, Larkin, and Partridge. The present Irish Labour leaders, to ourselves as well as to others and publicly, have expressed contempt for the British Labour movement for its failure to strike against war and for its general lack of effectiveness and support of the Government during the war. Whether the Irish Labour leaders would have acted better under the circumstances is another matter. Our point was that whilst the Irish Labour leaders had criticised others for inaction in face of the war policy of a capitalist Government, the same was now true of themselves.

Our advice to this correspondent is to get out and form the One Big Revolutionary Union built up on the workshop basis in Ireland.

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