

# The Bhil Tragedy.

# Workers'



# Dreadnought

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by  
SYLVIA PANKHURST

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## The U.S. Miners' War.

AN AFFRAY AT HERRIN, ILLINOIS.



HONOURS.

Rise, Sir Boudierley Moneybag! A Profiteer is never without honour in his own country. (New Version.)

### DOWNFALL.

He made that paper; weekly from its page  
Flattered the sordid palate of the vile  
With solemn foolishness and feeble filth,  
And yet, betimes, would strike a human note,  
Probing some scandal, to defend the weak,  
Or feed the nasty craving of his mob  
For more sensation; 'twas all one to Bull,—  
So that it sold. With his own curious art  
He chose that poster, showing there distinct  
From all the other flarers in the street,  
And made his print more vulgar than the rest  
That folk might know it from the other rags,  
And buy it, therefore. Now they buy it still  
From foolish habit, though he rots in gaol,  
And it's grown paler—changed its colour quite—  
Caters to Party, 'stead of just to him.

Sprung from the stock, perhaps, of generous folk,

Like some strange cuckoo in a songbirds' nest,  
He only lived to prey on human kind;  
But mostly chose his victims from the crowd,  
Greedy and gullible, that jackal-like,  
Follows the wake of the exploiting class,  
Feeding upon its dupes; set on like hounds,  
To rend the noble few who dare to stand  
Forth from the path that place and power dictate.

'Twas on the vulgar flunkeydom he preyed,  
Those who admired him for his worse parts,  
Meaner than he, who shared his every vice,  
Something for nothing craved, hoping, through him,

From industry the fruitage of its toil  
To filch. So lived he on their greed:  
A futile swindler of a futile world.

Now he's in prison they of vilest sort,  
Who battered on his bounty, caught the crumbs,  
Flung from his bold extravagance, and fawned  
Upon his tinselled greatness, for mere coin  
Hasten like carrion to the Street of Ink,  
To earn some pounds by selling confidence  
And writing large his follies that they shared  
When Fortune's winds plumped out his pirate sails.

E. S. P.

The Southern Illinois Coal Co. has a "strip mine" at Herrin. In "strip" mining the coal lying near the surface is uncovered by steam shovels, which throw up the soil at one side in large mounds. The vein of coal is excavated and loaded on cars by another steam shovel. After the removal of the coal the excavation is filled up with earth. This method of coal getting is swift, and offers huge profits. A steam shovel at this mine loaded a 50-ton railway car in six minutes, whilst another shovel was uncovering the coal at 120 yards an hour.

The Southern Coal Co. had made an agreement with the Miners' Union during the coal strike that if it were permitted to go on uncovering the coal it would not attempt to send any coal away till the strike was over. This agreement was made with all strip companies; but the Southern Co. attempted to break it. The company ordered union miners to load coal on the railway trucks for expedition. The miners refused. The company dismissed them, engaged strikebreakers and armed guards furnished by a Chicago strike-breaking agency. These guards stopped all traffic in the vicinity, even closing the roads to the farmers. They insulted and menaced women. Once on the job, the strike breakers were kept prisoners by the guards.

Two miners who were going to plead with the strike breakers to down tools on Wednesday morning were fired upon by the guards and mortally wounded, whilst still half a mile from the mine.

The anger of the miners was aroused; they poured in from the surrounding towns and mining camps on buses, trucks, and any available vehicles, and walked long distances to the scene. The shops in nearby towns were stripped of arms and ammunition. More than 1,500 people surrounded the mine, and firing continued all night between the guards and the miners without.

Though the guards had machine-guns and were protected by the mounds of earth heaped up by the excavations, their resistance was hopeless. By Thursday morning the guards hoisted the white flag, and by that time the whole

countryside was alive with people opposed to them.

It is said the Company appealed to the State troops to come to its aid, but was advised to hoist the Red flag.

It was decided by the strikers to march the surrendered guards and strike breakers in procession to Herrin, but Superintendent McDowell, of the Southern Co., refused to proceed, and whilst he offered resistance the other prisoners made a break for the woods. They became entangled with a barbed-wire fence. The mob fired on them. Some were killed thus, some were hung, some were drowned in a pond; in all, nineteen strike breakers and guards lost their lives.

The miners then wrecked the equipment of the Southern Co.'s strip mine.

A jury decided that the affair began by Superintendent McDowell murdering George Henderson, a striker.

So far there has been no retaliation against the strikers. Contrast this with the fact that men are imprisoned in other parts of U.S.A. for being in possession of an I.W.W. or Communist Party card.

Contrast this Herrin affair with the fact that in South Africa miners who were on strike are being tried for murder because, forsooth, the police fired on and killed some strikers—the strikers being held responsible for the incident.

Why did the Herrin miners win the battle with the mine-owners' gunmen? Why, though they so terribly punished the gunmen, have they been left unmolested?

The reason is that they showed solidarity and acted with swift determination.

The commander of troops who refused to come to the aid of the coal company and its gunmen; the jury which pronounced the verdict of murder against the coal company's superintendent instead of against the miners; the Government, which allowed the matter to rest, all recognised that the strikers and the working populace of Herrin district were too strong, too determined to be attacked with impunity.

The lesson is a valuable one.

## Glasgow Eviction Charges.

On July 4th twelve men and two women were tried on account of their attempt to reinstate James and May Shaw after their eviction from their home in South York Street, Glasgow.

Henry McShane, one of the accused, was charged with saying at a meeting in the street:

"At half-past seven this morning a prison van with 25 animals came to Sandyfauld Street. They came to South York Street to evict one man, his wife and children. There were four detectives, policemen, and sheriff officers, all enemies of the working-class. How can policemen who help the landlords be your friends? I know that they are not my friends and they are not your friends, they are up against you every time to club you with their batons, but we are going to see that this man does not get evicted; we are going to put up a fight and beat the enemy at their dirty tactics. You all

paid for your houses over and over again. To hell with law and order! It is better to break the law than to starve; and Comrade Linden got six months for fighting for the working class. I say, when it comes to starving, I say it here again: To hell with law and order! It is better to break the law than to starve. If you are starving, I say again, take food. I appealed to you a year last August not to pay any rent, but some of you were only too damned

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anxious to get to the factor to pay him, and I appeal to you here to-night not to pay another halfpenny of rent to the factor; and if you would all do that the factors would soon die of starvation. During the War you got a free rifle and bayonet to fight for your boys, but this time you must fight for yourselves, and I am sure there are a few here who can use a rifle and bayonet. You must come together and fight together, and bring about the only means by which you can live in peace and happiness, and that is revolution."

This speech was ostensibly taken down by three detectives, all of whom, according to the versions they gave in court, wrote down every word exactly alike in their notebooks at the time. Yet they admitted on oath to have no knowledge of shorthand or reporting. They denied having compared notes.

It is interesting to observe that the wording of the speech on the first warrant was not the same as on the one used in court! It was interesting, also, to observe that the detectives who gave evidence regarding the speech all had new notebooks.

Comrade McShane replied to the charge that he had not advised the people to use rifles and bayonets, but had told them that rifles and bayonets had been given them to fight for the women and children of Belgium, and that they were to use their brains against their own enemies.

Asked what he meant by saying the police were trying to use force, McShane said, "I think the Southern police would like to use their bayonets." When asked what he meant by telling people to take food, he stated that he had said, "If McShane were to tell you to take food he would get into gaol; but if he told you to drop dead from starvation it would be all right."

Counsel for the defence, Mr. Aitchison, K.C., urged that the notes had not been taken at the meeting, but made out by the three detectives later, and that McShane's version was the correct one.

The sheriff, addressing the jury, said:

"One of the rights of every citizen is the right of Free Speech or political opinion. I cannot credit that these notes were taken at the meeting. You must therefore accept Mr. Aitchison's criticism of their evidence. I believe one wrote them down and the others helped him. I agree there has been no violence or rioting, which I think shows that the citizens are law-abiding citizens."

The jury retired for seven minutes, and unanimously returned a verdict of "Not proven."

The sheriff thanked them for their verdict, with which he agreed.

The prisoners were further charged with having taken illegal possession of the house occupied by James and Mary Shaw.

James Watson Pollock, a partner in the firm of Neilson and Reid, stated that Mrs. Mary Shaw was the tenant, and he had procured a warrant to evict.

Mr. Aitchison, K.C., for the prisoner, said: "You might have a look at this warrant to evict. Is this the warrant?"

Mr. Pollock: "Yes."

Mr. Aitchison: "I think this warrant is to evict James Shaw."

Mr. Pollock: Yes.

Mr. Aitchison: "But it is not Mr. James Shaw who is the tenant."

Mr. Pollock: "No."

Mr. Aitchison: "Then Mrs. Shaw's term of tenancy had not expired?"

Mr. Pollock: "No."

Mr. Aitchison: "Then you will agree that Mrs. Shaw had a right to invite whom she liked into her house?"

Mr. Pollock: "Yes."

The sheriff's officer also admitted that the warrant was to evict James Shaw.

The charge was then withdrawn rather angrily by Mr. Adair.

## VERSES FROM SHELLEY.

### IX.

O weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,  
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living  
streams

Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he  
taught

The love which was its music, wander not,—  
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain.  
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn  
their lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet  
pain,

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home  
again.

### XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure and, now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes loan an unlamented urn.

### LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling  
throne

Whose sails were never to the tempest given,  
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of  
Heaven

The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacon from the abode where the Eternal are.  
From Adonais.

### Fragment to a Friend Leaving Prison.

For me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble  
In my faint eyes, and that my heart beat fast  
With feelings which make rapture pain resemble.  
Yet, from thy voice that falsehood start  
aghast,

I thank thee—let the tyrant keep  
His chains and tears, yea let him weep  
With rage to see the freshly risen,  
Like strength from slumber, from the prison.  
In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind  
Which on the chains must prey that fetter  
humankind.

### Sonnet, England in 1819.

An old, mad, blind, despised and dying king—  
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy  
spring—

Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,  
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow—  
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled  
field,—

An army, which libicide and prey  
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield  
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and  
slay;

Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;  
A Senate,—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—  
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may  
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

## PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

### "WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE."

By TOM ANDERSON.

When we start on our journey, we who have  
had a chance to live, we dream dreams, we paint  
visions of beautiful days, of lovely episodes, of  
wondrous vistas that seem to stand out clear  
and transparent. The world is beautiful:  
everything seems to fall into line with our  
dreams, everything is ours, and we are glad, and  
our spirits are high.

We go a-holidaying. Youths and maidens,  
we cross to Douglas, the Paradise of Youth, and  
dance in the Palace amidst the throng of a thou-  
sand dancers. Everyone is joyous, everyone is

laughing, and the music seems to waft us away  
to the land of our dreams. Girls, lovely girls,  
seem enchanted, and as they smile to you and  
dance with you, as if this were the best world  
one could live in, you believe it is, because it  
is part of your dreams. You are now in dream-  
land. There are no black clouds or wicked  
monsters on the earth. There is no fighting  
masters for a wage—all is joy and sunshine.  
Down to the beach you go in little groups to  
swim in the briny, you and the maidens, and  
you laugh and splash and frolic just like children.  
Will our dreams always be this way? You know  
not; you think not, because they are not in your  
dreams. "Will dreams come true?" You are  
sitting on the cliff, and a young maiden is with  
you. Douglas may contain hundreds of thou-  
sands, but you want solitude; you want to test  
your dreams. You cannot help it; you are long-  
ing and yearning for something you have not  
yet tasted, something you have not yet realised.

You kiss the maid. On the quietness and  
solitude of the cliff you experience a new joy,  
the greatest joy in all the world—the pure kiss  
of a youth and maiden. Your eyes cannot see  
to read that girl's face. It is wonderful. She,  
too, has had dreams, and one of them has come  
true: she has been held in the arms of an  
honest, pure young man, and he kissed her.  
Only those who have had dreams, only those  
who have lived pure, know what the love kiss  
is. It is the glory of all dreams. It is the  
awakening of that which the ages have given  
to us. Would that I had the power of a god,  
I would confer on every youth and maiden the  
greatest joy of life—a true love kiss—and I  
would fill their lives with most beautiful dreams  
—dreams that would never come to an end,  
dreams that would always bring other dreams  
to take the place of the ones realised.

I would give to each girl the power of mother-  
hood, by giving to her the right of a child, or  
more. Why should not dreams come true?  
Why should not a girl have a child? Every girl  
should. It is one of the dreams of the race.  
I mourn when I see the sad, dry faces of our  
maidens grown old, a wasted life, the dreams  
crushed out. For what, for what, ye dried-up,  
ugly monster of wealth making, you owners of  
factories, of offices and warehouses, you living  
monsters on the souls of our race, ye murderers  
of everything that is human. Have ye no pity?  
No; I know ye have none. You are the lowest,  
vilest, dirtiest human that has ever wandered  
our earth. Your law, your Church, your State,  
your Army and Navy you use to kill our dreams,  
the dreams of the human. We have only dreams  
when we are young, before you defile us. We  
have souls then, and laughter and joy; and we  
dance and sing, and kiss and romp and play just  
like children, and our dreams come true every  
day. But you take us and make beasts of us—  
low, cunning beasts—and when you have moulded  
us to your pattern we laugh at dreams, we laugh  
at love, we laugh at everything that is sacred,  
and many of us become sexual ogres, because  
you have taught us.

Will dreams come true, or shall we fall down  
into the pit of lowest despair and become merely  
makers of commodities for the world's market?  
If so, I prefer to die; but before I die I want  
to tell you we must have dreams. We must  
struggle to bring that day when dreams will come  
true, and that day is the day of freedom. We  
may have a long journey to go to gain the land  
of freedom, but to the land of freedom belongs  
the land of dreams and everything that is grand  
and noble in the world. If our world was  
guarded by our youth we would have our land  
of dreams, because all youth breathes the spirit  
of liberty. If we could inspire the girls and  
boys of our land of our dreams, and they contain  
everything, we would then enter into the land  
that we old Communists have lived and worked  
for.

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## CAPITAL.

Vols. II. and III.

By KARL MARX.

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FROM "THE DREADNOUGHT BOOKSHOP"



"Hurry up and read this note, as you won't have much time."



# Workers' Dreadnought

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## AN APPEAL FROM THE RUSSIAN WORKERS' OPPOSITION.

An appeal has reached us for financial aid for the Russian Workers' Opposition, which is struggling for Communism and the emancipation of the workers against heavy odds. The Russian workers collected for the Opposition propaganda several million roubles; these they sent by a trusty comrade to Germany, in order that they might be used for printing in Germany the Opposition literature, which they cannot print in Russia. Low as is the exchange value of German money, that of the Russian money is yet very much lower still. Therefore, the trusty comrade found, on arriving in Germany, that the painfully collected roubles would scarcely suffice to pay the postage of the literature from Germany to Russia.

The Communist Workers' movement of Germany is itself greatly in need of funds. It has the utmost difficulty in making ends meet, and cannot assist the Russian comrades.

We Communist workers of Britain are in a similar case, but the exchange value of British money is so high that even a very few English pounds would be of great value in assisting the Russian workers to get their printing done.

The comrades of the Russian Workers' Opposition appeal to us, saying:

"We appeal to your Left movement to do something for the honest revolutionaries of the East. The Communist Proletarian movement, grown up to oppose the Russian Soviet Government's new economic policy, and United Front, depends on the help of the Western brethren. We have entered the struggle against the betrayal of the first triumphs of the revolution. Our mission is to continue the revolution. You must therefore help us. With a few pounds we can do much for the development of the Opposition of the Russian Workers!"

"We await your help. Surely you will follow the good example of the Russian comrades, who, in spite of their bitter misery and life of extreme poverty, collected a considerable sum to carry on their propaganda. What they lost on account of the ridiculously low rate of exchange of the Russian rouble you can easily make good with the high value of English money."

"Revolutionary greetings from our Group of Revolutionary Left-Wing Communists."

### The Russian Tragedy.

The Russian Soviet Government descends from depth to depth in its fall from the heights of proletarian revolution and Communist ideals.

According to a *Daily Herald* report, Maxim Litvinoff, at the Private Property Sub-Commission at the Hague, explained that Labour legislation had been introduced providing that there need be no participation of the workers in industrial control, and that concessionaires might now employ workers who did not belong to unions, disputes between Labour and Capital would be settled by arbitration, and Soviet Russia would indemnify concessionaires against illegal measures.

All these points are important. The last clearly indicates the probability that the Soviet Government will presently be in the position of having to indemnify the capitalist for any so-called illegal measures of the workers. This means that the Soviet Government, to save its pocket, will be obliged very strictly to police the workers. The Russian proletariat in its industrial disputes will face the Cossacks as of yore.

The fact that the Soviet Government expressly permits the capitalist to employ non-unionist workers will open the eyes of the proletariat of the Western world.

The happenings in Russia are the clearest possible evidence of the fact that until the workers are organised industrially on Soviet lines, and able to hold their own and control industry, a successful Soviet Communist revolution cannot be carried through, nor can Communism exist without that necessary condition.

## ECONOMIES AT THE WORKERS' EXPENSE.

The Government wool disinfecting station at Liverpool is to be closed because it is working at a loss.

Look out for anthrax!

The button-making Trade Board and the waste material reclamation Trade Board have reduced men's and women's wages. The ostrich, fancy feather and artificial flower Trade Board has given notice to reduce wages.

## ESPERANTO.

SLOSILO (key) DE L'EKZERCO No. 5.

Did you come on your bicycle?—No, I was not able to, because the tyre burst; consequently I had to return home and come on foot, therefore I am late.—No matter, it is not serious, because we have not yet begun. Do you know Mrs. Brown? She is very kind to us, and we value her very much.

EKZERCO No. 6.

London ni havas alian lecionon sed mardo kaj merkredo estos ferioj, tiele nur jaŭdo kaj vendredo postrestas por lecionoj, ĉar ni eluj forestos sabaton kaj dimanĉon. La proksima semajnon ni devos aĉeti novajn librojn, kaj ni skribos al Fraŭlino Smith dankonta ŝin por ke ŝi tiel frue pagis sian kotizaĵon.

## VORTARETO.

(Words that were translated last week are not repeated here.)

aĉeti	to buy	lundo	Monday
al	to	mardo	Tuesday
alia	other	merkredo	Wednesday
ĉiu	each, all	nova	new
danki	to thank	nur	only
esti	to be	pagi	to pay
dimanĉo	Sunday	postresti	to remain
ferio	holiday	proksima	next
foresti	to be away	sabato	Saturday
havi	to have	sed	but
jaŭdo	Thursday	semajna	week
ke	that	ŝi	she
kotizaĵo	subscription	skribi	to write
leciono	lesson	tiel	so, such
libro	book	vendredo	Friday

## NOTES.

TIELE is the adverbial form of TIEL: it means thus.

TIEL FRUE means so early.

DANKONTA is the active future participle of DANKI, to thank; meaning about to thank or intending to thank.

LONDON, DIMANĈON, SEMAJNON—these words are in the accusative because a preposition indicating time, such as *on* or *during*, has been omitted.

The student will do well to remember this when mentioning days, dates, etc.

Prepositions do not govern the accusative; but the omission of them, in the case of time, makes it necessary.

## MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

La Manifesto mem tiel ree venis al la antaŭo. La germana teksto estis, de post 1850, represita kelkfoje en *Svislando*, *Anglujo* kaj *Ameriko*. En 1872 ĝi estis tradukata en la anglan lingvon en *Nov-Jorko*, kie la traduko estis publikigata en *Woodhall kaj Clafin's Weekly*. El tiu ĉi angla traduko unu franca estis farita en *Le Socialiste*, de *Nov-Jorko*. De tiam, almenaŭ du aliaj anglaj tradukoj, pli aŭ malpli multe hakitaj, estas eldonitaj en *Ameriko*, kaj unu el ili estas represita en *Anglujo*. La unua ruslingva traduko, farita de *Bakounine*, estis publikigata ĉe la de *Herzen Kolokol'a* eldonejo en *Genevo*,

ĉirkaŭ 1863; dua, de la heroo *Vera Zasulitch*, ankaŭ en *Genevo*, 1882. Nova dana eldono estas trovata en *Socialdemokratisk Bibliotek*, de *Kopenhago*, jaro 1885; freŝa franca traduko en *Le Socialiste*, de *Parizo*, 1886. El tiu ĉi lasta hispana traduko estis preparata kaj eldonata en *Madrido*, 1886. El germanaj represaĵoj ne estas kalkulotaj; tute, estas estintaj almenaŭ dekdu. *Armena* traduko, kiu estis publikigota en *Konstantinoplo* antaŭ kelkaj monatoj, ne atingis, oni diras al mi, la lumon, ĉar la eldonisto timis eldoni libron surhavantan sur ĝi la nomon de *Marks*, dum samtempe la tradukinto rifuzis ĝin nomi sia propra produktaĵo. Pri pluaj tradukoj en aliaj lingvoj mi estas aŭdinta, sed ilin ne vidis. Tielmaniere, la historio de la Manifesto rebriligas, laŭ granda mezuro, la historion de la moderna laborklasa movado; nuntempe, ĝi sendube estas la plej larĝe dissemata, la plej internacia produktaĵo el la tuta socialista literaturo, la komuna principaro konfesata de milionoj da laboristoj de *Siberio* ĝis *Kalifornio*.

## MANIFESTO OF WOOLWICH INDUSTRIAL UNION GROUP.

This manifesto is being issued by a number of workers in Woolwich to all workers of like mind.

It is not an "appeal" or a plea to "follow our lead"; it is an intimation that we have taken certain action, and that we are ready to act with those in other vicinities who approve of that action.

The members of this Group are in favour of the immediate formation of an Industrial Union, having no part or lot with craft organisations, and unaffiliated with any political party.

A great deal of lip service is being paid to Industrial Unionism by the "Labour Leaders"—by nearly all of them.

Lip service is all such men will pay. They and their followers, after expressing their "approval" of Industrial Unionism, repeat the parrot cry of "The time is not ripe." THE TIME WILL NEVER BE RIPE IF WE WAIT FOR THE "LEADERS." The men and women of this Group recognise no leaders—they are acting together because of like convictions, and have no need to follow a leader. It is not a question to them of the "time being ripe," but of their own readiness to act.

Not being politicians, we do not advocate a "policy"—we are acting on a PRINCIPLE, not a policy.

We do not, in this manifesto, presume to put forward details of organisation—that is not a matter to be decided by a group in any vicinity. At the present moment all that we are concerned about is the PRINCIPLE of the matter.

Our position is, briefly:

That the working-class and the capitalist class have no common economic interest.

That while the workers should fight strenuously against any reduction in wages, or imposition of worse conditions, and at every opportunity to increase their wages or improve their conditions, there is no cure for the evil conditions from which the working class alone suffers but the abolition of the capitalist system; therefore, our attack must always be centred upon the class ownership of the means of wealth production.

That paid office-holders in a working-class organisation should be as few as possible, and that such officials must not be regarded as "leaders."

That office-holders should not receive higher wages than that of the average employed membership.

That a working-class organisation must provide all the facilities in its power for the education of its membership—Independent working-class education.

Much more might be said, but enough has been said to make our position clear to those who take the same position.

Those who agree with our position in standing for Industrial Unionism now, those who realise how Labour has been betrayed time and again, though trusting in "leaders," how since the Great Betrayal of Black Friday the workers have been scientifically attacked and driven back, section by section, because of the treachery or incompetence of its "leaders" and the ignorance of the mass, those who are convinced of the hopelessness of converting a craft (and graft) machine into an Industrial Union, those who are proof against the blandishments of the lip service, "time-is-not-ripe" schemers, those who know that every effort will be made in every way to prevent the formation of such an organisation as we favour, and that, on organisation, every effort will be made, by ridicule, misrepresentation, sabotage, or any other means, to defeat it; in short, all who take the position of the Woolwich Industrial Union Group will notify their readiness to act at once by communicating with its Secretary.

Signed, on behalf of the Woolwich Industrial Union Group, W. B. Livingstone, 794 Bannockburn Road, Plumstead, Kent.

Publicity for this manifesto is being requested of a number of working-class papers.

Those who reply are requested to enclose a stamp, in order that they may get a reply to their reply.

Any having two stamps (or more) are notified that we can make use of them at this end, as we have gone to some initial expense and will have to incur more.

All may rest assured that whatever is sent will be accounted for, and that no one at this end has, or will get, any remuneration for services rendered.

[We shall comment on this next week.—EDITOR, *Workers' Dreadnought*.]



## How Fortunes were made in the Mines.

### I.—REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS IN COAL MINES.

#### II.

The evidence given by children and adult workers in the mines, by medical men, teachers, and even by overseers and managers, revealed appalling conditions, as was admitted by the Commissioners in their comments.

Mathew Lindley, collier, stated: "They have a little milk or a little coffee and a bit of bread in the morning before they go to the pit, and they will take nothing with them but a little bread and perhaps a little tea, but oftener dry bread than anything else. Their parents cannot often get them more. They do not have meat. The parents do not get wages enough to provide for the children. When they come out of the pit at night they may have a little meat or milk porridge, but a bit of dry bread and a sup of milk is the usual supper. The boys do look healthy, it is true, but it is because they are young. The work they get to do is not hard, as far as trapping is concerned, but hurrying is very slavish work, and I have known boys to go to work all the twelve hours without more than a bit of dry bread to eat."

John Ibbetson, 13½ years old, said: "I stop at home now, I've no clothes to go in; I stop in because I've no clothes to go and lake\* with the other little lads."

Thomas Caveney, 13 years old: "I go to Sunday school sometimes, but I have no clothes to go in."

#### Girdle and Chain Caused Great and Permanent Injury to Health.

The medical evidence is decisive as to the great and permanent injury done to the health of the children who work with the girdle and chain in the thin pits.

Dr. Favell, M.D., of Sheffield; "Is of opinion that where children (especially female children) are harnessed to corves, and where the seam is so low that they are forced to go on their hands and feet, and where the ventilation is also not good, the occupation must necessarily be prejudicial to their health."

Henry Hemingway, Esq., surgeon, Dewsbury: "I have examined the children working in a thin and in a thicker bed of coal, and found projection of the sternum; and sinking in of the spinal column is common in the thin bed, and only in a few instances in the thicker bed of coal."

#### Insufficient Food.

Halifax.—In this district "the breakfast generally consists of a mess of porridge (oatmeal and hot milk or water); the dinner is almost invariably a flat, thin, coarse oaten cake peculiar to the North, or a wheat cake weighing about 6 oz., without any other accompaniment save a morsel of salt butter or lard; this they often partially or wholly dispose of before nine, ten, or eleven o'clock, when they feel most hungry."

Lancashire and Cheshire.—Of the physical condition of the collier population in this district, the Sub-Commissioner reports as follows: "As far as I had the opportunity of judging it, it appeared to me that the proportion of still-born infants was rather large, and certainly the care bestowed on the children, and the state of the dwellings, could not be considered favourable to their healthy growth. The adults are thin and gaunt. One or two colliers, somewhat corpulent, were pointed out to me as remarkable for being corpulent. They have a stooping, shambling gait when walking, no doubt acquired from their occupations in the low galleries of the mines. Their complexion, when washed, is pallid, approaching to a dirty yellow; the eye is languid and sometimes inflamed, and the expression of the countenance is listless."

"Some of the children are decently clothed, and, according to their own statements, always have sufficient food; on the other hand, many are in rags and in a disgusting state of dirt, and

without enough to eat. The usual food of drawers and colliers in the pits is stated to be cheese and bread, or bread and butter, and sometimes raisin pasties. They take what they have to eat in their hands, and take a bite now and then; sometimes they carry it till it is as black as coal."

James Taylor: "Used to take his dinner down with him when he had any, and eat it as he could, working. Never had anything but butter-cakes (bread and butter) to his dinner. Many a time has gone without both breakfast and dinner together, and felt sickly-like and mazy. His mother had now't to give him, because she could na' get now't. Hur said hur had now't for him. Hur said if hur could get a bit for him hur would do, but his father, who was a collier, drank a good deal of his wages. Oftener went to the night set without his butter-cakes for supper than with them, and felt sickly and mazy then. Was working for David Whitehead, an' ye know him. He never axed if he'd come without his butter-cakes, an' he never tou'd him. He ne'er gied him now't. The waggoners, neither, wouldn't gie one another a bit of butter-cake if they were clammed to dead. They work only in their clogs, stockings, trousers, and cap. Has porridge and treacle to breakfast when he has any; bread and butter-cakes to dinner, if he can get them; and porridge and milk when he comes home; never any potatoes nor any bread but what is in his bread and butter-cakes."

#### No Mealtimes.

East of Scotland.—The Sub-Commissioner reports very unfavourably of the health and strength of the collier population of this district, and assigns the following reasons for their bad physical condition: (1) Because the food taken is too poor in quality and insufficient in quantity to sustain such severe labour, consisting for the most part of eaten cake, oaten bread, or porridge; no butcher's meat; even the hewers do not enjoy the luxury of common table beer, and the children invariably drink the water in the pit. (2) Because the food, bad in quality, and scanty in quantity as it is, is always taken most irregularly, there being no fixed time set apart for meals. (3) Because the air of the mines in which the work is carried on, and which the workpeople respire, as well as the air of the houses in which they are crowded, instead of being pure, which is indispensable to convert aliment into nutriment, is loaded with noxious matters. (4) Because the hours of work are much too long for children of eight years old and under. (5) Because the medical evidence shows that this labour is injurious to the bodily frame.

"There exists a general want of cleanliness in the habits of the colliers, with exceptions, of course, though I believe it is usual for them to wash their faces once in the day after labour, and sometimes the children follow the same example; but the younger children, not at work in the pits, present a miserable appearance. The ragged and dirty clothing of the whole family, the flesh of the children, which seems perfectly innocent of water, and blackened by the general employment, added to the squalid aspect and unwholesome stench of the place, bespeak at one glance a population neglected and abandoned to a course of life which has blunted the commonest perceptions of human comfort. As might be expected, these hovels are infested with vermin, as are the persons of the children."

#### Children Worked All Night in Pits.

Where the pit is habitually worked at night, the health of the children seems, indeed, liable to fail; but I trust the employment of the children in such cases will not be allowed much longer.

South Wales.—Thomas Fellon, Esq., of Blackwood, says: "The houses occupied by the collier population in this neighbourhood are generally built on sloping grounds, where one habitation is above another, and very rarely drained; although it must be obvious, from the side-land situation, that drains are much required." And,

continues that gentleman: "There are places occupied by the poorer part of the population that require to be drained; and, as there are no public means of carrying off filth, etc., from these places, it must influence fever during different periods of the year. The interior of the cottages is small, comprising generally two rooms on the floor, one of them used as a bedroom; the rooms above are used as bedrooms, and there is usually a pantry or scullery in the cottage. This district is particularly hilly, and the houses are for the most part scattered; some are built on elevated spots, while others are near the river, where the fog and damp exist to a much greater degree—in which places low and continued fevers, which frequently end in typhus, exist in a much greater degree than in more airy situations."

#### Lack of Sanitation.

"Indeed, it would be very difficult to find many collier communities where the drainage can be said to be good; whole villages labour under similar disadvantages; and the absence of privies, etc., amongst the labouring population manifests a want of appreciation of comfort in domestic arrangements. In the large village of Blackwood there are not ten privies; and it is the more remarkable where houses are built by the proprietors themselves for the people employed in their collieries and mines that such arrangements are not made; but in a small cluster of houses, called the Land-Level Houses, perhaps 25 altogether, which in themselves are well constructed and clean, inhabited by the colliers and other workmen of the Penttyrch Works, there was but one privy for the whole community. But perhaps the most miserable hovels inhabited by the working people are to be found in the neighbourhood of the Hirwain Works, and they derive a more comfortless appearance from the barren surface of the plain in which they are situated."

#### Miners Living in Mud Cabins.

Many of these are nothing more than mud cabins, in many instances a deserted cow-shed converted into a human habitation; a rude thatch forms the roof, and, apparently to avoid the storms that sweep along that plain, they are built in every hollow that can be found, where, of course, they receive the drainage of the surrounding elevations. Hirwain itself, literally the long meadow, is bordered by a lofty range of hills, and is in many parts boggy and full of water. A more cheerless place could scarcely be found in South Wales; even the school which I visited here more resembles a stable than a place for education, and is almost surrounded with a ditch of dirty water."

#### Never Had a Pair of Shoes or Stockings in His Life.

John Harvey, 18 years of age, a carter in Crown Pit (Mr. Water's): "Gets potatoes and butter, or potatoes fried with bacon, when he goes home from the pit; gets whatever he can catch; is always very hungry after work; seldom has as much as he could eat. Does not go to Sunday school because he has no clothes besides what he works in; cannot read; never had a pair of shoes or stockings in his life."

Sub-Commissioner: "This boy has evidently been stunted in his growth, I should say more from want of sufficient food than any other cause. He states that he has rarely as much as he wants, and subsequently acknowledged that he had sometimes gone without food for two or three days. He is straight, and not badly proportioned, but has altogether a melancholy and starveling appearance. Mr. Waters confirmed this boy's statement, on my naming his assertion of having gone without food for two or three days, saying that he learnt the fact too late to obviate such sad privation. It was named to him immediately afterwards, and he knows this poor little fellow did actually work in the pit for three days without food, for sheer poverty, which should not have happened had he known in time that the boy was so badly off. He has a drunken father and an improvident mother."

This lad is a pitiable specimen of a much-enduring class of colliery boys, whose subsistence depends on their own exertions, often prematurely stimulated, either from being deprived of

\* Lake is a local word for play.



their fathers by death, or labouring under the curse of drunken, dissolute and unfeeling parents, who would apathetically see their children enslave themselves rather than contribute to their comfort by a single act of self-denial. These neglected beings turn out in the morning, taking with them a scanty bag of provisions, to be eaten in the bowels of the earth, where they toil out their daily dole of eight or ten hours, then return to a comfortless home, taking their chance of a good meal, a bad one, or none at all. For a bed they are content with an old coal-sack laid upon straw, or occupy whatever portion they can secure of a family bed, which must suffice for three or four other inmates. Grovelling in their habits, depressed in spirit, and without any stimulus to improvement, these poor boys passively take such work and wages as they can most readily obtain; and if they can satisfy the cravings of hunger, seem to abandon all expectation of anything further, beyond the most sordid covering for their nakedness, and a place of shelter and repose. Some of them will eagerly ask permission to work by night occasionally, as well as by day, for the sake of a small addition to their weekly pittance.

### 2/6 a Week For a Boy's Hard Labour.

"To these victims of ignorance and poverty the Sabbath is a day of wearisome vacuity or reckless play. An act of worship is nearly as strange to them as to a Hottentot unenlightened by Christianity. Instruction they have no idea of; and if they had, the want of decent clothing would keep them from mingling with their better-provided yoke-fellows at the Sunday school. This is, indeed, the picture of an extreme case, but it is only too correct an outline, which might be filled up with still darker colours in portraying the unhappy class to which Harvey belongs. It will be seen by the evidence that this half-fed and half-clothed lad—stunted in growth, so that his companion in carting, though two years younger than himself, is a full head taller—assists in drawing 2 cwt. of coal a distance of 160 yards in a tub without wheels. I did not ascertain how many tubs are carted by these two boys, one pulling and the other pushing behind, during their day's work; but, judging from the general practice, I should say from 50 to 60. Even supposing them to be fewer, this is surely hard labour for the returns of 5/6 weekly—that is, 3/- to Harvey and 2/6 to his helper.

(To be continued. Illustrations next week.)

## THE BHIL TRAGEDY IN THE INDIAN STATES.

On May 9th, 1922, the villages of Bhoola and Balolia, in the Rohera Tahsil, in the State of Sirohee India, were burnt to ashes by State and Government troops. The Servants of Indian States Society sent a commission to inquire into the matter, consisting of Syt Satya Bhaktaji and Sri Ram Namganji Choudri.

It was not easy to find a guide to the scene of the tragedy, as people feared to go there. and, moreover, obstacles were put in the way by the State.

Balolia village was found to be deserted, the inhabitants having fled into the hills. The investigators summoned the people to return from the hills in order that they might question them.

It was then learnt that two State officials had arrived in the village on May 4th, stating if the people would pay their taxes the forces would not enter the village, but otherwise a punitive expedition would arrive. The village leaders replied that the people of Balolia were in conference with people of other places regarding the payment of the disputed taxes, and that they would act according to the decision of the majority according to their religious vows to preserve solidarity. The people were, nevertheless, ready to pay Rs.  $\frac{1}{4}$  and 12½ seers per plough in grain at the present time. The officials retorted that they had orders to break the solidarity vow of the Bhils.

The people now carried away food each night, and deposited it in the hills, lest they should presently have to take refuge there for six or seven days, experience having taught them to expect an attack. They did not remove their belongings from their houses, however, for they

believed that the State officials would not, in any case, remove from the houses more than the value of the disputed tax. The amount of the tax was set apart in anticipation of paying it later.

Some men were sent to wait in a pit behind a line of stones, in order that they might apprise the village in case of danger by the beating of drums. About 7 a.m. the State and Government forces arrived. Duvan Sahib and three Europeans accompanied them. An Englishman with a flag in his hand put the lenses to his eyes under a tamarind tree, and soon the boom of guns and rifles rent the air. The men in the pit fled away on hearing the reports. Showers of bullets rained upon them. Kanha, son of Rajha Bhil, fell dead, struck with a bullet. His brother Lakha turned back to lift him up, and was forthwith made a target. Shots followed him wherever he fled, till at last he, too, fell down dead with five bullets lodged in his body. . . . A Bhil of Dimti village in Ida, who came to attend the Panchayat, succumbed to the shots. Many Panches of villages in adjoining States also fell down a prey to the firing, but were carried away by their companions hustled up in cloth. Seeing our comrades thus ruthlessly slain, some of us fired at the soldiers, but they were far beyond the required range.

"The Englishman with the flag was making signs with it, and the soldiers were discharging their guns in that direction. The machine-guns and rifles played incessantly till two in the afternoon. The army seemed scattered all about, and the shots poured down like rain.

"The army set to looting and burning the village from about 8 a.m. The cavaliers went on throwing in cloths soaked in oil into the houses, and fell to burning fresh ones as each blazed with fire.

"The booty comprised arms, grain, utensils, clothes, etc.; what could not be carried was either demolished or burnt down. They did not even spare deserted houses and the posts over the wells. The grain of the summer harvest that we had concealed in the hills was also hunted up and carried away over camel backs and carts. The force retired about 2 p.m.

Next day the people came down to the village, looked to the dead, quelled the fire, brought out the half-burnt grain, and so on. At night they returned to the hills.

At 7 a.m. on May 8th the Duvan Sahib, two Europeans, the tahsildar of Rohera, and 100 to 150 soldiers, came and sent word through the people of Barra village that if the Balolia villagers did not return they would be shot. The villagers obeyed. Then one of the European invaders said: "We have killed fifty of you and wounded 150," and threatened to kill more. The Duvan Sahib asked the Bhils to renounce their vow. They replied that the vow was a religious and social bond they could not break. If they did so they would be prohibited from marrying, and no one would seek them in marriage. The European then threatened to shoot the Bhils, and ordered them to swear before him on the sword that they would break their vow and return to the village. "We took up the sword out of fear, but we did not agree to break our vow."

After the State and Government forces retired, the Bhils returned to the hills in fear of further violence.

Warning was conveyed on the day Balolia was burnt, warning the people of Bhoola that their village, also, would be burnt if they did not obey. They replied:

"The Raj is our master. Let it burn our houses. We will not break our vow, nor shall we pay more than 1-4 and 12½ seers per plough at present. Later on, if our community decides any change in the rates, we shall pay according to those rates."

Anticipating a raid, the villagers fled to the hills with their cattle and children. The troops arrived and plundered the village, burning the houses and what they could not carry away on their carts or camels.

On May 10th the villagers received this letter through a messenger:

"The Headmen, Grassias, and Bhils of Bhoola and Nanawas, etc.

"You people following evil advice are rebelling....You have received full punishment.

Now no harsh measures will be taken against you. We have been sent by the English Government to help you in getting redress of your grievances. We shall meet at village Wasa to-morrow at 10 a.m. You can bring with you all those Grassias of Bhoola, Nanawas, etc., who want to hear our friendly advice. A Government officer, the Diwan of Sirohee, the Tahsildar of Rohera, and ten orderlies shall be with us. There shall be no hindrance in your coming up to or going back from Sanwara. Dated, camp Rohera, the 10th May, 1922.

(Sd.) H. R. N. PRITCHARD, MAJOR,  
Secretary to the Agent,  
Governor-General in Rajputana.

Dated 10th May, 1922.

[The above is an English translation. The original was in Rajastanee.]

The villagers stated:

"At about 4 p.m. on May 11th nearly 100-150 Panches went to Sanwara, where two Topiwalas (Europeans), the Diwan, the Tahsildar of Rohera, and ten soldiers were present.

"The Diwan enquired of us, 'On whose side are you, Gandhi's or Government's?'

"Bhils replied: 'To Gandhi's.'

"Diwan: 'Tell us if you have seen Motilal.'

"Bhils: 'No, we have not.'

"Diwan again (at the Sahib's bidding): 'Do you belong to Gandhi or to Government?'

"Bhils: 'To Gandhi.'

"Diwan: 'Why did you join the Eiki? What ails you?'

"Bhils: 'We had grievances and so we joined "Eiki." What harm if we joined it? Owing to Eiki we have given up thieving, drink, and animal food. Our grievances are (1) the Raj collects as revenue part of everything we produce from the soil. (2) right or wrong, we are blamed for theft. (3) The police and Tahsil officers bring false charges against us for extortion, and, binding us with iron chains, torture us in every way possible.

"Diwan: 'Why did you not submit your petition to Raj for redress? Why did you join the Eiki?'

"Bhils: 'We did not submit petitions as we were afraid the officers would torment us more.'

"Diwan: 'Then you ought to have gone to the Bara Sahib at Abu.'

"Bhils: 'We did not go there lest we should be caught and tortured.'

"Diwan: 'We shall come back in eight days and remove your grievances. You can come to Rohera whenever you like. But don't make any disturbance. Go and settle in your village.'

"After this conversation was over the Panches now came back to Bhoola. Now in view of all that has been done to us, we have resolved not to pay any taxes, even though it may cost the life of the last Bhil child, until and unless full justice is done to us. We owe revenue to Raj only for a single harvest; and even that, too, was not due as yet. Still, the Raj has brought endless misery on us. In some other States, where revenue has not been paid for the last four years, no such tyranny was ever exercised as we have been subjected to. It is a sin to live under such a Raj as Sirohee."

The investigators found that almost all the houses would have to be re-built. The majority of the villagers had no clothes left except what they were wearing. Their corn is either destroyed or rendered unfit to eat, their grinding mills and agricultural implements destroyed or carried away.

In the villages of Bhoola and Balolia were 325 families and 1,800 persons; 640 houses were burnt, and 7,085 maunds of corn and 600 cart-loads of hay; 108 animals were killed or carried away, damage being done to the value of 10,000Rs.

### Some Statements.

"My name is Poonu. My father's name is Raji. I am Bheel by caste. I am about 45 years of age. In my absence the troops set fire to my two houses, which were consumed to ashes. They also burnt 70 maunds of makkī, 50 maunds of batti, 25 maunds of wheat, 10 maunds of grain and 5 maunds of samli, together with 5 cots, 6 beddings, 4 grinding mills, clothes, and all other articles. A bullock of mine was shot dead while grazing in the field near the village. The troops took away my



mare, with saddle, four goats, one shield, and two tins full of ghee I had kept for the marriage of my son. I have six mouths to feed, but there is nothing left to clothe or feed them with, save a few maunds of half-burnt corn which we have to eat, but it has no taste, and produces pain in the stomach. The soldiers killed my brothers Kana and Lakha, who have left behind two widows and eight children. They have no breadwinner. All the cash and ornaments they had fell into the hands of the military, who burnt all their corn, clothes, and other materials."

"My name is Gomi. My husband's name was Meys. I am a widow. My age is about 60 years. When I heard the sound of the drum I fled toward the hills, accompanied by Bhadoo, another woman. The military approached the village and began firing. Out of fear, we hid in a pit behind a rock. Many bullets passed around us. Soon the troops came near. As they caught sight of us they fired at us. Seeing this, I fled towards the hills to save my life. The assailants cried out, 'There she is going! There she is going!!' When these words fell on my ears my limbs were paralysed out of fear. Moreover, my body is bulky. The soldiers fired many shots, one of which penetrated the folds of my lanhga (loins cloth) and struck my thigh. Pressing my wound, I proceeded a few steps up hill and concealed in a pit. I lay there hungry and thirsty the whole day. I returned to the village, descending from the hill at sunset, and found my house, corn, clothing and all other articles burnt. Nothing remained in the house. Then I begged some rab (flour boiled with sour milk) of a neighbour, and am still living on alms. I am all alone, and too old to work. I have no breadwinner. These murderous Rajwallas have ruined me totally."

NOTE.—We saw Gomi's lanhga had several bullet holes and her left thigh had a bullet wound.

"My name is Bhadoo. My husband's name was Mina Sadhu. My age is about 75. I am alone, and a widow. I was hiding in a pit on the hill along with Gomi. When the firing commenced Gomi fled away. I was too old and weak to run up the hill, and had to lie where I was. Soon a party of eight or seven soldiers came to me, and, catching hold of my arms, struck twice my back with rifle butt-end and threw me on the ground. They pulled the string of my lanhga, tore it, and made me quite naked. They searched about my loins by their hands, probably to search some hidden money. After this one of the party asked his companions to leave me, saying I was an old woman. With these words the party retreated. I lay in panic the whole day and night in the pit. I descended the next day and found my house, clothes, grain, and everything also condemned to ashes. Nothing was left in my house. I live on rab of burnt flour."

"My name is Buddha. I am son of Daula and Bhil by caste. When the military attacked our village all members of my family fled towards the hills. Reaching above, I found all but my son Ratta, about 10 years of age, who was left behind in the hurry and bewilderment of flight. When the troops began burning and killing, he must have concealed himself under the hay, which was put on fire. Ratta was burnt to death. When we descended from the hill we searched for Ratta, and found his dead body badly mutilated by fire. The troops burnt my house, 25 maunds of corn, 3 cots, 8 beddings, 1 grinding mill, and every other thing in my house. They carried away a calf of mine as loot."

#### ANTI-PARLIAMENTARY COMMUNIST MEETINGS:

WOODGRANGE ROAD, FOREST GATE,  
Saturday, July 15th, 7 p.m.

##### SPEAKERS:

N. Smyth, A. Kingman (Chair).

##### VICTORIA PARK,

Sunday, July 16th.

##### SPEAKERS:

Sylvia Pankhurst, N. Smyth, C. Edwards,  
A. Kingman (Chair).

## RED NIGHTS.

A STORY BY L. A. MOTLER.

(Continued from last week.)

### II.

It was a full week before our propaganda began to take effect. The miners and the transport workers had come out to support their fellows, but only a few of the railwaymen had left their engines. This particular union had so many of its officials in Parliament that there was a long delay in negotiating with the other unions.

In the meantime events had happened. In South Wales the mines were taken over by the workers, and members of the Wees and the Frees (as we called these parties amongst ourselves) had organised worker guards to protect the mines and the miners from the Loyalist Citizen organisations that had sprung up under the ægis of the Government which had armed them. Food centres had been established, and the whole organisation of production and distribution was working as well as could be. The railways were not available for transport of food, but this had been done by commandeering all the available motor transport. In the meantime, guerilla bands of revolutionaries were at large delaying the trains which were to supply the troops with munitions. In fact, the whole of South Wales was under workers' control, the Loyalist guards not being enough to cause much trouble. Indeed, in some cases they took an entirely defensive attitude, mounting guard in the grounds of the big estates of the rich.

In most of the industrial centres the same thing was going on. The revolutionary parties had now coalesced as far as their executives were concerned, and the joint committee was known as the Head, being a shortening of "Headquarters." By an organisation of motor dispatch carriers they kept each revolutionary centre in touch with itself and with the other centres.

Bagoff was, of course, in the thick of it at Merthyr. Talmour had gone to Scotland as an emissary from the Head to the Scottish parties. Fox and myself were in London at Headquarters, busy with manifestoes and circulars. We had managed to remove a press to our rooms; and, Fenson's linotype supplying the type, we did our own printing in safety. Our shop and rooms were in a small street in Islington that had suffered from aerial attacks in the late war, and the adjoining houses were still not repaired for occupation, so we had no neighbours to fear. On the other side of the street was a high wall looking on to the railway.

The rooms over the shop were entered from a street at the back. As this street was fairly populous compared to the shop street, we brought paper for printing in the same way as we had smuggled our machine, through the shop. A small lift had been constructed in the chimney, and by this means communication was kept up with the rooms overhead. Bagoff, who was an electrician, besides installing our lights, had made us a series of bells and a speaking-tube. To the ordinary eye, however, the shop appeared just a ramshackle place, the usual Socialist literature depot hung with notices of meetings and posters.

Talmour, who was our carpenter, had constructed a false wall at one end of our largest room, wallpapered like the other walls, and behind this was enough room to store our machine and type cases. Access to this was obtained by the fireplace, at the back of which was the small lift aforesaid, a small passage being worked in the side of the fireplace to open into the printing department. Thus our rooms seemed perfectly innocent to the eye. We had a gas fire in front of the fireplace, by which we warmed the room and cooked our meals.

We worked on the machine by day, and at nights did the folding and the packing, so we were constantly busy. We kept the Head well supplied with propaganda matter, and they saw to its distribution by a couple of motor-cars which bore the insignia of the Loyalist citizens, who had then organised a motor corps. All our distributors were furnished with the necessary papers, for we used our printing outfit to the utmost extent.

Those were indeed times of darkness. We were driven, as you will see, in the same way as

were the old Russian revolutionaries, to underground action. More and more our ranks seemed to be percolated with the Special Branch. Many comrades, too eager for action, too impatient to wait for the unfolding of our programme, were betrayed into hasty action and either sent to prison after a "formal" trial or joined the newly started concentration camps, whereinto the police were rounding anyone suspected of agitation, often a membership card being proof enough, until the strike had run its course. This entailed our printing all sorts of documents and passes to get our best fighters into our ranks again.

One night the detective Jerkin arrested Fox, whom he saw at a meeting in Trafalgar Square. Fox was merely looking on, being there to watch the course of events for us. The police had proclaimed this meeting, but owing to some mysterious explosions at the secret Government factory at Edmonton and the finding of a fuse on the Tower Bridge (the work of police agents, as we afterwards learned), they had to send part of their forces to these districts. They had been confident that their proclamation would be sufficient to prevent the meeting being held. Consequently, they were unable to muster sufficient force when the workers marched to the Square in defiance of it all.

The Commissioner of Police, after consulting the Cabinet, was forced to let the meeting be held, but troops were kept in readiness in St. James' Park. Members of the Special Branch were then detailed to mingle with the crowd and quietly arrest any revolutionary known to them by sight. These were taken to Scotland Yard, where they went quietly on being told that they would merely be detained till the meeting was over. However, once there, they were thoroughly searched, and anything the police considered seditious found on them caused them to be sent off to the concentration camps.

Fox had nothing on him except a paper he had bought off one of the strikers, entitled "Facts"—a paper harmless enough in itself, being a report of the progress of the strike, the amount of profits made out of industries by the masters, and the like. But this the detective Jerkin handed to the Commissioner in triumph.

He looked at the paper, then at Fox. He put his hand under the edge of the table and rang a bell.

"What name?" he asked Jerkin.

"Fox, sir," replied this worthy, "Charles James."

"Name sounds familiar," ejaculated the Commissioner. "Once a Prime Minister of that name. Alias?"

"No, sir," replied Jerkin, "not as far as we are aware, sir."

Commissioner Smith turned to the sergeant who had come in to answer his ring.

"Bring dossier—Charles James Fox," he said, and then fell to studying the paper "Facts."

"Where did you get this?" he jerked out at Fox suddenly.

"Bought it," replied Fox.

Commissioner Smith glared at him.

"You didn't by any chance happen to print it?"

"I am a dock labourer," replied Fox smilingly.

Smith turned to the detective.

"What was he doing?"

"Looking on, sir, and listening to the speakers. I saw him buy the paper just before I recognised him."

"Did he speak to anyone?"

"Not so far as I know, sir," Jerkin made answer. "I took him into custody as soon as I saw him."

The police-sergeant came in with a bundle of papers, which he laid in front of the Commissioner. This authority glanced over them quickly.

"Been arrested twice for speaking in public parks contrary to regulations," he read aloud, as if speaking to himself. "Dock labourer all right, but took no active part in dock strike. Em—" he turned to Jerkin, "on the whole, I think you had better take him to Slashendon."

That meant the camp for Fox. Slashendon was the chief in charge of the internees.

(To be continued.)



## IRISH NEWS.

The remarkable article which we print below has reached us by the ordinary post from Ireland.

## ECONOMIC SECTION PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT.

## HELP THE ECONOMIC SECTION OF IRELAND.

"Well, the Republicans got a good time," says the Free Stater.

"Is that so?" answered the Republican. "But, my dear Free Stater, it's only the political field this time; remember our policy of Abstention."

Such is the kind of argument one hears in Dublin to-day now that the elections are just over. The votes have been counted, and the P.R. system, acted up to by its operators (as far as possible), has proved that it has been the means of defeating the Irish Republicans—politically.

But what party has been jockeyed into power? The C.P.I. or Revolutionary Labour Party? Alas! no, dear reader; the party that has been put into power are none other than the men who are going to bring this country into the British Empire. Yes! "The glorious British Empire," which some of you fought for in France and Ireland; the country which Lloyd George promised you would be "a land fit for heroes to live in." The men who won the elections are to make Ireland an integral part of the British Empire.

The new Party in power is called the Free State Party. It is composed of farmers, Hibernians, and the so-called Irish Labour Party. It is sad, in a sense, for any clear-thinking revolutionary to look around him in Dublin to-day and see the mischief the P.R. system and a secret Free State Alliance have done. Those who are responsible for this mischief have done what the Black and Tans could not do. The late P. H. Pearse's mother has been heavily beaten at the polls; the widow of that noble Fenian Tom Clarke has also been defeated; by who? By no other than the workers of Dublin. The Labour Party promised ye cheaper beer, and ye gave them your votes; but alas! they gave ye nothing. That is the way the Irish Reds put it, for is it not true that the Labour Party promised the masses cheap beer on their election programme? The cheap Guinness's ends there, as does the sovereignty of the people.

What have we been fighting for during the past three years? Certainly it was not for "cheap porter" or for the Darrell Figgis's who lie low for a period, then, phoenix-like, they rise from the ashes with an Irish Free State Constitution, which the *Independent*, in its editorial, calls a "Democratic Magna Charta."

It is clear that Arthur Griffith and Michael O'Connell are helping the Orange Government by using the Army, under the control of the Dail, to suppress the seizing of Belfast goods; and last week the Director of Boycott was arrested and lodged in Mountjoy Prison by order of the Irish Provisional Government, whose members, in their political antics, have beaten Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

That valiant little band, the C.P.I.—or, as we Left-Wingers call it, the "tragic-comedy force"—sits still while all is going on; but, mind you, they will not issue a manifesto this time to the Republicans of Ireland to steer clear of any compromises that will make them go back on those who have died on the scaffold in the gaols, and in action, for the attainment of the Irish Republic. No; the C.P.I. refuses to do anything, and its only reason for inactivity is either that it has "cold feet" or the Party is in liquidation.

The adherents of "democratic centralisation" were also conspicuous by their absence from Beresford Place and Foster Place last Sunday, June 25th.

The C.P. is now trying to capture the organisation of the unemployed; but the "down-and-outs" howl: "Hands off the unemployed!" "Remember the Rotunda last January!" The way, the C.P. let down the "out of works" last January will not be forgotten for many a long day to come.

The Economic Section is still carrying on the good fight against fakirs of all parties. To-day

we see the last desperate attempt of the Disciples of Theses to hold their heads above water; but it is all no use. It was not the working class, but the middle class, who worked hardest to put the Labour Party into power, because they know how harmless that Party is. The members of the Economic Section and some of the I.R.A. men would sooner vote for a Unionist of the McGuffin school than put a propaganda agent of Malcolm Lyon in power, to be a second Ebert or Noske. One of these fine days Arthur Griffith will have the pleasure of conferring a title on Tom Johnston, but it won't be conferred on him as it was on that damned Englishman Erskine Childers. None of us will forget Griffith's low attack on a man who for two years carried his life in his hands for the cause of Irish Republicanism and Separatism, when Erskine was courting death. Arthur was safe and sound behind the walls of Mountjoy Prison.

"Boom, boom, boom!" It is Wednesday morning. The attack on the Four Courts has begun with the 18-pounders that Winston Churchill supplied to the Free State Government. Rory O'Connor stands undaunted, and looks very serious as he stands in the Courtyard, and around him are the Capuchin Fathers, who are the friends of the lowly and who are the men that have more to their name as regards their participation in the Irish struggle for the past eight years than any other religious Order in Ireland. It was great to see the bravery of Father Dominic as he attended the wounded Republican soldiers, and you saw for yourself he was a man who would let nothing break him, when the rigours of prison life refused to do it. Oh! to hear the crack of the rifle, the rattle of the machine-gun, and the crashing of the shells against the stout walls of the Four Courts.

For every bullet that strikes the quarters of the Economic Section a curse goes out to the hired degenerate Irishmen who are playing Churchill's game. For two and a-half days, with great courage and a spirited resistance, the garrison holds back the same enemy who are disguised in a green uniform; but the garrison had to surrender to help their comrades outside. The seeds that were sown in that building three months ago are coming into their miraculous ripening to-day. And from out of the blood and bones of our comrades who fell in the fight against Imperialism the tree of Republicanism of a Communist nature is growing rapidly.

The Free State won because they had the might of an Empire at their back. They won because British soldiers and British field-guns were at their disposal; but what we are waiting for now is the success of a failure. There was a great response to the call for the revolutionaries of all shades of opinion to rally to the aid of their comrades in arms at the mercy of England's field-guns. The Economic Section were there to a man; and in our next big fight we hope that the Fourth International Communist Workers' Party will stand solidly behind us. Remember, our fight is your fight.

ECONOMIC SECTION.

## BOOKS FROM AMERICA.

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## UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Ninety-one political prisoners are still incarcerated in U.S.A. for war opinions.

Ten men who gave evidence in the Casdorf Firey trial were arrested on leaving the witness-box, because they were members of the I.W.W. District Attorney Hugh Bradford then announced that any witnesses who declared themselves members of the I.W.W. would be arrested.

This meant that unless a member were prepared to face imprisonment he could not give evidence; for the first question put to each witness would be, "Are you a member of the I.W.W.?" This attempt to intimidate witnesses, however, failed of its purpose, for wobblies at once flocked to Sacramento, eager to give evidence in order to protest against this attack on their organisation.

The ten men were tried for criminal syndicalism—otherwise membership of the I.W.W.—on June 14th. As soon as the defence put up a witness, the prosecution declared that the witness was not qualified unless he were a member of the I.W.W. The defence asked for immunity from arrest for the witness. The judge refused that. The defence then refused to call any more witnesses.

After six and a-half hours nine jurors stood for acquittal, three for conviction. Eleven jurors thought they would shortly come to an agreement, but the judge dismissed the jury, and the case must be tried again.

In the course of the trial, Hudson, a witness for the prosecution, admitted that two years ago a man named Coutts buried some phosphorus, and later Hudson and Coutts went with Department of Justice agents and "discovered" it. Coutts and his gang started several fires; then Hudson and the Department of Justice men "investigated" them.

In the town of "Independence" (1) in Kansas, seven migratory workers were taken from a Californian freight train, charged with vagrancy, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 500 dollars (more than £100). Other migratory workers taken from the same train were released. Why the difference? The seven held I.W.W. cards, the others did not.

Anyone will be arrested who circulates in U.S.A. a Communist pamphlet telling the truth about the West Virginian coal-mine struggle and the charges of treason against 300 mine workers.

The U.S.A. Government is introducing a system of aliens' registration, in order that it may "deal more efficiently with Red propaganda." The unfortunate aliens are to pay fees for being registered.

We shall have the same thing in Britain presently, and for the same reason.

Nineteen I.W.W. prisoners in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, who had served five years' imprisonment, were offered release on parole. They refused to sacrifice the principles for which they had already suffered so long.

Such a spirit must produce results!

Nine jurors who tried the eight members of the I.W.W. who were convicted of killing Lieut. Grimmi in the Centralia Armistice tragedy, have now confessed that the trial was unfair. These jurors now know that the American Legion had conspired with the local lumber magnates to raid the I.W.W. hall having the I.W.W. members there. Had they known this at the time of the trial they would have given another verdict. Four of the jurors have sworn affidavits that public opinion was such that the jury was intimidated and dared not acquit the accused. The other jurors do not dissent from that statement. The jurors are concerned that the accused were sentenced to from 25 to 40 years' imprisonment. The jury, even at the time, signed a request for clemency.

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