

Red Nights by L. A. Motler.

Workers'



Dreadnought

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by
SYLVIA PANKHURST

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THE DEED.

Our kinsmen on that misty, sad green isle,
From their small hovels forced in deepest night,
There in the sweltering darkness of the slums,
Are shot,
And left untended in their pains to die.

Old mother, torn from bed by burly men,
And ruthless hustled through the listening streets
Telling her beads, her prayers a-mumbling o'er,
Until some careless sniper, with an oath,
Raises his piece and shoots her through the brain.

O maiden with the sea grey eyes asleep,
And lips grown sweeter in thy slumbrous dreams,
By thundrous knocking suddenly art waked;
Blanch now with terror at the heavy tread
Of violators strange that bring thy death.

Who stirred the caldron of this evil brew?
Great folk in buttressed might have wrought this wrong.

Throbs now the piston of the armoured car,
March here the Specials with their murderous guns.
In the cold mortuary their victims lie.

A burning anger in our brains doth seeth,
And welling o'er our dear hopes is despair;
The tumult and the shouting soon are gone,
The soldiers and their captains all depart,
But still endureth in our hearts the pain.

One of the great who made that caldron seethe,
One of the sowers of swift death to those
Lowly and poor, the pawns 'twixt rich men's aims,

Who in the misty isle are done to death;
Unto the Empire City came he here.

Honoured by wealth, to wealth he honour paid,
And laurels offered to the dead who died
In wealth's sore service on the fields of France;
Safe mid the armies of his master's throne,
He laid a gloss of virtue on their deeds.

So spake he in the lordly pride of place,
The pompous pageantry of power, nor saw
These murdered victims from our eyes stare forth,

The while we watched him, writhing in the hell
Of our despair and grief. We waited there.

Alone he stood, all confident in strength;
His sword in its bright scabbard, and his breast
Tricked out with medals for the gala show.
Together we in anguish followed close;
Two Irish lads whose thoughts did seethe in pain.

One with a wooden leg, both bearing wounds
Got in those battles on the fields of France.
O, little hovels in the grey, mean streets,
Dance in our sight amongst these mansions grand!

Stops he to enter; swift our shots are sped.

Now lies he, as in Ulster lie our folk,
A shattered corpse, bleeding upon the stones,
And we that live must wrestle with this fate
Beset like maddened curs by gathering crowds,
And vengeance waiting on the judgment seat.

E. S. P.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

A blue mark in this space indicates that your subscription is now due.

The high cost of production of the paper necessitate prompt payment

How Fortunes were made in the Mines.

A Tale of Wrong.

So terrible were the conditions of the unfortunate children employed in British coal mines in the early nineteenth century, that, as the result of considerable agitation a Royal Commission was appointed in 1840 to inquire into "the physical and moral conditions of the children and young persons employed in mines and manufactures. This Commission consisted of Thomas Tooke, Thomas Southwood Smith, a doctor of medicine, and two factory inspectors, Horner and Robert Saunders.

We print below in full the Report of the Commissioners in regard to coal mines. It is a striking document; but, as our readers will judge for themselves, from the evidence given at the Commission, which we shall publish next week, the indictment is greatly under-stated, in view of the terrible conditions which existed.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL CONDITIONS OF THE CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS ENGAGED IN MINES AND MANUFACTORIES IN 1840-3.

PHYSICAL CONDITION.

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

From the whole of the evidence which has been collected, state the Commissioners, we find:

In regard to coal mines:

That instances occur in which children are taken into these mines to work as early as four years of age, sometimes at five, and between five and six, not unfrequently between six and seven, and often from seven to eight; while from eight to nine is the ordinary age at which employment in these mines commences.

That a very large proportion of the persons employed in carrying on the work of these mines is under thirteen years of age, and a still larger proportion between thirteen and eighteen.

That in several districts female children begin to work in these mines at the same early age as the males.

That the great body of children and young persons employed in these mines are of the families of adult workpeople engaged in the pits, or belong to the poorest population in the neighbourhood, and are hired and paid in some districts by the workpeople, but in others by the proprietors or contractors.

That there are in some districts also a small number of apprentices who are bound to serve their masters until twenty-one years of age, in an employment in which there is nothing deserving the name of skill to be acquired, under circumstances of frequent ill-treatment, and under the oppressive condition that they shall receive only food and clothing, while their free companions may be obtaining a man's wages.

That in many instances much that skill and capital can effect to render the place of work unoppressive, healthy, and safe is done often with complete success, as far as regards the healthfulness and comfort of the miners; but that to render them perfectly safe does not appear to be practicable by any means yet known; while in great numbers of instances their condition in regard both to ventilation and drainage is lamentably defective.

That the nature of the employment which is assigned to the youngest children, generally that of "trapping," requires that they should be in the pit as soon as the work of the day commences, and, according to the present system,

that they should not leave the pit until the work of the day is at an end.

That although this employment scarcely deserves the name of labour, yet, as the children engaged in it are commonly excluded from light and are always without companions, it would, were it not for the passing and re-passing of the coal carriages, amount to solitary confinement of the worst order.

That in those districts in which the seams of coal are so thick that horses go direct to the workings, or in which the side passages from the workings to the horseways are not of any very great length, the lights in the main ways render the situation of these children comparatively less cheerless, dull, and stupefying; but that in some districts they remain in solitude and darkness during the whole time they are in the pit, and, according to their own account, many of them never see the light of day for weeks together during the greater part of the winter season, except on those days in the week when work is not going on and on Sundays.

That at different ages, from six years old and upwards, the hard work of pushing and dragging the carriages of coal from the workings to the main ways, or to the foot of the shaft, begins; a labour which all classes of witnesses concur in stating requires the unremitting exertion of all the physical power which the young workers possess.

That in the districts in which females are taken down into the coal mines, both sexes are employed together in precisely the same kind of labour, and work for the same number of hours; that the girls and boys, and the young men and young women, and even married women and women with children, commonly work almost naked, and the men, in many mines, quite naked; and that all classes of witnesses bear testimony to the demoralising influence of the employment of females underground.

That, in the East of Scotland, a much larger proportion of children and young persons are employed in these mines than in other districts, many of whom are girls; and that the chief part of their labour consists in carrying the coals on their backs up steep ladders.

That, when the workpeople are in full employment, the regular hours of work for children and young persons are rarely less than eleven; more often they are twelve; in some districts they are thirteen; and in one district they are generally fourteen and upwards.

That in the great majority of these mines night work is a part of the ordinary system of labour, more or less regularly carried on according to the demand for coals, and one which the whole body of evidence shows to act most injuriously both on the physical and moral condition of the workpeople, and more especially upon that of the children and young persons.

WORKERS' OPPOSITION. By Alexandra Kollontay.

(Continued from last week.)

Quite a different thing with the trade unions. There the class atmosphere is thicker, the composition of forces is more homogeneous, the tasks that the collective is faced with are more closely bound with the immediate life and labour needs of the producers themselves, of the members of factory and shop committees, of the factory management, and the unions' centres. Creativeness, research of new forms for production, for new incentives to labour, in order to increase productivity, may be generated only in the bosom of this natural class collective. Only the vanguard of the class can create revolution, but only the whole class can create through everyday experience and the practical work of its basic class collective.

Whoever does not believe in the creative spirit of a class collective—and this collective is most fully represented by the trade union—must put a cross over the Communist reconstruction of society. Neither can Krestinsky or Preobrajensky nor Lenin and Trotsky push to the forefront by the means of their party machine, without a mistake, those workers who are able to find and point out new approaches to the new system of production. Such workers can be advanced only by life-experience itself from the ranks of those who actually produce and organise production at the same time.

Nevertheless, this consideration, very simple and clear to every practical man, is lost sight of by our party leaders. It is impossible to decree Communism. It can be treated only in the process of practical research, through mistakes, perhaps, but only by the creative powers of the working class itself.

The cardinal point of controversy that is taking place between the party leaders and the Workers' Opposition is this: In whom will our party place the trust of building up the Communist economy—in the Supreme Council of National Economy with all its bureaucratic branches or in the Industrial Unions? Comrade Trotsky wants "to join" the trade unions to the Supreme Council of People's Economy, so that, with the assistance of the latter, it might be possible to swallow the first. Comrades Lenin and Zinovieff, on the other hand, want to "bring up" the masses to such a level of Communist understanding that they could be painlessly absorbed into the same Soviet institutions. Bukharin and the rest of the factions express essentially the same view, and the variation consists only in the way they put it, the essence is the same. Only the Workers' Opposition expresses something entirely different, defends the class proletarian viewpoint in the very process of creation and realisation of its tasks.

The administrative economic body in the workers' republic during the present transitory period must be a body directly elected by the producers themselves. All the rest of the administrative economic Soviet institutions shall serve only as executive centres of the economic policy of that all-important economic body of the workers' republic. All else is a goose-stepping that manifests distrust toward the creative abilities of the workers, distrust which is not compatible with the professed ideals of our party, whose very strength depends on the perennial revolutionary creative spirit of the proletariat.

There will be nothing surprising if at the approaching party congress the sponsors of the different economic reforms, save the single exception of the Workers' Opposition, will come to a common understanding through mutual compromise and concessions, since there is no essential controversy among them.

The Workers' Opposition alone will not, and must not, compromise. This does not, however, mean that it "drives to a split." Not at all. Its task is entirely different. Even in the event of defeat at the congress, it must remain in the party, and step by step stubbornly defend its point of view, save the party, and clarify its class lines.

Once more in brief: What is it that the Workers' Opposition wants?

1. To form a body from the workers—producers themselves—for administering the people's economy.

2. For this purpose, viz.: for the transformation of the unions from the role of passive assistance to the economic bodies, to that of an active participation and manifestation of their creative initiative, the Workers' Opposition proposes a series of preliminary measures to an orderly and gradual realisation of this aim.

3. Transferring of the administrative functions of industry into the hands of the union does not take place until the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of the trade unions has found the said unions to be able and sufficiently prepared for the task.

4. All appointments to the administrative economic positions shall be made with consent of the union. All candidates nominated by the union are non-removable. All responsible officials appointed by the union are responsible to, and may be recalled, by it.

5. In order to carry out all these proposals it is necessary to strengthen the rank and file nucleus in the unions, and to prepare factory and shop committees for running the industries.

6. By means of concentrating in one body the entire administration of the public economy (without the existing dualism of the Supreme Council of National Economy and the All-Russian Executive Committee of the trade unions) there must be created a singleness of will which will make it easy to carry out the plan and put into life the Communist system of production. Is this Syndicalism? Is not this, on the contrary, the same as what is stated in our party programme, and are not the statements of principles signed by the rest of the comrades deviating from it?

On Bureaucracy and Self-activity of the Masses.

Whether it be bureaucracy or self-activity of the masses? This is the second point of the controversy between the leaders of our party and the Workers' Opposition. The question of bureaucracy was raised and only superficially discussed at the eighth Soviet Congress. Herein, just as in the question on the part to be played by the trade unions and their problems, the discussion was shifted to a wrong channel. The controversy on this question is more fundamental than it might seem. The essence of it is this: What system of administration in a workers' republic during the period of creation of the economic basis for Communism secures more freedom for the class creative powers—whether a bureaucratic state system or a system of wide practical self-activity of the working masses? The question relates to the system of administration, and the controversy arises between two diametrically opposed principles—bureaucracy or self-activity. And yet they try to squeeze it into the scope of the problem that concerns itself only with the methods of "animating the Soviet institutions." Here we observe the same substitution of the subjects discussed, as the one that occurred in the debates on the trade unions. It is necessary to state definitely and clearly that half-measures, changes in relations between central bodies, local economic organisations, and other such petty non-essential innovations as responsible officials or injecting party members into the Soviet institutions, where these Communists are subjected to all the bad influences of the prevailing bureaucratic system, and disintegrate among the elements of the former bourgeois class, will not bring "democratisation" or life into the Soviet institutions.

This is not the thing, however. Every child in Soviet Russia knows that the vital problem is to draw the wide toiling masses of workers, peasants, and others, into the reconstruction of economy in the proletarian state, and change the conditions of life accordingly; in other words, the task is clear: To wake up initiative and self activity in the masses; but what is being done in order to encourage and develop that initiative? Nothing at all. Quite the contrary. It is true that at every meeting we call upon the working men and women "to create a new life, build up, and assist the Soviet authorities," but no sooner do the masses or individual groups of workers take our admonition seriously and attempt to carry it out into life than some of the bureaucratic institutions, feeling that they are being ignored, are in haste to cut short the efforts of too zealous initiators. (To be continued.)

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS. "ANNIE LAURIE." By TOM ANDERSON.

On Sunday, June 25th last, your humble servant lectured to fully 1,000 workers at Nelson's Monument, on Glasgow Green, on "Rebel Songs." My comrade, Davie, a blind musician, had his concertina, and I had my violin. A few months ago the editor of the Communist Review printed a song in the Review saying that he was going to give the workers of Britain real revolutionary songs, as they had nothing but a few hymns wedded to Church melodies. The song printed by the Communist Review was not what the editor claimed: it was mild, just as mild as the psychology of the editor.

Last Sunday's lecture on Glasgow Green was given to show how we of the Proletarian School movement are endeavouring to educate the workers. We opened with "Come, workers, sing a Rebel song, a song of Love and Hate." We played the song and sang it also. Then "Hail Dawn of Liberty," "Arise Ye Sons of Labour," "The Wage Slaves' Marching Song," "I dream one night of angels," "Nothing but a Striking, Henry," "Oh! How I Love Him," "Fat is Dead," "A Little Bit of Work," "The Internationale," "Henry, Henry, Will you Come?" "Sing, oh Sing," and "Annie Laurie." All the songs, with the exception of "Annie Laurie," are original songs, words and music belonging to the Proletarian Schools. We have sixty other songs besides these, so that if you wish to sing, the songs are there, waiting.

But why sing "Annie Laurie"? Yes, that is the question the Press of Glasgow asked. Why do the Proletarians sing "Annie Laurie"? They have no right to. They degrade the song by singing it.

Gentle reader, I will tell you why we sing "Annie Laurie." We sing it in honour of Albert Parsons, the Chicago Anarchist. In the year 1887 the authorities of that city sentenced to death Albert Parsons and his comrades because they were Anarchists. The night before he met his fate he sang this song to his wife from his prison cell. That is why we sing "Annie Laurie"; and every year, as November comes round, we keep the memory of those fighters of the past by telling of their fight, and one of us sings "Annie Laurie." I sang it last Sunday at our meeting, and the vast multitude joined in with the last four lines of the verse. It was grand. Everyone at that meeting now knows why we sing "Annie Laurie," because they themselves have sung it. This is education. This is the work every man and woman should be doing who claims to be a Communist. Reading books and papers on Communism is only passing the time, no matter how useful it may be. It is killing time. It is coddling yourself, you are doing something, while you are doing nothing. If you will educate the workers in Communism you must get them to try. You must touch that in their life which they understand; and, after having done so, you must get them to work, no matter how small the work may be. As you do so, your growth will be.

At this meeting, which was attended by eight policemen, who stood all the time to catch us, we opened the campaign for "Free Speech." Fancy slaves wanting free speech—No, no, my brother slave; free speech is not for you: it is only for your master and the manumitted slaves—Burns, Clynes, Thorne, McLean, Henderson, Ward, Adamson, Thomas, Tillett, Jones, etc.

It is not for you. You may ask for it, but they will put you in prison. You, a slave, asking for "free speech"! You, a slave, without a master, asking for "free speech"! Piffle, piffle! The Labour Party will get you that, your Trades and Labour Council will be on your behalf that you be allowed the right again to speak on the Square.

You may get that back. There is no doubt you will; but never forget you are a slave—slave you live, a slave you will die.

And what then? A slave with a heart, never! A slave getting "free speech," never. No, until you break your slavery.

That is the fight! If you catch hold of that idea and use everything that comes your way you are on the right track; but if you see me further than "free speech," then you might as well throw in your "checks."

RED NIGHTS. By L. A. MOTLER.

(Continued from last week.)

When I got back to our rooms over the shop which, indeed, were not entered by the shop at the back, save for a way of which Bagoff will read Bagoff had not returned. Talmour was making tea, and presently, as he poured it, the door opened and in came Bagoff. He had some papers on the table.

"It's all right," he said, giving me the proofs, though of Russian parentage he was born in London—but there is another job for us. Say, I had to go over it with the whole lot of them. Our friend Bergner, whom we dislike so much, was not present, fortunately, so the same went through. The executives have given us carte blanche so far as our programme is concerned; but you will have to get on to a back job, Smith, as there's another booklet to be done."

"What's that?" I asked. "Surely our own booklet will be enough to meet the case?" He leaned over towards me, stirring his tea. "You forget the guards' business," he remarked. "It won't do to have it at the end of the booklet, as we thought. It is much safer to put the instructions in a separate booklet and confine it to trustworthy members of the organisation. The 'copy' will come along soon, as Bagoff himself will fetch it here and go over it with you."

We sat talking the matter over. With two booklets on my hands, I was in for a stiff job. I should need an assistant; and none of the other three knew much of printing.

"I'll help if I can," said Talmour. "At all I'll be willing. I have been in many a job now nothing of at the start, and have usually succeeded in getting the kybosh on it." Bagoff offered himself, but we agreed that as he was the brains of the party, as far as getting information went, we had better leave him to back with Round and arrange about channels of distribution for our stuff.

Round came in just then. He sat down at the table and went into the matter with me. "As regards this," he began, "you had better do it in small type, as it is for our members. The other, for the strikers, should be in larger type, I suggest. I have gone over the drill instructions and the signalling part, but we shall need some sort of diagram. Can you manage that?"

I thought hard. Then it occurred to me that Bagoff might have some old blocks of the signalling code, as he had done some printing for the local boy scouts when I was last working at his place. I told this to Round. "That's settled, then," he said, relieved. He turned to the others. "What do we do now?"

Bagoff will go with you to arrange about the stuff and getting it out," said Talmour. "I myself am going with Smith here to get up the printing. Fox will stay in for something new that may turn up. He knows how to find us."

"Right." Round had gone off with Bagoff, Talmour and I slipped out. Fox was to follow us, watching our departure, and lope along with us in sight in case some of the Special Constables was after us. If things were all right we was to return and wait in case anything had happened to us.

We passed down the Pentonville Road and over to the back street where Fonson's was. Instead of going down where the archway came up from the side entry of the Nelson, at the other end. Well it was as he did so, for hardly were we in the narrow archway than we espied somebody leaning negligently by the archway at the top. We drew up and as Fox came in sight we beckoned him to talk, and he left us.

I waited in the side entry until we saw Fox past the watching detective at the top, and walked round the block and sauntered down the street near the archway, and right on as if he had some business elsewhere that needed urgent attention. As he passed the detective lounging under the archway recognised him. He stood up as if to go to him. Then he hesitated. No doubt he had had instructions to watch the street we were in but we trusted to the acting of Fox to draw him off. After some uncertain glancing down the street, without seeing us at the bottom, half hidden in the gloom as we were, and a keen look after Fox, he decided that the elusive individual was his quarry. As soon as he turned the corner he slipped into Fonson's. The worthy printer had gone home long ago, but I had a key. How the detective, whom we had recognised at once as one who had attended certain meetings until he was found out, came to be watching the shop after it was closed we could hazard a guess. It was no doubt due to the efforts of Bergner, whom we had suspected a long while, but whom the Executive of the Wees (the Workers' Industrial Party) had refused to expel, as we could produce no solid proof. Besides, he had pulled off a job with which he had been entrusted as a test, and the Executive therefore considered our suspicions baseless. For my part, I had no doubt he knew of the test beforehand.

Leaving Fox to draw the detective off on a good walk round the metropolis, we set to work, after locking the door and plastering the windows over with thick packing paper. It was already dark by now, so these would not be noticed from the outside, the windows being covered with a wire grille, and so never cleaned. In a couple of hours I had got nearly all the stuff off on the type-setting machine, and Talmour was pulling satisfactory proofs. When we had got all the proofs ready it was necessary for Talmour to take them to be corrected. He therefore hurried out, taking the key with him, whilst I proceeded to get the formes ready for the machine. I had everything ready to go off when I heard the key turn in the front door. Then Talmour came in. "It is all right," he said in perfect English—"Round has O.K.'d them and says that signalling block of yours was a find. I have told Fox to come round here and wait at the top as soon as he gets home after shuffling off that tec. Left the note in the usual place. What do we do now?"

"Help me on the machine," I said. "Luckily, there's only a few corrections to make, so we will be running in no time." It was past midnight, however, before we had the last of them folded and cut. As I was packing them up Talmour went to the door to signal to Fox, who was to bring a taxi, as we had already arranged. I looked up, as he came back rather suddenly.

"Fox isn't there, but our old friend Jerkin is." That was the detective. I wondered what had become of Fox, but just then the door opened and Fox himself stepped in, locking the door.

"I was down at the top when I saw friend Jerkin ambling along," he explained hurriedly. "I shook him off on the Marylebone Road, and he must have come back, suspecting something. I slid round the block to the other end of the street, and hid under the Lord Nelson. He has looked down here once or twice, but I can't make out what his game is. I saw Talmour peep out just now, so I hurried off, and I've got a taxi waiting round by the Lord Nelson. Are the goods ready?"

"Almost," I said. "Anyway, you can take a look outside and tell Talmour when the coast is clear, and take the parcels to the cab."

We got everything out all right, with the unconscious detective keeping vigilant watch on something else at the top of the street. I routed out all the waste sheets and burnt them where possible. All other traces of our occupation I took with me. The type itself was easily disposed of. After unlocking the formes, the slugs of linotype were simply cast into the melting-pot.

That night, as we took to our beds, we felt we had done miracles. A hundred thousand of each booklet was safely delivered to the secretary of the Frees by Bagoff, in spite of a watching Detective. But as I turned over on my pillow I wondered what the detective was watching.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SCHOOL MAGAZINE. The second number of the lively magazine written by the children of the Fieldgate Street Modern School is just out. It is still better than the first issue.

ESPERANTO. SLOSILO (key) DE L'EKZERCO No. 4.

I am glad that you came, boys; did you have time to read your exercise?—No; we regret that we were very busy.—Do you not return home early in (at) the evenings?—No; it was often after seven (the seventh) or even eighth (then) when we were here.

EKZERCO No. 5. Ĉu vi venis rajdanta vian bicikleton?—Ne, mi ne povis, ĉar la tubo elkreviĝis, sekve mi devis reiri hejmen kaj veni piedire, tial mi estas malfrue.—Ĝuste tute egale, tio ne estas grava, ĉar ni ne ankoraŭ komencis. Ĉu vi konas Sinjorinon Brown? Si estas tre bonvola pri ni, kaj ni ŝin tre ŝatas.

VORTARETO. (Words that were in last week's vocabulary are left out in this.)

Table with 4 columns: Esperanto word, English translation, Esperanto word, English translation. Includes: Ankorauŭ yet, Biciklo bicycle, Bonvola kind, ĉar because, ĉu query whether, devi to have to, egala equal, elkrevi to burst, frue early, grava important, kaj and, komenci to begin, koni to know, povi to be able, pri towards, rajdi to ride, ŝati to value, ŝi she, Sinjorino Mrs., tial thus, tubo tyre, tute quite.

NOTES. HEJMEN, from HEJMO, home, with the adverbial E instead of the O, and the N added on account of movement.

PIEDIRE, from PIEDO a foot and IRI to go, the verb here takes the adverbial E, meaning literally foot-go-ly, that is to say to go on foot. ...TUTE EGALE, quite equally, meaning quite the same, or no matter.

MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

Kiam la eŭropa laborklasto ree gajnis sufiĉe da forto por fari alian atakon kontraŭ la regantaj klasoj, la Internacia Asocio de Laboristoj ekkreis. Sed tiu ĉi asocio, kreita kun la ekspresa celo fandi kune en unu korpon la tutan militantan proletarion de Eŭropo kaj Ameriko, ne povis tuj proklami la principojn formulitajn en la "Manifesto." La Internacia estis devigata havi programon sufiĉe larĝan por esti akceptebla al la anglaj Metiaj Unuiĝoj, al la sekvantoj de Proudhon en Francujo, Belgojo, Italujo, kaj Hispanujo, kaj la Lasalleanoj * en Germanujo. Marks, kin elverkis tiun ĉi programon al la kontentigo de ĉiuj partioj, fidis tute al la intelekta plibonigo de la laboranta klaso, kiu estis certa rezulto de unuigita agado kaj reciproka diskutado. Eĉ la okazoj kaj malfacilaĵoj de la batalo kontraŭ Kapitalo, la malvenkoj eĉ pli multe ol la venkoj, ne povis ne memori la homajn spiritojn pri la nesufiĉeco de iliaj diversaj favorataj kuracilaĵoj, kaj preparadi la vojon por li plena eniro en la efektivajn kondiĉojn necesajn por laborklasta liberigado. Kaj Marks estis prava. La Internacia, ĉe sia disrompiĝo en 1874, lasis la laboristojn tute malsamaj homoj de tiuj, kiuj ĝi ilin trovis en 1864. Proudhonismo en Francujo, Lasalleismo en Germanujo, estis elmortantaj kaj eĉ la konservativaj anglaj "Metiaj Unuiĝoj" kvankam la plimulto el ili de longtempe estis rompinta sian rilaton kun la Internacia, estis grade antaŭenirantaj al tiu punkto ĉe kiu, lastjare ĉe Svansen, ilia prezidanto povis diri je ilia nomo: "Kontinenta Socialismo estas perdinta siajn terurojn por ni." Laŭfakte, la principoj de la Manifesto fariis konsiderindan antaŭenpuŝon inter laboristoj ĉiulandaj.

* Lasalle meme, al ni, ĉiam konfesis sin lernanto de Marks, kaj, kiel tia, staris sur la fondaĵo de la "Manifesto." Sed en sia publika agitado, 1860-64, li iris ne plu ol postali kunfarajn laborojn subtenatajn per la ŝtata kredito.

ANTI-PARLIAMENTARY COMMUNIST MEETINGS:

FINSBURY PARK, Sunday, July 9th, 7 p.m. Speakers: Sylvia Pankhurst, C. Edwards.

VICTORIA PARK, Sunday, July 9th, 7 p.m. Speakers: W. Pratt, N. L. Smyth.

Subscription table with columns for THREE MONTHS (13 weeks), SIX MONTHS (26 weeks), ONE YEAR (52 weeks) and Post Free 2/6, 5/5, 10/10.

THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE.

F. W. Jowett, at the Labour Party Conference, made a declaration which some Tory newspapers have greeted as revolutionary. He said: "It is no use expecting to remove this massed collection of evil impositions by gradual ameliorative reform. We can make little impression on it that way in the lifetime of a generation. Besides, it is like moving ripe thistles. As you cut down this year's crop you scatter the seed for the next. It is the new social order we want. Nothing else will save the degradation of Labour now."

The Conference cheered that statement, and the Daily Herald, the Labour Party organ, quoted it with approval in a leading article. Yet if the Labour Party, the Herald, and Mr. Jowett really meant what that declaration says, they would give up working any longer for piecemeal reforms, but would decide, as we have done, to concentrate upon work for Communism.

Unfortunately, the Labour Party is far from having reached that stage.

Communist Party Affiliation.

The Conference by an overwhelming majority rejected the application of the Communist Party for affiliation, and, moreover, decided that delegates to the Party Conferences must individually accept the constitution and principles of the Labour Party. This is logical: it is a decision to which any party that wishes to do anything must eventually come.

The failure of the Party Executive, which prepared this resolution, lies in the fact that its rigours are not applied towards its Right Wing, only towards its Left. The notorious cases of Havelock Wilson and others who are officials of organisations affiliated to the Labour Party, and yet openly oppose its policy and candidates, were raised, but Mr. Henderson replied evasively in regard to this insubordination, which has long existed. A question by dealgate McCarthy as to how the new rule would affect J. H. Thomas, who declared in the witness-box that he is not a Socialist, went unanswered.

The Right Wing Communist Party has been defeated by the Labour Party with its own weapons. The C.P. has enforced a rigid discipline against the Communist Left, whilst it has sought to use the laxity of Labour Party discipline to gain influence in the Labour Party. The Right Wing Communists have largely brought about their own defeat, because, in order to overcome the objections of their reluctant following, they have indulged in such theatrical declarations as that of Mr. Jackson, who said that the Communists would take the Labour leaders by the hand in order to get them by the throat. To secure affiliation to the Labour Party, the Right Wing Communists cast their dignity to the winds and indicated that they might be willing to do the same with their principles. Though, according to their recent professions, the difference between the Right Wing Communists and the Labour Party are vital, the Communist Party spokesmen at the Conference pleaded that the differences were minor as compared with the points of agreement.

Jingoes Turned Pacifist.

The Labour Party Jingoes are ostensibly turned pacifist now. They carried unanimously a resolution that the Socialist and Labour Parties of all nations should oppose "any war entered into by any Government, whatever the ostensible ob-

ject." By an enormous majority they defeated a resolution to support any nation "forced by armed aggression to defend its independence or democratic institutions." They carried a resolution for "immediate universal disarmament." But they called for the amending of the Treaty of Versailles, and only one voice—Griffin, of the Scottish Dyers—demanded that the Treaty be cancelled.

Timidly the Conference followed in Liberal Party footsteps as to foreign policy, under the guidance of Mr. Ramsey Macdonald and Colonel Wedgwood, a Coalition Liberal who crossed the floor of the House to the Labour Party benches after his election.

Germany's reparation payments the Conference was not bold enough to cancel, but asked for their limitation to the restoration of devastated France and Belgium. The Conference expressed its faith in the League of Nations and its "International Labour Office," thus falling into line with respectable bourgeois politics.

Mr. Tom Shaw, in supporting the resolution, said Russia should have the power to imprison those who were using British money for anti-Soviet propaganda, and that "those in this country using Russian money for propaganda should be imprisoned."

That was a smack at the Right Wing Communists, of course; what a hardened old social patriot is Tom Shaw, in spite of his post-war pacifism!

India.

Tom Shaw, on behalf of the Executive, moved a resolution approving the policy of the Labour members of Parliament in giving their support to the Government of India Act! Saklatvala spoke with feeling as an Indian in denouncing the Labour Party's support of this Act, which enfranchises only 5 per cent. of the people, as a gross betrayal of the promises made to the Indians by Labour leaders their action had been condemned by the Indian Trade Union Congress.

An amendment asking the Parliamentary Party to press for the same right of self-government for India as operates in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, was defeated.

The Labour Party remains as hitherto: social-patriotic, jingo, and dominated by capitalist ideology; it is a leopard that has by no means changed its spots.

The Labour leaders are still convinced that the Government of their native capitalists is infinitely superior to any other, and that somehow they will benefit along with their employers by retaining the subject peoples within the Empire. Therefore they cannot bring themselves even to pass pious resolutions for setting the subject peoples free. Even the more advanced of them fail to see that whilst Englishmen who have emigrated or are the dependants of emigrants may desire to remain attached to the Empire, the peoples whose countries Britain has invaded at various times may prefer to cut themselves adrift from the Empire of those who conquered them.

Our desire that the Empire should be smashed up because it is a bulwark of capitalism is quite a shocking one to the Labour Privy Councillors and to those who would become such.

The Labour Conference passed a resolution declaring that the Party "repudiates in advance" all responsibility for military alliances. This, of course, was aimed at the alliance with France. The Labour leaders, responsive to the policies and interests of the employers, are like a mirror in which the changes in public opinion, as manipulated by the capitalist Press, can be clearly seen. So Britain prepares for the coming war with France behind a smoke screen of pacifist cant phrases.

The Privy Council.

Ostensibly the Labour Party is a Socialist organisation—that is to say, it has passed a mild resolution in support of Socialism; yet Arthur Henderson, in opposing the resolution that Party members should not become Privy Councillors, objected that to do so would be to make Republicanism the Party policy, and many people who were not Republicans had come into the Party. Henderson said:

"The office of Privy Councillor is the one pure honour given to public men in this country. I hope Labour will not debar its leaders from accepting it where offered." The foolish proletarians who heard this foolish

speech cheered it, and defeated the motion by 3,694,000 votes to 386,000. The officials of the big unions, as usual, ruled the Conference by casting as they chose the votes of their silent, unconsulted members.

The Labour Party remains, as ever, largely a bogus Party: millions of men and women who joined trade unions because they have created a monopoly in the industries in which they earn their bread are affiliated automatically to the Labour Party, and in their name the Union officials vote.

The Unemployed.

Last year the unemployed disturbed the Labour Conference. This year, to avoid that, a precedent was created, and a deputation of the unemployed was allowed to address the Conference. Last year's "direct action" had borne so much fruit; but, the Conference over, the unemployed have gained no more from it than last year.

The War Loan.

A resolution to reduce the rate of interest on War Loan was referred to the Labour Party Executive, which has declared against the proposal an dis urging instead a levy on capital.

The Labour politicians are astute enough to know that the reduction of interest on War Loan would be unwelcome to large numbers of small-holders of War Loan stock, all of whom have votes which the Labour Party sendavouring to secure at the next election. The capital levy proposal will attack only the richer people, who would mostly oppose the Labour Party in any case.

The capital levy may prove very popular with the lower middle class when it is widely known to them. Thus the Labour Party continues angling for votes, goes plogging away at pettifoggish Liberal proposals, whilst Socialism remains far beyond its horizon.

Those who object to lay the truths of Communism before the people must be free to work untrammelled by such outside considerations.

Manipulating the Conference.

How absolutely the Labour Conference is under the control of the Executive, and how easily it can be manipulated to political ends which it fails to comprehend, was seen by the carrying of the resolution condemning the trial of the Social Revolutionaries in Russia, whom, without any shadow of reason, it referred to as "these comrades." For our own part, we should deplore the execution of the Social Revolutionaries—for the sake of their executioners and on account of our desire to maintain a high Deportation from a land aiming at Communism to the capitalist world would seem to us the fitting treatment for those who conspire against the workers' revolution. Nevertheless, we cannot fail to observe that the agitation respecting these Russian Social Revolutionaries is largely engendered by those who are supporting the Allied capitalist policy of establishing a ring of capitalist border States round Russia, a chain of States amenable to Allied pressure which may be used against both Germany and Russia, and in any way that Allied capitalism (or, rather, British capitalism, for the ties of the Alliance are weakening) may dictate.

The Conference, urged on by all the prominent confederates of the leader group, passed the resolution. It would have preferred to discuss the trials of the South African strikers, or even those of Jacoby and Crookford.

The Irish Struggle.

When the British Government ordered the Irish Free State Government to make war on the Republicans in the Four Courts, the Daily Herald inferred an excuse. It said that the British Government acted under the emotion of the Wilson murder. As a fact, however, the British Government had given its orders before the murder took place.

Only the slavish respect for the Powers that be, which is characteristic of the Labour Party officials, and the blind prejudice of the privileged class, can obscure the fact that the Government which ordered Griffith and Collins to make war on the Republicans was allowing the most appalling pogroms to continue unchecked in Belfast.

(Continued on page 8)

THE WAR IN BELFAST.

DAIL EIREANN OFFICIAL FIGURES.

Table showing DAIL EIREANN OFFICIAL FIGURES. Includes rows for Catholics driven from their employment, Protestants driven from their employment, and various statistics for Catholics and Protestants.

The bearing of these two announcements on the political situation will be appreciated by a casual of the following figures in the extermination campaign for this year:

Table showing Catholics and Protestants killed and wounded from May 31st to June 25th, 1922. Includes rows for Catholics and Protestants with columns for Killed and Wounded.

From May 31st to June 25th, 1922, both inclusive, the figures are:

Table showing Catholics and Protestants killed and wounded from May 31st to June 25th, 1922. Includes rows for Catholics and Protestants with columns for Killed and Wounded.

(exclusive of two killed and two wounded on June 24th, religion not yet ascertained).

Pogrom casualties in Belfast from March 30th the date of Pact) to June 25th, 1922:

Table showing Catholics and Protestants killed and wounded from March 30th to June 25th, 1922. Includes rows for Catholics and Protestants with columns for Killed and Wounded.

(exclusive of two killed and two wounded on June 24th, religion unascertained).

Table showing Catholics and Protestants killed and wounded for the past week. Includes rows for Catholics and Protestants with columns for Killed and Wounded.

(in addition to two killed and two wounded in June, religion unascertained).

Of the Protestants killed, John Ireland, the Press Association states, was shot by a soldier fired on some civilians who were interfering with the military.

Of the Catholic victims, Charles O'Neill, James Taton, David French, Thos. Johnson, and Leo Rea, were shot while at work or going to their work by an Orange murder gang, and Wm. Millar, an old man of 70, was shot in his daughter's home by Orangemen.

Of the wounded Catholics, Margaret Kelly was shot by an Orange gang, after ascertaining her religion; J. Byrne, Mrs. Loughran, and Francis Moan, were shot under similar circumstances; Catherine Conlon and Mary A. Conlon were shot by Specials; and John Molloy, Lillie Curran, Josephine Markey, and Henry O'Connor were shot by Orange snipers.

To appreciate fully the importance of these figures, it is well to bear in mind that (1) Sir James Craig's Government had control of Law and Order in the Six County area since November last; (2) he has over 40,000 Royal Ulster Constables and Special Constables armed, equipped, and paid for by the British Government; (3) that over 20,000 of these are in Belfast; (4) that of the 93,243 Catholics in that city, there are only about 20,000 males between the ages of 16 and 60; (5) that it is a penal offence for these to bear arms; (6) that there are close on 100,000 British military in Belfast at the beck and call of the Government; and (7) that for the 275 people murdered in Belfast since January 1st, and the 388 people wounded, not one criminal has been brought to justice. The last person killed was a child 12 months old.

The number of people killed in the whole of Ireland outside the Six County area from December 6th to Monday, June 19th, 1922.—Attempted murder of Miss Kelly, 14 Jocelyn Street. Extract from Statutory Declaration: "I saw two 'B' Specials with armlets, caps, and rifles, walk up the street on Monday evening, June 19th. Without turning round, these two men pointed out Miss Kelly's house to four men in civilian clothes, who followed a short distance behind them. The two 'B' Specials passed on and the four others delayed about a minute outside the door, so as to give the 'Specials' time to clear out of the street. They then knocked at the door, asked Miss Kelly her religion, and on hearing she was a Catholic shot her. The bullets afterwards found in the hall were seen to be flat nosed. There were no men in the house. It was these two 'B' Specials who carried through the arrangements for the murder this past week, in the same area, of Mr. Wm. Millar, a Catholic resident.

Tuesday, June 20th, 1922.—Mr. Maurice Sullivan, one of the Catholic representatives of the White Cross on the Relief Committee set to work the Grant of £500,000 under terms of Craig-Collins Pact, arrested.

Two Catholic workers murdered while engaged at their work. A third fatally shot some months previously succumbed to his wounds, while a fourth was fatally shot. The latter died two days later. Several women were wounded by "Specials."

Wednesday, June 21st, 1922.—"Specials" and military raided the Falls Road, including the house of the De La Salle brothers.

Notices to "clear out" openly served on Catholic residents in all parts of the city. Thos. Johnston, Frederick Street, shot dead by "Specials."

Catholic families, including ex-soldiers, chased from their homes in Protestant districts.

The following was reported to-day (a confidential report shows that this outrage was directed from Headquarters in Belfast): Eight "A" class "Specials" from Forkhill Barracks broke into the house and shop of Mr. James McGuill, of Dromintree, helped themselves to drink and took all the loose cash in till. Only four women and two babes in the house. "Specials" tortured the women in order to get the keys of the house. Mrs. McGuill, a lady near her confinement, was caught by two of the miscreants, thrown down, foully abused, and her night clothes torn. In her frantic efforts to escape she tried to throw herself through the window, but was dragged back by one of the other women. Three of the "Specials" caught a young girl, threw her on the bed, and attempted to outrage her. Another of the women was kicked all over the head and body.

Thursday, June 22nd, 1922.—While Sir James Craig was in London there was a lull in the murder campaign in Belfast. His return coincided with a fresh outbreak of assassinations in which Catholics alone are the victims. Pogrom has openly extended to all Protestants married to Catholics. Mr. Robert Foyd, Protestant married to Catholic, chased from his work on the Queen's Island, and ordered to leave his house in 39 Ship Street.

Crown Forces to-day begin operations of chasing Catholics out on the Falls Road, the last sanctuary of the hunted minority.

Friday, June 23rd, 1922.—Leo Rea shot dead by the Orange mob led by "Specials" as he was going to work. (This took place while occupants of a military armoured car were looking on.)

Six persons wounded, four of them Catholics. Of the latter, Mr. Byrne, an ex-soldier, was twice badly wounded in the Great War.

The residence of councillor Denis McCullough looted and burned, his mother threatened with death if she didn't hand over all her money. Three uniformed "Specials" "protected" the incendiaries while burning and looting Mrs. McCullough's house and shop.

An attempt was made to burn two Catholic ladies who were in the house.

Saturday, June 24th, 1922.—A stranger from Glasgow badly injured by Orange mob in Temperance Avenue. Military fired on Orange mob in Ravenhill Road.

The "official" report of the ambush of "Specials" in Cushendall now turns out to be a pure fabrication. This "report" stated that "four of the ambushers were killed and three wounded." All independent reports now agree that this was one of the most cold-blooded massacres yet witnessed in the Six County area.

The victims were taken from their homes, asked if they were Catholics, and then shot in cold blood. Were it not for the intervention of the local police the death-roll would have been at least ten. The assassins arrived in lorries and immediately began their butcheries. No provocation was given.

ONE DAY'S WORK.

May 31st.—The following, all Catholics, were deliberately done to death: R. Monaghan, W. O'Hara, H. Kennedy, P. McGuirk, G. Megahy. Shot in the street going to or from work.

J. Jennings, Jane Doran, Rose McIlroy, and her mother-in-law, Mary McIlroy, massacred in their own homes and places of business by mobs composed of Orangemen, led by "Specials."

Over fifteen victims were wounded, some of them maimed for life.

The following business premises of Catholic citizens were looted, wrecked and burned on the same day, in the Grosvenor Road and the Falls Road: McManus, fruiterer; Rice, fruiterer; McPhillips, draper; spirit merchant; McLaughlin, confectioner; Leson, confectioner; Barrett, spirit merchant; Campbell, milliner; Lavery, fish stores; the Grosvenor Arcade, drapery; Taggart's, spirit grocery; McGlinn's public-house (Old Lodge Road); Lynch's spirit stores; Dr. McSorley, Donegall Pass (whose housekeeper, Miss McCormack, was set on fire); the Capital Bar, Dublin Road; G. and M. Kelly, Durham Street; L. Haughey, Peter's Hill; Arch Public House, Peter's Hill.

Thirty-three residences looted and burned in Peter's Hill, and 25 residences in the immediate neighbourhood; nine dwelling houses were burned and looted in the Falls Road. In the Ormeau Road, 150 families were evicted that day and one woman shot while trying to protect her husband. In the various other parts of Belfast upwards of 250 families were chased from their homes that day.

The most cruel and galling thing in the whole story of this war of extermination against the Catholics lies in the fact that nearly all the news agency representatives in Belfast and the Six County area are connected with the Orange organs in that City.

By distortion, suppression, falsification, and half-truths, the Belfast Orange Press has done more towards the prolongation of the pogrom than even the gunmen of the shipyards. Apart from their routine daily lying, they have excelled themselves in their deliberately false reports of such incidents as the Clones affair; the Pettigo "battle"; the murder by "Specials" in the Clonard Monastery; the Mater Hospital atrocity; and the bombing of the children in Weaver Street, when "Specials" and Orange bombers, acting together, killed and maimed for life over twenty children. Thanks to their efforts, this last atrocity was blazoned forth to the world as an outrage by Sinn Fein bombers on the Protestant children of Weaver Street.

SOME ITEMS IN EXTERMINATION CAMPAIGN.

"I think it only fair, then, that I should be asked a question in return, and it is: DO I APPROVE OF THE ACTION YOU BOYS HAVE TAKEN IN THE PAST? I SAY, 'YES.'"

Sir James Craig, at unfurling of a Union Jack at Queen's Island, Shipyard, Belfast, October 14th, 1920.

The Orange institution is directly charged with being at the bottom of this Pogrom. I'm an Orangeman myself; I am more proud of being an Orangeman than anything else. The organisation is built up and founded on CIVIL AND HONOURABLE LIBERTY FOR ALL!!!—Sir James Craig, speaking in the Belfast Parliament on March 28th, 1922.

On May 17th last a notice with reference to applications for permits was published by the Belfast Government. From this notice it appears that any Orangeman who wishes to join the "A," "B," "C," or "D" Specials can secure a permit. Every Orange male in Belfast or outside it would appear to be eligible. One of the Regulations reads: "No duty will be performed by any Specials."

CASES AT INQUEST HELD JUNE 20TH.

On Thursday, June 20th, in the course of a series of inquests on Catholic victims, one of the witnesses deposed that "murders of Catholics are an everyday occurrence in the Marrowbone." One of the inquests concerned the death of Bridget Skillen, three years old, of Herbert Street. Her mother gave her a penny to buy a bun. A few minutes later a boy brought the news that the child had been fatally shot in Elmfield Street.

William Toal, aged seventeen years, was, with others, walking across some vacant ground near Old Park Road. Suddenly five "Specials," each armed with a rifle, appeared from the direction of the garden plots. The armed men dropped to the ground and fired, mortally wounding the boy. These assassins were "Specials" from Fearon's spirit grocery in Old Park Road.

"You are only joking," said Michael Cullen, of Havana Street, when five armed "Specials" surrounded him when getting off a tramcar on the Old Park Road. "It is no joking this time," replied one of the "Specials," as he fired several shots at his defenceless victim.

In the case of Mary Ann Berry, 15 Arran Street, and Rose Duggan, 17 Arran Street, the deposition of a refugee now resident in Glasgow was read. It was from the window of her house the fatal shots were fired. While she was out speaking to a neighbour she saw a number of men carrying rifles enter her house. She remained where she was. In a few minutes the men were seen by her through the window upstairs. She saw them fire at the deceased girls. They then left. When she returned to the house shortly after 4.30 p.m. she found all the religious pictures on the walls smashed up.

Francis Hobbs, Kilmood Street, who had come over from England to take back his wife with him, a witness swore that the three armed men who knelt down to take aim at him at the corner of Lisbon Street were armlets.

John Walker, aged sixteen, Short Strand, an expelled worker, shot from the Albert Bridge direction. Daniel Diamond, shot from the Ravenhill Road, asked a girl if there was any shooting. Two "Specials" replied there was no danger. In less than a minute later he was shot dead. It is not quite clear from the evidence if it were these particular "Specials" who shot him.

EX-SERVICE MEN DRIVEN OUT.

Mr. McKane, ex-soldier, living in Belfast, joined the British Army in 1908, served throughout the Great War, won the Mons Star and other decorations, was wounded. After being demobilised, rejoined, and served in Mesopotamia. Came home in June 1921, when his regiment was disbanded. Joined the R.I.C. in November, disbanded in April. Lived with his wife and daughter in 37 Rosebery Gardens, in one of the houses built for ex-Service men under the Housing Scheme. On May 25th a shot was fired somewhere near his house. The Loyalists said it came from his place. Mrs. McKane got servants of "Specials" to search house. The ex-soldier himself was lying seriously ill at the time, suffering from an attack of malaria contracted in Mesopotamia. No firearms were found in the house, but in the house next door, occupied by an Orangeman named McBride, a six-chambered revolver and ammunition were found. McBride was told to get this weapon away before the Head Constable came round. McBride went twice to Mrs. McKane and threatened her. For some time past McKane has not been living at home, and on Friday last a mob came to the house and ordered his wife and daughter to clear out at once. They have done so, and the three are now homeless.

Mrs. McKane's brother, ex-Staff Sergeant-Major of the British Army, served 26 years, including service in the Boer War and in the Great War. He lived in 38 Carrington Street, in a house built for ex-Service men. He with his wife and three children have been driven out, and are without accommodation. Mr. Anderson, 2 Rosebery Gardens, ex-soldier, who lost his left hand and one of his legs amputated in the Great War; Protestant, but married to a Catholic. He was given two hours by an armed Orange mob to clear out, or —

Mr. Edwards, ex-Service man, tenant of ex-Service men's house, driven from home; every stick of furniture and clothing and all he possessed looted by the armed Orange mob and "Specials" who ordered him out.

MURDER THREAT FROM ORANGE LODGE.

Extract from notice received by Catholic lady from Orange Lodge: "It has been brought to the notice of the Anti-Sinn Fein Association that you absolutely refuse to clear out of — Street. Your attention is invited to the fate which befell others of your murderous religion—e.g., Mrs. Donnelly, Miss E.

Tutin, and Miss Kelly. Again we remind you that a similar fate awaits yourself should you continue in your decision to remain in the midst of a Loyalist locality. In the event of your deciding to remain, we would advise you to purchase your grave ground well in advance. If no move has been made in compliance with the above, not one of your family will be alive this day week. Signed, 'Quis Separit, Chief Raider, Anti-Sinn Feiners."

A resident of Colin Street saw two men on the roof of the Falls Road Baths, now in occupation of "Specials." These men fired two shots. A "Special" standing at the door of the Baths blamed the firing on the residents of Colin Street. At 9.30 on Saturday night a crowd of Orangemen came from the Shankill Road down North Howard Street to the Falls Road Anging "Dolly's Brae," and other Orange hymns of hate. The mob threw stones at the Catholics on the Falls Road. The "Specials" stationed on the Falls Road Baths looked on smilingly and approvingly. While this was going on, another "Special" played "The Protestant Boys." Every encouragement is being given to the Orange mobs in the Shankill and elsewhere to invade, wreck, and burn the Falls Road. The "Specials" will see that their operations will not be interfered with by the "forces of law and order."

THE IMPORTANCE OF GETTING MARRIED.

By L. A. MOTLER.

I used to methink me, Henry m'lad, that there was nothing so easy in the world as getting married. All one had to do was to produce the lady and three half-dollars, and you were booked for a honeymoon on the banks of the old canal.

Alas! for the errors of my boyhood. With the burden of thirty hoary winters on my Chel sea side-whiskerettes I have achieved wisdom. Carelessly I used to sing me this song:

"The Prince of Wales is just your age, Together you will grow up. He'll soon want money and a wife— Don't, when the time comes, blow up His marriage grant, however great Or heavy on the nation: This stunting princess is the worst Of vulgar declamation."

Now, however, I realise the job set before Albert Edward George Andrew Patrick David Windsor, Esq., lately returned from a tour abroad. It is badly enough to stagger along with a name like that; but when your friends begin to ask anxiously, "Who's the lady?" you can't very well employ that old dodge and say she's only your sister. With an anxious nation ready to fork out an extra £10,000 to add to your ridiculously small income of £87,000, it is up to you to throw her off your chest, in a way of speaking. Now then, don't blush.

It is, however, not with the principal walls of the P. of W. that I wish to unburden my typewriter on you, friend Henry, fellow-worker of my short but well-spent youth.

Besides myself and George Andrew Patrick Davey, there are I don't know how many young men waiting to get out of a future bachelor tax. One of these is a sprightly naval officer, Mountblatten by name and lord by trade. If you look closely at his name it may strike you as being a bit familiar. Was he the young fellow you stood a drink at the "Quaker's Arms" and tipped Captain Scuttle for the Oaks? No, that was—let me see—ah, yes—that was Matilda's young man. Who the West Ham is Mountblatten, then?

Between you and me and that pint of fi'penny, he is—that is to say, he used to be, no, I mean his father used to be a chap called Battenberg. Irish name, I believe, coming from the other side of the Liffey—did you say Rhine? Probably so-called because his family were invited over here to do a little battening on the generous British nation. But why drag in the Germans? Hush!

When I was in South Africa—but where was I? Or, more precisely, where is Batten—tut-tut, Mountblatten? He is waiting on the mat, my lord or, to be exact, his young lady is. What, didn't you know he had a young lady?

You see, young Mountblatten was sort of attached to Albert Edward George, etc., on that little trip to India. Behind him he left a little girl weeping on the platform. This is a careless habit of most sailors. When they go again on the briny, it isn't only the sea that is salt. There is usually a Nellie Bly piping her eye as he goes away. In some serious cases I have heard it whispered that there was more than one. But this was probably a libel. It has nothing to do with Mountblatten, anyway.

What I want to say, and what I mean, is this: Mountblatten is no ordinary sailor. He answers to the name of "My Lord." And knowing sailors as he presumably does, and having looked up his pedigree in the Blue Blooded Book, she gets father's consent and hikes to the nearest registry office.

This was really unnecessary. Young Mount B. intended to do the right thing by her all along, and as soon as the ship came within sight of his beloved by wireless he had the banns published. She seems to have had defective hearing—I have a cold in my left foot myself—or perhaps she wanted to make sure. Anyway, off to the Reg. Off. she hiked. No doubt they will settle this point when the honeymoon is over and the rent man calls on the first Monday.

At this point the Daily Pail takes up the story. Having entered the registry by the door and wiped her feet on the mat, she gazed at the "Don't expectorate" notice and calmly awaited the necessary and unnecessary questions. Observe she waited "calmly." I have known thousands—nay, millions—of people who waited calmly, but their names never get into the papers somehow. When I was in South—

"What is your name, madam?"

"Edwina Cynthia Annette Ashley."

Now draw in your breath, Henry. The questions come thick and fast.

"And your age?"

"Twenty."

"In that case you will require your parents' consent."

"Here it is."

"And who is it you wish to marry?"

"Lord Louis Mountblatten," was the quiet reply.

The registrar slipped on the mat, crossed his legs twice, threw the inkpot over his left shoulder, touched wood, and gasped—

"Who?"

"Most people—me and you, Henry, for instance—would have asked "Whom?" But nobody seemed to have noticed this breach of the off-side rule. However, as the registrar had awarded two free kicks against himself, Edwina could not certainly claim l.b.w.

When the referee blew his whistle for the resumption of hostilities the registrar got one in. Edwina drew in a good breath, and said: "Louisfrancisalbertvictornicholas."

Then she coughed up a couple of quid, got the licence, and pushed off to hunt up the young man round the local pubs.

The Daily Pail concludes with this: "Not once was it necessary for her to refer to her notes to refresh her memory. She gave off the five names of her fiancé without batting an eyelid." So evidently she was not only sober, but had gone through a course of Pelmanism.

Now, when I was in South Africa, I—

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Nicolai Mansevich, an employee of Henry Ford, was adjudged an undesirable citizen and sentenced to deportation, on the evidence of an informer, who declared the accused had sold him a paper printed in Russian. "I read it," said the informer, "and put it in a trunk." When tested by a lawyer, the informer revealed that he could not read Russian. Mansevich is Russian; his birthplace, Rodno, now belongs to Poland, so that he will be a foreigner on arrival there. If he is deported, his wife and three young children will be left penniless in Detroit, as the U.S. Government disclaims all responsibility for the dependents of deportees.

Ten members of the I.W.W., including Walter Smith, of the I.W.W. Executive, gave evidence for the defence in the Casdorf-Firey trial at Sacramento, California, last April. On leaving the witness-box they were arrested and held for trial for criminal syndicalism. Their trial was expected to begin on June 21st, three months after the arrest. This is how Justice (?) works in the glorious capitalist Republic of U.S.A.!

The official executioner at Sing Sing Prison threatens to go on strike because 900 dollars owing to him by the State officials has not been paid. The other day the executioner earned 450 dollars in less than thirty minutes by electrocuting three men.

COMMUNISM AND CHRISTIANISM

By BISHOP WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN, D.D.

"Banish Gods from Skies and Capitalists from Earth."

Post free, 1/2.

DUSTHEAP ALLEY AND THE LIVING TOMB.

By CLARA GILBERT COLE.

Before taking direct action on the housing question I approached the Camberwell Board of Guardians, interviewed John Robertson, M.P., Jack Jones, M.P., and others, appealed to Sir A. Mond, and paraded for five months Camberwell Board of Guardians offices and the Ministry of Health with placards calling attention to the housing question and showing pictures of Sir Alfred Mond's luxurious bathroom and the tarpaulin-covered huts in which some Camberwell workers are living.

On Monday, June 26th, just after one o'clock, news was brought to the Camberwell Branch of the Unemployed Workers' Committee that three families were evicted on the dustheaps in an alley-way in front of some hovels miscalled houses.

The landlord had just refused rent in order to turn these people out. Up to now he has taken rent for houses that have just been condemned by the authorities; but a condemned roof is better than no roof at all, and a floor full of holes is better than a dustheap. But the landlord did not turn them out into better houses: he only turned them out in order to get at the land for his own personal profit. It was decided to adjourn the meeting (of between 50 and 100 people, certainly not more). We arranged that we go either to stop the bailiffs getting into the houses, or to put the people back again. We decided to go in small groups. I started off with three women, one of whom had lived in the district and knew the near cuts.

We took a tram part of the way, and got there a quarter of an hour before anyone else. It is a long, narrow alley, with twists and turns. I found out the houses at which the evictions had taken place, and asked the people if they wished to go back. I said we had come to put them in. It was unnecessary to prise open the doors for two reasons—there was hardly a window pane left to break, and any that were boarded up or open were too small to creep through. I asked the three comrades to push the door with me when I counted three. The doors, which were only fastened by a nail or two, flew open so easily that we were quite taken aback.

I commenced sweeping the second house before going to a third, in order that the property (!!!) could be put in. The said property consisted of one mattress, half of one, and a broken fireguard which no rag or bone shop would have taken for the price of a crust.

The mattresses had been out in the rain and were so rotten that half the flocks lay in the gutter. A tiny evicted babe was brought for me to see. I felt like sitting down to cry instead of putting the beds on the rotten boards called floors. In a hole of one lay a poor dead cat which had crept in when the house was nailed up. At the moment groups of the unemployed began to arrive.

I enquired about the inmates of the third house. The husband was out and would return, the wife and children had trudged 40 miles to Tonbridge in the hopes of fruit-picking. The neighbours said the husband would like his house, so we forced the door. None of these doors are off their hinges or damaged, excepting, perhaps, the fastenings.

The Star of June 27th reports:

"It was nothing but the prompt action of the police that prevented far more serious damage being done," said Mr. Watson, prosecuting three people at the Tower Bridge Court.

This is untrue. When one policeman arrived on the scene the unemployed were already dispersing, and TWO WOMEN COMRADES WERE LEFT IN ORDER TO PROTECT THE EVICTED PEOPLE AND EXPLAIN WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR PUTTING THEM BACK, IN CASE OF ENQUIRIES.

The same article states:

"The premises of Mr. Crook, which were raided by an organised body of the unemployed in May last, when the cashier was robbed."

The Workers' Committee of the Unemployed had no connection whatever, and nothing whatever to do with the robbery.

To return to the true account of the eviction: At this instant a policeman arrived and took me and Comrade Dallas and Comrade Rust (the latter, our secretary, who only came on the scene when all was over) to the works of Mr. Crook, the landlord, which were adjoining.

It was stated in Court that machine oil was spilt, and that this oil was taken out of one of the empty houses. If so, this did not happen anywhere near me, as I could not be in two places at once, and I was busy in the houses at the other end of the alley.

I was finally charged by the magistrate with damage to three doors, and pleaded "Guilty" to forcing doors in order to put back evicted people, and was sentenced to pay £2 or serve 28 days.

After a strong body of police had been brought to the works we were taken in Mr. Crook's motor to Deptford, charged, and I was kept in the cell until after midnight. Rust and Dallas left earlier.

On Tuesday, at Tower Bridge, Rust and Dallas were remanded on bail. I stood my trial, and said, amongst other things, that if oil had been wasted I regretted it; but I regretted much more deeply that human life should be so cheap as to be turned on to the dustheap.

I was kept at Tower Bridge till about tea-time, then sent away in the iron-rimmed Black Saint Maria (which should now be rubber-tyred) to Holloway.

Though I was only half a yard from another prisoner, we had to yell in order to exchange a word. I hunger struck at Deptford Police Station and at Tower Bridge, where, let me say, the matron, lady missionary, the officials generally, the police officer in charge of me in particular, were very kind—they understood.

On arriving at Holloway, all the exhausting and wearisome routine (part of the infernal machine) lasted till after nine o'clock: hours of standing at the doctor's room, robing room, un-robing room, etc. One hour's rest in a cubicle on a wooden shelf, on the walls of which can be read (not written by me):

"This place is a living tomb,"

scratched on the plaster.

Finally shut in my cell. Between going in and coming out of Holloway, at least fifteen different wardresses opened my cell to give orders, mostly in an insulting, undignified, degrading manner. But let me here state just a few of them were angels, and would have been ministering angels in another system; but in this penalising system they dare not risk losing their daily bread by showing kindness.

William Morris says "No man is good enough to be another man's master"; nor is one woman good enough to be another woman's master.

Again I was removed to another cell, nurses, governor, doctor, and assistant doctor rating me for refusing food, and over and over again I was made to carry and show a little cardboard with my name and religion (Rationalist) on it. I was taunted with "Not want a Prayer Book and Bible?" "Rationalist, what's that? Is it a political creed?" I was despised and rejected of woman, not because I professed the Christian religion, but because I tried to practise it.

Again I was removed to a remote part of the prison, this time to be forcibly fed.

My weight was never taken, save when I entered. No one was notified outside, not even my husband, that I was hunger striking, let alone that I was to be forcibly fed after only four days' incarceration. I am 53, my heart is known to be bad by the prison doctor at Northampton, to whom I referred them. I knew that forcible feeding would mean death for me, or to be an invalid for life. I said, "Doctor, for my husband's sake, I will pay the fine; please send for him at once."

Note, this man had me in his power; at his feet. I had capitulated; yet so anxious was he to punish me for daring to hunger strike, and, I suppose, in order to show his power, that he brought me a mug of milk and commanded me to drink. He said, "If you do not drink I will forcibly feed you."

I drank some, and nurse said, "She is trying to be sick."

I retorted, "I have never had the luxury of being sick in my life."

Then doctor left me, telling me I must eat

some bread before I left, and promising to send for my husband.

I waited from 4 till 10 p.m. A fresh wardress who came in said, yes, she understood they had sent, and believed I would go that night. In the morning a wardress I had seen the previous afternoon opened the door and said, "Not eaten your food?" expecting me to complain about not being sent home. Not knowing what they meditated doing, I said, "Please send for my solicitor." I gave her the address, said I could not remember the telephone number, and asked would she either look it up or let me do so. She refused.

At 11 a.m. she told me she had not sent, and that I must ask the doctor.

He came in and said, "Will you eat that bread?"

I replied, "Will you forcibly feed me if I do not?"

Finally he added, "Your husband has come." I was then released.

With telephones, motors, and servants at their command, they, in order to punish one old woman, delayed the message so that it should not arrive till Saturday morning. Quite unnecessarily they took my finger prints—a loathsome experience.

In summing up, listen!

So sickened was I by the sounds I heard, the sights I saw, and the few muttered words I caught, that I was never hungry all the time, and even after for some time. I heard appalling shrieks when in my second cell upon one occasion, then a banged door, and terrible silence. Upon the Saturday, two hours before I was released, I heard a voice say, "You can't make me do it," then the clang of a door, and the voice yelled, "I will smash everything in my cell." After that a terrible banging, then cries more like a wild beast than a human being, then sobs, and at intervals remarks of which I could not gather the sense from outside. From inside the prisoner's cell came shouts of defiance. After that silence, then the sound of an opening door and most heartbreaking appeals for mercy from one who was evidently in pain. Whether a strait jacket was put on, or she was strapped down, I know not.

This only do I know: one kind word, one sweet look perchance might have melted that rebellious heart, which was full of repressed indignation.

Of the women who entered with me, almost all had been there before, showing that prison is no cure.

One was pointed out as having eight years to serve, in "a living tomb." Another had twelve months for stealing butter! Food should be free to all, not only to the idle shirkers who never churn the butter, milk the cows, or weave the cloth.

Another, a very young girl, was in for a "scrap" with an elder woman; crying, broken-hearted, her former enemy now her only comforter. I told her workers should be friends.

"Yes, yes," she said, "I see it now." Another, in for drink, I later learnt, had no food all that day, and the drink went to her head. She said she must have been mad to fight her coloured husband.

My space is long since filled, my tale half told, but all, all were in for lack of pence or wherewithal to pay the fine.

Red eyes, rebellious looks, and hungry eyes shot forth from every cell and gallery. I will prove my statements to the hilt. The prisoners thrust their hands into my cell to clutch my untouched bread—"For Gawd's sake, don't chuck it away," one said in a low, tense voice, pointing to my cocoa.

In conclusion, these people should be helped, not punished.

AT WOODBINE COTTAGES.

On re-visiting Woodbine Cottages after her release from prison, Mrs. Cole learnt that Mr. Crook, the landlord, had offered to take one of the re-installed families to the Workhouse in his motor-car, if they would only agree to go!

The mother replied that to go to the Workhouse would mean separation from the children; she would drown herself and them rather than submit to that.

Mr. Crook threw out into the alley the mattress and fireguard of the family who had set out to walk to Tonbridge.

THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE.—Continued
from p. 4.

Government, or we abrogate the Treaty and make war on you, threatened the British Coalition Government to Collins and Griffith, because the Four Courts were occupied and the Republicans were armed, though Nationalist Ireland dwelt in a state of comparative peace—perfect peace indeed, as compared with what it knew under British rule. To the Government of Sir James Craig, on the other hand, the British Government offers support in its murderous anti-Nationalist pogroms, whilst it furnishes the means to continue the reign of terror.

So once more Nationalist Ireland has become a battlefield. Was it necessary, one asks, to shell the Four Courts in order to take that stronghold? Was it necessary to pour "salvoes of machine-gun bullets from armoured cars" into the places of refuge of De Valera's five hundred? The theatrically brutal Churchill method, employed with so little reason in Sidney Street, is the one being used in Ireland. Yet the Regulars are so few and so little supported as is pretended, surely they might have been simply besieged until lack of communications induced them to surrender.

The laying waste of Dublin and the wounding and killing of the people which the Free State troops are carrying on at the bidding of the British Government are punitive measures. They are undertaken not in order merely to maintain the supremacy of the Free State Government and to disarm the Republicans, but to terrorise the Irish people lest their hopes may be turning towards the Republican objective.

The *Daily Herald*, the Labour Party organ, whitewashing the Government of the employing classes, as it so often does, says:

"There is widespread regret that strong action had become necessary, but everyone except the Irregulars and their political leaders recognise that it was unavoidable if the rule of an armed minority were not to prevail over four-fifths of the nation."

That statement is rank hypocrisy. The rule that is prevailing in Ireland is the rule of British Capitalist Imperialism. It was the threat of a war virtually of extermination which induced acceptance of the Free State Treaty, which induced the deposing of De Valera from the Presidency and which now induces the Free State Government to make war on the Republicans at Britain's bidding.

De Valera's great mistake was in agreeing to entertain the Downing Street negotiations. The Free State Treaty which has eventuated from them is only worth the paper it is printed on so long as, and in so far as, the Free State Government is willing to do the bidding of the British Government. In any case, however subservient the Free State Government might be, the opposition of the British "Die Hards" must be reckoned with. The "Die Hards" have undoubtedly been plotting with the Ulster Government to create an excuse for the entry of British troops into Ireland. The Lloyd George Government has done a more diabolically clever thing in inducing Irish Free State troops to fire on Irish Republicans. Yet we must not forget that this Irish struggle is not the Communist struggle, not the struggle for the emancipation of the workers, though it may prepare the way for it in Ireland.

The Irish Labour Party scored a remarkable vote in the recent elections. Its success must be discounted by the fact that it ran, not openly, but actually, in harness with the Free State Party, and secured its seats with the Free State Party's assent, because the Irish Labour Party supports the Free State Treaty.

Labour has nothing, of course, to hope from the Free State Party. Its leader, Arthur Griffith, is a capitalistic Tariff Reformer. He was a strong opponent of the workers in the historic Dublin lock-out to smash the Jim Larkin Transport Workers' Union.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

CAPITAL.

Vols. II. and III.

By KARL MARX.

EDITED BY FREDERICK ENGELS. 12/6 each.
FROM "THE DREADNOUGHT" BOOKSHOP.

HOW FORTUNES WERE MADE IN THE MINES.—

Continued from p. 1.

That the labour performed daily for this number of hours, though it cannot strictly be said to be continuous, because, from the nature of the employment, intervals of a few minutes necessarily occur during which the muscles are not in active exertion, is nevertheless generally uninterrupted by any regular time set apart for rest and refreshment; what food is taken in the pit being eaten as best it may while the labour continues.

That in well-regulated mines, in which in general the hours of work are the shortest, and in some few of which from half an hour to an hour is regularly set apart for meals, little or no fatigue is complained of after an ordinary day's work, when the children are ten years old and upwards; but in other instances great complaint is made of the feeling of fatigue, and the workpeople are never without this feeling, often in an extremely painful degree.

That in many cases the children and young persons have little cause of complaint in regard to the treatment they receive from the persons in authority in the mine, or from the colliers; but that in general the children are roughly used by their older companions; while in many mines the conduct of the adult colliers to the children and young persons who assist them is harsh and cruel; the persons in authority in these mines, who must be cognisant of this ill-usage, never interfering to prevent it, and some of them distinctly stating that they do not conceive that they have any right to do so.

That, with some exceptions, little interest is taken by the coal owners in the children and young persons employed in their works after the daily labour is over; at least, little is done to afford them the means of enjoying innocent amusement and healthful recreation.

That in all the coal fields accidents of a fearful nature are extremely frequent; and that the returns made to our own queries, as well as the registry tables, prove that the proportion of children and young persons sometimes equals, and rarely falls much below, that of adults.

That one of the most frequent causes of accidents in these mines is the want of proper superintendence by overlookers or otherwise, to see to the security of the machinery for letting down and bringing up the workpeople, the restriction of the number of persons that ascend and descend at a time, the state of the mines as to the quantity of noxious gas in it, the efficiency of the ventilation, the exactness with which the air-door keepers perform their duty, the places into which it is safe or unsafe to go with a naked candle, and the security of the proppings to uphold the roof, etc.

That another frequent cause of fatal accidents in coal mines is the almost universal practice of entrusting the closing of the air-doors to very young children.

That there are many mines in which the most ordinary precautions to guard against accidents are regulated, and in which no money appears to be expended with a view to secure the safety, much less the comfort, of the workpeople.

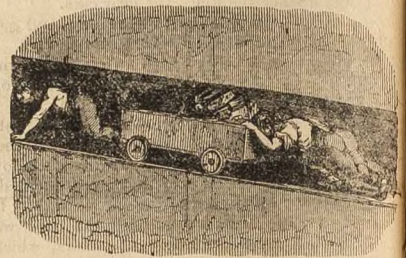
That there are, moreover, two practices peculiar to a few districts which deserve the highest reprobation—namely: First, the practice, not unknown in some of the smaller mines in Yorkshire, of employing ropes that are unsafe for letting down and drawing up the workpeople; and, second, the practice, occasionally met with in Yorkshire, and common in Derbyshire and Lancashire, of employing boys at the steam-engines for letting down and drawing up the workpeople. (*First Report*, Conclusions, pp. 255-257.)

When we consider the extent of this branch of industry, the vast amount of capital embarked in it, and the intimate connection in which it stands with almost all the other great branches of trade and manufacture, as a main source of our national wealth and greatness, it is satisfactory to have established, by indubitable evidence, the two following conclusions:

That the coal mine, when properly ventilated and drained, and when both the main and side passages are of tolerable height, is not only not unhealthy, but the temperature being moderate and very uniform, it is considered, as a place of work, more salubrious and even agreeable than that in which many kinds of labour are carried on above ground.

That the labour in which children and young persons are chiefly employed in coal mines—namely, in pushing the loaded carriages of coals from the workings to the main ways or to the foot of the shaft, so far from being in itself an unhealthy employment, is a description of exercise which, while it greatly develops the muscles of the arms, shoulders, chest, back, and legs, without confining any part of the body in an unnatural and constrained posture, might, but for the abuse of it, afford an equally healthful excitement to all the other organs; the physical injuries produced by it, as it is at present carried on, independently of those which are caused by imperfect ventilation and drainage, being chiefly attributable to the early age at which it commences, and to the length of time during which it is continued.

There is, however, one case of peculiar difficulty—viz., that in which all the subterranean roadways, and especially the side passages, are below a certain height: by the evidence collected under this Commission, it is proved that there are coal mines at present in work in which these passages are so small that even the youngest children cannot move along them without crawling on their hands and feet, in which unnatural and constrained posture they drag the loaded carriages after them; and yet, as it is impossible, by any outlay compatible with a profitable return, to render such coal mines—happily not numerous nor of great extent—fit for human beings to work in, they never will be placed in such a condition, and consequently they never can be worked without inflicting great and irreparable injury on the health of the children.



The above drawing, showing how the children worked, is taken from the Report by the Royal Commission, published for Her Majesty's Stationery Office in 1843.

(To be continued.)

OUR AIM.

Join in One Big Union strong,
Meet in one united throng,
Aims and objects stated clear,
All agreed the wealth that's here
Must be shared and owned by all.
That's our battle-cry and call.
Forward, onward, don't look back.
We shall very little lack
If our workshops we control.
We shall need no poor man's dole.
Join our Union, one and all,
With the worker stand or fall.
Come, world workers, use the key;
Turn the lock, set all men free,
Clothed and fed abundantly.
Now, to-day, not presently.
Never heed your crafts or creeds;
All men feel the self-same needs;
If we join our Union's call
All will share, and each for all
Ever be our bugle-call.

CLARA GILBERT COLE.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £231 10s. 7d. G. T. Manchester, 2/6; M. Paul, 2/6; J. Hill, 1 doll.; J. O'S., 2/6; J. Keane, 5/-; F. Brimley (monthly), 10/-; Mrs. Hart, 3/-; R. E., £1 4s. 8d.; H. Hodson, £1; Peckham Rye Meeting Collection, 18/1½. Total for week, £4 12s. 8½d. Total, £236 3s. 8½d.

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