

Hungary, Scandinavia, above all in Germany. He wrote to me from Copenhagen during the Socialist International Congress of 1910:

"We have been having the usual trouble with the S.D.F.,¹ but have now got them finally in hand and have turned Hyndman off the Bureau.² I have accepted invitations to speak at two meetings in Sweden next week, and from there I go on to Frankfort-on-Main for a demonstration. . . ."

H. M. Hyndman, as is well known, had long predicted war with Germany, demanding Conscription, to raise what he termed "a citizen army," and advocating naval and military preparedness for the approaching war. He had bitterly attacked Keir Hardie's propaganda of international working class solidarity.

In August 1912 Keir Hardie and Arthur Henderson, on behalf of the British Section of the International Socialist Bureau, had addressed a letter to the Trade Unions of this country, urging an "anti-war strike," as "supplementary" to political action, and to be used "where political action is not yet sufficiently developed to prevent" war.

In the Morocco crisis of 1911 Keir Hardie had called on British workers to hold themselves prepared, so that in the event of war, not a soldier or a cannon should be transported by ship or train.³ Ten months before the World War he was at the German Socialist Congress in Jena, pleading for the establishment of the United States of Europe. Eight months before the War he was speaking for peace with Jaurès, Adler and Vandervelde in London. On the very eve of the conflict he was with the International Socialist Bureau in Brussels, striving to avert the War.

¹ The party of H. M. Hyndman. Hardie here used the old initials of this organisation, the "Social Democratic Federation," though it had become the British Socialist Party.

² The International Socialist Bureau, of which Hyndman had been an original member.

³ Speech at International Peace Demonstration, London, August 17th, 1911.

May O'Callaghan, my sub-editor, who prided herself upon her compatriotism with Bernard Shaw, regarding him in some subtle fashion as a piece of her own property, urged that she should write him asking for an article on Keir Hardie for the *Dreadnought* of the following week. Having kissed the blarney-stone, like all the Irish, and sharing their gift of humour, she was much more likely than I to succeed immediately in such a task. She obtained at once the promise of a Shaw article which was to appear simultaneously in the *Merthyr Pioneer*. She received also one of Shaw's characteristic letters wherein, most unexpectedly, he observed that his article was "not nearly so good as Sylvia's." He added graciously: "Will you undertake to send me the *Dreadnought* every week during my life (I am now in my 59th year) if I pay you a ten years' subscription? Anticipating a favourable reply, I enclose a cheque for £2 3s. 4d."

It was a thrifty bargain, for though the *Dreadnought* lasted only nine years more, its price rose perforce, with the rising cost of paper and printing, and from a halfpenny became twopence before the War ended.

Shaw's article proved typically Shavian, with a bitterness, to me, almost too acid:

"There is, I feel sure, a very general feeling of relief in the House of Commons and the Labour Party that Keir Hardie's body lies mouldering in the grave. . . . I really do not see what Hardie could do but die. Could we expect him to hang on and sit there among the poor slaves who imagined themselves Socialists until the touchstone of war found them out and exposed them for what they are? . . . That the workers themselves—the Labour Party he had so painfully dragged into existence—should snatch still more eagerly at the War to surrender those liberties and escape back into servility, crying: 'You may trust your masters: they will treat you well.' . . . This was what broke the will to live in Keir Hardie."