

whether to treat him as a friendly alien, or an enemy who should be interned. The little black-eyed boy, with his mother's round red cheeks and pouting lips, seemed the only point of contact between the rest of the household and his father. The old man watched over him tenderly, drying his tears when he fell, wiping away the lavish streams of soup which the child, with his big unwieldy spoon, poured over his clothes. He seemed infinitely nearer to his old father than to his bustling mother. The old man impressed on him continually that he was Rumanian. He had a map of Rumania on the wall, and pointed often to his native place. He laboriously explained to me, with extreme difficulty in finding words to express himself, the need of the people of the Dobrudja, then under Austrian rule, to be united to Old Rumania. Though he called himself an Anarchist and an Internationalist, his hopes appeared to centre mainly upon Rumanian national aspirations. To other visitors he was silent, with a nervous apologetic smile. To me he talked volubly.

Our Federation organiser in Sheffield then was Jessie Stephen. She had been a domestic servant. I had met her in Glasgow and wanted to give her a chance. She later became an I.L.P. organiser under Doctor Salter in Bermondsey, and was on the Borough Council there for a time.

The Shop Stewards' movement was then active in Sheffield. Its most talked-of leader there was J. T. Murphy. I was introduced to him by a little man named Carford, an ex-carpenter who had become almost blind and kept a poor little general shop. Murphy came out of the factory to us in the dinner hour, wearing his blue dungarees. A truculent S.L.P.-er of the argumentative sort, he was affable on that occasion, and talked confidently of large-scale industrial action to bring the people into their own. Dr. Chandler was the financial mainstay of the S.L.P. movement in Sheffield. He provided the wherewithal to pay for a hall for its Sunday weekly meetings, and to advertise them extensively. For a doctor, unusually careless of his appearance, his manner on first acquaintance was truculent and gruff, but his inner man was genial and kindly. His theories were revolutionary in the extreme.

A Zeppelin raid had occurred the night before my arrival. Its explosive missiles had fallen in one of the dingiest quarters of the town. Masses of people were flocking to see the damage, jostling and scrambling for seats on the crowded trams going that way, streaming up and down the steep streets of poor houses, past the great blank factory walls, over the dusty, rubbish-strewn pieces of waste ground. In large blocks of buildings hardly a pane of glass remained. Doors had disappeared, and bits of rough wood were nailed across the aperture. Holes gaped in the roofs. Here and there entire houses had collapsed, nothing remaining of them save heaps of broken bricks. In one short thoroughfare, where fourteen people were said to have lost their lives, most of the houses had fallen. The bricks, shattered in their downfall, had thrown up a bright red dust which had covered the smoke-blackened warehouse opposite, making it appear as though faced with new brick.

Soldiers with fixed bayonets guarded the more conspicuous ruins, and

prevented all save inhabitants from passing the heavy wooden barriers placed across certain streets. The people, gloomy and silent, stood behind the barriers gazing on the ruins. Occasionally an awestruck voice whispered of children bereft of parents, of solitary people who had witnessed the death of all their family, of victims who still lived horribly dismembered, of men and women finding themselves in cellars without remembrance of how they came there. Sad-eyed mothers looked out forlornly from near-by doorways, their spirits long since crushed by the drab hopelessness of the slums, stunned by the new fear that even this dreariness would tumble about their ears.

Only the dirty-faced, ragged little children retained their full activity, rushing pell-mell among the sightseers, bobbing under barriers, squeezing through boarded-up doorways.

Half a dozen soldiers were marched up to the barrier. Hastening to overtake them ran a noisy troop of children shouldering long strips of rough wood hacked out to represent guns, with smaller pieces nailed on for bayonets. As the soldiers passed through the narrow space at the end of the barrier, the shouting children pushed through beside them. At their head strutted a tiny waggish girl, eight years old at most, with hair cropped short like a boy's, the leader and bully of the rest. Her stockings, stuffed with rag about the calves, were tied under her small bare knees. For her gun she had no long stake of wood, like the other children, but a brick, precariously balanced against her shoulder. As the soldiers wheeled and stood at attention, grounded arms, and were drilled by the sergeant, she mimicked them, serenely impudent, with exaggerated contortions, bending her knees, as though horribly bandy, crying "rr'ght t'rrn" like the sergeant, swinging out her leg grotesquely far, and bringing her heels together with a bang. By turns she pretended that the brick had cut her, rubbing her cheek with impish grimaces; caught the brick up in her pinafore like a baby, kissing and petting it; shouldered it; feigned to drop it on her toe; then swung it vigorously as though to hurl it at the soldiers, but let it fall harmlessly behind her. The soldiers scowled at her angrily, and one, a mere lad, rushed out of the ranks with flaming face, angrily kicked the brick away from the small tormentor, and hustled her roughly past the barrier. She dashed away among the other urchins, helter-skelter, with shrieks of laughter. The crowd looked on sombrely. Obviously the soldiers were not popular. The women muttered that when the Zeppelins came the British airmen were drunk.

Crossing the railway bridge by John Brown's munition works one saw huge stacks of great shells with pointed noses, row upon row, beside the line. One end of the factory had been slightly grazed by a falling projectile. The bombs had fallen with devastating force upon a chapel and a slum. The front of the chapel had crashed down, revealing the text, writ large on the wall within:

"A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another."

The slum was piled with the wreckage of its dwellings. Wretched, jerry-built hovels stood half demolished, the remnants of their miserable furniture lying amid the debris. On the window-sills of some houses

conference, J. R. MacDonald, who had been a party to it, characteristically replied that it was a compromise. He urged his critics to "be very careful to remember the date on which it was passed."

Across the ruins of the International came the voice of Karl Liebknecht, demanding on the floor of the Prussian Landtag the democratisation of the franchise and of foreign policy.

"Democratic control by the people would have prevented the War. . . . Away with the hypocrisy of civil peace! On with the international class struggle for the emancipation of the working class and against the War!"

His words thrilled round the world, evoking the heartbeat of a multitude. Brave Karl Liebknecht!

Already on December 2nd, 1914, he had voted against the War Credits in the German Reichstag. No British Socialist was ready to follow his example. On March 10th, 1915, Liebknecht repeated his negative. We learnt with joy that on March 18th several thousand women, who had organised secretly with this intent, had appeared before the Reichstag, shouting for peace. Karl Liebknecht from a window in the Reichstag had addressed them. As punishment he was ordered to the Front—to his death his friends feared. He had been joined by Ledebour, Ruhle, Mehring, Clara Zetkin and Rosa Luxemburg in a manifesto calling for an immediate peace, without annexations, which would secure political and economic independence to every nation, disarmament, and the compulsory arbitration of international disputes. At Christmas Liebknecht had conveyed a message to the I.L.P. in London appealing for a new Socialist International.

In March a conference of Socialist women, summoned by Clara Zetkin, the International Secretary of the Women's Socialist Organisation, and one of the leaders of the German Social Democratic Party, met secretly in Berne. It was attended by delegates from both factions of warring nations, who met in their old fraternity, to utter a call for the speedy ending of the War, and a peace which should impose no humiliating condition on any nation. Unheralded and unchronicled, little was heard of the event. Women Socialists of all countries had overcome the nationalist hysteria of war time, which held the male leaders of the International in its grip. Clara had planned this conference with Rosa Luxemburg. They intended to go together across the frontiers to visit the Socialists of the other nations. Then Rosa was arrested. Clara saw her in prison, then went to Holland, but was unable to pass the Belgian frontier. She sent couriers to Huysmans but he did not reply. Soon Clara was herself in prison for four months; she was ill when she came out, but she persevered with the conference. The Social Democratic leaders declared it an offence against the discipline of the Party and forbade their members to distribute the conference manifestoes.

Amongst women of another milieu a movement for peace was also

germinant. At Christmas Emily Hobhouse, Helen Bright Clark, Margaret Clark Gillett, Sophia and Lily Sturge, Isabella Ford, Lady Barlow and Lady Courtney of Penwith had addressed a letter to the women of Germany and Austria, urging them to join in calling for a truce. Through *Jus Suffragii*, the organ of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, whose editor, Miss Sheepshanks, bravely upheld its internationalism, despite very great discouragement from the majority of the British Suffrage Societies, a response was received from prominent German and Austrian women.

Dr. Aletta Jacobs and other Dutch Suffragists now issued an appeal for a women's international congress at The Hague, to urge the belligerent governments to call a truce to define their peace terms; and to demand the submission of international disputes to arbitration; the democratic control of foreign policy; that no territory should be transferred without the consent of its population; the political enfranchisement of women; and the inclusion of women delegates in the conference of Powers which would follow the War. The conference was to cost £1,000; the Dutch Suffragists offered a third of the sum; the German Suffragists responded with a further third. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies under Mrs. Fawcett, which represented British women in the International Suffrage Alliance, repudiated the Congress; but a group of seceders from that organisation met with other women's organisations, including our Federation, in conference at the Caxton Hall to answer the invitation from Holland. The delegates were enthusiastic. More than 200 of us volunteered to go to The Hague.

The Congress now began to receive tremendous publicity. The Press condemned it; prominent women assailed it. We who had agreed to go were execrated. Mrs. Fawcett declared that to talk of peace while the German armies were in France and Belgium was "akin to treason." Mrs. Cecil Chapman, President of the New Constitutional Society for Women's Suffrage, considered the time "painfully inopportune" for members of the belligerent nations to confer. The W.S.P.U., which had been *hors de combat* and existing on occasional speeches by Christabel and Mrs. Pankhurst, now burst into life to oppose the Congress. The *Suffragette* reappeared on April 16th, 1915, after eight months' suspension, declaring in its leading article that it was a "thousand times more" the duty of militant Suffragettes to fight the Kaiser for the sake of liberty, than it had been to fight anti-Suffrage Governments. Nina Boyle, in the Women's Freedom League organ, *The Vote*, attacked *Jus Suffragii* for becoming "the mouthpiece" of the promoters of the Conference, and protested that the Women's Freedom League "refused to ask for more legislation—even reform legislation—until women could help to control and administer it." She marvelled that there should be Suffragists "who imagine it possible for them . . . to be an international power, and set in motion reforms vaster and more quixotic than any body of men with franchise, representatives, and Cabinet Ministers in their pocket, would venture to attack at the present moment."

to increase the power of Russia, both in Europe and Asia, and to endanger good relations with Germany. . . .

"That the Labour movement reiterates the fact that it has opposed the policy which has produced the War. . . ."

The very night on which this manifesto was adopted, as the *Socialist Review* disclosed, the majority of the Labour Members refused to permit MacDonald to read its terms to the House. MacDonald resigned from the chairmanship of the Parliamentary Labour Party, which he had held since 1911. As the War advanced, he flinched somewhat from the courage of that first stand. There was a letter of his to the mayor of Leicester to be read at a recruiting meeting; there were speeches in the House of Commons, one of them stating: "We entered the War with a bright flag of ideals," which failed to support his first declaration. Yet he advocated peace by negotiation throughout, he gave his name for the collection of funds to aid Conscientious Objectors, he was vilified by the War Party—for these things he received admiration and loyalty without stint from those who hated war.

His place as chairman of the Labour Party was taken by Arthur Henderson, who had joined with Hardie in issuing the appeal to international brotherhood, in the name of the International Socialist Bureau. But recently a Liberal, opposed to the creation of an independent Labour Party, Henderson had been given the post of secretary to the British section, in the hope of drawing him unequivocally into the Socialist fold. A grievous mistake this, for the position required a Socialist of well-grounded theory and proven trust.

Before August was out, on the invitation of Asquith, the Labour Members agreed to co-operate with the Liberals and Tories in a joint recruiting campaign, wherein the war policy of the Government must be justified and extolled. The *Socialist Review* complained that thereafter, with the exception of four of the six I.L.P. Members of Parliament, Ramsay MacDonald, Keir Hardie, F. W. Jowett and Tom Richardson, all the Labour Members of Parliament "in a greater or less degree" identified themselves with the war policy of the Government and its so-called "non-political" recruiting campaign.

W. C. Anderson, who came in at a by-election, was not yet elected to Parliament. Philip Snowden was in America when war broke out. His I.L.P. colleagues were in doubt and anxiety as to the attitude he would take—but on his return he clove to the pacifist minority—a tiny minority indeed!

A handful of Liberals aided the I.L.P. pacifist group to defend, with such courage and faith as they could muster, the ideals of peace and human fraternity: Joseph King and R. L. Outhwaite, who are dead, Trevelyan and Ponsonby, and Lees Smith, who later went over to the Labour Party in the hope (alas! still unrealised) that it would open a new era in world affairs, D. M. Mason, Richard Lambert, J. H. Whitehouse, T. E. Harvey, Arnold Rowntree and a few others.



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"OVER THERE"