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Pearson's Magazine

EDITED BY FRANK HARRIS

Our Pork Barrel

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Love Stories of Edward VII

The Irish Martyrs

President Wilson

By A L. BENSON

Unionising the Postal Employees

JAMES CONNOLLY: A LEADER OF MEN

BY W. DERMOT DARBY

THE conquest of Ireland has meant the social and political servitude of the Irish masses, and therefore the re-conquest of Ireland must mean the social, as well as the political independence from servitude of every man, woman and child in Ireland. In other words, the common ownership of all Ireland by *all* the Irish." "Consequently," said James Connolly, in effect, "let us set about this thing practically and work from the ground up. For example, here in Dublin we have on one side the unholy alliance between capital and government—owning everything—and on the other side an unorganized mass of half-skilled, half-starved workers—owning nothing. Let us begin right here." So he organized the Irish Transport Workers' Union. When the physical forces at the disposal of capital and government threatened the existence of the Union he enlisted the aid of a military man, and organized and trained the Irish Citizen Army. When these same forces were sent to silence the voice that spoke the fearless truth through his paper, *The Worker's Republic,* they turned away from loaded rifles in capable, determined hands. These things symptomatize the temperament and philosophy of James Connolly.

To fight shy of theories and abstractions; to reduce a situation to its practical elements; to deal with these elements practically, forcefully, fearlessly, without bluster or bravado, to plan minutely; to reason slowly and logically; to hit fiercely and hard where a blow would count—that was the way of the heavy, powerful man with the shrewd, deep-set eyes, who was, alone among all the Irish revolutionists, a born leader of men. He believed that the place to begin was the beginning, that the work to do was the work immediately at hand, that the lesser thing was the essential stepping-stone to the greater. But in fighting for the immediate objective he never lost sight of the ultimate goal. Worker, fighter, reasoner, teacher, organizer, executive, the dream remained always the lodestar of his course. Through the emancipation of the masses he saw the emancipation of the nation; through the emancipation of the nation he saw the emancipation of the world; through the emancipation of the world he caught a glimpse of the Beatific Vision. The house of his dream had a solid foundation of stone and mortar, but from its windows, none the less, shone the radiance of the light. And he, the builder, had the hand to execute, the brain to plan, the strength to direct and the heart to beautify. He gave a soul to the Labor movement in America, said Leonora O'Reilly. He gave both soul and brain to the Labor movement in Ireland. To the National movement he lent a practical, dynamic force, a capacity for organization and leadership which, of all that has been lost to the cause, will be the most difficult to duplicate. James Connolly was the sword of the revolt, as Pádraic Pearse was its mystic symbol. The sword is broken, but the symbol flames forever.

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And so they are gone from us—the gentle, the brave, the noble and the strong, whose eyes had seen the beauty of the dream.

LAST INTERVIEWS WITH MY FATHER

BY MISS NORA CONNOLLY

Daughter of James Connolly, Commandant-General of the Army of the Irish Republic.

I HAD known for long that Easter was the time appointed for the Rising. So, when the local Commandant sent for me to give me instructions about the number of girls needed and the absolute necessity for having at least three hundred field-dressings ready for Good Friday, I was prepared.

We left Belfast on Saturday with a body of Volunteers. We were to go by train part of the way and march the rest. At 7.30 p. m. we reached the appointed place, and at 8.30 I received a message from our commandant. The gist of it was that there would be no fighting in that district. We were given the option of going back or of going on to Dublin, where fighting would certainly take place.

I decided to go on to Dublin, and the rest of the girls joined with me. We took a midnight train and reached Dublin at 5.30 a. m. At once we went to Liberty Hall, which was my father's headquarters. My father was very tired and had just gone to bed. I said, "Papa, what is the

meaning of this? Are we not going to fight?" He sat straight up in the bed and said, "Nora, if we don't fight now, we shall be forever disgraced, and the only thing left for us to pray and hope for is that an earthquake may come and swallow Ireland."

He listened to me quietly while I told him why I was in Dublin. When I had finished, he said, "I am going to send you with your girls to the rest of the staff to tell them what you have told me, and then to ask them to come here as soon as possible." I did this, and then came back to Liberty Hall to prepare breakfast for my father. He was up and dressed in full uniform. He sent for Commandant Mallon, and gave him orders for the officer of the guard, and then invited him to breakfast. He had entirely recovered his good spirits, and went about the room humming to himself, and singing out the line, "We've found another savior now—that savior is the sword."

The other leaders arrived one by one, and we gave them breakfast as they came in—MacDonagh came first, then Clarke, MacDermaid, Plunkett and Ceant—Pearse arrived last, as he had waited to take breakfast in the house at which he had stayed. We went to eight o'clock mass at the Cathedral, just around the corner, and on our return we found two men of the Citizen Army with drawn bayonets guarding the entrance to the corridor. Two more stood before the Council Room. Men were arriving one by one with full equipment and in uniform. The Council lasted until two o'clock. When it was over Pearse came to me and said, "I want you and the girls to wait around here—we may need you for dispatches." We waited until 8 p. m., when my father came to me and said, "You and your girls are to report here tomorrow morning at eight o'clock sharp. You had better take them where they can go to sleep—they have had an anxious time of it." We reported at eight o'clock the next morning. The Staff were all there. Pearse said to me, "We want you to carry written instructions to the North. I will go and write them now." Papa said, "Nora, come here, and bring the girls." We went into his room. MacDonagh was there, and he began chaffing us about our going North. "Here we are, on the brink of revolution," said he, "and you are only thinking of the quickest way of getting North." In the meantime my father was unrolling a large poster. He said, "Listen carefully to this." He then read it to us—Proclamation of the Republic. We had the honor of being the first to see the Proclamation and to hear it read. Pearse called us; we went to the Council Room and he gave me a sealed envelope. He said, "May God bless you and our brave men."

We went North—eight of us—we had to separate, some going to one district, some to another. . . .

The next thing was to get back to Dublin. The train took me and another girl—she was very young—only as far as Dundalk. The station was full of military and police, and the only train running was a military train. There was nothing for it but to walk. We looked at the automobile sign and saw it was fifty-six miles to Dublin. We started off and walked till it grew dark. We did not care to travel in the dark, as we thought there would be military and police patrols, and that we might be arrested on suspicion. That would never do, as we had only a skirt and mackintosh over our uniforms and I had a revolver and a hundred rounds of ammunition. If we had been arrested we had enough evidence on us to keep us from seeing Dublin for a long time. We decided to lie in a field. We lay there until it was light. We did not sleep—it was too cold, and we were drenched with the mist. We started again in the morning and arrived in Drogheda about 7 o'clock. At about 3.30 we reached Balbriggan, and there we had the first meal since the day before. We were fortunate enough to get a lift on a motor for a few miles of our way. We arrived in Dublin at 7.30 p. m., only to hear that our men were surrendering. We heard too that my father was wounded and a prisoner.

When I saw Mamma the next day she was almost heartbroken—she had been told that Papa was dead. I said that we might be able to see him, as I knew he was wounded and was being treated in Dublin Castle. I sent my younger sister, who is a good scout, up to the Castle to find out if it would be possible to see Papa. Her inquiry brought something—Mamma received a note saying that she might see him on Monday or Tuesday after 11 o'clock a. m. She went to see him on Monday. First she had to give her word of honor that she would bring no message to him nor take one out. She was also subjected to a most

rigorous search, as was my youngest sister, who is only eight years old.

I went to see Papa on Tuesday. He was looking dreadfully ill and weak. He told me that he had been court-martialed; that he felt very weak. He seemed to be in no doubt as to what his fate was to be. To my mother he gave instructions as to what she was to do, and was most insistent that she go to America. Apparently he did not consider that the British authorities would regard his wife and children as too great a menace to the British Empire to let them go beyond reach. They have not yet allowed her to carry out his wishes—I am here because I have been lucky enough to have been able to baffle the authorities.

He spoke about the women and girls, and said that no one would ever be able to write words that would sufficiently praise and honor them. He spoke of the young boys too, and said that now he had no fear as to the ultimate success of our cause. It was a good, clean fight, he said; it would put an end to recruiting and to all the corruption that had been in Ireland since the beginning of the war. He said to me, "Remember, Nora, this is not failure—this is only the beginning of a victory, and I have lived to see the dawn." When I saw him again in the early hours of Friday morning, he was calm and collected, and looked better than when we had last seen him. I said, "I had hopes they would not shoot you till your wounds were healed, and by that time public opinion would be strong enough to save you."

"I did not expect they would give me any time," he said; "you know that they put young Scheepers of South Africa into a chair and shot him. They could not let me live. They know that as long as I lived I would dispute their right to be in our country."

He asked me to tell him how John MacBride had died. "How do you know he is dead?" I said.

"One of the pieces of evidence in the court-martial," he said, "was an order from me found on the body of John MacBride."

I told him that John MacBride had been executed, and then I told him the names of the others who had been shot to death. He was silent for a while, and then he said, "I am glad I will soon be with them."

He asked me had I seen any Socialist paper. He was anxious to know what they said about him. He said, "The Socialists will never understand why I am here. They all forget I am an Irishman."

EUROPE'S MADNESS

KILL GERMANS TO WIN, SAYS LORD DERBY

LONDON, Aug. 9.

LORD DERBY, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War, interviewed by the correspondent of the International News Service, said in regard to the loss of men in the recent advance on the Somme:

"We are accomplishing what we set out to do. The Germans last year had everything their own way. They were able to rush troops to any front, but now they cannot spare a single man from the West or East.

"The only way to win the war is to kill Germans. This we are doing, and so are the Russians and the Italians.

"Every counter attack is welcome. It helps kill Germans. The situation on the whole is decidedly favorable for us."

Asked if the Germans are calling up their reserves of nineteen years, Lord Derby said:

"They have boys younger than nineteen fighting at the front now."

FIGHT TO THE DEATH, SAYS MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

BERLIN, Aug. 9.

THE certainty of victory is implanted in Lloyd George's mind—certainty that his country, even though the present offensive may not be productive of great effect, will arm herself yet more formidably.

She will not stop until either she or her enemy has reached the death agony.

To sue for peace at this juncture would heap shame on Germany. An enemy would regard it a sign of impotence.

We should not have peace this summer, even though we were ready to admit our guilt and do penance. This is not saying, however, that we should bury our sacred desire for peace. What we are living through is so inexpressibly atrocious that no dream of Satan has ever evoked anything comparable with it. Things are happening billions of times more horrible than all the murders committed since the days of Cain and all the savagery of the naked Huns.