

War Prospects.

Workers'



Dreadnought

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

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LINES FROM WALT WHITMAN, From "A Song for Occupations."

A song for occupations?

In the labour of engines and trades and the
labour of fields I find the developments
And find the eternal meanings.

Workmen and workwomen

Were all educations practical and ornamental
well displayed out of me, what would
it amount to?

Were I to you as the boss employing and
paying you, would that satisfy you?

The learn'd, virtuous, benevolent, and the
usual terms.

A man like me and never the usual terms.

Neither a servant nor a master I.

I take no sooner a large price than a small
price, I will have my own whosoever
enjoys me.

I will be even with you and you shall be even
with me.

If you stand at work in a shop, I stand as
high as the highest in the same shop.

If you bestow gifts on your brother or dearest
friend, I demand as good as your
brother or dearest friend.

If your lover, husband, wife, is welcome by
day or night, I must be personally as
welcome.

If you become degraded, criminal, ill, then I
become so for your sake.

If you remember your foolish and outlawed
deeds, do you think I cannot remember
my own foolish and outlawed deeds?

If you carouse at the table, I carouse at the
opposite side of the table.

If you meet some stranger in the streets and
love him or her, why I often meet
strangers in the streets and love them.

Why, what have you thought of yourself?

Is it you, then, that thought yourself less?

Is it you that thought the President greater
than you?

Or the rich better off than you? Or the
educated wiser than you?

To The Old Cause.

To thee, old causel

Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,

Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,

Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands.

After a strange sad war, great war for thee,

(I think all war through time was really

fought, and ever will be really fought,

for thee),

These chants for thee, the eternal march for

thee.

(A war, O soldiers, not for itself alone,

Far, far more stood silently waiting behind,

now to advance in this book.)

Thou art of many orbs!

Thou seething principle! Thou well-kept

latent germ! Thou centre!

Around the idea of thee the war revolving,

With all its angry and vehement play of

causes

(With vast results to come for thrice a thou-

sand years).

These recitatives for thee,—my book and the

war are one,

Merged in its spirit, and mine, as the contest

hinged on thee,

As a wheel on its axis turns, this book un-

witting to itself

Around the idea of thee.

NIKOLAI.

WORKERS AND PEASANTS OF RUSSIA, WHAT THEY THINK TO-DAY.

Nikolai was one of those big, quiet, self-contained Russian working men, calm and clear of thought, untouched by humbug and convention, steady and true in action.

He had spent many years away from Russia in the British Dominions, but he was in Vladivostok in 1917. Even before the October Revolution in Petrograd and Moscow the workers of Vladivostok were seizing the factories. What great work they accomplished! In one factory where eight cars a week had been turned out under the old corrupt management, the workers' management raised the output to 48 per week. Men and women worked at fever-heat of enthusiasm. If anyone shirked, the comrade elected by the rest to organise went to the striker, saying:

"Did you elect me?"

"Yes."

"Look here, you work eight hours, I work twenty-four. You elected me; if you don't work, I shall call the Council to-morrow."

So production sped forward.

The Far Eastern Republic was regarded as a buffer State between Soviet Russia and Japan. Soviet Russia was considered by the Siberian revolutionaries as their land of promise because they believed it to be a land of greater Communist development! Soviet Russia was the goal to which his hopes were eagerly turning, but not until 1920 did he leave his Vladivostok comrades to move westward with his wife and children and a friend and his family whom they had known abroad.

When the party reached Irkutsk they saw in the railway stations and on public buildings great signs, painted in many languages, calling upon the workers of all lands to unite, and declaring that Soviet Russia devotes itself to the children and to the future. Yet everywhere they saw children ragged and starving, men and women ragged and starving. Nikolai went to the house of the Commissar and saw that he had plenty—bread, butter and sugar, fruit, and other things of which the masses were deprived. As he waited for instructions as to how he should proceed on his journey, a poor peasant woman appeared, surrounded by her children. They were refugees who had fled from the white armies; the husband and father had been separated from them. They had not the wherewithal to live, and knew not whither they should go.

"Oh, there are a thousand like you! I have no time for you! Be off; I can do nothing for you!" cried the Commissar to the woman pleading and waiting before him.

The strong, quiet workman, coming into this hoped-for land of promise, rose up in bitter sorrow and indignation, and cried out: "You must help this woman; she is in need. You are fit to be an official under the Czarism, not under the Soviet. You are a dirty dog."

The Commissar loudly called for the soldiers and ordered them to take Nikolai away to prison.

His wife and friend Ivan, waiting outside, saw Nikolai hustled away by the soldiers, and learnt from the weeping peasant woman what had happened.

Ivan knew that an old friend of Nikolai was the highest official in this place. He found him out and begged for Nikolai's release; but the one-time friend turned from him harshly, declaring that Nikolai had only got what he deserved.

Then Ivan went to the railway workers, into the workshops, and on to the lines. He called 500 railway workers to him, and together they went to the gaol and set Nikolai free. Then Nikolai and his friends slipped away and journeyed to Omsk. The officials there asked the two men to join the Red Army. Nikolai and Ivan were willing, if provision were made for their wives and children; but the officials declared that they had already more people than they could care for, so Ivan and Nikolai moved on towards Moscow.

The further they went, the more they were convinced that things were less well with Soviet Russia than they had been in far Siberia, that officialdom was more oppressive and corrupt, that the workers were poorer, and the parasitic classes more luxurious.

Nikolai decided to go for a time to his native village, 500 versts from Moscow. Ivan went to the Donetz coalfield.

Ivan was a clever engineer; he had had much experience in America. In the Donetz mines he found much useless expenditure of labour and material. He conceived a plan for improving the arrangements for carrying the coal, and demonstrated that much time and energy might thereby be saved. He was laughed at by the officials, and told: "We do not want your Yankee ways." After a time he returned to Moscow, disappointed.

Nikolai reached his village in December, 1920. The Polish armies, which had invaded it, were now beaten back; but the rival armies had destroyed or requisitioned all that the peasants had. Everywhere in Russia where Reds and Whites had contended the peasants had suffered terribly; their cattle, carts and implements were confiscated or destroyed, and they were forced to deliver to the armies their meat, grain, and other food. The peasants of his district had formed themselves into groups of Red Partisans to help in driving out the Poles; they had warmly supported the Bolsheviks; but now that the Poles were gone and requisitioning by the Red Army continued as ruthlessly as ever, their attitude was changing to hostility towards the Communists.

Nikolai was received by his family with affectionate warmth, though they had regarded him as an outcast and a wanderer, an impious and extreme man. Now they realised that he had learnt much during his absence, and treated him with deference and respect, although, perhaps, they still regarded his opinion on many things with suspicion.

They told him that when their goods were taken from them by the soldiers it was some-

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times explained that they were needed by the army and the towns, but sometimes they were snatched away without explanation, and that the soldiers were rude and destructive.

Nikolai explained to the old people: "It is your sons who are in the Red Army; they have been brought up in ignorance; that is why they have behaved themselves badly."

"Why do the Communists take everything from the villages and give nothing in return?" the people asked him. "Do the towns produce nothing?"

Nikolai explained that the working men had been taken from the factories and given guns to fight the Poles, Wrangel, and the others who were fighting to dispossess the peasants of the land.

"Our life was less hard under the Czar-dom," the peasants protested. "The Czar did nothing for us. The Soviets have been here five years, and the Communists have been in power five years; they also do nothing for us. We have no horses or cows any longer, and no manure; in this district one cannot hope to do much without manure. The armies come and take all we have. When we say we have only enough for our families and the seed corn, they say: 'Show us, then, what you have.' We show it, and they take all."

"You must be patient," answered Nikolai; "it takes time to build a new civilisation."

Then the peasants asked Nikolai whether the conditions of land workers in Australia are as bad as in Russia, and when Nikolai told them about Australia, they asked: "Will the Communists make things like that in Russia?"

Nikolai said: "No; for in Australia there is Capitalism."

"But that is so much better than this. We should have done better with Kerensky; we do not want to wait; we want our good times now," the peasants sighed.

Nikolai would not join the Communist Party; his views were further advanced; but one of the Communist organisers sent down from Moscow desired that Nikolai should be president of the Soviet, and told the Communist Party members that they should secure his election.

When Nikolai's father heard of the scheme he went about amongst the peasants: "My son does not believe in God; it is not necessary that he should rule us; we should not put him in power."

When a Communist proposed Nikolai as president, the peasants in the Soviet howled him down.

"Let me talk!" cried Nikolai. They let him speak, and he expounded his policy; but the peasants shouted: "No, no; you are a Communist. We do not want you; the Communists do not understand work; they only know how to talk! They have promised tractors and electrification, but it is only talk, and nothing comes of it."

In the village was a large mill, which had belonged to a Countess who had fled. The machinery was broken, the place was in disorder, no one thought it was possible to use the mill.

Nikolai went to the mill and worked there for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and continued working early and late till the machinery was repaired and the mill could be used again.

When the peasants saw what he had done they cried: "We did not know about you! You are a Communist, and you have done this. We do not want the Communists who take all and give nothing, but this one we want."

The peasants were right when they said that the great schemes of tractors and electrification had not yet got beyond the stage of talk; and even though the fighting ceased, their lot remained hard. There was a good deal of anti-semitism amongst them, because many Jews, who had been an oppressed race under the Czarism, and yet had succeeded in getting academic education, now secured a large number of the official positions, joining the Communist Party for this purpose in many cases without caring a straw for Com-

munist. Before we were ruled by the Czar; now we are ruled by the Jews, the peasants protested. They complained also that in many districts the Government took the best land for the Soviet farms and left the poorer land to the peasants; yet the production of the Soviet farms was not good, because they were managed by people who neither understood nor cared for the work. This land is now leased to the Capitalist.

When appeals for the famine came to the villages with pictures of the starving children, they gave willingly; but sometimes it was whispered: "All we give only goes to the Jews."

Nikolai worked at the mill, and talked Communism with the peasants, but still he would not join the Communist Party. This angered the Party members, and between September, 1921, and April, 1922, he was five times discharged from the mill by their efforts, and put back again by those who appreciated his ability.

At last he grew tired, and decided to return to Moscow. When he applied for work there he was at once sent to Petrograd.

Back amongst the industrial workers, Nikolai found their views on the situation quite opposed to those of the peasants. The Russian town worker was still a revolutionary, still extreme; the Conservative Socialists were not listened to, and there was widespread opposition to the new economic policy of the Soviet Government. Yet to fight that policy with effect seemed difficult. Working men met together to discuss it and were faced always with the same difficulties. There was vast unemployment, factories were shut down, transport was lacking to bring the raw material. The war had caused untold destruction of rolling stock. Nikolai himself had seen a thousand broken engines at Cheliabinsk. Men were taking them to pieces trying to make one engine out of the parts of ten broken ones. The Government declared that the only way to re-open the factories was to lease them to the Capitalist, and the workers said that if they fought the Government to prevent this the Whites might come back.

This fear hindered the growth of a strong opposition. Meanwhile, those who spoke against the Government's policy frequently found themselves in gaol, and strikes for improved conditions were severely punished.

When the workers discussed the new economic policy, if any pointed out that the leases to Capitalists were for long periods like 99 years, the others replied: "We overthrew the Czar, and we will overthrow Lenin and Trotsky if necessary."

The Government, knowing the strong opposition to its policy, called the Council of Soviets frequently to get its acts ratified, and secured the ratification by the power of the Communist Party machine.

Meanwhile, the Government waited for the large-scale assistance which was some day to come from Western Capitalism, and whilst that help tarried the gigantic work of construction and re-construction was painfully and slowly proceeding, largely through the efforts of working men, toiling away at tasks which the experts declared impossible.

ZOLA ON MINING LIFE.

She also had waked up and was grumbling. It was a shame that she could not have her proper night's rest. Why could they not get up and go off quietly? She lazily stretched herself out, with the bedclothes snugly wrapped round her, showing only her elongated face, with good but coarse features, already spoilt at thirty-nine by a life of privation and prolific maternity. With her eyes raised to the ceiling, she began to hold forth slowly, while her man went on dressing. And the child continued to cry, neither of them taking further notice of her.

"You know, I'm without a copper, and it's only Monday; six days to wait for the fortnight's pay. It's no good; we can't go on like this. Between the lot of you, you merely bring in nine francs a day, and how

am I to manage with that? There's ten of us to be fed."

"Oh! nine francs!" protested Maheu. "I and Zacharie three francs each, that makes six; Catherine and the old man two each, that makes four; four and six make ten. And Jeanlin one, that makes eleven."

"Yes, eleven; but you forget the Sundays and off days. I tell you it never comes to more than nine."

He did not at first answer, because he was stooping to look for his leather belt that had fallen down. But when he had risen, he replied: "One mustn't grumble. I keep up very well. There's many a one who, at forty-two, is obliged to take to propping or coggling."

"Maybe, old man, but that doesn't put bread into our mouths. How am I to manage? You've no brass, have you?"

"I've got two sous."

"Keep them to have a drink of beer. Good heavens! What am I to do? Six days—there'll be no end of them. We owe sixty francs to Maigrat, who showed me the door the day before yesterday. All the same, I'll try again; but what if he persists in refusing?"

Then La Maheude continued complaining in a mournful tone, lying the while perfectly still, and now and then closing her eyes to escape the melancholy flicker of the candle. She repeated that the cupboard was empty, and that the children were asking for bread. Even the coffee was nearly all gone, and the water gave one colic. And the days were long and weary, when one had nothing to cheat one's hunger but boiled cabbage leaves. Little by little she was obliged to raise her voice, as the baby's cries drowned her words. Those cries proved unbearable at last. Maheu all at once became aware of them again; whereupon, beside himself, foaming and stuttering with anger, he snatched the infant from the cradle and flung her on the bed.

"There, take her, or I'll strangle her. The horrid brute! She wants for nothing, sucks as much as she likes, and yet makes more noise than all the others."

However, the little one, comforted by the warmth of the bed, now quietly began to take the breast.

"Haven't the folks at La Piclaine told you to go and see them?" asked Maheu, after a short pause.

The wife pressed her lips with an air of scarcely concealed doubt. "Yes; I met them in the road; they were giving away clothing to poor children. I'll take Linore and Henri to them this morning. If they would only give me a five-franc piece it would be something."

Silence ensued once more. Maheu was ready; he remained stock-still for a moment, then in a low husky voice closed the discussion.

"What's the good of fretting? Do the best you can; see that you get some soup ready. It's no use my wasting words; I'd better go to work."

"True enough," answered the wife. "Blow out the candle; I don't want to see the colour of my thoughts."

He did as he was bidden. Zacharie and Jeanlin were already going downstairs. He followed them, and the wooden staircase creaked beneath their heavy stockinged feet. Behind them everything relapsed into gloom. The little ones slept. Even Alice had closed her eyes again. But the mother remained wide awake in the darkness, while Estelle, sucking away, purred every now and then like a kitten.

Downstairs Catherine had at once looked to the fire, which was always kept alight in the cast-iron grate, with an oven on either side. The company made each family a monthly allowance of about twenty bushels of hard coal, the refuse picked up in the galleries. It lighted slowly, so the young girl made it up every night, and found it ready to her hand in the morning on simply stirring it and placing a few lumps of soft coal on the top. After putting the kettle on, she stooped down before the sideboard.

The room was a fairly large one, occupying the whole of the ground floor, its walls painted apple-green, its well-scrubbed tiles bestrewn with white sand. Everything showed the cleanliness of a Flemish house. Beside the sideboard of varnished deal, the furniture consisted of a table and some chairs of the same wood. Pasted on the wall, a few highly coloured prints, the portraits of the Emperor and Empress, given by the company, some saints and some soldiers with plenty of gold illumination about them, contrasted violently with the barrenness of the rest of the room; for there were no other ornaments save a pink cardboard box on the sideboard, and a cuckoo clock with a gaudily painted dial. Near the door, opening on to the staircase, was another one, that of some steps leading to the cellar. Notwithstanding the great cleanness, a smell of cooked onions, shut in since the previous night, poisoned the heated atmosphere, rendered oppressive already by the never-ceasing fumes of the coal fire.

Catherine remained reflecting before the open cupboard. Only a hunk of bread was left; there was sufficient cream cheese, but scarcely a scrap of butter. And yet she had to prepare slices for four of them. At last she made up her mind. She cut up the bread, covered one slice with cheese, scraped another with butter, and stuck the two together. The pair formed what is called the "brick," the sandwich which the miners took with them every morning. Four "bricks" were soon laid out in a row on the table, assigned according to the strictest details of equity, the largest being for the father and the smallest for little Jeanlin.

Though Catherine appeared to be completely absorbed by her household duties, she must still have been thinking of the scandal alluded to by Zacharie, respecting the head miner and La Pierronne, for all at once she opened the front door and looked out into the dark night. The wind was still howling, but a greater number of lights now appeared at the low windows of the village, whence arose a vague stir of awakening. Doors were already slamming, and dark lines of workmen disappeared into the night. Still the girl remained on the threshold, shivering with cold and watching the opposite cottage across the strip of garden ground. Suddenly the door opened, and Catherine's curiosity increased. But it was only the Pierronne's daughter, Lydie, starting for the pit.

The noise of the kettle boiling over made Catherine turn round. She thereupon closed the door and ran to the fireplace, but too late to prevent some water running on to the fire. There was no fresh coffee left, so she was obliged to use the grounds left from the day before. She sweetened the drink by throwing some moist sugar into the pot. At the same moment her father and brothers came down.

"Hang it all!" said Zacharie, sniffing at this bowl, "this won't give us the headache."

Maheu resignedly shrugged his shoulders.

"Never mind, it's hot, and it isn't half bad."

Jeanlin gathered up the crumbs of the sandwiches, and began making himself some soup, while Catherine, after drinking her share, emptied the remainder of the coffee into some tin cans. They all stood up in the feeble light of the smoking candle, hastily gulping down their drink.

"Are we going? We haven't got incomes to live on!" said the father.

But a call came from upstairs through the open doorway. It was the mother shouting. "You'd better take all the bread. I've a little vermicelli for the children."

"All right," cried Catherine in answer. She had made up the fire afresh, and put a small pipkin of soup on the hob in readiness for her grandfather's return at six o'clock. Then they all took their clogs from under the sideboard, slipped the strings of their coffee cans over their shoulders, and the "bricks" inside their jackets, right between their shoulders. The men went out first, the girl bringing up the rear, after she had blown out

the candle and turned the key in the lock. The house once more became quite dark.

One by one, indeed, the lights of the miners' village disappeared; a last door banged, and then everything became quiet. The woman and the little ones fell asleep again in the now roomy beds; and from the lifeless village to the panting Voreux pit, under the gusty wind, there slowly descended a long phantom-like file of pitmen going to their work, rolling along with a gait peculiar to themselves, their long arms crossed on their chests, while the "bricks" between their shoulders gave them the appearance of so many hunchbacks. Clad in their linen garments, they shivered with cold; still they did not hurry, but straggled along the road like a scattered drove of cattle.

—From the novel "Germinal," by Emile Zola, obtainable from the "Dreadnought" Bookshop, 5/-

ROSA LUXEMBURG'S LETTERS FROM PRISON.

Translated by M. Campbell.

(Continued.)

Wronke, July 20th, 1917.

Sonitschka, my darling, as the end of my existence here is being drawn out longer than I originally supposed, you are going to get another farewell message from Wronke. How could you come to think that I wouldn't write you any more letters! In my feelings toward you nothing has changed, nothing could change. I did not write because I knew you to be troubled with a thousand-and-one things since you left Ebenhausen, partly, too, no doubt, because for the time being I was not in the right mood.

That I'm to be shifted to Breslau, I suppose you know already. Early this morning I said good-bye to my little garden here. The weather is overcast, stormy and rainy, jagged clouds are chasing across the sky, and yet I have enjoyed my usual morning walk to-day. You see, I kept on the move. I said good-bye to the stone flags of the narrow path that runs along by the walk, and up and down which I have now been running for almost nine months. I have come to know each stone and each little bit of weed growing between the stones. I am interested in the jolly colours of the stone flags: the shades of red and blue, the greens and greys. Especially during the long winter months that made a little bit of live green seem so very remote my colour-hungry eyes used to search the stones to pick up a little variety and stimulus. And once summer came, then there was so much to be seen between the stones that was interesting and peculiar! Here, let me tell you, simply masses of wild bees and wasps have built their hives. They bore round holes as big as nuts between the stones, and then down they go making deep passages, bringing the earth up to the surface and piling it up in pretty little heaps. Inside they lay their eggs and make wax and wild honey; it is a continuous slipping in and flying out, and I have to be very careful in walking lest I choke up the subterranean dwellings with earth. At several spots, too, ants make a short cut right across the path, and are constantly running backwards and forwards, making such a straight line of it that it would seem as if they carried on their bodies the mathematical theorem that the straight line is the shortest connection between two points (which, by the way, is something entirely unknown to primitive peoples). Then there are the weeds growing in great abundance out of the wall; one little plant already faded and falling to pieces, the others putting forth fresh buds untiringly. Then there is a whole generation of young trees that have sprung up this spring beneath my eyes, growing in the middle of the path or along the walk. Among them is a little acacia that has evidently germinated from one of the pods the old tree let fall last year. There are several diminutive white poplars

that have also only been in the world since May, but which are already abundantly adorned with whitish green leaves that they wave prettily to the storm just as the old ones did. How often I have set a course to their journey and the thoughts and emotions that that has awakened in me! During the severe winter days when virgin snow covered the ground, I have often started off by ploughing a path for myself with my feet, and it was then that I was accompanied by my dear little tomtit whom I had hoped to see again when autumn comes, but who will no longer find me when she comes to the friendly window where she used to be fed. In March, when we had a day or two of mild weather during a period of sharp frost, my path changed itself into a little stream. I can still see the little waves that used then to ripple on the surface at the touch of the mild breeze, and the bricks of the wall shining with a live bright polish. Then, at last, May came, and the first violet on the wall, the one I sent you.

Whilst taking my walk to-day, whilst pondering on these things and still observing, my brain kept drumming out that poem by Goethe:

"Merlin der Alte im leuchtenden grabe
Wo ich als Jüngling gesprochen ihn habe. . .
[Merlin the Ancient in tomb bright gleaming
When I as young man to him have spoken.]
You know how it goes on. The poem had, of course, nothing whatever to do with the mood I was in and the things I had in mind. It was only the music of the words and the rare mysteriousness of the poem that cradled me in peace. For my part, I cannot tell how it is that a beautiful poem, especially of Goethe, can affect me so much when I am highly strung or in a dejected mood. It has almost a physiological effect, just as if I had sipped with thirsty lips an exquisite drink that cools me within and brings health to body and mind. The poem from the East and the West Anthology that you mention in your last letter I am not acquainted with; please give me a copy of it. And there is another thing I've been wanting for a long time, and which is not contained in the Goethe volume I have here: "Blumengruss." That is a short poem of from four to six lines, I got from the Hugo Wolff song, which is indescribably beautiful, especially the last verse. I think it runs:

"Ich habe sie gepflücket
In heisser Sehnsuchtsqual,
Ich habe sie ans Herz gedrückt
Ach wohl, ein tausend mal!"

In the music that sounds as divine, subdued and chaste as when a person kneels down in wordless adoration. But I cannot recall the text, and would like to have it.

Yesterday evening, somewhere about nine, I witnessed another grand display. From my sofa I noticed a bright reflection of a rose-coloured light on the window panes, and it surprised me, because the whole sky was grey. I ran to the window, and remained standing there as though enchanted. In the east, up the altogether monotonous greyness of the sky, there towered a big cloud of an unearthly beautiful rose colour and hovering there by itself, so apart from everything else, it looked like a smile, like a greeting from unknown distant lands. I drew a deep breath like one set free, and involuntarily stretched out both my hands towards the enthralling picture. When such colours exist, and forms such as these, life is beautiful and of supreme value, is it not? My eyes feasted on this resplendent picture and absorbed every rose-tinted ray it gave out, until I had suddenly to laugh out loud at myself. God's truth! it is not that the sky and the clouds and all the beauty of life are remaining in Wronke and I needs must take leave of them. No; they are going away with me, and are remaining with me wherever I am and however long I live.

You will soon be hearing from me in Breslau. Come and see me there as soon as you can. Kindest regards to Karl.

Fondest embraces. Au revoir in my ninth prison.

Your faithful ROSA.

(To be continued.)

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The Outlook.**THE CAPITAL LEVY AND ITS EFFECT.**

The argument for the capital levy is that it would be used to pay off the principle of the National War Debt, and so save the continued payment of interest thereon.

It is interesting to remember that the bulk of the interest on the National Debt is paid to the very class from which the capital levy is to be raised. Therefore, the money raised by the levy would go back to the class from which it had been collected. The wealth of individuals might be somewhat varied, but the wealth of the class would remain the same. The wealth in the hands of the opposing classes, the monied and the wage earners, would therefore remain unchanged.

The advocates of the capital levy may protest, however, that whilst the fortunes in the hands of the monied classes will undoubtedly remain the same as before, the owners of wealth will cease to draw the stupendous interest on the money lent to the Government in war-time, when their money has been repaid at their own expense through the capital levy.

The answer to that argument is that if the National Debt were thus reduced, and the heavy payments of interest were consequently to cease, the Government would reduce taxation—even the Labour Party promises to do that, if returned to power. Moreover, the value of sterling would rise, and therefore, whilst the fortunes of the monied classes would be less taxed, they would at the same time be worth more than at present because of the rise in the value of the pound. Working-class wages would at the same time fall. In many industries the trade unions are actually parties to agreements by which wages automatically fall with the rise in the purchasing power of the pound.

Thus our contention is justified that whilst the effect of the levy may vary somewhat in individual cases, it would not affect the total distribution of wealth, as between the Capitalist and wage-earning classes. The levy is a fallacious stunt that would work no real change. But why, it will be asked, do the capitalist politicians raise such an outcry against the capital levy? Because it is of the essence of party warfare to denounce the proposals of the opposite party, and because such adjustments give trouble, although of a minor kind.

The only change that will assure the emancipation of the working class is the abolition of the Capitalist system, and with it all forms of money and wages, and buying and selling and barter.

Most of us recognise that the social capacity for production is to-day so enormous that, far from there being any real need for scarcity, society could, if it chose, produce abundantly more than it could consume. Yet many still hesitate to contemplate the free use of the social product. They shrink from the prospect of a social state in which men and women might choose, might take, and might enjoy at will whatever they pleased of food, of cars, musical instruments, pictures, and all

that human ingenuity can produce. The doubters, whilst desirous of social betterment, still cling timidly to an ideal of merely modified scarcity; of reduced, chastened, and circumscribed abundance, fail to realise that unless they are prepared, fully and frankly, to dare limitless and unchecked abundance and free use, they cannot have abundance at all; because, in order to weigh and ration abundance, they must perpetuate an immensity of useless toil, which can only be performed by withdrawing those whose labours should be utilised in production.

To-day two-thirds of our population is engaged in useless and parasitic toil—only one-third in the actual work of production.

ELECTION PROPAGANDA.

Once more the story that the General Election is an occasion of great educative propaganda has been fully exploded. During the grand contest for votes every party endeavours to attune its utterances to the main currents of existing public opinion; it tries its utmost to find out what the public wants, and to promise precisely that. New ideas are tabooed; attempts to make converts to unpopular causes, and to create opinion in support of pioneer projects, are ruthlessly prohibited by those who have candidatures to promote: to drag in such matters might be to lose some votes.

The wife of a Labour candidate told us the other day that some of the electors she had visited said to her:

"We are tired of the old parties; we should like to give another party a turn. We would vote for Mr. —, if we were quite sure he is not a Socialist."

"And what did you say?" we asked the canvasser. She answered with a blush:

"If they vote for us this time, perhaps they won't be afraid of Socialism next election."

Indeed there was no doubt what answer she had made to the timid voters. She, at least, had failed to discover in the General Election the great opportunity for Socialist propaganda, which, when no election is pending, it is represented to be. Her case is truly the common one!

In Liverpool, as elsewhere, the Right Wing Parliamentary Communists offered their services to the Labour Party in the Election. The Labour Party accepted the Communist services in addressing envelopes, but not in addressing the mob. So another "opportunity of propaganda" proved but a visionary dream.

SOVIETS v. PARLIAMENT.

The issue of the Soviets versus Parliament, of Communism versus Capitalism, would have been raised with effect if all the Socialists and Communists who have worked for Labour candidates had gone into the constituencies to hold meetings for pure Communism.

Let us briefly recapitulate the issue between the Soviets, as a purely administrative structure, and the Capitalist machinery of Parliament and the local governing bodies of the Capitalist State.

Parliament and the local governing bodies do not administer production, distribution and transport. These services, in the main, are carried out by Capitalist private enterprise. Parliament, with much talk and little efficiency, merely passes laws to palliate the inevitable evils which arise from the private ownership and management of the means of production, distribution and transport. Such evils are unemployment, sweating, excessive hours of labour, unhealthy and dangerous conditions of labour, the employment of children; all evils arising from the employers' desire to make profit, and the workers' economic dependence, which induces him to accept bad conditions in fear of losing his job.

The laws passed by Parliament are administered by the Government Departments and the local governing bodies.

The Government Departments are headed by politicians, appointed usually without any

previous knowledge of the work, who neither remain in office long enough, nor, whilst in office, devote sufficient time to their Departmental duties, to become efficient. The greater part of their time and energy is spent in making political speeches.

The local government bodies are manned by persons who, like the members of Parliament, are not chosen for any knowledge of production, distribution and transport, including the arts and sciences; but for glibness of speech, services to party, and often also for ability to contribute to election funds.

Members of Parliament make promises to their constituents at election times, the fulfilment of which depends, not upon themselves, but upon their Party leaders. They are elected upon a vague Party programme, with a few outstanding issues, which are seldom brought to the point of practical application.

Members of Parliament receive no instructions from their constituents, nor do they report to them except by holding some public meetings in the constituencies, at which some vague speeches are made. Members of Parliament have really little to report. They merely sit in Parliament, listen to speeches, speak occasionally, and vote according to the instructions of the Party Whip. Members of Parliament know no more than the public at large of the administrative work of the Government they support. They are not consulted, and have no share in the business of government and administration, unless they belong to the small clique actually holding office.

THE SOVIETS.

The Soviets, when they come, will administer production, distribution and transport. Every one of us will take part in the Soviets; we shall all belong to the Soviet where we work.

When and where it is necessary to consult with other centres of the industry in which we work, and which we shall help to administer, we shall assist in deciding what communication shall be sent, or in choosing which of our co-workers shall go to represent us. We shall help to instruct that representative, and we shall help to discuss the report of that representative.

When and where it is necessary to consult with the workers in other industries, we shall also take our share in the same way, whether the question be of local, national, or international interest.

Since under Communism the private ownership and administration of production, distribution and transport will be no more, the Soviets will not be required to palliate the evils arising from that system. They will not be troubled with such evils, for instance, as unemployment and sweating, for these will be obsolete. Consequently there will be no Board of Guardians, no Pensions Ministry.

The Soviets will estimate the amount of production required for the needs of the people; their business will be to supply the needs of the people, with efficiency, and with the highest possible excellence of quality, economy of labour, and safety and comfort of working conditions.

The conflict of class interests, which produces the eternal speechifying of present-day politics, will be no more; for Communism is a classless order of society.

When we are working to get candidates into Parliament, we are not doing anything which will or can advance the coming of the Soviets.

The way to bring about the Soviets is to organise the workers in production, distribution and transport on Soviet lines.

Now that comrades are recovering from general and municipal election fever, they will awake to this understanding.

THE BONAR LAW GOVERNMENT AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

Evidently the Bonar Law Government intends some action to limit the Parliamentary activity of the Trade Unions. Mr. Law is not very keen about doing anything in this direction himself; he says that Parliament pro-

vides a good education for the Trade Union leaders; and no doubt it does from the Conservative point of view: it certainly tones them down till they become respectable reactionaries. Moreover, he considers it better for the Labour movement to be "in the House of Commons than underground"; and again we agree that he is right from the Capitalist point of view. Nevertheless, the Bonar Law Government will probably take further steps to handicap the Labour Party, because the "Die-Hard" supporters of the Government will insist upon such action. In that case, Mr. Law says: "We should consult both Trade Union leaders and employers."

It is certainly a piece of colossal impudence: workers form a Parliamentary Party in the hope of protecting themselves from oppression by their employers, and the employers' Prime Minister says he will call in the employers to help decide how the workers shall organise their party!

How can it be, fellow-workers, that we accept such interference with our liberties by the employing class and do not end the system which makes us the wage slaves of such an arrogant body of oppressors?

THE FASCISTI GOVERNMENT POLICY.

The Fascisti were created to support reaction, and the Mussolini Government is fulfilling the purposes of its backers. It has decided to make a levy on workers' wages.

What does the editor of the "Daily Herald," Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, think to-day of this absurd statement of his:

"Whether the Italian Fascisti are enemies to the point of view of the workers in this country is not very clear. . . . It is impossible not to feel a certain amount of admiration for this man [Mussolini, the Fascisti leader], who has organised what he calls a bloodless revolution."

The Italian Reformist Socialist organ, "Giustizia," of the Turati Party, has been allowed to reappear, but the centre Socialist paper, "Avanti," cannot be printed for some time, because its machinery is destroyed, and no doubt outside printers are afraid to publish it. The Communist papers are prohibited by the Government "in present circumstances."

The national telephone service is to be handed over to private capitalism.

MARY McSWINEY.

McSwiney, the Lord Mayor of Cork, died on hunger strike for the Irish Republican cause. His death evoked a thrill of sympathy throughout the world. His sister, Mary McSwiney, is now on hunger strike for the same cause in Mountjoy Prison; but since the opportunists have compromised, they have succeeded in building up a boycott around the efforts of those who have stood by their same old cause.

PROSPECTS OF WAR.

The Bonar Law Government came in declaring that it would cement the French Alliance, and thus avert war with the Kemalists, by forcing them to capitulate before the United Power of France and Britain.

The cement for the Alliance is still, however, entirely lacking. Obviously the French and British are not working together in Anatolia.

FRANKLIN BOUILLON AGAIN.

It is now rumoured that Mr. Franklin Bouillon has promised the Turks, on behalf of France, that the Straits will not be placed under Allied control. If this is true, it is of great importance. Consider it in conjunction with the statement of Poincaré that France will act alone in regard to German reparations rather than not be paid.

France threatens to invade and coerce Germany to secure her reparation's pound of flesh.

Britain threatens to fight the Kemalists in Anatolia if they persist in their claim to treat

Constantinople and the Straits as their own, and to make foreigners within their territory amenable to Turkish law.

What a spectacle!

If France and Britain were as able to fight as they were in 1914, our rulers would already have plunged us into war. Of that there can be no doubt.

Meanwhile, French Capitalism is busy building up an Alliance with which to face its enemies when war comes, as it will, in any event, before long. The Little Entente is in the French sphere of influence, and to the Little Entente have hitherto belonged Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia. Now Bulgaria has joined it. The Prime Minister of Bulgaria, Stambulinsky, has concluded a series of treaties in Rumania, and will make the same arrangements in Serbia. According to Frederick Kuh, of Vienna, it is agreed that Bulgaria shall have control of Western Thrace and a seaport on the Aegean Sea, that the Bulgarian Government shall suppress the Bulgarian bands which are harassing the Rumanian Government in the Dobrudja, and shall also take action against the Bulgarian Communists, and shall conclude no agreement either with Italy or Soviet Russia without Rumania's knowledge. In return for all this the French Ambassador has promised to support Bulgarian claims at Lausanne.

If this version of the treaties be correct, it means the severance of Bulgaria from Soviet Russia. It means probably that if France and Britain were to fight, France could count on Turkey, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria as Allies.

Would Italy and her probable ally, Hungary, join with France?

And what of the United States? America will not remain outside the conflict. President Wilson is aware of that, and that is why he has emerged from his pose of an invalid in obscurity, to announce that America must take her part in securing the peace of the world, and that the American people must "purify their hearts" in order to choose in 1924 a candidate for the Presidency fitted to undertake this task.

The French, it appears, are demanding that not only shall the Treaty of Sèvres be revised at Lausanne, but also the private agreement of San Remo for the partitioning of spheres of economic interest in Asia Minor and for the exploitation, in particular, of oil, under which British Capitalism got the sole right of exploitation, and France merely an option to purchase 25 per cent. of the oil raised. American Capitalism was crushed out, and still clamours for admittance. France, if it can force British Capitalism to surrender some of the oil concessions, in favour of America's Standard Oil Co., might, perhaps, get a loan from America on account of those delayed German reparations. Perhaps it may come to that, or perhaps British Capitalism may be expected to surrender so much that it will prefer to fight.

COMMUNISM OR ANOTHER WAR.

You and we, fellow-workers, have no interest in this contest of greed and exploitation. Our rulers are preparing another war, which can only be averted by the rise of the Soviets and the establishment of Communism.

The war draws nearer.

POLISH ELECTIONS.

The Socialist, Communist and Peasant Labour Party candidates have suffered in the Polish elections. The reactionary pro-French Parties have triumphed. In East Galicia 15,000 Ukrainian Nationalists were arrested before the polling. All the candidates of the Communist Party, numbering 260, were arrested. Two candidates of the Ukrainian Bread Producers' Party were murdered. In other parts of Poland 2,500 Left-Wing Socialists were arrested, as well as the Left-Wing Trade Union Leaders, their offices being closed and funds confiscated.

Shall we be told by the Parliamentarians that all this arose because the oppressed parties were not sufficiently constitutional?

The White Terror of a Capitalism which fears defeat is a fact to be reckoned with in all countries.

The Polish Socialist Party secured a Parliamentary majority when Poland became an independent nation at the close of the late war. The Polish Socialist Party Government enacted some reform laws, but on these being sabotaged by the capitalists, the Polish Socialist Party Government resigned, and a Capitalist Party replaced it in office. Before the Polish Socialist Party resigned it had used the troops to quell the workers in revolt against the social order of landlordism and Capitalism.

The Polish Socialist Party was reluctant to come to grips with Capitalism, but Capitalism in Poland shows no such reluctance.

EIGHT HOURS OR TEN HOURS?

Hugo Stinnes, the powerful German Capitalist, advocates the retention of the eight-hour day, plus two hours unpaid overtime. The proposal will commend itself to British employers; but what do you say, fellow-workers?

GERMAN UNREST.

The "Münchener Post," the organ of the Social Democratic Party in Munich, has published an article copied from the Frankische "Tagespost," of Nuremberg, giving away the facts with regard to some concealed arms in Bavaria. At the instance of the Bavarian State Court, a search was made of the offices of the newspaper. The entire edition was suppressed, and proceedings for treason have been granted against the editor.

Evidently the German Government regards the concealment of arms as a public duty. Is this in view of a possible French invasion to exact reparations, a monarchic reaction, or a popular revolution?

Hunger riots are becoming more frequent in Germany.

The Berlin Trade Union Committee cancelled the general holiday to celebrate the popular revolution, in view of the menace of a White Guard rising.

INDIAN OPPORTUNISTS.

The opportunism which has done so much to side-track and delay the Communist movement here is raising its head in India. The opportunists there declare that non-cooperation has failed, because it has not already after a short trial achieved its final purpose, and are demanding that the struggle be now turned back into the constitutional channel of electoral contests for the Indian Councils under British rule. The sponsors of the new-old retrograde policy declare that their object, like our Parliamentarians, is to attack the Councils from within. Their leader is Mr. Das, and the "Daily Telegraph" correspondent observes, no doubt with truth:

"Probably when Congress meets Mr. Das will be compelled to use the party with the avowed object of destroying government, but I understand from reliable sources that his real intention is to lead the best brains of political India back to the fight for the cause of Dominion self-government for India in the constitutional arena."

Non-co-operation papers denounce such tactics, declaring that the Civil Disobedience Committee's decision not to launch mass civil disobedience is "going back on Ghandi" now that he lies in gaol.

One staunch non-co-operative organ says:

"The over-pampered, over-centralised British Empire is already dissolving, and Indian independence and the dissolution of the Empire can only be paralleled. How, then, are we of the Congress to help the work of dissolution?"

"First by preaching the ideal of Indian independence through the length and breadth of India, regardless of consequences."

(Continued on p. 2.)

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

A PROLETARIAN DIALOGUE.

THE PROLETARIAT.

By Tom Anderson.

Girl: What is a proletarian?
 Boy: A proletarian is a child of the State.
 Girl: Does the proletarian know that?
 Boy: Many proletarians do, but the mass do not.
 Girl: How did the parents of the proletariat become slaves?
 Boy: They became slaves with the coming of the Political State.
 Girl: What proof have you of that?
 Boy: Our proof is based on the Greek and Roman Empires.
 Girl: Were there not slaves before that period?
 Boy: Yes; the Egyptian and Babylonian States were slave States, based on private property.
 Girl: How did these States come into being?
 Boy: They were the growth of thousands of years, and the first slaves were those captured in battle.
 Girl: Could not such slavery have been prevented?
 Boy: No; not any more than the world war.
 Girl: What are the duties of the proletariat?
 Boy: The duties of the proletarians are to work for their masters.
 Girl: But could they not work for themselves?
 Boy: No; because they are slaves.
 Girl: Why are the proletarians allowed to marry?
 Boy: That they may beget slaves.
 Girl: Were they always allowed to marry?
 Boy: No; that is of quite modern origin.
 Girl: Has the proletarian a soul?
 Boy: He is supposed to have one, but it has only lately been conferred on him.
 Girl: What is a soul?
 Boy: Primitive man called it his breath, or spirit.
 Girl: Why was a soul given to the proletarian?
 Boy: To frighten him.
 Girl: Has he really a soul?
 Boy: The same as the other animals.
 Girl: How is the proletarian paid?
 Boy: The proletarian is paid according to the cost of his subsistence.
 Girl: If that is so, would it not be an advantage if the proletarian could live on grass?
 Boy: It might be. At any rate, the proletarian would have a better chance of getting a feed than at present.
 Girl: Why does the proletarian fight for his master?
 Boy: Because his masters command him.
 Girl: Then the proletarian cannot act for himself?
 Boy: Up till now that is so.
 Girl: Why is that?
 Boy: The reason is simple; he has a slave's mentality.
 Girl: Then the case of the proletariat is hopeless?
 Boy: I would not say that; the proletariat has a pal, called the machine, and between the two of them there is hope.
 Girl: Do you mean that the proletariat will waken up from its sleep?
 Boy: Yes; everything points that way.
 Girl: But may not the proletariat sink lower down than ever?
 Boy: There is a possibility that it may happen; if so, civilisation will go too.
 Girl: Will the Labour Party not help the proletariat?
 Boy: No; the Labour Party is a caste above him, and will be his taskmaster.
 Girl: What about the Church?
 Boy: It is in the same boat as the Labour Party.
 Girl: Do you mean to tell me that the Labour Party and the Church believe in slaves?
 Boy: There is no doubt about that.

Girl: What, then, must the proletariat do?
 Boy: It must meet force, by force.
 Girl: What do you mean?
 Boy: It must organise to fight, real fighting; and when it does that it will be respected.
 Girl: Would you have the proletariat kill people?
 Boy: No; but it should be in such a position that no one would attempt to kill the proletarians.
 Girl: What about the Trade Unions?
 Boy: They are dead.
 Girl: But will not the proletariat require some industrial form of organisation?
 Boy: Yes; it will organise by industries.
 Girl: And how will the women fare?
 Boy: There shall be no sex distinction.
 Girl: How long will it take to bring that day?
 Boy: That question is hard to answer. It may take 100 years, it may be done in 20 years. It may even be done in 10 years.
 Girl: Can we assist in any way?
 Boy: Yes. Take Revolution with you, make yourself heard at all times. Don't be afraid to carry the class war into every part of your life, and by doing that you will give others encouragement to do likewise.

ESPERANTO.

EKZERCO No. 20.

En aeroplano.

Pasagero: Kial ni nun iras tiel malrapide?
 Konduktoro: Ni pasis tra la Lakta Vojo tiel rapide, ke la motoro de la aeroplano estas obstrukcita per butero.

Note.—Several words in the vocabulary following Ex. 19 in last week's issue were, unfortunately, misplaced.

VORTARO.

En	in
pasagero	passenger
kial	why
ni	we
nun	now
iras	go, are going
tiel	so
malrapide	slowly
konduktoro	conductor, guard
pasis	passed
tra	through
Lakta	Milky
Vojo	Way, road
rapide	rapidly
ke	that
de	of
la	the
estas	is
obstrukcita	blocked up, choked
per	by (means of)
butero	butter

La Alaŭdo.

Surdulo marŝis sur fervojo inter la reloj.
 Vagonaro venis, kaj la maŝinisto laŭtege sonigis la fajflon. "Ho," ekkriis la surdulo, "kiel bele kantas la alaŭdo en ĉi tiu printempo!"

VORTARO.

alaŭdo	lark
surdulo	deaf person
marŝis	was walking, walked
sur	on

fervoj	railway ("iron road")
inter	between
reloj	rails
vagono	waggon
vagonaro	train
venis	came
kaj	and
maŝin-isto	engineman
laŭte	loudly
laŭt-eg-e	extremely loudly
soni	to sound
sonigis	caused to sound
fajflon	whistle
Hol	oh!
ek-kriis	exclaimed, cried out
surdulo	deaf person
kiel	how
bele	beautifully
kantas	sings, is singing
en	in
ĉi tiu	this
tiu	that
printempo	springtime

A new course of elementary lessons in Esperanto will shortly appear in the "Workers' Dreadnought." Our contributor is a member of the British League of Esperantist Socialists who has had more than fifteen years' experience in the practical use of the international language and holds the highest obtainable Teachers' Diplomas. Esperanto has been called the Latin of the Proletariat. Its study is certainly quite an education in itself; but what chiefly concerns the proletariat is its practical utility. It enables the workers of the world to unite on an equal footing as regards language.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £317 18s. 11½d. I. A. Cahill, 10/- (monthly); W. Holdsworth, 3/-; A Friend, £15; C. Hart, 3/-; F. Brimley, 10/- (monthly); M. Powell, 10/- (5/- monthly); Mr. and Mrs. Paul, 15/-; Mrs. and Miss Chappelow, £1; Portsmouth Communist Workers' Group, 2/6 (monthly); Putney Transport and General Workers' Union, 10/-; Croydon E.T.U., 5/-. Total for fortnight, £19 8s. 6d. Total, £337 7s. 5½d.

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT MEETINGS.

Friday, November 17th.—8 p.m., Woodgrange Road, Forest Gate. A. Kingman, C. T. West.

Saturday, November 18th.—8 p.m., West Library, Thornhill Square, Islington. Sylvia Pankhurst, C. T. West, and Unemployed Marchers.

Sunday, November 19th.—11 a.m., Finsbury Park. C. J. Delahunty, C. T. West.

Monday, November 20th.—8 p.m., Pittfield Street, Hoxton. N. Smyth, C. T. West.

Tuesday, November 21st.—7 p.m., Peckham Triangle. Clara Cole, C. T. West.

Wednesday, November 22nd.—7 p.m., Chrisp Street and Grundy Street. C. T. West.

HAPPY HE WHO KNOWS THE REASON OF THINGS.

This paper is helping its readers to a larger outlook on life. It is broadening and multiplying their interests and developing their critical and appreciative faculties.

It is emancipating them from prejudice, snobbishness, and superstition.

It is a paper that faces the truth, pleasant or unpleasant; therefore it is helping its readers to do the same.

We desire, you desire, that the influence of this paper should be extended, because you recognise its fearlessness, its frankness, and its essential soundness.

So we ask you to help us, each and all of you. We want one, or ten, or a hundred names of probable new subscribers to the "Workers' Dreadnought." Will you send us a list to-day?

We also ask you to get one new subscriber for the "Workers' Dreadnought" this week.

One New Subscriber this week: will you do your share?

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Facts from the Defence News Service.

Eight women are continually on picket duty at the White House in the cause of the American political prisoners. Most of the prisoners belong to the I.W.W.

Edward Quigly and Caesar Tabbib, war-opinion prisoners, are dying of tuberculosis; their condition is reported to be serious.

In May, 1919, Quigley Tabib and Frank Moran refused to handle cement on account of physical weakness. They were sent to Dr. Yohe, the prison doctor, who just walked into the room to see who was there, and certified them fit for work without any examination whatsoever. The three men still refused to handle cement. They were then isolated in punishment cells and strung up to the bars for eight hours a day. After six weeks Tabib fell unconscious to the floor when the guard was untying him. He was taken to hospital for a couple of hours, restored to consciousness, then taken back to isolation and strung up again. Several more weeks of this torture followed. Then Tabib was removed to the tuberculosis ward of the hospital.

The I.W.W. Executive Board having passed, on May 4th, 1918, a resolution condemning violence as a means of obtaining industrial reform, Frank Belina, I.W.W., at Spokane, Washington, was acquitted of the charge of criminal syndicalism for mere membership of the I.W.W.

Similar acquittals took place at Wellington, Kansas, and Aberdeen, Washington.

Another Centralia juror, making six in all, has declared on oath that the jury was terrorised which convicted seven I.W.W. members of murder in connection with the Armistice Day tragedy of 1919, and that he believes the seven men were innocent. The sixth juror is U. G. Robinson, a carpenter. Robinson was one of those who eased their consciences by coupling a recommendation to mercy with the verdict. He was shocked by the sentences of 25 to 40 years' imprisonment.

The Willis Branch Coal Company is taking legal action to recover from the United Mine Workers' Union a million dollars, alleged to be the extent of damage to the company's property in Raleigh County after the company had refused to employ Union men.

Peter Larkin writes from the James Larkin Defence Committee, 53 Jane Street, New York City, urging the stalwarts to agitate for the release of his brother Jim, in order that he may return to Ireland and help the workers in their struggle there. "Hunger and poverty are rampant," he says, "in the land of the free, in the home of the wage slave across the Atlantic," and six million unemployed are chasing the job. The cream of the industrial movement is in the Western gaols, and Jim lies in Sing Sing, New York State. There is no doubt that in his case British money is being freely used to prevent Jim's release.

"I see that you are in the throes of a General Election. Will the Labour fakirs run on a cheap beer ticket like the 'old dart' here?"

Colonel Wedgwood's Lapse.

Colonel Wedgwood, as you know, is one of those Liberals who have strayed into the Labour Party, which keeps open house for such as he. Desiring to assist the return to Parliament of a fellow-Liberal—Mr. Raffan, Liberal candidate for Ayr—the Colonel wrote a letter recommending that gentleman to the electors. Now we do not at all know why the people of Ayr should pay the slightest attention to Colonel Wedgwood's advice, but the Colonel's letter was received with hostility in certain directions, because there is also a Labour candidate for Ayr. The Colonel, of course, said he did not know that; but why should a representative of the Labour Party be recommending Liberal candidates?

GOD: KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

By Samuel Butler.

CHAPTER III.

Pantheism. 1.

The Rev. J. H. Blunt, in his "Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, etc.," defines Pantheists as "those who hold that God is everything, and everything is God."

If it is granted that the value of words lies in the definiteness and coherency of the ideas that present themselves to us when the words are heard or spoken—then such a sentence as "God is everything and everything is God" is worthless.

For we have so long associated the word "God" with the idea of a Living Person, who can see, hear, will, feel pleasure, displeasure, etc., that we cannot think of God, and also of something which we have not been accustomed to think of as a Living Person, at one and the same time, so as to connect the two ideas and fuse them into a coherent thought. While we are thinking of the one, our minds involuntarily exclude the other, and vice versa, so that it is impossible for us to think of anything as God, or as forming part of God, which we cannot also think of as a Person, or as a part of a Person, as it is to produce a hybrid between two widely distinct animals. If I am not mistaken, the barrenness of inconsistent ideas, and the sterility of widely distant species or genera of plants and animals, are one in principle—sterility of hybrids being due to barrenness of ideas, and barrenness of ideas arising from inability to fuse unfamiliar thoughts into a coherent conception. I have insisted on this at some length in "Life and Habit," but can do so no further here.*

In like manner we have so long associated the word "Person" with the idea of a substantial living body, limited in extent, and animated by an invisible something which we call Spirit, that we can think of nothing as a person which does not also bring these ideas before us. Any attempt to make us imagine God as a Person who does not fulfil the conditions which our ideas attach to the word "person," is "ipso facto" atheistic, as rendering the word God without meaning, and therefore without reality, and therefore non-existent to us. Our ideas are like our organism, they will stand a vast amount of modification if it is effected slowly and without shock, but the life departs out of them, leaving the form of an idea without the power thereof, if they are jarred too rudely.

Any being, then, whom we can imagine as God, must have all the qualities, capabilities, and also the limitations which are implied when the word "person" is used.

But, again, we cannot conceive of "everything" as a person. "Everything" must comprehend all that is to be found on earth, or outside of it, and we know of no such person as this. When we say "persons" we intend living people with flesh and blood; sometimes we extend our conceptions to animals and plants, but we have not hitherto done so as generally as I hope we shall some day come to do. Below animals and plants we have never in any seriousness gone. All that we have been able to regard as personal has had what we call a living body, even though that body is vegetable only; and this body has been tangible, and has been comprised within certain definite limits, or within limits which have at any rate struck the eye as definite. And every part within these limits has been animated by an unseen something which we call soul or spirit. A person must be a persona—that is to say, the living mask and mouthpiece of an energy saturating it, and speaking through it. It must be animate in all its parts.

But "everything" is not animate. Animals and plants alone produce in us those ideas which can make reasonable people call them "persons" with consistency of intention. We can conceive of each animal and of each plant as a person; we can conceive again of a compound person like the coral polypes, or like a tree which is composed of a "congeries"

of subordinate persons, inasmuch as each bud is a separate and individual plant. We can go farther than this, and, as I shall hope to show, we ought to do so; that is to say, we shall find it easier and more agreeable with our other ideas to go farther than not; for we should see all animal and vegetable life as united by a subtle and till lately invisible ramification, so that all living things are one tree-like growth, forming a single person. But we cannot conceive of oceans, continents, and air as forming parts of a person at all: much less can we think of them as forming one person with the living forms that inhabit them.

To ask this of us is like asking us to see the bowl and the water in which three gold-fish are swimming as part of the gold-fish. We cannot do it any more than we can do something physically impossible. We can see the gold-fish as forming one family; and therefore as in a way united to the personality of the parents from which they sprang, and therefore as members of one another, and therefore as forming a single growth of gold-fish, as boughs and buds unite to form a tree; but we cannot by any effort of the imagination introduce the bowl and the water into the personality, for we have never been accustomed to think of such things as living and personal. Those, therefore, who tell us that "God is everything and everything is God" require us to see "everything" as a person, which we cannot; or God as not a person, which we again cannot.

Continuing the article of Mr. Blunt from which I have already quoted, I read:

"Linus, in a passage which has been preserved by Stobaeus, exactly expresses the notion afterwards adopted by Spinoza: 'One sole energy governs all things; all things are unity, and each portion is All; for of one integer all things were born; in the end of time all things shall again become unity; the unity of multiplicity.' Orpheus, his disciple, taught no other doctrine."

* Butler returned to this subject in "Luck, or Cunning?" which was originally published in 1887.

(To be continued.)

SPICE.

Another "Man Who Won the War."

Lloyd George is called the man who won the war; but the "Daily Herald" boasts that Colonel Arthur Lynch, Labour candidate, is "the man who showed Lloyd George how to win the war." The "Daily Herald" still helps to gull the workers into believing there is merit in winning imperialist wars.

Civilisation.

John May stole some fowls, then gave himself up, and asked the magistrate if he might winter in prison, as he preferred it to the workhouse.

This glorious Capitalist civilisation!

Murdered.

J. W. Gott, who in August completed nine months' hard labour for the obsolete crime of blasphemy, had served three other terms for the same so-called offence. His wife died during his first imprisonment.

This they do in the name of a workman who was crucified for his opinions!

With his biting irony Dean Swift probed into the ignominy that it is the relationship of master and man. In his "Rules that Concern All Servants in General" he wrote:

"When your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there would be no end to your drudgery. Never come in till you have been called three or four times; for nought but dogs will come at the first whistle; and when the master calls 'Who's there?' no servant is bound to come. 'Who's there' is no name.

"When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout on the next chair that your Lady may see that you have not neglected your work."

What About the War?

The war with the Turks seems to be drawing nearer, fellow-worker.

The Kemalist Turks will insist upon treating their country, and their capital city, Constantinople, as though it belonged to them. Our Capitalist rulers won the war, they say; and they expect the Turks to go on remembering that fact for ever.

The Turks do not agree to occupy the position of a slave people, and the British are determined that Anatolia shall be a slave State; therefore there will be war.

Bonar Law split the Lloyd George Coalition on the promise of averting war, if possible, and securing that if war should come, France would be fighting on the British side. But it is the old story: "Soft words butter no parsnips."

Bonar Law and the members of the French Government have exchanged some compliments, but the French and British capitalists have not made up their difference.

The French capitalists have got their teeth into Anatolia. They have secured extensive economic concessions from the Turks: concessions in raw-material bearing territory, in electrification, port construction, and other monopolies. French Capitalism is getting what it wants out of Anatolia for the present.

Therefore, it is not inclined to start fighting the Kemalists in order to strengthen the position of British Capitalism out there, and to establish the British Navy in control of the Straits.

Bonar Law has not settled the Anatolian question yet, fellow-worker: he is up against the same old deadlock that baffled Lloyd George.

As to home affairs, Mr. Bonar Law came in as the friend of the business man. He did not promise to be their friend, fellow-worker; and as for you, Mr. Workless, he is quite certain to economise at your expense: don't make any mistake about that: you are in for a rough time.

November is giving us truly seasonable weather—cold, biting cold, damp, dank and dark. Now is the season for roaring fires and bright lights; but what about you, fellow-workless, and even you, fellow-worker with wages reduced? Have you paid the gas bill? Is your coal cellar well filled? Are your lamps well trimmed and primed with oil? And boots? Yes; what about your boots, fellow-workless? Are you well shod, and is your overcoat stout and warm?

These are the days when good boots and clothing and a warm fireside to come home to are veritable and urgent necessities. Otherwise there are all sorts of ills and sickness waiting, like the bogey-man, to catch you—if you don't look out.

In the homes of the upper ten, fellow-worker, is all that is needed to make the dark, cold weather outside seem merely a pleasant and seasonable joke. Their tables are loaded with good things; their fires burn bright and clear. Their children are plump and rosy. It is a pleasure to see them so bonny and daintily clad. They are busy already preparing their Christmas secrets and enjoyments. Those children know no care, fellow-workers, whatever their fathers may say of the slump in trade!

The men and women of the upper ten are just now enjoying the election, and when that is over they, too, will begin preparing for Christmas—ordering new clothes, laying in stocks of wines, arranging for dances and dinners.

And you, fellow-workers, all weary with care, are wondering how to make your two meagre ends meet.

Some day, some day, fellow-workers, the world will be changed. We can produce, you know, in these days, more than we can use. When we are able to release for the welfare of all the great wealth which Labour, with the aid of machinery and raw material, is able to pour forth in limitless abundance; then, fellow-workers, you will enter into a new and joyous life, and all shall be better than well.

But to win the emancipation of the race from cruel and unnecessary want, and from useless toil, we must engage in a great and heroic struggle. We must agitate; we must organise; we must act; we must fit ourselves to carry on production without a master class.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Continued from p. 4.

"Second, by organising Indian peasants in the villages and Indian labourers in the factories, mills, and railways.

"Third, by keeping up continued agitation for the effective resistance of official tyranny and European oppression."

These tactics are undoubtedly sound, but in India, as here, the Parliamentary opportunists endeavour to thrust their spoke into any movement that is making for genuine advance.

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"Bars and Shadows," prison poems by Ralph Chaplin. (Allen and Unwin, 2/6.) We have already reviewed the American edition of this book. We are glad to see the English edition, which, being cheaper and more accessible, will secure for Chaplin's poems a wider circle of readers in this country. The longing of prisoners for freedom is well expressed in Chaplin's poems:

"Voltaire," by the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, 2/-.
"Rhymes of Early Jungle Folk for Children," by Mary E. Marcy, 10/-.
"Imperial Washington," by R. F. Pettigrew, formerly U.S. Senator for South Dakota. Cloth, 441 pages, 7/6.
"Railroad Melons, Rates and Wages," 10/-.
"Paul Lafarge: The Origin and Evolution of the Idea of the Soul," 3/-.
"Americanism a World Menace," by W. T. Colyer. (Labour Publishing Co., 6/-.)
"Political Aspect of Co-operation," by Alfred Barnes. (Manchester Co-operative Union, 6d.)
"Guild Socialism," by Niles Carpenter Appleton, 10/6.
"Motherhood and Child Endowment." (Information Department of Labour Party and Trades Union Congress, 6d.)

THOSE RAPACIOUS LAWYERS!

When the National Labour Press signed an undertaking to the police not to print the "Workers' Dreadnought" any more, the "Dreadnought," having a credit arrangement with the Press, owed the N.L.P. £400. This was all paid off save £39. The Editor, who, as comrades know, was absent for a long time, was under the impression that the debt had been cleared. On attention being called to it, the Editor agreed to pay £5 down, and thereafter weekly instalments till the debt was cleared. In the holiday period it was impossible to keep up these payments, but they were re-commenced in September.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Scott Duckers, the solicitor for the Labour Press, had got out a writ in the High Court against Comrade Smyth and the Editor, and despite the continued regular weekly payments and appeals to the N.L.P. not to proceed, the case went on.

Judgment has now been obtained for £23, the amount still outstanding. The costs, which were increased by proceeding against two defendants, instead of one, amount to £9 16s. Comrade Smyth could have proved she was not liable for the debt; but, believing that an arrangement had been come to not to proceed further if the weekly payments were continued, Comrade Smyth went to Court unprepared with the necessary affidavit for defence in the High Court. Comrade Pankhurst was obliged to be in Liverpool when the case came on.

It seems that the lawyers have been overpaid for their labours in this case, since their costs amount to half the debt! There is one of the parasitic occupations which will disappear with the capitalist system.

Meanwhile, comrades, we are left with the bill to pay! It is causing us much embarrassment.

For You O Democracy.

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun
ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the lifelong love of comrades.
I will plant companionship thick as trees along
the rivers of America, and along the
shores of America, and along the shores
of the great lakes, and all over the
prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms
about each others' necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.
For you these from me, O Democracy, to
serve you, ma femme!
For you, for you I am trilling these songs.
Walt Whitman.

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT. PUBLIC MEETING.

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C. T. West, and Unemployed Marchers.

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