Break down Landlords' privileges to beautify England. ONE PENNY.

Workers' Dreadnought

PRODUCTION FOR USE, NOT PROFIT.

VOL. X. No. 21. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923 WEEKLY.

WHAT IS "HUMAN NATURE"?

By J. R. Morris.

The repeated phrase: "You must alter human nature before you can get Socialism," put forward by the opponents of Socialism, is due to a misconception. More who use it argue that "mankind is selfish, and always will be," which is, of course, perfectly true. Selfishness is observed to be rampant under Capitalism, but it is not always seen that what is called selfishness is simply the desire to obtain security of existence.

Greed and Capitalism are close relations—the parents of nine-tenths of the crimes falsely attributed to "human nature."

The selfishness inherent in mankind to-day is due to fear; the desire to acquire more than one needs in order to guard against the ever-menacing possibility of insecurity, a contingency continually arising under Capitalism. The fear of unemployment, ill-health, and numerous other evils, induces the workers to get all they can, and a bit over when possible, whilst the opportunity presents itself. They fight one another for jobs, blackleg in the workshops, accept cuts in wages, all of which are detestable actions forced upon them by an abominable system, and therefore unavoidable so long as that system operates.

Every possible opening to get something at somebody else's expense is eagerly snapped up. You strive to get to-day more than you require for that day, merely because you may not get what you require for to-morrow.

Capitalism decrees that a section of humanity must go short to create a surplus of labour. Capitalism decrees that the working class as a whole shall have a bare subsistence, in order to compel you to go to work for them. They dare not submit to your selfish (?) desire for a wage over and above that which you can exist upon.

Capitalism could not function without a working class; consequently, wages are distributed consistently with the maintenance of a working class. The one long continual struggle of the workers against starvation is responsible for self-interest—the desire to look after number one, and devil take the hindermost. That is the natural outcome of a Capitalist system, where every individual is compelled to look after himself in a system of society that is one huge lottery.

The reader may argue that "the Capitalist class, with all its wealth, piles up more wealth because it is selfish and avaricious. A millionaire with every luxury at his command, and with more money than can be sanely spent during the whole of his lifetime, may not care to obtain more. Wealth, however, produces wealth, and the banking accounts of millionaires continue to accumulate at compound interest, whether they desire it or not, and whether they live or die.

The common idea that these accumulated millions should be utilised in the alleviation of poverty and other palliative measures, is an economical illogicality, in so far as it would tend to create an independence in the working classes which would make them refuse to enter the labour market. Accumulation of wealth ends by becoming quite automatic. The capitalists hold on to what they have because they know that to be a slave is hurtful and degrading. They know that the workers are at their disposal, ready to die for them if need be. They know you give them all that makes life worth living, and give it unstintingly. Human nature is the same all the world over—it struggles to reach a free and full life. You cannot alter that. Selfishness is inherent in all living things, animal or vegetable; it means self-preservation—the first law of nature. Every form of animation at the time of birth instinctively searches for that prime necessity, food for self, first. Self, selfish, selfishness or self-preservation are equivalent terms. Therefore, it follows that selfishness is justified up to the point of acquiring that which to human nature is absolutely necessary.

The Capitalist system is so arranged that one class obtains that desired end, whilst the other class participates in a brutal struggle ever striving to reach that goal, economic freedom, which is unattainable to it under the present system of society.

Under Socialism selfishness will still be the predominating instinct of mankind. You will contribute your share of mental or physical energy in order to obtain the necessities of life, knowing that "he that does not work, neither shall he eat." All and sundry will do likewise, with the consciousness that the fruits of the earth shall be for self and everyone who labours upon mother earth.

Make it possible for all to have access to the world's wealth production by altering this system, not "altering human nature"—that is an evolutionary process. Socialism will bring out all that is best in humanity. Then human nature will be as you would like it to be—just selfish in order to help humanity.

Life To-day.

A Picture not "On the Pictures."

The Massacre of the Innocents.

Birth-rate and Infant Mortality in the Year 1922 in the 20 Towns where Unemployment is most severe.

Accrington M.B.	16.0	—	*	92
Barrow-in-Furness C.B.	20.9	28	62	83
Dudley C.B.	25.4	34	66	85
Ebbw Vale U.D.	24.4	—	*	99
Hartlepool M.B.	29.2	—	*	104
Jarrow M.B.	30.1	—	*	87
Middlesbrough C.B.	28.0	51	73	112
Newcastle-upon-Tyne C.B.	24.8	41	68	92
Pembroke M.B.	16.7	—	*	58
Preston C.B.	20.5	42	67	98
Redruth U.D. and Camborne U.D. ...	19.3	—	*	86
Rowley Regis U.D. (including Cradley Heath)	23.5	—	*	94
Sheffield C.B. (including Attercliffe) ...	20.7	35	63	82
South Shields C.B.	26.6	40	71	95
Stockton-on-Tees M.B.	25.8	—	*	103
Sunderland C.B.	28.5	50	71	106
Tipton U.D.	27.3	—	*	106
Tynemouth C.B. (including North Shields)	25.4	39	53	79
Wednesbury M.B.	27.0	—	*	85
West Hartlepool C.B.	26.5	39	73	101

* Particulars of the deaths under six months are separately available for County Boroughs and Metropolitan Boroughs only. The number of deaths under five years are separately recorded for County Boroughs and Metropolitan Boroughs alone; and rates for these areas can only at present be given for 1921.

Infant Death-rate in the 10 Towns where Overcrowding is Most Severe.

Finsbury M.B.	25.2	37	62	82
Shoreditch M.B.	28.0	44	66	103
Annfield Plain U.D.	24.1	—	—	105
Blaydon U.D.	24.9	—	—	132
Felling U.D.	26.9	—	—	82
Gateshead C.B.	27.0	43	74	105
Hebburn U.D.	30.8	—	—	93
Jarrow M.B.	30.1	—	—	87
South Shields C.B.	26.6	40	71	95
Sunderland C.B.	28.5	50	71	106

A Reply to G. T. Sadler.

In last week's issue we pubished a letter from the Rev. G. T. Sadler, in which he asked three questions:

"1. How are we to decide who is to go to Brighton for a holiday, and who to the Riviera hotels?"

The answer to this is that the people who are going for a holiday will, of course, decide where they shall go. Mr. Sadler probably prefers the Riviera; perhaps he does not care for Brighton; but we know people who do not like very much to go long journeys or to travel in foreign countries. Does Mr. Sadler think all the world would choose the Riviera for their holiday, if all the world were open to them to choose from? Of course, if the number desiring to stay at the Riviera were to be greatly increased, the housing accommodation there would have to be increased also. Then would come a reaction—people would say: "The Riviera is overcrowded. We like a quiet place for our holidays. We shall go somewhere else." So the matter would right itself.

Moreover, ideas and interests will change very much under Communism. People will become interested in their work and their everyday activities, as some fortunate people are to-day. Many people say: "I do not want to take a long holiday. I want to get on with such-and-such a piece of work." Or: "I want to go to so-and-so, in order that I can study this and that, and see how they do the other thing." Or again: "I only want to run down to so-and-so, because then I can take my work with me."

People with strong interests do not usually care much to spend an entirely idle holiday unless they are ill. We need not be afraid that when all the world is open to our choice we shall all rush to one particular spot. In practice people will probably take a short holiday in places not far from their homes, and go abroad more occasionally for extended periods. Many will desire opportunities of study when they take a holiday. They will wish to visit famous collections of pictures, to visit an observatory, some great work of engineering, or to search for some particular plant.

"2. Who is to live in Canning Town and who in Belgravia?"

Does Dr. Sadler really think that we shall retain such districts as Canning Town in their present state under Communism?

Indeed, no; we shall speedily rebuild the houses of the people, and make every city a garden city. Indeed, cities, as we know them to-day, will gradually cease to exist. A friend of ours calls London "The Wen"; it is certainly an overgrown community, and a large proportion of its inhabitants would flee away from it at once, were they not compelled to remain here by economic necessity.

Even the houses in Belgravia are not the sort of houses that will be built under Communism—for a single family they are too large, and they would require much alteration to adapt them as co-operative households for several families. The houses of Belgravia are built, remember, for parasitic persons attended by a number of resident servants. The servants' quarters are often anything but comfortable.

"4. Who is to have the lovely silk frocks (all the girls will want such!), and who the plain cloth dress?"

Mr. Sadler should read "The Dominant Sex," reviewed in our columns recently, which shows that the subordinate and economically subjected sex is the one which adorns itself whilst the dominant sex adopts plainer wear. Under Communism the sexes will share equality.

Even to-day the women we know have not all the same taste in dress: many prefer tailored clothes for general wear, others have a preference for soft flimsy garments. Women of means who spend a great deal of money on their clothes wear an extensive variety of clothes. They are not always to be found wearing silk dresses. For country walks, for instance, they prefer rough Scotch tweeds. People will wear what they like, as they like, when they like, when economic pressure is removed. The community can produce plenty of clothing of all sorts.

Mr. Sadler may argue that silk is a material of which it is difficult to provide unlimited quantities; but cotton, wool and linnen can nowadays be made to look almost like silk, and certainly quite as beautiful. If there is a real scarcity of anything, people will not be able to obtain quantities of it. If the store does not contain silk, people will have to do without it. They must either take turns or let it be a case of first come first served.

When we are all producers in a Communist community, eevryone having the opportunity to acquire skill and culture, people will grow ashamed to display any marked extravagance in dress. Girls will be too intelligent to be unhappy for lack of any particular kind of dress. But really there are few girls to-day who would be so foolish as to mind a triviality of that kind.

Mr. Sadler further suggests that under Communism too many children might be born. He instances China and India as countries where the population seems to him too large. China and India are, however, by no means countries where there is abundance for all; they are lands of poverty and frequent famine. As a matter of fact, neither China nor India are so densely populated as this country. The people are herded densely together in certain areas there, as they are here, from poverty. The private-property system prevents them moving out of the overcrowded districts.

The richer classes are not those in which one finds the largest families. The woman of culture and independence is not the one who bears a large number of children, unless she so desires and finds herself physically able to do so. In practice the woman who enjoys a relatively high degree of comfort, education, and independence, is the woman who has a very large family.

The very vicious circle.

LETTERS OF KARL LIEBKNECHT

LETTERS FROM PRISON.

December 11th, 1916—September 8th, 1918.

From Luckau, Dec. 11th, 1916.

Dearest,—

You could not come to see me on Thursday because you were ill—this I was told after I had heard that I should be obliged to leave the next day. What is happening to you? I am rather worried, but I hope it is nothing serious. My transference to this place was effected with great care. We left Anthalt for Ukro (on the Dresden line) by the eight o'clock express in the morning—an hour's journey—and in a quarter of an hour we got from there to Luckau. The prison, an easily recognisable building, is on the high road to the left, about ten minutes from the station. This convenient train service, by which one arrives here by ten o'clock, will do nicely for you when you come to visit me; by five or six o'clock in the evening you can be back in Berlin again.

I am very well; please don't worry about me. I have a nice large cell with a stove in it, a big window which I can open when I like, a table, a wash-basin, and a plate and knife, besides fork and spoon.

Only one thing troubles me for the present, and that is having to stay in bed for eleven or thirteen hours. But I shall learn to get used to it, so much so that in 1920 you will be pleased by it.

I have been told off to make shoes; I work in my cell. In the first fortnight nothing is expected; in the second fortnight one-third of the specified quantity of work must be done; in the next two weeks, two-thirds; and after six weeks of practice the full quantity must be finished. So now I am a shoemaker's apprentice in the embryo stage.

In our leisure time—that is, on Sundays and after working hours in the week—we may read and write. It seems that the prison library is supplied with good books—for instance, there are all the classics. The first volume that came into my hands was, besides the well-known work of Jeremiah Gotthelf—Uli the farmer—Hermann and Dorothy, with the elegy from which I took the few lines I wrote to you a few months ago: Let your words be wise! This century will at last teach wisdom to us, who have not been proved by fate." I explained to you the great importance which is given in this passage to the "Century. In the edition here (the Handel edition) I found—certainly wrongly—the end of the century; Goethe would not have used such a rigid expression.

There is the possibility that I may soon be able to have my own books here, and also that I may have my own paper for writing on. Perhaps you will be able to send me a few things soon, as you did when I was in prison on remand. We have a nice large yard for exercise; beyond the walls we can see a few trees and other pleasant things, among them a beautiful Gothic church in brick, with a magnificent nave. In the yard there is a pear-tree and a few flower-beds, plants and flowers, primroses and pansies. Of course I walk there in line with the others.

We may write only once in three months, save in exceptional circumstances; important family events, and so on. Only the wife, children and sisters may write. The same rules apply to visits.

I hope to have good news of you and the children soon. At any rate, I say, don't worry about me. Of 1,460 days, 38 have already gone; that is, the thirty-eighth part, or about the square root of 1,460.

(Lyrical Composition.)

December 1916.

Though you have deprived me of the earth, yet can you not take from me the sky; even though my eye can reach but a narrow strip of it; seen through the meshes of the iron grating, or between the bars of my prison, while the heavy walls oppress me, it suffices me.

The glad luminous azures from which a soft light penetrates here to me, and from which a distant twittering of birds descends. It is enough, my little strip, to show me a black, cawing, busy rook; or to recall the faithful friends of other days of imprisonment, in the gay flight of living creature or the changeful form of a wandering cloud.

In that narrow sky strip, in the early hours of the night, gleams the most beautiful star. The most beautiful star in the firmament appeared, shining out of the great distance of cosmic space, dominating all the sky, clearer, warmer, mightier to me, here in this hole of a cell than ever to you in the world outside.

From my strip of sky dropped a falling star.

You have stolen from me the earth, but not the sky; even though it be only a small, narrow strip, seen through bars of iron, the free soul flies towards it, liberated from the bodily senses—freer than you have been, you who think to subdue me with prison chains.

Luckau, January 10th, 1917.

Dearest,—

You are all at home again now, with your first impression at seeing me in this place. How upset you all were, and you yourself especially, to see me behind the prison grating. I hope that by now you are all calmer. You must calm yourselves—you can. And you, too, sweetheart, must not upset yourself at such things, which, after all, do not matter. What does the grating matter; what can it signify to us, to you, to me, to the children? We are still ourselves, and shall remain ourselves, in spite of everything.

Remember to preserve your serenity in the difficult moments of life.

These words of Horace are, as you know, a very wise rule of life not only stoic, but epicurean also.

I am quite sure that when you come to visit me again all those things which struck you so painfully will not matter to you any more.

I beg you all, and you particularly, my poor abandoned little bird, drive these painful impressions from your mind and remember only the pleasant things you saw and heard.

Do I not look extremely well? Am I not cheerful, energetic, interested in everything? Does not the thought cheer you that I am allowed to-day to write this letter to you as an extra privilege, and that I have been able to procure a couple of books to write in, as well as pencils and indiarubber?

I am not surprised at not being able to receive daily papers; but I am very glad, and so must you be, that I can read a weekly paper.

Did you not notice Luckau? It seems a very bright little town. The chiming of the hours and the quarter-hours comes to me day and night from the great church tower, and regulates my life.

Is not our exercise-yard consolingly large, and full of good fresh air and pleasant views? In that respect it is much better than the yard of the military prison.

Heads up, then! You have all been so brave so far; and I was so proud of you! Now continue so. If it hurts you, bite your lips; everything will go on well, much better than you think.

Since November 4th 68 days have passed—that is, the twenty-first part of the four years—and altogether I have been in prison eight months and a-half. The time has passed at a furious speed. We are not altogether separated. In case of need we can write to each other, even if it is not the prescribed time. In very urgent circumstances you can come to see me when it is not visiting day. This should console you a good deal, though, of course, it is only for very exceptional cases.

I am greatly pleased to hear from Helmi that you are thinking again of giving some lectures on the history of art. Dear child, don't despise those things, as your words on Monday seemed to imply. Hold to your intellectual pursuits as a moral support, as an object of affection, as a substitute for me during my absence, till our happy times return and our sun rises again. What profound happiness may be found therein!

After much reflection, I advise you to read the prose writings of Lessing (dramas, letters on the new literature, and essays on antiquity). The clearness of his mind, which illuminates everything; the force of his diction and the elegance of his expression, the conciseness and efficacy of his style, his sovereign mastery of science and doctrine; all this is fascinating even to-day, and not at all tiresome, believe me.

Read the Laocoon with Helmi; you will enjoy it as well as he; and you will feel drawn closer together.

You must not bear me a grudge if I was cross on Monday because you had not yet looked over the two books of manuscript I left behind. You will find inside a particular folded paper with some notes on my letters and certain forms. Please take particular care of it for me, and don't let it get lost.

And forgive me too, sweetheart, if I was a bit out of temper about the work of annotating the reports of the trial. You must understand that until that is ready for the printer my thoughts are continually on it. I want it to be ready as soon as possible. Think how much work and how much sacrifice I put into it. Must it be in vain? It is costing me so much trouble; and you know that the notes and explanations are most important.

I do not want to worry you; on the contrary, this work will help to tranquilise you. Do not let anyone else talk to you about it, otherwise, the thing will drag on eternally, because others do not understand the need for hurry. Only you understand that, only in you I trust.

Young Franz can help you better than anybody; he is a clever fellow. Therefore I ask nothing of you except to take care of yourself and the children, and of this work, which is my constant thought.

Read my letters very carefully, as we must now weigh and measure every word, having so few words to spare for ourselves.

Each part of all the papers you took away with you on Monday is complete. Leave them with one of our friends, no matter which; it is all the same to me. . . .

And now I want to talk of you again. Have you made any plans about going away for your health? Just now the weather is not very propitious, but the time will come, will it not? We must think of that as certain; you must not ruin your health, my darling. You know how much I am attached to you, and how nervous I always am about you. If only that could help you! Your birthday comes again a week to-morrow. You will be alone without me again. I shall think of you even more than in the past; and the winter wind will bring you my kisses and all the good wishes you so well know; wishes, too, for your mother, and Adolph and your sisters, wishes for peace and tranquility, wishes for an affectionate understanding between you and the children, who already love you, and will love you more and more.

Helmi will grow up strong. Tell him he will get on well in the world; that is the best method of extirpating pessimism. Fight proudly and persistently. Let happen what will.

Keep up January 18th. Unfortunately, I can send you nothing but this greeting, these wishes and my kisses; a thousand kisses and embraces. I kiss your dear forehead. Be calm, my love, and strong. "Marvel at nothing," and "Let the world fall; its ruins will find me without fear," and you without fear. With this idea before you, you will conquer in spite of everything. Every best wish and many kisses to you and the children.

Your KARL.

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WHAT SOCIALISM IS NOT.

The terms Socialism and Communism had originally the same meaning.

They indicate a society in which the land, the means of production and distribution are held in common, and in which production is for use, not profit.

State Socialism, with its wages and salaries, its money system, banks and bureaucracy, is really not Socialism at all, but State Capitalism.

A recent leading article in the "Daily Herald" referred to the Port of London Authority as "a concrete illustration of Socialism as a working system."

A more gross mis-statement could hardly be made. It was a specially cruel mis-statement, since the dockers are on strike against the Port of London Authority.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, secretary of the London Labour Party, and a man of very moderate views, wrote to the "Daily Herald" to protest. He pointed out that the Port of London Authority has a chairman appointed by the Board of Trade, ten members appointed by the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the City Corporation, London County Council and Trinity House, only two of whom are Labour representatives. These ten members, who might be remotely regarded as public representatives, though most indirectly appointed, are counterbalanced by no fewer than 18 members elected by private capitalist interests, including payers of dues, owners of river craft and wharfingers, the voting being upon the basis of the business done.

Mr. Morrison declared it unfair to "genuine democratic Socialism" to regard the P.L.A. "as Socialism in practice."

He added, however, this very curious statement:

"I could understand such a phrase coming from a so-called Communist who admires Soviets."

It is well that Mr. Morrison prefixed the adjective "so-called." Obviously the Port of London Authority is the complete opposite of the Soviets under Communism.

The Soviets are the industrial councils under Communism.

Though the term Soviet is Russian, we cannot look to the Russia of to-day to find the correct Soviet. The Rusian Soviets now in being are apt to be composite assemblies of representatives, not merely of workers in industries, but of political organisations, national groups, trade unions, etc.

The typic Soviets, or those which will arise under Communism, are not composite bodies of this kind. They consist, firstly, of the workers in a factory, on a farm, in a dockyard, in a ship, in a coalpit, in a railway station, and so on. In each centre of production the workers will co-operate in organising their work. The large factory or works may have, if convenient, several sub-councils, each managing its own affairs. For questions of organisation affecting the whole works, either all the workers may confer, should occasion arise, or delegates may be appointed to hold any discussion and make any arrangements that may seem necessary, provided, of course, those whose delegates they are agree to what has been planned.

For arrangements which may have to be made for an entire industry, or for a group of industries in a given area, delegates will be appointed and instructed in the same way from the workers in the various centres, and will make their reports in due course.

No professional class of delegates will be created. The delegates will be chosen from amongst those actually working, and will return to their work when the occasion for conference has passed.

No authoritarian control will be imposed, but an efficient system of statistical and information bureaux will knit together the workers' council organisation.

The object of the Workers' Council is not to govern a race of slaves, but to supply the needs of free people.

The forerunners of the Workers' Councils under Communism are those which have already begun to spring up under Capitalism. The war-time shop stewards' and workers' committee movement in this country was an example of this. Similar, but more advanced movements developed in other countries at the same period. In Germany these are still maintained.

Cartoonist Gros sees the beauty and strength of the present social order.

In the Russian Revolution of 1905 Soviets or Workers' Councils arose, and also in the Revolution of 1917. In the German and Austrian Revolutions of 1918, and the various revolutionary outbreaks which have since occurred, the Workers' Councils have been the medium through which the workers have acted.

E. S. P.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNIST WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL.

The world is full of the French invasion of the German coal region of the Ruhr. The workers have as much need as international capital to examine the situation soberly. They have to state the truth as they see it, and to act according to that truth.

And the truth is this:

Neither America nor England, nor any other of the Allied capitalists, help the German capitalist without doing a good stroke of business for themselves at the same time; which means that it is done at the expense of the international working-class.

America and England can go a part of the way together in the development of this affair, and with apparent forbearance towards their debtor—they can wait.

France, as she is situated, cannot wait, or at any rate, could only do so at the expense of her present point of vantage.

So France seizes upon her German competitors with the brutal means common to Capitalism all the world over.

The answer to their move is that moral indignation on the part of the German capitalists equally familiar to the workers since 1914, and the partially indirect support of those German capitalistic manoeuvres by America and England who feel themselves to have received a set-back to their claims or in the manner in which these claims are fulfilled.

Once more the workers and their strength are to be harnessed to these interests of the Capitalists.

But the workers need to keep cool so far as Capitalist interests are in question. They should only be hot in their own interests, which are of an entirely different nature.

Benevolent Americans, sensible English, rascally French, pitiable Germans are out of the case.

They are one and all equally rogues to the working class, and so they would each show themselves, severally on occasion, or all together.

What will be the result of this cast-out among the Capitalists?

If France succeeds, the effects will be devastating for Germany but in the long run not less so for the whole Entente. If she do not succeed, the results will be destructive to herself, but ultimately equally so to all others.

A period of heavy crisis in the second degree is commencing.

But whatever the individual crisis or compulsion, it is all to be regarded as part of the death-throes of the Capitalist system as a whole.

This truth must be declared to the workers by the members of the Communist Workers International.

They must call upon them to think and act internationally with greater intensity than before, to carry on the class war on really international lines.

They have to tell them that every kind of protest or general strike proposition, such as is put forward by the International Social-Democratic Trade Unionists and parties of the Third International against the advance of the French, is nothing but a strike for the German Capitalists.

They have to enlighten them as to the catchwords of the pseudo-Communist Third International, with their demand for a workers' Government and alliance with Russia.

The phrase of the workers' Government is nothing but a mockery; and union with Russia nothing but union with a Capitalism which, like every other Capitalism—only in a peculiar fashion—buys the proletariat for its own use.

Let us have done with phrase-making. No talking ourselves into hatred or love for the sake of Capital in accordance with the capitalist-imposed ideology. We must pierce through the fog of this ideology, must recognise the interests of the working class, and act only in harmony with them.

To act in the interests of the workers means to act for humanity.

The Executive of the Communist Workers' International.

Contributors should endeavour to restrict their MS. to one column in length.

GERMINAL.

Have you got Germinal?

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

By Tom Anderson.

A BARROW-LOAD OF SIN.

We of the Scottish proletariat have received as a heritage "a barrow-load of sin." None of us can escape it, and as a result we are always trying to be good. We are always saying that if it was not for "sin" we might have been well off. All our teachers tell us the same story. Of course it was from our teachers we received our first lesson about this barrow-load.

It came about this way: Some 6,000 years ago a lady lived in a garden with her husband, and one very fine day a gentleman called God Serpent came along and spoke to the lady. He said: "Good day, my lady," and the lady said:

"Good day, sir."

"Fine apples, my lady."

"Yes, very nice apples they are," the lady said.

"Why not have one?" said my God Serpent.

But the lady said: "No; we must not."

"All nonsense," said the God Serpent; "you try."

"But I am afraid," said the lady.

And with that he kissed her. At the same time he plucked an apple and handed it to her.

The lady fainted, and when she came to herself again she found she was naked. And she laughed and laughed, and said to herself: "Oh, that was very funny. I never thought an apple could be so sweet."

So the lady went in search of her husband, and she found him in a corner of the garden counting his toes, and she said unto him: "Here is an apple, my lord, and it is so sweet that if you will eat it you will experience the greatest joy in the world."

And he did eat, and, like the lady, he also fainted, and when he awakened he found himself in the embrace of the lady.

He said unto the lady: "What is this thou hast done unto me?"

And the lady said: "Did you not enjoy it?"

But having tasted sin, he was afraid to tell the truth.

Just then the real God of the Garden came along, and he was looking for them, and He could not find them, for they were making clothes to cover their nakedness. So He called unto them:

"Where art thou?"

And so the lady and her husband came out of their hiding place; and lo and behold, they had sewn together a number of leaves from the trees to cover their nakedness.

And the God of the Garden said: "What is this thou hast done?"

And the man said: "The woman Thou gavest me has defiled me. She coaxed me, and I did eat."

And the lady smiled, and said it was the of the pleasure she had enjoyed, both with

Now the God of the Garden was very angry, and He said unto them: "Cursed be woman; in sorrow and travail shall she bring forth children."

But the lady only smiled. The thought of the pleasure she had enjoyed, both with the God Serpent and her husband, made her forget the terrible sin she had committed.

And unto the man the God said: "You shall earn your bread by the sweat of your brow."

But the man spoke not, because he was under the thrall of the woman.

After that the lady started having children, and so every boy and girl that is born into the world is born in sin.

But every man does not earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; it is only we of the lowly Scottish proletariat, for the God of the Garden said afterwards we required rich people as well as workers, so he made kings and queens, princes and lords, ladies and fine gentlemen to rule over us.

And later on He sent Jesus, His Son, to die for us, to take away the barrow-load of sin.

But the sin can only be finally taken away when we die; because if you were to take away the sin now there would be no people in the world.

So we of the Scottish proletariat have a barrow-load of it, and we know that it is the will of God that things should be as they are. If it were not for this barrow-load of sin we might have a revolution.

I often wonder what would have happened if that apple had been an orange. One thing I am certain of—there would have been more juice in the story.

The moral of the lesson is, if you want to cod the workers, tell them a story, and put as much sin into it as possible, for it being in their blood, they will love you all the more.

THE COMMUNIST LIFE FOR MUTUAL SERVICE.

Hon. Secretary, A. Hodson, 36 St. Peter's Hill, Grantham.

The first Communistic effort to which we shall call attention in this bulletin is that of the Sheffield locomotive engineers and firemen, who built their own Club and Institute almost entirely by voluntary labour.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' CLUB AND INSTITUTE.

Sheffield No. 1 Branch.

On December 16th, 1922, there was opened in Sheffield a splendid achievement of Communist effort, in the shape of a fine institute with the above title. As a practical demonstration of co-operative principles, this Club and Institute is unparalleled in this area.

The branch of the Locomotive Engineers' Society, which undertook the work, has had, during the past twelve months, only a membership ranging between 500 and 600 members.

An active group amongst them is composed of believers in the value of independent working-class education, and for the past four years the branch has had classes in economics, history, philosophic logic, and the materialist conception of history. The men who have conducted the branch business have been students at these classes.

During the last four years many schemes have been discused by the local Trade and Labour Council whereby the organised workers could find themselves a club; but it has been left to the locomotive engineers to realise this desire. These ardent Communists have learnt the valuable lesson from their studies, that something more than lip service is required if we are to be successful in overcoming our problems.

These men had no permanent meeting-place for their branch business and study classes. After being bandied about from one place to another, and finding that the less enthusiastic students were not prepared to endure such inconveniences, they determined to find premises of their own. It was impossible for them to buy a place large enough. They decided to build, and elected a small committee to give the project a start.

A site was found containing an old bungalow, which was conveniently central to the men's homes and their work. The property belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. The price was £175, with a long lease on the land. In a comparatively short time £1,300 was raised from among the men, lent free of interest, and without any conditions. The methods of raising the money were numerous and interesting. The enthusiastic ones gave up their savings for the effort. A voluntary levy in the branch of 1/- per quarter was adopted. The younger members formed a concert party and gave entertainments, in order to bring in finance. Raffles were organised; paintings, cutlery, etc., were given by various members as prizes. While the men were putting their savings at the disposal of the Committee, they were at the same time giving their labour without payment in demolishing the old bungalow.

An expert was engaged to draw up the plans from suggestions made by the committee men. Three bricklayers only were found to be necessary, along with their three labourers (a condition imposed by Union rules). All the remainder of the work was done by the railwaymen when off duty between shifts. Their only motive was their desire to have a Club. The men worked hard and long, with self-imposed discipline under the instructions of the secretary of the committee, who was elected to take charge. All the materials from the demolition were carefully placed on one side, to be used again later when required.

The contractor who supplied the plans entered into the spirit of this co-operative effort, and advised the men on each purchase of material, all of which was made by the men's representatives. The men freely admit that the work was a sheer delight, and instead of regretting having to go to it, their regrets were experienced when they were too tired to do any more, or when they had to leave off to go to their toil.

Later it became necessary to raise more money. Somewhere about £1,200 was raised by means of loans at 5 per cent. interest. The payment of the interest constitutes the sole debt at the present moment which the Club officials have to meet, and they will easily overcome this difficulty.

The work was commenced in December 1921, and the Institute was opened in December 1922. Twelve months of glorious labour!

To-day Sheffield possesses a splendid Institute, comprising a lecture-hall seating 500, a bar, billiard-table, two committee-rooms, library, ladies' room, lavatories, and entrance-hall. No Trade Union hall in Sheffield is its superior, and to-day there are a few proud men in Sheffield who know that Communist effort in practice brings a rejuvenation of the soul. Let others copy! The walls are a little

bare, and would be improved by the work of an artist, should there happen to be one who could find sufficient leisure to portray his or her ideas on the interior walls to bring a little more beauty and colour to this great work. All the finance was provided by the members of the Union. Every stone was carried to its place by one or more of these men. Those who at first were sceptical of the whole idea were gently awakened as they saw the building going up. Those who had not seen the place from the time when operations began were simply astounded when they went to the opening ceremony.

The men who built it also opened it. A nice little bureau was presented to the secretary, who performed the ceremony, and now the men are entrenched in their own quarters their progress in the future will be all the greater because of this asset and the lesson it has taught.

The Sanctuary, Washington, Sussex.

This Colony has been started by Miss Vera Pragnell, who has bought the land, and offers half an acre of land free to each settler. A workman's cottage is used as a centre by the colonists. The colonists grow food and practise handicrafts, which they exchange for cash or goods. The Colony is run on a religious basis. There is no organisation and no rules. The colonists work individually and dispose of their goods individually for the present.

A Communist Home in London.

Eager writes again asking to hear from those who are willing to join her in starting a Communist home of mutual service in London.

An Indian Society.

Dr. B. S. Pathick writes from Ajmer explaining the objects and methods of the Society of Servants of Rajasthan:

(1) To serve humanity without anticipating any return.

(2) To serve specially those Rajasthanis (people of this province) who stand in need of our help or who are oppressed by foreigner or native ruling tyranny.

(3) To train workers and propagandists.

(4) To offer all available hospitality and facilities to the workers, whose ideal is similar to that of ours, irrespective of caste and creed.

(5) To organise peasantry and working class, and fight for their uplift.

(6) To create the feelings of universal brotherhood.

Our life members have to transfer all their personal property and legal rights and claims to any movable or immovable property whatsoever to the Society.

The associates have to take a vow to give their whole time of not less than one year to the cause of society, and to work under its authority according to the rules and regulations governing the members of our Society. There are some other sections of the members who have to help our propaganda and abide by rule No. 4.

I think the above lines are sufficient to give your Committee an idea of our aims and organisations here. Now if you think necessary to enrol myself as your member, you are at liberty to do that. If not, never mind, it makes no difference. We are one, and our universal efforts are sure to become interdependent and intermingle some time.

Patriotism is the voice of Big Business.

The British Army of Occupation in Cologne celebrated on August 1st, not some British victory over the Germans, but the British defeat of the French at the Battle of Minden in 1759.

TO THOSE WHOM THE CAP FITS.

By M. Parker.

I see that the Ministry of Pensions is cutting down the pensions to widowed mothers whose sons were killed in the war.

Those lads were misled into killing working men on the other side, who, like themselves, had no interest in the war.

Now they are lying underground with a wooden cross over them. Their poor mothers, weeping and growing gray at home, are wondering whether it is really their boys who are lying there.

Every eleventh minute of the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of every year, the Government orders that every man, woman and child shall be silent, and all work and traffic shall cease for two minutes. What a mockery for those poor mothers, who need no reminder of those dear sons they could not see the last of.

They almost gave up their lives to bring those sons into the world, and then at the age of eighteen they were taken away. Nobody asked: "Do you need him, mother?" There was a little family of brothers and sisters. He worked to help to keep them. They must do as best they can without him now.

And the boys who came back? Thousands upon thousands are half-fed and half-clothed to-day, lining up at the Labour Exchange for a few shillings.

If those who live in Piccadilly and Park Lane could change with us; if we East End people could take their places for three months, and they were to come down here, they would cry to us for mercy and beg us to give them back their own homes before the first days had passed. What would they say when they had to go to a full committee of the Guardians to ask for boots for their children? That would be rather different from a visit to the theatre and a champagne supper afterwards. What would they do without their motors when they went shopping, and without their servants to wash their feet? What would they do without anyone to look after their little darling whilst they were flying round enjoying themselves?

Our houses have no shady gardens to take tea in with one's friends. We have no cellars to keep our wines and spirits in, no banking account, no servant to answer the bell and bring our fur coats.

We are all working people here in Poplar, but we have begun to fix our eyes on the class that lives at the other end of town.

We mean that you who never did a day's work in your lives shall work as well as we, for the world is as much ours as yours.

WHAT AGRICULTURE CAN DO.

By Peter Kropotkin.

If we want, however, to know what agriculture can be, and what can be grown on a given amount of soil, we must apply for information to the market-gardening culture in this country, in the neighbourhoods of Paris, Amiens, and other large cities, and in Holland. There we shall learn that each hundred acres, under proper culture, yield food, not for forty human beings as they do on our best farms, but for 200 and 300 persons; not for sixty milch cows as they do yield in the island of Jersey, but for 200 cows, and more if necessary. While science devotes its chief attention to industrial pursuits, a limited number of lovers of nature and a legion of workers whose very names will remain unknown to posterity have created of late a quite new agriculture, as superior to modern farming as modern farming is superior to the old three-fields system of our ancestors. Science seldom guided them, and sometimes misguided—as was the case with Liebig's theories, developed to the extreme by his followers, who induced us to treat plants as glass recipients of chemical drugs, and who forgot that there can be no such science as the chemistry of an organism: that the only science capable of dealing with life and growth is physiology, not chemistry.

Science seldom has guided them: they proceeded in the empirical way; but, like the cattle-growers who opened new horizons to biology, they have opened a new field of experimental research for the physiology of plants. They have created a totally new agriculture. They smile when we boast about the rotation system having permitted us to take from the field one crop every year, or four crops each three years, because their ambition is to have six, nine, and twelve crops from the very same plot of land during the twelve months. They do not understand our talk about good and bad soils, because they make the soil themselves, and more it in such quantities as to be compelled yearly to sell some of it: otherwise it would raise up the level of their gardens by half an inch every year. They aim at cropping, not five or six tons of grass on the acre, as we do, but from 50 to 100 tons of various vegetables on the same space; not £5 worth of hay, but £100 worth of vegetables, of the plainest description, cabbage and carrots.

That is where agriculture is going now

We know that the dearest of all varieties of our staple food is meat; and those who are not vegetarians, either by persuasion or by necessity, consume on the average 225 lbs of meat—that is, roughly speaking, a little less than the third part of an ox—every year. And we have seen that, even in this country and Belgium, 3 acres are wanted for keeping one head of horned cattle; so that a community of, say, 1,000,000 inhabitants would have to reserve somewhere about 3,000,000 acres of land for supplying it with meat. But if we go to the farm of M. Goppart—one of the promoters of ensilage in France—we shall see him growing, on a drained and well-manured field, no less than an average of 36,000 lbs. of corn-grass in the acre, which give, in silos, the food of one horned beast per acre. The produce is thus trebled. As to beetroot, which is used also for feeding cattle, Mr. Champion, of Whitby, succeeds, with the help of sewage, in growing 100,000 lbs. of beet on each acre, and occasionally 150,000 and 200,000 lbs.

He thus grows on each acre the food of, at least, two or three head of cattle. And such crops are not isolated facts: thus, M. Gros, at Autun, succeeds in cropping 600,000 lbs. of beet and carrots, which crop would permit him to keep four horned cattle on each acre.

As to crops of 100,000 lbs. of beet, they appears that while we need in this country occur in numbers in the French competitions and the success depends entirely upon good culture and appropriate manuring. It thus 30,000,000 acres to keep 10,000,000 horned cattle, double that amount could be kept on one-half of that area; and if the density of population required it, the amount of cattle could be doubled again, and the area required to keep it might still be one-half, or even one-third, of what it is now.

The above examples are striking enough, and yet those afforded by the market-gardening culture are still more striking. I mean the culture carried on in the neighbourhood of big cities and more especially the "culture maraîchère" under Paris—the distinctive feature of that culture being replanting. In that culture each plant is treated according to its age. The seeds germinate and develop their first four leaflets in especially favourable conditions of soil and temperature; then the best seedlings are picked out and transplanted into a bed of fine loam, under a frame or in the open air, where they freely develop their rootlets and receive more care because they are gathered on a limited space; and only after that preliminary training are they bedded in the open ground, where they grow till ripe. In such a culture the primitive condition of the soil is of little account, because loam is made out of the old forcing beds. The seeds are carefully tried, and therefore give astonishing results like those obtained in 1862 by Mr. Halett from his "pedigre wheat."

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS.

By B. Kreele.

With the growth of unemployment here, disastrous misery and discontent increases among the poorer classes of all sections, races and tribes. Even the dogs that are used as a means of livelihood are heavily taxed.

Every awakened worker predicted the misery of the native workers, in spite of the "sweet and fatherly" promises to them of "the African Idol," General Smuts.

The appeal of awakened workers to the toilers of all classes and races to join in one revolutionary union has been disregarded. The leaders of the coloured races believe every now and then that their remedy is almost within their reach. They fancy that by hiding all revolutionary tendencies and avoiding any connection with the workers' organisations, they will win the favour of the White Government.

When the cup of tears is running over, words of truth escape, however, even from such moderate Liberals amongst the coloured people as Dr. Abdurahman, who, in protesting against the massacre of the Bondleswartz, said:

"When the small remnants of the Hottentots in South-West Africa were goaded into rebellion by their inability or unwillingness to pay a dog tax of £4 10s 3d., and were then bombed by aeroplanes and driven into the desert to die of hunger and thirst. To condone this unbridled lust for murder on the part of the Whites, the South-West African Administration is now busy framing excuses to justify the horrible slaughter."

The doctor forgets that the White workers were also slaughtered by the same brutal Government—the issue is not, therefore, one of White versus Black.

The doctor continued:

"With the outbreak of the Great War we once again entertained high hopes that our rights would receive recognition. We proved to the world that, despite our unjust political subjection, despite the insults daily hurled at us despite the condition of industrial serfdom in which we laboured, our people were ready to respond to the call with other non-European races in the Empire. The response was prompt and universal. It was based on that sense of loyalty to the Empire that fills the breast of every coloured man, who was fired with the earnest hope that the Allies would prevail and that the protection of small nationalities would be not only a blazing emblem on their military banners, but would become the heritage and possession of every people of every class, creed and colour."

Here again, was not every worker warned by our class-conscious comrades not to participate in the capitalist war? After the war was not the White worker fooled and betrayed just like the Black?

"This feeling of mistrust is more than justified in the light of the conduct of the Union authorities in their dealing with South-West Africa, which everyone will admit, in spite of the special pleadings of the Administration, has been characterised by callous brutality and barbaric methods.

"We must, indeed, be thankful that the attempt to bring Rhodesia into the Union has failed. Had it been successful, then the political colour bar would have been extended to that province and the non-European inhabitants, who to-day live under as liberal a constitution as we did in the Cape prior to the Union, would have been forced into the same condition of political serfdom that we to-day endure."

[This statement should give food for thought to those who think with pride of what is sometimes called "the British Commonwealth of free nations.—Editor, Workers' Dreadnought."]

Make no mistake, fellow-workers, White and Black, the capitalist oppressors are not making such "unity" transactions for the benefit of the workers. All such unities are directed to strengthening the enemy camps, for the direct exploitation of the workers, Coloured and White alike.

The doctor adds that he hopes the coloured race will not be forced to try other than constitutional means to win its freedom. He says:

"Should we be forced to put into practice the weapon of industrial warfare, and if we were organised, we could bring the country to a panic in 24 hours."

He regrets the plea that coloured workers should make common cause with the White workers:

"Our greatest enemy in the industrial world is organised White labour. We hear much about the wickedness of Capitalism and the need to combat it by the solidarity of the workers; but, alas! the greatest exploiters of coloured labour on the Rand are the White workers. Their solidarity has resulted in our being kept down to unskilled work—a position which we should not tolerate much longer."

The accusation is largely true; but who is to blame? Do not the White Trade Union leaders labour under the same erroneous illusions as this coloured doctor? Are they not also (mis) leading the workers into separate organisations? You can rest assured, fellow-workers, White and Black, that as long as you follow the steps of your leaders in a separate and divided struggle with your enemy, Capitalism, you must expect defeat.

In dealing with the capitalists' Courts of Justice, the coloured leader says:

"With respect to magistrates, whilst some of them are worthily dispensing Justice with an equal balance, non-Europeans have to a large extent lost all faith in our Courts of Law. That loss of confidence, sad to say, has not even stopped at the higher Courts."

Very sad indeed; but did not the White worker on the Rand declare "Capitalist Justice is bankrupt"? Is any Justice at all applied to the workers, no matter whether White or Coloured, when they attack the established order? Did not the Courts justify murder and atrocities on the part of the magnates' Government against the revolting White worker, and later on did we not meet with what was practically a copy of the same justification for the massacre of the revolting Bondleswartz?

How can you close your eyes to such simple facts?

The White and Coloured workers must organise together in one Revolutionary Industrial Union, and march shoulder to shoulder in one organised proletarian body to secure emancipation from Capitalism.

ESPERANTO.

Lesson 27.

IE, KIE, ETC. à

Ie, somewhere.
Kie, where.
Tie, there.
Nenie, nowhere.
Cie, everywhere.
I, indefinite.
K, asks a "**K**Westion."
T, likea signpost, "points out."
N, negative.

We have already had other series of words similarly formed. They are called **Correlative** words. If you learn one series, the rest are very easy to learn.

It should be noted that the words **iu** (someone), **io** (something), **iam** (at some time), **iel** (somehow), **ie** (somewhere), when they occur in questions or in negative sentences are translated into English by "anyone," "anything," "at any time," "anyhow," "anywhere," thus:

Ĉu **iu** estas tie, Is **anyone** there?
Mi ne vidis **iun,** I did not see **anyone.**
Ĉu **io** estas tie? Is **anything** there?
Mi ne vidis **ion,** I did not see **anything.**

The words beginning with **K** (**kiu,** who; **kio,** what; **kiam,** when; **kiel,** how; **kie,** where) besides being questions, are also used in questions hmhm rfrfhmhm rrffr dwdlunup as "relatives," as in English, thus:

Question: **Kie** ĝi estas? **Where** is it?
As relative: Mi ne scias, **kie** ĝi estas, I do not know **where** it is.
Question: **Kiam** li venis, **when** did he come?
As relative: Mi ne rimarkis, **kiam** li venis, I did not notice **when** he came.

Prefix Dis.

Dis denotes **separation, dispersion, scattering.** Semi, to sow; **dissemi,** to sow broadcast, to disseminate; ĵeti (ĵ is pronounced like s in pleasure—i.e., **zh**), to throw; **disĵeti,** to throw about, scatter; peli, to drive (before one); **dispeli,** to dispel, scatter, disperse.

K Suffix -an.

-An- means **belonging to, a member of,** or **partisan of.** Vilaĝo, a village; **vilaĝano,** a villager; **Londonano,** a Londoner; Kristo, Christ; **Kristano,** a Christian.

Vocabulary.

lasis	left
ombrelo	umbrella
jam	already
serĉis	searched, looked for
povas	can
renkontis	met
sed	but
loĝas	live, dwell
iras	go
dis-iĝi	become separated
ĝiris	tore
peco	a piece

Vocabulary.

Mi lasis mian ombrelon ie. Kie vi lasis ĝin? Mi ne scias, kie mi ĝin lasis; mi jam serĉis ĉie, kaj ne povas ĝin trovi (find). Ĉu vi serĉis tie? Jes, mi povas vidi ĝin nenie. Mi jam renkontis vin ie, sed kie, mi ne scias. Kie vi loĝas? Mi loĝas en Londono. Mi estas Londonano. Kien (to where?) vi iras? Mi iras tien. Li marŝis tien kaj reen (to and fro).

KOMUNISTA MANIFESTO.

Ju pli malmulte da lerteco kaj laboro aŭ forto estas postulata en mana laboro, alivorte, ju pli multe la moderna industrio disvolviĝas, des pli multe la laboro de viroj estas anstataŭata de tiu de virinoj. Diversecoj de aĝo kaj sekso ne plu havas klaran socian efikecon por la laboranta klaso. Ĉiuj estas iloj de laboro, pli aŭ malpli multekostaj por uzi, laŭ aĝo kaj sekso.

Tuj kiam la ekspluatado de la laboristo sub la manoj de la fabrikanto atingas finon ĝis tiu grado kie li ricevas sian pagon en kontanto, li estas atakata de la aliaj sekcioj de la kapitalistaro, la domluanto, la magazenisto, la pruntisto, k. t. p.

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