

The Coming Reign of Plenty.

Workers' Dreadnought

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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LINES FROM CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

What's That?

I met a little person on my land
A-fishing in the waters of my stream;
He seemed a man, yet could not understand
Things that to most men very simple seem.

"Get off!" said I, "This land is mine, my friend;
"Get out!" said I, "This brook belongs to me!
I own the land, and you must make an end
Of fishing here so free!

"I own this place, the land and water too!
You have no right to be here, that is flat!
Get off it! That is all I ask of you!"

"Own it!" said he—"What's that?"

"What's that?" said I, "Why that is common sense!
"I own the water and the fishing right—
I own the land from here to yonder fence—
Get off, my friend, or fight!"

He looked at the clear stream so neatly kept—
He looked at teaming vine and laden tree,
And wealthy fields of grain that stirred and slept—
"I see!" he cried, "I see!

"You mean you cut the wood and ploughed the field,
From your hard labour all this beauty grew—
To you is due the richness of the yield—
You have some claim, 'tis true!"

"Not so!" said I, with manner very cool,
And tossed my purse into the air and caught it.

"Do I look like a labourer, you fool?
It's mine because I bought it!"

Again he looked as if I talked in Greek,
Again he scratched his head and twirled his hat;
Before he mustered wit enough to speak—
"Bought it!" said he—"What's that?"

And then he said again, "I see! I see!"
You mean that some men toiled with ploughs and hoes,
And while those worked for you, you toiled with glee
At other work for those!"

"Not so," said I, getting a little hot,
Thinking the man a fool as well as funny,
"I'm not a working man, you idiot,
I bought it with my money!"

And still that creature stared and dropped his jaw,
Till I could have destroyed him where he sat;
"Money!" said I, "Money, and moneyed law!"

"Money!" said he—"What's that?"

TO OUR READERS.

The "Workers' Dreadnought" has heavy expenses to meet at this time. Readers are therefore asked to make a special effort to assist. Send as large a donation as you can as quickly as possible.

The circulation is steadily creeping up, but the financial strain is great. Will you not help to lighten the load?

Germany's Hour for Revolution.

Germany should rise now to the Communist revolution. If ever a time was propitious, it is this time.

The French Government has invaded Germany to enslave the German workers, and especially the miners—to force them to produce wealth under worse conditions than any Capitalist Government dare impose upon the wage-slaves of its own land.

The German Government, which, as even the capitalists admit, is the creature of the great German industrial capitalists, was not prepared to resist the French Government in its plan to enslave the German workers.

The German industrial capitalists met to confer with the French, Belgian and Italian engineers forming the Control Commission meeting in Germany, under the protection of the invading French armies.

The German capitalists met the invaders to negotiate, not for the liberty, the safety or the economic security of the German workers who were to be enslaved—no; the German magnates met the invaders simply to discuss the profits which they, patriots as they profess themselves, were to make out of the labour of the German workers, their fellow-countrymen who were to be enslaved to the French.

The German capitalists were willing to assist in the enslavement of the workers, if only their profits might be assured. They demanded payment for their coal on what is called an ordinary business footing. The French were to pay them their price on the export tax to be levied on the coal—a tax which would inevitably produce reactions in the further depression of German money and the intensified poverty of the German workers. That was of no concern to the German capitalists, and the German Government their control. French invaders might enslave the German people, might tax them, might coerce them, might legislate for them, if only the profits of German Big Business were assured.

But French Capitalism was too greedy; its orders were too stringent. The French invaders declared that they would only pay the German mine-owners the actual costs of production for the coal which the workers were to extract under slave conditions.

That the German coal-owners would not tolerate; any attack on their profits must be resisted to the point of death—by whom?

By whom? By those who are always put forward to fight for the protection of Capital; by the workers.

If the profits of the owners could be assured, then the workers were to remain calm. They were to content themselves with half-an-hour's protest strike, and then return to work, kiss the rod, toil and starve in obedient silence.

The price negotiations having failed, the workers are expected by their masters to play another part.

The German coal-owners informed their Government that it must issue an order prohibiting them from supplying coal or coke to France or Belgium, even in return for payment.

The French now retort that they will have the coal if they have to get it by force. The French military invaders have already interviewed the German miners' leaders with a view to inducing them to work under French control.

The "Daily Telegraph" reports that the miners' leaders have said:

"They understand the point of view of France, but they cannot be responsible for the behaviour of the miners if there is lack of food."

It seems there has been a diminution of food supplies in the Ruhr since the French invasion, but the French are making arrangements to overcome that, and may offer the miners the further bribe of wages paid in French money—as a means of overcoming the initial difficulty of inducing them to commence work for a foreign invader.

This report is probably true. That the German Trade Union leaders of the old school should be willing to deliver their members as bond-slaves to the invader—in order to avoid forcible measures by the French against themselves—cannot surprise us now, looking back on their several betrayals and misunderstandings of the workers' cause during the late war and since.

The German Trade Union leaders, who formed a united front with Capitalism in the Great War, and took sides with the capitalists when the Communists made efforts to overthrow Capitalism, will now justify any complacency they may show towards the French invaders by urging that the workers should not be made the catspaws of the coal-owners.

The French will meet the refusal to supply them with coal by preventing coal or any other products being taken from the Ruhr to other parts of Germany. This will mean the closing down of industry and widespread distress.

If the Ruhr workers refuse to work for them, or practise ca'canny to the extreme, the French invaders will begin with rigorous punishments, numerous executions, and the pressure of starvation, and will end by attempting to drive out or exterminate the German population and to replace it with French workers, Polish workers, or any workers who will toil for them.

But will it come to this? Have freedom, justice, and solidarity and courage altogether died out amongst the people of the world?

We believe not; we hope not.

We would not have the German workers resist the French invaders in the interests of the German capitalists who have failed to agree with the French over prices, but who may presently come to terms, and may then request the workers to return to their labours.

We would not have the German workers resist at the bidding of the German Government, which is the creature of the capitalists.

We would have the German workers rise, as the French Communards rose against their own Capitalist Government and against the capitalist invader.

We hope that the workers all over Germany may now arise and establish their Soviets and proclaim the reign of Communism, appealing to the world proletariat for support.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

A blue mark in this space indicates that your subscription is now due.

The high cost of production of the paper necessitates prompt payment

If ever there was a moment in which a people had cause to rise, it is this moment in Germany. We believe that if the standard of Communist revolution is not raised now in Germany, a great mistake will have been made, a great opportunity lost.

It is reported that collisions between the people and the French troops have already begun. If the Communists cannot rise to the occasion the outraged people will become the prey of the reactionaries, who will appeal to them to resist the invaders. Already it is reported that mobs are abroad in the Ruhr, hounding down foreigners, and also Socialists, because the latter are supposed to counsel submission to the French.

The leaders of world Socialism are failing as they failed in 1914, as they failed in 1917. The Second International merely asks for a world conference of Capitalist Governments, or appeals to the authority of the Capitalist League of Nations, in which there is no hope, since it is controlled by Capitalist Governments, and, above all, by the French and German Capitalist Governments.

The Third International shows no sign of rising to the occasion. If it may be judged by its Essen manifesto, its slogan in this crisis is reform, not revolution—its word to both French and German workers is: "Make your own capitalists pay for reparations." O weak futility! O reflection of Capitalist shams!

The news we receive from the Fourth International—but a germ as yet—tells us that its German section realises revolution to be its duty.

Will the people of Germany rise? Will the hour of the Communist revolution strike?

NATURAL COMMUNISM.

The Inuits (Esquimaux) have few pleasures but those of society, and of these they do not deprive themselves. The climate being hostile, the earth a harsh stepmother, they feel the need of keeping close together, of helping one another, of loving one another. What the outer world refuses them they ask from the inner. After all, there is for man no better companion than man; it is in consorting with his fellows that he develops his original qualities and his highest faculties. Were it not that the Esquimaux tribes are great families, closely united, were there not Communism thorough and deep-rooted, their little republics would have speedily perished. Indeed, they do not yet understand anything of the glorious principle, "Everyone for himself," or of the eternal truths of supply and demand. . . . The theory of rent, which dominates our Western civilisation; capital reproducing itself in perpetuity and multiplying by the work of others—what monstrous ideas would they be to these good-natured people, who gladly lend every tool and instrument of which they have no immediate need, and to whom the idea of indemnity has never occurred in the case of the borrower having lost or damaged the object lent him. Furthermore, a hunter may not take away the snares which he has once spread, and whoever goes to visit them shall have the game. In the taking of fish, even strangers may profit by the dam which they have neither constructed nor fitted up. What would Newfoundland, St. Pierre and Miquelon say of these customs? All exceptional game, large, like the whale, or of a rare species, belongs to the community; matters are so arranged that all can have a share of it. It is seldom that the head of a family possesses anything beside a boat and a sledge, his clothing, his weapons, and a few tools. Communists without knowing it, the Inuits have only the rudiments of that private property which they, however, know well how to respect. Living amid these snow plains, associating together for the greater part of their occupations at sea—the great, vast, changeful sea, which cannot be cut up into lots and small holdings, nor parcelled out into domains—the equal division which is made of all they produce constitutes a mutual assurance without which they would perish one after the other.

Every seal that is captured is divided, at least in times of scarcity, between all the heads of families. If they do not divide the portions with exact equality, it is because the largest are devoted to the children; the adults go without anything for a long while, that the youngsters may receive something.

So deeply Communistic is the character of the Esquimaux that when he happens to become possessed of anything, he takes a pride in giving or sharing it all; for he, too, says that it is more blessed to give than to receive. . . . He who has, shares with him who has not. The hungry, without a word of excuse or entreaty, sits himself down beside him who eats, and puts his hand in the dish. Europeans, ever mistrustful and ready to pass harsh judgments, could not fail to take these Communistic habits for theft and pillage. In fact, these innocents, on their first visit to the ships, behaved as they did at home, seized what pleased them, and carried it off, thinking that it was theirs for the trouble of taking. On perceiving that the foreigners considered this very bad behavior, they restored what they had unduly appropriated, and strove in every way to regain favour. "These Esquimaux," remarks Lubbock, "have less religion and more morality than any other race."

The missionaries of the Greek Church—whom the Alentians could only lose by the change proposed to them, and that their conversion to Christianity was little to be desired. . . .

And nothing about Government? In fact, I had forgotten it. My excuse is that the Alentians had practically none before the Russians came and forced themselves upon them. Nobody commanded and nobody obeyed. The whalers and the angakout (medicine men) exercised a predominant influence, in virtue of an intelligence and bravery recognised as superior, but anyone might gainsay them if he liked. The old men who acted in the capacity of public counsellors; they were deferred to because it was the general wish. The islands of importance, and the larger groups, had arrived at a kind of representation. A Tajoun, a president by election, centralised enquiries and governed paternally. He was exempted from compulsory labour, and rowers were attached to his boat of office. . . . The prerogative of the Tajoun were scarcely more than honorary. If he was chosen to manage a fishing expedition, when the enterprise ended, farwell to command, for 'our enemy is our master.' The legends hold up to execration some tyrants of former times who wanted to usurp the power; their murderers are commemorated as public benefactors.

The Esquimaux seeks less for domination than for superiority; he prefers direction to command, he does not arm justice with a sword, nor authority with a club."

Elie Reclus, "Primitive Folk."

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

All books reviewed may be obtained at the "Dreadnought" Bookshop.

The Myth of a Guilty Nation, by Albert Jay Nock (Historicus). (Huebsch, New York, 2/6.) The author says that in his opinion the German Government's share of war guilt was extremely small; so small by comparison with that of the Major Powers allied against Germany as to be inconsiderable. His main contention is, however, that the Treaty of Versailles is based on the assumption that Germany alone was guilty, and if it can be shown that Germany was not alone guilty, the Treaty is indefensible. He quotes a statement of Mr. Lloyd George on March 3rd, 1921:

"For the Allies German responsibility for the war is fundamental. . . if that acknowledgement is repudiated or abandoned the Treaty is destroyed. . . ."

He contrasts this with an utterance of

Lloyd George on December 26th, 1920:

"The more one reads the news and books written in the various countries of what happened before August 1st, 1914, the more one realises that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. . . and a discussion, I am sure, would have avoided it."

A good deal of space is devoted to the part played by King Edward VII. in the making and moulding of entente policy and the ring round Germany.

Rhymes of Early Jungle Folk, by Mary E. Marcey, woodcuts by Wharton E. Escherich, Kerr's, Chicago, 10/-.

This children's book attempts to tell the story of evolution and the origin of life on our earth in easy and amusing rhyme, thus:

"One time our planet was a sun
That burned within the sky.
Perhaps folk watched from other worlds
To see it whirling by.
And then its blazing surface cooled,
As every surface must,
And covered all the fire with
A hard and rocky crust.
And when the rains began to fall
They covered it with ocean,
That tossed and foamed from pole to pole
In manifest commotion.

In the Palaeozoic Age,
Say the men geologically sage,
Scattered over the land,
Were great oceans of sand
'Twas a barren historical page.

For there wasn't a bird or a bee,
Or a tuft of grass, or a tree
There was nothing to eat;
There was no one to meet,
For the animals lived in the sea!

The reptiles laid eggs and forgot all about them,
And never took care of their young,
Resembled the fishes,
And kept all their wishes,
For food and a place in the sun

Wah Tee wove a basket
With many twists and passes
(To carry eggs and berries in)
Of brown and yellow grasses

And when the rainy season passed,
And days grew hot and hotter,
Wah Tee regretted that his basket
Would not carry water.

He lined and covered it with clay,
And in a corner sunny,
He hung his basket up to dry,
And ran to gather honey.

And now the basket was a bowl
And carried cooling water,
And all the people looked and learned
Of Wah Tee Wee, the potter."

These extracts will suffice to show the style of the book. They are better than Kipling's "Just So" stories and most other nursery jingles, because they really give a rough idea of how things came about. When the children who learn these rhymes go to school they will find that their playbook was not mere nonsense, but has made some of their lessons quite easy to remember. We greatly regret to learn of the author's death.

The Origin and Evolution of the Soul, by Paul Lafargue, translated by Charles H. Kerr, Kerr's, Chicago.—Deals with the Invention of the Soul, the Invention of Paradise, the Eclipse of the Idea of the Soul, the Re-birth of the Idea of the Soul, the Invention of Hell, the Idea of the Soul and the Future, Life Among the Early Christians. An exceedingly useful handbook. It should be in every proletarian library.

An Outline of Modern Imperialism. (The Plebs, 2/6.)—This was drafted by Thomas Ashcroft and revised by a committee. There is a foreword by George Hicks (A.W.B.T.W.).

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ROSA LUXEMBURG'S LETTERS

FROM PRISON.

Translated by M. Campbell.

(Continued.)

Breslau, May 12th, 1918.

Sonitschka, I was so glad to get your note that I am answering it right away. Well, now, you see how much pleasure and enjoyment you can get from a visit to the Botanic Gardens! Why don't you indulge in one more often? And it has meant something to me, I can assure you, especially when I get such rich and highly-coloured impressions! Yes, I know the wonderful ruby-red catkins of the blossoming spruce. They are so incredibly beautiful when in full bloom that each time one can scarcely believe one's own eyes. These red catkins are the female flowers that develop later into the big heavy cones which turn over and hang downwards; besides these there are the pale-yellow male catkins of the spruce that scatter the golden pollen. "Petoria" I have never heard of; you say it is a kind of acacia. Do you mean that it has the same kind of pinnate leaves and butterfly flowers as the so-called "Acacia"? You probably know that the tree that is commonly called by this name is not an acacia at all, but the "Robinia." A true acacia is, for example, the mimosa; this has sulphur-yellow flowers and an intoxicating scent, but I can hardly imagine that it will grow in the open in Berlin, because it is a tropical plant. In Ajaccio in Corsica I saw mimosas in glorious bloom growing in the town squares in December, gigantic trees. . . . Here, unfortunately, looking from my window it is only in the distance that I can observe the green of the trees; I can just see the tops of them over the wall. Generally I try to find out what they are by noting their habitat and colouring, and I seldom guess wrongly. The other day someone found a fallen branch and brought it indoors, where its odd appearance elicited general attention; everybody was asking what it could be. It was an elm; do you recollect that I pointed one out to you in the street in my Sudende? It was then laden with fragrant bunches of dun rose-green little fruit; that was in May, too, and you were completely enchanted by the phantastic sight. People here live for years in a street planted with elms, and haven't even noticed what an elm in bloom looks like. . . . And they generally display the same stupidity with regard to animals. . . . Most townsmen are, after all, real crude barbarians. . . .

With me, on the contrary, I find that as I feel myself more and more an integral part of organic nature—en dépit de l'humanité—this sense of universality assumes almost morbid forms, probably on account of the condition of my nerves. Down below here a couple of crested larks have hatched out a fledgeling—the other three must have died off. And this one can already cover the ground exceedingly well. You have probably noticed how queerly the crested larks run—they come tripping along, taking active little steps, not hopping on two legs like the sparrows; they can fly well, too, but this one did not seem to find enough food: insects, caterpillars, etc., especially in these cold days. That is why it appears every evening in the yard below my window and chirps quite loudly, shrilly and plaintive, whereupon the two old birds come on the scene immediately, and with an anxious and solicitous "Hoid—Hoid" give a semi-loud answer, then they run about quickly in the dusk and coldness in a desperate hurry to find something to eat. And when they come up to the complaining little wretch they stick what they have picked up into his beak. The same thing happens now every evening at half-past eight, and when this shrill plaintive piping begins under my window I witness the uneasiness and concern of both the little parents my heart actually flutters. Moreover, I know I can do nothing, because these larks are very timid, and if bread is thrown to them they fly away; not like pigeons and sparrows, that now follow me about like dogs. It is no use telling

myself that it is ridiculous, that I am not in any way responsible for all the crested larks in the world, and all the oxen that get ill-treated—like those that come in here every day with sacks are not asking for my tears. That doesn't help me at all, and I become actually ill when I hear and see these things. And when the starling that has been chatting excitedly somewhere in the vicinity the whole day long until one gets up with it, gives up for a few days, my peace has gone again, because I fear something might have happened to it, and I wait anxiously for it to begin its nonsense again, so that I can know for certain that it is all right. Thus by fine threads, that reach out from my cell to all quarters, I am tied directly to thousands of creatures, big and small, and the pain I suffer, my uneasiness and self-remonstrances, are all my reactions to what is going on around me. . . . You, too, belong to all these birds and creatures that from a distance awaken vibrations within me. I feel how you are suffering because these years are passing without recall, and one is not able to "live" them. But patience and courage! We are going to know what "to live" means yet, and we are going to pass through great times. We are now seeing how an old world is sinking, a fragment of it each day, a new landslip, a new crash. . . . And the comic side of it is that most people are not noticing it at all, and still believe they are walking on solid ground. . . .

Sonitschka, have you by chance, or can you get me, Gil Blas and the Devil on two sticks? I've never read Lesage at all, and have been wanting to make his acquaintance for a long time. Have you read him? At the worst I can buy it in the Reclam Edition.

Write soon and tell me how Karl is getting on. Perhaps Pfemfert has got "Flacnsacker," by Stijn Streuvels, another Flemish writer; came out in the Inselverlag, is said to be very good.

Breslau, Oct. 18th, 1918.

My dearest Sonitschka,—I wrote you the day before yesterday. Up to the present I have heard nothing about the telegram I sent to the Reichskanzler; it will probably take a day or two yet. In any case, one thing is certain: I am in such a frame of mind that I couldn't think of receiving visits from friends under the eyes of the prison authorities. I have put up with it patiently enough during the years I have spent here, and were circumstances other than they are I should bear further years of it with patience. But after the general change in public opinion took place a crack has appeared in my psychology. The supervised interviews, the impossibility of touching on the things that really interest me, are so annoying that I feel I'd rather do without the visits altogether until we face each other as free beings.

It cannot last much longer. If Dittmann and Kurt Eisner are released they cannot keep me in any longer, and Karl will soon be let out too. Let us rather wait, then, until we see each other again in Berlin.

In the meantime, my very kindest regards.

Always yours, ROSA.

Worldly Place.

Even in a palace, life may be led well. So spake the imperial sage, purest of men, Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell, Our freedom for a little bread we sell, And drudge under some foolish master's ken Who rates us if we peer outside our pen— Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell? Even in a palace. On a truth sincere, Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came; And when my ill-school'd spirit is aflame, Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win, I'll stop, and say: "There were no succour here. The aids to noble life are all within."

—Matthew Arnold.

FROM THE RAND.

By Isaac Vermont.

The great agitation of the workers of the Rand has suddenly put an end to the execution of their comrades.

There were animated scenes in the Magistrate's Court, when 90 strikers were charged under ordinary jurisdiction with seditious during the March strike.

The strikers were tried in batches. No evidence was taken at any of the trials; the prisoners merely pleaded guilty to sedition and were fined, with two exceptions only, £10, or one month's imprisonment with hard labour.

No sooner had the first three men been sentenced than all in the Court—including the prisoners—began to grin. At the end of the trials the attitude of the strikers had so much changed that they wished the acting senior prosecutor, Mr. Grant, "a merry Christmas."

The eleven men sentenced to death in connection with the Brakpan murders during the strike of last March have been reprieved.

The official announcement was made that the Executive Council, at a meeting presided over by the Governor-General, had decided to commute the sentence of death in all cases.

The following are the terms of imprisonment imposed:

- John Garnsworthy, imprisonment for life.
- Johannes Potgieter, seven years.
- P. J. van der Merwe, seven years.
- F. P. Naude, three years.
- Gert van Schalkwyk, three years.
- D. Coetzee, three years.
- G. uravett, two years.
- W. Koedijk, one year.
- Andries de Lange, one year.
- Jan du Foit, one year.
- George Button, six months.

Petitions for a reprieve were forwarded to the Governor-General from all parts of the country. In every important town and many of the dorps big meetings of protest have been held to protest against what has become a public scandal. At Durban, one of the biggest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held there ended by a vote agreeing to the formation of a Red Army. Capetown, Kimberley, Salt River, Nitenhage, and Maritzburg have voiced their protests.

The agitation took on a national aspect. Never in the history of South Africa has there been such feeling and so many meetings of protest against the carrying out of the Courts as there has been in connection with what is known as the Garnsworthy case. It was felt, and rightly felt, that there has already been too much hanging, and that a stop should now be put to these supposed legal murders.

Amongst the petitions was one from the condemned men themselves. They stated:

"We are not murderers as we understand the word, nor did any of us wish to take life for our own advantage, or indulge in brutal lust of blood. We did want to keep as much good things for our families as possible. We struck work, and, as hunger pressed, fell readily into the organisation prepared for us by others, who were more far-seeing, and who, when it came to the point, left us to take the risk and bear the blame."

It is rumoured that the letter was framed by the Government and signed by the condemned men.

There was a very natural conflict in the mind of the public between a desire not to multiply death sentences, and a feeling that horrors such as those may bring another revolution.

The men still to be tried have been in gaol for eight or nine months. If they are sentenced, it is doubtful whether the term of imprisonment given to those convicted would mean an additional period in gaol of any considerable length. Their punishment already had not been light, separated from their wives and children, who are suffering starvation and degradation, to satisfy the greed of the Chamber of Mines.

ISAAC VERMONT.

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Our View.

LORD WEIR issues a call for reduced wages to builders, railwaymen, and dockers. He issues it, of course, from the most humane of motives. He wants to reduce unemployment and to prevent the miners, the agricultural labourers, the ship-builders, the engineers and the iron and steel workers, whose wages range from 30 to 50 per cent. above the pre-war rate, and are thus considerably below the pre-war purchasing rate, from feeling jealous of the railwaymen, builders and dockers, whose wages are still, he says, 80 to 100 per cent. above pre-war rates. The plea in reducing the wages of the first group was that foreign competition rendered the reduction imperative. Foreign competition is again urged by Lord Weir as an indirect reason for reducing the wages of the second group; but he places his greatest emphasis on the need for what he calls "a fairer relative" of the wages of one group of workers and another. He declares the present situation to be "impossible," insisting that the high rates of wages of one set of workers serves to maintain the high cost of living and thus to impair the purchasing power of the lower-paid workers in the other group of industries. He tells of a firm that was anxious to build some new houses near its contracting works, but refrained from doing so because:

"The bricklayers would start working in full view of the engineering workers. They would receive 72/6 per week for 44 hours work, while the skilled engineering tradesmen would only receive 57/- for 47 hours work. The bricklayer's labourer, carrying mortar, would receive 55/6 for a 44 hours week—a rate very little less than that paid to a skilled tradesman."

Lord Weir considers that such inequalities should make the lower-paid workers discontented. Oh yes, but what about other inequalities? What about the disproportionate wages paid to managers and company directors? What about the fortunes drawn by shareholders who do no work at all? What about the inequality of payment between an engineer and a Member of Parliament, a Cabinet Minister and a bishop? What about the inequality of income between a man like Lord Weir and an engineer, a railwayman, or a builder?

Lord Weir is not alive to such inequalities, but it is high time the workers woke up to them instead of worrying over such little inequalities as those pointed out by Lord Weir.

Lord Weir calls upon the employers of the railwaymen, the builders and the dockers, and any other employers who have not brought their wages down to the lowest level, to do so forthwith. If that were done, he says, "we might look forward to real prosperity," for he considers:

"Great Britain is in a wonderful position. . . Her credit is at par, and, above all, there is a unique, undeveloped British Empire available for development."

What a field for sane optimism," he cries; but do not imagine the prosperity is assured to you, fellow-workers: the field for optimism is not yours. Says Lord Weir: "No one wants to reduce the standard of living, but an industrial country such as this cannot guarantee to any section of its population a specific standard of living. That is a hideous confession of the failure of the present system. Capitalism offers to the worker no security, no guarantee against hunger and destitution. Communism guarantees overflowing abundance to the entire Community, because the community can produce more than it can consume; and when the artificial restrictions imposed by Capitalism are removed, the products of the community will be free to all. That the capitalists will follow the advice of Lord Weir and proceed to another onslaught on wages there is no doubt, fellow-workers; but will you submit? Or will you retaliate by an onslaught upon the greater inequalities—and so end the system?"

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON COAL has reported that in August 1922 miners' wages were 42 per cent. above the pre-war level, costs of production other than wages were 133 per cent. above the pre-war level, whilst the average freight charges within Great Britain were 88 per cent. above the pre-war level. In reducing the price of coal, which was said to be so important to the entire community, the miners have been, it appears, the only ones to suffer.

THE MINERS ARE STILL TO SUFFER, though the owners are reaping a rich harvest as a result of the French invasion of the Ruhr; a harvest which is, of course, all the greater because the miners' wages have been beaten down to starvation level.

Already last year British coal-owners were doing an excellent trade with the Germans, who were forced to buy coal from Britain for their industries because they were compelled to send their own coal to the French.

Compare these figures of British coal exports to Germany:

1920	1921	1922
Tons	Tons	Tons.
13,457	817,877	8,345,606

Britain's 1913 export to Germany was 8,952,328 tons. What a burden the 1922 import of coal meant to Germany, in view of the great difference between the value of German and British money may well be imagined! The cruelties of Capitalism are manifold; likewise its waste. Consider the waste of human energy in exporting German coal to France and then importing British coal into Germany.

Now that France has occupied the Ruhr it is expected that the German workers there will produce less. Therefore, French manufacturers, as well as German, are rushing to obtain British coal, and the French, at least, are buying it up at prices above the market rates. British mines are now working at top speed, but it is anticipated that British manufacturers may have to go short and also pay higher prices, because the owners will give preference to foreign buyers who offer more.

At this point, when they are reaping enormous profits out of the international crisis which brings misery to the workers of all lands, the coal-owners again raise the cry for increased working hours for the miners.

THE FRENCH PARLIAMENTARY COMMUNISTS some time ago apparently secured the leadership of the proletarian movement in France; yet they have proved powerless in this crisis. Neither they nor any section of the Socialist or proletarian movement has influenced the action of the French Government in the slightest degree.

invasion of the Ruhr, and the French Communists

The Parliamentary Communists secured the majority vote in the French Socialist Party in so overwhelming a fashion that their opponents of the right and centre seceded from the Party. Thus the Parliamentary Communists secured control of the Party organ "L'Humanité," with its great power of propaganda. They split the Trade Union movement, and though the Confederation General du Travail Unitaire (C.G.T.U.), which is affiliated to the Moscow Red International of Labour Unions, is smaller than the older C.G.T., yet a considerable number of workers are enrolled behind it.

In view of the Ruhr invasion, representatives of the French Communist Party and C.G.T.U. went to Germany, as everyone knows, to confer with English, German, Italian, Belgian, Dutch, and Czechoslovak Parliamentary Communists. At this conference M. Monmousseau, representing the C.G.T.U., said:

"This meeting has nothing in common with that notorious conference held in 1914 in Brussels, where Jouhaux and Legien were present. At that time these men made the most sacred promises of peace, only to break them afterwards. Jouhaux and Legien, these false apostles of peace, transformed themselves later into unscrupulous apostles of war. We are no pacifists. We are in favour of peace because proletarian interests demand peace. We shall carry out the decisions resolved upon here without reserve. We shall do our utmost to prevent the occupation of the Ruhr valley."

"Ker," or Antonin Keim, another French delegate, declared:

"The overwhelming majority of the French people, however, are opposed to any warlike measures, for it is fully aware that it is the proletariat that foots the bill in the end, with its property and blood. The occupation of the Ruhr valley would raise a mighty storm in the French proletariat."

The conference proceeded to appoint an international committee of eleven members, and to adopt two manifestos, one of which was to be posted on the walls. The first of these documents, in appealing to the French workers, said:

"Workers of France! Combine to raise your voices in mighty and unanimous protest against the occupation of the Ruhr valley, against every attempt to dismember Germany, against the exploitation of German and French workers by the united bourgeoisie. Throw yourselves against the wave of nationalism; fight for the immediate withdrawal of the troops from the occupied territory! Strive for the highest taxation of Capitalist property, for the payment of war debts and the restoration of the devastated regions. Organise the fight for self-defence at once in all workshops, factories, and mines, in every office, in every village!"

The demand for higher taxation of French Capitalists is neither Communist nor revolutionary; but let that pass—the manifesto contains no appeal for action. Apparently the French Parliamentary Communists felt themselves powerless to act. The "mighty storm in the French proletariat" promised by Ker did not materialise either when the delegates to Essen were arrested, or when the French troops marched into the Ruhr.

This is not the only occasion on which the French Communists, in spite of their success in capturing office, have shown themselves powerless to procure proletarian mass action. The executive of the Third International has complained that strikes have been declared by its French section to which no one has responded.

Why have the French majority Communists thus shown themselves unable to follow words by deeds?

Firstly, because they have not taken the necessity of action seriously: they have not prepared for it. They have made no serious attempt to organise a stoppage of the French railways which would have paralysed the

action of the French Government; nor have they seriously attempted to organise a general strike. They have made propaganda; but they have not organised for action.

They have not seriously endeavoured to set in motion the Trade Union machinery which they have captured.

They have not attempted the more important task of creating the more efficient workshop organisation which will be essential to the proletariat when it engages on a serious struggle for power with the Capitalist Government.

The French situation shows very clearly the futility of the "boring from within" and revolutionising from the top policy. The French Parliamentary Communists have captured official positions and secured the passage of conference resolutions in support of their policy; but they have not moved the masses who joined the Unions with quite other motives. The Parliamentary Communists dilute their policy resolutions in the hope of inducing the masses to act; but the more their resolutions are diluted the less enthusiasm they evoke, and thus action in support of them becomes less and less possible.

APPARENTLY THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL is not looking for a proletarian revolution in Germany as a result of the added burden of poverty and oppression which the French invasion will place upon them. Counter-revolutionaries issue warnings that a Soviet revolution may arise, but the Third International has apparently so little hope of such an event that it does not even make direct propaganda for it, and for Communism, in this crisis, which for Germany is so serious. The manifestos issued by the Third International Conference at Essen contain the following passages, which illustrate the type of propaganda carried on by the Parliamentary Communists:

"German workers, force your capitalists to bear the costs of reparation!"

"No lengthening of working hours! Adequate wages! No interference with the right to strike! Control of industry and markets, suppression of Fascist organisations!"

"Force the introduction of the control of production in the workshops, on landed estates, in the railways, and in the banks. Control the prices of goods!"

"Until the Versailles treaty is torn by the vigorous fight of the international proletariat, your bourgeoisie will force you to bear all the burdens of the war; tear up the treaty, and force the bourgeoisie to bear the burden itself."

"Form Control Committees of workers and small farmers! Set up a workers' government as a step on the way to a

centralised power which will transform your demands into realities, supported by your own class organs.

"Oppose the nationalism of the so-called national Socialists and their allies, the Greater German parties, and all their flowery phraseology, with international solidarity, and with the common struggle of all workers against the international bourgeoisie. The international solidarity of the workers alone can save the German nation and its future, as a member of the great united family of peoples in the federation of the workers' republics of Europe and of the whole world."

The National Socialist Workers' Party, a reactionary organisation which has taken the title Socialist in order to attract the workers, and which seems to be an organisation of the Fascist type, is apparently more inclined to make revolution than are the Communists. Already this organisation in Munich has had a collision with the police in front of the hotel where the Allied Control Commission is quartered.

REACTION REIGNS SUPREME in Britain, and the Federation of British Industries will shortly lay demands before Mr. Baldwin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which are certain to be complied with. These are:

(1) The abolition of the corporation profits tax;

(2) A substantial reduction of the income tax and a concurrent remission of indirect taxation; and

(3) The devising of means to ensure that co-operative societies shall contribute a larger quota to taxation."

How tamely we Britishers submit to the greedy exactions of triumphant Capitalism! Not only do we lack the courage to overthrow the rule of the capitalists, but we actually choose the most hardened of them as administrators.

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM desires to secure the British and French West Indies as United States possessions. Senator James Reed, of Missouri, has submitted a resolution that the United States should negotiate with France and Britain for their purchase. He declared that if possessed by other countries they constitute "a grave menace to the defence of the United States" in these days of submarine and aerial warfare. "They dominate all our trade routes to South America and Central American States." "They lie

at the very heart of our manifest national destiny."

Already during the Wilson Presidency, U.S. Secretary of State McAdoo had suggested Britain might sell the British West Indies as a friendly act. The British Government repudiated the suggestion.

JAPANESE TRADE UNIONS AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. The Celestials Can Give Points to Our Labour Leaders.

The Japanese Trade Unions have protested against the International Labour Conference established by the League of Nations. Bunji Suzuki, president of the Japanese Federation of Labour, at the Geneva Conference said:

"Our opposition has to do both with the motives which prompted organisation of the Labour Conference, and the objects for which it stands. The labouring classes made a great contribution during the war, and in consequence a world-wide revolutionary consciousness has arisen among the toiling masses. The crafty Governments of Europe, quick to sense this spirit, and wishing to suppress such a tendency, organised as a branch of the League of Nations this International Labour Conference."

"For the Washington Conference, and since, the Japanese Government has appointed the Labour representatives, ignoring the vehement protests by the Labour Unions of Japan. Our working people hope this useless and pernicious Conference may be abolished. It is the firm conviction of Labour in Japan that improvement of industrial conditions depends solely upon the power of the labouring classes, and that it should not be entrusted to the consciences of either the Government or the Capitalists."

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FROM OUR READERS.

"The dear old "Dreadnought" was my first introduction to Socialism."

"I was at sea, and have missed the "Dreadnought" since August 7th, so shall be glad to have back numbers from then till December 2nd, when I had the pleasure of meeting my long-lost mate."

"When it was twopence I thought I could not afford to take it; but every week there was something that made me feel I could not give it up. Now it is a penny again I shall try not to deny myself of it."

"Congratulations on getting it back to the humble penny—now's the time to hustle and 'stabilise' it. The sheet has neither flaw nor flies, let alone fakes."

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ESPERANTO.

LESSON 4.

Prepositions.

The following are useful little words which occur almost in every sentence we use:

- sur on
en in
sub under
super above
inter between, among
apud by, near (close to)
kun with

* Pronounce as "enn," "soo-pair," "in-are."

Their use is indicated in the following phrases:

- Sur la tablo, on the table.
Sub la tablo, under the table.
En la ĝardeno (pronounce jarr-day-no), in the garden.
Inter la branĉoj, between (among) the branches.

- Super la tablo, above the table.
Apud la tablo, close to (by) the table.
Kun la hundo, with (in company with) the dog.

These words are called prepositions. Other repetitions will be given later.

La virino parolas kun la viro, the woman speaks (is speaking) with the man.

La hundo kuŝas sub la tablo, the dog lies (is lying) under the table.

La birdo kantas inter la branĉoj, the bird sings (is singing) among the branches.

Ŝi estas apud ŝi (pronounce she), he is near her.

In these sentences, one thing (or person) is shown as in a certain relation to another thing (or person). It is the preposition (kun, sur, sub, etc.) which shows this relationship.

Prefixes and Suffixes.

Re means back or again, as in the English words re-learn, return.

Lernas, learns; relearnas, re-learns; marŝas, marches, walks; remarŝas, walks back.

MAL denotes the direct opposite: bona, good; malbona, bad; riĉa, rich; malriĉa, poor.

RE and MAL are called prefixes; that is to say, they are particles placed before a word to modify its meaning.

IN denotes the feminine: Patro, a father; patrino, a mother; viro, a man; virino, a woman; knabo, a boy; knabino, a girl.

IST means one who is occupied with (professionally or otherwise): Dento, a tooth; dentisto, a dentist; okulo, an eye; okulisto, an oculist; floro, a flower; floristo, a florist.

IN and -IST are called suffixes; that is, particles which are used after the root of a word.

Vocabulary.

I he

Ŝi she

koncerning, about

kun with

sub to

not, no

only

dormas sleeps

granda big

varma warm

profunde profoundly, deeply

ĉair chair

mi parolas kun la dentisto pri dentoj, ne floroj.

Al la floristo ŝi parolas pri floroj, ne pri dentoj.

La patro profunde dormas sur la sofo apud la fajro; la patrino dormas en seĝo. La libro estas malgranda kaj malvarma.

There is only one enemy, pleasure-seeking egoism, which fools the sources of life and dries them up. Exalt force, exalt the light, exalt fruitful love, the joy of sacrifice, and give up expecting other people to act for you. Do, act, combine!

—Roman Rolland, in John Christopher.

INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY.

At an open Conference called by the Communist Workers' Central London group, the following manifesto was adopted:

"We express our solidarity with the German workers now attacked by French Imperialism, and our belief that only Communism can save them from such tyranny.

"We call upon British, French and American soldiers in Germany to take no action against the German people, but, on the contrary, to assist them in the setting up of the Workers' Councils, which we hope may arise in the crisis.

"We call upon British workers to take no part in making or transporting munitions for use by French Capitalism in the Ruhr, or for use by British Capitalism in Anatolia and the Straits. We call upon British workers not to fight for Capitalist Imperialism in the East.

INSURANCE UNDER SOCIALISM.

"Even in the most perfect Socialist State some form of insurance would be necessary, but the greatest object of the State should be to reduce the risks." These words the "Daily Herald" reports Philip Snowden as having spoken when presiding at a Fabian Society lecture a few days ago. They make me wonder what a "perfect Socialist State" could be, and what could be the ideas of one who believed in such a State.

I was rather startled to find a twentieth century Utopian with considerably less idealism than the writer of "Utopia" in the tenth century. A few minutes previous to reading Mr. Snowden's statement I had recused the following Socialist vision of Sir Thomas More: "From hence the father of every family, or every householder fetcheth whatsoever he and his have need of, and carrieth it away with him without money, without exchange, without any gage, pawn or pledge. For why should anything be denied unto him? Since there is abundance of all things, and that it is not to be feared, lest any man will ask more than he needeth. For why should it be thought that that man would ask more than enough, which is sure never to lack?"

If Sir Thomas More could visualize production on a scale where all could have plenty, we of the twentieth century should have no doubts at all of what modern machinery and science enable us to produce. Modern production has made want unnecessary. Insurance is a relic of Capitalism—otherwise barbarism—and has nothing to do with Socialism or Communism, under which everyone performs useful service and controls his own life subject only to the well-being of the community in which there are no parasites or exploiters.

The Llano Colony of America is a practical attempt to realise Socialism. Everyone performs useful labour—for his health's sake, as well as for his neighbour's; each shares equally in the wealth produced; there is no want so long as the necessary labour is performed, and, of course, no need of insurance.

Multiply Llano as many times as you wish, make the changes necessary to multiplication, including the advantages to be derived from modern machinery and large-scale production, and you will find a practical illustration of an approximation to the perfect state, in which there will be no place for insurance. Work, scientifically applied, and good will, are the only insurance required.

The sixteenth-century knight shows a keener appreciation of the spirit of true Socialism than the avowed Socialist of international repute in the twentieth century, and that state of society which will provide the greatest freedom and in which bureaucracy will be absent is Communism. Fabian Socialism has yet to shed many of the garments and the ideology of Capitalism, and those who can think of insurance in relation to Socialism have missed the true beauty of the vision before us.

E. B.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

By Economic Section.

There is no doubt that things are fast coming to a climax in Ireland. The decks are being cleared of Nationalist lumber for action—better and rapid class-war action. Too long have the Irish workers had the staccato argument of a 45 in their hands; for, in the words of the poet, "The [fountain] pen is mightier than the sword," the said "fountain pen" being a pet name for the 45, coined by a Dublin lover of theirs.

Step after step, the boss class of England and Ireland move hand in hand, forcing onward all those laggards whose consciences are slightly perturbed by visions of the Republic to which they once adhered. Slowly and surely the bosses are clearing out of the way all those scruples that were troubling the one-time admirers of Pearse and Connolly and the rest of the dead Republicans.

The boss class has been busy setting into action the wheels of the boss-class governing machine, and re-building all the ramifications of the Irish bourgeois state, and bringing them into line with its parent body, "the Empire on which the sun never sets."

Gently the Wee-Free statesmen initiated their policy; carefully they trod until their masters, impatient at their tortoise-like speed, told them to hand over the goods or quit.

The master class of England were looking anxiously at both North and South Ireland, fostering schemes to divide the wage-slaves, and hoping against hope that they would clear up the mess before the English, Scottish and Welsh wage-slaves started to compare conditions. Truly an anxious time. "Faster, faster!" shrieks the enraged boss class, and down go O'Connor, Mellows, and dozens more. There is no doubt whatsoever that the boss class are looking anxiously at Irish industry, at Irish wages, and at those guns. Fancy cutting a man's wages when he might be knocking at your door next night with a tin of petrol and a gun in his hand! Ridiculous! It can't be done.

Then begins the sabotage of the railways, etc., and wallop go the dividends again. Scandalous!

The truth of the matter is that the things that are being done for the Irish Republic by real men may be copied by their weak-kneed brothers in their industrial struggles, and once that black kitten gets loose, she will take some catching.

Looking round at the world situation of the working class, we see the workers of nation after nation beaten down, their wages cut, and their hours lengthened. It is impressed upon the most thick-headed slave that this is an organised plan, and once the workers of Britain begin to think and to lose their Imperialism, to study the Irish section, they may be imbued with hope. That is one reason for the fierce onslaught on the armed workers of Ireland. The master class is clearing the deck for action. It is up to the Irish workers to see their decks are kept cleared for action, and to grasp the fact that the national struggle has been flung overboard from the bosses' ship, and the grim, hoary class struggle clamped in its place.

The supreme test is coming along. The I.R.A. has worked miracles, but the Economic Section must work more. Its job is finally to clear the deck and show that this is an economic fight and the battle of the world proletariat.

Horrible as was the period of the Terror; desperate as was the struggle of the I.R.A. in those days, it will be nothing to the fight we must wage to-day, and the boys of the Economic Section will have to see to it that the fight is waged in the right direction. Efficiency in salvation, industrial propaganda, and, above all, efficient fighting industrial unions for the workers.

You who are class-conscious, how about it? ECKSECK.

Agents and canvassers wanted in London and the provinces.—Apply the Manager, "Workers' Dreadnought," 152 Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

THE COMING REIGN OF PLENTY.

By Peter Kropotkin.

The industrial and commercial history of the world during the last thirty years has been a history of decentralisation of industry; and decentralisation has gone so far that it is no longer possible for any nation to maintain the monopoly of supplying the others with manufactured goods, and thus to remain the chief manufacturer of the world. The rapid intercourse of men, knowledge, and ideas, so characteristic of the times we live in, has rendered it an anachronism. Those nations which formerly relied chiefly on agriculture have learned the industrial arts; they begin to manufacture themselves; and the pioneers of industry who used to draw up their wealth from the profits realised on the sale of manufactured produce discover that their old markets are fully supplied with home-made goods; while in the new markets which are opened from time to time by Colonial wars, they meet new-comers, eager to have also their share of the poor profits which can be still extorted from nations and tribes remaining at a low stage of industrial development.

The phenomenon which we have to deal with is not a mere shifting of the centre of gravity of commerce, such as Europe has witnessed in the past, when the commercial hegemony migrated from Italy to Spain, to Holland, and finally to Britain: it has a much deeper meaning as it excludes the very possibility of commercial or industrial hegemony. It shows the growth of quite new conditions, and new conditions require new adaptations. To endeavour to revive the past would be useless: a new departure must be taken by civilised nations. Of course, there will be plenty of voices to argue that the former supremacy of the pioneers must be maintained at any price: all pioneers used to say so. It will be suggested that the pioneers must attain such a superiority of technical knowledge and organisation as to enable them to beat all their younger competitors; that force must be resorted to, if necessary. But force is reciprocal; and if the god of war always sides with the strongest battalions, those battalions are strongest which fight for new rights, against outgrown privileges. As to the honest longing for more technical education—surely let us all have as much of it as possible: it will be a boon for humanity; for humanity, of course—not for a single nation, because knowledge cannot be cultivated for home use only. Knowledge and invention, boldness of thought and enterprise, conquests of genius and improvements of social organisation have become international growths; and no kind of progress—intellectual, industrial, or social—can be kept within political boundaries; it crosses the seas, it pierces the mountains; steppes are no obstacle to it. Knowledge and inventions powers are now so thoroughly international that if a simple newspaper paragraph announces to-morrow that the problem of storing force, of printing without inking, or of aerial navigation, has received a practical solution in this country or elsewhere, we may feel sure that within a few weeks the same problem will be solved, almost in the same way, by a score of inventors of all nationalities. Continually we learn that the same scientific discovery, or technical invention, has been made within a few days' distance, in countries thousands of miles apart; as if there were a kind of atmosphere which favours the germination of a given idea at a given moment. And such an atmosphere exists: steam, print, and the common stock of knowledge have created it. Those who dream of monopolising technical genius are therefore fifty years behind the times; they are dreamers, like Napoleon the Third, who fancied he could destroy the German armies by keeping secret his mitrailleuses, but saw the Germans also come with mitrailleuses of Russian invention and American make—and something more powerful than mechanical guns: new military tactics. The world—the wide wide world—is now the true domain of knowledge; and if each nation displays some

special capacities in some special branch, the various capacities of different nations compensate one another, and the advantage which could be derived from them would be only temporary. The fine British workmanship in mechanical arts, the Yankee boldness for gigantic enterprise, the French systematic mind, and the German pedagogy, are becoming international capacities. William Armstrong in his Italian workshop communicates to Italians those capacities for managing huge iron masses which have been nurtured on the Tyne; the uproarious Yankee spirit of enterprise pervades the Old World; the French taste for harmony becomes European taste; and German pedagogy—improved, I dare say—is at home in Russia. So, instead of trying to keep life in the old channels, it would be better to see what the new conditions are, what duties they impose on our generation.

(To be continued.)

THE WAGES CUT.

By Emile Zola.

The fewer could not restrain a gesture of despair. Twenty francs in fines and four off-days! At that rate the account was right. And to think that he had brought away as much as a hundred and fifty francs a fortnight, when old Jollycorpse still worked and Zacharie was not yet married.

"Look here; are you going to take the money or not?" cried the cashier impatiently. "Don't you see that someone else is waiting? If you don't want it, you'd better say so."

As Maheu was taking up his money with his big, trembling hands, the clerk stopped him. "Wait a minute, I've got your name down. Toussaint Maheu, isn't it? The Secretary-General wishes to see you. You can go in; he is by himself."

Dazed, scarcely conscious of what he was about, the pitman found himself in a room with old-fashioned mahogany furniture upholstered in faded Utrecht velvet. And there he stood listening for fully five minutes to the secretary, a tall, pale individual, who kept talking to him from over his papers, without getting up. However, the buzzing in his ears prevented him from understanding what was said. He had some vague notion that the speech related to his father, the question of whose retirement was under consideration, and who would be granted a pension of 150 francs in reward for his forty years' service in the mine. Then it seemed to him that the secretary's voice grew more stern. He was being reprimanded, accused of meddling with politics; there was even an allusion to his lodger, and to the provident fund. In short, he was advised to leave these follies alone—he, who was considered to be one of the ablest workman in the pit. He wanted to protest, but was unable to string a sentence together; he only kept twirling his cap between his fingers, and backed out of the room at last, stammering: "Yes, Mr. Secretary, I can assure you, Mr. Secretary—"

Outside, when he was joined by Etienne, who was waiting for him, he broke out: "I'm a mean coward; I ought to have answered him! No bread to eat, and insults besides! Yes, they've a grudge against you; he told me that the minds of the village were being poisoned. What are we to do? Curse it! Bend our backs and say: 'Thank you,' eh? After all, perhaps, that would be the most sensible."

After which he relapsed into silence, feeling both angry and afraid. Etienne looked his blakest. They once more made their way through the scattered groups. The feeling of exasperation was increasing, the exasperation of a usually calm population, a rumbling as of an approaching storm that lung terribly over that heavy, stolid mass. A few who were quick at figures had made their calculations, and the fact that two centuries would be gained by the company on the propping went from mouth to mouth and excited the calmest. But, above all, there was rage at such a disastrous pay-day, a revolt of hunger against enforced idleness and

vexatious fines. As things had been, they had scarcely had food enough to keep body and soul together; what would it be if they earned less still? In the beershops anger was at its loudest, and so perched the men's throats that half their beggarly earnings found their way into the publicans' tills. On the road home Etienne and Maheu did not exchange a word. When the latter entered the house, La Maheude, who was alone with the children, at once noticed that he had not brought the things she had asked for.

"That's very kind of you, indeed," she said. "And the coffee, and the sugar, and the meat? A piece of veal would not have ruined you."

He did not answer, choked as he felt by emotion which he tried to gulp down. But a sudden twitching of despair came over his heavy face, hardened by the labour of the mine; big tears welled into his eyes and coursed down his cheeks in a shower. He dropped upon a chair, wept like a child, and threw 50 francs on the table.

"There!" he stammered, "that's what I bring you back. They're the wages of the whole lot of us."

La Maheude looked at Etienne, but seeing him mute and overcome, she also burst out crying. How were nine people to live for a fortnight on 50 francs? Her eldest born had left them; the old man could no longer stir; assuredly they'd very soon be starved to death.

Alzire, seeing her mother cry, threw her arms round her neck. Leonore and Henri sobbed aloud, and little Estelle set up a long yell.

And the same wail of distress rang throughout the village. Almost all the men had now come back, and each household broke out into loud lamentations at such disastrous pay. Doors were thrown open, women appeared on the thresholds, giving tongue to their grief, which seemed, as it were, too great to find vent under the low roofs of their homes. There was a drizzle, but they did not heed it; they kept calling to each other, showing their money in the palms of their hands.

"Look here! that's all they gave my man. They're simply making fools of us!"

"I haven't enough to pay for my fortnight's bread."

"And I—just look; I shall have to sell my linen again!"

La Maheude had come out like the others. A group was forming round La Levague, who bawled louder than the rest; for her lot of a husband had not even come back, and she felt that, large or small, the pay would be considerably diminished at the Volcan. Philomene was watching Maheu, so that Zacharie might not get hold of his money. The only one who remained sufficiently calm was La Pierronne; but then that sneak Pierron always managed, though no one knew how, to get more work set down on the viewer's pass-book than any other workman. However, the scorched one thought it cowardly of her son-in-law to allow himself to be thus favoured. She was with the angry ones; she stood amongst them erect and stiff, her clenched fist threatening Montson in the distance.

"And to think," she yelled, without naming the Hennebeaus, "that I saw their servant pass this morning in the carriage! Yes, their cook in a carriage and pair, going to Marchiennes for some fish, to be sure!"

—From Germinal.

"The honest men of every country ask only to be allowed to live in peace. But the honest men of a nation are not asked for their opinion: and they are not bold enough to give it. Those who are not virile enough to take public action are inevitably condemned to be its pawns. They are the magnificent and unthinking echo which casts back the snarling cries of the Press and the defiance of their leaders, and swells them into the 'Marseillaise' or the 'Wacht am Rhein.'" —Roman Rolland in "John Christopher."

The Prospect.

Big Business has got you by the neck, fellow-worker. You are yoked to his car like any donkey.

Big Business means to grind the last possible ounce of work out of you—on a fodder basis, and on low rations at that.

This is the Programme.

Wages are to come lower in all trades.

Hours are to be lengthened.

Rents are to be raised.

Even in what are called the sweated industries the powers of the wages boards are to be reduced.

Big Business is to pay less in taxes.

There is to be a reduction of income tax and of all direct taxes which you escape, fellow-workers, because you are only wage-earners with wages below the taxation level.

Indirect taxation will probably be increased: that means that food and all commodities will cost you more.

Even a worm will turn at last; and Big Business expects that you will turn a bit when things get too hard for you.

Big Business is preparing a programme in that direction also.

Legislation will give Big Business a hand in the declaration of strikes by Trade Unions: The Trade Union Ballot Bill is an advance notice of that.

New legislation may be introduced to simplify the imprisonment of strikers, though Lloyd George's Emergency Powers Act can be made to cover every case which may arise.

You may turn your hopes towards a Labour Government for relief, fellow-workers; you may think that a nice safe Labour Government would produce more tolerable conditions for you, without removing the yoke of wage-slavery. You have never known anything but that yoke; you can't imagine how you would get on without it unless you could manage to put some other fellow-worker into your collar and drive him.

Your hopes may turn to a Labour Government now that the Tories have not produced the good trade that was expected from them.

Big Business is preparing to handicap you there, by legislation to make it difficult for the Trade Unions to use their funds for election purposes. Big Business knows you are slow to put your hand in your pocket for your principles: he has seen to it that there shall not be very much in your pocket, fellow-worker.

Moreover, Big Business is doing his best to convert your future Labour Cabinet Ministers to his views, fellow-workers. He has succeeded very nicely, from his own point of view, in converting some Trade Union leaders to the belief that Big Business knows best how to carry on the main work of production, transport, and distribution.

The prospect is not very bright for you, fellow-worker, more work and less food—or no work and the dole—or the Labour Colony: for it will come to that, fellow-worker, wait and see.

Things are going to be worse for you, fellow-worker; but the position is not hopeless. When you are fully disgusted with this system, then you will smash it up and build a better one.

But that means you must organise the Soviets in the workshops.

Why not start now?

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

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AN IRISH REBEL AND THE COMINTERN.

An Irish republican arrested by the Free State is reported by the "Daily Telegraph" to have received, whilst in prison, the following telegram:

"You are ordered to sign the Government's terms re arms. Imperative. Instruction of party executive.—(Signed) Comintern.

This telegram is assumed to have come from the Parliamentary Communist Party of Great Britain. It is, perhaps, a forgery. Were it authentic, it would be most ill-advised. It would be an impertinence to order anyone engaged in a fight for principle to desert his own comrades and make an individual compromise with the enemy under arms.

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