"Loaves and Pig Iron" by Tom Anderson.

Workers' Dreadnought

1d.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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SIR MENENIUS AGRIPPA,
The Friend of the People.

Sir Menenius Agrippa's a Radical stout,
With a rental of sixty-five thousand about,
Of opinions the lowest though lofty in grade,
A Sir Walter Fitz-Tyler, a Lord John de Cade.
You may call him a Leveller—Do, 'tis his pride;
Nay, a stark staring Democrat—True! of the tide
He's a wave; you may stem him, my Lord, if you can;
Sir Menenius Agrippa's a popular man!
Reform! Vote by ballot! Short Parliaments—cry!
Down—down, with each bishop, church, pulpit, and steeple!
The Peerage? Um! Ha! Well, we'll see by and bye?
Sir Menenius Agrippa's the friend of the people.
He sits for the borough remote from his home,
(Where he reigns like a slave-girt Patrician of Rome).
He goes on the hustings in very old coats—
(He's a change at the club) when soliciting votes,
His beard he neglects, and his nails he begrimes,
(His jokes on clean collars are killing at times);
Hang your wine? give him **beer** from the pewter or can;
Sir Menenius Agrippa's a popular man!
He hates all routine—lift the cart from the mud!
But the drivers are failing—new blood, sir! new blood!
Though the Lords have such pow'r—mind in principle quite
Constitutional—oh, most undoubtedly right!
But the men! an exclusive and arrogant class—
All behind in ideas—not a throb with the mass!
If we **could** to their ranks—Well, we'll do what we can—
Sir Menenius Agrippa's a popular man!
'Tis said Sir Menenius will soon be a peer,
(He annoyed the Queen's Government sadly last year);
They've a service of plate for him—tarrying but
To make sure if plain "Sir" or "His Lordship" to cut.
His constituents hiccup, "Oh! just wait a bit
Till **we're** raised to the peperage—then see how things fit—.
If oppress us much longer the Oligarch can!"
Sir Menenius Agrippa's a popular man.

—Robert Brough, 1855.

WHAT TO FIGHT FOR:

Communism. Abundance for all.
Food for all. Clothes for all.
Houses for all.
Leisure, Pleasure, and Education for all.
The common ownership of the land, industry and transport.
Workers' administration of production and distribution through the workers' own Soviets.
The abolition of Capitalism.
The abolition of poverty.
The abolition of buying and selling, and money.
The abolition of Parliament.
That none may live on the exploitation of others.

WHAT IS THE ELECTION ABOUT?

The election is being fought; but the people are not told what it is about.

The people are asked to believe the Coalition was shattered because some of the prominent Tories were afraid their Party organisation would drop to pieces if the Coalition continued any longer. That, however, was only a screen behind which the real contest was being fought.

Bonar Law's Letter.

Remember that Bonar Law's letter on the Near Eastern struggle preceded the crisis in the Coalition. Observe that it was Bonar Law who was chosen as leader of the Conservatives immediately after his letter to the Press criticising the Government's policy in the Near East.

What was at that moment the position in the Near East? Lloyd George had spent upwards of £30,000,000 in sending British troops and battleships to Chanak; he had summoned the Dominions to be ready for war, and had announced to the world, and particularly to Turkey, France, and Italy, that the British Empire would fight to maintain the freedom of the Straits. He clearly indicated his meaning to be that, in case of war, Britain should control the Straits; though, it is true, he said he was anxious for the League of Nations to control them. France and Italy had meanwhile withdrawn their troops, and had made it plain that they would not fight with Britain against the Turks. On the contrary, it was clear that France at least would support the Turks against Britain.

The Anglo-French Contest.

The Tory newspapers were accusing Lloyd George of Jingoism, and declaring their opposition to war; but they expressed themselves vaguely. Bonar Law, now chosen as Tory Leader, made at that juncture a concise statement: he said that if France would not co-operate with Britain in preventing the Turks gaining possession of the Straits, Britain ought not to fight alone; she should allow the Turks to take the Straits, at the same time notifying the French that, since they had not agreed to co-operate with Britain in regard to the Straits, Britain would act independently of France in regard to German reparations.

The Angora Agreement Again.

Bound up with all this is, of course, the Angora Treaty, and the understandings connected with it, by which the French made a separate peace with the Kemalist Turks and received in return a favoured position in the economic exploitation of Anatolia and important political and military influence there.

The Angora Agreement, which has been followed up by numerous concessions to French capitalists, has aroused great hostility in British Capitalism.

The position has now been aggravated by the fact that the Kemalist Government has decided that all Treaties and Conventions entered into and concessions made, now or previously, by the Constantinople Government, are null and void, and loans and payments made to the Constantinople Government will not be recognised.

This will doubtless affect British financiers and concessionaires to a certain extent.

Moreover, the Turko-Russian and the Russo-French situations are arousing anxiety amongst British Imperialists. The Russians are supporting Turkish nationalism in every claim. They declare that Turkey is to have Constantinople and the Straits without restriction, and that there shall be no neutral zones, or League of Nations control of lands or seas. In these contentions, the Russians are right, so far as they go, for such expedients as League of Nations control and neutral zones policed by the Great Powers only mean domination by the stronger Capitalisms. In return, the Russians, of course, claim Turkish support for their own aims, including insistance that Russia shall take part in the forthcoming Near East Conference.

Turkey has also an agreement with Soviet Georgia, which is important because Batoum is the great port for oil export.

Russia and France.

As to Russo-French relations, it is now rumoured that Mr. Herriot, Mayor of Lyons, though ostentatiously not a Government emissary, has really been paving the way for important agreements between France and Russia, and even a definite Franco-Russian alliance. The "Temps," by the way, has declared that Russia made her diplomatic re-entry into Europe at the beginning of this year.

Meanwhile, France has also been forming agreements with Italy, Belgium, and the Little Entente.

Lloyd George v. Bonar Law.

What is the precise difference between the foreign policy of Lloyd George and Bonar Law? That question can only be fully answered by those who are aware of all the secret negotiations and agreements which are passing between the Governments of Europe and the unconfessed aims which are animating them. It would appear, however, that Bonar Law is for coming to a definite issue with France; for forming a compact defensive and offensive alliance, including various economic bargains, which would mean an agreed sharing of all economic opportunities between the two countries; or, failing such an agreement, a definite breach with France and the formation of another alliance or group of alliances, with the object of building up a greater agglomeration of power than that of France. Lloyd George's policy, on the other hand, seems to have been to preserve an appearance of friendship with France, whilst at the same time, trying to get the better of France in every bargain. The policies of Lloyd George and of Bonar Law both lead to war sooner or later. They are both Imperialist. There is no difference of principle

(*Continued on p. 8.*)

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PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

"LOAVES AND PIG IRON."

By Tom Anderson.

Opening the current session of the West of Scotland Iron and Steel Institute, in the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, on Friday, October 13th, 1922, Mr. E. H. Lewis, the president, emphasised the difference between nominal wages in money and real wages as expressed in purchasing power.

In the case of a blast-furnace labourer, he said, the shift wage in 1914 was equal to 14 2-3 2-lb. loaves. Now it was equal to 16 of these loaves, and that on a much shorter shift.

In 1914 it meant a 2-lb. loaf for every 49 minutes' work. Now it meant a similar loaf for 30 minutes work.

1914-1922.

The total wages cost of converting ore into pig iron in 1914 was equal to 19½ loaves per ton. To-day it was equal to 27 loaves per ton.

Where, he asked, were the 7½ loaves to come from? The producer would not give them, because he had the same idea about fewer working hours, and would wish to send 13 loaves instead of the 19½ which he sent before the war.

Until this conundrum was solved, there would be no real revival in trade.

Mr. Lewis, like Mr. Frank Hodges, wants to find some other one on whom he can levy the charges. The labourer is a beast; why should his rate of subsistence go up? Why does he require 27 loaves to-day to make a ton of pig iron, when in 1914 he only required 19½ loaves? Possibly the labourer's stomach has grown larger. He can now consume 27 loaves where formerly he only consumed 19½ loaves. Might I ask Mr. Lewis a simple question? Does the labourer now eat 27 loaves per ton produced, or are these only nominal figures? I have asked the labourer, and he says he is getting less and is living on less. Mr. Lewis says he is getting 27 loaves per ton. The labourer says he is not. Possibly if we would take Mr. Frank Hodges' advice and ask the public to judge, we might find a solution—I don't think!

In Lancashire I know a gentleman who makes pig iron. He lives in a large house, about 50 miles away from where the pig iron is made. He comes into Glasgow to his office in a Rolls-Royce, stays a time, and then goes away to where he came from. I said this gentleman makes pig iron—that was a slip I made; he employs slaves to make the pig iron, and these slaves live in a "butt and ben," and they are now eating 27 loaves for every ton of pig iron they produce.

This, then, is what Mr. Lewis calls real wages—27 loaves. The gentleman who lives in the big house has only got nominal wages, and he does not make the pig iron. I know for a fact that the household expenses of his house are £20,000 a year, or nominal wages; but, unlike the labourer, he is eating less now than he did in 1914, because he is not so able owing to the fact, I suppose, of the labourer consuming 27 loaves.

I think our scientists should tackle this question of loaves, and find some substitute which would be cheaper, then we might possibly be able to compete in the market. Bring down the labourer's subsistence to what it was, say, in 1814, or even to what it was in 1714, then we would have a chance. Then we could oust every competitor in the world. Then we would all be working. Why could not the labourer live on the same fare as the cattle in the fields? He would be healthier. Why should he drink whisky at 1/4 per glass which was only 3½d. in 1914, or why should he drink beer at 7d. per pint which was only 3d. in 1914, or why should he wear a suit of clothes at 50/- which was only 10/6 in 1914? And as for butter, he never gets it now. In 1914 he used to get a little on Saturday and Sunday. You do not require butter to produce pig iron—margarine is quite good enough. Why should not the labourer live on "buff" instead of "liver"? Why should he even get "liver"? Why not go out into the fields and pull nettles and make nettle soup? By doing so he could reduce the price of pig iron.

Mr. Lewis calls this question of loaves a conundrum, and he says there will be no revival of trade until someone solves the conundrum.

As the solution of the conundrum lies with the labourers, it may take some time to solve, but for a certainty they will solve it.

Mr. Frank Hodges is pleading for the miners, who are not getting 27 loaves; in fact, some of them are getting none at all. He is also trying to solve the conundrum; he is also wanting to revive trade; but, unlike Mr. Lewis, he has got a solution, and that solution is an appeal to the public, plus a dole from the Government, who are the public. It is a good joke at the expense of the poverty of the miners. The public is the bourgeois, and up till now the bourgeois has never wanted for any of the creature comforts of life. The solution of the conundrum, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hodges, is by telling the workers of the country the truth. You can never revive trade again; there must always be on the market at least 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 unemployed. Even were you to bring the rate of subsistence of the labourers to five loaves instead of 27, it would not help you.

The market is now too small; the machine is now too big, and it is getting bigger every day; and in twenty years' time it will make more unemployed. The question is, what are the slaves to do? The solution of the conundrum is, the slaves must take charge of the machines. Have you ever thought of that, Mr. Lewis? You know quite well we can produce more than we require, but we do not do it because of the market. The slaves will abolish the market and produce for use, and not for the market. Have you ever thought of that, Mr. Lewis? I know Mr. Hodges has never thought of it; he thinks there must always be slaves. But you are of a more scientific mind than Mr. Hodges, and you will easily see that if the slaves were to abolish the market and produce for use, why, the matter of loaves would not count, because they would be so many that we would be willing to give some to the people of other lands.

You may never have heard of Communism, Mr. Lewis. Well, in a Communist State there would be no money. We pay—i.e., the labourers pay—£400,000,000 interest on war debt every year. We would wipe that off the slate. We pay for the upkeep of all your middle and upper classes, which equals more than all the labourers get. We would wipe that, also, off the slate. You can see from that we are getting something in hand. We would abolish your Army and Navy, Law Courts, churches, and prisons. We would abolish all parasites; and by that time, instead of having 27 loaves, we would have 100. Then, Mr. Lewis, you and every man, woman and child in the land would share all the wealth in our land, and there would be no labourers. Think that over, Mr. Lewis!

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Women of the U.S.A. are going to picket the White House for the release of the political prisoners. The I.W.W. Defence Committee is also sending speakers to heckle the Government candidates in the elections.

So the Wobblies are adopting Suffragette tactics.

The Argonaut Mine Fire.

Forty-seven men lost their lives in the Argonaut Mine, California. Concrete bulkheads 60 ft. thick had been placed where the second exit required by law once existed. The daily inspection of electric installation required by law had been neglected. The insulation on the power line was rotten and torn. It is said that the fire was started through contact of a high-voltage wire with the timbers.

Walter Smith, member of the I.W.W. General Executive Board, alleges that the entombed men died from gas in five or six hours "because those in charge above had the fan turned on in the adjacent Muldoon shaft, thus drawing the air out instead of driving fresh air in. Thus they avoided forcing the fire above the 2,400-ft. level, in which case it would have burned more timbers and cost additional money."

Money seemed more important to the management than men's lives! No facilities were provided for dealing with fire. The only water in the mine was in the vat taken down for drinking purposes each shift.

INTERNATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALIST CONVENTION.

A circular letter has been addressed to all the Revolutionary Syndicalists and Industrialist organisations throughout the whole world by the International Bureau of Revolutionary Syndicalists, Berlin. This Bureau was set up last June at the International Syndicalist Convention which was held in Berlin, to act as an Information Centre of the Syndicalist and Industrial Unions, also to call an International Syndicalist Convention, to be held on December 25th, 1922.

The reasons for calling this Convention are:

That the Red International of Labour Unions as such, neither from the standpoint of principle nor from the standpoint of its status, constitutes an International organisation capable of welding the world's revolutionary workers together in one single fighting organism.

The Bureau has resolved to communicate the decisions to the Red International of Labour Unions, in the hope that the organisations affiliated with it will take part in the coming International Syndicalist Convention, in order to seek a basis on which it will be possible to unite in one single organisation all the revolutionary syndicalist forces of the whole world.

This decision expresses in concentrated form the tendency which came to the surface in the ranks of the world's revolutionary syndicalists. Both in December, 1920, and in October, 1921, in Dusseldorf, the question has come up of forming an International, on the basis of the class struggle, the battle against the State, and for an independent syndicalist movement.

The first call for an International Syndicalist Convention was in 1913, and was held in London; but the coming of the War broke all the Labour movements everywhere.

At one time, the call for a Syndicalist International which came from Moscow found a response in the hearts of the whole Left Wing of the world's Labour movement. It was believed that upon this gathering of the revolutionary elements of the different countries it would be possible to create an organism of sufficient life force against Capitalism and the State, and accomplish the complete liberation of the working class. The initial congress of this International was, however, a miscarriage, and the revolutionary mountain bore only a mouse. The R.I.L.U. was not able to satisfy any of the Syndicalist and Industrialist organisations represented at that congress. Ever since, numerous syndicalist central organisations have declared themselves against participation in the R.I.L.U. or affiliation under conditions which constitute almost a complete change of the statutes of the said International.

In the ranks of the revolutionary Syndicalists and Industrial Unionist organisations there is almost complete unanimity, which shows the necessity of reaching an understanding in this question, as well as in many other less important questions. The question of affiliation with Moscow may, irrespective of this, be left open and undecided.

Re presentation has been agreed to on the following basis:

(a) To all central national bodies of organised workers who stand on th eprinciples of Revolutionary Syndicalism and Industrialism.

(b) To all independent unions who are not affiliated with Syndicalist or Industrialist central organisation, but whose principles are derived from revolutionary Syndicalism or Industrialism.

(c) To all Revolutionary Syndicalist or Industrialist minorities.

It is hoped that this International Syndicalist and Industrial Unionist Convention will find a basis upon which working men of the world can unite. In the past the politicians have always split the workers the world over. The work of the International Syndicalist Convention is to find a basis on which the workers can have International solidarity, regardless of their political ideas.

L. N. LARKIN.

IN THE FUTURE.

I bring you no material gifts; for I have none to give you; all that I have are yours.

All things we have are but ours for the using; we use them without stint; but we waste them not; for these fruits of the harvest, these treasures of earth and sea, are wrought and gathered and grown by the service of comrades, who render their service with love, the love that we also bear them; countless unknown comrades; numberless, skilful, industrious brains and hands that toil for us.

As the small blades of grass on the wide prairie of grasses, are we, in our own vast human family; yet are we never left unprovided; we are assured; our provision is there in the common storehouse; in its large abundance, abundance resides for us.

We are served by the common service; our needs are met; our desires carefully cherished. If we stretch out our hands for help, from all sides help comes gladly.

Why should I grasp a little gold in my hand to buy some brother's unwilling service? I share in the free, ungrudging service of all mankind. Why should I gather for myself a store of goods that use will diminish, the worm corrupt, and the rust of time wither away? The common store-house, ever renewed, ever bulging with plenty, is open to me.

I give you my service, for delight, though your needs do not require it, for the general service surrounds you. Yet will I measure my service: this alone will I measure; for I will not come to you with a mind untended, undisciplined and unused, that hath not wrestled and strained to the task of achievement; I will not come as an orchard whose fruits are left ungarnered, or a garden whose flowers are overwhelmed by weeds; nor will I come as one who has shirked the common service, neglected the common store-house, and lived as a parasite upon our kind.

I give you my love; I bestow it without reserve or sparing, with zeal and with enthusiasm. I give you my love, and, in giving, I am endowed; my heart has become a shrine of beauty and refreshment; it is a nest of singing birds; it is a fountain of light; it is a mirror wherein transcendent visions are succeeding.

I love in you what is noblest, I discover within you only what is best.

I do not covet you to possess you; I do not seek to enchain you, to make you a chattel; nor do I jealously measure your affection and greedily strive to grasp it all unto myself; for your love is endless; it flows from you as the breath from your nostrils; it courses through you as the blood courses through your veins; it grows with your happiness and with the love you receive from others; it expands with the development of your mind, and as you gain in knowledge is enriched. It multiplies in worth and volume as you bestow it; it is a faculty with practice waxing in strength.

Your love graces and exalts you, and in all aspects enlarges your capacity. Study and labour adorn and enhance you; your love increases with your aptitude for learning and causes your work to fructify. You blossom as a garden of flowers; you are radiant as a morning of sunshine, welcome as Persephone bearing sweet almond blossoms in the early dawn, bounteous as Demeter with her golden sheaves.

E. S. P.

ROSA LUXEMBURG'S LETTERS FROM PRISON.

Translated by M. Campbell.

(*Continued.*)

I was so very glad to receive the card with your message yesterday, although it sounded so melancholy. How I would like to be with you now, so as to make you laugh again as you did after Karl had been arrested and when we were together—do you remember—in Café Funtenhof; we attracted considerable attention by our boisterous outbursts of laughter? What a fine time we had then—in spite of all that had happened! Our daily early morning hunt for a taxi in the Potsdamer Platz, then the ride to the prison through the flowery Tiergarten along the quiet Lehster Strasse with its tall elms, then when we were coming back how we simply had to get out at the Furstenhofs, and how you just couldn't resist coming over with us to Suedende, where the splendour of May was at its best. And the homely joy of the hours in my kitchen, where you and Mimi, seated at my little table with its nice white cloth, were awaiting the products of my culinary art (do you remember the fine haricots verts a la Parisienne? . . .) To this I must add the vivid recollection of a long period of brilliant hot days, and it is only under such conditions that one can experience the real joy of springtime. Then in the evening, how I simply had to look you up in your dear little room—I like so much to see you at your household duties, especially when I see you with your dainty girlish figure standing at the table pouring out the tea. I think you are wonderful—and finally about midnight accompanying each other home through the fragrant darkness of the streets! Do you still remember the night in Suedende when the moonlight created an indescribable charm, and how, when I was taking you home, the sharp black contours of the housetops against a background of delicate blue sky seemed to us like old romantic castles?

Sonjuscha, I should like to be always near you to keep your mind occupied, to talk with you or remain silent together, so that you would not fall a desperate prey to your gloomy thoughts. You ask in your card: "Why is everything like that?" You child; "like that" is just how life always has been; all these things belong to life: sorrow and separation and longing. One must not pick and choose, but see the good side and the beauty of everything that comes along. At least that is what I do. Not because I have delved and become wise, but simply because I'm like that by nature. I feel instinctively that this is the only right way of looking at life, and that is why I feel genuinely happy under no matter what conditions. I wouldn't like to have any part of my life cut out either, and wouldn't like to have it other than it was and is. If I could only get you to accept this outlook upon life! . . .

I haven't yet thanked you for Karl's photograph. How pleased I was to get it! It was really the finest birthday present you could have given me. I've put it in a nice frame, and it stands on the table in front of me, and its glances pursue me everywhere (you know some portraits seem to be looking at you, no matter where you put them). It is an excellent likeness. Won't Karl be pleased to hear the present news from Russia! But there are reasons why you yourself should be in a jolly mood too: there is now surely nothing to prevent your mother coming over to see you! Have you been considering that? For her sake, I do wish we could have some bright and warm weather. Here the buds are only just beginning to open, and yesterday we had sleet. What will it be looking like in my "Mediterranean landscape" at Suedende? Last year found both of us standing there behind the lattice, and you were admiring the profusion of the flora. . . .

You ought not to worry yourself over the letters. I will write you frequently, but shall be quite satisfied if you remember me with a line or two on a postcard! Go out as much as possible and do a lot of botany. Do you take that little flower catalogue of mine with you? Take things quietly, my dear, and keep your spirits up, it will all turn out all right! You will see!

With many fond embraces,

Always yours,

ROSA.

Wronke, May 2nd, 1917.

. . . Last April, if you remember, I rang both of you up at 10 a.m., urgently requesting you to come to the Botanic Gardens and listen together to the nightingale that was giving a regular concert. We quietly hid ourselves among the thick shrubbery and sat down upon some stones by a little tricking stream. But when the nightingale stopped singing we suddenly heard a most monotonous complaint that sounded like this: "Glegleglegleglegleglick!" I said: "That sounds something like a water-fowl or wading bird," and Karl agreed with me; but we couldn't find out for certain who it was. What do you think? I suddenly heard the same complaint in the vicinity here a few days ago, and it made my heart beat with impatience to find out at last who it could be. I had no peace until I found it out to-day: it is not a water-fowl, but a wry-neck, a grey species of the woodpecker family. It is not much bigger than a sparrow, and gets its name from its habit of trying, when in danger, to frighten its enemies by comical gestures and neck contortions. It lives solely on ants, which it gathers up on its sticky tongue like the ant-bear. That is why the Spaniards call him hormiguero—the ant-bird. One other thing, Moerike has written a very excellent comic poem on this bird, and Hugo Wolf has set it to music. I feel as though I had been made a present of something now that I know who is the bird with the plaintive voice. Perhaps you will let Karl know too, it would please him.

What am I reading? Principally works on natural science: the geographical distribution of plants and animals. Yesterday I happened to be reading about the cause of the disappearance of the singing-birds in Germany; it is because afforestation, horticulture and agriculture are largely being conducted more and more on scientific lines, and thus by degrees all their natural resting-places and feeding-grounds—hollow trees, waste land, underwood, decaying foliage on the garden soil—are being destroyed. It pained me so much to read that. I'm not thinking of what their song is to mankind, but the idea of the silent inevitable annihilation of these defenceless little creatures caused me such pain that I had to cry. It brings to my mind a book of Professor Sieber on the disappearance of the Redskins in America that I read when in Zurich: they are likewise being driven step by step out of their native territory by civilisation, and are passing in a silent, cruel way completely out of existence.

But there you are, I must indeed be in ill-health when everything affects me so deeply. Or do you know, I sometimes feel as if I were not really a human being, but some kind of bird or animal in human form; my innermost feelings tell me that I am more at home here in my little bit of garden or when sitting among the grasses and the busy hum of the countryside than—at a Party Congress. I know I can speak like that to you: you wouldn't straight away see in it a betrayal of Socialism. You know well enough that, in spite of myself, I shall, it is to be hoped, die at my post: in a street fight or in a convict prison. But my innermost self belongs more to my garden warblers than to the "comrades." But it is not as though I, like so many politicians whose life is bankrupt, find a refuge or a rest in nature. On the contrary, at every step and turn I come across in nature so much, too, that is positively cruel that I suffer a good deal in that way. Imagine me, for example, not being able to rid my mind of the following trivial happening: Last spring I was coming home through my quiet and deserted street after a cross-country walk, when I happened to notice a small dark spot on the ground. I stooped down and saw a soundless tragedy: a large dung-beetle was lying on its back and putting up a helpless defence with its legs whilst quite a host of tiny ants were swarming all around

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THE OUTLOOK.

THE ELECTION.

We expect nothing from the General Election. It belongs to the Capitalist civilisation which is nearing its end. With that civilisation Parliaments and Cabinets as we know them to-day will disappear.

We are looking forward to the advent of Communism and its industrial councils. For us there is no hope, no health or soundness in the present social system. We do not desire to patch it or improve it: we want to come to the end of it, and to erect an entirely new civilisation in its place.

We must be keen and active in bringing this point of view before the people. We must be at the elections exposing their futility, the insincerity and the uselessness of the pledges the politicians are making there, and the impossibility of curing social evils, except by sweeping away the system of which they are a natural and inevitable result.

THE MISCONCEPTIONS OF MR. BRAILSFORD.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford, editor of the "New Leader," has an article in that paper headed: "Too many Germans." He quotes Clemenceau as saying: "There are twenty million Germans too many," and Hoover: "Fifteen million Germans will have to emigrate." Mr. Brailsford argues:

> "In half a century of comparative peace Europe had built up an intensive industrial system, which enabled more men to live on a square mile than history had ever known before. But the condition of this existence was a relatively close international co-operation, and an immense extension over the outermost parts of the earth. Post-war nationalism has everywhere smashed this co-operation. Every country lives, or dies, to itself. At the same time, Germany has been driven by the deliberate measures of her rivals from many of her overseas markets. That was the deadly frontier-drawing at Versailles. This ruin is the work of a Capitalist theory of life working in a frenzy of nationalism. No financial remedies will undo it. We must either pass on to internationalism, or face the fact that without fraternity civilisation can no longer feed its millions."

There are some truths mixed up in these phrases of Mr. Brailsford; but the position is incorrectly stated. In the first place, it is wrong to describe the pre-war condition as one of co-operation internal or external: it was entirely commercial: competitive buying and selling; buying in the cheapest market, selling in the dearest. Before the War, just as much as now, every country lived or died for itself; the only exception being, then as now, that some of the weaker were drawn into the orbit of the stronger and exploited by them. Does Mr. Brailsford think there was any element of co-operation in the supply of Welsh coal to the United States during the recent strike of American miners? Is it a return to co-operation which has enabled British coal-owners to win back some of the markets they lost after the Peace of Versailles and to snatch some new ones from America, by lowering miners' wages below subsistence point, so that they have to be supplemented by the Guardians?

As to the remedy for the present evils, and especially for Germany's unhappy plight, Mr. Brailsford puts forward internationalism; but internationalism, as such, without the overthrow of the Capitalist system, an internationalism merely of free trade, and the "open door," would be but an extension and intensification of the state of affairs which existed in this country before the War. It would merely mean that this country and Germany, still more than before the War, would contain overcrowded factory districts, pouring out manufactured articles in ever-increasing quantities, more, more, and still a thousandfold more and more, than ever their populations would be allowed by the employing classes, the purchasing power to use for themselves. Only the tariff barriers would be down and the currencies levelled, so that the stream could go pouring out into other countries.

Such a remedy would be a continuation and intensification of the pre-war state. But is it a remedy? Both Mr. Brailsford and Mr. Keynes appear to be obsessed by a fear of the growth of population; but, unlike Malthus, their pre-occuppation is not, it seems, as to whether the earth can produce sufficient foodstuffs for the people, but whether the people can produce sufficient profit for the employers to make the employers willing to find work for all the people. Mr. Brailsford and Mr. Keynes evidently do not share the delusion that there is any real lack of food in the world; otherwise they would surely be advocating intensive methods of agriculture and of stock raising.

We recommend both these economists to turn their attention to the need for freeing the workers from the employers, and for increasing both production for use, and also the leisure hours of the people; by eliminating the idle classes and the classes uselessly employed in connection with buying and selling and all financial operations.

PROSPECTS FOR SHIPBUILDERS.

Sir William Raeburn, M.P., says: "There is more tonnage in the world by far than is required. . . . So far as I can see, there is likely to be no shipbuilding boom for a long time to come."

The Clyde-side correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian Commercial" declares, however, that there are 3,000,000 tons of shipping which are approaching the obsolete stage, and that British shipowners are eager to obtain the orders to renew it. Therefore, another 10/- per week is to come off wages.

Capitalism offers a pretty prospect indeed to the worker: starve on the dole while trade is slack; work at reduced wages as trade improves.

Shipbuilding and marine engineering firms hope for more business through the movement to fit Diesel engines into all large-tonnage ships. This means more unemployment for the miners.

Under Communism such changes would merely mean a holiday for a time whilst the worker chose a new trade, then a new training if necessary. In no case would a shortage of the accustomed necessaries and pleasures result. The means of life would be assured as before.

BESEIGED GUARDIANS.

How mean were the Romford Guardians who refused to give audience to the representatives of 2,000 starving unemployed, waiting outside, because "notice had not been given!" How ignominious was their final consent to receive the deputation, not from a sense of duty, not from a sense of pity; but from fear only, because the police, having already procured reinforcements, declared themselves unable to disperse the crowd!

The unemployed rushed the Poor-Law bakery and seized some of the bread: that one small thing to the good they obtained by their demonstration; for the rest the Guardians gave them a promise to reconsider the scale of relief for the men in the industrial districts only.

COURAGE.

If a hungry, penniless man or woman take food, the magistrate passes sentence of imprisonment; the same thing happens if the hungry one attempt to commit suicide and fail; if the deed be successfully accomplished, then the Coroner deplores the suicide's lack of courage.

REPARATIONS.

Sir John Bradbury's scheme—which is, of course, the British scheme—is to be turned down by the French Government. He proposed that Germany should, for perhaps two, or perhaps four years, deliver five-year Treasury bills to the Powers claiming reparations. These bills the Powers receiving them could negotiate when they had backed them with their own guarantee to pay, should Germany default. French financiers protested that this would amount to France paying her own reparations. Certainly it seems like it.

M. Barthou, for the French, has put forward an alternative scheme which entails the control of German finances by the Reparations Commission. The British have replied that this is illegal. Certainly Mr. Bonar Law's Government comes in to meet a very extensive breach between French and British policy. How far he will heal it or widen it remains to be seen. Lord Curzon remains at the Foreign Office. No real changes need be expected. The more these Capitalist Imperialist Governments change, the more they are the same.

THAT ACTIVE ADVANCE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I was glad to read that Mr. Aldred is not a blind admirer of Luther, and was aware all the time of his attitude towards the peasants, and of the capitalist character of his wangel.

But I cannot understand how the freeing of the human mind, granting that it *is* freed, "actively advanced the cause of human progress towards the goal for which we stand," seeing that the modern casual ward is decidedly so much more anti-Communistic than were the old monasteries. So far as hospitality to wayfarers is concerned, the "active progress" of the last four hundred years has been, not towards, but away from, Communism. It is admitted that the early Christian Fathers preached, and, in their monasteries, practised a semi-Communism; but the officials in a modern casual ward do not pretend to practise anything but the most brutal inhumanity upon those unfortunate enough to have to seek their charity (save the mark!). Where, in old times, the casual wayfarer was treated as a brother, he is now treated as vermin. The progress here has been along the wrong road, as "progress" so often is. Let us beware of this catchword, "Progress." It is a word in the name of which our kind capitalists (and especially Liberal ones) are always giving us stones for bread.

Yours sincerely,
S. HUGH SIMCOE.

The Old School, Thaxted.

THE COMMUNIST WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL.

"Proletarier," organ of the Communist Workers' International (printed in German), and the "Kommunistische Arbeiter Zeitung," organ of the German Communist Workers' Party (printed in German) may be obtained from the "Dreadnought" Bookshop, at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT MEETINGS.

Friday, Oct. 27th.—8 p.m., **Prince's Head, Battersea.** Chair, F. Grant. Speaker, C. T. West.

Saturday, Oct. 28th.—8 p.m., **Garibaldi Corner, Edgware Road.** Chair, F. Grant. Speaker, C. T. West.

Monday, Oct. 30th.—8 p.m., **Woodgrange Road, Forest Gate.** Chair, F. Grant. Speaker, C. T. West.

Tuesday, Oct. 31st.—8 p.m., **Wren Road, Camberwell.** Chair, F. Grant. Speaker, C. T. West.

Wednesday, Nov. 1st.—8 p.m., **Finsbury Park Empire.** Chair, F. Grant. Speaker, C. T. West.

IN THE DONETZ COALFIELD.

(From the Moscow "Pravda.")

Less than two years ago, when I visited the Donetz Basin, the countryside and mining villages looked bleak and desolate. Little work was going on at the pits. Many of them were flooded, and all looked neglected. The great factories near them no longer polluted the atmosphere with their thick black smoke; but they also no longer provided the people with work—with bread.

"It will take years to put the pits and factories into working order again," said the engineers and experts. "It will take millions of pounds to restore the factories and pits," said the capitalists who knew the district.

* * *

A short time ago I revisited the Donetz Basin, and the change since my last visit was amazing. Once again the air was thick with smoke, and the continuous whirr of machinery, the clanging of metal, greeted my ears.

"How did you manage to set things going?" I asked the manager of one factory. "Ah!" he answered, "it was a hard struggle; it was useless to worry the centre, but we were determined not to let our district perish. On my own risk I got pig iron from the peasants, who collected the ore from surface workings; I promised them one pood of manufactured iron for five poods of pig iron." "And the central authorities, what did they say?" I asked. "Oh, they only laughed at me—but I have now got pig iron enough for two years work, and the factories are going, and the workers are returning. At all costs we are determined to keep industry alive here."

I visited other factories and pits in operation (not all, of course, are working yet). Everywhere I met the same iron determination to keep things going against tremendous odds. Many managers pointed out to me with pride the keen interest taken by the workers, the number of little improvements introduced, of inventions worked out by ordinary rank and file workers.

* * *

In the Rudchenkovsk mine I came across Yegor Abakumov, a man of twenty-eight, who had been born close to this mine, and who, after an elementary schooling, had become a miner like his father before him. After the outbreak of the revolution he had served in the Red Army, had been made prisoner by Denikin, and managed to escape. During the Hetman occupation of the Ukraine he had been expelled, and now he is manager of a mine, and an excellent manager he makes too, I am told. About a year and a-half ago, when the famine was at its height in the Donetz, when men had become too weak to move the coal, and when the horses were dying off like flies from want of fodder, Abakumov had an idea—to install an electric carrier. He suggested this idea to the experts, and they laughed at him. Then he went to the mines manager. Luckily the latter was a worker—a good fellow who had also fought against Denikin. And he gave permission to Abakumov to go ahead.

Abakumov started to work on his idea—many were the jokes made at his expense—but he and his friends worked and worked, night and day. Then three days before the work was finished the mines manager received a communication from the administration that the unnecessary work of electrification should cease. By this time the manager realised the full value of the scheme, and he concealed the order. And in three days' time, at a depth of 2,450 ft. below ground, the electric carrier was working backwards and forwards, taking the place of fifty horses!

* * *

Later, I was speaking to a member of the Mines Administration. "Abakumov is an exceptionally clever worker, is he not?" I remarked. "Yes," he replied, "certainly he is an exceptional man. And yet," he added, "really he is very typical of the spirit which scoffs at mere working by rule of thumb, and wants to use initiative and resource in improving not only the workers' conditions of life, but also the means and methods of his daily work."

"And the administration," I asked with a smile, "does it always approve and encourage their efforts?" "Well, no," he said, smiling guiltily, "not always; especially when they are untutored and primitive as they often are—still, we do recognise the value of such an attitude on the part of the worker."

And I left feeling that it was just this new spirit of the younger workers which was the real hope for the future, not only of the Donetz Basin, but of Russia.

* * *

[Yet it is this "centre" and these "experts" whom we are asked to follow in believing that the reaction to Capitalism called the "New Economic Policy" is the only way for Soviet Russia. It is these same experts and this "centre" who are supposed to know all that is good for the proletarian movement in every country.—Editor, "Workers' Dreadnought."]

ESPERANTO.

SLOSILO DE L'EKZERCO No. 17

What impertinence! rudely said the starling to the cuckoo, that you put your eggs in strange nests.—Impertinence, you call it, that I trust my children to others? replied the cuckoo; does it not, on the contrary, prove extraordinary unselfishness?

EKZERCO No. 18.

(De Esperanto Triumfonta.)

Kliento: Bonan tagon, Doktoro.

Kuracisto: Bonan tagon, ye kio vi suferas?

Kliento: Kara Sinjoro, ŝajnas al mi ke mi estas freneza.

Kuracisto (kun miro): Freneza, kial?

Kliento: Mi ne scias, sed mi havas tiun senton.

Kuracisto: Estu tute trankvila, vi estas nepre sana.

Kliento: Ĉu vi estas tute certa? Mi ne povas kredi tion.

Kuracisto: Mi deklaras al vi, vi estas tute normala. Adiaŭ. (La kliento foriras.)

Kuracisto postrigardante kaj kapskuante. Frenezulo!

VORTARETO.

Adiaŭ	Good-bye
bona	good
certa	certain
deklari	to declare
foriri	to go away
freneza	mad
kapskuante	shaking head
kara	dear
kial	why
kio	what
kliento	client
kredi	to believe
kun	with
kuracisto	doctor
miro	surprise
nepre	absolutely
normala	normal
prostrigardante	looking back
povi	to be able
sana	healthy
ŝajni	to appear
scii	to know
sento	sentiment
sinjoro	sir
suferi	to suffer
tago	day
trankvila	quiet, easy
tute	quite
ye	about, of

MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

Daŭriga.

La kapitalistaro estas devestinta je ĝia lumkrono ĉiun okupon ĝisnune honoritan kaj alrigarditan kun reverenca respektego. Gi ŝanĝis la fizikiston, la leĝiston, la pastron, la poeton, la scienciston, je siaj dungataj porsalaraj laborantoj.

La kapitalistaro devestis de la familio ĝian vualon sentimentalan, kaj redukciis la familian rilaton ĝis nur mona rilato.

Daŭrigota.

WHAT IS THE ELECTION ABOUT?

(Continued from Page 1).

between them; only a difference of opinion in regard to what is expedient.

Lloyd George and the Tory secessionists have secured that the Near East Conference should not take place until after the General Election, because there is this difference of opinion amongst the British Capitalist rulers as to how these matters shall be settled.

Labour Party Without Principles.

The Labour Party cannot fight the Election clearly on the fact that both Capitalist parties are preparing another war, because the Labour Party has no clear alternative foreign policy of its own. Like the Liberals, Tories, and Coalitionists, it also is Imperialist. In foreign affairs it identifies the interests of British workers with those of their employers.

What is the "Daily Herald's" complaint against Lloyd George? "He has lost us our foreign markets." To the Socialist such a phrase is unthinkable. We are not seeking for markets, or for Imperial greatness: we desire only to supply the needs of the people.

A Last-Minute Propaganda.

The Labour Party has, unfortunately, no clear alternative home policy to present to those of the other parties, because it has not decided to fight against the entire Capitalist system. The Executive of the Party and its "Policy Committee" are holding an eleventh hour conference to decide what they shall declare to be the principal issues of the Election. Is it thus, at the last moment, the principles of Socialism are to be taught? No; for the principal issues will not be questions of Socialism.

Mr. Henderson set forth at Newport some of what the Labour Party's "principal issues" will turn out to be:

A capital levy on accumulated wealth beginning on fortunes over £5,000.

This expedient will make no difference to any of us. The unemployed and the destitute will suffer as before; wages will not be raised by a shilling, nor will rents and prices fall in relation to wages because of the levy. The man whose little business is failing, and who is overwhelmed with debt, will find no improvement in his position. Should the wealthy agree to the capital levy, they will speedily recoup themselves in other ways, and in any case the proposed levy is exceedingly small.

A national minimum: we do not know whether this means a minimum wage, or whether it is only a phrase; but such a palliative as a minimum wage will make no real difference to the mass. It may raise wages in a few individual cases; it will depress them in others.

Nationalisation of mines and railways. The post-office workers are aware that if this were accomplished, the workers in the nationalised services would continue to work under Capitalist conditions so long as the Capitalist system obtains. In return for the possibility of a pension (there is no certainty the State would grant pensions to miners and railwaymen, but it might) they would in practice lose the right to strike.

"Scientific organisation of the nation's industries and a measure of control to the workers." Why a measure of control, Mr. Henderson? Why not complete control?

Better houses, better living, better schooling. It cannot be done under Capitalism. Communism only, Mr. Henderson and comrades, will accomplish what the people need.

COMMUNIST ESPERANTISTS.

The Manchester and District Communist Esperanto Group, 10 Jane Street, Eccles New Road, Salford, invites new members.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £305 1s. 5½d. A. Hodson, £1; J. S., £1. Total for fortnight, £2. Total, £307 1s. 5½d.

Donations urgently requested: make it a regular weekly or monthly donation!

AN INDUSTRIAL REPUBLIC.

A comrade sends us the following account of an industrial republic of 4,000,000 people, said to have been set up in Southern Mexico in 1911. This account (corroborated by other writers about the same time) appeared in the San Francisco "Proletariat" in 1919.

Whether the Industrial Republic still exists we are unable to say.

ZAPATALAND
4,000,000 PEOPLE ON AREA EQUAL TO THE STATE OF VICTORIA.
NO PRIVATE PROPERTY, MONEY OR BARTER.
LOCAL GOVERNMENT UNDER MINIMUM CENTRALISATION.

Name.

(Zapataland is the name here given to the isolated Industrial Union in the heart of Southern Mexico. The name comes from General Zapata, commander-in-chief of the Republic's militia. The following narrative is from the lips of General Zogg, who is now studying at the University of California. In his own land he is a major-general in the engineering department of the army.)

"Zapataland," you call our republic, for here in America you still worship heroes. But we have named it what it is, the INDUSTRIAL UNION OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA. It is not a country dominated by one man's personality. It is the Socialistic State put into effect.

No Money, No Murders, No Divorces.

To you it is astonishing that THREE MILLION people have lived for SEVEN YEARS in a republic in the heart of Mexico, without money, without government, without strife. When you hear that there is plenty for all, and yet that no one need work more than two hours a day—that although divorce is absolutely free, there has been no divorce recorded—that although every man and woman practises with a gun there has been in that time no murder, you are astonished. Yet all this is plain matter of fact to us. It does not astonish us. We have lived it.

I have seen Americans smile involuntarily when I told them that our soldiers can take a vacation at any time if they will merely notify the commander; that our trains stop wherever we want to get off; that our newspapers are published only when there is news. Yet, is it not all the natural thing?

Local Government, No Exploitation.

We have one great unwritten law—that no man shall exploit any other man. That is our whole Constitution and Government. When a man and woman in our country go to the schoolhouse to register themselves in marriage, they say, for a Marriage Service:

"We agree to live together as man and wife, and hope to bring children into the world and teach them not to exploit."

We can smile, too, as when we hear people arguing that a country cannot be run without government and laws, that there must be some ruling power or there will be chaos. We can smile just as people smile at the woman who looked for a long time at the giraffe in the circus, and then said:

"There ain't no such animal!"

But all the time the people are arguing, there is Zapataland, the Industrial Union. There it is.

Health, Wealth.

An American going into the Union might say to himself:

"Well, these people look healthy and well-fed and happy, but they are not so very prosperous after all. Many of them have no floors in their houses, and wear nothing but a few rough garments." The American must not forget that many Mexicans live in that simple manner by choice. He must compare their standard of living, not only with that of Americans, but with that of the peons now under Carranza, or with that of the same Unionists before their revolution. A revolution in America would result in a very different standard of living.

One thing a stranger must notice in the Union. He will see children over seven pale and puny, and younger children, even those in the same family, plump and mischievous. He could tell from the looks of the children that it was seven years ago that the mother and father began to have plenty of food and rest. Zapata himself has a weak little son of ten years, and two strong young rascals under seven.

Industries Self-Ruled.

Each locality, each industry, rules itself. There is no central power. All the miners in one mine meet and elect a foreman to direct them. On the very same day they can, if they like, meet again and discharge him and elect another foreman to take his place. But some of the foremen elected at the founding of the republic have proved so efficient and so popular that they are still foremen. That is natural, too. A director of work (not an owner, but an actual director) must always have more responsibility and worry than a workman. He must take his work home with him at night.

No "Pay."

Therefore, in a society where the director gets no more for his work, and where the general good depends upon his ability, no man who is not fitted to direct an industry will want to do it. The director is the choice of the majority, and if there is a dissatisfied minority they can go into another mine or another industry.

Other industries are conducted in the same way. Soldiers meet and elect their officer. Workers on a railroad meet and elect their engineer. Farm workers in a given valley meet and elect their head farmer. A doctor starts a hospital, and, if his work is liked, nurses and patients go to him. A teacher starts a school, another man becomes a marketman. Each stands by virtue of his efficiency, or else fails. No man calls any other man master or works for any other man's profit. He may work under another man, a head worker, not an owner—but he works only under the man he has helped to choose, and he may leave that man or that work at any time.

Hours.

Workers of each industry meet, make the rules to govern that industry, and set the hours of work, assigning the shortest hours to the hardest and most disagreeable work. Thus an engineer works two hours a day, a fireman but one. No man is forced to work if he does not wish to, and no account is kept of the hours any man works.

Ridicule Shirkers.

Ridicule is the only weappon used against the man that shirks, but it is sufficient.

Two hours a day is the average time for labour. But I have seen farm workers labour fourteen and fifteen hours a day while they were getting in the crops, and then have a vacation afterwards. Nurses usually work twelve hours a day for perhaps two weeks at a stretch, and then rest for as long as they like.

No Barter.

We have no system of direct barter—a bushel of potatoes for a sack of sugar. That would be as bad as having money. In rural districts the people go out to the farms and get the food they want. In the cities the farmers bring produce into the markets for the greater convenience of the people. When a locality wants sugar, it sends to the nearest sugar mill. At one large sugar mill account of the sugar sent out is kept, not as a check on other localities, but just to be sure that no locality is left out. Often word will come from a locality that the people there have sugar enough and hope no more will be sent.

Gold or Imports.

When we buy from another country we must, of course, use money; that is, gold from our mines. Suppose a potato-raising community wants some farm machinery that must be bought in the United States. Its people gather in the plaza to elect a man to buy for them. All producers, men and women, may vote, and also all the people too old to do productive work, but students have no voice. All those that want one man walk over to one end of the plaza; those that want another, to the other end; and so the buyer is elected. He then goes to the nearest mining community and asks for enough gold. There is a meeting there, and as a rule the people vote to give him the gold—for what use is it to the miners except to buy outside the country such things as will make the Union the richer? So the man takes the gold and goes and buys the farm machinery. This machinery does not then belong to the potato-raising locality, however, but must be passed on when the first locality has finished to any other agricultural locality that wants it.

Free Houses.

When a man wants a house in our Union, he goes before the building department and tells them so. Perhaps they tell him they have a nice empty house in such a street. He looks at it, but reports that he does not like it.

"Well," they say to him, "then file your plans here, and we will build you a house when your turn comes on the list."

He may have a big house or a small, as he likes—but, of course, the larger house will be harder to take care of, and since anyone may have one, there is no social advantage in a large house. If he asks for a mansion of sixty rooms, he will get it, but he will have to share it with perhaps twenty other families.

Minimum Preaching and "Drink."

Some of the things that are done in the United States as paid work are not recognised as work in the Union—such as preaching and making liquor. There is no law against either, but as both must be done after regular work is finished, and as there is no money in either, productions of sermons and liquor has been reduced automatically to a minimum. Our priests fled during the revolution. A few preachers have stayed, and are working along with us, but though they may preach all they wish, no church has been established in our republic.

No Lawyers.

There are no lawyers nor politicians; there is nothing for them to exploit. On the other hand, playing in the band, running a moving-picture macchine, and taking part in bull fights are recognised as work.

Woman Housework.

Another form of recognised work is housework, and this is generally the only work women do, for there is a strong feeling that the home is the place for them. If they protested, however, they might be allowed to go into other industries. Many of them raise food products as recreation, having their water melon patches, just as women in the United States have their rose gardens.

Volunteer Army, Men and Women.

Both men and women serve as volunteer soldiers, and practise daily at targets. The Union has a true militia of the people, and must continue to have until there is no longer danger of destruction by any strong military Capitalistic Power. All the regulars are volunteers. They meet and elect their officers; these officers meet and elect their head general—and they have elected Zapata. That is what he is, commander-in-chief of the army. He is no more ruler of the country than General Pershing is of the United States.

Extending Territory.

The soldiers are constantly busy guarding the outposts of the land and pushing the boundaries farther and farther outward into Carranza's territory. As these are pushed outward, more soldiers are needed to guard them, and a call is sent out to the nearest locality for a given number of soldiers—one hundred, six thousand, whatever it may be. Always more come than have been called, and some must be sent back. They serve a day, perhaps a week, two weeks, according to the need. Sometimes they are called out just as a drill, to see how readily they can find their guns and assemble.

Whenever we push our borders farther into Carranza's country, and annex perhaps a great power-house or a fertile valley, we feel that we are extending the boundaries of freedom, but we know that we cannot be entirely free until the whole world is free.

95,000 Square Miles.

Our land now occupies 95,000 square miles. It is a strip about 550 miles long and approximately 170 miles wide, running through the middle of the lower third of Mexico, where it turns to run east and west, and takes in the eastern halves of the former Mexican States of Michoacan, Guerrero and Oaxaca, all of Morelos, the western portion of Mexico, Puebla, and a few others, and nearly all of Chiapas.

Isolated.

We are wholly surrounded by Carranza's Mexico, and have no port, and do not want one, for it would then be too easy for some great military Power to destroy us. Our republic has both mountain lands and lowlands, and a great part of it is under cultivation. The climate ranges from tropical to warm temperate, and something like Southern California in the spring.

4,000,000 People.

We have no census, but we know that we have more than three million people, and I think there are fewer than four million. Of these, only about 2,000 are Europeans, many of these of mixed Mexican and European parentage.

Foreigners; Suspect.

Nearly always a foreigner has meant in our country an exploiter. Also, we have trusted a few foreigners with gold with which to buy for us in America, and they have not returned. For this reason suspicion of foreigners still lingers. But there is no real bar to foreign settlers—if Carranza will let them through. He has turned back many, especially men that wanted to explore our country. We think that he is afraid that they will give a more favourable report of the Union than of his domain.

Schooling, Disease.

Illiteracy as well as disease is disappearing under the Socialistic State. Before our revolution we had more than 94 per cent. of illiterates. Now all but 40 per cent., and these chiefly the old, can write their own names at least. They are taught in the schools from typewritten text-books made by the teachers themselves, the children going to school during the day, the men and women in the evening. The men that carry mail write their names on the back of each letter they carry, as a matter of pride, and perhaps also for practice in writing. But there is not a great deal of writing. With travel free and time to spare, most people prefer to go to visit their friends and say what they have to say.

Music and engineering, and, in fact, all constructive things, have received an impetus from the people's freedom.

Back to the Land.

One curious result has been the movement back to the land. Our largest city at the beginning of the revolution had a population of about 100,000. Now it is less than a third that size.

Madera 1911 Betrayal.

Our republic might be said to have been founded when our revolution began, early in 1911.

Every year since Porfirio Diaz opened his second term as President, and thereby violated the Constitution, a hundred or more revolutionists had risen and been killed, crushed by Diaz's strong military machine. But late in 1910, when Diaz and Madera were both candidates for President, and Diaz and Madera men arrested as fast as they held meetings, the people became stirred up. The election farce went through, and Diaz took his seat again as President. But when Madera and his group issued the proclamation of San Luis Obispo, declaring that there should be no re-election to any office and taking back all land that had been illegally conceded since the Constitution was adopted in 1857, the people flocked to aid him. The peon is always ready to take up a gun against Capitalism, for he knows he has been robbed—and this time he thought that he had found a leader that would give him back his land. "The Army of No-Re-election" we called it. In May, 1911, Diaz fled, De la Bara was put in as temporary President, and everything was quiet at once. Madera and the intellectual group thought the revolution was over.

But when the peons found that Madera was not going to give them the land they thought they had been fighting for—that, in short, Madera had betrayed them—they knew that the revolution had just

begun. Then the true revolution began. From that time we have never stopped fighting—Diaz, Madera, Huerta, Carranza, and whoever else who shall stand opposed to the peons. First we fought Diaz the dictator; then Madera, my friend, personally a fine man, but nevertheless the enemy of the peons; then Huerta, a former captain of engineering in our army; and now Carranza, a white-bearded, pleasant-faced country lawyer, formerly Governor of the State of Chouala.

Carranza, President.

Carranza is a member of the Socialist Party of Mexico; yet he has sold the people's land to the exploiters, and is really more of a capitalist than any President the United States has had. He is eighty years old, a short, thick-set man, wearing glasses, a man of pleasnt face and manner. He cannot be bought with money, but he can be flattered and swayed by popular applause.

Villa, "Butcher Bandit."

Villa is a tender-hearted Socialist idealist, but not a radical. He believes in Government ownership of the public utilities, but would not abolish money nor private ownership of property. He was innocent of the raid that brought the United States expedition after him, and that is why the Americans did not take him—they found out that he was not the man they were after. Villa will probably take sides against Carranza in the revolution that is now brewing in Mexico proper, but afterward the victor will have to reckon with him.

Zapata Himself.

Zapata is a tall, clean, strong Mexican Indian, of about forty years. He was working as a stableman at 10d. a day when the revolution broke out, and at that time could neither read nor write. But he is a big man, and his bigness could not be hidden. He is shrewd and keen-minded, a born speaker, a natural organiser of people that do not want to be organised, and, with all this, a fine clean man, home-loving and tender-hearted, and without vanity. Also, he is a man of inborn grace and refinement. If you saw him in a drawing-room in his dress suit, you would find him as much at home there as he is in camp. That is Zapata, our well-beloved general, leader of our last revolution, but not the ruler of our Union.

Foreign Interference.

Our republic might be crushed from the outside, though its enemies would first have to reckon with every man and woman in the Union. But at least we have finished our last revolution. We have no foe within.

HAPPENINGS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The oath of allegiance imposed on them aroused great anger amongst the clergy, who stirred up devout believers against this attack on the dogmas of the Church. The clergy were divided into two parties —those who submitted, for form's sake, to the new laws, and took the oath of allegiance to the Constitution; and the unsworn clergy who refused the oath and worked openly for the restoration of the old order, in which they saw their only hope.

The French peasants, expecting a juster assessment of taxes, preferred to pay nothing in the meantime; the rich, who hated the Revolution, refused to pay anything towards the democratic State.

A forced loan from the rich, or the seizure of ecclesiastical property, seemed the only alternatives.

Meanwhile, the King was plotting to leave Versailles for Rambouillet, or Orleans, where he would put himself at the head of the armies and return to capture Versailles and Paris. The plots of the Court evoked counter-preparations. Even the more moderate leaders constituted "the confederation of the clubs" to work up the popular ferment. On August 30th the Marquis of Saint Huruge, one of the popular orators of the Palais Royal, suggested a march on Versailles to demand the dismissal of the "ignorant, corrupt, and suspected deputies" who defended the suspensive veto of the King. At the same meeting threats were made to set fire to the chateaux of those deputies, and it was said that 2,000 letters had been sent into the provinces for that purpose. The gathering was dispersed, but the proposal to march on Versailles remained current.

On August 31st, five deputations went from the Palais Royal to the Hotel de Ville, urging the Paris municipality to use its influence against the royal veto, and at Versailles the crowd in tears beseeched Mirabean to abandon his defence of the veto.

In the first days of September it began to be hinted abroad that all good citizens should march to Versailles to bring the King and the Dauphin to Paris. Even the newspapers began to mention it, and a fortnight before the event Mirabean spoke of women who would march on Versailles.

The road from Paris to Metz was lined with Loyalist troops, and it was openly said that the King would escape to Metz to place himself under the protection of the Marquis de Bouille.

On October 1st and 3rd the King and Queen gave banquets to the officers of the Flanders and Swiss regiments garrisoned at Versailles. The Court ladies presented white cockades to the officers, and the national cockade was trampled under foot. A plot was concocted to move the National Assembly to Tours, far from the revolutionary people of Paris.

Soon the King and his armies would march upon Paris, unless the people of Paris arose first. Danton, Murat, Loustalot, and others less known and unknown, understood this. They bent their efforts to rouse the people of Paris.

On October 5th the insurrection broke out in Paris to the cry of "Bread." A young girl beating a drum aroused the women, who marched to the Hotel de Ville, and forced open the doors of the Communal Hall, demanding bread and arms. "To Versailles!" was the cry that everywhere attracted the women. Maitland, who had been prominent in the seizure of the Bastille, was made leader of the column.

Pouring rain did not deter the women marchers. They reached Versailles drenched and tired, and, invading the Assembly, crowded the benches of the deputies, demanding bread.

The Assembly at once sent to the King to demand his sanction to the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and the King granted it, as a small matter, in face of the menace of the proletarian insurrection. The Declaration, however, was of no avail to the starving masses. Thus did the bourgeois revolution profit by the mass action of the proletariat.

Men, too, were now marching to Versailles, and about 7 p.m. Lafayette set out also at the head of the National Guards.

The carriages were already prepared for the escape of the King and his family, but a picket of the National Guard discovered them and sent them back to the stables.

The efforts of the National Guard and the continuous downpour caused the crowd about the Assembly to diminish by degrees; but between 5 and 6 a.m. some men and women discovered a little gate, leading into the Palace, left open. In a few minutes they had discovered the bed-chamber of the Queen, who had barely time to escape to the King's apartments. Lafayette and the National Guard rode up just in time to save the royal bodyguard. He calmed the crowd by making the King and Queen and the Dauphin appear on the balcony, and by kissing the Queen's hand.

The people, however, insisted on bringing the royal party to Paris; and though the middle classes organised some loyal demonstrations to greet their entry, both the people and the King knew that when Louis XVI. and his family entered the Tuilleries they did so as prisoners of the people.

The people had gained a victory, but reaction was growing, and the middle classes feared the proletariat. More than two hundred deputies refused to go to Paris, and demanded passports to return to their homes. They were treated as traitors, and the passports were refused; but some of them resigned.

The middle class, determined to uphold the principle of private property, had attacked the property of the Church, in order to avoid being forced to make larger contributions to the national revenue and to assist in its hour of great financial difficulty the Capitalist State they were building.

At the same time, they were looking forward to the gains they would make out of the spoliation of the clergy. The use of the term expropriation was carefully avoided, however, and it was euphemistically said that the Church property was "put at the disposal of the nation." Many warning voices were raised in the Assembly that this was leading on to an agrarian law which would raise the whole question of private property in land. Colossal were the speculation, enormous was the corruption which arose from this sale by the State of the vast Church lands. Those whom the revolution was enriching would presently turn against it as its bitterest and most dangerous enemies. 'Tis ever thus. The only hope of an equalitarian revolution is the complete abolition of money. The Russian Revolution is even now re-emphasising that irrefutable and basic truth.

Meanwhile the King was striving to amass money wherewith to corrupt the revolution. Mirabean, who had secured influence as a revolutionary, tried to intrigue his way into the King's Ministry. When the Assembly voted that none of its members should accept a place in the Ministry, Mirabean intrigued with the King's brother, the Count of Provence, who was endeavouring to send Louis XVI. away in order to introduce a more vigorous fight against the revolution. Finally Mirabean was bought up by the King, pledging himself, in return for 50,000 francs a month for four months and the promise of an embassy, "to aid the King, with his knowledge, his power, and his eloquence, in whatever Monsieur will judge useful to the State and in the interest of the King." Mirabean's last days were spent in luxury as an upholder of the Monarchy. King's pensioners in the Assembly dispossessed noblemen, clergy, and officials without were the forces on which the reaction could depend. The revolution had as yet done but little for the masses; yet the fete of the Federation on July 14th, 1790, aroused such great popular enthusiasm that Marat wrote:

> "Why this unbridled joy? Why these evidences of foolish liveliness? The revolution, as yet, has been merely a sorrowful dream for the people."

As we have seen, under the municipal law of December, 1789, the primary assemblies which nominated the electors were intended to disappear once they had fulfilled this function. Revolutionary Paris had formed sixty "districts," or, as they were later called, "sections," in each of which the people met to administer the affairs of the revolution. The Paris sections were by no means disposed to disband after the elections.

(To be continued.)

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RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Military Preparations for the Great War—Fact versus Fiction, by E. D. Morel. (Labour Publishing Co., 6d.) It is well to remember these clearly presented facts, but it is the preparations for the coming war that interest us most to-day.

A World History.

A World History for the Workers, by Alfred Barton. (Labour Publishing Co., 2/6.) We are disappointed that the author did not content himself with making this volume a history, and that he did not conclude it with the birth of the International Association for Working Men in 1864. Had he done so, he would have been able to devote more space to the earlier aspects of history with which he deals and would have avoided giving his views on contemporary politics. He would have escaped presenting his readers with such a controversial and, as we consider, unsound conclusion as the following:

"The most crucial problem is that of international peace. . . . A world federal State with reasonable autonomy for its constituent regions and peoples, and enforcing its arbitration upon them, is the effective solution. . . . It may come through a League of Nations, asserting for itself, through the assistance of the peoples, a wider range of power and control. . . ."

We had looked forward to this history, believing and hoping it would be a brief condensed historical survey which might be put into the hands of the unlearned to stimulate further study. In some measure it fulfils that purpose, but it is seriously marred by its latter chapters, and even in the earlier parts it is too apt to digress, as in the introduction of Kipling's "M'Andrew's Hymn." In embarking upon the great enterprise of giving a world history in 128 pages, such extravagances should certainly have been avoided. Nevertheless, with all its many faults, the work is a praiseworthy effort, and we advise our readers to buy it, confident that even though their own knowledge may far outstrip what it contains, they will find occasion to place it in the hands of others less fortunate.

We advise Mr. Barton to try again, to prune this volume of extraneous matter, and to substitute facts which will tell their own educational tale.

Soddian Economics.

Cartesian Economics—The Bearing of Physical Science Upon State Stewardship. By Frederick Soddy, M.A., F.R.S. (Hendersons, 6d.) This is not a courageous book, though the author's scientific knowledge has compelled him to some clear thinking on the present social system. The only definite solutions he ventures to offer are that the purchasing power of money shall be fixed, and that there should be some kind of limitation of the exorbitant lien which the capitalist has upon the wealth of the community. What a pity someone cannot convert the Professor to Socialism, one says in reading this pamphlet, which is the text of two lectures delivered to the Student Unions of Birkbeck College and the London School of Economics.

Here are some of the more illuminating passages from these lectures, which show that Professor Soddy has begun to realise the gigantic fraud Capitalism is, though he has not glimpsed the only possible solution for the evils he describes:

Ruskin and Wealth.

"Ruskin appears to have had a very much clearer conception of the real nature of wealth than either earlier or later economists. He pointed out, and his view would now be understood by anyone who has suffered from the dearth of servants on account of the war, that the art of becoming rich was to get more *relatively* than other people, so that those with less may be available as the servants and employees of those with more. In this acute and original analysis of the real nature of the individual's wealth—power over the lives and labour of others—Ruskin disclosed probably the most important difference between the interests of the individual and the interest of the State, and the main reason why the mastery of man over Nature has hitherto resulted in so meagre a contribution to the perfection of human life. For this reason the community in its struggle with Nature resembles an army officered almost entirely by the enemy. Of what use are the discoveries of scientific men into new modes and more ample ways of living, so long as the laws of human nature turn all the difficultly won wealth into increased power of the few over the lives and labour of the many?"

The Profit of the Pigs.

"A ham merchant working on what he is pleased to call a 10 per cent. basis of profit, may buy ten hams for the same sum as he sells nine. He may be pleased to think he has made a profit of one ham, but he certainly has not made a ham. There were, and remain, ten; whereas, if anyone had made a profit of one ham, there should now be eleven. These hams represent the lifetime profit of a certain number—2½ to be precise—of pigs, fed, according to nursery tradition, on the skins of potatoes, which in turn derived their feeding value from the sunshine. Wealth being some form of embodied useful energy, the law of the conservation of energy applies to wealth, in that for every plus there is a minus. But fortunately in this case the earth is credited with the plus, while the sun is debited with the minus, and that is as good as an actual creation of wealth from the terrestial point of view."

"Just as money is a paper indent upon the revenue, capital is the paper receipt for the expenditure of wealth. . . . With the advance of knowledge the real Adam has turned out to be an animal, and now the original capitalist proves to have been a plant!

"The material and scientific greatness of our day is due to the primitive accumulation of the solar energy of the forests of the carboniferous era, and preserved to this day as coal. The plant accumulation, we *spend*."

The Real Revenue and Capital.

Professor Soddy had previously observed that wind power and water power are parts of the "year-to-year revenue of sunshine," whilst coal he regards as capital because it is the product of ages of stored-up sunshine. Therefore he says:

"Pre-nineteenth century man lived on revenue. Present-day man augments the revenue within certain well-defined limitations out of capital."

The Professor does not point out the fact that mankind in the future will more and more return to wind power and water power as a means of generating electricity to replace coal. Let us return, however, to the Professor's definition of wealth:

Debt or Wealth.

"When coal is burnt it is burnt. You cannot both burn it and keep it in the cellar, and still less can you go on drawing interest from it for ever at so much per cent., as is the case with the so-called capitalist of the economist and the business world. Here again, the economist is mistaking our old friend debt for wealth. The wealth has been spent, not saved, and exchanged for some form of receipt, giving the holder a purely conventional right to so much per cent. per annum until the debt is repaid. . . . The people who merely lend the wealth spent, the ordinary dividend holder of a joint stock company, for example, he is, of course, simply that peculiar type of benefactor which used to be termed a usurer. We are all in it now, ever since it became possible to buy a £1 War Saving Certificate bearing compound interest for 15/6. The extraordinary changes of legal and social conventions with respect to interest and usury, recorded in history, make it quite clear that political economy, which depends upon such factors as much as upon the laws of energy, can never be a science in the same exact sense as physics or chemistry. To Aristotle a usurer was a person beneath contempt. To-day, even the Vice-Chancellors of the ancient Universities, which purport to hold up to reverence Greek thought and culture, are as enamoured as anyone of the excellence of compound interest.

Usury.

"Of all hard critics of the usurer, Martin Luther is easily first, and in his vigorous denunciation there is a certain perspicuity which we moderns seem to lack. Otherwise, few could tolerate the economics of an ordinary daily newspaper or social club.

"*The heathen were able by the light of reason to conclude that a usurer is a double-dyed thief and murderer. We Christians, however, hold them in such honour that we fairly worship them for the sake of their money. . . . Usury is a great huge monster, like a were-wolf, who lays waste all, more than any Cacus . . . for Cacus means the villain that is a pious usurer and steals and robs and eats every thing, and will not own that he has done it, and thinks no one will find him out, because the oxen drawn backwards into his den make it seem from their footsteps that they have been let out. So the usurer would deceive the world as though he were of use and gave the world oxen, while he, however, rends and eats all alone.*"

The Perpetual Lien of the Usurer.

Having thus quoted Luther, Professor Soddy replies to the argument that there are tangible efforts to show for Capital against its paper receipts:

"Railways continue to pay dividends on all capital expended, though, as in the case of the canal systems, purchased, much of it altogether ceases to bring in revenue. . . . The normal old-age form of capital is simple debt, a permanent lien upon the future revenue of wealth. . . ."

LUXEMBURG LETTERS—*Cont. from p. 3.*

it and eating into its living body! It gave me the creeps. I took out my handkerchief and started to drive off the brutal little beasts. But they were so impudent and obstinate that I had to have a long set-to with them, and when at last I liberated the pitiable sufferer and had placed it on the grass some distance away, two of its legs had already been eaten off. . . . I ran away, tormented by the feeling of having after all done it a very questionable kindness.

The days are now beginning to draw out considerably. How I used to love this evening hour! In Suedende I had many blackbirds, now I don't see or hear any. I fed a couple right through the winter, and now they have gone. In Suedende about this time in the evening I used to stroll about in the streets; it is so grand when in the last violet shimmer of day, the jolly gas jets on the lamp-posts suddenly dart up and appear so wierd in the lingering dusk, just as if they were a little ashamed of themselves. Then hurriedly through the street there steals the uncertain form of some late-arriving female door-keeper or other, or a servant-girl in haste to be in time to fetch something from the baker or grocer. The cobbler's children, who were friends of mine, used to go on playing in the street until it was quite dark, when an energetic voice would come to the corner of the street and call them home. About this hour there was always one remaining blackbird that could find no nest, and like a naughty child, suddenly turned or babbled its sleep away and flew with much commotion from one tree to another. And then I used to stand in the middle of the street counting the first stars, and not at all wanting to go home and leave the soft air and the dusk in which day and night were so gently nestling up against each other.

Sonjuscha, I am writing you again soon. Take things calmly and keep up your spirits; it will be all right, and so will Karl too. Au revoir till next letter.

Fond embraces, Your ROSA.

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