

# The Recoil in Ireland.

# Workers' Dreadnought

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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Weekly—PRICE ONE PENNY.

## LONDON.

I wander through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
A mark in every face I meet—  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.  
In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear:  
How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackning church appals,  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.  
But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage-  
hearse.

## A LITTLE GIRL LOST.

Children of the future age,  
Reading this indignant page,  
Know that in a former time  
Love, sweet love, was thought a crime.  
In the age of gold,  
Free from winter's cold,  
Youth and maiden bright,  
To the holy light,  
Naked in the sunny beams delight.  
Once a youthful pair,  
Filled with softest care,  
Met in garden bright  
Where the holy light  
Had just removed the curtains of the night.  
Then, in rising day,  
On the grass they play;  
Parents were afar,  
Strangers came not near,  
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.  
Tired with kisses sweet,  
They agree to meet  
When the silent sleep  
Waves o'er heaven's deep,  
And the weary tired wanderers weep.  
To her father white  
Came the maiden bright;  
But his loving look,  
Like the holy book,  
All her tender limbs with terror shook.  
"Ona, pale and weak,  
To thy father speak!  
Oh, the trembling fear!  
Oh, the dismal care  
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!"

## THE TWO SONGS.

I heard an Angel singing  
When the day was springing:  
"Mercy, pity, and peace,  
Are the world's release."

So he sang all day  
Over the new-mown hay,  
Till the sun went down,  
And haycocks looked brown.

I heard a devil curse  
Over the heath and the furze:  
"Mercy could be no more  
If there were nobody poor,  
And pity no more could be  
If all were happy as ye:  
And mutual fear brings peace.  
Misery's increase  
Are mercy, pity, peace."

At his curse the sun went down,  
And the heavens gave a frown.



This drawing by Walter Crane may be obtained from "Workers' Dreadnought" as a Christmas card, price 2d.

## Another Tragedy of Poverty.

### PREFERS PRISON TO WORKHOUSE. MOTHER OF SEVEN WALKS INTO SEA.

Ada Lane, a working woman of Portsmouth, was charged on November 29th with attempted suicide. She had tried to drown herself in the sea, and had written to her husband before doing so:

"I try to see if I have done wrong, but as a mother I have only lived for my starving kids and to keep them from the Workhouse. . . . Good-bye, there is no one happier in the world than me and you, dear, and the little —"

Here the letter broke off abruptly.

The husband had been in hospital. A police officer testified that he had had a "rough time." The ages of the seven children ranged from two to fourteen years. They looked well-cared for.

The family had been recently evicted from their lodging because those who let the rooms to them required the premises.

The husband had lately obtained employment at Crampton's, at the low wage of 34/-, after a long period of unemployment and ill-health. Both man and wife were in poor health owing to poverty. Since the woman's arrest the Chief Constable had given instructions to find someone to look after her, but because she had seven children the detective in charge of the case could find no one willing to undertake the task.

The husband then came forward and said it had been nothing but starvation for them, and no working man should be placed in the Workhouse, which he had been trying to avoid for fourteen months. He added that it would be courting disaster to take his wife out of

his charge. The Workhouse was not for such people. He had asked the Guardians dozens of times to give him work.

Mr. Winsor pointed out that the Bench had a responsibility as regards the woman. There were two courses they could take. The man must realise that if they released his wife and anything happened, the Bench would be responsible. The Magistrates thought the best thing to do was to send her to the Infirmary for fourteen days under observation. The alternative was to send her to prison for seven days under observation.

Mr. Lane: Ask the wife which she would rather do—go to prison or the Workhouse.

Mr. Winsor: It is not for you to tell us. The Chief Constable (Mr. T. Davies): We gave this man an opportunity of taking his wife, and he would not do so.

Mr. Lane: When, sir?

The Chief Constable: I sent one of my detectives to see you.

Mr. Lane: Under the present conditions she would not go to that address.

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It was announced that the Bench had decided that the prisoner should be placed under observation, and that it was possible for her to be sent to the infirmary at the Workhouse or the infirmary at the prison. She was asked which she preferred.

Mrs. Lane said: If I may be permitted to speak on my own behalf, as a mother of seven children, I don't think I need any observation. I am perfectly sound and fit as a woman to look after my seven children, if I can only be provided with food and saved from starvation and have a house to live in. She added that if she had to go away she preferred prison.

Prisoner sank on the seat in the dock exhausted, and a lady in Court came forward with a bottle of smelling salts.

The Bench decided that Mrs. Lane should be sent to the Workhouse Infirmary for fourteen days under observation.

The husband said that his own people could take charge of her, and Mr. Winsor stated that the Bench had been relieved of their responsibility.

Turning to his wife, Lane said: "You are not going," and the woman replied: "No, I am not."

She refused to leave the dock and began to cry. She was assisted out of court. She was a weak, distressed figure that excited much sympathy. She cried, "I am not mad; let me go." A policewoman took her kindly by the arm and helped to support her, while she murmured something about her baby, and said: "You will drive me mad. I will never go."

## SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS.

By Isaac Vermont.

### DROPPING THE SOCIALIST CLAUSE.

The South African Labour Party has issued a statement announcing that Colonel Creswell, Labour Member of the Legislature, has been adopted as Parliamentary leader, and declaring that it is in the interests of the Party to drop the Socialist objective clause.

The clause is as follows:

"Objects.—(1) The socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange to be controlled by a democratic State in the interests of the whole community."

The above Socialist objective has been in the constitution of the Labour Party from its inception something like fifteen years ago. The chief shame of this volte-face is its palpable political motive; Socialism is being thrown over, not in order that a few gullible but honest workers may be lured into the net, but in order that the Nationalists may join forces with Labour to turn General Smuts out of office and step into his place. This recantation draught is being poured down the throats of the Labour rank and file from every Labour platform.

Although Labour was willing to swallow the Republican doctrine, it was not sure that the Boer would swallow Socialism; and therefore Socialism had to be buried.

Mr. Tom Mann, now visiting here, had an interview with Colonel Creswell, who is reported to have said that he had nothing against Socialism as an ideal, but that it must remain an ideal and could not be taken as a practical means of furthering the interests of the Labour Party.

If Labour is going to wield any effective influence at all, it must face facts; and the facts are these: That, owing to the preponderance of coloured workers in the industries of the country, the number of white workers will remain for many years only a comparatively small percentage of the population; that Labour, in the narrow interpretation of the term, can never return more than a handful of Members of Parliament; that if ever it is to become a considerable party in the legislature, it must broaden its appeal and include those who are actually manual workers, the coloured and the natives. The Labour Party is entirely opposed to equal rights for white and black.

It is not at all certain that the men who disagree with the new platform of Colonel Creswell will at once join the Communist movement. Those who are not yet prepared to take that step may form a group which will work more in harmony with the left wing, if they do not become actually merged in it.

There can be no co-operation between robber and robbed. The Nationalist Party is a party of rich farmers and landlords. The workers must all stand shoulder to shoulder. Nothing can help the working class in South Africa, as elsewhere, save a revolution to establish the co-operative commonwealth of the workers.

The members of the South African Labour Party are typical of Labour politicians everywhere. They are fairly good speakers, but their speakers are seldom listened to in Parliament, and never reported in the Press; they can give nothing but a sentimental reason for anything, and too many for everything; they are mere rankers. Col. Creswell is certainly a capable man, but knows enough about the Labour Movement to be a successful politician, and no more.

The Nationalists consist mainly of farmers who have grown tired of farming, and country lawyers who could make nothing of their profession, either from want of talent or of opportunities.

## PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

### A LESSON.

By Tom Anderson.

Comrade William Hutchings, late Principal of Abertillery Proletarian School, was killed in the pit by a fall of stone on November 9th, 1922. Speaking of him at Bridgton Proletarian School last Sunday, I observed:

It is said, girls and boys, that Abertillery is very like hell. Could anyone tell me what hell is like?

A boy answered that hell was a great big everlasting fire, a thousand times stronger than all the big furnaces in our country, and kept burning ever on.

"Very good," I said. "Now could anyone tell me what is done with this great eternal fire?"

A girl said: "It is the place that the lost sinners go to."

"And who are the lost sinners?" I asked. Silence.

"Come away," I said; "they have also told you in your day school who are the lost sinners!"

Still silence.

"Are you afraid to answer that question?" A little girl arose and said: "The lost sinners are those who do not go to church."

"Very good," I said. "Now let me ask you this question: Nearly all the people in Abertillery are Christians. Can anyone tell me what a Christian is?"

A boy said: "A believer in Christ."

"Very good. Now, as all the Christians in Abertillery die, can anyone tell me where they go to?"

A chorus of voices: "Heaven."

"Now can anyone tell me where heaven is?"

A big boy said: "Heaven is away up above the sky, far, far away."

"No," I said, "that answer is not correct. There is no sky; there is nothing but space."

"How long do you think it would take you to go to Heaven in an aeroplane flying at the rate of 100 miles per hour and never stopping? It would take you 106,000 years to reach the nearest star, and then you would only have started on your journey. To reach heaven it might take you a million years; in fact it might be an impossibility to reach heaven, it is so far away."

"Now what applies to heaven applies to hell. There are no such places; and I want each girl and boy here just to tell the teacher at school that there is no sky, and, that being so, there is no up or down."

"Here is a story told at a big banquet in our city by a real knight. It will show you

how your fathers' masters poke fun at heaven.

"This knight, being called on to speak, said: 'My lords and gentlemen, a friend of mine, who is a great golfer, a famous golfer, a golfer who plays every day, told me the following story: "I had a wonderful dream last night, Sir John. I dreamt I was dead, and I went to heaven. I was well received there; everyone was courteous; but to me the place seemed stale. There was something wanting. I wanted to play a game, and so I asked if there were any golf courses in heaven. No one seemed to know, so I went and asked God, and he smiled and said there were none. "You will require," he said, "to go down to hell if you want to play a game at golf. You must remember," he said, "that golf is quite a modern game. None of the ancients knew the game; and, as hell is very much up to date, they adopt all the new games."

"I asked how I should get to hell. He said: "You can get a transfer." Overjoyed at this, I made my way to the transfer office, and there were hundreds there waiting their turn. In due course we were all supplied with transfers, and taken down on the edge of a cloud to hell. We enter: it is magnificent. The finest course I had ever seen in my life, and a club-house. Well, it beat anything I had ever seen; and on looking up I read the following notice: "Visitors from heaven have the free use of everything in hell."

"Good, I said to myself, and I selected a set of clubs and strolled out to the first tee, where I met a caddy. I said to the caddy: "Could you get me a few balls?" The caddy shook his head: "No balls, sir." "How's that?" I said. "That's the hell of it, sir."

"The fright awakened me, but all the same I feel there was some mistake there."

This story was greatly enjoyed. Everyone laughed, and laughed heartily, and many had a good think after it. The heaven and hell they tell you about in the day schools, girls and boys, is meant to frighten you. It is meant to frighten you. It is meant to keep you from growing up. The great people in our land only laugh at it, and tell funny stories about it, for they know it is only a yarn.

## SPICE.

"In rational law exclusive property is theft."—Brissot, 1780.

The sun never sets on the British Empire. This is how it grew:

The Portuguese and Dutch were the first Europeans in India. Britain made war firstly on the Dutch, secondly on the French, and thirdly on the Indians to acquire India.

The Dutch were the first Europeans in South Africa. Britain took Cape Colony in war with Holland, abolished the Republics of Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State by force of arms.

France colonised Canada, Holland colonised New York; both fell to Britain as spoils of war, though Britain afterwards lost New York by rebellion. France sold its Louisiana territory to the United States to prevent Britain acquiring it by force.

Britain took Malta from the French.

Britain took Gibraltar from Spain because of its important position.

Jamaica was also taken by force from Spain by the British.

In the thirty years preceding the great war of 1914 the British Empire acquired by force 6,750,000 miles of new territory.

The boasted self-government of British Colonies only applies to 5 per cent. of the people therein.

In 1840-1 Britain fought the opium war to break down the barriers erected against the import into China of opium from British India. China was defeated and made to surrender Hong Kong.



## ROSA LUXEMBURG'S LETTERS FROM PRISON.

Translated by M. Campbell.

(Continued.)

The letters contained in this collection are all addressed to Frau Sophie Liebknecht.

Breslau, November 24th, 1917.

You are mistaken when you imagine that I have always been against the modern poets. Fifteen years ago I used to read Dehmel with enthusiasm. I was enthralled with a prose work of his—I have but a faint recollection of it now—that I read at the death-bed of a much-beloved woman. I still know Arno Holz's "Phantasy" off by heart. Johann Schlaf's "Spring" quite carried me away in those days. Then I dropped them and returned to Goethe and Morike. I don't understand Hoffmannsthal, and am not acquainted with George. It is quite true: with these writers I am not a little fearful of finding that their perfect mastery of form and of the media of poetic expression will bring out their lack of a great and ennobling outlook upon life. This discord strikes me as being so hollow that the beautiful form becomes a mockery. They generally reproduce wonderful moods. But "atmosphere" does not give us real human characters.

Sonitschka, the evenings we are getting now are so enchanting, just like in springtime. At 4 o'clock I go down the yard where it is already dusk, and there I see the loathsome surroundings wrapped in a mysterious veil of darkness, but above it all is the lucent blueness of the sky through which a clear, silver moon is swimming. Each day about this time hundreds of crows, flying high up, pass right over the yard in a wide and disorderly flight, making for the meadows and their "bed-trees," on which they pass the night. They seem to put so little effort into their flying, and their calling to each other is quite remarkable—totally different from the shrill "kraa" they make during the day when hunting down their prey. Now it sounds so quelled and soft, a deep guttural sound that makes me think of a small metal shot. And when several of them are taking it in turns to gurgle forth this "kau-kau" I feel as if they were playfully throwing little metal balls at each other, and I can see these balls swinging backwards and forwards in the air. It is a proper gossip about all that has happened during the day, the day that has come and gone. . . . They appear to me to be so serious when following every evening their customary and predestined course, that I feel a kind of respect for these big birds, and find myself gazing at them until the last one has disappeared. Then I wander about to and fro in the darkness, and look at the prisoners hastily doing their work in the yard, watch them slip around like indefinite shadows, and am glad that I am myself invisible—quite alone, left with my dreams and the secret greetings to the train of crows up above—the soft spring-like breeze always puts me in a good mood. Then the prisoners carrying the heavy boilers (evening soup!) come through the yard and enter the building, marching two abreast, ten pairs altogether; I bring up the rear. In the workshops the lights are gradually put out. I go inside, and the doors are locked twice and bolted—the day is over. I am in good spirits, in spite of my great loss (Dr. Hans Dieffenbach, one of R. L.'s best friends, fell in the war.—Ed.). You see, I live in a world of dreams where he has not died. To me he is still very much alive, and I often find myself smiling at him when thinking of him.

Sonitschka, good-bye for the present. I am glad you are coming to see me. Write again soon—officially for the time being—you can do that—and then when an opportunity comes along.

Fond embrace.

Your Rosa.

(To be continued.)

## UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Charlotte Anita Whitney, well known as a social worker in San Francisco, has been sentenced to fourteen years in a penitentiary on the charge of criminal syndicalism because she joined the Communist Party and attended its convention.

The Rev. Dr. Charles N. Lathrop, speaking in her defence in an address at Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, said:

"If there had been a criminal syndicalism law in the dawn of the Christian era, St. Peter and St. Paul would have been the first men incarcerated, for they were the first Communists."

The Defence News Service reports that the Marine Transport Workers' Union of the I.W.W. has branches in Liverpool, Stockholm, Antwerp, Hamburg, Sydney, Colon, Tampico, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Chile, Rosario, Argentina.

In San Pedro, California, the police are arresting all Marine Transport Workers' organisers, and the M.T.U. hall has been closed.

One thousand five hundred members of the General Construction Workers' Union of the I.W.W. struck work at the Edison Works, Fresno, California. First among their demands was the release of war-opinion prisoners and the prisoners charged with criminal syndicalism.

James Light, stage manager for "The Hairy Ape," which is being played in Chicago, was obliged lately to call upon the I.W.W. headquarters for a fresh supply of "Wobbly" literature for the I.W.W. hall scene in the play. Most of the pamphlets placed on a table in that scene had been "borrowed" by Studebaker theatre stage hands, who were reading them in their off-hours.

Shopmen on every Pacific Coast railway except the Western Pacific, are still on strike. No settlement has ever been made with them, despite the general impression that the whole conflict was recently adjusted. Fifteen hundred shopmen are out in the San Francisco district. They declare that strikers are being evicted from their homes, even though the rent has been paid. Seniority has been offered the men if they would return to work, they say, and when they refused the evictions followed.

## ECHOES.

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo, Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow, At once the silken tassel of my Purse Tear, and its treasure on the garden throw."

—Omar Khayyam.

The surroundings, the clothes, the dwelling, the social status, the circumstances are to me utterly indifferent. Let the floor of the room be bare, let the furniture be a plank table, the bed a mere pallet. Let the house be plain and simple, but in the midst of air and light. These are enough—a cave would be enough; in a warmer climate the open air would suffice. Let me be furnished in myself with health, safety, strength, the perfection of physical existence; let my life be furnished with highest thoughts of soul-life. Let me be in myself myself fully. The pageantry of power, the still more foolish pageantry of wealth, the senseless precedence of place; words fail to express my utter contempt for such pleasure or such ambitions. Let me be in myself myself fully, and those I love equally so.

It is enough to lie on the sward in the shadow of green boughs, to listen to the songs of summer. . . .

My heart looks back and sympathises with all the joy and life of ancient time. With the circling dance burned in still attitude on the vase; with the chase and the hunter eagerly

pursuing, whose javelin trembles to be thrown; with the extreme fury of feeling, the whirl of joy in the warriors from Marathon to the last battle of Rome, not with the slaughter, but with the passion—the life in the passion, with the garlands and the flowers; with all the breathing busts that have panted beneath the sun. O beautiful human life! Tears come in my eyes as I think of it. So beautiful, so inexpressibly beautiful. . . .

How willingly I would strew the path of all with flowers; how beautiful a delight to make the world joyous! The song should never be silent, the dance never still, the laugh should sound like water which runs for ever.

I would submit to a severe discipline, and to go without many things cheerfully, for the good and happiness of the human race in the future, each one of us should do something, however small, towards that great end.

—Richard Jefferies, "The Story of my Heart."

Laurels to the victor, in that he has upheld the truth; laurels which should be even more welcome to the vanquished, whose defeat crowns him with a truth he knew not of before.—Charles Bradlaugh.

The conditions under which men live are changing with an ever-increasing rapidity, and, so far as our knowledge goes, no sort of creatures have ever lived under changing conditions without undergoing the profoundest changes themselves.—H. G. Wells, "The Directory of the Future."

## NEWS FROM IRELAND.

By Economic Section.

### THE RECOIL.

The Forces of the Mulcahy Military Clique are to-day confronting some of the biggest difficulties they have ever met in their operations to destroy the existing Republic. As in many countries where guerilla warfare is carried on, the Government Forces are always handicapped by the strategic and harassing tactics employed by the guerilla bands or army, so in the case of Ireland the "law" and "order" troops are "up against it" in earnest. About a week ago six Crossley tenders were conveying Free State Imperial troops through a well-known Dublin street. Some Republican soldiers who happened to be near hurled a bomb at one of the tenders from a position near by. Four Free State soldiers were wounded instantly, and the rest of their comrades put on a terrific speed and made for Portobello. Not a shot was fired by Mulcahy's troops, not a search was made. This is an instance of "the fine manner in which the Free State Army is restoring law and order." The Free State troops are evidently "fed up" with the job; bad pay, bad food, and bad housing conditions are the root of a big growth of discontent that will shake up some Imperialist militarists one of these fine days. In counties Mayo and Kerry those who were led astray from their allegiance to the Republic are returning like the prodigal son. Their old comrades have received them with open arms, and have forgiven their past misdeeds against the Irish Republican Army. The recoil has set in rightly in Mulcahy's army. We can rest assured it has come to stay.

### DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

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## Our View.

IN answer to a Member of Parliament last week, the Prime Minister said it was a very open question whether "employment or men on useful work" was "worth doing." That observation characterises the Government's tranquil attitude towards unemployment—an attitude which will remain tranquil so long as the unemployed are also tranquil.

Mr. George Lansbury began by trying to persuade the unemployed to be orderly, and to agree quietly to lay their claims before the Departmental Ministers, to whom Bonar Law referred them in refusing the interview they sought. Indeed so absurd was the spectacle of Mr. Lansbury appearing, as he did, in an interview with a capitalist evening paper, in defence of Law and Order, that we were half persuaded to publish a cartoon of him in the well-known garb of the men in blue, directing the traffic and turning the unemployed away from Downing Street towards the safe and seemingly haven of Hyde Park.

Now, like a quick-change artist, forth comes Mr. Lansbury with the petition that the unemployed shall voice their grievances at the bar of the House of Commons. The petition, for something much more unusual than a mere talk with a Premier, would not be granted by the House unless the unemployed were to take powerful steps to besiege Parliament, and were able to hold its Members prisoner, as they have done with some of the Guardians and Borough Councillors. Failing such action, the only means of bringing about such a precedent would be for a situation of really serious menace to arise in the country. If either of these things should happen, we believe that the unemployed would require something more tangible than a hearing, even were it at the Bar of the House itself.

It is amusing to recall that the Trade Union and Labour Party Conferences for several years refused a hearing to deputations of the organised unemployed, but they capitulated at last.

THE Bonar Law Government makes no new proposals for dealing with unemployment: it merely continues the schemes set on foot by the late Government. That is no matter for surprise, since both Governments came of the same stock. The present grants in continuation of the old schemes, where the money already allocated has been spent, are on a smaller scale than those previously accorded. The late Government apportioned £5,300,000 for special relief works at the beginning of the winter, whilst the present Government adds now £1,500,000. Many sums have already been allocated to the Road Fund, out of which £10,000,000 is now to be devoted to highway maintenance and improvement. £30,000,000 was allocated by the late Government to assist the loan schemes of local authorities. £23,000,000 has already been used, the remaining £7,000,000 will now be spent. As to grants for assisting schemes up to 60 per cent. of wages, work up to £10,250,000 had already been initiated. The present Government is

allocating another £600,000 from the central fund to be so used, in order that £2,000,000 worth of undertakings may now be put in hand. £300,000 was allotted by the late Government for improvements in agricultural areas; the present Government grants a further £150,000. Afforestation grants have already been made; the Government grants another £100,000. The Post Office will spend £1,000,000 on cables and other work. This Government will continue the late Government's loans to Boards of Guardians.

Only in the matter of finding capital for the capitalist (which is palmed off as a measure of combating unemployment, for which the working class should duly be grateful) does this Government show any tendency to out-distance its predecessor. The Trade Facilities Act gave power to provide capital for capitalists up to £25,000,000; this Government will double the amount and make it £50,000,000. The Government will also extend the £26,000,000 limit, by which it assists the capitalists under the Export Credits scheme.

MR. BONAR LAW has told the House of Commons that his Government intends to leave the housing of the working classes "to those whose business it is to build houses." This means,

of course, that there is to be no interference with those who desire to make profits out of working-class houses, however inadequately they may meet the housing demand. This Government promises, however, to provide £200,000 a year to assist local authorities in improving slum areas.

Compare this little sum with the amount spent on the Residency of the British High Commissioner in Baghdad, officially given in the House of Commons last week:

Cost of building the new Residency, £167,000. Cost of completing some quarters for certain of the High Commissioner's staff, £15,000. Repairs to some existing offices of the Commissioner, £8,000. Total, £190,000.

Note that this is not the whole amount which has been, or will be expended, since the sum of £15,000 is to complete buildings begun under another grant. Moreover, the furnishing of the Residency, which will certainly be a costly item, is not included.

Thus we find that the Government, after much speechifying, grants £200,000 on the housing of the entire working population during a year, whilst, without debate or protest, it lavishes upwards of £190,000 on one Eastern Residency.

MR. WORTHINGTON EVANS, the Tory, in welcoming Mr. Philip Snowden back to Parliament, observed that he is "somewhat mellowed," and that the greater part of his speech might have been delivered from the Government Benches. Unfortunately, the latter observation was but too correct; but as to the mellowing, we must observe that Philip Snowden has never been an advanced man.

Mr. Snowden, during the unemployed debate the other day, observed:

"We shall have this problem of unemployment existing and aggravated so long as the control and direction of industry is in private hands."

That sounded hopeful; but he went on to explain all too clearly that it was not Socialism, but some tinkering hotch-potch of palliatives, at which he was aiming. To him, apparently, some minor interferences by the State in a world controlled by Capitalism are Socialism enough. Thus he continued:

"The only way in which we can solve the problem of normal unemployment is by bringing production and effective demand into closer relationship, and that can only be done by a progressive increase in the purchasing power of the workers, who, after all, are the main customers of the merchants."

He further proposed that each business firm should contribute to a reserve fund for equalis-

ing wages and maintaining the unemployed: the State to contribute and supervise the scheme.

That is what Mr. Snowden calls Socialism, apparently. As to the land, he suggested that:

"The State, in co-operation with the land-owners, should devote themselves to intensive production."

This, again, is apparently what Mr. Snowden calls Socialism. The nationalisation of the land appears to be a subject beyond his ken, though many a Liberal bourgeois has been prepared to approve it.

Relief work for the unemployed, he declared, must be "if not immediately, at any rate prospectively remunerative," and "should cost no more than it is likely to bring back to the public purse." There spoke the cautious politician who expects to be 'Labour Chancellor of the exchequer some day!

The laying out of parks and recreation grounds, and the erection of public buildings he ruled out as not being remunerative. You must wait for your parks, little slum children, till the trade of the rich improves.

Mr. Snowden announced himself, though all the members of his party might not be of the same mind, opposed to all German reparations. Nevertheless, he said when Germany is so far on her feet as to be once more Britain's best customer: By the proceeds of that trade you may get reparations or indemnities that will bless us whilst inflicting no harm on Germany." We do not know whether Mr. Snowden intended thus to indicate that the indemnities should be postponed indefinitely or should be merely figurative.

AS to Russia, he made some remarks amazing from anyone calling him-

Mr. Snowden's self a Socialist, though not amazing from Mr. Snowden: **Attack on Communism.** "My hatred of Bolshevism

may prevent me from taking that sympathetic and dispassionate view of the question which I ought to take.

I know the objection to having anything to do with the internal affairs of Russia after the Revolution was Bolshevism. Personally, I believe Bolshevism is such a rotten thing that, had it been left alone without foreign interference, it would have totally collapsed.

"I want the recognition of Soviet Russia: I believe it would help trade, but what I think it would do is to compel the Soviet Government of Russia to throw away the last shreds of Bolshevism and Communism by which it is at present fettered.

I am sure that such are the great possibilities for the profitable employment of capital in Russia that there would be no hesitation on the part of foreign capitalists about incurring the ordinary commercial risks in trading with Russia. . . . I do ask our Government to try and let down the Soviet Government as lightly as possible and give them an opportunity of saving their faces in the abandonment of Communism."

If there are left in the I.L.P. any honest Socialists, let them read those words, and either see that Philip Snowden no longer represents the party or themselves leave it. Had Philip Snowden confined himself to an attack on the tactical methods called Bolshevism, we should not write thus strongly; but it is against Communism itself that his attack is aimed.

As to the general question of foreign trade, the pro-capitalist Mr. Snowden observed:

"Let me come back to the question of maintaining our foreign trade after the war. Competition will be severe. . . . It will be necessary in future if we are going to hold our own, that there shall be no opposition to anything that is likely to cheapen the cost of production."

Sir L. Worthington Evans asked whether Mr. Snowden wished to nationalise industry, and observed that Mr. Snowden had "skated round that subject altogether." Mr. Snowden who, but a moment before, had been firing off interpolations, was now silent. Apparently



he was most anxious to skate around and away from any question of interfering with private enterprise. In due time Mr. Snowden will be in his place in the ranks of the protectors of Capitalism.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, in his first speech in the House of Commons as Leader of the Labour Party, demanded protection for the Armenians and other small nationalities in the Near East by the League of Nations "as the minority-protecting authority."

Mr. Brailsford, in the "New Leader" last week, took a sounder view. He put the question strongly:

"To talk of confiding to the Powers, the Powers whose levers are in the hands of the Chesters and the Zaharoffs, the duty of protecting the minorities through the Half-League of Nations, is a jest so savage that no mere satirist would risk it."

In spite of the "New Leader" eulogies of Mr. Macdonald and his leadership, the policy of the "New Leader" editor on this important question is at the opposite pole from that of the Labour Party Leader.

Which, however, is the I.L.P. policy? Has the I.L.P. a policy?

As to Mr. Macdonald, he is undoubtedly an Imperialist. That is recognised by the Capitalist Press, which, on the whole, has welcomed his election as Party Leader with considerable warmth.

Mr. Brailsford, unfortunately, went on to approve the cruel policy of forcible exchange of minorities, by which, at the dictation of the Powers, upwards of a million people in the Near East are being uprooted from the soil to which they and theirs have clung for generations. If the big bullying Powers would but cease from meddling, how much happier and juster the world would be! It only the so-called Socialists would but abandon the idea that "Our Empire has the right to interfere with the freedom of other peoples!"

IT is a far cry to the beginning of the women's emancipation movement, when most of the professions were barred to women, and only an occasional woman secured a foothold among the artists, except as the veriest amateur. The women's emancipation movement has done much more than obtain the mere political franchise and admit a couple of successors to their husbands into the House of Commons: it has opened a thousand doors; cast down a thousand barriers. An inspiring evidence of this is the appearance of the London Women's Symphony Orchestra, which gave its first concert at the Lyceum Club on December 3rd. The orchestra is the creation of the distinguished Dutch musician, Elizabeth Kuyper, who has had considerable experience as a conductor, both in Germany and Holland, and is the composer of a number of remarkable works in orchestral, choral, and chamber music. The London Women's Symphony Orchestra and its conductor are destined for great achievement. They receive our hearty congratulations and good wishes.

We are working, however, for a larger emancipation, through which it shall not be merely the few of either sex to whom the opportunity of culture and high artistic competence shall be opened, but to the great masses who to-day are excluded. The struggle for that larger emancipation is infinitely greater than the task essayed by Mary Wollstonecraft and her successors in this country, and similar pioneers in other lands. To-day in this country the larger task fails to arouse that flood-tide of passionate enthusiasm and lavish uncounting sacrifice which marked some phases of the women's emancipation struggle. Yet O beautiful Communism, splendid ideal of complete fraternity which alone can emancipate all men and women, these shall be thine in full, unstinting measure, ere long.

"RUSSIAN INFORMATION AND REVIEW" week by week supplies the answer to those obstinate hero worshippers who cling to their theory that the

pro-capitalist tactics of the Lenin Government will presently bring forth Communism. In its issue of December 2nd, the "Review" discusses Russia's relations with foreign Capitalism, and quotes a statement of Lenin, on November 21st, to the Moscow Soviet:

"The obstinate Governments risk being left out in the cold in an unfavourable position."

The "Review" further observes:

"Although even before the conclusion of the Rapallo Treaty German capitalists had shown their eagerness to find an outlet in Russia, the tendency had become more marked since the conclusion of the Treaty, and in spite of the very serious financial condition of Germany, several important agreements have been made, which have enabled German capital to come to the assistance of reviving industry in Russia."

Soviet Russia is, in fact, becoming a Capitalist Tom Tiddler's ground. The Bolshevik leaders who placed themselves at the head of the revolution, in defiance of the theory that Russia must pass through Capitalism before it can reach Communism, have now made themselves the slaves of that theory, and are acting the part of Spanish inquisitors in its service.

BANKING appears to be the only industry in Russia which makes considerable progress in Russia at the present time; and indeed, these Leninite magicians appear to be building up a social organism of the highest artificiality, a very bubble indeed. On November 18th, 1920, the Soviet State Bank (Gosbank) started operations, "there being at that time no banking institution of any kind in Soviet Russia," says "Russian Information."

The bank began this year with 21 branches and agencies, and had 116 agencies on November 1st. "The pre-revolutionary State bank had at no time more than 128 branches and agencies, so that the rate of progress of the new State Bank is very creditable," says "Russian Information." Note the deplorable attitude of mind which sets itself to emulate the institutions of Czarist Russia.

Compare, moreover, the considerable growth of banking activity with the slow and painful growth of industrial output. In a recent issue we gave oil and coal statistics. Here are the official Soviet figures for railway material and agricultural implements, and for iron and salt mining:

#### Railway Material and Agricultural Implements.

Locomotives.—1913, 609; 1918, 200; 1919, 74; 1920, 90; 1921, 78; 1921-22, 102.\*

Wagons.—1913, 20,492; 1920, 854; 1921, 950; 1921-22, 842.†

Ploughs and Reapers.—1913, 778,000; 1918, 108,000; 1919, 168,000; 1920, 93,900; 1921-22, 47,032.\*

\* During eleven months of the year.

† During nine months of the year.

#### Mining.

Iron Ores.—1913, 10,640,000 tons; 1918, 28,000; 1920, 173,000; 1921, 173,000; 1921-22, 225,000.

Salt.—1913, 2,030,000 tons; 1919, 213,000; 1920, 590,000; 1921, 827,000; 1921-22, 732,000.

These figures reveal a really pitiable state of affairs, which the boasted new economic policy has not succeeded in alleviating.

The figures regarding textiles are somewhat better, but they, too, are grievously bad:

#### Textiles.

Cotton Yarn.—1913, 576.0; 1919, 36.0; 1920, 29.7; 1921, 43.0; 1922, 96.6.

Woollen Yarn.—1913, 86.4; 1919, 16.5; 1920, 20.1; 1921, 14.8; 1922, 23.5.

Linen Yarn.—1913, 72.0; 1918, 56.5; 1919, 33.9; 1920, 28.8; 1921, 19.0; 1922, 34.6.

The tremendous fall in output in the early years of the Revolution was explained by the fact that counter-revolutionary wars had cut off the sources of raw materials. These sources have been restored, yet in some cases production has actually fallen below the standard of 1918 when the revolution was at its height. It is for results such as these that the Bolsheviks have abandoned Communism.

"Russian Information" publishes a eulogy of Soviet Russia by Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, who is now German Ambassador in Russia, and declares that "the sympathies of the German people have all the time been on the side of revolutionary Russia." The Count is seeking to advance the mutual trade of Germany and Russia.

Shades of Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, and the martyrs of the Russian Revolution, the vultures are waxing fat upon your graves!

ACCORDING to official Soviet Government figures, the number of students in the Petrograd technical, medical, economic, and teachers' training schools is 25,424. "Of these students 13,154, or 51 per cent., belong to the working and peasant classes," says "Russian Information and Review." Russia is far, indeed, from the classless order; and how absurd is the story that the workers and peasants are in power in Russia, when in spite of their enormously preponderating numbers they are able to obtain only half the places in the training schools! Meschensky, a lad of sixteen years, tramped from Timminisk to Petrograd, in the hope of securing admission to a school. His desire was granted.

VERY ridiculous was the suggestion of Lord Acton that the Labour Party should be represented in the House of Lords by a group of Liberal Peers who are supposed to agree with 90 per cent. of the "aspirations" of Labour. What, indeed, are the aspirations of Labour? They are something, we believe, totally other than the bourgeois Liberalism that is put forward by certain exponents of the political Labour Party. The aspirations of Labour, toiling overburdened Labour, are for plenty and happiness always. These, the true aspirations of the great masses, have not been translated yet into political expression. If the Labour Party politicians were practical men, even though striving only for a little partial freedom, a little meagre measure of security and well-being within the Capitalist system, they would determine not to form a Labour group in the House of Lords, but to end that House of privilege. Yet what said Ramsay Macdonald, the Parliamentarian, the man of tactics? He, according to the "Daily Herald," declared that the suggestion was "certainly interesting," and advised Lord Acton to get into communication with a view to forming the desired Labour group in the House of Lords.

Lord Haldane, in throwing cold water on the suggestion, showed a truer sense of realities than Mr. Macdonald, who performed a remarkable dis-service to his party in laying himself open to the inevitable snub.

THOUSANDS of Socialists and Communists are in prison in Italy, but all the Fascisti undergoing punishment for offences against persons and property have been amnestied by order of the Mussolini Cabinet.

Cachin and Vaillant Couturier, French Communist Deputies, are being tried for incitement to mutiny in the Army.

Toni Tollagsen Tjorn, a Norwegian, travelling from Australia to Moscow, where his wife and family are living, was arrested on arrival in this country, and has been kept in Brixton Prison, without charge or trial, these nine weeks past. On hunger striking in protest, he was overpowered by doctors and warders who invaded his cell to perpetrate



the torture of forcible feeding. The authorities show no intention of release.

ERSKINE CHILDERS and the other Irish

### Murder of Irish War Prisoners.

Republican prisoners who have been executed were judicially murdered; for the killing of war prisoners is accepted as murder according to the accepted tenets of so-called civilised States.

The murder of the Irish war prisoners, like the war to enforce the Treaty, from which these murders have arisen, is, of course, dictated by the British Government.

The Third Reading of the Treaty Bill passed the Commons without a single vote in opposition. Mr. Saklatvala, who spoke against the Second Reading, and Mr. Newbold, who seconded the motion for rejection without speaking, did not intervene on the Third Reading. Though the opposition of these two men to the Treaty Bill was but an unavailing gesture, it was the gesture of men who remain honest in a den of thieves. We hope, therefore, that their failure to oppose the Third Reading was not due to the Labour Party threat to expel Mr. Saklatvala for his speech on the Second Reading, and its decision to exclude Mr. Newbold from its ranks.

IT was an open secret that Mr. Lloyd George

### The Greek Intrigue.

and his backers were at the bottom of the Greeks' war on Turkey. The revelations of the "Matin" are, therefore, not unexpected; but they are nevertheless very striking. They make it clear that Lloyd George forced on the war, although both the French and Italian Governments were opposed to it, and although, as the dispatch of Mr. Venezelos of June 15th, 1920, shows, his policy also met with opposition "coming from the Foreign Office and military circles in this country." Mr. Lloyd George, Venezelos declared, "asked me to convince him that the British General Staff over-estimate the value of the Turkish resistance."

The callous and overwhelming ambition of Venezelos is graphically disclosed in the conclusion of his dispatch:

"I hope to occupy in Turkey a place equal to that of the Great Powers, and to obtain the supervision of the Straits. It is evident that we shall demand financial aid similar to that of 1917 and the right to put war expenses to the charge of Turkey. I beg you to let me know your mind, and if you are in agreement, and if you believe that we can call three or four classes in order to fill up the existing gaps and mobilise two divisions at least."

Venezelos does not dispute the substantial accuracy of the dispatches, but he declares that after his failure to secure re-election to the Greek Premiership in November, 1920, he realised that Greece would not secure from the Allies the support which Mr. Lloyd George had promised. He had, therefore, begged his countrymen to secure a compromise with Turkey.

WHETHER this is true or no, the ill-fated

### The Guilt of Lloyd George.

Gounaris, who has paid the death penalty at the hands of the enraged Greek nation, continued to place faith in Mr. Lloyd George's assurances. The letter written by Gounaris to Lord Curzon, which was disclosed at his trial, shows that the man who is still Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in this country must share the war guilt and treachery in equal measure with Lloyd George.

In this letter Gounaris declared that the Greek forces must retire to the frontiers assigned to Greece under the Peace Treaties, and Greece must abandon the fight with Turkey unless Britain would supply reinforcements, war material, and financial aid.

Lord Curzon and the Lloyd George Government, nevertheless, induced the Greeks to continue the war.

The Greek Ministers have been impeached and executed.

Mr. Garvin, in the "Observer," justly said last Sunday:

"At any price statesmen in all countries must be deterred from playing with war, and from the habit of assuming with impunity that the sedentary blundering of middle-aged or senile politicians can always be covered up by the slaughter of youth."

It seems to us that the situation calls for the impeachment of Lord Curzon and Mr. Lloyd George.

## ESPERANTO.

### ALPHABET.

(For reference only.)

1. The letters a, e, i, o, u are called vowels. The other letters in the alphabet are called consonants.

#### 2. Pronunciation of the vowels.

English people should note that the vowels are sounded as in Continental languages rather than as in English.

Sound o as in tonic sol-fa note *doh*, or as in *pore*; e as in *ray*, or *pear*; i as in *me*, or *pler*; a as in *fah*, or *par*; u like oo in *too*, as in *poor*.

Note especially o and e. In an Esperanto word like *nokton*, the syllables *nok* and *ton* approximately rhyme with *Knock, John*. In such a case, the vowels tend to be shortened, as each of the syllables *nok* and *ton* is closed by a consonant. Do not drawl such syllables in Cockney fashion; that is, do not say "noke-tone."

3. b c d e f g h i j k l m n p r s t u v z. Pronunciation of the consonants. The consonants are sounded as in English, with the following exceptions:

C is sounded like *ts* in *Tsar*, *bits*; ĉ like *ch* in *cheese*; g like *g* in *got*; ĝ like *g* in *gem*, *George*; ĥ like *ch* in the Scotch *loch*; ĵ like *y* in *yes*, *yet* (*jes* is pronounced like *yes*); ĵ like *zh* in *azure*; s like *s* in *hiss*; ŝ like *sh* in *shell*.

Pronounce aŭ as *ah-oo* blended into one sound (like *ow* in *cow*).

Pronounce eŭ as *ey-oo* blended into one sound.

3. Accent. In Esperanto the accent always falls on the last syllable but one, as in *to-ma-to*.

Every vowel counts as a syllable, thus *a-e-ro* (pronounced like *ah-air-ro*) contains three syllables.

Note.—Please keep the above for reference. Lesson I. will appear next week.

#### Pronunciation Exercise.

La nuna socia ordo, Kapitalismo, tendencas disfali kaj cedi lokon al nova socia ordo, Komunismo, kiu naskigas el la nuna ordo. Kapitalismo signifas produktadon por profito; komunismo signifas produktadon por uzo.

#### Translation.

The present social order, Capitalism, tends to collapse and to yield place to a new social order, Communism, which is arising from the present order. Capitalism means production for profit; Communism means production for use.

## MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

La kapitalistaro submetis la kamparon al la regado de la urboj. Ĝi kreis grandegajn urbojn, treege pligrandigis la loĝantaron urban rilate la kamparan, kaj tiamaniere estas

elsavinta konsiderindan parton da la popolo el la idiotismo de kampara vivado. Ĝuste ĝi igis la kamparon dependa de la urboj, tiel same ĝi igis barbarajn kaj duon-barbarajn naciojn da kamparanoj dependaj de nacioj da kapitalistoj, la orienton de la okcidento.

## THE HOUSE THAT WAS SEIZED.

In the Central Criminal Court, on December 5th, four fathers of families—Summerfield, Nun, Nay, and Keeling—who had taken an empty house in Peckham when they were unable to find a shelter, came up for sentence.

The Recorder, Sir Ernest Wild, bound them over in the sum of £5 each to be of good behaviour for six months, and to come up for judgment if called upon within that period. He explained that should they commit any other offence within six months, they would then be punished both for that offence and for this one of taking the house of which he had convicted them, telling them that, if he chose, he might sentence them to two years' imprisonment. The Recorder further explained that the writ of restitution would lie in the office of the Court till January 1st, and that the four families would not be evicted before that date.

As the men left the Court with their wives and little children, one of them remarked: "The fight has only begun!"

He spoke truly, for the families have nowhere to go when January 1st comes round, and no prospect of finding a roof to cover them.

If they are unable to find another house by that date, what is to happen? Are these families to go out into the streets without shelter, or must they be sundered from each other in Workhouse institutions?

If they refuse either of these terrible alternatives and refuse to leave this house which had been standing empty and neglected, then they will be accused of breaking the peace and will be brought up for sentence.

This classic test case has passed unnoticed by the large organisations which profess to defend the interests of the workers, unheeded by the legislators and philanthropists, yet the heroes of 40 South Grove are fighting the battle of all the homeless and oppressed of Capitalist society.

Who will stand by them? Who will join in using this remarkable case as a lever towards exposing and destroying the Capitalist and private property system which holds the mass of our people in economic slavery?

## A New York View of Lady Astor.

"The ladies, we know, fared badly at the polls. This might have been expected, considering the distressing specimen of their sex already in Parliament. Lady Astor was returned, however, by a reduced plurality; and we trust that those who voted for her on the strength of her repeated assurance that she was running 'on a platform of old-fashioned motherhood,' discerned some meaning in the phrase, for we do not. We can but feel vaguely that the place for Lady Astor and her platform is in the home rather than in the House."—The New York "Freeman."

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**GOD: KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.**

By Samuel Butler.

(Continued.)

What, again, is meant by saying that "the soul of the world is Divine energy which interpenetrates every portion of the mass?" The soul of the world is an expression which, to myself, and, I should imagine, to most people, is without propriety. We cannot think of the world except as earth, air, and water, in this or that state, on and in which there grow plants and animals. What is meant by saying that earth has a soul, and lives? Does it move from place to place erratically? Does it feed? Does it reproduce itself? Does it make such noises, or commit such vagaries as shall make us say that it feels? Can it achieve its ends, and fail of achieving these through mistake? If it cannot, has it a soul more than a dead man has a soul, out of whom we say that the soul has departed, and whose body we conceive of as returning to dead earth inasmuch as it is now soulless? Is there any unnatural violence which can be done to our thoughts by which we can bring the ideas of a soul and of water, or of a stone into combination, and keep them there for long together? The ancients, indeed, said they believed their rivers to be gods, and carved likenesses of them under the forms of men; but even supposing this to have been their real mind, can it by any conceivable means become our own? Granted that a stone is kept from falling to dust by an energy which compels its particles to cohere, which energy can be taken out of it and converted into some other form of energy; granted (which may or may not be true), also that the life of a living body is only the energy which keeps the particles which compose it in a certain decomposition; and granted that the energy of the stone may be convertible into the energy of a living form, and that thus, after a long journey a tired idea may lag after the sound of such words as "the soul of the world." Granted all the above, nevertheless to speak of the world as having a soul is not sufficiently in harmony with our common notions, nor does it go sufficiently with the grain of our thoughts to render the expression a meaning one, or one that can now be used with any propriety or fitness, except by those who do not know their own meaningness. Vigorous minds will harbour vigorous thoughts only, or such as bid fair to become so; and vigorous thoughts are always simple, definite, and in harmony with everyday ideas.

We can imagine a soul as living in the lowest slime that moves, feeds, reproduces itself, remembers, and dies. The amoeba wants things, knows it wants them, alters itself so as to try and alter them, thus preparing for an intended modification of outside matter by a primary modification of itself. It thrives if the modification from within is followed by the desired modification in the external object; it knows that it is well, and breeds more freely in consequence. If it cannot get hold of outside matter, or cannot proselytise that matter and persuade it to see things through its own (the amoeba's) spectacles—if it cannot convert that matter, if the matter persists in disagreeing with it—its spirits droop, its soul is disquieted within it, it becomes listless like a withering flower—it languishes and dies. We cannot imagine a thing to live at all and yet be soulless except in sleep for a short time, and even so not quite soulless. The idea of a soul, or of that unknown something for which the word "soul" is our hieroglyphic, and the idea of living organism, unite so spontaneously, and stick together so inseparably, that no matter how often we sunder them they will elude our vigilance and come together, like true lovers, in spite of us. Let us not attempt to divorce ideas that have long been wedded together.

I submit, then, that Pantheism, even as expressed by those who had entered on the outskirts only of its great morass, nevertheless holds out so little hope of leading to any comfortable conclusion that it will be more reasonable to occupy our minds with other matter than to follow Pantheism further.

The Pantheists speak of a person without meaning a person; they speak of a "him" and a "he" without having in their minds the idea of a living person with all its inevitable limitations. Pantheism is, therefore, as is said by Mr. Blunt in another article, "practically nothing else than Atheism; it has no belief in a personal deity overruling the affairs of the world, as Divine Providence, and is, therefore, Atheistic," and again, "Theism believes in a spirit superior to matter, and so does Pantheism; but the spirit of Theism is self-conscious, and therefore personal and of individual existence—a nature 'per se,' and upholding all things by an active control; while Pantheism believes in spirit that is of a higher nature than brute matter, but is a mere unconscious principle of life, impersonal, irrational as the brute matter that it quickens."

If this verdict concerning Pantheism is true—and from all I can gather it is as nearly true as anything can be said to be which is predicted of an incoherent idea—the Pantheistic God is an attempt to lay hold of a truth which has nevertheless eluded its pursuers.

In my next chapter I will consider the commonly received, orthodox conception of God, and compare it with the Pantheistic. I will show that it, too, is Atheistic, inasmuch as, in spite of its professing to give us a conception of God, it raises no ideas in our minds of a person or Living Being—and a God who is not this is non-existent.

**CHAPTER V.  
Orthodox Theism.**

We have seen that Pantheism fails to satisfy, inasmuch as it requires us to mean something different by the word "God" from what we have been in the habit of meaning. I have already said—I fear, too often—that no conception of God can have any value or meaning for us which does not involve his existence as an independent Living Person of ineffable wisdom and power, vastness, and duration both in the past and for the future. If such a Being as this can be found existing and made evident, directly or indirectly, to human senses, there is a God. If otherwise, there is no God, or none, at any rate, so far as we can know, none with whom we need concern ourselves. No conscious personality, no God. An impersonal God is as much a contradiction in terms as an impersonal person.

Unfortunately, when we question orthodox theology closely, we find that it supposes God to be a person who has no material body such as could come within the range of any human sense, and make an impression upon it. He is supposed to be of a spiritual nature only, except in so far as one part of his triune personality is, according to the Athanasian Creed, "perfect man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting."

Here, then, we find ourselves in a dilemma.

On the one hand, we are involved in the same difficulty as in the case of Pantheism, inasmuch as a person without flesh and blood, or something analogous, is not a person; we are required, therefore, to believe in a personal God, who has not true person; to believe, that is to say, in an impersonal person.

This, as we have seen already, is Atheism under another name, being, as it is, destructive of all idea of God whatever; for these words do not convey an idea of something which human intelligence can understand up to a certain point, and which it can watch going out of sight into regions beyond our view, but in the same direction—as we may infer other stars in space beyond the farthest that we know of; they convey utterly self-destructive ideas, which can have no real meaning, and can only be thought to have a meaning by ignorant and uncultivated people. Otherwise such foundation as human reason rests upon—that is to say, the current opinion of those whom the world appraises as reasonable and agreeable, or capable of being agreed with for any time—is sapped; the whole thing tumbles down, and we may have square circles and round triangles, which may be declared to be no longer absurdities and contradictions in

terms, but mysteries that go beyond our reason, without being contrary to it. Few will maintain this, and those few may be neglected; an impersonal person must therefore be admitted to be nonsense, and an immaterial God to be Atheism in another shape.

On the other hand, if God is "of reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting," and if he thus has the body without which He is—as far as we are concerned—non-existent, this body must yet be reasonably like other bodies, and must exist in some place and at some time. Furthermore, it must do sufficiently nearly what all other "human flesh" belonging to "perfect man" must do, or cease to be human flesh. Our ideas are like organisms; they have some little elasticity and circumstance-suiting power, some little margin on which, as I have elsewhere said, side-notes may be written, and glosses on the original text; but this power is very limited. As offspring will only, as a general rule, vary little from its immediate parents, and it will fail either immediately or in the second generation if the parents differ too widely from one another, so we cannot get our idea of—we will say a horse—to conjure up to our minds the idea of any animal more unlike a horse than a pony is; nor can we get a well-defined idea of a combination between a horse and any animal more remote from it than an ass, zebra, or giraffe. We may, indeed, make a statue of a flying horse, but the idea is one which cannot be made plausible to any but ignorant people. So, "human flesh" may vary a little from "human flesh" without undue violence being done to our reason and to the right use of language, but it cannot differ from it so much as not to eat, drink, nor waste and repair itself. "Human flesh," which is without these necessary adjuncts, is human flesh only to those who can believe in flying horses with feathered wings and bills like birds—that is to say, to vulgar and superstitious persons.

(To be continued.)

**A LETTER FROM BULGARIA.**

By S. Dikidjleff.

Our Fourth International Movement began in 1920. At that time the Communist Movement had reached the stage of an open fight with the agrarian Government.

Had the Third International used offensive tactics then, the power would have gone over to the Workers' Councils. But the Third International Communist Party, like all the Second International parties which joined the Third International for material benefits, proved unfit for revolutionary struggles. Owing to its betrayal of the Bulgarian revolution, many of the honest revolutionary workers became indignant, and in consequence some of them left the party. Others were abused as anarchists and agents' provocateurs and expelled.

The groups of Left Communists were then formed in Sofia, Burgas, Chaskovo, and other places, to oppose the leadership of the Third International.

After the third Congress of the Third International these Left groups broke away from the Bulgarian Communist Party altogether, and also from the Third International, which is now retreating from its old revolutionary position.

The Bulgarian Communist Party has become a party of peasants, and tradesmen and skilled workers, who form only a tenth of its membership.

The mass of the workers have grown disappointed and apathetic.

A small number of proletarians remained courageous and formed groups in nearly all the industrial centres. In the beginning of this year these groups called a conference to form the Bulgarian Communist Workers' Party with a revolutionary programme and tactics. Conditions favour a speedy development of our movement. We are building up relations with similar bodies in Rumania, Jugo-Slovakia, Greece and Turkey, and the Revolutionary Left Communists of Russia.



## The Misguided Manners of a Lady M.P.

Fellow-workers who are workless, a lady of title has said you are "poor misguided men" to have come up to London appealing for assistance to the Prime Minister of this Empire. This lady of title, who sits in the House of Commons, has asked for "someone to persuade you to return empty-handed to your poor homes where the cupboard is almost bare."

A Labour Member of Parliament has said that the early education in good manners of this lady of title has been neglected. For her manners we care not a jot, but it seems that this woman who lives in abounding luxury is lacking in the bowels of compassion. She deserves no more than your wives, fellow-workers; her children deserve no more than yours; yet she is smugly content to live the life of a parasite and to consume in selfish luxury what would maintain hundreds of you and your families in comfort.

She uselessly employs in attending on her households a numerous retinue of servants whose labour might be fruitfully employed in providing the necessities of life for a large number of persons. In her houses are dozens of scarcely occupied rooms, where many families might be comfortably housed.

She is but one of many who impudently pose as social saviours whilst, like leeches, they drain from the producing population the product of their hard toil.

You have come up to London, fellow-workers who are workless, and the Government of the rich denies your appeals for aid.

The Labour Party tells you, nevertheless, to remain patient and to look still to Parliament to redress your grievances.

Remember, however, O poor and exploited, no saying is truer than this:

**"Who Would Be Free Themselves Must Strike the Blow."**

It seems a hard saying at times, fellow-workers. Yet there is no hope for you till you realise its truth. You will be strong, indeed, fellow-workers, when you band together to **ACT** on that principle—not for some small reforms, but for a change of system.

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#### COMMUNIST ESPERANTO GROUPS.

Manchester and District meets every Friday, 8 p.m., at Labour College, 32a Dale Street, Manchester. Secretary, H. B. Robinson, 10 Jane Street, Eccles New Road, Salford, Manchester.

#### THE COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

Works for the replacement of the present system by Communism, a classless order of society in which the land and the means of distribution and transport shall be held in common to be used freely by all.

There shall be no money, barter, buying and selling, wages, or direct reward for services rendered. All shall give according to their abilities, and take according to their needs and desires.

There will be no need for stinting or rationing, because the community can produce more than its members can use.

All shall share the productive work. Short hours of labour at essential tasks for all will allow of abundant leisure for study, recreation, travel, and all sorts of research and creative work, undertaken at will, for love of the work and the community.

Administration of production and distribution shall be by Soviets or Councils of those who do the work, linked together locally, industrially, nationally, and internationally.

#### METHODS.

To spread knowledge of Communism amongst the people.

To create an All-Workers' Industrial Revolutionary Union of employed and unemployed workers:

(a) Built up from the workshop basis, covering all workers, regardless of sex, craft, or grade, who pledge themselves to work for the overthrow of Capitalism and the establishment of Communism administered by the workers' Soviets.

(b) Organised into departments for each industry and service.

In other words, to create the Soviets in the workshops in order that they may dispossess the Capitalist and afterwards carry on under Communism.

To take no part in elections to Parliament and the local governing bodies, to expose their futility, either to protect, or to emancipate the workers, or to administer Communism.

To refuse affiliation or unity with the Labour Party and all Reformist and Parliamentary Parties.

To emancipate the workers from the Trade Unions, which are merely palliative institutions.

To affiliate with the Communist Workers' International (Fourth International).

For further particulars apply to the Communist Workers' Movement Secretary at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

#### FOR THE "DREADNOUGHT" FUND. CHRISTMAS SALE AND DANCE.

Builders' Labourers' Hall, 84 Blackfriars Road (five minutes from Ludgate Circus), Saturday, December 16th.

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#### RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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#### COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

Central London Group meets Thursdays, 152 Fleet Street, 8 p.m. For Group business, 9 to 10 p.m. Speakers' class and study circle open, to non-members, taken by Sylvia Pankhurst. Secretary, S. Cahill, 60 Limes Grove, Lewisham, S.E. 13.

#### THE ALL-WORKERS' UNION OF REVOLUTIONARY WORKSHOP COMMITTEES.

For all particulars, write Secretary, c/o "Workers' Dreadnought," 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Send for the Catalogue of the "Dreadnought" Publishers and Bookshop. It will be supplied free on application to 152 Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

#### THE COMMUNIST LIFE

For mutual service. Secretary, Miss Hodson, 36 St. Peter's Hill, Grantham.

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