

# A Penny a Week to Learn Esperanto.

# Workers' Dreadnought

FOR CLEAR THOUGHTS IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.

VOL. X. No. 3.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1923.

WEEKLY.

LINES FROM  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.  
(b. 1772, d. 1836.)

We have offended, oh, my countrymen!  
We have offended very grievously,  
And been most tyrannous. From east to west  
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!  
The wretched plead against us; multitudes

Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,  
Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pesti-  
lence,

Even so, my countrymen! Have we gone  
forth

And born to distant tribes slavery and pangs,  
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep  
taint

With slow perdition murders the whole man,  
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,  
All dignity and power

Engulfed in courts, committees, institutions,  
Associations and societies,

A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting  
guild,

One benefit club for mutual flattery,  
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,  
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth.

... bartering freedom and the poor man's  
life

For gold as at a market. . . .  
Thankless too for peace  
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous  
seas),

Secure from actual warfare, we have loved  
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!  
Alas! for ages ignorant of all

Its ghastlier workings (famine or blue  
plague,

Battle or siege, or flight through wintry  
snows),

We, this whole people, have been clamorous  
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,  
For which we pay as for a thing to talk of,  
Spectators, and not combatants! No guess

Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,  
No speculation or contingency,  
However dim and vague, too vague and dim  
To yield a justifying cause; and forth  
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,  
And adjurations of the God-in-Heaven),

We send our mandates for the certain death  
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and  
girls

And women, that would groan to see a child  
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,  
The best amusement for our morning meal!

—From "Fears in Solitude," written in  
April 1798, during the alarm of an invasion.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

If you send us the name and address of a  
probable reader, together with a penny stamp,  
we will forward a specimen copy of the  
"Workers' Dreadnought" to the address  
given.

## YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

A blue mark in this space  
indicates that your subscrip-  
tion is now due.

The high cost of production  
of the paper necessitates prompt payment.

These fresh blowing mornings there is  
Hodge ploughing straight furrows behind the  
old horse who steps most cheerfully over the  
clods. The old horse has had his rest and  
his feed, and his sides are sleek from Hodge's  
careful grooming, so he goes merrily and  
content.

The budding boughs stir gaily, the trees  
seem proud of their wealth of coming foliage,  
their buds that swell and burst in this en-  
thralling sunshine. The flowers are spring-  
ing, the birds are chirping and trilling with  
pleasure. Hodge alone goes sadly. Hodge  
alone rises wearily and reluctant to meet re-  
splendent day. Hodge is heavy with toil and  
care. Hodge is hungry.

"I want to axe you a question," said  
Phiddy to his master.

The farmer was sitting on the milk-churn.  
"What is it, Phiddy?" says he.

"How would you like to go to work with  
half a bellyful?" asks Phiddy.

The farmer answers: "I shouldn't like it  
at all."

But Phiddy has to go to work with hunger  
unsatisfied, and Phiddy has only two child-  
ren; how do they fare who have four or five?

"I'm putting it plain," says Phiddy.  
"They can't get enough of sop."

Sop, we must tell you, is dry bread soaked  
in water.

Hodge was half-starved before the war.  
His father was half-starved before him, and  
his grandfather before that. Hodge cherished  
no other hope than that he might not suffer  
worse than semi-starvation, except in periods  
of temporary misfortune, and that he might  
get the old-age pension at the latter end of  
his declining years.

Then came the war. Others might lay  
their bones in France and Flanders, but, if  
only he could escape conscription, Hodge saw  
hope shining before him with altogether  
unwonted brightness. Prices were rising,  
labourers had suddenly grown scarce;

lusty young chaps were flocking into  
the Army. Hodge began to realise that if he  
would, if he were allowed to stay quietly at  
home and work, he could in time secure  
higher wages from his master than he had  
ever dreamed of, and that he had only to  
threaten to enlist to make his master grow  
civil and obliging on every occasion.

There were a few strikes at first, but these  
were quickly settled and the wages continued  
rising. Prices were rising, too, though  
certain necessities were rationed. Hodge,  
nevertheless, fared better than before, and he  
calculated that if these—to him, wonderful—  
wages could only be maintained, he would be  
well secured against hunger when prices  
should fall to their old level after the war.

But how, indeed, could Hodge cherish  
such a hope? How and why should he  
anticipate anything so remarkable?

Hodge was unlifted by hope because of the  
new Union. All the labourers on the farms  
were joining it, and speakers came down from  
London to assure the men that they would  
be as well off as the most prosperous city  
workers, if only they would combine as the  
city workers had done.

Hodge had faith in the Union and in the  
Wages Boards, which the Union assured him  
had been secured by its efforts.

The war stopped at last. Soon, instead of  
the further advantages he expected, Hodge  
learnt that the Government had decided to  
abolish the Wages Boards, and here and  
there the wages began to fall. The Union  
leaders made speeches of protest in Parlia-  
ment, and declared that it was only with tre-  
mendous difficulty they were able to prevent  
the labourers taking strong and unpatriotic  
action.

Meetings were held in the agricultural dis-  
tricts. Hodge attended the meetings and  
heard his Union leaders denounce the  
treachery of the Government. He heard  
them saying, for the benefit of the reporters,  
how angry Hodge was, and what a hard  
struggle his leaders were having to prevent  
him striking or taking to some even more  
serious kind of direct action.

Hodge applauded his leaders. It was a  
pleasure and a duty, he felt, to applaud such  
eloquent and clever men, who were giving  
their efforts to serve him, and who worked,  
as they said, so hard to promote his interests.  
He hoped the Government would be im-  
pressed by the warnings of these clever men,  
and he felt sure that the Government would  
suffer if it did not.

The Government, however, completely  
ignored the warnings of the Union leaders,  
and quite quietly the Wages Board went out  
of existence, and wages fell heavily in all dis-  
tricts. In Norfolk the wage fell to 25/- for 50  
hours' work. Labourers were now leaving the  
Union as rapidly as they had joined it in  
the early days of the war. The Union was  
"no good," they said, and some qualified  
that verdict with warmly expressive adjectives.

Now, at last, the Union was forced to make  
a stand. The farmers declared still further  
reductions, and the men were not prepared  
to accept them. In Norfolk the farmers de-  
manded longer hours and lower wages, and  
began locking out the labourers who refused.  
The Union leaders agreed to negotiate at the  
Bishop's Palace, but the farmers only offered  
24/- for 50 hours, 25/- for 52 hours, or 26/-  
for 54 hours. The men would not have it.  
So many men had left the Union that the  
officials were obliged, if they were to have a  
chance of success, to grant strike pay to all  
locked-out men who would re-join the Union.  
The more advanced men in the Union were  
not satisfied; they declared that the strike  
ought to be a national one, and complained  
that the negotiations and lunches at the  
Bishop's Palace were doing more harm  
than good.

The farmers declare that if the men do not  
come to terms they will not grow root crops.  
They will sow wheat with voluntary or black-  
leg labour, and then close the farms till the  
harvest, carrying on with their sons and  
daughters and students of farming, and allow-  
ing the cattle to eat the hay and clover, and  
sowing the land usually devoted to root crops

(Continued on p. 8.)

## THE SEVEN THAT WERE HANGED.

(By Leonid Andreyev, a famous

Russian Author.)

VI.

### THE HOURS FLY.

In the fortress where the condemned terrorists were confined there was a steeple with an old clock. Every hour, every half-hour, every quarter of an hour, this clock struck in a tone of infinite sadness, like the distant and plaintive cry of birds of passage. In the daytime this odd and desolate music was lost in the noise of the city, of the broad and animated street that passed the fortress. The tramways rumbled, the shoes of the horses rattled, the trembling automobiles sounded their horns far into the distance. As the carnival was approaching, the peasants of the suburbs had come to town to earn some money as cab-drivers; the bells of the little Russian horses tinkled noisily. The conversations were gay, and had a flavour of intoxication, real holiday conversations. The weather harmonised with the occasion; the spring had brought a thaw, and the road was wet with dirty puddles. The trees on the squares had suddenly darkened. A slightly warm wind was blowing from the sea in copious moist puffs—a light, fresh air toward the infinite.

By night the street was silent under the brilliancy of the large electric signs. The immense fortress with its smooth walls was plunged in darkness and silence; a barrier of calm and shadow separated it from the ever-living city. Then they heard the striking of the hours, the slow, sad birth and death of a strange melody, foreign to the land. Like big drops of transparent glass, the hours and the minutes fell from an immeasurable height into a metallic basin that was vibrating gently. Sometimes they were like birds that passed.

Into the cells came, day and night, this single sound. It penetrated through the roof, through the thick stone walls; it alone broke the silence. Sometimes they forgot it, or did not hear it. Sometimes they awaited it with despair; they lived only by and for this sound, having learned to be distrustful of silence. The prison was reserved for criminals of note; its special, rigorous regulations were as rigid and sharp as the corners of the walls. If there is nobility in cruelty, then the solemn, deaf, dead silence that caught up every breath, and every rustle was noble.

In this silence, penetrated by the desolate striking of the flying minutes, three men and two women, separated from the world, were awaiting the coming of the night, of the dawn, and of the execution; and each was preparing for it in his own fashion.

Throughout her life Tanya Kovalchuk had thought only of others, and now also it was for her comrades that she underwent suffering and torture. She pictured death to herself only because it threatened Sergey Golovin, Musya, and the others; but her thoughts did not dwell on the fact that she, too, would be executed.

As if to reward herself for the artificial firmness that she had shown before the judges, she wept for hours together. This is characteristic of old women who have suffered much. When it occurred to her that Sergey might be unprovided with tobacco, or that Werner possibly was deprived of the tea of which he was so fond—and this at the moment that they were about to die—she suffered perhaps as much as at the idea of the execution. The execution was something inevitable, even incidental, not worthy of consideration; but that an imprisoned man should be without tobacco on the very eve of his execution was an idea absolutely intolerable. Evoking the pleasant memories of their common life, she lamented over the interview between Sergey and his parents.

For Musya she felt a special pity. For a long time it had seemed to her, mistakenly, however, that Musya was in love with Werner; she had beautiful and luminous

dreams for their future. Before her arrest Musya wore a silver ring, on which were engraved a skull and crossbones surrounded with a crown of thorns. Often Tanya Kovalchuk had looked at this ring sorrowfully, viewing it as a symbol of renunciation; half serious, half joking, she had asked Musya to take it off.

"No, Tanya, I will not give it to you. You will soon have another on your finger!"

Her comrades always thought that she would soon be married, which much offended her. She wanted no husband. And, as she recalled these conversations with Musya and reflected that Musya was indeed sacrificed, Tanya, full of motherly pity, felt the tears choking her. Every time the clock struck she lifted her face, covered with tears, and listened, wondering how this plaintive and persistent summons of death was being received in the other cells.

VII.

### THERE IS NO DEATH.

And Musya was happy!

With arms folded behind her back, dressed in a prisoner's gown that was too large for her and that made her look like a youth wearing a borrowed costume, she walked back and forth in her cell, at a regular pace, never wearying. She had tucked up the long sleeves of her gown, and her thin and emaciated arms, the arms of a child, emerged from the flaring breadths like flower-stems from a coarse and unclean pitcher. The roughness of the stuff irritated the skin of her white and slender neck; sometimes, with her two hands, she released her throat, and felt cautiously for the spot where her skin was burning.

Musya walked with a long stride, and tried blushing to justify to herself the fact that the finest of deaths, reserved hitherto for martyrs, had been assigned to her, so young, so humble, and who had done so little. It seemed to her that, in dying upon the scaffold, she was making a pretentious show that was in bad taste.

At her last interview with her lawyer she had asked him to procure poison for her, but immediately had given up the idea: would not people think that she was actuated by fear or by ostentation? Instead of dying modestly and unnoticed, would she not cause still further scandal? And she had added, quickly:

"No, no, it is useless!"

Now her sole desire was to explain, to prove, that she was not a heroine, that it was not a frightful thing to die, and that no one need pity her or worry on her account.

Musya sought excuses, pretexts of such a nature as to exalt her sacrifice and give it a real value, as if it had actually been called in question.

"In fact," she said to herself, "I am young; I might have lived for a long time. But . . ."

Just as the gleam of a candle is effaced by the radiance of the rising sun, youth and life seem to her dull and sombre beside the magnificent and luminous halo that is about to crown her modest person.

"Is it possible?" Musya asks herself, in great confusion. "Is it possible that I am worth anybody's tears?"

And she is seized with an unspeakable joy. There is no more doubt; she has been taken into the pale. She has a right to figure among the heroes who from all countries go to heaven through flames and executions. What serene peace, what infinite happiness! An immaterial being, she believes herself hovering in a divine light.

Of what else was Musya thinking? Of many things, since for her the thread of life was not severed by death but continued to unroll in a calm and regular fashion. She was thinking of her comrades, of those who at a distance were filled with anguish at the idea of her approaching execution, of those who nearer at hand would go with her to the gallows. She was astonished that Vasily should be a prey of terror, he who had always been brave. On Tuesday morning, when they

had prepared themselves to kill, and then to die themselves, Tanya Kovalchuk had trembled with emotion; they had been obliged to send her away, whereas Vasily joked and laughed and moved about amid the bombs with so little caution that Werner had said to him severely:

"One should not play with death!"

Why, then, was Vasily afraid now? And this incomprehensible terror was so foreign to Musya's soul that she soon ceased to think about it and to inquire into its cause. Suddenly she felt a mad desire to see Sergey Golovin and laugh with him.

Perhaps, too, her thought was unwilling to dwell long on the same subject, resembling therein a light bird that hovers before infinite horizons, all space, the caressing and tender azure, being accessible to it. The hours continued to strike. Thoughts blended in this harmonious and distant symphony; fleeting images became a sort of music. It seemed to Musya that she was travelling on a broad and easy road in a quiet night; the carriage seemed to have started on a joyous flight, the tired body was dissolved in the flight the tired body was dissolved in the darkness; joyous and weary, the thought peacefully created vivid images, and became intoxicated on their beauty. Musya recalled three comrades who had been hanged lately; their faces were illuminated and near, nearer than those of the living. . . . So in the morning one thinks gaily of the hospitable friends who will receive you in the evening with smiles on their lips.

At last Musya became weary from walking. She lay down cautiously on the camp-bed, and continued to dream, with half-closed eyes.

"Is this really death? My God, how beautiful it is! Or is it life? I do not know. I do not know! I am going to see and hear. . . ."

From the first days of her imprisonment she had been a prey to hallucinations. She had a very musical ear; her sense of hearing, sharpened by the silence, gathered in the slightest echoes of life; the footsteps of the sentinels in the corridor, the striking of the clock, the whispering of the wind over the zinc roof, the creaking of a lantern, all blended for her in a vast and mysterious symphony. At first the hallucinations frightened Musya, and she drove them away as morbid manifestations; then, perceiving that she was in good health and had no pathological symptoms, she ceased to resist.

But now she hears very plainly the sound of the military band. She opens her eyes in astonishment, and raises her head. Through the windows she sees the night; the clock strikes. "Again!" she thought, as she closed her eyes without disturbing herself. Again the music begins. Musya clearly distinguishes the steps of the soldiers as they turn the corner of the prison; a whole regiment is passing before her windows. The boots keep time to the music on the frozen ground; one, two; one, two! Sometimes a boot squeaks; a foot slips and then recovers itself. The music draws nearer; it is playing a noisy and stirring triumphal march which Musya does not know. There is probably some festival in the fortress.

The soldiers are under her windows, and the cell is filled with joyous, regular, and harmonious sounds. A big brass trumpet emits false notes; it is not in time; now it is in advance, now it lags behind in a ridiculous fashion. Musya pictures to herself a little soldier playing this trumpet assiduously, and she laughs.

The regiment has passed; the sound of the footsteps grows fainter and fainter; one, two; one, two! In the distance the music becomes gayer and more beautiful. Several times more the trumpet sounds out of time, with its metallic, sonorous, and gay voice, and then all is quiet. Again the clock in the steeple strikes the hours.

New forms come and lean over her, surrounding her with transparent clouds and lifting her to a great height, where birds of prey are hovering. At left and right, above

**The Seven that Were Hanged.**

and below, everywhere birds are crying like heralds; they call, they warn. They spread their wings, and immensity sustains them. And on their inflated breasts that split the air is reflected the sparkling azure. The beating of Musya's heart becomes more and more calm and peaceful. She sleeps; her face is pale; her features are drawn; there are dark rings around her eyes. On her lips a smile. To-morrow, when the sun shall rise, this intelligent and fine face will be deformed by a grimace in which no trace of the human will be left; the brain will be inundated with thick blood; the glassy eyes will protrude from their orbits. But to-day Musya sleeps quietly, and smiles in her immortality.

Musya sleeps.

And the prison continues to live its special blind, vigilant life, a sort of perpetual anxiety. They walk. They whisper. A gun rings out. It seems as if someone cries out. Is this reality or hallucination?

The grating in the door lowers noiselessly. In the dark opening appears a sinister bearded face. For a long time the widely-opened eyes view with astonishment the sleeping Musya; then the face disappears as quietly as it came.

The bells in the steeple ring and sing interminably. One would say that the weary hours were climbing a high mountain toward midnight. The ascent grows more and more painful. They slip, fall back with a groan, and begin again to toil painfully toward the black summit.

There is a sound of footsteps. Whispering voices are heard. Already they are harnessing the horses to the sombre, unlighted vehicle.

(To be continued.)

**UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.**

Willie Murphy was sentenced by Judge I. T. Purcell, in California, to from 4 to 40 years, for membership of the I.W.W. and possession of the I.W.W. weekly, "Industrial Solidarity."

The Californian Supreme Court has now reversed the sentences and ordered Murphy's discharge; but the release is deferred for 20 days, in order that the Trego County prosecutor, who originally proceeded against Murphy, may show cause why he should not be released.

Harry Breen, another Californian I.W.W., was sentenced to from 3 to 30 years' imprisonment. In this case also the Supreme Court ordered the prisoner's release last September 4th. Nevertheless, Breen was kept in prison till October 14th, when his lawyer took out a writ of Habeas Corpus to ensure his release.

In spite of these decisions of the Los Angeles Supreme Court, 30 members of the I.W.W. are before the lower courts charged with criminal syndicalism on the ground of membership of the I.W.W. alone. The principal witness against eight of these men is H. G. O'Dale, who admits he joined the I.W.W. as a paid spy of the police.

Policeman Barnard Moran, in giving evidence against 22 of the prisoners, declared that he had found certain copies of "Industrial Solidarity" in the room of one of them when arresting him. It transpired, however, that the bundle of papers in question had not been printed until some time after the prisoner's arrest, as the date on the papers proved.

At Galveston, in Texas, the I.W.W. took action for damages against Police Chief James Stevenson for unlawful seizure of literature. The jury awarded a dollar damages to the I.W.W. The literature was returned.

At New Orleans, Louisiana, Appellate Judge Dowling, reversed the sentence on Nestor Calle, sentenced for being an I.W.W. organiser. Judge Leininger, who sentenced him, said:

"This man is a member of the I.W.W., which is notorious. I am firmly convinced that he is dangerous and suspicious, and I want evidence to that effect."

**THE SITUATION IN GERMANY.**

A correspondent writes us from Germany that the most noticeable feature of the situation there is the reactionary nationalist movement.

It is common talk that the Hitler bands intend first to seize the power in Saxony, then to march to Berlin. The Nationalists feel encouraged in this project by the fact that there is no regular Government at present in Saxony, as the Social-Democrats, who have a majority, have not a clear majority. The Social-Democratic and Communist Parties endeavoured to come to an agreement, but the Communists insisted that the programme of the Coalition Government should be compiled by the Workshop Committees. The Social-Democrats refused.

This seems curiously out of harmony with the general policy of the Third International, but we give the information as given by our correspondent.

The Nationalist programme is ostensibly directed against the French, but its first intention, as is stated broadcast, is to crush all resistance to the Nationalist reaction in Germany. The first move in this direction is the passing of an anti-Socialist law, the wholesale arrests of Socialist and Communist leaders, and the further creation of armed bands of reactionaries. Already these are growing; drilling is going on all over the country, and arms are said to be concealed in the farmhouses.

Having once crushed the Socialist Movement, the reactionaries declare that they will carry on a guerilla warfare against the French.

Reactionary nationalism certainly has a great hold on all classes. When the French entered the Ruhr, demonstrations were held by the various proletarian organisations in Berlin. These were fairly well attended, but the Nationalist demonstrations before the Reichstag and hostile to the Government were overwhelmingly greater, and working people flocked to them.

There is a great apathy throughout the country. Even towards nationalism and resistance to the French the people are relatively inert, but nationalism grips the people more than anything.

So at least it seems to our correspondent, viewing things as a visitor to the country, meeting those who are working in the various movements, and attending the political meetings of all sorts.

The poverty is appalling: our correspondent views with amazement its tragic ravages, and the still more tragic acquiescence of the people.

The Social-Democrats speak enthusiastically of "our revolution." Their children bring out photographs of the 1918 upheaval to show to visitors, and everyone present tells with bated breath of how freedom was won in Germany. No one of the household seems to remember the Capitalists, who are still bleeding the population white.

Even the middle-class Social-Democrats themselves are hungry. The editor of one of the Social-Democratic newspapers gets what in English money amounts to £2 a month for himself, wife, and six little children. They manage to get a little—a very little—meat and fish the first two weeks in the month, and to purchase that the wife goes at 5 a.m. to a market in a poor quarter. She never buys more than 1½ lb. The second two weeks the family eats potatoes only, and not enough of them. The youngest child, a boy of three, was not able to go out once all the winter, because he had no clothes warm enough to wear outside. Clothing is as costly even in English money as in England. A suit of woollen combinations costs £1 in English money.

Another Social-Democratic editor earns 50,000 marks—a week in German money. If he were to go with his wife to a restaurant

and to buy a very small, very cheap meal for two people, a meal which would not satisfy English people, he would have to pay 10,000 marks. A fifth of his week's salary would be spent on that one meal; five such meals would absorb a whole week's earnings. Obviously he cannot go with his wife to dine at a restaurant, however meagrely.

Bread, milk, and sugar are rationed. One loaf per week is allowed for each member of the family, and the bread gets ever worse and worse. The rationed bread costs 1,000 marks a loaf. Unrationed bread of better quality is beyond the means of most people: it costs 3,000 marks a loaf. Milk costs 1,000 marks a litre (¾ quart), a sausage costs 500 marks, eggs 500 marks each, butter costs 1,750 marks for a quarter of a pound; hardly anyone is able to afford it. Margarine is too scarce to buy. Coffee is an unheard-of luxury; a kind of dried bean is ground up as a substitute. A sort of very poor lard is the fat in general use.

The working class is able to buy neither meat nor fish. Many workers cannot even afford potatoes. They exist somehow on the small bread ration.

Coal is dear and very scarce. Milk is much adulterated, but costly and bad as it is, the working-class children cannot get it. They are pale and wan, and have nasty scaly skin eruptions, due to mal-nutrition.

The cinemas show pictures of the French invasion of the Ruhr, displaying the French soldiers driving the German workers before them with fixed bayonets, and under threat of murderous weapons, forcing men to load railway trucks. After such pictures follows a silence, and after that the strains of "Deutschland Uber Alles," whilst everyone stands. A well-known Social-Democrat has called "Deutschland Uber Alles" the German national anthem. "Vorwaerts," the principal organ of the Social-Democratic Party, is mainly a national paper now; but the Social-Democracy is weak and apathetic. It drifts.

What will follow?

**IS THE KING A POLITICAL OPPONENT?**

The "Daily Herald" reports that the I.L.P. carried a resolution that Labour M.P.s should not accept the hospitality of their political opponents, "after the resolution had been framed so as to convey no suggestion that the King was a political opponent." This means, we presume, that Mr. Macdonald may continue to dine with the King; but it will certainly not be possible for him to exclude opponents to Socialism and to the Labour Party from such dinners if they are to take place, either at Buckingham Palace or at any other place frequented by the King.

It is interesting that the I.L.P. should have been at pains to avoid the inference that the King is a political opponent. Do they suggest that the King may approve the abolition of the monarchy, or does the peculiar Socialism of the I.L.P. provide for the retention of the Crown? The I.L.P. is, of course, bearing in mind that, under our so-called democratic constitution, it is the King who appoints the Prime Minister. The I.L.P. is apparently anxious that no failure to make a show of loyalty to the Crown shall stand between Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and the Premiership. History teaches that a party which displays timidity when out of office has no reserves of strength to fall back upon when faced with the difficult task of shouldering responsibility for its professions and putting its programme into practice.

For our part, we regard Mr. Ramsay Macdonald with considerable compassion. He is so bankrupt of policy and courageous thought that he will cut a pitiable figure if he takes office.

# Workers' Dreadnought

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## Our View.

WHEN WE LEARN that Mr. H. N. Brailsford is paid £1,000 a year as editor of the "New Leader," we ask ourselves, in wonder, how a man can reconcile himself to the idea of drawing such a large sum from a struggling little party, largely maintained by the pennies of working people. If Mr. Brailsford believes in the propaganda for which he is responsible, in the "New Leader," we wonder how he is able to put aside the thought of the thousands of copies of the paper which might be freely distributed each week for the difference between the £2 or £3 a week on which he could live if he chose, and the £20 a week he actually draws. We wonder how he is able to accept the fact that sweated workers, unemployed workers, and old-age pensioners are sparing their pennies for Socialist propaganda, whilst he is making £1,000 a year out of this part of it alone.

Mr. Brailsford has certainly made a very profitable thing out of the Socialist movement during recent years. He has visited Russia, and being given polite assistance by the Soviet Government, has written several books about the Russian Revolution. These have been published by Capitalist firms, and, with the zealous aid of comrades in the movement, have had a large, and by no means unprofitable, circulation. Meanwhile, he has taken this post at £1,000 a year with the I.L.P., which opposes the Soviet Government, the Russian Communist Party, and the Revolution itself. With the able help of a woman sub-editor and a number of regular contributors, Mr. Brailsford's editorship will be merely a part-time occupation; he will continue free to give the movement, through the medium of Capitalist publishers, a regular supply of books on not unprofitable terms.

THE ABERDEEN FISHERMEN who have been on strike for a month and a-half against German Fishermen and trawlers landing Icelandic fish are learning something about patriotism as displayed by the trading community and by the governing authorities. This Empire and nation went to war to prevent German Capitalism and trade from competing to the disadvantage of British Capitalism and trade. The fishermen and other workers of this nation were conscripted to fight on land and sea for the triumph of British Capitalism and trade over German Capitalism and trade, in order that victory should strengthen and increase the former and weaken and reduce the latter.

Aberdeen fishermen who joined in fighting German competition in the interests of big business now find German competition threatening their own livelihood. When the fishermen attempt to protect themselves by resistance to the unloading of fish from the German trawlers, the mounted police are sent to beat them with their truncheons.

Buy your magazines from your regular newsagent, and ask him to show our poster.

THE PRESS has just announced that the Roman Catholic priest condemned to death in Moscow has been executed. The announcement may probably be reversed in an hour or two.

For our part, we consider both the sentence and the prosecution of the various Catholic priests both inconsistent and unintelligent. It is but recently that the Soviet Government made an agreement with the Vatican to allow the Jesuits to open schools in Russia—schools in which Russian children and adults were to be taught Jesuit doctrine. Everyone knows that the teaching in the Jesuit schools is hostile to Communism and hostile to the revolution. It is absurd to follow an agreement to facilitate the setting up of Jesuit schools by the prosecution of those priests for counter-revolutionary activities in which it was from the first quite evident that they would busy themselves as far as opportunity would serve them. The death sentence adds a grotesque theatricality to the blunder. It is the very worst sort of propaganda for Communism, which, though some people are apt to forget the fact, is based upon human fraternity. The priests can hardly pose as heroes they refused to give Church property for the relief of famine; but execution is hardly the apt retort to such a piece of churlish greediness. If, as some say, the priest were a Polish spy, he should have been sent to Poland.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S BILL dealing with working-class insurance effectively reserves this profitable field to Big Business, by its stipulation that companies and societies dealing with this class of insurance must deposit and keep deposited £20,000.

Mr. Thomas Johnston, the Labour Member for Stirling, stated in the House of Commons that the Prudential, the largest of the great financial octopuses which are amassing wealth by this means, has even to-day only raised £6,000 in actual share capital. Its nominal capital is larger, it is true, but it recently granted £1,000,000 in bonus shares to existing shareholders. Having made such profits as to be able to do that, and also to pay out upwards of £5,000,000 to its shareholders between 1909 and 1918, the Prudential will find no difficulty in depositing £20,000. A workers' mutual aid society of moderate size, and one which provides substantial benefits on lenient terms to its members, would, on the other hand, find the deposit of £20,000 an utter impossibility. Even were it given a number of years in which to gather such a sum, it could only do so by placing an intolerable burden upon its members or by denying them the needed benefits for which they entered upon insurance.

The defenders of the great insurance companies are apt to ignore the hardship of lapsed policies and the many abuses connected with this sort of insurance. They argue that because these companies deal with immense numbers of people they are able to provide fairly substantial insurance for the policy holders, as well as to reap unexampled profits for themselves. Even were the benefits and the security of the policy holders always superior to those provided by the mutual aid societies, the great insurance companies would, nevertheless, constitute a social menace.

The great insurance companies have the power to control the policies of Governments, and local authorities, because these bodies go to the great insurance companies when they desire to borrow money. If the insurance companies and the other great organs of finance say "no" to a piece of legislation entailing the spending of money the Government pauses and changes its course. If, after legislation entailing expenditure is enacted, such great financial sources object and pull tight their purse-strings, the legislation becomes a dead letter. The holders of vast sums of money are able thus to control both the home and foreign

policy of Governments, and this becomes more and more the case as such companies grow in wealth, and as Government expenditure increases.

An insurance company is a typical example of the exploitation and useless toil that exists under Capitalism.

On the one hand, there are its shareholders, drawing large profits purely in return for the loan of money, without having rendered any service whatsoever to the community, without taking part in any productive work. On the other hand, there are the company's thousands of employees, working long hours at utterly distasteful and unproductive work, and, in the main, for small wages—the clerks casting up figures, the agents trudging the streets to collect the pennies of the policy holders. A vast number these, and all divorced from the necessary work of the community—the production of food, fuel, clothing, housing, transport, the arts and sciences. All these uselessly employed thousands must be fed, clothed, and housed by the toil of the productive classes, upon whom their maintenance is a heavy tax. The shareholders, too, together with their chauffeurs and gardeners, their secretaries and domestics, must have the necessaries and the luxuries of life provided for them by the men and women who plough and spin and build and create all useful things.

The gigantic success of the monster insurance societies, the vast wealth they accumulate by multitudes of small contributions, should remind us of the great power of Labour under modern scientific and mechanical conditions to insure the community against want. Productive labour to-day is feeding, clothing, and housing not only these parasitic workers and idlers who depend on the insurance companies, but millions of others equally unproductive. It is not the pennies of the policy holders and the capital of the shareholders that really maintains unproductive people who draw money from the companies: it is the toil of the producers. A community of productive workers for use, and freed from productive workers, freed from the burden of parasites entailed by production for profit, need have no fear of failure to provide abundance for all its members, without any sparing or rationing, or any slackening of supplies towards those who, by reason of ill-health, old age, or infancy, may be outside the ranks of actual producers.

THE I.L.P. CONFERENCE has cut a curious figure by falling back on its old habit of referring to the executive the question of Cabinet versus Committee Government. The I.L.P. is hoping that the Labour Party may become "His Majesty's Government" at an early election. The I.L.P. boasts that it leads the Labour Party, yet here is the I.L.P. unable to determine on what lines the Labour Government shall be organised.

Mr. Jowett, who got his political training on the Bradford City Council, is keen on municipal methods, and declared himself "tired of the farce of voting in Parliament." Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., who was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education in a Liberal Government from 1908 to 1914, spoke in favour of keeping things as they are. That is not to be wondered at. The I.L.P. has of late added considerably to the number of its non-Socialist figure-heads.

THE ONE RESOLUTION upon which the I.L.P. might be heartily congratulated is that declaring war should be opposed by calling on the workers for a down-tools policy. We remember, however, that the I.L.P. has many times passed such a resolution before, but has never made the slightest move towards putting it into practice.

The I.L.P. places its faith for the accomplishment of this object in the Trade Unions and the Labour Party. What has the I.L.P. done to secure action through these bodies?

(Continued on p. 7.)

FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

"The Quest," by Pio Baroja, translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg. (Alfred Knopf, New York, U.S.A., \$2.00.)

This tale of Madrid seems a study in the ugly ways by which people of all sorts seek to live without working. A flowing series of descriptions of scenes and persons, and snatches of dialogue, rather than a story, it is extraordinarily varied and alive. The people are strangely odd and striking, the talk racy and clever. If we thought these could be typical Spaniards, we should declare the Spanish, of all races, the least drab, the most arresting in personality.

"How sordid life is!" one sighs as one reads these incidents portrayed with this terrible vigour; yet it is all so picturesque, and it seems, as one reads, so true. A bitter light is cast on the miserable uselessness of organised charity:

"This must be La Doctrina," said Roberto to Manuel, pointing to a building that had a patio with a statue of Christ in the centre.

The two friends drew near to the gate. This was a beggar's conclave, a Court of Miracles Assembly. The women took up almost the entire courtyard; at one end, near a chapel, the men were huddled together; one could see nothing but swollen, stupid faces, inflamed nostrils and twisted mouths; old women as fat and clumsy as melancholy whales; little wizened, cadaverous hags with sunken mouths, and noses like the beak of a bird of prey; shamefaced female mendicants, their wrinkled chins bristling with hair, their gaze half-ironical and half-shy; young women, thin and emaciated, slatternly and filthy; and all, young and old alike, clad in threadbare garments that had been mended, patched, and turned inside out until there wasn't a square inch that had been left untouched. The green, olive-coloured cloaks, and the drab city garb jostled against the red and yellow short skirts of the country women. . . .

"They've already begun to split up into divisions," said one of the loafers, who wore a coachman's hat, pointing with a stick to the women inside the courtyard of La Doctrina.

"And so it was; groups were clustering about the trees of the patio, on each of which was hung a poster with a picture and a number in the middle.

"There go the marchionesses," added he of the coachman's hat, indicating several women garbed in black who had just appeared in the courtyard.

The white faces stood out amidst the mourning clothes.

"They are all marchionesses," said one.

"Well, they're not all beauties," retorted Manuel, joining the conversation. "What do they come here for?"

"They're the ones who teach religion," answered the fellow with the hat. "From time to time they hand out sheets and underwear to the women and the men. Now they're going to call the roll."

A bell began to clang; the gate closed; groups were formed, and a lady entered the midst of each. . . .

Roberto passed by the patio. The humming of the praying mendicants continued. An old lady, her head swathed in a red kerchief, and her shoulders covered with a black cloak that was fading to green, sat down in the clearing.

"What's the matter, old lady? Wouldn't they open the gate for you?" shouted the fellow with the coachman's hat.

"No . . . the foul old witches."

"Don't you care. They're not giving away anything to-day. The distribution takes place this coming Friday. They'll give you at least a sheet," added he of the hat, mischievously.

"If they don't give me anything more than a sheet," shrieked the hag, twisting her

blobber-lip. "I'll tell them to keep it for themselves. The foxy creatures! . . ."

"Oh! they've found you out, Granny!" exclaimed one of the loafers lying on the ground. "You're a greedy one, you are."

The bystanders applauded these words, which came from a 'zarzuela,' and the chap in the coachman's hat continued explaining to Manuel the workings of La Doctrina.

"There are some men and women who enrol in two and even three divisions, so as to get all the charity they can," he went on. "Why, we—my father and I—once enrolled in four divisions under four different names. . . . And what a rumpus was raised! What a row we had with the marchionesses!"

"And what did you want with all those sheets?" Manuel asked him.

"Why, sell 'em, of course. They're sold here at the very gate at two 'shulés' apiece.

"I'm going to buy one," said a coachman from a nearby hackstand, approaching the group. "I'll give it a coating of linseed oil, then varnish it and make me a cowled waterproof."

"But the marchionesses—don't they see that these people sell their gifts right away?"

"Much they see!"

To these idlers the whole business was nothing more than a pious recreation of the religious ladies, of whom they spoke with patronising irony.

The readings of the religious lesson did not last quite an hour.

A bell rang; the gate was swung open; the various groups dissolved and merged; everybody arose, and the women began to walk off, balancing their chairs upon their heads, shouting, shoving one another violently; two or three huckstresses peddled their wares as the tattered crowd issued through the gate in a jam, shrieking as if in escape from some imminent danger. A few old women ran clumsily down the road; others huddled into a corner to urinate, and all of them were howling at the top of their lungs, overcome by the necessity of insulting the women of La Doctrina, as if instinctively they divined the uselessness of a sham charity that reconciled nothing. One heard only protests and manifestations of scorn.

"Damn it all! These women of God . . ."

"And they want a body to have faith in 'em."

"The old drunkards."

"Let them have faith, and the mother that bore 'em."

"Let 'em give blood-pudding to everybody."

After the women came the men—blind, maimed, crippled—in leisurely fashion, and conversing solemnly.

"Huh! They don't want me to marry!" grumbled a blind fellow, sarcastically, turning to a cripple.

"And what do you say?" asked the latter.

"I? What the deuce! Let them get married if they have anyone to marry 'em. They came here and bore us stiff with their prayers and sermons. What we need isn't sermons, but hard cash, and plenty of it."

"That's what, man . . . the dough—that's what we want."

"And all the rest is nothing but . . . chatter and chin music. . . . Anybody can give advice. When it comes to bread, though, not a sign of it."

"So say I!"

The ladies came out, prayer-books in hand; the old beggar-women set off in pursuit and harassed them with entreaties.

An old acrobat in a tavern gives a curious account of his visit to Jamaica:

"The Governor, the queerest Englishman there ever was, with a pair of side-whiskers that looked like flames leaping from his cheeks, summoned me as soon as

we landed. As there was no site for our performance, he made alterations in the municipal school, which was a regular palace; he ordered all the partitions to be removed, and the ring and tiers of seats installed. Only the negroes of the town went to that school; and what need had those creatures of learning to read and write?"

A rapier thrust that! Baroja can turn his satire very neatly against the imperialists.

The author, perhaps, does not want us to take too seriously the acrobat's story that the Governor made love to the belle of the acrobats, that he made the members of the troupe free of his residence for her sake, that the Governor shot her lover for stealing, and when she proved inconsolable, the chief of the police ordered the acrobats out of the school and told them to clear off.

The acrobat tells an illuminating story of his visit to New Orleans that shows Baroja's keen insight into the seamy side of life:

"The circus was higher than a church. I said to the carpenter: 'Place our trapezes as high as possible. . . .'

"Pérez and I were in the hotel when we received a message calling us to the circus at once. . . . They're going to demand that we lower the trapezes. . . ."

"And so it was. . . ."

"Nothing doing," I told him.

"Not even if the President of the Republic of the United States himself comes here, together with his esteemed mother, I won't lower the trapeze an inch. . . . Then you'll be compelled to. . . . We'll see. The impresario summoned a policeman. . . ."

I showed the fellow my contract, and he sided with me; he told me that my companion and I had a perfect right to break our necks. . . ."

That night, in the circus, before we went on, Pérez and I listened to the comments of the public. "What? Are these Spaniards going to perform at such an altitude?" the people were asking each other. "They'll kill themselves. . . ."

Trembling and screwing up our courage, Pérez and I entered the ring. We had to put on a little rouge. We wore a blue costume decorated with stars, a reference to the United States flag. We saluted, and then up the rope.

At first I thought I was going to slip; my head was going round, my ears were humming; but with the first applause I forgot everything. Pérez and I performed the most difficult feats with admirable precision. The public applauded wildly. What days those were!"

Baroja's philosophy is summed up in the concluding passages of this work:

He understood that the existence of the night-owls and that of the working folk were parallel lives that never for an instant met. For the ones, pleasure, vice, the night; for the others, labour, fatigue, the sun. And it seemed to him, too, that he should belong to the second class, to the folk who toil in the sun, not to those who dally in the shadows."

MINERS' NYSTAGMUS.

In 1910 there were 956 new cases of miners' nystagmus, and a total number of 1,618 cases. There were 1.04 compensation cases per 1,000 persons employed below ground. In 1921 there were 1918 new cases, a total of 6,717 cases, and 7.40 compensation cases per 1,000 employed.

FROM THE EDITOR.

We must still urge our readers to give further financial assistance to the "Workers' Dreadnought." We again appeal for regular weekly or monthly donations.

We again appeal to our readers to get us new subscribers.

The question of finance remains exceedingly urgent. We cannot emphasize this too strongly.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

ESPERANTO.

Lesson 13.

THE OBJECT.

In the last lesson we learnt how to distinguish the **Subject** of a sentence. Now we proceed to learn the part played by the **Object**.

Take the sentence: Tom hits John, and replace the names (nouns) by pronouns, thus: He hits him.

In the south-west of England, country people say: "He hits he." In standard English, however, we change one of the pronouns into **him**. Why is this?

Let us consider the sentences in Esperanto:

(1) Tomaso frapas Johanon, Thomas hits John.

(2) Li frapas lin, he hits him.

First of all, which word is the subject? Clearly, we are speaking of **Tomaso** in sentence (1), and of **li** in sentence (2); in other words, **Tomaso** is the **Subject** of (1), and **li** is the **Subject** of (2).

The word **frapas** (strikes) indicates the action—that is to say, it is a **verb**. (A verb may be defined as the word which tells what a thing does, is done to, or in what state it exists.)

Now, if we said **Tomaso** (or **li**) **frapas** . . . (Thomas—or he—strikes . . .), we should be asked, **What** or **whom** does he strike? And the word which completes the idea in the verb by answering that question is called the **direct Object** (or **direct Complement**); and that word in Esperanto takes the ending **-n**.

Usually, we should mean the same thing if we said that the termination **-n** denotes the **Accusative Case**. ("Case" refers to the change of form of a word.)

Here are some further examples:

Li vidas . . . he sees . . . (What?) **tablon**, a table.

La sinjoro manĝas . . . the gentleman eats . . . (What?) **pomon**, an apple.

Kion li trinkas? **What** does he drink (what is he drinking)?

Li trinkas **teon**, he is drinking tea.

Kiun vi vidis, **Whom** did you see?

Mi vidis . . . I saw . . . (Whom?) **lin**, him.

Some verbs require a **direct Object** (or **direct Complement**) to complete their sense—e.g., **vidas**, **manĝas**, **trinkas** in the above examples. These are called **Transitive** verbs, because the "action" of the verb "passes over" to an object.

Some verbs do not, however, require a **direct Object** to complete their sense—e.g., **Birdoj flugas**, birds fly; **la infanoj marŝas al la lernejo**, the children walk to school. Such verbs (the idea of which is complete without an object) are called **Intransitive** verbs.

Note that after the preposition we do not use the ending **-n**; thus **al li**, to him; **por li**, for him; **kontraŭ li**, against him, etc. Compare this with the language of country folk in the south-west of England: "To he" "for he," "against he," etc.

Vocabulary.

havas	has, have
trovis	found
sub	under
volas	wish, want
manĝi	to eat
kiu	which, who
jen	here (behold)
viando	meat
kadavro	corpse
ja	expresses emphasis

Translate.

Mi havas pomon. Mi trovis ĝin sub la tablo. Manĝu ĝin! Ne, mi ne volas manĝi ĝin. (Vi) donu la pomon al mi. Jen estas la pomo, kiun mi trovis. Ĉu vi manĝas viandon? Ĉu mi ja manĝas kadavrojn? (The "Accusative" is shown in heavy type.)

LESSONS FOR PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

COMMUNIST PRACTICE AND THEORY IN ANCIENT GREECE.

We have seen how Lycurgus established in Sparta a partial Communism which was confined to the citizens, and which rested upon the labour of slaves. In course of time this Communism was undermined, largely through the victorious warfare of Sparta, which brought much wealth to Sparta, and engendered the spirit of private greed. The Spartans fought on the victorious side in the liberation wars of the Ionians against the Persians (494-479). Sparta was victorious in the struggle for supremacy in Greece forty years later, and in the Peloponnesian War, lasting from 431 to 404. Succeeding wars extending up to 371 brought the Spartans both victory and spoils, but also catastrophic defeats.

Plutarch says:

"The first symptoms of corruption and distempers in their commonwealth appeared at the time when the Spartans had entirely destroyed the Athenian power and begun to bring gold and silver into Lacedæmonia, when the love of money made its way into Sparta and brought avarice and meanness in its train, on the one hand; on the other, profusion, effeminacy and luxury, that State soon deviated from its original virtue and sank into contempt till the reign of Agis and Leonidas. Men of fortune now extended their landed estates without bounds, not scrupling to exclude the right heirs, and property quickly coming into a few hands, the rest of the people were poor and miserable. There remained not above 700 of the old Spartan families, of which perhaps 100 had estates in land. The rest of the city was filled with an insignificant rabble without property or honour, who had neither heart nor spirit to defend their country against wars abroad, and who were always watching opportunity for changes and revolutions at home."

The young King Agis, not yet twenty years of age, was impressed by the teachings of the Athenian stoics, who were Communists and preached the simple life. Agis set himself to restore the old semi-Communist laws.

The Spartan constitution at that time provided for two kings, controlled by five "Ephors," who were chosen by the noble families, and had the decisive voice should the kings disagree. There was also the Senate, to which projected legislation must be expounded, and the People's Assembly, which ratified or rejected the laws propounded in the Senate.

Agis proposed to the Senate that: (1) The land should be re-divided into 19,500 equal portions, 4,500 amongst the native Spartans, 15,000 among the Periokæ (the descendants of the pre-Dorian population), and such foreigners as were deemed physically and mentally fit to be made citizens of Sparta.

(2) All debts should be forgiven.

(3) All the people should be divided into groups for common meals.

The proposals met with much opposition, especially from the old members of the Senate. The Senate, nevertheless, failed to agree on the proposal. It was brought then before the People's Assembly. Agis informed the Assembly that he would contribute to the community his own great estate, and also his money, amounting to 600 talents. His mother, grandmother, and other relations, who were the richest people in Sparta, would do the same.

The other king, Leonidas, opposed the remission of debts and the admission of foreigners.

The people declared for the plan of Agis; but so great was the hostility of Leonidas and some of the Ephors and Senators, that Agis, knowing himself in danger, took refuge in the Temple of Neptune.

Leonidas, with a body of armed men, lay in wait near the temple, and when Agis went out to bathe they seized him and cast him

into prison. There they endeavoured to intimidate him into abandoning his plan; and on his refusal, they condemned him to death by hanging.

The mother and grandmother of Agis begged that he might be tried by a proper tribunal, but Leonidas and the Ephors refused, because they knew Agis would be acquitted by the people. As Agis was being taken to the scaffold, he said to a weeping servant:

"My friend, dry up your tears, for as I suffer innocently I am in a better condition than those who condemn me contrary to law and justice."

Agistrata, the mother of Agis, and his grandmother were executed.

The widow of Agis married Cleomenes, the son of Leonidas, who became king five years after the triple execution. He decided to put into practice the Agis plan. Believing that only as a victorious leader in war could he overcome the Ephors and the rich, he invaded a neighbouring estate. Returned triumphant, he abolished the office of the Ephors by force, and banished eight citizens who were hostile to reform. Then he convoked the People's Assembly, where he justified what he had done on the ground of necessity. He added:

"Had I been able without bloodshed to banish from Lacedæmonia the diseases and crimes, luxury, love of splendour, debts and usury, and the far more considerable evils of riches and poverty, which have insinuated themselves into our State, I should have considered myself the most fortunate of kings. I have, however, made the most temperate use of the force at my disposal by merely removing those who stood in the way of the welfare of Lacedæmonia. Among all the rest, I will now divide equally the whole of the land; the debtors will be forgiven their debts, a selection will be made of the foreigners, so that only the bravest shall become Spartans and help to defend the town, that we may no longer see Lacedæmonia fall a prey to the Ætolians and the Illyrians for lack of defenders."

Cleomenes then placed his possessions at the disposal of the community, and his family and friends did the same. The land was partitioned, a portion being allotted to the banished citizens, and Cleomenes promised that they should return as soon as the old Spartan order should be fully restored.

Sparta, however, was now continually at war with the neighbouring States. Historians lay the blame upon Cleomenes and Sparta; but looking to contemporary history, we may suspect that he and his country were misrepresented, and that the wealthy people of neighbouring States fought Sparta, lest the Spartan example should spread to their own communities. The Macedonians and the Peloponnesians made war on Sparta. Plutarch says:

"Cleomenes not only inspired in his citizens courage and confidence, but even by the enemy he was considered an excellent general. With the force of a single town to withstand both the might of the Macedonians and the united Peloponnesians, and not only to protect Lacedæmonia against every attack, but also to overrun the country of the enemy, and to capture such large towns—these deeds seemed to betray unusual skilfulness and magnanimity."

At length Cleomenes was defeated at Sellasia in 222 B.C. Antigonus, King of Macedonia, entered Sparta. He is said to have treated the Spartans with "clemency and humanity," for he gave them back the old laws which were in force before the reigns of Agis and Cleomenes—the non-Communist laws.

Truly we have reason to surmise that the attacks on Sparta were prompted to restore unrestricted private property!

Our Book Service can procure you books on all subjects, in English and foreign languages.

We also have at our office a few second-hand books that may appeal to you.

Keep in your pocket, for handy reference, Leakey's Introduction to Esperanto. Post free from us, 5d.

# Parliament As We See It.

## PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

Sir John Butcher's Bill to prevent the "teaching of seditious doctrines or methods" to children under sixteen was read a first time, and is to be read a second time on April 9th.

Sir John Butcher said that his measure aims specially at the Young Communist League, under the auspices of which he believes there are a hundred schools.

Mr. W. Thorne said: "Name one anywhere."

Sir John Butcher replied: "They are very numerous." Evidently the ladies who have been very active collecting information on this matter had neglected to supply him with details.

## THE INDIAN REFORM FARCE.

With much bombast it was announced that India was to be given constitutional reforms, and a large measure of self-government. The Salt Tax incident is an example of the falsity of these professions. The Governor-General proposed the doubling of the salt tax, a proposal greatly resented in India. The Legislative Assembly rejected the Bill on March 20th. On March 26th the Bill was again presented to the Legislative Assembly, and Earl Winterton, the Under Secretary of State, told the House of Commons in London that the Governor-General would be able to put the Bill to double the salt tax into operation forthwith, even though the Legislative Assembly should persist in rejecting it.

## PROGRESSIVE REACTION.

The Prisons Report so highly condemned the conditions of prisoners on the Andaman Islands that the late Government decided to close down the penal settlement there. The present Government is imprisoning so many Indians that the Andaman settlement has again been taken into use.

## FOOD CULTIVATION FALLS.

Can Britain feed herself? That question is one put by those who consider what might happen if Communism were established here whilst the neighbouring countries retain Capitalism. In 1918 the returns given by farmers showed 1,701,588 acres under wheat, and 1,974,700 under oats; 1918 returns showed 2,556,661 under wheat, and 12,780,068 under oats. Since then there has been a progressive fall; 1922 returns showed 1,966,917 acres under wheat, and 2,163,965 under oats.

## FAMILIES OF IRISH DEPORTEES.

Asked who will maintain the families of the persons deported to Ireland, and as to the grounds of the deportations and internments, the Home Office representative ignored the question of maintenance, and said that the deportees were "persons suspected of acting, having acted, or being about to act in a manner prejudicial to the restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland."

Accused persons are supposed in England to be held innocent till found guilty by due process of law, but they are made to suffer as though guilty meanwhile. The supposition of innocence is merely a legal fiction.

## INDUSTRY VERSUS WAR.

Mr. John asked whether the Secretary for Mines would offer prizes of £50,000 for the invention of safety mining appliances, just as the Secretary for Air has done for improvements in air machines.

The reply was that financial and other difficulties prevent the adoption of the proposal, although the Government stated the other day that none of the safety appliances for preventing accidents when men are raised and lowered into the mine are satisfactory.

The fact is that the mine-owners do not desire the invention of safety appliances, because they do not want to spend money on their installation.

## INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

The Solicitor-General moved the Second Reading of an Industrial Insurance Bill which provides that insurance societies dealing with

working-class insurance policies, the premiums of which are received by collectors in small sums, shall keep deposited the sum of £20,000 as a guarantee that they are able to meet their liabilities to the insured persons.

## ONE ROGUE AND SIX DUKES.

The Solicitor-General observed that at present it is open to one rogue and six dukes to form a society without a penny, and having collected a substantial amount in premiums, to disappear. This is a pretty state of the law for a civilised country to have to confess to late in the Capitalist era!

## BIG BUSINESS.

The provisions of the present Bill, however, incidentally secure the very profitable business of industrial insurance to the big concerns which are able to raise upwards of £20,000 by way of a beginning.

## THE IMPOSSIBLE SYSTEM.

Mr. A. M. Samuel asked the Solicitor-General whether, when he spoke of a valuation, he meant a valuation of liabilities or of assets. The Solicitor-General replied:

"My hon. friend must not cross-examine me too closely as to financial details of valuation, because I am not going to profess a knowledge which I do not really possess."

What a system! What legislation! When even the Government representative, holding the exalted legal office of Solicitor-General, hands the matter in hand, how is the has to confess that he only partially comprehends the matter, who seeks insurance under this legislation, to protect himself against fraud?

## LAPSED POLICIES.

In the ten years from 1909 to 1918, the Solicitor-General said that one insurance society issued 9,300,000 policies; of these, no fewer than 6,400,000 lapsed, the company annexing all that the holders had paid on them. It is estimated that 5,000,000 policies lapse annually.

The lapsing of these policies spells the word "misfortune." Poor people endeavour, by weekly self-denial, to build up little breakwaters against the waves of misfortune that beset them in this precarious social system; misfortune, however, breaks upon them before they have constructed their little safeguards.

## SPECIAL CANVASSERS.

The Solicitor-General stated that insurance societies employ special canvassers, who are not regular members of their staffs; and because of that, these canvassers may make all sorts of promises without the companies being responsible for the fulfilment. He added cynically:

"When this Bill becomes law, it will be impossible for companies to employ these gentlemen to introduce business, but they will be open, no doubt, to seek employment at suitable by-elections."

Ostensibly the sole desire of the Solicitor-General was to protect the poor; but instead of his Bill making the insurance society or company responsible for the promises of all its collectors, whether temporary or permanent, the Bill stated that the insurance societies and companies must only employ persons who are in their "regular employment."

This clause might merely debar the small friendly society from getting occasional or part-time assistance.

## 1,300 PER CENT. PROFIT.

Extraordinary profits are made by the insurance companies. The total paid-up capital of the Prudential Insurance Company is £6,000.

This has been made up to £1,000,000 by bonus shares given to the shareholders out of profits.

Last year the Prudential paid in profits to the shareholders £625,000, which, on £1,000,000, is 62½ per cent.; tax free—an exorbitant profit, truly; but which, on the £6,000 capital actually subscribed by the

shareholders, is a profit of 1,300 per cent. Between 1909 and 1918 the shareholders actually got £5,230,000 out of the £6,000 they have invested.

The Pearl pays 50 per cent. on its shares, tax free, but the shares are only half paid up, so that the dividend is really 100 per cent. on the money invested.

The Refuge paid only a relatively beggarly 23 per cent. in 1920, which means doubling one's capital in a little more than four years; but the directors and their families hold the bulk of the shares, and the directors take £62,920 in fees, and £4,000 for other remuneration.

The City Life Assurance Company has an income of £8,250,000. Of this, £3,000,000 went in compensation and legal and medical expenses, £2,700,000 in expenses of the companies and commissions, and two and a third millions in profits to the shareholders.

The small working-class insurance societies generally established for purposes of mutual aid will not be able to lay down the £20,000 demanded by the Solicitor-General. The small exploiting companies will thus be left with a clear field.

Under Communism we shall all be assured against want; our provision will be always waiting for us in the common storehouse.

## POST OFFICE LIFE INSURANCES.

Sir Kingsley Wood objected to criticism of the enormous profits made by the insurance companies. He thought there was a good deal to be said in favour of people who can make "at any rate a very fair sum out of their business." He pointed out that there has been a Post Office life-insurance scheme since 1864, but only 11,392 persons are insured under it, and there were only 241 new contracts last year. These small results, compared with the great business of the private companies, Sir Kingsley Wood quoted as proof of the benefits of Capitalist management. He went on to reveal that the Post Office insurance scheme is thoroughly bad.

## Our View.

We do not believe such action can be obtained through the Trade Unions and Labour Party; we believe that only through workshop councils formed for the purpose of such action can such action be secured.

The I.L.P. has apparently not yet discovered that its chosen representatives are opposed to political strikes, even in face of Capitalist war.

## THE SPEEDY ESTABLISHMENT OF

Fascism may be looked for in this country, if the "Daily Farm Strike. Herald" report be true that blacklegs are armed in the Norfolk strike. The "Herald's" Norfolk correspondent declares:

"West Norfolk farmers are turning hedges into dug-outs, and haystacks into fortresses. . . . Shot-guns are concealed everywhere, and ex-officer blacklegs walk armed with revolvers at the tail of drills and harrows, while ex-soldiers among the strikers look on."

If this is true, it is a serious matter. The entire working-class movement should be aroused to its significance. It means that the counter-revolutionary civil war is upon us, and that the predictions of the Parliamentarians, who are constantly telling us that such things will not be in this country, are already being falsified.

An ominous incident took place at the Norwich Consistory Court on April 3rd. The Chancellor of the Diocese, Mr. G. K. North, telephoned that he would not attend owing to the disturbed state of Rougham, near Fakenham, in Norfolk, where he resides and is a magistrate.

Mr. Harry German, chairman of the Farmers' Union, has announced that, should there be any interference with "voluntary" labour, the farmers would insist on the Government taking steps to stop it.

