The Daily Press voices Capitalist Interests, not yours. ONE PENNY.

Workers' Dreadnought

THE HAPPY ARE ALWAYS GOOD.

VOL. X. No. 20. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1923. WEEKLY.

"DREADNOUGHT" HOLIDAY RE-UNION.

The "Workers' Dreadnought" invites readers and friends to meet at the Red Cottage, Woodford High Road, on the border of Epping Forest, on Saturday, Sunday and Bank Holiday for tea and re-union on the grass under the trees. 'Buses 10a, 34 and 40 pass the door. Take your ticket to the "Old Horse and Well."

BANK HOLIDAY.

The "Workers' Dreadnought" office will be shut on Bank Holiday because the staff will be engaged elsewhere in work for the "Dreadnought."

UNEMPLOYED WORKERS' ORGANISATION.

On Sunday evening, July 8th we held one of a series of meetings in Victoria Park to explain the manifesto and general principles of the organisation, which was well supported. Bow Branch is holding Sunday morning meetings in Victoria Park.

H. ISAACS.

We have discarded for all time that venerable wail of work or maintenance.

Was it for this that we tramped the highways and byways in mid-winter? Have we suffered all things in order that in the dim and distant future we might be allowed to toil and help to perpetuate the very order of society we once claimed we were out to destroy?

Is there one among you, fellow-workers, who believes it is possible to Poor Law the capitalist system out of existence? No, fellow-workers; there is but one way to obtain the freedom we all desire, and there can be no half-way measures. We must not allow ourselves to rest content with palliatives, which is just patching up the present system. Let our slogan be the abolition of the capitalist system. We have entered the fight, fellow-workers, and we must continue fighting until eventually we shall have conquered.

J. JOHNS.
Secretary.

39 Tretton Street,
Bow, E. 3.

ST. GEORGE'S AND WAPPING STRIKE COMMITTEE DISTRESS FUND.

Dear Sir,—

Owing to the present dock strike that is affecting the whole of that area, we find ourselves surrounded on all sides by a great deal of distress, mainly amongst the women and children, who are always the innocent victims of any social upheaval

We have therefore, during the past few weeks, tried to alleviate the distress to the best of our ability—namely, by dealing with the most needful cases, and also feeding several hundreds of children daily.

Funds are urgently needed to carry on this good work, so we appeal to you to judge impartially and act humanely by assisting us to lighten their heavy burden.

Thanking you in anticipation,

We remain, yours sincerely,
P.P. St. George's and Wapping Strike Committee Distress Fund.
J. McCORTHY, Sec.

105 Old Gravel Lane, E.1.

Glorious Goodwood.

By L. A. Motler.

By the time these lines are being set up by the low linotype fellow, you and me, Henry, will be trying not to look bored at Goodwood. Life for us is such a round of afternoon calls, night clubs, receptions and At Homes, even a bally race isn't so demnition bad after all. Still, it is such a fag picking out the winners for Lady Clarenda and her cousin, it is pleasing to know that, after all, there will be a jolly good bar and a bite to eat.

Already I see they have sent down 100,000 bottles of beer, 80,000 bottles of minerals (ugh!) and 20,000 bottles of spirits, wines and liqueurs. (Hear, hear.)

A Drawing by Gros.

So you see, Henry, we need not be so bally thirsty with such a really topping amount of decent stuff. Who would be in America?

After a hard day's work, escorting my cousin round the shopping area, dining at the Ratz and dropping her at her bridge club, it is really good to sit in the lounge at Ciro's and think of all the fizz at Goodwood. I believe there are people who actually want a limit of eight hours' work a day; but what about us chaps? We simply can't call our souls our own. I have hardly finished my fourth brandy-and-soda, when cousin rings me up to send the car for her at 11.30 sharp, and I know it means a bally night club cabaret, which is sure to bore me pallid.

Was ever a fellow worked to death like me?

I look down the columns of my evening paper with relish when I see that they have really begun to lay in something decent in the way of progger. Cast your monocle on these items, Henry, and say if they are not something like decent:

1,000 lb. of Scotch salmon and lobsters.
1,000 chickens.
5 tons of meat and ham.
10,000 rolls.
3,000 sandwich loaves.
1 ton of cake.

Quite a little lot, eh? Of course we shall take our luncheon hamper with us; but these butler fellows are so unreliable, really, it is quite possible the chicken may be a trifle gamey, to say the least; it will be doocid fine getting your teeth into a decent bit of lobster mayonnaise, eh, what?

And my cousin Evelyn has such an appetite, really, one would think the old Dowager actually starves the poor kid. Such a topping girl, really, you know, and such a dash about her.

One derives all the more satisfaction from knowing that the bally Huns are so much worse off. Fancy those horrid fat fellows actually starving: it must be so jolly comic, you know. They have absoballylutely no butter, sugar, fat or potatoes. No fat, eh? Do you know that fellow Marmaduke thought it such a ripping joke when I menshed it to him? No fat, eh? Ha, ha, ha.

It is so annoying when one hears such a fine joke appreciated to have that bounder Smythe talk about the ominous report, and all that sort of thing. Ominous, indeed. Why, if the silly fat Huns find themselves actually starving, it is their own bally fault. If they would pay up the reparations and what-you-call-its, then, of course, that would be something. But it is too beastly bad form to talk about alarming rumours and threats of revolution. Why, hang it all, these newspaper Johnnies do try to make one's flesh creep now and again. It is all such bally rot.

Look at this, now, Henry, old chap:

"The food shortage in Germany has increased the fears of a Communist outbreak and a civil war. The Berlin Government has prohibited the demonstrations which had been arranged. The people are quite desperate in view of the menacing lack of essential victuals."

Just fancy all this. And yet when I had that little joy ride to Berlin the Englischer Hof Hotel had everything a man could ask for. Maybe it was a bit different, but then you cannot expect these Continental hoteliers to be up to expectations when they don't know we have good old ham and eggs for breakfast regularly. And a poor brute of a waiter nearly had a fit, I believe, when I asked for a whole fifty box of fags.

Believe me, somebody is rotting, and it is simply all fresh and green from grandma's. Revolution? How beastly ridiculous; as if a chap wanted to revolt simply because he could get no butter. Why, I once actually had to have some of that thing they call margarine; and, really, it is not so jolly bad for such low fellows as Huns, and that sort of bounder.

Yes, a little camembert, Matilda, and serve it with Kimberley sherry. What, no South African wines here? That's too jolly bad. Make it Campbell Solera 1834, old sport.

In the window of a toy-shop in Paris, a contributor to "Progrés Civique" saw recently a marvellous invention: "Machine gun for children: kills twenty boches a minute!"

ADVENTURES.

How goes it, old chap? I'm in Luck's way!

How's that, Reg?

Well, there's oil in Corda, by Jove, and I've got it!

That's the place where they've been fighting, isn't it?

It is, my boy; and the old flag is flying over it to-day, thanks to yours truly; not that I care a brass button for that, between you and me, old sport. The thing is, I'm there—or, rather, the oil is—and it's mine. I'm on to a good thing, by Jove! Put your money on me, old chap, every time!

How did you manage to get hold of the oil?

Went to my cousin Dickie, the Under Sec. Wonderful luck for old Dick, slipping into that, 'pon my word! He's not what you call brilliant, you know—even his fond parent would admit that. From my standpo'nt he's a complete dud; but there you are; he's climbing the ladder, old chap, slow and sure, with the influence of the old dad backing him up; nothing like coin, you know, for getting a fellow on in the world! Poor old Dickie. He's a sport, though—he recognises blood to be thicker than water—every time. May demur a bit at first, but he'll always help you out in the end, whatever it is. Well, I went to Dickie, and I said: "Look here, old chap, there's oil in Corda, and I want it." Old boy Swiney gave me the tip. He found it out six months before that, but Swiney would never make a sensible use of anything—one of those blasted dreamers; but a clever chap, all the same. So I says to old Dickie: "You must get me a concession for it, old chap; your mission in life is to assist your deserving relations to improve the shining hour and become a credit to the Empire. Play up, and I'll give you a share in the deal later on."

"Delighted to go in with you, old chap, but it can't be done," says Dickie.

"Why, what's to prevent it?" says I.

"Why, the damned natives, of course," he says; "the place is supposed to belong to 'em."

"By Jove!" I said, "You're not going to let a little thing like that stand in the way? The old flag has fallen pretty low if it can't be used to deal with a few natives. Come on, Dickie," I says, "you're joking; the old firm can easily fix up that."

"I can't do anything irregular," he says, looking a bit scared.

"Oh, I don't suggest anything like that," I said. "There's always a tactful manner of working these little matters, and I know you are a past master at the business, of course."

Dickie rose to the bait—nothing like a bit of the blarney stone with Dickie! He tried to look pompous; poor old Dickie. Such a dud; you can do anything you like with him.

"Public opinion has to be considered at all times," he says.

"Nonsense, Dickie," I said. "Why, the public don't know that Corda is on the map. Nobody ever heard of it. Besides, who cares for a few natives?"

"I assure you, Reg, you're mistaken," he says. "The public is very much alive to these things. It's been particularly sensitive since the war; and the Quakers and all the Red rabble begin to shout at the merest nothing. Indeed, the more remote and the more obscure a thing is, the more they make a fuss about it."

"Get away, Dickie," I says, "you know how to arrange it with the old B.P.—a successful politician like you always knows how to handle the mob. Besides, can't you keep it dark?"

"With care we might manage it," says Dickie; "but you see there's our gentleman's agreement with the Allies. It is understood that we don't take over any territory without assenting to their taking a quid pro quo elsewhere. It is also mutually agreed, as you know, that we don't dash in without receiving some sort of decent provocation. Such an arrangement is necessary, both on account of the feelings of our own public, and to put something of a brake on international affairs, in order to avoid the danger of anything like a scramble; otherwise everyone would go rushing in at once, and we might jostle and fall out amongst ourselves. We don't want the great row to come before it is necessary, you know, Reg," he says, looking solemn. It will be a big business when it comes, and it must be carefully prepared. We must not be too precipitate about it. Beside," he says, "I have my own position to think of. No, no, Reg, I can't do anything that might bring me a rap over the knuckles; a thing like that might put me back for years. We mustn't go too far. Of course," he says, "Corda is in our sphere, I admit that. She's marked out for eventual annexation by us in due time; but we can't do it until something comes along to give us a suitable opportunity—you understand that, Reg?"

"Of course, I do, old thing," I says; "but I don't think there need be any difficulty about that. We can arrange it all with perfect decency."

Dickie looked a bit uncomfortable, but he was eager about the oil. I could see he was turning it over in his mind.

"Well, what would you do?" he asks.

"Why, get up a bit of a crisis; nothing could be simpler. Only you must give me some mission or other out in that direction, to provide the exes, for I'm absolutely stony."

Dickie fixed me up with a Departmental mission, and I soon got out to Corda—beastly place! Of course I could have arranged the affair without going out myself. There are one or two fellows I know who'd have taken it on for a consideration; but I was fool enough to fancy I'd poke round a bit, to see if I could confirm Swiney's story about the oil—beastly fag journeying out there to that infernal dust-heap! However, I went, and I soon fixed up that bit of provocation.

What did you do?

Got some chaps to shoot a few Cordans, fire their houses, drive their cattle over the border into Conda, and leave some old Condan daggers lying about. Of course the Cordans went over the border to see what was up. Condan belongs to us, so a raid of that kind is clear provocation. A punitive expedition was the least that could happen. Dickie saw to it that it ended in annexation, which, of course, would have happened sooner or later in any case. What is more important, Dickie, with the help of the old dad, got me my concession. Here endeth the first lesson. What do you think of it, old chap?

You're a lucky devil, Reg. How many people did you kill in your little adventure?

Me? I never killed a soul: what do you take me for? If you want to know how many lost their lives in that little conquest, it was a couple of hundred British, five hundred Condans, and a thousand Cordans, all for the glory of the old flag—the aircraft did most of the work.

Good Lord! You think nothing of it, whereas I am as sick as a dog because I'm responsible for killing one man.

What do you mean?

Oh, it was a mad freak of mine. I was down and out. What is a fellow to do? My people have chucked me over, and I haven't a cent.

What have you done?

Finished off a taxi driver, for the sake of the odd coins in his box. There, you can read it in the "Star." It's me they want, but they don't know it—at least, not yet. They'll probably track me down somehow.

You had the impudence to come here! By Jove! I'll punish you. I'll send for the police at once. Don't imagine I'll shield you!

You fool; I was pulling your leg. I haven't killed anyone; you are the only murderer here; you licensed villain.

THE UTOPIA OF CABET.

Etienne Cabet, the son of a cooper, was born at Dijon, France, in 1788. He became a lawyer. He took a leading part in the revolution of 1830.

The following account of Cabet's ideas is taken from the History of Utopian Thought, by Joyce Oramel Hertzler, Ph.D. George Allen and Unwin, 12/6.

"The principle of absolute equality was the fundamental law of the social structure. The community had to take all possible measures to stifle at birth every sort of inequality. All trades and professions were on a par; the shoemaker was considered just as highly as the physician. No special privileges were given to genius or talent, for genius was a gift of nature, and those who had not received this gift should be penalised. Each citizen received from the State all articles he consumed; to all alike homes and furniture were assigned; clothing of the same design and quality, made in large quantities, was delivered to all; they were fed in social boarding-houses. Theirs was a community and equality of goods and work, of duties and rights, of burdens and benefits and enjoyments. All was to represent a national social organisation with its equality, effected by means of the conscious will of man; all was to be reasonable and contribute to the common welfare.

"But to maintain this absolute reasoned equality the State was demanded, and its control was all-inclusive. This is best illustrated in their control of the Press, in the educational system of their religion. The State was sole printer, and, of course, 'the State prints none but good books'; so infallible was its censorship that it even burned all the ancient books which were considered dangerous or useless, differing, however, from Omar's burning of the library of Alexandria in that it was acting in humanity's interest instead of against it: 'We light our fires to burn wicked books, while the brigands and fanatics lit theirs to burn innocent heretics.' Each comune, each province, and the State as a whole, were permitted to publish but a single paper, a commercial, a provincial, and a national one. Editors, who were elected by the people, were not to be guided by personal tastes and opinions concerning current events, for as Cabet has one of his characters say: 'In order to root out this evil we decided that the paper shall bear the character of simple records, noting facts without any critical review on the part of the journalists.'

Education was also a very important function of the State, and Cabet regarded it as his fundamental utopianistic measure. It was to be a far-reaching training—physical, intellectual, ethical, industrial, and civic. The parents were responsible for the training of the children up to the age of five, after which they attended the national schools, where they were taught by teachers selected with great care, for the Icarians said: "The teachers train the nation." By the time the young people had attained maturity they were supposed to be fit producers, citizens, and husbands and wives. Efforts were made throughout to teach each sex the highest regard for the other; hence they were taught together.

Cabet felt that society could not be held together, reinvigorated and re-organised by mere reasoning and science, but required also the force and life which faith and religion alone can impart. It was, in fact, an attempt to approximate the Communism of early Christianity, which emphasised the principles of brother love, equality, freedom, association and communal ownership.

"Of these, the greatest from the point of view of efficient equality, was the spirit of brotherhood, with which he desired to have the entire people permeated. This was the very basis of the whole system. Here he in-

(Continued on page 3.)

FROM THE HERETIC TO THE ORTHODOX.

Extracts from a letter by Bishop William Montgomery Brown, D.D., to the Members of the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"In the latest edition of my booklet, 'Communism and Christianism,' an effort is made to promote the realisation of two facts:

1. That the vanguard of humanity has passed out of the theological wilderness of supernaturalistic traditionalism, in which Bishop Manning is still wandering with Moses and Aaron, over the metaphysical Jordan of supernaturalistic modernism, through which Dr. Grant is wading with John and Paul, into the materialistic Canaan of naturalistic scientism, where I am learning and fighting with Darwin and Marx.

2. That the more enlightened parts of Christendom have seen the last of ecclesiastical trials for heresy, because, to a large and rapidly increasing number of educated and sensible men and women, the supernaturalistic representations of the Old and New Testaments, Catholic Creeds and Protestant Confessions, if literally interpreted, are so many impossibilities, so that a trial on account of denying them would be an honour to the heretical defendant and a disgrace to the orthodox prosecutors, and because the issue of such trials would be a loss in membership and revenue. The truth of Marx's doctrine concerning the economic determination of history is illustrated by the churches, by none more than the Anglican.

"Anglican standards of orthodoxy require the acceptance of the supernatural representations of the Bible, Creed, Articles and Prayer Book according to the literal meaning of the language in which they are made. This is the law. Several Bishops who fell far short of measuring up to this requirement have been permitted to live, work, and die in the churches of our communion, and no living Bishop fully does it. All have broken the law by interpreting some, as I do every one, of these representations symbolically. The Bishops who regard the Fall as allegory, not history, are numerous. 'Whoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'

"Jesus was as much of an heretical teacher in the Jewish Church as I am in the Christian. He did not go out voluntarily.

"Jesus was a revolutionary in religion and politics; and, as such, he worked from the inside of his Church and State; therefore, no Christian can consistently blame me for my revolutionary efforts, or for making them as an Anglican and American, especially not since Anglicanism and Americanism were born of revolutions which were promoted from the inside.

"Jesus is represented as saying: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," which is to say that the salvation of the world depends upon learning, living and teaching truth.

"What is saving truth?

"According to your theological orthodoxism it is the revelation of a Father-Son-Spirit God.

"According to my atheistic heterodoxism it is the revelation of a matter-force-motion nature.

"On the orthodox theory that the world is what it is owing to the will of the Christian God, we must assume that the truest representative of Christianism is the truest son or daughter of the new age of scientism which has, by the will of this God, supplanted the old age of traditionalism.

"The mission of science is to discover, teach and interpret facts into truths or laws to the end that the world may have life and have it more abundantly. . . .

"The mission of traditionalism is the same. The difference between them is a question as to what a fact is, whetehr it is the willing of a Father-Son-Spirit God, or the doing of a matter-of-force-motion nature.

"You say the former, I the latter, hence our irreconcilable difference; yet, on your theory, we serve the same God; if, indeed, contrary to my theory, there are conscious, personal divinities who will things, and if life is dependent upon the willings of the Christian God. . . .

"For me the Christian year is a staging of the drama of nature in general and humanity in particular—a drama common to all the supernaturalistic interpretations of redemptive religion. . . .

"My soul is not, according to supernaturalistic traditionalism, a spiritual entity, a spark of the immaterial life of a divine spirit, the Christian God, but, according to naturalistic scientism, it is a conscious and subconscious content of my own materialistic life—a life inherited from human and animal and it of its vestigial organs, so I would ruin progenitors. As I would ruin my body if I my soul if I emptied it of its animalism in order to make it entirely human. By reading the traditionalism of the old age out of the Bible representations and Prayer-Book services, and by reading the scientism of the new age into them, I can preserve the continuity of my soul by retaining its barbarism, savagism, and even animalism, as so much poetry and drama."

THE UNEMPLOYED WORKERS' ORGANISATION.

This organisation is rapidly growing. During the last week another Branch of the N.U.W.C.M. has broken away from that organisation and affiliated to the U.W.O. The Branch referred to is Edmonton, with a membership of 600. Steps are now being taken to form a North London Area Council, affiliated to the U.W.O.

Opinion is at present divided between the advisability of disaffiliating from the N.U.W.C.M. and linking up with the U.W.O. Hornsey and Wood Green are badly in need of reorganisation, and Edmonton is getting down to this immediately. There is every indication that before long we shall have a strong Area Council in North London.

East London is holding its own. Poplar, Bow and Bromley, and Millwall are going strong.

Discontent with the N.U.W.C.M. is growing in South London, where Lambeth has disaffiliated. Camberwell Branch of the N.U.W.C.M. consists of four members, all the others having left owing to the inability of the N.U.W.C.M. to handle the situation. Many Branches on this side of the river have died a natural death during the last three or four weeks, but there is every indication that now, when the N.W.O. is ready for the "Big Drink," we shall soon see a South London Area Council in being. Woolwich and Eltham Branches of the old organisation are also dead, but we are getting into touch with some "live wires" there for the purpose of lining these boroughs up with the U.W.O.

As can be seen by the above, Londoners are awaking and are at last realising the failure of the old system. Branch after branch is dropping away from the old Movement and joining the new. As fast as the members are dropping out of the N.U.W.C.M. they are coming into the U.W.O. I have no doubt that next week we shall be able to report a few more additions to our organisation.

The N.A.C. have evidently got the "wind up" properly. A meeting of the N.A.C. has been called to consider the position, and they have cause. The L.D.C. have been compelled to close their offices at 36 Lambs Conduit Street, and have moved to Queen Square again. So there is cause for calling the N.U.O. together.

"BLANKET-STIFF."

COMMUNIST LIFE.

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

A COMMUNIST GUEST HOUSE AND DISCUSSION CLUB.

That a suitable building be acquired as Guest House and Discussion Centre for the Movement was the practical suggestion made by a contributor to a circle letter.

Another member of the circle emphasised the idea by proposing that the project be entered upon at once and a Guest House Fund be estblasihed.

A further suggestion was made that some friend might give or lend a piece of land suitable for building a cottage or hut.

When the letter reached me I was agreeably surprised to find a ready response from the contributor next on the list to these suggestions.

A smallholder in Fordingbridge, Hampshire, he enclosed a photograph of his large field, and offered to lend sufficient land for an erection.

Moreover, he said he was willing to supply home produce (including eggs and poultry) at wholesale prices to comrades who would undertake co-operative effort.

The circle letter has now passed on to others, but time is fast slipping away, and I feel that such practical proposals and offers are too valuable to confine to small bounds.

I am therefore sending them along to the "Dreadnought" for publication, hoping that sympathisers with further practical ideas may be found within its larger circle.

I shall be glad to correspond with, and put into touch with each other, any comrades who are willing to take up this cue so aptly given by a comrade in Scotland.

Hampshire is a long distance from the North, we know; but if workers in the Movement from all parts will make the collective effort to establish a fund for purchasing building material, and others more conveniently situated will undertake the actual manual work, this will be a beginning which will have far-reaching effects.

Let us accept our friend's kindly offer and build upon his land this house, and the near future may see a number of such homes springing up inland and by the sea, where comrades may go for recuperation, mutual service, and discussion of future policy.

ANNIE HODSON.

THE SYSTEM.

In a motor-cycle accident which proved fatal at Tunbridge Wells, a doctor refused to attend the injured man till his fee was guaranteed.

Medical service is a commodity to be bought, sold, and withheld from the destitute under this iniquitous system.

Why should not the proletarians in Ireland, suffering far more than middle-class nationalism has ever suered under British rule, also use physical force to upset a social order which has never brought them physical plenty or intellectual life?—"A. E."

(Continued from p. 2.)

troduced an element unexpressed by other Utopian Socialists. When the Icarians were asked: 'What is your science?' they replied: 'Brotherhood.' 'What is your teaching?' 'Brotherhood.' 'What is your theory?' 'Brotherhood.' It was an ideal which was going to work out so perfectly that there would be no crime, no police, no gaols, no poor-houses in Icaria. Every man would be his brother's keeper."

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Founded 1914.

Editor: SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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OUR VIEW.

United States v. Britain.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CORRESPONDENCE issued by the Third International, has some interesting comments on the Anglo-American rivalry, and its bearing upon the affairs of Turkey. The "correspondence" declares that United States Capitalism is anxious to dominate Western Asia, and is aiming first at Anatolia and Persia. It has therefore done its best to prevent English and French Capitalism from winning a privileged position in Turkey. The French had demanded, says the "correspondence," that the former Ottoman debt should be paid in gold francs. This would have swallowed up one-third of the Turkish revenue. It would have rendered Turkey bankrupt and utterly dependent upon her creditors. Under United States pressure Britain suddenly ceased to support France in the demand for payment in gold francs, which would have been highly advantageous, both to those old creditors of Turkey, France and Britain. France was obliged either to give way or resume hostilities with Turkey.

* * *

Europe and the Rest of the World.

IT IS FURTHER ASSERTED by the correspondence that at the time of the Versailles peace negotiations it was agreed that "France receives the hegemony of Europe, she may do as she likes in Central Europe; on the other hand, England reserves for herself the rest of the world, especially the Near East, the key to Asia."

America, however, also put in a claim. The United States is too powerful for Britain to flout with impunity. Therefore, British statesmanship again turns its attention to Europe, and whilst retreating in the Orient it begins to intervene in the Ruhr.

In 1919 Lloyd George said to Clemenceau: "I leave Europe to you; leave me the world. To-day Baldwin says to the rulers in Wall Street: "I leave you the world, but you must help me to suppress France in Europe."

The position, however, does not seem to us so simple as that: British Imperialism has not abandoned the world. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of truth in the picture drawn by the Third International.

* * *

View of Us. An American

THE "NEW YORK FREEMAN" observes: "The English, even some of the Labourites, are already blaming the French for the next war—which is natural and proper, and easily predicable in every such case. . . . But has anyone noticed a tendency on the part of the British to relinquish any of the Colonies that form the bulk of their winnings from Germany, as the prospective indemnity forms the major prize of France? . . . Dear friends, let us not take these frank and honest Englishmen too seriously!"

* * *

Labour Party on Disarmament

THE RESOLUTION for an international conference on disarmament, moved by the Labour Party in Parliament, was poor stuff. Surely the futility of such conferences amongst the Governments has been shown at Versailles, at Genoa, Cannes, Washington, and Lausanne. After the Washington de-navalisation conference have followed the naval base at Singapore, and the great rush to build battleships carrying aeroplanes.

The crux of the situation lies in the policy and the system behind the armies and navies. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald gave away the whole pacifist case when he suggested that the British Empire might lead the world to peace "without yielding anything."

* * *

Strike. The Dock

THE NEWS that the Hull dockers, who started the strike, have gone back means out one thing: the men and their families have been starved into submission. The "Daily Herald" supports the reduction of wages in the cause of an agreement, and the Union officials in their refusal of strike pay. The "Daily Herald" published, therefore, no appeal for a strike fund: its great power to raise money was not put at the disposal of the dockers. Yet it published a terrible photograph from Hull—a photograph of dockers' children being fed at an impromptu soup kitchen. We know what that means. We know the misery that exists when such crude, rough charity is all that the workers have to depend on.

That photograph supplies the key to the defeat of the Hull dockers.

The Port of London strike still holds. The following circular from the Port of London Authority to the permanent men was intended to terrify those relatively fortunate dock workers into returning to work, lest they be dismissed and condemned to the haphazard existence of the casuals:

"The Port of London hereby gives notice that all men who return to work under the terms of the National Agreement, not later than Monday, 30th, will be reinstated.

"The employers express their determination to adhere strictly to the terms of the National Agreement of September last, and repeat that under no circumstances will they enter into any discussion with the unofficial strike committee."

This would-be intimidating document has thus far failed to effect the result desired by its authors, though it was shamefully reinforced by an appeal from the Union executive.

As we have pointed out, week by week the conditions under which this strike has taken place clearly exemplify the need for rank-and-file workers' committees.

* * *

Unemployed Workers' Organisation.

WE ARE ASKED whether the "Workers' Dreadnought" or the Communist Workers' Movement was instrumental in forming the Unemployed Workers' Organisation. No. The organisation sent a deputation to the "Workers' Dreadnought" announcing its formation and asking whether we would give it some hospitality in our columns. Having read its declaration of principles, and believing these were tending towards our own direction, and an improvement on those of the older organisation of the unemployed, we agreed to allow the new organisation to ventilate its views in this paper so far as considerations of space and policy may permit.

* * *

The Passing of the Third International.

WE HAVE LONG PREDICTED that the Third International would eventually dissolve itself into the Second, or, as it is now called, the Labour and Socialist International. That was inevitable from the moment the Third International decided for Parliamentalism affiliation to Labour parties and support of Trade Unions rather than workshop committees of the rank and file. The introduction of the policy of "Peace and Trade with Capitalism," and the so-called "New Economic Policy" removed the basic ideologic differences between the Second and Third International.

The command of Moscow to British Communists to seek affiliation to the British Labour Party was the first pronounced evidence of Moscow's retreat towards reformism and Second Internationalism.

The first clear harbinger of the dissolution of the approaching Third International comes from Australia, where, according to a "Daily Herald" correspondent, the Communist Party has merged itself in the Labour Party "breaking any official link with Moscow—in fact, ceasing to exist as a Communist Party at all."

This, we shall be told by our friends of the C.P.G.B., is merely tactics.

The pioneers are few, but they only shall cause the realisation of their ideals.

* * *

One Big Union in the Cotton Trade.

DISCUSSION on federating the various textile workers' unions is a hardy annual at the annual conferences of the United Textile Factory Workers' Association. This year a majority has been recorded for the federation proposal, but only 101 out of more than 200 delegates voted. The discussion centred upon whether the individual societies composing the Federation might take separate action on behalf of their own members. It was argued by many that there would be no unity if this were permitted.

Unity is, indeed, a misused word: unity to be real, must imply not domination by a central authority, but mutuality of aim and free co-operation.

The most advanced form of One Big Union is the only one that can be of use to the workers in destroying Capitalism and building Communism, is a union of the rank and file in workshop committees, autonomous and self-supporting, for local purposes, co-operating freely for joint action when required.

* * *

Free Tram Rides.

AN EXAMPLE in sensible dealing has been set by Walthamstow. During the school holidays adult passengers on the Walthamstow tramways between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., except on Saturdays and Sundays and August Bank Holiday, may take with them, without payment, two children not over twelve years of age. So far, so good; but what a pity there are so many limitations; and how much nicer it will be when transit and all other facilities are free to all.

* * *

When the Ministry of Labour Intervenes.

WE ARE NOT SURPRISED that the Ministry of Labour should have intervened to arrange the affairs of the National Union of Railwaymen in relation to the employers. The question at issue is one of detail, and the Unions are large and law abiding; they are pillars of the existing State.

We are also not surprised that the Ministry of Labour should have declared its refusal to entertain any suggestion for its intervention coming either from the dockers' unofficial strike committee or "any other unofficial body." The Ministry dismissed as "unofficial" a communication from the "combined Trade Unions." The Ministry, the employers, and the so-called "National Joint Council" for Dock Labour are working hand in hand.

* * *

How Mussolini's Franchise Bill Was Passed.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD recently opened the columns of the I.L.P. Socialist Review to a Fascist vindication. The "Daily Herald's" Italian correspondent now provides further information about the Fascist methods. He asserts that when the Franchise Bill came to be voted on, the Italian Parliament was surrounded by armed Fascists in uniform and a mob of them in mufti waiting to rush the Chamber if called upon. Two Fascists in black shirts, with revolvers, stood at the door. Mr. Mussolini's speech, according to the "Herald" correspondent, amounted to this: "Either you give your vote in favour of my franchise Bill or I turn you out of the Chamber on the spot."

Parliament As We See It.

LABOUR PARTY DISARMAMENT RESOLUTION.

"Whilst yielding nothing."

Those words revealed the foundation which vitiates the pacifism of Mr. Macdonald and the Labour Party. Mr. Macdonald said:

"Our one chance is to begin at once a policy which, whilst yielding nothing, nevertheless brings together the nations of the world, who are just as much aware as we are of the folly of these armaments, mobilising a public opinion against them, and coming to international agreements that will be properly guaranteed and backed up by the necessary Government force."

THE FORCE BEHIND.

Mr. Macdonald was challenged as to what that force would be. He replied: "Not, surely, by new armies and new navies and new air forces."

He insisted that:

"The force behind is purely nominal in every civilised society," and declared that if he took a man to Court for injuring him, the sentence would not be enforced by the policeman's baton.

How absurd! Why otherwise does the policeman carry a baton? Let us reverse the question: Suppose Mr. Macdonald is taken to Court for injuring someone, and a sentence be passed upon him; and suppose Mr. Macdonald refuse to obey the sentence, does he not think the handcuffs and, if need be, the baton, as well as the bolts and bars of the prison would be used to enforce his obedience? Has he forgotten Sydney Street and the soldiers Home Secretary Winston Churchill took there to exterminate certain men who were resisting arrest? Has he forgotten the Four Courts and the other incidents of the Irish Civil War? Does he know nothing of the baton charges of the police against the dockers in the present strike?

ON YIELDING NOTHING.

Though Mr. Macdonald's assertion that there is only a nominal force behind the Government is grossly erroneous we wish rather to dwell upon his advocacy of a policy by which the British Empire shall yield nothing and yet bring the other nations to agreement. Such a policy is impractical. If the British Government refuses to yield anything it should not expect other Governments to yield. Certainly they will not—unless, of course, they are compelled.

£1,290,000,000 ALREADY SPENT ON NEXT WAR.

Mr. Macdonald is still intrigued by the idea that this country should stand apart from other countries and should lead them. He said:

"We have a tradition. This country has got the possession of a reputation which ought to be used to-day in leading the world towards peace. I have met many peoples and the rulers of many people, but I have never met anyone yet who would resent Great Britain taking the lead in a movement for the disarmament of the nations of the world.

Our patriots fail to realise that the reputation they are so proud of is by no means generally accepted except at home.

Mr. Macdonald's observation that this country must view with suspicion any military dictatorship in Europe, and that "our wars for the last 400 years have been mainly caused by that" is a reminder of the approval which he is giving to the anti-French policies of the Government. Mr. Macdonald complains that £1,290,000,000 has been spent on the Army, Navy, and Air Force since 1919-20; yet the Labour Party supports the Government foreign policy, on which that expenditure is based. Mr. Macdonald's main criticism of the Government was that in regard to defensive armaments "you should never build them until the danger appears."

The leader of the Labour Party made a characteristic plea for the politicians:

"After all, despised as we are, the politician, the man whose business it is to relate all that human skill and that human power to the minds of nations, the man whose business it is to guide his State, not by power, but by the capacity of handling all the problems that call in ultimately the use of force, is the man that should dominate policy, and not merely the expert who is consulted by his Department."

Does Mr. Churchill mean "purely nominal" force?

JONES AND SHAW PREPARE FOR WAR.

Mr. O'Neill (C.), who moved an amendment to the Labour Party resolution calling for an International Conference on armaments, said France does not want to attack us. . . . France's armaments are due solely to her feeling of insecurity. . . . It would be an intolerable position if we were to enter into a competition of armaments with France. . . . If I am right in that survey of the position . . . Jack Jones interjected: "You are wrong."

Mr. O'Neill added that he thought this country could again "offer to France the free and unconditional support of the British Empire in case she is ever attacked."

Mr. Tom Shaw, another Labour Party jingo, interjected: "In return for what?"

The old Socialist policy of opposition to all capitalist wars has not yet gained acceptance in the Labour Party.

ASQUITH FOR AIRCRAFT.

Mr. Asquith (Lib.), who did not vote in the division, signified his desire for a big Air Force, and declared that the best form of air defence is a counter-offensive.

ROSE FOR STATE ARMAMENTS.

Mr. Rose (Labour), a jingo apostle of efficiency and economy in armaments under State auspices, complained that the Air Ministry has spent £64,000,000 in four years, and produced only a perilous situation. He complained that aeroplanes left over from the war had been smashed with a pickaxe or a hammer, for it was stated, in answer to his Parliamentary question: "An aeroplane is no good." He further protested that the State aircraft factory at Farnborough, which has ten acres of roofed floor space, could turn out all the aircraft the Empire needs; but when he went over the factory, only six men were working there. The management is not permitted to duplicate anything made at Farnborough. All the inventions turned out there are handed over for private firms to use without payment.

Mr. Rose asserted that France has dud aeroplanes; he thought they might have been obtained from the Aircraft Disposal Company, through which the British Government sold off the aircraft left over from the war.

Colonel Moore-Brabazon was not very far wrong when he said the Labour Party resolution and the Tory amendment practically meant the same thing. Neither of them meant much.

SHAW FOR IMPERIAL DIGNITY!

Mr. Shaw (Labour) said:

"There is no greater guarantee for the peace of the world than the British Empire could be if it would take part in the affairs of the world."

He failed to see that the Empire is taking a very active part in the world competition for territory, raw material, and markets. Mr. Shaw, now working himself up to approval of the next war, said:

"The time has come to tell France that the Government of this country expects from her courteous treatment and answers to Notes plainly stated, and being treated properly."

Mr. Baldwin observed that since the advent of the aeroplane England has ceased to be an island. The dreams of peace are no new thing, he said, and no international conference on armaments would succeed till reparations were settled and frontiers secured. France must have reparatons and security. Poland must feel secure against Russia before they would enter such a conference.

The reference to Poland is suggestive: does it mean that Russia is to be dismembered to make Poland safe?

The League of Nations, he said, is drawing up treaties of security and armament limitation, to be presented in September.

Altogether, a futile debate; but that was to be expected.

HORRIBLE CONDITIONS IN BOMBAY.

The Labour Office of the Bombay Government reports that 97 per cent. of the working class families live in a single room, and that the mortality of infants in these families is 828.5 per 1,000. For families occupying four rooms it is 133.3 per 1,000. The average consumption of cereals is less than that prescribed in the Bombay Prison Manual, but is just equal to that allowed by the Famine Code.

The Bombay Government is erecting what are called one and a-half roomed tenements, which are not to be larger than 12 ft. by 10 ft.

1914-1923.

Quartermasters employed at the War Office in 1914, 14; in 1923, 30.

BOLSHEVIST AGENTS?

Thirteen people, said to be Bolshevist agents, have been convicted in India of conspiring to overthrow the British Government in India:

Earl Winterton says these persons were "trained in the training places for Bolshevist agents maintained at Tashkent and Moscow."

Evidently the training does not include the art of eluding the British authorities.

BUILDING PRICES AND WAGES.

The average tender-prices for houses built under the Housing Act, 1919, and the proportion labour costs bear to that of materials, are as follows:

	†	*	**
September 1920	A	881	84
	B	949	82
October 1920	A	888	84
	B	958	82
December 1921	A	514	73
	B	566	71
March 1923	A	363	58
	B	402	57

J. Agg-Gardner said it was neither economical

† Date.

* Type of house.

** Percentage of labour cost to that of materials.

THE SMALLPOX SCARE.

The Minister of Health declares there is an increase in smallpox because people won't have their children vaccinated.

The Ministry of Health gave these figures, which certainly fail to bear out his contentions:

Deaths per Million Living.

Year.	Age. 0-5	5-10	10-15
1861-70	638	145	56
1871-80	518	285	138
1881-90	80	33	26
1891-1900	29	10	3
1901-10	22	7	6
1911-20	0.57	0.32	0.11

ANAEMIA.

The deaths from anaemia, largely a disease of want, have, on the contrary, risen steadily from 48 males and 60 females per million in 1911 to 68 males and 84 females in 1922.

L.C.C. VERSUS PARLIAMENTARY FEEDING.

Mr. Lansbury thinks the London County Councillors are better fed than the M.P.s. He sent an L.C.C. menu to the chairman of the Commons Kitchen Committee, but Sir J. Age-Gardner said it was neither economical nor suitable.

The best club in London has now a rival at the County Hall. Perhaps Mr. Lansbury or one of his colleagues will recommend the Buckingham Palace menu next time.

We feel sure, fellow-worker, that though your dinner may be fish and chips, you desire your M.P. to be well fed.

555,J . 32df. np/-. hm rfrf dwdw lyl yupun

GERMAN TRADE.

Members complained that Germans hold British credits, and therefore are able to buy British goods with British money, thus outbidding French and Belgians, who are sore about the matter. Members asked whether these credits held by Germans ought not to be used for reparations. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks said he did not desire to see that done.

Mr. Pringle said the Treaty of Versailles had given the British Government a lien on such credits. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks said the question must be shown to the Foreign Office.

Such incidents show that the wind of British Imperialist policy is blowing towards friendship with Germany and hostility towards France.

CONTENTMENT.

If there is anything that "gets my goat" it is when I hear so much talk about the cost of living. It seems to be thought that all the workers are entitled to, and all they want, in fact, is just to live when they are in a job, and starve when they are out of work. When will they wake up to the fact that they are human beings and not below the donkey's standard? After years of improvements by the working class in machinery; after "winning" all the wars; after years of trade unionism, all that they ask is that they may receive wages no higher than the bare cost of living. They build the mansions and the hotels, and live in the slums. Some of them don't even realise that they live in the slums, and are very indignant when reminded of the fact. Many of them oppose Socialism, and yet do not know the A B C of it. They are contented because their fathers were contented, and their fathers before them, when **in their ignorance they allowed the** land to be taken out of the food and clothes, whilst they make, manufacture and produce the best of everything for people who never work. I know that to some it is becoming an old story, but how much do they interest themselves in improving the future, not only for themselves but for their children. Are they contented when they think that their children may have to work their lives away in a world of plenty for no more than a bare cost-of-living wage?

DISCONTENTED.

THE BEEVES AND THE BUTCHERS.

The Beeves, once upon a time, determined to make an end of the Butchers, whose whole art, they said, was conceived for their destruction. So they assembled together, and had already whetted their horns for the contest when a very old ox who had worked at the plough, thus addressed them: "Have a care, my friends, what you do. These men, at least, kill us with decency and skill, but if we fall into the hands of botchers instead of butchers we shall suffer a double death; for, be well assured, men will not go without beef, even though they were without butchers."

Better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.—From Aesop's Fables.

It seems that Aesop—or was it his interpreter?—must have been a Trade Unionist.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor,—

The article on Socialism in your issue of July 28th is very interesting and helpful as pointing to the ideal society.

Do you not think that a moral and spiritual change of heart and view is needed first?

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

2. Who is to live in Canning Town (where I have stayed and visited folks), or who in Belgravia?

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

4. If children are produced carelessly, as too often now, we shall be overrun. There seem to many of us now. In English history we read of the Speenhamland decision in 1795. An allowance was given to each family, and though labour was demanded, t was done perfunctorily. The result was lads and girls rushed to get married and bore offspring. We should become like the Chinese, where girls marry at fifteen or so, and have as many children as possible. There are 400,000,000 there. I was born there, and know of their crowded towns. So in India. They swarm. Well, I hope, rather, Marie Stopes will prevail. . . .

Yours etc.,

G. T. SADLER.

27 Fellows Road, N.W. 3.

[We shall reply next week.—Ed., W. D.]

DR. FLORA MURRAY.

We remember her as the doctor who stood by us in through the Cat and Mouse Act: loyal, tender and gentle, deeply sympathetic to those who suffered.

Her ideas on many things were not ours; yet spiritually she was a better Communist than most. She was of the elite who, escaping the influences of their environment, serve gladly without any thought of reward.

THE DWELLERS ON VESUVIUS.

"But after each eruption they come back and live again in daily and hourly peril of another disaster.

"What makes them do it?

"Habit makes them do it; sluggish imagination; muddy minds; lack of sufficient energy to go and find houses elsewhere."—Hamilton Fyfe in the "Daily Herald."

The real answer to Mr. Fyfe's question is: "Economic necessity." Victims of the earthquake disasters of Reggio and Messina are still suffering—their houses are not yet re-built. They live in miserable sheds, under conditions of hideous poverty.

MILITARY DICTATORSHIP BY WHOM?

The Social Democratic Federation, the last ditch of reaction, is advocating the abolition of "military dictatorship" in Russia, and the reintroduction of conscription in Britain.

A PROPHECY.

Altvater, the Russian General, replied:

"The influence of Bolshevist propaganda on the masses is portentous. I have often told you of it and lamented over the way in which, at the defence of Oesel, the troops literally slipped through my fingers. So it has been throughout the army, and I prophesy to you that so exactly it will be in your own army."

I treated this prophecy of the unfortunate admiral—he was murdered later—as a huge joke.—Memoirs of the German General Hoffmann at Brest Litovsk.

FROM THE PUBLISHER.

Sword and Blades or Ploughshares. F. H. Rose, M.P. (Labour Party, 6d.) A very poor production; contains very little information. Mr. Frank Rose was a jingo in the war, and he has not recovered yet from war fever. He cannot refrain from some gibes at Prussian officials and "Herr Professors." Mr. Rose says: "Labour has no intention of ignoring its responsibility" for defence of the Empire. He sets forth as the official policy of the Labour Party: (1) The assimilation of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, into a Ministry of Defence. (2) A competent and economical basis for the Government dockyard and armament factories. (") Restriction and ultimate elimination of private enterprise in armaments. (4) The prohibition of export of armaments.

The pamphlet is full of blatant nationalism, such as:

"Our fighting seamen are incomparably the best in the world."

"That we need a navy even when the longed-for era of peace with humanity is frankly admitted.

This pamphlet shows that certain Labour leaders have learnt nothing by the war.

* * *

The Big Business Budget, by Phillip Snowden. (Labour Party, 1d.) The figures are useful, the conclusions ineffective.

* * *

Special Committee of Inquiry on Production Interim Report on Hours. (Labour Party, 3d.) Contains little information. Threepence is too much for it.

* * *

The Historical Rhine Policy of the French. By Hermann Oncken, with an introduction by Ferdinand Schevill. (Huebsch, New Cork, 50 cents.) The matter contained in this booklet was written nine months before the Ruhr occupation. The writer postulates that the occupation is but a feature of a unified programme of French expansion which is centuries old. As early as the thirteenth century—that is to say, as soon as France became definitely a national State—the effort to reach the Rhine began.

Louis XIV. (1643-1715) having secured Alsace and with it a footing on the Upper Rhine, attempted to occupy also the middle and lower river. The other European States led by England, however, defeated that purpose in the war of the Spanish succession (1703-14). After the French Revolution Napoleon Bonaparte gained the Rhine frontier for the whole length of the river, and the French armies crossed the Rhine, penetrated to the Elbe, then to the Vistula, and began seeking the "natural frontier" of France in the vicinity of Moscow. A European combination again checked these ambitions. France was deprived of the Napoleonic conquests, but not of her older spoils, including Alsace. Germany had been weak from the thirteenth to the second half of the nineteenth century. A strong German State was now created. In the war of 1870-71 the tables appeared to be turning, France becoming weaker than Germany, was deprived of Alsace and a part of Lorraine. The war of 1914-1918 again reversed the position France recovered Alsace Lorraine and is now established on the Rhine and in the Ruhr. Germany and Austria are economically ruined. France is now on the road to establish a Continental domination. Will another European combination be formed to fight that, and in doing so create the greatest war humanity has seen?

PENURY.

A fountain playing in the rain always shocks me (so extravagant!). But then, I was ever one to suck squeezed grape-skins and pour boiling water over used tea-leaves.—John Brooks Wheelwright, "Boston in Summer with a Confession."

ESPERANTO.

Lesson 25.

PREPOSITIONS.—(Continued.)

The preposition **kun,** meaning **with** (in company with), might have been included in the previous list, which contained the prepositions relating to place. **Kun** (with) may be represented by two straight lines, one of which is **with** the other. La hundo akompanas la homon; ĝi estas **kun** li. The dog accompanies the man; it is **with** him. La homo kaj la hundo estas **kune,** the man and the dog are **together. Kune,** together, is an **adverb** derived from the prep. **kun.**

The remaining prepositions can scarcely be represented by a diagram, as they express a relationship which is not concerned with place.

Sen, without; infano **sen** botoj, **a child without** boots.

Dum, during; **dum** la nokto, **during** the night. (**Dume,** meanwhile, in the meantime. is an **adverb** derived from **dum.**)

Krom, "not reckoning," except, besides. **Krom** li, ĉiuj forestis, **except** him, all were absent. **Krom** li, Jones kaj Smith ĉeestis, Besides him, Jones and Smith were present.

Malgraŭ, notwithstanding, in spite of. **Malgraŭ** tio, li gajnis, notwithstanding that, he won. (**Spite,** in spite of, has practically the same meaning; it is, however, adverbial in form. **Spite** ĉio, ni venos, we shall come **in spite of** everything.)

Post, after (the opposite of **antaŭ,** before), usually relates to time. **Post** la komenco de la kunveno, ĉiuj ĉeesis babili, **after** the beginning of the meeting, all ceased to chatter. To translate **behind,** we usually use **malantaŭ,** but **post** is also sometimes used—e.g., **malantaŭ** la pordo or **post** la pordo, behind the door. (**Poste,** afterwards, is an **adverb** derived from the preposition **post.**)

Laŭ, according to; **laŭ** lia leteo, according to his letter; **laŭ** mia opinio, in my opinion. (Note the derived words: **laŭlonge de,** along, and **laŭvole,** at will, according to wish: li promenis **laŭlonge de** la rivero, he walked **along** the river; ili iris **laŭvole,** they went **as they pleased.**

Vocabulary.

live	vivas
hope	esperas
sweet(ly)	dolĉe
at last	fine
fulness	pleneco
strive	pen (ad) i
their	iliaj
fruits	fruktoj
still	ankoraŭ
means	signifas
all	ĉiuj
society	socio
failures	malsukcesoj
shall conquer	venkos
remains	restas

Translation.

Dum ni **vivas ni esperas, diras latina** proverbo; alivorte (in other words) vivante, ni esperas; **dum** restas vivo, ankoraŭ restas espero. **Malgraŭ** ĉiuj malsukcesoj, ni fine venkos. **Post** laboro, dolĉe estas ripozi. **Laŭ** iliaj fruktoj, vi konos ilin. **Sen** Komunismo ni ja devus malesperi. **Kun** tiu espero, ni vivas kaj penadas (keep on striving, endeavouring). La Komunismo donas al ni esperon, ĉar ĝi signifas la plenecon de vivo **por** ĉiuj. **Krom** tio, ĝi ankaŭ donas motivon **por** bona laboro, ĉar la socio produktos **por** uzo kaj ne **por** profito.

WANTED—WORKERS.

The "Dreadnought" appeals for workers. It needs workers—genuine workers, not dreamers about work; workers willing to do what is needed outdoors or in, in London or in the provinces, wherever you are, to propagate Communism, and to spread Communist literature. Write or call at 152 Fleet Street, **and show us what you are made of!**

GERMINAL.

Have you got Germinal?

It is a unique production. There is no magazine like it. It begins a new phase in the world of literature and thought.

It creates a new school of literary and artistic enterprise with a purpose.

It costs only sixpence.

JUST THE RIGHT MAGAZINE for all WORKERS

Good Stories Pictures Poetry and Reviews

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FLOGGING IN IRELAND.

The Free State Government has disgraced itself by the introduction of a Flogging Bill.

The following description of the operation projected in the Flogging Bill now being considered by the Free State Parliament is from a man who was a prison official under the former regime and who actually witnessed the operation in an Irish prison:

"The sentenced man is taken to the flogging chamber, where he sees a triangle with windlass set up. He is stripped naked except for a loin-cloth. Then he is handcuffed, and a hook lowered from the windlass is fastened in the handcuffs. He is then raised up until his toes barely touch the ground. Even those preliminaries are so brutal that the sight of them makes strong men swoon away.

"Two sides of the triangle are covered with zinc, so that the executioner cannot be seen by the victim. The cat has nine lashes, which are nailed to a short handle and then passed through a perforated cap. This cat is steeped in brine before the flogging.

"The doctor, after so many lashes, examines the prisoner who, if faint, is revived, and then the flogging is resumed.

"After the prisoner has got his number of strokes he is taken to be dressed, and then he is chained. Chains are rivetted on his ankles and wrists with a heavy hammer. When the chain is removed the limb is quite useless for many days. The man cannot even raise his hand. The chain weighs eight pounds.

"In applying the lash, the executioner describes the figure 8 with the cat, which comes hissing down on the bare back of the victim."

SUSPENDED M.P.s.

Direct action by the suspended Scottish M.P.s seems to have produced considerable activity amongst the Party wire-pullers. No sooner did they announce that they would present themselves for admission to the House than the Prime Minister made it known that he would move for the re-admission of the banned on the day after their intended appearance. The suspended M.P.s made their little scene outside the House, nevertheless.

That sort of thing is enough, fellow-workers, but what is required is the creation of an organisation which will not depend upon the favour of the House of Pretence.

LETTERS OF KARL LIEBKNECHT.

October 30th, 1915.

Dearest,—

Still nothing from you, although yesterday a lucky chance brought me a few letters. My circumstances have somewhat changed. After a night's work and the long march at the end of it, I was twice very unwell and was put under the care of the new battalion doctor, a very clever and well-read man, Dr. R., who to-morrow is sending me off to the hospital at Mitau (probably), and from there I shall be sent further on to have a rest and get well. I hope to come back again to my comrades here. I want to drain the cup of war to the dregs, although the doctor will not answer for my being fit to come back. My address is always the same. I feel thoroughly worn out, and also have a good deal of local pain, but mentally and spiritually I am very well. I have been re-reading a few books—Wasserman's "Forty-Year-Old," Andersen's "Gluckpater," and Will Vesper's "Tristan and Isoult," and "Parsifal." This latter book is full of colour, the colour of the times in which the action takes place, objective ,and full of life, except for a few backslidings into the commonplace. It is in the style of the fantastic legends of the Middle Ages, and displays the close spiritual kinship between these flowers of the imagination and the stories of the "Arabian Nights" and the story of "Shah Namech." In fact, there s a direct influence—Parsifal is a story of the Crusades. As regards yourself, I think Wasserman would interest you.

Nature here is a beautiful fairyland—the delicacy and grandeur of it are indescribable. The whole great Universe is living and palpitating within me. I stretch out my arms and hold it to my heart. There is a pale moon, and the stars are shining; in one point there is a little red glow like a crown of gold above a flower garden; it gets lighter, a golden rose pink, far away on the edge of the forest; where is the first red glow gone? A quiet opaline light is reflected on the furrowed land, on the slopes of the hills, on the distant slanting, snow-covered roofs and chimney-stacks of the cottages; the crisp snow crackles under my feet. The great vault of the sky brightens, all the world sparkles in the light the moon is dying, and a light mist fills the air. The sun has ascended his throne again as he does nearly every day here, and his rays flash out dazzlingly. Oh, why cannot you and the children be enjoying these wonders? How sorry for you I am with your wet autumn.

Oh, my dear, we have each a lot to tell each other. The day will soon come. A thousand kisses to you all. The post is soon going out, but does not come to us. It is terribly irregular. All good wishes.

. . . The march took us over the positions taken from the Russians—underground labyrinths, constructed with great skill and supplied with every comfort. Of course they are now in disorder. The frozen ground is strewn with corpses, some curled up like worms, and others lying with outstretched arms as though clinging to the earth or appealing to heaven, the faces turned earthwards or skywards, already blackening. O God! I saw many of our own men lying like this, and helped to remove some of their small possessions which they still had about them, the last sign of them which wife and children will receive.

The history of this will be very simple to write, my boy, like the history of many wars which have preceded it, for the moving forces of the war are brutally evident. Think of the Crusades—how we are deceived by the religious, fantastic, educative aspect of them which aspect doubtless hid the almost entirely commercial intent; the Crusades were little more than great commercial wars.

The immensity of the extension, of the means, of the scope of the present war does not hide its intent, but exposes it, reveals it. But we will talk of this later on, and of many other things besides.

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