

Co-operative Communes. See Page 8.

Workers' Dreadnought

NEITHER PALACES NOR SLUMS.

VOL. X. No. 2.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1923.

WEEKLY.

LINES FROM MARY E. MARCY.
1877-1923.

An hundred peoples
Have fashioned their gods,
And I shall fashion mine.
He shall be a god of thunder,
Of fire and of storm,
And he shall sweep away old worlds,
For me and the foundlings.
He shall build a new world,
And, with the foundlings,
I shall sit upon the topmost mountain,
And laugh through my tears;
And see the Kings of To-day
Kneel at the feet of To-morrow.

SONG OF THE SWAMP.

Only a little and she comes;
Only a little waiting.
She is my spider lily with golden feet,
With golden feet that lie in the hollow of my
hand;

Red are her lips as the u-pon berries,
And the savor of her is young and sweet;
Sweeter than jasmine and the wild honey-
suckle

Is the savor of her.

Only a little and she comes;
I am waiting for her in the swamp;
I am waiting for her beneath the live oak,
Where waited my fathers an hundred years
ago.

My song is hushed;
I shall wait quietly for my love;
But my heart is the mullet
Leaping from the waters of the river in
spring;

My love for her is the arms of all the pear
trees

In blossom, flinging themselves upward.
She is the straight pine, pungent and clean;
I am the fingers of the Wind,
Waiting in the swamp.

The moon has reached the top of the cedar
tree;

Yet a little waiting and the first song of the
whip-poor-will

Will tell me she is coming,
My wild canary.

Then I shall see her swaying in the cane
brake;

I shall see her cross the pontoon;
She will come swiftly,

For she knows I am waiting for her,
Waiting in the swamp.

Shadows are growing heavy with the night;
The waves of the river are kissing the feet of
the lillies.

As I kiss the feet of my spider lily.
Ah! The first song;

The cane bends low as she comes,
My shy canary!

Soon we shall dance upon the white sands!
We shall bathe in the purple pools,

And the movement of her limbs
Will leave shadows of gold

Where she touches the waters;
Phosphorescent, she will leave

Showers of gold and of silver as she passes.
And in the swamp,

I shall croon to her all the night.

Capitalism Means Slavery.

Capitalism means slavery for those whose lack of means compels them to apply to others for employment. Capitalism necessitates the upkeep of a coercive Government endowed with limitless power over poor simple citizens, who in relation to it are but slaves. Gross cases of cruelty reveal, as though by a search-light, these facts, which are ever with us.

Such a case is that of the lad Martin Tabert, recounted by the I.W.W. Defence News Service. He was a citizen of North Dakota, U.S.A. He had gone from home seeking work, and passed from employment to employment till he reached Florida. When his work there ceased, he was soon without money; and, as is customary with the migratory workers of the vast territories of the U.S.A., he took his chance of a free ride on a freight train.

Everyone knows that such free rides are the only possibility of travel for the migratory workers: everyone recognises that it is the custom and the necessity of the work and the country. Yet periodically law and authority strike at the migratory workers as though by punishment to inculcate in them Tabert was arrested at Tallahassee for riding a meek and lowly spirit.

on the freight train, and fined 25 dollars, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment.

"He wired home for money; his mother sent it. Before it could arrive, Tabert and other prisoners were put to work in a prison camp near Jacksonville. All convicts from Leon County, of which Tallahassee is the seat, had been leased by the Putman Lumber Co. Ten days after the money was sent by Tabert's mother, the registered letter containing it came back bearing the note: 'Returned by request of Sheriff. Party gone.' That was on December 26th.

"On the following February 1st Tabert died. Months later a fellow-prisoner got out and wrote the postmaster at Tabert's home about the affair. G. H. Grimson, State's Attorney here, went to Florida and investigated. He obtained affidavits from various eye-witnesses of the brutality dealt out to young Tabert.

"When the boy was put into Camp Clara, according to these witnesses, his feet were swollen from boils; his shoes were too small. He spoke several times to the whipping boss, Higgenbotham, about this, asking for other shoes, and told of having headaches, but got no help. Later he became sick with fever. Late in January, when a doctor was in the camp, Higgenbotham told him Tabert was 'always complaining of something.'

"About this time, when the boy was very ill, Captain Willis, head of the camp, ordered him whipped, asserting that Tabert worked slowly and complained of being sick, but that he (Willis) believed he was shamming. So the whipping boss called Tabert out of his bunk, and alongside a bonfire with 85 convicts looking on, Higgenbotham struck the boy between 35 and 50 times with a 4-in. strap, 5 ft. — weighing about 7 lbs.

"Tabert, lying on the ground, begged to be let loose. He was so weak that he could scarcely speak, but the whipping boss continued to strike him, and put his foot on the boy's neck to hold him in position. . . . Next day, Saturday, one of the witnesses helped Tabert to a flat car as he came from work to the camp. On Sunday Tabert went down with a high fever. Lying on a dirty bunk, he was uncared for. He was semi-conscious for three days, crying out in delirium for water, then died.

"Before his death some of the men asked the whipping boss to go in and see Tabert, but Higgenbotham grew pale and would not. . . . Witnesses who prepared Tabert's body for burial will testify that his back was bruised and blistered, and the flesh cut and swollen. He was buried in trousers which had belonged to an escaped negro convict. Four prisoners were detailed to do the burying; there was no ceremony."

A demand is being raised that the prison-contract law be repealed, so that in future no man or boy can be arrested merely for being penniless, and then turned over to a private corporation to be exploited and to be maimed and killed.

It will be said: "We have not such cruel laws here!" Nevertheless, a promise has only just been obtained from the British Government that crucifixion, as a punishment for soldiers, shall cease. Parents are sent to prison on charges of cruelty to their children because they cannot secure a house to live in and take refuge in some shed or other unauthorised shelter.

The slavery of the young woman worker in this country is clearly demonstrated by the fact that the unemployment benefit which has been deducted from their wages is refused to them. The case of Miss Moore is not exceptional. This girl, aged 17, had worked for the Express Rubber Company, in Poplar. After receiving unemployment pay for three weeks, the Unemployment Exchange offered her employment in domestic service in Sutton, Surrey, fifteen miles from where she lived. The girl is the eldest of ten children, and is one of the chief supporters of the home. She could not accept domestic service: her family needed her wage; and untrained, as she was, she could only obtain the lowest wage as a domestic servant.

BOOKS TO READ.

The Workers and Peasants of Soviet Russia: How They Live, by Augustine Souchy	2/-
Soviet Russia as I Saw It, by Sylvia Pankhurst	1/-
Christianism or Communism, by Bishop Brown	1/-
Writ on Cold Slate, by Sylvia Pankhurst	1/-

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

THE SEVEN THAT WERE HANGED.

(By Leonid Andreyev, a famous Russian Author.)

"KISS HIM AND BE SILENT."

The verdict against the five terrorists was pronounced in its final form and confirmed the same day. The condemned were not notified of the day of execution; but they foresaw that they would be hanged, according to custom, the same night, or, at the latest, the night following. When they were offered the opportunity of seeing their families the next day, they understood that the execution was fixed for Friday at daybreak.

Tanya Kovalchuk had no near relatives. She knew only of some distant relatives living in Little Russia, who probably knew nothing of the trial or verdict. Musya and Werner, not having revealed their identity, did not insist on seeing any of their people. Only Sergey Golovin and Vasily Kashirin were to see their families. The thought of this approaching interview was frightful to both of them, but they could not make up their minds to refuse a final conversation, a last kiss.

Sergey Golovin thought sadly of this visit. He was fond of his father and mother; he had seen them very recently, and he was filled with terror at the thought of what was going to happen. The hanging itself, in all its monstrosity, in its disconcerting madness, outlined itself more readily in his imagination than these few short, incomprehensible minutes, that seemed apart from time, apart from life. What to do? What to say? The most simple and customary gestures—to shake hands, embrace, and say "How do you do, father?"—seemed to him frightful in their monstrous, inhuman, insane insignificance.

After the verdict they did not put the condemned in the same cell, as Tanya expected them to do. All the morning, up to the time when he received his parents, Sergey Golovin walked back and forth in his cell, twisting his short beard, his features pitifully contracted. Sometimes he stopped suddenly, filled his lungs with air, and puffed like a swimmer who has remained too long under water. But, as he was in good health, and as his young life was solidly implanted within him, even in these minutes of atrocious suffering, the blood coursed under his skin, colouring his cheeks; his blue eyes preserved their usual brilliancy.

Everything went off better than Sergey expected; his father, Nicolas Sergievitch Golovin, a retired colonel, was the first to enter the room where the visitors were received. Everything about him was white and of the same whiteness: face, hair, beard, hands. His old and well-brushed garment smelt of benzine; his epaulets seemed new. He entered with a firm and measured step, straightening himself up. Extending his dry white hand, he said aloud:

"How do you do, Sergey?"

Behind him came the mother, with short steps; she wore a strange smile. But she, too, shook hands with her son, and repeated aloud:

"How do you do, my little Sergey?"

She kissed him and sat down without saying a word. She did not throw herself upon her son, she did not begin to weep or cry, as Sergey expected her to do. She kissed him and sat down without speaking. With a trembling hand she even smoothed the wrinkles in her black silk gown.

Sergey did not know that the colonel had spent the entire previous night in rehearsing this interview. "We must lighten the last moments of your son's life, and not make them more painful for him," the colonel had decided; and he had carefully weighed each phrase, each gesture, of the morrow's visit. But sometimes, in the course of the rehearsal, he became confused, he forgot what he had prepared himself to say, and he wept bitterly, sunk in the corner of his sofa. The next morning he had explained to his wife what she was to do.

"Above all, kiss him and be silent," he repeated. "You will be able to speak later, a little later; but, after kissing him, be silent. Do not speak immediately after kissing him, do you understand? Otherwise you will say what you should not."

"I understand, Nicolas Sergievitch!" answered the mother, with tears.

"And do not weep! May God keep you from that! Do not weep! You will kill him if you weep, mother!"

"And why do you weep yourself?"

"Why should one not weep here with the rest of you? You must not weep, do you hear?"

"All right, Nicolas Sergievitch."

They got into a cab and started off, silent, bent, old; they were plunged in their thoughts amid the gay roar of the city; it was the carnival season, and the streets were filled with a noisy crowd.

They sat down. The colonel assumed a suitable attitude, his right hand thrust in the front of his frock-coat. Sergey remained seated a moment; his look met his mother's wrinkled face; he rose suddenly.

"Sit down, my little Sergey!" begged the mother.

"Sit down, Sergey!" repeated the father. They kept silence. The mother wore a strange smile.

"How many moves we have made in your behalf, Sergey! Your father . . ."

"It was useless, my little mother!"

The colonel said firmly:

"We were in duty bound to do it that you might not think that your parents had abandoned you."

Again they became silent. They were afraid to utter a syllable, as if each word of the language had lost its proper meaning and now meant but one thing—death. Sergey looked at the neat little frock-coat smelling of benzine, and thought: "He has no orderly now; then he must have cleaned the coat himself. How is it that I have never seen him clean his coat? Probably he does it in the morning." Suddenly he asked:

"And my sister? Is she well?"

"Ninotchka knows nothing!" answered the mother, quickly.

But the colonel sharply interrupted her:

"What is the use of lying? She has read the newspaper . . . let Sergey know that . . . all . . . his own . . . have thought . . . and . . ."

Unable to continue, he stopped. Suddenly the mother's face contracted, her features became confused and wild. Her colourless eyes were madly distended; more and more she panted for breath.

"Se . . . Ser . . . Ser . . . Ser . . ." she repeated, without moving her lips;

"Ser . . ."

"My little mother!"

The colonel took a step; trembling all over, without knowing how frightful he was in his corpse-like pallor, in his desperate and forced firmness, he said to his wife:

"Be silent! Do not torture him! Do not torture him! Do not torture him! He must die! Do not torture him!"

Frightened, she was silent already, and he continued to repeat, with his trembling hands pressed against his breast:

"Do not torture him!"

Then he took a step backward, and again thrust his hand into the front of his frock-coat; wearing an expression of forced calmness, he asked aloud, with pallid lips:

"When?"

"To-morrow morning," answered Sergey.

The mother looked at the ground, biting her lips, as if she heard nothing. And she seemed to continue to bite her lips as she let fall these simple words:

"Ninotchka told me to kiss you, my little Sergey!"

"Kiss her for me!" said the condemned man.

"Good! The Chvostofs send their salutations . . ."

"Who are they? Ah! yes . . ."

The colonel interrupted him:

"Well, we must start. Rise, mother, it is necessary!"

The two men lifted the swooning woman.

"Bid him farewell!" ordered the colonel.

"Give him your blessing!"

She did everything that she was told. But while giving her son a short kiss and making on his person the sign of the cross, she shook her head and repeated distractedly:

"No, it is not that! No, it is not that!"

"Adieu, Sergey!" said the father. They shook hands, and exchanged a short, but earnest, kiss.

"You . . ." began Sergey.

"Well . . ." asked the father, spasmodically.

"No, not like that. No, no! What shall I say?" repeated the mother, shaking her head.

She sat down again, and was tottering.

"You . . ." resumed Sergey. Suddenly his face took on a lamentable expression, and he grimaced like a child, tears filling his eyes. Through their sparkling facets he saw beside him the pale face of his father, who was weeping also.

"Father, you are a strong man!"

"What do you say? What do you say?" said the bewildered colonel. Suddenly, as if completely broken, he fell, with his head on his son's shoulder. And the two covered each other with ardent kisses, the father receiving them on his light hair, the prisoner on his cloak.

"And I?" asked suddenly a hoarse voice.

They looked; the mother was on her feet again, and, with her head thrown back, was watching them wrathfully, almost hatefully.

"What is the matter with you, mother?" cried the colonel.

"And I?" she repeated, shaking her head with an insane energy. "You embrace each other, and I? You are men, are you not?"

"Mother!" and Sergey threw himself into her arms.

The last words of the colonel were:

"My blessing for your death, Sergey! Die with courage, like an officer!"

And they went away. . . . On returning to his cell Sergey lay upon his camp-bed, with face turned toward the wall that the soldiers might not see him, and wept a long time.

Vasily Kashirin's mother came alone to visit him. The father, a rich merchant, had refused to accompany her. When the old woman entered, Vasily was walking in his cell. In spite of the heat, he was trembling with cold. The conversation was short and painful.

"You ought not to have come, mother. Why should we two torment each other?"

"Why all this, Vasya? Why have you done this, my son? God! God!"

The old woman began to weep, drying her tears with her black silk neckerchief.

Accustomed as they were, his brothers and he, to treat their mother roughly, she being a simple woman who did not understand them, he stopped, and, in the midst of his shivering, said to her, harshly:

"That's it, I knew how it would be. You understand nothing, mamma, nothing!"

"Very well, my son. What is the matter with you? Are you cold?"

"I am cold," answered Vasily, and he began to walk again, looking sideways now and then at the old woman with the same air of irritation.

"You are cold, my son. . . ."

"Ah! You speak of cold, but soon . . ."

He made a gesture of desperation.

Again the mother began to sob.

"I said to your father: 'Go to see him, he is your son, your flesh; give him a last farewell.' He would not."

"The devil take him! He is not a father. All his life he has been a scoundrel. He remains one!"

"Yet, Vasya, he is your father. . . ."

And the old woman shook her head reproachfully.

It was ridiculous and terrible. This paltry and useless conversation engaged them when

The Seven that Were Hanged.

face to face with stark death. While almost weeping, so sad was the situation, Vasily cried out:

"Understand then, mother. They are going to hang me, to hang me! Do you understand, yes or no?"

"And why did you kill?" she cried.

"My God! What are you saying? Even the beasts have their feelings. Am I your son or not?"

He sat down and wept. His mother wept also; but, in their incapacity of communicating in the same affection in order to face the terror of the approaching death, they wept cold tears that did not warm the heart.

"You ask me if I am your mother? You heap reproaches on me; and yet I have turned completely white these last few days."

"All right, all right, forgive me. Adieu! Embrace my brothers for me."

"Am I not your mother? Do I not suffer for you?"

At last she departed. She was weeping so that she could not see her way. And the further she got from the prison, the more abundant became her tears. She retraced her steps, losing herself in this city in which she was born, in which she had grown up, in which she had grown old. She entered a little abandoned garden, and sat down on a damp bench.

And suddenly she understood: to-morrow they would hang her son! She sprang to her feet, and tried to shout and run, but suddenly her head turned, and she sank to the earth. The path, white with frost, was wet and slippery; the old woman could not rise again. She rested her weight on her wrists, and then fell back again. The black neckerchief slipped from her head, uncovering her dirty gray hair. It seemed to her that she was celebrating her son's wedding. Yes, they had just married him, and she had drunk a little wine; she was slightly intoxicated.

"I cannot help myself! My God, I cannot help myself!"

And, with swinging head, she said to herself that she had drunk too much, and was crawling around on the wet ground, . . . but they gave her wine to drink, and wine again, and still more wine. And from her heart arose the laugh of the drunkard, and the desire to abandon herself to a wild dance; . . . but they kept on lifting cups to her lips, one after another, one after another.

"BLOOD MONEY."

In South Africa now we hear a great deal of what the country must do to help the low-grade mines.

The following are a few of the dividends declared by the gold mining companies in the Transvaal for the twelve months ending December last, which includes the three months of the strike:

Brakpan.—Capital, £850,000; rate per annum, 20 per cent.; total dividend, £170,000; present price of £1 share, £3.

City Deep.—£1,250,000; 27½ per cent.; £388,000; 24.

Crown Mines.—£1,000,000; 40 per cent.; £370,000; £3 for 10/- share.

Government Areas.—£1,400,000; 50 per cent.; £700,000; £5 5s.

Meyer and Charlton.—£200,000; 100 per cent.; £200,000; £4 4s. 6d.

Modder "B."—£700,000; 85 per cent.; £595,000; 14 for 5/- share.

Modder Deep.—£500,000; 120 per cent.; £600,000; £2 4s. 6d. for 5/- share.

New Modder.—£1,400,000; 70 per cent.; £980,000; £4 4s. 6d. for 10/- share.

Van Ryn Deep.—£1,196,000; 40 per cent.; £479,000; £3 9s. 6d.

Rand Mines.—£531,000; 100 per cent.; £531,000; £3 for 5/- share.

Rand Select Corporation.—£600,000; 22½ per cent.; £135,000; £3 7s. 6d.

The above dividends are paid out, and most of them are spent in Park Lane or the Riviera, not in dirty Johannesburg or in poor old blood-white South Africa.

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS.

Unity between the Labour Party and the Nationalists is the chief topic of political conversation here. Smuts and his magnates use this unity to describe the late Rand revolt as a Labour-Republican rebellion.

The unity of the Labour and Nationalist Parties is not surprising. Many miners have been farmers themselves, and have become miners against their will, whilst the farmers also find themselves in opposition to the gold and coal magnates. The Smuts Government is the servant of the gold and coal magnates, and that fact is enough to cause both farmers and industrial workers to see in him their strongest enemy. Smuts' invitation to overseas Capitalists to invest in South African land is abused here as: "South Africa for sale."

The Press reports that during December 1922 nineteen settlers with a total capital of £85,000 were sent out by the Imperial Settlement Department. The total capital to reach the Union of South Africa since the initiation of the settlement scheme is now over half a million sterling. Though the Press declares that new capital, new industries, and more employment will result, the scheme is generally regarded here as a misfortune, for unemployment is growing continually. The Government says: "There are too many of the poor white class here already, and unless more industries are established the number will be rapidly augmented by the natural increase in population." Therefore, it invites here more idle persons with money to invest.

Mr. Lionel Phillips, at a "pioneer" dinner, said: "There are vast possibilities in South Africa, and the question is whether we are going to take advantage of them. We are getting numbers of new settlers—men of good starding and means; it is simply a matter of energy to succeed."

These new comers with money are welcomed; these new-comers with money are to succeed; whilst the men who have done the hard work on the land and in the mines are not wanted any more.

In disputes between the white workers and their employers the Government is ready to assist the employers. The position of the native worker is still worse. It is illegal for a native to refuse work under any circumstances, and on conviction of refusal the native is liable to a fine not exceeding £100. When a native dispute occurs, the police at once appear and use compulsion to force the natives to work, and every striker is charged with refusing to work.

The class-conscious worker easily recognises that the United Front between the Nationalists, the small land-owners and business men, and the wage earner cannot be of permanent value, although the Nationalists have also their grievances against the big business Government just now.

It is not so easy for the workers to discern the drawbacks of the so-called "United Front" of all working-class and anti-Capitalist organisations.

One may ask: Does the "United Front" movement fall into line with the proposals of the First International, or would not the One Revolutionary Union be better compared with the aims of the First International?

The "United Front" here in South Africa creates a curious situation. The Labour Party unites with the Nationalists. The Communists preach unity with the Labour Party. The average worker hardly knows which is which, and is left to imagine that the Communists are in unity with the middle-class Capitalist-Nationalists of this country.

Though the Communist Movement has grown since the Rand events, we must confess that, as a result of this coalition, we are unable to impress upon the young worker the ideals and teaching of Socialism. The worker who has been a farmer himself is

more apt to grasp the idea of unity with the Nationalists.

When we unite with the Trade Unions and Labour Parties, we Communists make ourselves responsible for the crimes of omission and commission of that with which we have joined ourselves—the Labour-Nationalist coalition. Thereby we sacrifice our Communist principles. It is far better for us to concentrate our efforts upon winning the workers from the influence of the Trade Unions and Labour Parties, and making of them class-conscious Communists.

If it is true, as is claimed, that it is possible to lead the mass in one unity, why should we not lead the workers in the right direction than in that of the compromising Cresswell and Co.?

Why is it not possible to work for the One Revolutionary Industrial Union, based on the Workers' Committees, irrespective of colour and creed? To-day industrial unionism is advocated by all South African Communists, including Tom Mann, and is much favoured by the class-conscious worker.

When the South African Parliament opened, the King's Speech declared that, owing to reorganisation and reduction of costs, the gold-mining industry was able to carry on on a sounder economic basis and a larger scale. Nothing was said of the terrible price paid for the new conditions, of the 5,000 Europeans thrown out of employment to make way for cheap native labour, or of the 700,000 whites living below the subsistence level, who have become paupers, and the other 100,000 who are on the border-line of subsistence.

I have seen white children in Cape Province, who are growing up almost like animals. Some have never had a stitch of clothing on their bodies, and are subsisting on prickly pear and any cast-away mutton they may pick up.

An instance showing the extent to which white workers have been displaced is that of the drill sharpeners. One hundred and forty-nine of these men have been dismissed, and only twelve remain. They were paid 22/6 in May 1922, 20/6 in October, and are now paid 20/4. The coloured drill sharpeners are paid 4/6 to 6/6.

The Chamber of Mines now states that an experiment is being conducted with a special furnace for heating drills, which, if successful, will mean that no skill will be required either in sharpening or hardening the drills. All that will be needed is to heat the furnace, put in the drills, and, when directed by an indicator, take them out and plunge them into cold water. Such inventions mean that if Capitalism continues, it is only a question of time before the white workers will be displaced altogether, or brought down to the native level.

The only way to avoid this is to undertake a determined struggle for the overthrow of Capitalism. For this struggle the Soviets in the workshops are essential.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

The Black Crinoline, a play by H. V. T. Burton. (Henderson's, 1/6.)

Princess Pavona, a play by H. V. T. Burton. (Henderson's, 1/6.)

War or Peace, by Gilbert Slater, M.A., D.Sc. (Pioneer Press, Woolwich, 6d.)

The Quest, by Pio Baroja, translated from the Spanish by Isaac Godberg. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 2 dollars 50c.)

Printing Fund, Mario, £1.

We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break; For all must swear—all and in every place, College and wharf, council and justice court; All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed, Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest, The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;

All, all make up one scheme of perjury.

—S. T. Coleridge.

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Our View.

THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL Social-Patriots of the Allied Countries who have been discussing the Ruhr situation with the German Social-Democrats included Messrs. Tom Shaw (England), Auriol and Grumbach (France), Huysmans (Belgium), and Matteoli (Italy). The proposals which have emanated from the Conference are still those of the Allied Social-Patriots of the Second International during the height of war jingoism—i.e., reparations payments by Germany up to her capacity to pay, devastated areas of France and Belgium to be repaired by Germany, settlement of inter-Allied debts. The proposal that France's security shall be guaranteed by a Rhineland treaty to be signed by all the leading Powers is added. It has been borrowed, like all the rest, from the programmes of Capitalist politics.

Presumably the precise meaning of the phrase is that the Rhineland shall be severed from the rest of Germany, and neutralised on some plan, probably that of Lloyd George, who proposes that the Rhineland shall come under the League of Nations. The Labour leaders of Britain, France and Belgium are still upholding the policies of their national Capitalist Imperialisms. As for the German Social-Democrats, they are drifting along in the hope of discovering the line of least resistance.

WHILST THE GERMAN SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS are merely waiting to see what will happen, German Capitalism is busy trying to negotiate a way out for itself. It is said that Herr Stinnes and his colleagues have given the French steel combine to understand that the German Capitalists would be willing to allow the French a half-share in the industries on the right bank of the Rhine. Herr Stinnes has visited Italy, where he has been conferring with Mr. Gary, President of the United States Steel Trust, and Mr. Trent, Vice-President of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, also with Italian Capitalists and State officials.

ROME, it seems, is to be the centre of negotiations. Stinnes has not only conferred there with American Capitalist representatives, but also with British bankers, in order to discuss with them the American proposals for accommodating rival claims to the earth, with its raw materials and working populations. When the Trade Unions attempt to negotiate, they do not act so shrewdly as Herr Stinnes. They have a great power in the working activities of their members, to be given or withheld, but they leave this great power unused. Stinnes has considerable banking and metal interests in Italy. He will not neglect to use all the power these give him as a negotiator of future profits for himself.

In all this the workers are not considered. From their labour are to be created the profits which are the bone of contention. The

workers are organised in overwhelming numbers. It is only by their permission and aid that production continues, or that even the invasion of the Ruhr itself is possible. The Great Trade Unions, Socialist and Labour Parties in all the countries concerned, have shown themselves unwilling to take the risk of any sort of action. Therefore they are ignored. Their spokesmen merely discuss the policies and projects of the rival Capitalism, adopting no alternative objects.

Were the great Trade Unions of Europe even now to cry halt, the Ruhr occupation must cease. The Unions, badly organised as they are, could cry halt if they would, though they are not structurally fitted to administer the industries with full efficiency on democratic equalitarian lines.

THE FRENCH TRANSPORT WORKERS'

Federation has declared that it is blacklegging to replace the German strikers in the Ruhr. The number of French transport blacklegs in the Ruhr is reported to be insignificant. A few tugs and barges under Dutch and Swiss flags are working on the Rhine, and some British crews have consented to handle the coal, but the bulk of the Dutch transport workers have refused to touch Ruhr coal, and some have been arrested by the Dutch Government for such refusal.

The international solidarity of the workers grows slowly, but it grows.

SO LONG have the German workers remained quiescent in face of every hardship, every oppression, that one has almost said they had not been altogether crushed in the various abortive risings that have taken place. Now at length comes news of an awakening. The reactionary nationalist organisations are gaining in activity, the most provocative being Herr Hitler's anti-Socialist "storm troops."

Labour battalions in opposition to such dark forces have now begun to appear in various parts of the country. Herr Severing, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, says that if the reactionary "self-defence" organisations continue growing as in the past and the workers continue building Labour battalions to fight them, it should be possible to calculate mathematically when civil war will break out. Speaking in the Diet, the Minister declared: "I feel we are no longer very far from that point."

AN OUTBREAK may thus, it seems, be expected in Germany at any time. What will be its outcome? In 1918 the German proletarian revolution was sold by the Trade Union officials to Capitalism for some minor reforms, including the recognition of Trade Unions and the eight-hour day. Since that time the Trade Union leaders have adhered faithfully to that pact. They have faithfully assisted in the maintenance of the Capitalist system, and did so even when they had a Parliamentary majority and held Government office.

When the next outbreak comes; when the German workers again seize the power, what will be the programme of the struggle? What influences and objects will gain the confidence of the masses? The Social-Democrats and Trade Union Officials of the Second International and Amsterdam Internationals will go little, if any, further than in 1918.

What will the Third International do? If we may judge by the programme it adopted at Essen, it, too, will content itself with seeking merely some palliative reforms, and will not attempt to sweep away the Capitalist system.

The Fourth International will attempt to sweep Capitalism away once for all, and to supersede all its institutions, as well as the Trade Unions themselves, by the Workers' Soviets.

Will the Fourth International, and any others who are prepared to give no quarter to Capitalism, succeed in making their views the motive force of the revolution; or will reform, which, in the long run, means failure, again win the day?

This question is a vital one for all the world; for a social revolution in Germany would immediately affect all European countries.

BENITO MUSSOLINI, the brigand Premier of Italy, is being rewarded for his services to Capitalism in wrecking the working-class organisations of his country.

The Italian King has recently conferred upon him the Grand Cross of Maurizio Lazzaro. He has been praised by the Vatican. The International Chambers of Commerce were his guests on March 25th at a reception he gave at the Palazzo Venezia in Rome.

When the British King and Queen visit Italy shortly, they, too, will fraternise with the murderous Mussolini, who is acclaimed as the saviour of Italian Capitalism.

THAT EVIL PRODUCT Fascism has developed in Spain. A Society on Fascist lines, called "The Integral Race," has been formed. It will be controlled by a dictator assisted by committees.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN has shown that he understands relativity in more ways than one, by his resignation from the League of Nations Committee of Intellectual Co-operation, on the score that the Committee does not seem to have any relations with the League of Nations. Einstein declares himself a convinced pacifist. He has realised that the League of Nations is quite unrelated to peace.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Mr. William Leach, of Bradford, debate in the "New Leader" the subject of Cabinet rule and the practice by which the supporters of a Government must vote as it directs, because the Government is supposed to resign if its policy is reversed by a vote of the House of Commons on any important issue. Mr. Leach would have this practice abolished. He wants to do away with Cabinet rule and to substitute committees in which all parties are proportionately represented, for dealing with administration. The views of Mr. Leach are embodied in a resolution from Bradford on the I.L.P. Conference agenda. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a devoted admirer of the political game as it is played to-day, opposes Mr. Leach, and stands by Cabinet rule.

What the Tories might do if something progressive were attempted is a bogey frequently conjured up by those who desire things to remain as they are. Mr. MacDonald is an adept at such diplomacy.

The Bradford resolution is a praiseworthy but vain effort to make the House of Commons a democratic assembly. Those who have drafted the Bradford resolution are familiar with the structure of the Borough Council. They realise that it is more modern and democratic than that of Parliament. The Borough Council structure is nevertheless not suited for Communist society, though it is less bad than the Parliamentary structure.

When the land, the industries, and the means of transport and distribution belong to the whole community, the producers will group themselves, according to the necessities of their work, in Soviets.

SOCIALISM was not the subject of the House of Commons debate opened by Mr. Philip Snowden. The real subject of that debate, though otherwise named, was State Capitalism, and not Socialism at all. The municipalisa-

tion of the trams, the State management of the Post Office, is not Socialism. It is because the term is so often misapplied to such institutions that the term Communism, which has the same original meaning, is used to clarify the position. Under Socialism wavery, usury, and the money system will be swept away.

THE NORFOLK FARMERS have offered a paltry wage of 24/- for a 50-hour week, and 25/- for a 54-hour week. Sir Robert Sanders, Minister of Agriculture, offered to negotiate, but refused an inquiry as to whether the reduction of wages is "justified," in view of the fact that farm workers are obliged to get their wages supplemented by the Poor Law. The Speaker refused to permit the adjournment of the House to discuss the situation.

The strike is likely to spread rapidly into Cambridge and Essex. The farm labourer is but a very insignificant fellow to the talkers at Westminster; they are thinking in very much bigger figures than his little wage. Comrades of the cities who are able to get into the country in the Easter holidays should take with them a stock of literature to assist in the urgent work of arousing the land workers to their vital importance to the community, and their right to emancipation.

THE CAPITALIST FEAR of Shop Stewards and shop organisation is evidenced by the action of the Grosvenor Carriage Works Company, of Willesden Lane, London. The firm dismissed a shop steward last week, but reinstated him after a conference with the representatives of the National Union of Vehicle Builders and the Amalgamated Society of Wheelwrights and kindred trades. On the Saturday the firm gave notice that the employees could start work on the Monday, only on condition that they would dispense with shop stewards and shop organisation. The workers refused to accept this dictum, and in spite of the present adverse conditions, abstained from work.

INTENSELY DEPRESSING is the general effect of authentic news from Soviet Russia. Capitalism and wavery being re-established there, one is not surprised to find also the attendant evils. Unemployment is considerable, as is shown by the following figures, covering 52 provinces and giving the number of posts for every 100 applicants for work:

Soviet Russia.		Marks.	
	Less 10 per cent. war tax	5,760	
	Less sick tax	1,440	
	Less invalid tax	720	
	Net wage	49,680	
January	78.4	November	64.4
February	73.3	October	70.2
March	74.6	September	70.7
April	66.7	August	68.6
May	52.3	July	73.1
June	55.8		

On December 1st last there were 539,000 persons unemployed in the 83 provinces of Soviet Russia and the Ukraine. Nearly one-third of these were skilled workers, and 18 per cent. were unskilled; 56 per cent. were women. On January 1st there were 288,097 trade unionists in Petrograd, of whom 30,929 were unemployed.

It will be observed that in spite of Russia's much vaster population, her aggregate unemployment is considerably smaller than our own. That is because the greater part of the Russian population is composed of the peasantry who are not dependent upon an employer, but work their own land.

THE REFUSAL of a pension to Lady Wilson, on the ground that her husband was not killed on an exceptional grievance, because the working-class widows of men in the ranks are constantly being treated with the same callousness. Nevertheless, the refusal is an act of remarkable hypocrisy as a sequel to the public funeral accorded to the late Field-Marshal. We be-

lieve that Lady Wilson's pension would not have been refused had she not publicly shown her hostility and resentment towards the Government at the time of the funeral. Lady Wilson considered that her husband had not received from the Government the protection to which she was entitled. Certainly a Government which employs men to do its dirty work should hold itself responsible for their lives. Nevertheless, Sir Henry Wilson seems to have been at least as ready to apply coercion and terrorism as any member of the Cabinet.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

A comrade sends this letter, received from Munich:

"We are always glad to get some newspapers from you, as paper is very scarce here and customers have to take their own wrapper to the shop—so bad are things here.

"People are now practically starving. Food is plentiful, but horribly dear. People have neither clothes nor shoes. New-born babies' napkins are made of soft paper. Dead bodies are buried in a paper sack.

"Every week we must pay 10 per cent. war tax from our miserable wages. The tax is deducted by the employer.

"A cheap suit costs 200,000 marks; a cheap pair of boots, 100,000 marks; a sewing machine costs 1,000,000 marks; a motor-car, 85,000,000 marks. A hundredweight of coal costs 10,000 marks; a bundle of wood 2,000 marks; a box of matches, 60 marks; three ounces of tobacco, 400 marks; one cigarette, 80-100 marks; one pint of milk, 600 marks; an ounce of tea, 4,100 marks; and coffee, 1,100 marks; 1 lb. salt, 100 marks; 1 lb. flour, 1,000 marks; 2 lb. black bread, 600 marks; 2 lb. white bread, 800 marks; 1 lb. sugar, 800 marks; 1 lb. butter, 5,200 marks; 1 lb. suet, 6,000 marks; 1 lb. cheese, 5,500 marks; 1 lb. sausage, 7,000 to 10,000 marks.

"Sometimes we long to be interned again in the Isle of Man!

"Our house rent has risen from 14 marks monthly to 1,680 marks since the new year.

"Our wages are not quite 6d. an hour in English money. In German paper money they are 1,200 per hour since February 15th. If I work a full 48-hour week I can earn:

	Marks.
Less 10 per cent. war tax	5,760
Less sick tax	1,440
Less invalid tax	720
Net wage	49,680

"Even if I only worked a day, the tax deductions from my wages would not be reduced. Often I work only 32 hours and suffer the same deductions.

"So we are real slaves, working only for the greedy Capitalist clique, which is already on the march for the next war."

"DREADNOUGHT" £500 FUND.

Brought forward: £475 14s. 1½d.
J. Kennedy, 1/-; M. Watkins, 2/6;
G. Garrett, 2/6; J. Oldenburg and Comrades, 4/- (2/- weekly); D. Norman, 2/-; Norwich Comrades, 6/6; Per P. Barrs, 2/-; G. L. Jones, 5/6; An Appreciative Reader, 10/-; Miss Withers, 2/6; W. E. McConnell, 1/- (weekly); Irene Smith, 1/- (weekly); F. Houghton, 2/- (weekly); Collections: Hamilton Hall, £1 1s. 6d.; Woolwich, 6/5; South London Socialist Club, 6/1; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, 10/-; E. Harris, 5d. Total for week, £4 6s. 5d. Total, £480 0s. 6½d.

own arts? Not without an apparatus of eurt-seyings, forelock pullings, tip expectations, moppings and mowings which smother his manhood up in a silly halo, pulled from the backs of the might-be honest creatures he's with. Did you ever dream of such wretchedness as this? Cribbed, cabined, confined—why, if the man plays golf, he must have another at his heels to carry his toys about! Oh wretched, wretched, hobbled, crippled, old Charnock!

THE GILDED SLAVE.

By Maurice Hewlett.

"Old Roger Charnock, M.P., J.P., D.L.—out upon the hobbled wretch! He's done it himself from the start, and has no one but himself to thank for it. I've seen him at it all along, watched him from the playground to the hulks—the gilded hulks in which he now sweats. Rugby doesn't count, though he was in the Sixth, and a swell. At Cambridge he was a jolly chap (as he is now, confound him!), quite an easy-going, God-bless-you kind of a man, with a taste for prehistoric remains which might easily have developed into a passion. He took a second in history, and was going off to Petersburg to study under Vinogradoff. But what did he do instead? Articled himself to a brewer! And when his father died and left him a thousand or two, what next but he must buy the brewer out? It was a rotten concern, I believe, and he got it for a song. Well, that was the end of him; he set to work to 'build up his fortune.' You might put it that he set to work to brick himself up in a great house. God help him now! He was at it from dawn to midnight, slaving and driving slaves. He starved himself, wouldn't look at the pretty girl he was fond of, and who was fond of him, too; took no days off, forgot his barrows and tumuli; thought of nothing but beershops and how he could rope 'em in; a foreclosure here, an advance there, here a little and there a little; nor did he rest until he had every poor devil within a thirty mile of Graseby under his arrogant old purple thumb. He 'got on,' as they say; bought land; built little painty villas for his dependants to rent for him; was what they call a just landlord, which means that he abated a man a fiver a year if he saw that by doing so he would get a tenner out of him later on. Then he married into the house of Badlesmere, and became one of the Salt of the Earth. Salt! Yes, indeed, an irritant poison.

"What did he get? What was his price? I'll tell you. He got a country house five times too big for any reasonable man, with as many rooms in it as there are days in the month. He could have slept in a new bed every night for three weeks if he had pleased. And that did please him vastly. And he got all the rest of his glories after that. J.P. came next—easily; and they all followed—M.P., D.L., M.F.K. They say he's to be sheriff this year. There are the Privy Council and a Peerage ahead of old Roger: he's got his eye on 'em. Lord Graseby, eh? Viscount, Earl, Marquis of Graseby, Duke of —. I believe there's only one county left to be Duke of, and that's Flint. Duke of Flint—and well named, for a man petrified at the heart. . . . Now, do you see how the fellow's tied himself up—like one of his own beer-shops? He has tied up his morals absolutely. I don't mean in the cheap sense that he can't live in splendour and ease unless people get drunk. That's true, but refers to the vulgar notion of morals as meaning good morals. (Morality doesn't mean good morals at all. It means customs. Very bad customs may be good morals to some nations, and t'other way about. The only really good morality, common to all people, consists in being true to yourself.) But I mean that he can't follow his own bent. He can't have a single motion of the mind unless public opinion backs him up. Hopeless! Can he punch a man's head? Of course not: he'd be liable to appear before his own Bench. And he's chairman! Can he lie down under a hedge on a stormy night in summer and sleep beneath the stars? An excellent custom, according to me; but, bless you, the scandal! Can he walk down Bond Street on a July noon with his coat off? Not without a crowd at his heels, and I've done it half-a-dozen times. Can he delve? There's forty stewart gardening men to know the reason why. Can he pass the time of day with a railway guard, bus conductor, crossing sweeper, gipsy woman, all first-rate authorities in their

ESPERANTO. Lesson 12. THE SUBJECT.

1. La homoj marŝis al Londono, the men marched to London.

2. Ili marŝis al Londono, they marched to London.

3. Mi estas pagata de tiu persono, I am (being) paid by that person.

The vital word in a sentence is the word denoting the thing (or person) about which we are speaking. That word is called the **Subject** of a sentence.

In sentence (1) above, (la) homoj is the Subject; in (2) ili, a pronoun, is the Subject; and in (3) the pronoun mi is the Subject.

The **Subject** of a sentence, then, is the word (usually a noun or pronoun) denoting the thing or person about which we are speaking.

The Subject is the word which is, so to say, the "nerve" of the "story" which the sentence tells. It may be accompanied by adjectives, but these merely indicate certain of the "hero's" qualities, as in the sentence: La senlaboraj homoj marŝis al Londono, the workless men marched to London. Here the first three words are the subject; but, for simplicity's sake, we will regard the noun homoj as the subject.

If a Noun or a Pronoun has a Preposition before it (for example, as in: al Londono, de . . . persono), we know at once that it cannot be the Subject of the sentence. So, if we change the order of the words in the sentence given above, and say:

(1) Al Londono marŝis la homoj, to London marched the men;

(3) De tiu persono mi estas pagata, by that person I am paid, we should know at once that the Subject in (1) is not "Londono," and in (3) is not "persono," as these nouns have prepositions before them. By changing the order of the words in a sentence, we do not usually alter the meaning—at any rate in Esperanto. The Subject of (1) is still la homoj, and of (3) mi.

The Subject, then, is the chief word of a sentence; the Verb tells us something about the Subject; and the Preposition shows some relationship between either the subject and something else, or the verb and something else.

Iam, Kiam, etc.

Iam, at some time, ever. Indefinite time (. . . a.m. reminds us of time).

Kiam (at what time), when? K asks a question.

Tiam (at that time), then. T, like a signpost, points out.

Neniam (at no time), never. Negative.

Ciam (at all times), always.

Vocabulary.

came	venis
rejoiced	ĝojis
how	kiel
glad, content	kontenta
shall be able	povas
happy	feliĉaj
until	ĝis
will belong	apartenos
only	nur
that (thing)	tio
will happen	okazos

Translate the following and pick out the Subject in each sentence. The figure (2) indicates that there are two sentences, and therefore two Subjects. In each of these cases marked " (2) " there are a **Principal** sentence and a **Dependent** (or subordinate) sentence. The comma separates the principal from the subordinate sentence:

Kiam li venis, mi ĝojis (2). Kiel kontenta mi estas, ke li venis tiam (2)! Mi ĉiam ĝojas, kiam li venas (2). La laboristoj neniam povos esti feliĉaj, ĝis la tero apartenos al ili (2). Nur tiam ili estos feliĉaj. Kiam tio okazos? Tio okazos iam, (vi) estu certa (2).

LESSONS FOR PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

THE GREEK SLAVES AND FREED MEN.

II.

The Greek industrial unions of freed men and slaves were called "eranoi" and "thiasoi." The "eranos" was probably the actual union which was often a secret organisation, and the "thiasos" the friendly and burial society section which worked openly and organised processions and demonstrations.

The Greek Trade Unions were international—that is to say, they covered all the lands to which Greek civilisation extended. With the rise of the Romans the Unions continued and spread throughout the Empire.

These Unions were often persecuted, and at certain periods they were only recognised as legal in so far as they were mere burial associations. Therefore, when persecuted, they took shelter behind that function, and kept their major activities secret. They have often been regarded as mere religious societies because they held religious rites and sacrificed to their gods; but their religious observances were but in accordance with the customs of the time; their main business was economic.

According to Osborne Ward and some other historians, these unions were really co-operative associations, inside which all goods were held in common, the "empineletes," or business manager, buying for the organisation. The money obtained by selling the goods produced by the Union members was retained in the common fund, from which was bought all that the members required. A common table was maintained, at which all might eat. The "tamia," or housewife, no doubt attended to this part of the business, and the Union employed its cooks and waiters, who were called deacons. Records of fines and dues paid by the members to the Union show, however, that if at some time they were fully Communist, they were not always completely so.

In order to become freed men, the slaves obtained money from their Union, thus selling themselves to the god of their Union, who bought them from the slave owner. A Greek inscription, cited by Osborne Ward in "The Ancient Lowly," records that Cleon, son of Cleoxenes, sold to the Pythian Apollo a male body, the name of which is Istaues, a Syrian by birth, for the sum of 400 francs, on condition that Istaues is to be free and no man shall lay hands on him during his lifetime.

Another inscription states that runaway slaves must take refuge in the temples and occupy a place set apart for them. Whoever receives such fugitives or gives them work must pay to the owner double the price of the slave, and also be fined 500 drachmas. This is believed to mean that only if the runaway slave took refuge with the god of his Union, and the Union would buy him from the owner, could he be freed. The protection of sanctuary, which the Christian Church had the power to extend to fugitives, thus existed in pagan times, and was claimed by the runaway slaves. Osborne Ward believes the right of sanctuary for the slave to have existed when the Homeric Odyssey was composed.

The transfer of a slave to the god of the Union was accompanied by a regular receipt. A slave emancipated by sale to the god was more secure than if emancipated in other ways. The performance was solemn, vows were taken before the Union; the kurios, or lord of the Union, and perhaps some public officials were present. The record of the ceremony was engraved on the stones of the temple, and if the master attempted to re-take the freed man he could call help and use force to protect himself.

Being freed from the slave owner, the freed man became the property of his Union, which meant that the Union would be responsible for finding him work and maintenance.

The gods of the unions were naturally regarded as the saviours of the slaves. Saturn, Nemesis, and Dionysus were specially singled out as patrons of the Unions. Nemesis, now generally regarded as a terrible goddess of misfortune, was held by the Unions to be their protector, and the enemy of unjust distribution. They represented her riding through the tempests in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons, holding a scale of justice in one hand and the lightning of vengeance in the other. The bagpipers of ancient Rome took her for their goddess. Inscriptions show that at Cyzicus a Union of fishermen worshipped Poseidon and Aphrodite. At Epheesus, Athens, Smyrna, Philippi, Thessalonica, and numberless cities of Asia Minor, traces of the Unions are found, and evidence that their gods were Zabazios, Dionysus, Apollo, Baal, Attys, Serapis, Saturn, Artemis, Cybele, Bona-Dea, Minerva, Isis, Nemesis and others.

Baptism, a symbol of cleanliness, formed part of the initiation ceremony on joining the Unions. It was their rule that the members must love and care for each other. Each year, on February 1st, they held an annual feast-day. From February 13th to 25th they held sacred to the dead. In March they strewed violets on the graves of the dead and in May roses.

A member of the Union was sure of being received as a brother or sister and of sharing from the common store, even in passing into another country where the Union was established. An inscription found among the ruins of a theatre at Teos, in Iasos, tells that the Union of playwrights had fallen into debt and applied to its international for assistance. The main synod of the Union considered the matter in secret session, and it was agreed to render the necessary aid. The synod of the Union also used its influence with the City Commissioners of public order, and induced them to place the performances at the Dionysian festivities, which were approaching, in the hands of the branch that was in difficulties. The inscription shows that the members of the Union employed in the festivities included machinists for the scenic apparatus, tragical poets, tragical players, melodramatists, comedians, either players, and singers.

The Unions were employed by the State, the municipalities through Boards of Works. The competition of Government-owned slaves, who worked under conditions of great hardship and dependence, was a serious handicap to the Unions which contracted independently for the public works.

In 621 B.C. in Attica the social inequalities and hardships under which the workers suffered led to conspiracies and uprisings. Draco compiled a code of laws so cruel that ever since then a Draconian law has signified a harsh and unpopular measure. In the year 594 the people were on the verge of rebellion; and Solon, who was called a friend of the people, undertook to pacify them by a reform compromise since called by his name. By the Solonic code mortgages on land and all public and private debts were cancelled. No citizen could be enslaved for debt, a limit was placed on the accumulation of land, the money standard was reformed, the arbitrary powers of fathers over their children was limited.

Moreover, the people were divided into four classes: (1) Large landowners; (2) knights; (3) peasants; (4) day labourers. Members of the first class alone could hold the highest offices of State, members of the second class could hold minor positions of State, whilst members of the third and fourth classes could only participate as voters in the popular assemblies and on juries. Members of the third and fourth classes were exempted from State taxation.

The Unions were legalised and regulated by the law of Solon, and an eight-hour day was ordained. The members of the Unions having obtained political power, used it to secure the election of State and municipal officials, pledged to give public works to their Unions.

Parliament As We See It.

On March 20th Mr. Philip Snowden, on behalf of the Labour Party, moved the following resolution, for which the Government had given time:

SOCIALISM OR STATE CAPITALISM?

"That in view of the failure of the Capitalist system to adequately utilise and organise natural resources and productive power, or to provide the necessary standard of life for vast numbers of the population, and believing that the cause of this failure lies in the private ownership and control of the means of production and distribution, this House declares that legislative effort should be directed to the gradual supersession of the Capitalist system by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution."

Mr. Snowden said: "The Capitalist system has not given the people a good world in which to live." A census of production taken a year or two before the war had shown the wealth production to represent only £110 per head of the population. That low output of material things was due, he urged, to the growth of a very large rich idle class, whose spending power was to a great extent exercised in the maintenance of unremunerative and unproductive labour. A great Capitalist some thirty years ago published a book showing that four-elevenths of the people were unproductively employed as servants of the rich, or otherwise catering for those with money to spend. The proportion must be larger to-day.

AFTER A CENTURY OF CAPITALISM.

After a century of Capitalism, agricultural labourers are resisting the imposition of a 23/- wage—14/- a week at pre-war values; 100,000 railwaymen were only paid £1 a week prior to the war; miners are obliged to get the Poor Law to supplement their earnings; 1,500,000 would-be workmen are unemployed. There are 2,000 to 3,000 industrial disputes a year; 50 per cent. of the people of London are officially described as living in a state of overcrowding. The Chairman of the L.C.C. Housing Committee, a stern opponent of Socialism, says there are 2,000 slum areas in London, and: "The class of houses required by the working class will not be built by private enterprise." So bad are the conditions of the people that 260,000 hours of labour are lost through ill-health by insured workers; 88 per cent. of the wealth of this country is owned by 2½ per cent. of the population; five out of every six persons who die leave not a penny behind them. Agriculture is bankrupt, and a deputation of farmers told the Prime Minister that Protection or a State subsidy are the only hopes for it.

From 1850 to 1874 there was an improvement in the conditions of the wage-earning classes, but for ten years before the war the conditions had been worsening. In 1908 a Board of Trade Report showed that the standard piece-rates of wages were the same in the Lancashire cotton trade as in 1854. Yet the wealth assessed to income tax under schedule was twelve times more in 1918 than in 1854. For ten years before the war, whilst the cost of living was rising, wages had either remained stationary or had declined. Between 1894 and 1908 the mean increase of wages had been under 10 per cent.

In the unrestrained period of Capitalism children of five or six years worked in the factories, and tubs were kept hanging to dip them in when they fell asleep. Any improvement was due to a partial application of the principles of Socialism.

THE TRUSTS.

The opportunities for private enterprise are passing away. They are being narrowed down by the creation of great trusts. A well-informed American had told him that 26 of the United States were dominated by two or three great trusts, which controlled every-

thing, from the railways to the crops and the cattle. Trusts were growing in this country. They could produce cheaply, but the advantages went, not to the people, but to those who had invested capital in the trust.

By far the greatest time that mankind has lived in the globe was under a state of tribal Communism.

NO CONFISCATION.

As to the alternative to Capitalism, Mr. Snowden said:

"We propose no revolution . . . and I will certainly always resent any proposal of confiscation. . . . There are three or four ways in which we have been dealing with the Capitalist system, and all we suggest is that we should continue on these lines, but much more rapidly. . . . We want no further step forward until the previous step which we took has been justified by its success."

Mr. Snowden went on to cite municipal trading and the State building of working-class dwellings as steps towards Socialism, and assured Sir Alfred Mond his "great abilities, his wonderful mental capacities, and great organising skill" would find abundant scope in organising Socialist enterprises.

It was clear that what Mr. Snowden advocates is not Socialism, but State Capitalism introduced in very gradual stages.

APT QUOTATIONS.

Mr. T. Johnston, editor of the Glasgow "Forward," seconded the motion. He did not explain his ideas of Socialism, but gave a number of apt quotations condemning Capitalism:

"It is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of a single human being."—John Stuart Mill.

"Our successful industry has been hitherto unsuccessful. In the midst of plethora plenty the people perish."—Thomas Carlyle.

"Our cities are wildernesses of spinning wheels, yet our people have not clothes."—John Ruskin.

"We can to-day by overwork and overstrain in workshop and factory for forty-eight or more hours per week, barely produce sufficient for our needs, whilst we might with the means science has placed at our disposal . . . provide for all the wants of each of us in food, shelter, and clothing by one hour's work per week for each of us from school age to dotage."—Lord Leverhulme.

STR ALFRED MOND'S REPLY.

Sir Alfred Mond replied by moving a pro-Capitalist resolution. He directed his attack, not against Socialism as we conceive it, but against the State Capitalism advocated by Mr. Snowden. He said that even the Labour Members would rather have money in a business managed by him than in any business managed by a civil servant in Whitehall.

Sir A. Mond added that the German State mines and railways do not pay as well as those run by private Capitalism. Sir A. Mond looks at the whole field from the point of view of profits. Also he considers only State Capitalism; but that is not surprising, since it was State Capitalism which Mr. Snowden's resolution urged. Socialism was not under review.

Mr. Macdonald says:

"I cannot imagine anything that would more decisively smash every prospect of a continuation of the Labour Party in office than a Tory resolution calling for some extravagant expenditure for an apparently useful purpose—a resolution which would be supported by, say, a group of Labour Members who felt that they could not possibly afford to vote against it because, theoretically, they were quite in favour of it, and also because they could not afford to be challenged by their constituents for voting against it."

FROM AUSTRALIA.

Tom Walsh, of the Federated Seamen's Union of Australasia, writes:

"The worst feature of things English—to me, anyway—is the apparent mildness of the seamen. How those men can suffer their officials to agree to cuts and cuts in the wage scale is one of those things I cannot understand. I can, of course, understand Have-lock Wilson, sitting in 'masters' offices, agreeing to any proposition put forward by the shipowner to reduce wages; but I am at a loss to account for the seeming indifference of the men who go to sea."

"The Arbitration Court in New Zealand cut into the wages of the men over there last November. The cut amounts to about 30/- per month; and since the Court dealt with the wages question the men have been on strike."

"We, here in Australia, have been helping the New Zealand men as far as we could; but the unemployed in this country at the present time would be more than sufficient to man the whole British fleet. Now I do not wish you to think that the Union Steamship Company, which, by the way, is one of his 'lordship' Incheape's utilities, could get sufficient seamen to man one of their ships; they could not. In fact, they had to get the Government of New Zealand to abrogate the Seamen's Act in that country, so as to enable the employers to engage anyone they chose as a seaman. The law over there provides that ships shall be manned by bona-fide seamen, and it further enacts that those presenting themselves for engagement as seamen shall produce satisfactory evidence that they are qualified. A man who wishes to sign as an A.B. must have had four years' service, and must possess certificates to prove this. In like manner those who offered for engagement in other capacities must have had the necessary sea service and be possessed of the qualifying certificates of discharges from ships in which they may have served."

"Of course all this gave our chaps across the pond a big lift and a commanding position, provided 'master' recognised the law, but immediately the men refused to recognise the award of the Court by declining to accept engagements, and when the boss found that his call for 'volunteer' seamen fell on deaf ears he used his political or Parliamentary machine to serve his purpose."

"When the Government (subservient to the Capitalist, as all Parliamentary Governments must be that wish to remain constitutionally in power) rescinded the Seamen's Act; then the call for scabs was broadcasted throughout New Zealand, and sufficient creatures—not seamen by any means—were induced to respond to the call."

It has certainly not proved a very paying proposition for the shipowners to employ the non-unionists. Ships which previously had carried fifteen firemen have now got 28 or 30 doing the same work. The same or a similar ratio would apply to the position on deck. It means that it is costing the company twice as much in wages alone; but what do the employers care, so long as they win out against the workers?

"New Zealand seamen are now willing to go back to work; but they first desire the company to remove the scabs. This was a condition put up by the representatives of the men in a conference in Wellington last week. Personally, I am sorry that they put such a proposition forward. I think their duty was to disregard the scabs entirely, to go on board the ships and belt merry hell out of the scabby lot. I am, and always have been, against asking 'master' for preference. I maintain that our duty to ourselves is to make it impossible for 'master' to find a seaman outside our organisation. If it came to a conference here in Sydney, I should never think of raising the question of the scab labour; the men themselves would drive them out of the ships in a few days."

PRIDE OF RACE

In the House of Commons the other day, the Members and the Home Secretary were shocked, fellow-worker, to learn that the six-year-old little daughter of a dead English soldier had been sent to India for adoption by an Eurasian family.

Pride of race was offended by the thought that a full-blooded English girl should have fallen into the hands of people of Indian blood, and so might act as an influence making towards the breakdown of those barriers which the conquering race maintains against intercourse with the despised natives.

Pride of race was incensed by the notion that an English girl should be adopted by an Eurasian woman; but, observe, fellow-worker, pride of race was not at all disconcerted by the fact that the widow of an English soldier should be so poor that she should find herself unable to maintain her little girl, and should therefore consent, with deep sorrow, to give her into the hands of a stranger to bring up, and should part with her for ever.

Pride of race is not dismayed by that most cruel and unjust of hardships. That is an everyday trouble, a part of the chronic hardship, which is always with us under the private property system.

Pride of race was not offended when it learnt of a widowed mother of thirteen children, the eldest of whom is only 15 years, who, because she was utterly destitute, had tramped for four days with her children, from the New Forest to Whitehill, near Bordon.

Things of that kind, however, are unpleasant. "What can't be cured must be endured," says the proverb. Comfortable people add: "and forgotten." Down at Easton Lodge the Labour Party officials very successfully forget the woes of the poor when they are busy at the tennis court with Lady Mercy Greville and other young ladies of aristocratic lineage.

Indeed, fellow-worker, "the Labour Party's Chequers," as Easton Lodge is now called, is a great place, and the Labour Party leaders are learning there the social arts that will recommend them to the favour of Courts and Kings and financiers when they take office as His Majesty's Government.

The more advanced radical newspapers may laugh at the once fire-eating demagogues who, reclining on cushions padded up by Society ladies, are swiftly forgetting their one-time dreams of an equalitarian society, and a merry England in which there should be neither poverty nor riches, neither palaces nor slums. The Labour Party leaders will turn a deaf ear to such sneering, convinced that it is merely a case of sour grapes.

And you and I, fellow-worker; what shall we say when we see the Press photographs of Mr. Hodges with his white shoes, playing on the sunny tennis courts these glad spring days at lovely Easton Lodge? Shall we feel proud of him, and forget that it was he who manoeuvred the miners into accepting a settlement which means that after a full week's work in the mines the members of his Union are still in want and obliged to go to the Guardians? Shall we be content? Or shall we set ourselves to build a Union of Workers' Committees of the men and women who are actually at work in the mines and factories, the fields and ships?

Shall we set ourselves to end this system that has made it possible for a titled lady to give one of her houses to the Labour leaders whilst wan-faced workers who put the Labour leaders where they are, are existing in poverty in the slums?

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

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THAMES.

Old river grey, may thine enshrouding mists
Envelop now my mind, and steal away
Its bitter ache and its revolting cry.

There lie thy barges, silently and still,
And those that move glide onward like the
shades,

Their thin smoke wreathing low and lights'
small gleam.

Would I might go with them, and leave
behind

My life with its sore fret, like fallen leaves
That drift upon thy waters with the tide,
Whilst I'd sail on upstream to pastures new,
Far in the country fastnesses, where sweet
The birds are singing in the April trees.

E. S. P.

THE ANTI-NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CO-OPERATIVE COMMUNES.

This Society sends us an account of its objects and principles. It endeavours to form groups in all habitable countries. It has formed a group in the province of Malaga, in Spain.

It aims at making the groups independent and supporting themselves by their products and the work of their members. They hope to become centres of physical and moral regeneration. By sane economics, simple living, the aid of science, and the elimination of useless toil, it is hoped continually to reduce the time and energy expended on material needs in order to give a greater place to the culture of the arts and sciences and the physical and moral personality.

The use of domestic animals will be gradually discarded, and a vegetarian and frutitarian diet instituted.

The exploitation of man, notably through wage labour, usury and commerce, will be eliminated by the collective ownership of the land, the natural resources and the means of production and transport, by co-operative organisation of production and consumption. The rights of the individuals, the minorities and the collectivity shall be recognised. The rights and obligations of both sexes shall be equal. The child shall be regarded as belonging to itself. Its education shall aim at assisting its individual development. Its instruction shall be both practical and theoretical, and shall alternate with work and service appropriate to its age.

The general assembly each year elects a general administrator, who chooses some collaborators to form an administrative Council. The general assembly decides the work to be regulated the details of the work. The members apply for work to the directors of work chosen by the administrative Council. They are entitled to work. The working hours end at 2 or 3 p.m. Candidates must work four hours a day. Members may not work more than six hours a day, and only work as long as they please. Sixty-five per cent. of the joint product is distributed amongst the workers, the remainder is retained for reserve expansion and common use. The workers are paid by the hour, a member getting 80 per cent. of the payment of a director or teacher, and the apprentices 60 per cent. Part of the payment is made in cash, part in kind. The members pay for their board and lodging, and no credit is allowed. The education of the children is paid for by the Society. Members are granted maintenance if ill, and a pension when they have ceased to work. Candidates must pay 300 pesetas on admission, and 3,000 pesetas when they become members.

It will be observed that this Co-operative Society has not completely broken with the methods of Capitalist society. Nevertheless, it is endeavouring to create a life of useful and healthy endeavour from which the struggle either for wealth or a bare existence and the exploitation of others has been eliminated. The creation of such colonies is an evidence of the disgust for Capitalism which is growing in many quarters, and the desire for a more desirable life.

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