

The Future of the Tropics.

Workers' Breadnought

WE STAND FOR THE END OF WAGEDOM

VOL. X. No. 4.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1923.

WEEKLY.

BYRON'S PROTEST.

Forming part of the Prologue to Ernest Toller's *Machine Wreckers*, and based by Toller upon a speech by Lord Byron delivered in the House of Lords on the Framework Bill, February 27th, 1812. The play is translated from the German by Ashley Dukes.

Lord Byron: All of you know, my lords, why we are met.

The working weavers are confederate
Against their masters; they have used duress
And plan destruction. But whose policy
Taught them the trade of havoc, whose the hand

That undermined the welfare of the realm?
It was the policy of robber wars
The myth of heroes from your history books.
That grew to be the curse of living men!
O, can you wonder, lords, if in these times,
When fraud and shameless greed like mildew
tarnish

Our highest ranks, the working folk forget
The duty that they owe the State, and add
Guilt to the burden of their penury?

Theirs is a crime, my lords, I grant, and yet
Such deeds are daily done in Parliaments.
The evil doer in high places knows
How to slip through the meshes of the law:
The workman does his penance for the crime
That hunger, hunger drove him to commit.
Machinery stole ground beneath his feet,
Thrust him relentless on the road to want.
Rebellion cried within him;
Nature demands that all shall live!
Nature denies that some must feast
While others famish! Noble lords,
The labourer stood in readiness
To till the fallow fields of England;
Only the spade he held was not his own—
He was a beggar. Who rose up
And said: We help you in your need?
Blind passion was the end of all of us.
You call these men and women rabble,
Cry out upon the many-headed monster,
Demand its leaders shall be straightway
hanged.

Where Mercy starves, the State must thirst
for blood.

The sword, as ever, is a shift of fools
To hide their folly.

Let us consider well this rabble, lords:
It is the rabble digging in your fields,
It is the rabble serving in your halls,
It is the rabble whence your soldiers spawn,
It is the strong arm that sets you in power
To bid defiance to an enemy world,
And it will bid defiance to its masters
If it be driven madly to despair.

And one thing I say to you, my lords,
For wars your purse was ever open wide;
A tenth part of the money that you gave
To Portugal "in service to mankind"
Would have sufficed to still the pangs at
home

And give the gallows peace. I saw in Turkey
The most despotic rule the world has known,
But nowhere dearth in plenty such as here
In Christian England,
And what is now your remedy for the ill?
Hanging, the nostrum of all penny-quacks

The Hooked Cross in Austria.

By Andreas Latzko.

[The swastika or Hooked Cross (Haken-Krenz), is the emblem of the German Fascist, standing for aggressive nationalism, anti-Semitism, and anti-Socialism.]

Sirs.—The Hooked-Cross movement is the gift of Germany to the Austrian Republic. . . . Anti-Semitism has been decidedly on the increase in both countries since the end of the war, although for entirely different reasons. Any nation that has been conquered in war is ready to believe itself the victim of some treachery, for it seems less humiliating to have succumbed to one's own good faith than to the enemy's strength. This psychological fact lies at the root of Germany's anti-Semitism and the Hooked-Cross movement; and this movement has brought about the surprising result that the very men who broke Germany's power by misusing her national enthusiasm in the interests of industrial greed, the men whose megalomania made them undertake to fight a whole world in arms—that these very men again hold the full confidence of their erstwhile victims and are sure to march at their head on the day when they shall advance to destroy the few far-seeing friends who warned them in time.

The overwhelming majority of Germany's peasantry and bourgeoisie to-day is firmly convinced that the aims of the war were not set too high, that Germany's strength was sufficient to reach them, that victory, indeed, was already within her grasp when the "Jewish poison" of internationalism caused her downfall. In this way the Hooked Cross provides the German masses with a balm for their injured pride and a victim for their revenge, a victim more easily attainable than their recent conquerors; and thus it fans to fever-heat the age-old animosity between the races. To-day the German nation does not, as in 1914, await the order to spring upon its enemy—it awaits permission.

No. To Austria the Hooked Cross does not stand for revenge and renewed war. The fact that the movement has been spreading here too: that every little town now has its Hooked-Cross organisation; that Vienna echoes with cries for the "numerus clausus"; that in the demonstration parades one sees

Who burrow in the body of the State!
Is not the law bespattered to the Crown?
Shall blood be shed until it steams to Heaven
In witness of your guilt? Is hanging medicine
For hunger and despair? Suppose, my lords,
Your Bill made law. Regard the prisoner
Brought up for judgment, dull with misery,
Weak with starvation, weary of a life
That by your reckoning is of less account
Than one dismantled loom. Regard this man,
Torn from the family whose breadwinner
He may not be (although the will is there)
Dragged into Court. Who will pronounce the
verdict?

Twelve honest men and true? Never, my
lords!

Command twelve butchers as your jurymen,
And make a hangman judge!

beside the usual half-grown boys and noisy rabble, a surprising number of serious, mature men of good standing; all this does not prove that Pan-German aggression and vindictiveness have taken root here too. It means something altogether different. Austria, though willing to forget the war, is not willing to forget the drabness and sordidness and impoverishment which peace has brought her; and for this "an infamous, unpatriotic, Jewish invention" is blamed—Socialism! Socialism has taken advantage of Austria's weakness after the debacle, and has goaded on the working classes to make exorbitant demands, including the eight-hour day and the support of the unemployed, which brought the country to financial ruin. . . .

How charming was life in America before the traditional submissiveness of the proletariat had been undermined by Socialism! In those halcyon days the weakling who could not carry his own trunk and paid a stronger man to do it, was conscious of extending a favour. Everybody who did work had to dissolve in gratitude before him who so graciously furnished it and also paid him for it—who was thus doubly his benefactor! Was it not Socialism that made away with this delightful "kiss-the-hand" tradition? Is not Socialism alone responsible for the insolence of the workers who now insist on meeting their employers on a basis of equality? Do not the conditions thus wrought about ridiculously favour labour? Is it not clear that the old balance between master and servant must be re-established before life can again be livable? Indeed yes; and to that end, the Jews must go!

"The Jews must go!" Right here is the break in the logic; and it takes all the intoxication of fanaticism to keep the people from discovering it. For everybody knows that there are very few Jewish mechanics or artisans in Austria, while Jewish factory hands, bricklayers, street pavers, workmen who earn their living by bodily exertion, are as rare as four-leaved clovers. On the other hand, the Jewish profiteer, he whose ruthless greed and wallowing self-indulgence is justly condemned—he can scarcely be accused of being a Socialist! It is, indeed, the great achievement of the Hooked Cross that it has managed to direct the hatred engendered by unscrupulous Jewish capitalists against the Jewish idealists who sacrifice comfort and career to fight the battle of the disinherited.

FROM THE EDITOR.

The question of funds remains critically urgent: it is a source of constant anxiety, and a great handicap to our work.

- You can help:
- (1) By introducing the paper to new readers.
 - (2) By paying for your papers promptly.
 - (3) By sending a donation now, and making a regular weekly or monthly contribution to the "Dreadnought" Maintenance Fund.

THE SEVEN THAT WERE HANGED.

(By Leonid Andreyev, a famous Russian Author.)

VIII.

DEATH EXISTS, AND LIFE ALSO.

Sergey Golovin never thought of death. It seemed to him something incidental and foreign. He was robust, endowed with that serenity in the joy of living which causes all evil thoughts, all thoughts fatal to life, to disappear rapidly, leaving the organism intact. Just as, with him, physical wounds healed quickly, so all injuries to his soul were immediately nullified. He brought into all his acts, into his pleasures and into his preparations for crime, the same happy and tranquil gravity: everything in life was gay, everything was important, worthy of being well done.

And he did everything well; he sailed a boat admirably, he was an excellent marksman. He was as faithful in friendship as in love, and had an unshakeable confidence in the "word of honour." His comrades declared laughingly that, if one who had been proved a spy should swear to Sergey that he was not a spy, Sergey would believe him and shake hands with him. A single fault: he thought himself a good singer, whereas he sang atrociously false, even in the case of revolutionary hymns. He got angry when they laughed at him.

"Either you are all asses, or else I am an ass!" he said in a serious and offended tone. And, after a moment's reflection, the comrades declared, in a tone quite as serious:

"It is you who are an ass. You show it in your voice!"

And, as is sometimes the case with worthy people, they loved him perhaps more for his eccentricities than for his virtues.

He thought so little of death, he feared it so little, that on the fatal morning, before leaving the dwelling of Tanya Kovalchuk, he alone had breakfasted with appetite, as usual. He had taken two glasses of tea, and eaten a whole two-cent loaf. Then, looking with sadness at Werner's untouched bread, he said to him:

"Why don't you eat? Eat; it is necessary to get strength!"

"I am not hungry."

"Well, I will eat your bread! Shall I?"

"What an appetite you have, Sergey!"

By way of reply, Sergey, with his mouth full, began to sing, in a false and hollow voice:

"A hostile wind is blowing o'er our heads."

After the arrest Sergey had a moment of sadness; the plot had been badly planned. But he said to himself: "Now there is something else that must be done well—to die." And his gaiety returned. On his second day in the fortress he began gymnastic exercises, according to the extremely rational system of a German named Muller, which interested him much. He undressed himself completely; and, to the amazement of the anxious sentinel, he went carefully through the eighteen prescribed exercises.

As a propaganda of the Muller system, it gave him much satisfaction to see the soldier follow his movements. Although he knew that he would get no answer, he said to the eye that appeared at the grating:

"That is the kind of thing that does you good, brother, that gives you strength! That is what they ought to make you do in the regiment," he added, in a gentle and persuasive voice, that he might not frighten the soldier, easily on its springs. All care had vanished; not suspecting that his guardian took him for a madman.

The fear of death showed itself in him progressively, seemingly by shocks; it seemed to him that someone was thumping him violently in the heart from below. Then the sensation disappeared, but came back a few hours later, each time more intense and prolonged. It was beginning already to take on the vague outlines of an unendurable anguish.

"Is it possible that I am afraid?" thought Sergey, in astonishment. "How stupid!"

It was not he who was afraid: it was his young, robust, and vigorous body, which neither the gymnastics of Muller or the cold shower-baths could deceive. The stronger and fresher he became after his cold-water ablutions, the more acute and unendurable was his sensation of temporary fear. And it was in the morning, after his deep sleep and physical exercises, that this atrocious fear like something foreign appeared—exactly at the moment when formerly he had been particularly conscious of his strength and his joy in living. He noticed this, and said to himself:

"You are stupid, my friend. In order that the body may die more easily, it should be weakened, not fortified."

From that time he gave up his gymnastics and his massage. And, to explain this right-about-face, he cried to the soldier:

"Brother, the method is a good one. It is only for those who are going to be hanged that it is good for nothing."

In fact, he felt a sort of relief. He tried also to eat less in order to further weaken himself, but, in spite of the lack of air and exercise, his appetite remained excellent. Sergey could not resist it, and ate everything that they brought him. Then he resorted to a subterfuge; before sitting down to table, he poured half of his soup into his bucket. And this method succeeded; a great weariness, a vague numbness took possession of him.

"I will teach you!" he said, threatening his body; and he caressed his softening muscles sadly.

But soon the body became accustomed to this regime, and the fear of death appeared again, not in so acute a form, but as a vague sensation of nausea, still harder to bear. "It is because this lasts so long," thought Sergey. "If only I could sleep all the time until the day of execution!" He tried to sleep as much as possible. His first efforts were not altogether fruitless; then insomnia set in, accompanied with obsessing thoughts and, with these, a regret that he must part with life.

"Am I then afraid of it?" he asked himself, thinking of death. "It is the loss of life that I regret. Life is an admirable thing, whatever the pessimists may say. What would a pessimist say if they were to hang him? Ah! I regret to lose my life, I regret it much!"

When he clearly understood that for him all was over, that he had before him only a few hours of empty waiting and then death, he had a queer feeling. It seemed to him that they had stripped him naked in an extraordinary fashion. Not only had they taken away his clothes, but also sun, air, sound and light, speech, and the power of action. Death had not yet arrived, and yet life seemed already absent; he felt a strange sensation, sometimes incomprehensible, sometimes intelligible, but very subtle and mysterious.

"What is it, then?" wondered Sergey, in his torment. "And I, where am I? I . . . What I?"

He examined himself attentively, with interest, beginning with his loose slippers, such as the prisoners wore, and stopping with his belly, over which hung his ample cloak. He began to walk back and forth in his cell, with arms apart, and continued to look at himself as a woman does when trying on a gown that is too long. He tried to turn his head; it turned. And what seemed to him a little terrifying was he himself, Sergey Golovin, who soon would be no more!

Everything became strange.

He tried to walk, and it seemed queer to him to walk. He tried to sit down, and he was surprised that he could do so. He tried to drink water, and it seemed queer to him to drink, to swallow, to hold the goblet, to see his fingers, his trembling fingers. He began to cough, and thought: "How curious it is! I cough."

"What is the matter? Am I going mad?" he asked himself. "That would be the last straw, indeed!"

He wiped his brow, and this gesture seemed to him equally surprising. Then he fixed himself in a motionless posture, without breathing—for entire hours, it seemed to him, extinguishing all thought, holding his breath, avoiding all motion; for every thought was madness, every gesture an aberration. Time disappeared as if transformed into space, into a transparent space in which there was no air, into an immense place containing everything—land and life and men. And one could take in everything at a glance, to the very extremity, to the edge of the unknown gulf, to death. And it was not because he saw death that Sergey suffered, but because he saw life and death at the same time. A sacrilegious hand had lifted the curtain which from all eternity had hidden the mystery of life and the mystery of death; they had ceased to be mysteries, but they were no more comprehensible than truth written in a foreign language.

"And here we are back to Muller again!" he suddenly declared aloud, in a voice of deep conviction. He shook his head, and began to laugh gaily, sincerely:

"Ah, my good Muller! My dear Muller! My worthy German! You are right, after all, Muller; as for me, brother Muller, I am only an ass!"

He quickly made the round of his cell; and, to the great astonishment of the soldier who was watching him through the grating, he entirely undressed and went through the eighteen exercises with scrupulous exactness. He bent and straightened up his young body which had grown a little thin; he stooped, inhaling and exhaling the air; he raised himself on tip-toe, and moved his arms and legs.

"Yes, but, you know, Muller," reasoned Sergey, throwing out his chest, his ribs outlining themselves plainly under his thin, distended skin—"you know, Muller, there's still a nineteenth exercise—suspension by the neck in a fixed position. And that is called hanging. Do you understand, Muller? They take a living man, Sergey Golovin, for example; they wrap him up like a doll, and they hang him by the neck until he is dead. It is stupid, Muller, but that is the way it is; one must be resigned!"

He leaned on his right side, and repeated:

"One must be resigned, Muller!"

(To be continued.)

THE GLORY OF WAR.

"You're the one German sailor who understands war. Kill your enemy and don't be killed yourself. I don't blame you for the submarine business. I'd have done the same myself, only our idiots in England wouldn't believe it when I told 'em. . . Yours till hell freezes, Fisher."—Letter from Admiral Sir John Fisher, head of the British Navy, to Admiral von Tirpitz, head of the German Navy; dated March 29th, 1916.

JUDICIAL PREJUDICE.

"This penalty has been made necessary because of the false doctrines you have been advocating. You advocate in your literature that the poor man has no chance."

"But the laws of this State are all made for the poor man. The poor man does not have any income tax to pay, the rich man does. The rich man makes a little profit, and they take it away from him by excess profit taxes. A rich man gets sick and goes to the California Hospital and pays from 25 dollars to 1,000 dollars a week. If a poor man gets sick he goes to the County Hospital."

"If a rich man gets old he has no one to take care of him; he has to go around and do the best he can; but if a poor man gets old he can go to the County Farm. If a man has a little property and a corporation owes him money and does not pay him, he has to pay out his money to get it. If a labouring man has money owing to him, he goes to the State Labour Commission and they will collect it for him."—Judge Willis of Los Angeles, sentencing I.W.W. to 14 years' imprisonment.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Quigley and Tabib, two war-opinion prisoners and members of the I.W.W., in Fort Leavenworth Prison, are both suffering from tuberculosis, and great efforts are being made to procure their release. The prison doctor, named Yohe, is a notorious incompetent. He reported Comrade Magon to be in excellent condition only a few days before he died of diabetes, heart failure, and tuberculosis. Yohe has reported of Quigley and Tabib:

"They are standing confinement well, and there is no extension of the disease."

Permission was, after long efforts, obtained to have the two young men examined by a Kansas City specialist, Dr. Allen L. Porter. Dr. Porter reports that Quigley "has a very active form of tuberculosis, and will probably not live more than three or four years under any condition. He was coughing and expectorating a large amount of purulent sputum. His skin was cold and clammy, and there was a large amount of perspiration dripping from beneath his arms."

Tabib also "has an active form of tuberculosis," according to Dr. Porter, "and it is a mere guess as to how long he will live."

Of each of these sick men the specialist says: "It would be of material advantage to him to be moved to a different climate, and there is no doubt his life would be prolonged if such could be accomplished."

It was the harsh conditions of their imprisonment preceding trial that sowed the seeds of the deadly disease in these two young fellows, at that time in their twenties.

They were both members of the famous Sacramento I.W.W. "silent defence" group. When brought to trial, after lying in filthy jails for over two years, during which time five of their number died of disease and one went insane from the brutal treatment received, the 37 who survived refused to present any defence, maintaining that it is "useless for working men to try to get justice in the Capitalist Courts."

Tabib and Quigley were both interviewed recently by a representative of the Department of Justice, who suggested that they might, perhaps, be pardoned if they would "meet the Government half-way" and promise to be law abiding in the future.

"It is not a question of meeting the Government half-way or all the way," was Quigley's reply. "I was innocent of any crime under either the espionage law or any other law. I look upon my sentence, not as a penalty, but as vengeance upon me for membership in an industrial union. I cannot consent to recognise justice in such a proceeding. Besides, I feel I should be true to the principle that 'an injury to one is an injury to all.' If I surrender now, I will simply make it harder for my fellow-workers convicted with me, and whom I know to be as innocent as I. Much as I should like to get out of here to regain my health—or make a try at it—I just can't go out that way."

Tabib is declared by the Attorney-General to have "a bad record" as a prisoner. The explanation of this official hostility throws a sinister light on prison methods, and also on the criminal indifference of the prison doctor.

Tabib and two other prisoners, one of whom—De Bernardi—was a most advanced case of hernia, were ordered, in spite of their condition, to handle 100-lb. bags of cement. When they declared themselves unequal to the task, Tabib on account of the choking dust, they were taken before the prison doctor, who did not even give them an examination, and thrown into "The Hole," where they were kept in solitary confinement and obliged to stand for eight hours a day with their hands chained up to the bars of their cells.

After six weeks of this treatment, Tabib collapsed from exhaustion, and was taken to the hospital for a few hours' rest, and then put back in "The Hole" and chained as before. A few more weeks of this, and they had to carry him to the hospital, where he has been ever since.

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS.

Those who speak of South Africa as a paradise of agriculture ignore the ruinous droughts which occur year after year in one part of the country or another. The country is still undeveloped agriculturally. Much of the country is still covered only with wild moss and bushes, and there is a great need for irrigation. Agriculture being based on private ownership and Capitalism, like everything else, the poor farmers, being without capital, cannot develop their land, and numbers of them are certainly having to part with it to rich speculators.

The workers on the land are miserably paid. In many districts native land workers only get 2d. per hour.

Some of the best land is used for vine growing, though many people are short of bread.

The Smuts Government is working hard for Big Business in South Africa. Smuts is negotiating with Portugal in the interests of British South African Capitalism. He notified the Portuguese that "if a friendly agreement cannot be reached with regard to Delagoa Bay, then the Union must make its own arrangements for the future and look for a post next door."

The Chamber of Mines then informed the Mozambique Government that it could dispense with Portuguese native labourers in the mines. Then the Press announced that a London syndicate would advance £25,000,000 for South African development, if the South African Government would guarantee £10,000,000. A scheme is being boomed to build a new port at Kosi or Sordawana, and to open new coalfields. Vast financial intrigues are on foot.

Unemployment grows, and the economic condition of the native workers is reduced to that of animals. The Press reports:

"An ugly situation developed suddenly in the native compound of the Wolpenter mine yesterday afternoon, owing to a temporary shortage of white mealie meal. A proportion of yellow meal was yesterday mixed with the white. This greatly angered a certain number of the natives, who refused to touch the food. They declined to go to work, and picketed the kitchen, preventing those boys who were willing to take their rations from getting any food. The natives set about one of the underground managers, causing some injuries, which subsequently were dressed in the mine hospital.

"Native police from Jeppe, and mounted men from Cleveland were quickly on the scene. At that time the situation was exceedingly bad, for about 3,000 natives were in a state of mutiny, and point-blank refused to go to work. They were in a truculent mood.

"Mr. Taberer was able to get something like a coherent account of the trouble from the agitated ringleaders, who contended that yellow mealies were not good for them. They argued that even a proportion of yellow meal would affect their stomachs and bring about bowel troubles, and they would not resume work until they had been properly fed."

The native miners spend their lives underground, and often die at their toil with pick and shovel, in order to create wealth for a few Lord-parasites. These poor fellows are offered grain not suitable for human consumption. They are denied everything human, and fed worse than animals.

The white workers are being reduced to the same level by unemployment. They are not permitted, even if they wish it, to do the unskilled work. Smuts has said:

"In regard to ordinary unskilled labour, the white man cannot do it on competitive terms with the native."

Education is denied to the natives unless they are one of the children of King Khama, or some other of the privileged few. Nevertheless, the natives are learning in the hard school of misery and modern industrialism. They are entering the doors of industrial

organisation, beginning to come into contact with working-class literature. Some of them have even become Communists.

The native is, in fact, learning more than his masters think desirable. The African Education Commission, under the leadership of Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, investigated native education in South Africa two years ago, and declared:

"A great mistake has been made in granting to the natives of South Africa every facility for higher education in our South African environments. The evolution and change in the native races is moving fast, and cannot be curbed. The movement should be guided into a right direction."

We learn that when the Swasi chiefs went to England they were received by the King, and, in expressing their thanks for this honour, they promised to work for complete unity between their people and the British Union of South Africa. It will not be long after such union is achieved before the native who still possesses a little piece of land will find it taken from him through all sorts of taxation, and will be at the mercy of the Chamber of Mines for mealy pap often unfit for human consumption.

Some time ago the management of the South African Railways and Harbours discussed a scheme for armoured trains "to protect the people of South Africa." The subject has now come up again.

The Nationalist Member for Ladybrand has recently asked Mr. Jagger (the Minister of Railways) whether a certain armoured car which figured on the estimates could be used for defending the Government buildings at Pretoria, as well as for defending the railways.

Another Member retorted:

"I wonder whether the hon. Member knows what is the striking weapon of an armoured car? Does he think that armoured cars are things that go right up to people and bite them?"

"I hope," declared the Labour leader, Col. Creswell, "that hon. Members will put a stop to this militarising of our railways."

"What—and let them be blown up?" demanded a Government Member.

Now, fellow-worker, the cat is out of the bag. This means that the Government is already preparing for another attack on you when next you and your masters are fighting for the bread and butter of your wives and children. Let the Labour leaders not make the mistake of thinking that by a few strong words they can hinder such a tyrannical Government.

WAS IT WAR PROPAGANDA?

The New York "Freeman" makes the following statement in regard to the ill-fated "Lusitania," sunk by a German submarine, and in regard to which the Germans had sent a warning:

"(1) The Lusitania was slowed down to twelve knots an hour in the zone of danger, which was approximately half-speed.

"(2) Her ports were open, her lifeboats were swung in and covered, and there was no distribution of life-preservers.

"(3) A flock of destroyers, which was lying in Queenstown Harbour, could have given assistance and effected rescues, and did neither."

Can these things be? The loss of the Lusitania brought America into the war.

A certain Labour candidate agreed to debate with the Editor of this paper the question: "What is Socialism?" On second thoughts he declined, saying that the debate might "blight his hopes" at the coming General Election.

That poster again! One of the very best ways to help increasing the circulation is to see that your newsagent shows our poster.

Workers' Dreadnought

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Our View.

THE GOVERNMENT has decided that the force of special constables created for the war shall be a permanent force in this country. This force is a force against what the Czar of Russia called "the internal enemy"—the people struggling for freedom from oppressive conditions.

THE BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE for War has visited Sir James Craig in Dublin, and reviewed the Ulster Constabulary and Special Constabulary. He has highly complimented these forces which carried out the Ulster pogroms, and which will be used against the men of the Belfast shipyards and the sweated women textile operatives and embroidresses when they revolt against the crushing pressure of grinding poverty.

THE DISCOVERY of a Communist tribe on the Isthmus of Panama by Mr. F. Mitchell Hedges recalls the fact that the human race has passed through primitive Communism in the course of its development, and that some portions of it are still at the primitive Communist stage. These are to be found on the extremities of continents and in the less accessible highlands. Amongst them are the Eskimos and like peoples in Greenland, Arctic America, and Northern Siberia, the Australian Papuas, and some of the Africans. They are also to be found in the Himalayas, the highlands of Australasia, and the plateaus of Brazil.

Humanity dwells in Communism, in its primitive stage, when natural conditions are harsh, when only primitive means have been discovered for tilling the soil and extracting the needs of human existence from the surrounding raw material, and whilst the attack of wild beasts is still a powerful menace. Surely this should prove that Communism is not out of harmony with human nature, that it does not require to wait for the development of a race of super-men before it can be practised. On the contrary, it is apparent that under the most adverse conditions, humanity's only chance of survival lies in mutual aid. Mr. Hedges reports that among the Chuckmaques of Panama, each individual grows a different kind of food, and the grower shares their products without payment. What is possible to primitive folk should be possible to all.

The precarious hard life of primitive people makes Communism necessary to preserve the race from such hardships as might lead to its extinction.

The hardships of civilised humanity are increasing, because civilisation is becoming more and more artificial, the number of non-producers is growing, the sources of production have become the possession of the few, who are able to work these sources with the aid of only a part of the population. To meet these hardships civilised humanity must revert to Communism, and learn again the virtues of primitive society which have been forgotten during the ages in which the social system has been based on private property.

THE "NEW YORK WORLD" has discovered a clever little bit of The Usefulness financing by the British Government. The United States consumes half a billion pounds of rubber annually which is about 75 per cent. of the rubber production of the world. Seventy-five per cent. of the rubber consumed by the U.S.A. comes from the Federated Malay States, which are British Possessions. A few months ago, when the negotiations for refunding the British debt to the United States were being hotly discussed, the British Government put a graduated export tax on rubber, ranging up to 23 cents per pound. The "New York World" has observed that, when multiplied by the number of pounds of British rubber consumed by the United States, this British rubber tax amounts to precisely the interest at 3 per cent. which Britain pays on the American debt. Says the "New York World":

"Our old friend John Bull is figuring to skid the interest on the debt to the tyres of our tin Lizzies."

The result is that President Harding's Government will provide money for an investigation into the possibilities of producing rubber in the United States.

We need not be surprised by the news that the British Air Ministry has constructed a powerful new war plane which will fly to the United States: for from rivalries such as these Capitalist wars are born.

THE OFFICIAL AGENT of the Soviet Government in London informs us that there is no truth in the statement that the Soviet Government has permitted the Society of Jesuits to open schools in Russia. He states:

"No schools but those under control of the State exist in Russia, and instruction in these is on purely secular lines."

We are glad to publish this statement.

THE RAILWAY COMPANIES RESERVES have risen from £23,000,000 in 1913 to £130,000,000 in 1923. The dividends paid to shareholders have also increased.

The wages bill on the railways has fallen from £154,000,000 in 1920 to £111,000,000 in 1923.

The wages of craftsmen in railway shops, which at the highest were £5 a week, have fallen by 28/-. The wages of unskilled men, which were £4 at the highest, have fallen by 26/-. The proposed reductions would bring the wage of craftsmen to £3 in London, less in the provinces, and the labourer's wage to £2 3s. or £2 4s. in London, and to £1 17s. or £2 1s. in the provinces. The National Union of Railwaymen has pledged itself to stand by the railway shopmen, and Mr. Cramp has said the Union will strike, if necessary, to protect the rights of the shopmen. Mr. Thomas, as usual, is more cautious. (Who said "Black Friday"?) Mr. Thomas desires negotiations. He is, of course, discussing matters with the many close personal friends he claims to have amongst the railway directors.

If the railwaymen would now make common cause with the other workers faced with reductions of wages, they could check the wages slump, which has already gone very far, and such a fight could be made as would put new fighting vigour into the industrial movement.

The Trade Union Congress and Labour Party has its general staff, but the workers remain as disorganised as ever. The Norfolk agricultural labourers are making a determined resistance; out of 18,000 labourers, 12,000 have refused to accept the wage cuts, and 4,000 are working by permission of their Union for farmers who are paying the 30/- wage demanded. In other parts of the country the labourers are working, and have accepted lower wages.

The seamen are protesting sporadically against a wage reduction of £1 a month. Havelock Wilson's Union has accepted the

reduction. The new Marine Workers' Union has rejected it.

The pottery workers are also facing wage reduction demands by the employers. The building workers are threatened with a lock-out if they refuse wage cuts. A wage dispute which may spread far has broken out amongst the printing and paper workers employed by the Government Stationery Office and printing works, and the Government contractors. This dispute may spread to other sections of workers employed by the Government and its contractors.

The employers are making a new attack on wages. The rank-and-file workers are resisting with more spirit than they have done since 1921.

The attack is concerted: it will pass all along the line. The employing classes and the Government will not fail in mutual solidarity.

Amongst the workers there is, as yet, no concerted action, no definite policy: still they drift, the Union officials striving mainly to avoid trouble. A united resistance by all the workers attacked, backed up by the railwaymen, would form a powerful combination difficult to defeat.

The rank and file have not yet learnt the lesson that they must organise themselves at the point of production and combine. It is most urgent that they should do so. No general resistance to the lowering of working-class standards is probable until such a unity of the rank and file is formed and initiates the resistance. No general resistance will be fully effective until such a unity of the rank and file is created to ensure that the rank and file participants in the struggle.

Such a unity need not comprise all the workers—a minority could, and undoubtedly will, initiate it, in the first instance; a minority which will grow till it becomes a majority; a minority which, though a minority, will know no barriers of sex, craft, grade or industry, and will have the capacity to spread amongst all sorts of workers.

It must be clear to all that the struggle to maintain wages is one that is never ending; that the wage earner must always be ready to take up the battle and fight once more with the old sacrifice, that there can be no peace in wagedom. Yet only the minority is determined to end the wage system. The end of the wage system must nevertheless be our and file shall not merely obey their officials with passive acquiescence, but shall be active rallying call in every struggle.

WE ALL LOOK ON and see the great Capitalists of France seizing the Ruhr and making its riches theirs. At their bidding, half a million German working people are to be expelled from the district. At their bidding the workers of the district are starved, massacred, driven to work at the point of the bayonet.

Twentieth-century civilisation offers no alternative. The Capitalism which has the strongest militarism to support its demands does as it pleases: no power arises to check it.

The organised working class of Europe has declared its opposition to this crime of the Ruhr, and the organised working class of Europe has the power to stop the Ruhr adventure. Yet the organised working class still believes that it is neither the right nor the duty of organised Labour to interfere with the action of Governments. We must wait, say the Labour leaders, till we have become the Government, before taking action. The unfortunates of all countries must continue to suffer, they say, until Labour Governments have come into power.

Meanwhile the forces of reaction are looking forward to the advent of Labour Governments. The forces of reaction are undeterred by any scruples as to constitution. The reactionary Press reveals that clearly, if there were any doubt of it. For instance, the "Daily Telegraph" day after day discusses the possibility of a Labour majority at the next election. It issues warnings that the Labour movement is directed towards the

overthrow of Capitalism. Then follow such passages as this, taken from a leading article of April 10th:

"Whatever may be thought of some features of the Fascist movement, it is undoubted that it saved the economic life of Italy. Are we in this island to be submitted to a similar ordeal? There is a way of escape, a way to victory by English methods. It lies in the volunteer spirit which has in the past been the life of British politics, as of every form of British activity. As has been pointed out in our survey of the political organisations which are fighting the battle of Conservatism, they have to face the fact that their great need is bigger battalions, and that these battalions must be inspired by the same driving force of enthusiasm which characterises the rank and file of the forces opposed to them."

What do such phrases mean? Do they mean violence? That might have been doubted ten years ago. Can it be doubted to-day, with that reference to Fascism?

THE DIPLOMATISTS are still negotiating, both admittedly and secretly, Diplomacy and Anatolia. to discover how much of freedom can be denied to Anatolia, how much of plunder can be squeezed from her. It now appears that the Americans have been stealing a march on their European rivals, and may secure a virtual monopoly of the construction of ports, quays, railways, and the exploitation of minerals in the Anatolian territories which are as yet undeveloped.

THE WORKERS' STORES.

Save middlemen's profits and assist the Movement. The Workers' Stores puts you in direct touch with the producers. For further particulars, write or call at the "Workers' Dreadnought" Office, 152 Fleet Street.—S. Cahill, Workers' Stores secretary.

SPICE.

Lord Leverhulme has just received the public congratulations of "his" island of Stornoway on becoming Lord of the Western Isles.

Meanwhile, homeless families expelled from their holdings in Stornoway are being prosecuted by Lord Leverhulme for squatting on the "common land" of which Lord Leverhulme has become proprietor. A topsyturvy world indeed!

One thousand republicans are imprisoned in Ireland. The Irish Free State Government announces that the country will be fit for ladies to travel in by June.

Mr. Winston Churchill says in his war book that Lord Kitchener and he believed up to the last moment that Belgium had a secret agreement with Germany to permit the use of her territory for the invasion of France.

This is one of the many statements in the book which show how poor an opinion the gallant Allies had of each other's reliability. The book once more explodes the silly story that Britain was unprepared.

BOOKS!

Send all the books you can spare, and the books you would like others to read, to be sold for the "Dreadnought Fund."

Order the "Workers' Dreadnought" weekly from your newsagent, or get it sent by post from 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

A postal order for 6/6 pays for a year, 3/3 pays for six months, and 1/7½ for three months.

If you have any good suggestions to assist the propaganda, send them along—and don't get cross if they are not acted upon at once. They will be, as soon as circumstances permit. Meanwhile, send them along.

THE FUTURE OF THE TROPICS.

By Frederic W. Leighton.

"When man discovers an instrument to cultivate the jungle, civilisation will shift to the tropics—will return to its birthplace," said my companion. We were seated on a hill-side with the white clad natives of Santa Lucrecia, watching the young native men and girls jigging endlessly the Vera Cruz fandango. Flaring torches cast shadows, lighted up brown faces, while above spread a full-starred sky and around us stretched indistinct lines of thatch-roofed huts. The never-halting, never-faltering music of guitars made a strange accompaniment to our philosophy.

We were killing time in Santa Lucrecia, half way between Puerto Mexico and Salina Cruz on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Santa Lucrecia is no jungle child; two lines of steel, trailing snake-like through the undergrowth, embraced, and their issue was a straggling village where travellers who must spend their half-day of waiting there sweat and curse and wonder whether the last mosquito was malarial. I was sitting with an American, an Irish-American born in Chicago, educated at Cambridge, England, and twenty-five years a plantation-owner among the Juchitecan Indians of the State of Oaxaca.

"What do you mean?" I asked puzzled. "I mean just what I said," he replied. "When I came down here years ago, I thought I knew something about agriculture; but I could not get a crop, and I killed all my horses. When I watched the Indians, I found that their primitive plough and their stolid oxen could do more in this land than the most modern machinery. I hear more twaddle when I go to New York. Those fellows sit at their desks and look at a map; they have a chemical analysis of the soil, and a rainfall report; they have heard that one gets several crops a year. They ruminate in terms of large-scale machine production and smack their lips. They do not know the country. The soil here is like the jungle. It is rich, luxuriant, and full of roots; the soil is a tapestry of roots. On the other hand, our modern farm machinery originated on the treeless plains of the Mississippi valley; it was not constructed for the fibrous soil of the tropics, and will not serve. But when science constructs an instrument that will do for jungle land what the products of the International Harvester Company do for the Dakotas, the real age of man will begin. It is very simple. The hot lands nurtured the infant human race; there it could live with a minimum of effort directed to getting a living, and yet produce a surplus of food. Now civilised man, with his complicated tools, his power-driven machinery, produces more in northern climes than can the arms of southern labourers. But grant them an efficient tool, grant them a scientific control of malaria and similar ailments, and the amazing fertility of the soil, the frequent crops of the south, will again give tropical workers the advantage; with less labour they will be able to support a denser population and yet possess the leisure for art and culture."

We took our turn about town, put away several bottles of good cold Orizaba XX, La Mejor de Mexico, and sauntered down the railway track to where, in front of a boarded shack, sat and stood another group, crowded around a wooden platform on which young people took turns at the fandango. I remarked: "Further down the Isthmus at Tehuantepec or Juchitan, for instance, they dance the zandunga." "That's it," answered the Cambridge philosopher. "Here the fandango; there the zandunga. This is the land of variety and contrast; and the society of the future, the tropical society, will be a civilisation, not a mechanisation. The United States is the world's great apostle of standardisation; one may buy Ford parts anywhere from Maine to California. America is the knight-errant of uniformity in morals and life; look at prohibition and the blue-sky laws. Even climatically and physically great

changes are far apart. It takes days for a fast train to cross the great plains, and the shores of Lake Superior are similar to those of Lake Erie, hundreds of miles away. Here on the Isthmus, within easy reach of my ranch I have the mountains, the jungle, and the ocean, I have rivers and deserts within sight of each other. I can show you submarine gardens which make the Island of Catalina look like a country circus; near them carved stone ruins of ancient cities half buried in the riotous jungle; and beyond are the purple hills of Sierra Madre. Climate, soil, foliage, customs, change kaleidoscopically. Can you see now why real civilisation—tolerance, originality, art and culture—belong to the future, to the hot countries, the birthplace of man, the fatherland to which he will return after his 'Wanderjahre' with the Anglo-Saxon gods?"

A drift of cooler night air made me shudder slightly; or was it the thought of the numberless white tile chapels, alike as Mexican beans, where the American cave dweller goes each noon to worship at the shrine of tin-can food? Perhaps it was the memory of the neatly-tailored, precisely genteel young men who made me welcome at an Ann Arbor fraternity house; young men who looked like a national convention of Hart, Schaffner and Marx signboards—amiable and identical.

"Look," whispered my companion. A girl was dancing. Her complexion, revealed in the flare light, was clear and clean, a flushed copper; her hair a glossy black, plaited, hanging below the waist. "Do you see those features, those thin, full lips, that delicately modelled nose, that forehead? That girl danced in Egypt, in Assyria, before some monarch many thousand years ago. These people are not children but a long-developed race. I have found them my equals in reasoning power, my superiors in personal psychology. In heredity and education I have had the best that modern times can offer. Centuries have enriched their unconscious to a degree that makes the average Englishman, American, or German seem almost a child when compared with them. They are accustomed to estimate character, to deal with each other as individuals. They know people."

I gazed at the rhythmic movements of the dancers, and there flashed to my mind the memory of a Broadway cabaret, mid the towering joy of Manhattan, that nerve plexus of machine-slavery. Is it doomed to sink from view like fabled Atlantis, despite the globe-encircling progress of revolving barber poles, yellow taxis and Eskimo pie? As we rose and walked toward the hotel, my companion continued: "If the human race is to build life in beauty, it must build a new aristocracy. Democracy is the song of the machine, making easy the transition to the eventual rule of the master executive—the push-button Caesar. The future civilisation, the civilisation of the tropics, will be an aristocracy where men love individuality and diversity; where men will recognise, tolerate, and die for each other. Let me explain. During the revolution I was taken prisoner for a time. Riding down the road under guard of several hundred soldiers, I passed a field where an Indian was ploughing. He dropped his work, came running, and shouted: 'Cowards, let the gringo be. He's a good man. Let me go in his place.' That Indian loved me, was willing to die for me. He knew I would do the same for him, had in fact once risked my life for him. That is aristocracy. That is the soul of the Indian, that is the to-morrow for humanity, if humanity is not to perish before dawn."

(From the New York "Freeman.")

The annual charge for compensation in the mining industry averaged in 1921 £2 Os. 9d. per person employed.

Mining accidents are mainly due to the owners' failure to observe the safety regulations in order to save money.

ESPERANTO.

LESSON 14.

The Accusative Case (continued).

1. In the last lesson we explained that the **Direct Object** of a verb takes in Esperanto the ending **-n**; for example: (1) *La laboristo legas ĵurnalon*, the worker reads a newspaper; (2) *la laboristo legas kapitalistan ĵurnalaĵon*, the worker reads a capitalist "rag." (The suffix **-aĵ** expresses contempt.) In (2) it will be seen that the adjective **kapitalistan** takes the **-n** as well as the noun to which it belongs.

The meaning of these sentences would be the same if we reversed the order and wrote: (3) *Ĵurnalon legas la laboristo*; (4) *kapitalistan ĵurnalaĵon legas la laboristo*. Hence we may recognise the value of the accusative **-n** in enabling people of all national languages to use the word-order to which they are accustomed. The learner would do well to adopt the English order, as in (1) and (2) above.

The main function of the accusative **-n** is shown in the above examples, and was explained at length in the previous lesson. The ending **-n** may, however, be used in other circumstances, as shown below.

2. The **Accusative -n** is also used to show **direction or movement towards** (something or some place). For instance: (a) *Li iris Parizon en la lasta jaro*, he went to Paris (in) last year.

(b) *Li marŝis tien kaj reen*, he walked (to) there and backwards—i.e., he walked **to and fro**.

It will be observed from (b) that the **-n** is added even to adverbs (**tie**, **there**, and **ree**, **back** or **again**) to indicate direction or movement towards.

So far, then, we have seen that the "Accusative Case" is used (1) to mark the **Direct Object** of a verb—e.g., *li legas ĵurnalon*, he reads a newspaper; (2) to mark **Direction or Movement towards** somewhere, as: *Li iris Londonon*, he went **to** London.

We shall not at present deal with the remaining instances in which the accusative **-n** is used. Suffice it to say for the nonce: **We may replace a preposition by the accusative -n if the sense remains clear**; for example: *Li iris al Parizo en la lasta jaro*, he went to Paris (in) last year. Here **al** and **en** (both prepositions) are used. We can replace **al** and **en** by the accusative **-n**, if we are assured that the sense will still be clear, and say: *Lastan jaron il iris Parizon*, last year he went to Paris.

Vocabulary.

tie	where
iras	go
saltis	jumped
sur	on
flugis	flew
muso	mouse
kuris	ran
sub	under
restis	remained
tie	there
unu	one
horo	hour
dum	during
atendis	waited

Translate.—*Kien vi iras?* Mi iras Berlinon (or al Berlino). *La kato saltas sur la tablon.* *a birdo flugis en la ĉambron.* *La muso kuris sub la tablon.* *Li restis tie unu horon (or dum unu horo).* *Mi atendis unu horon (or dum unu horo).*

KOMUNISTA MANIFESTO.

Daŭriga.

La armiloj per kiuj la kapitalistaro faligis en la feŭdismon nun estas turnataj kontraŭ la kapitalistaro mem.

Sed ne sole estas la kapitalistaro forĝinta armilojn kiuj alportas la morton al ĝi mem; ankaŭ vokis en ekziston la homojn kiuj ĝin armilojn estas uzontaj—la modernan orklason—la proletariojn.

Daŭrigota.

You can always find a Stall of Literature
our Socials and Dances.

LESSONS FOR PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

COMMUNIST PRACTICE AND THEORY IN ANCIENT GREECE.

In ancient Athens, just as there were great stirrings towards Communism amongst the oppressed workers, there was much discussion regarding it in cultured circles.

Not only was it discussed by the philosophers, it also figured upon the stage. It was dealt with in the comedies of Pherekrates, Telekleides, Eupolis and Aristophanes.

In the "Persians" of Pherekrates Persia is supposed to be a land of golden mountains in which nature yields her products without labour. Two figures appear: riches and poverty. Poverty declares that labour and self-control are the source of all blessings. Riches replies:

"What do we want with all your science of yoked oxen and ploughs, of sowing and mowing and hedging? You have already heard that steaming broth flows through the streets, and lard and fine dumplings are conveyed to us from the sources of wealth. Who likes may fill his dish to the brim. And all the trees on the hillsides will not bear leaves but sausages and tender baked thrushes."

The "Golden Age" of Eupolis describes the restoration of the old vanished happiness, a tradition handed down from the Communist period. Again there are two figures: one defends the utility of poverty and abstinence as an incentive to production and means to happiness; the other defends luxurious idleness, saying:

"Listen now to me. I will, on the contrary, introduce into the warm baths of my friends water from the sea, by means of conduits supported by pillars. Thus it will flow into everyone's tub. When it is full, he will say: 'Stop!'"

In the "Amphyktyonen" of Telekleides an old legendary king of Athens returns from the dead to bring peace and happiness:

"Above all, peace reigned in the land every day, like air and water. The earth did not yield fear, nor sorrow, but good things in abundance. Purple wine flowed in the brooks. Fishes followed men into their houses, fried themselves on the pans, and laid themselves on the table and mounted the splendid plates. Soup streamed through the town, and roasted legs of mutton danced; sauce trickled down from the eaves; the hungry may tarry awhile and fill themselves with good things. Lard cakes are despised. And the men were a strong race, like giants sprung from the earth."

Pherekrates, Telekleides, and Eupolis were Conservatives, who ridiculed the idea that production could be carried on without slavery and economic pressure, and who also poured some good-humoured mockery upon the follies and extravagances of the idle rich. Only fragments of the works of these writers remain.

Aristophanes, who wrote later, and much of whose work remains intact, set his stories in the midst of the actual Athenian life of his day. Even when imaginary incidents and institutions were introduced they were nevertheless deeply coloured by the life around him. Meetings, political struggles, plutocratic ambitions were graphically rendered.

The "Ecclesiazuses" of Aristophanes was played in the year 393 B.C.

The Peloponnesian War had ended disastrously for Athens in 404 B.C. Aristophanes builds his play around the discontent of the women who had suffered much during the long war. He makes the women resolve to depose the men as the ruling sex, and call a Parliament of their own, dressing themselves as men. Led by Praxagora, the wife of Blepyros, they declare that women are more economical and prudent than men, and thus better fitted to steer the ship of State.

Praxagora says:

"I beg for order and attention. Nobody is to interrupt me until I have finished my

speech. I have weighed and considered the trend of my scheme. The principle which I want to see applied is: all ought to be equal, all ought to enjoy wealth and pleasure on an equal footing. It should no longer be tolerated that one is rich, and another poor; that one possesses broad lands, and another not sufficient to enable him to have his tomb; that one has a hundred servants, and another none at all. I intend to improve and reform all this. All ought to participate freely and equally in the blessings; one system for all mankind.

Blepyros answers:

"As far as the land is concerned, I understand your proposal, as land cannot be concealed. But how are you going to socialise gold and silver?"

Praxagora:

"Everybody will be obliged to bring his property into the treasury house."

Blepyros:

"Suppose the rich should hold things back; they cannot be made to comply by means of an oath; for they will even perjure themselves and deceive the State. How otherwise have they acquired wealth?"

Blepyros is right here: so long as the money system is maintained there can be no genuine Communism.

Praxagora replies:

"Agreed; but their property will immediately become useless on their hands, for want will exist no longer; everybody will be able to have what they may desire, even without money: nuts, chestnuts, clothing, wine, flowers, fish. All these things may be taken from the public stores. What would be the object, then, of accumulating money in private hands? Why should the rich want to retain any longer the property acquired by fraud?"

Blepyros:

"Do you know that the people who own the most property are the greatest rascals and cannot refrain from stealing and lying?"

Praxagora:

"All this is quite true when we look at the past; under the old order, which we are now abolishing, this was really 'the case. But what is the use of private property now that everything is common?"

The plays of Aristophanes were full of jest; and though, as will be observed from the above extracts, they contained some sound common sense, he poured much ridicule on Socialist ideas. Perhaps he felt himself obliged to do so, in order that he might not lose the favour of the rich, for economic considerations obtained in ancient Athens, just as they do in the world of to-day.

Blepyros continues:

"But what will happen when a beautiful girl is courted by several men, some handsome and some ugly?"

Praxagora:

"Of course a beautiful girl will have many suitors, some handsome and some ugly, but before one is justified in courting a beautiful girl he will have to sleep with an ugly girl."

Blepyros:

"Good. The girls will no longer have to fear that they will remain old maidens all their lives. But what will happen to the men? It may be assumed that the maidens will grant their favours only to the handsome men. How will the ugly men get on?"

So the banter proceeds. Then Blepyros asks:

"How shall we be able to know our children?"

Praxagora answers:

"All children will belong to all adults." Then follow some most illuminating passages. Blepyros asks:

"And who will do the work of the community?"

Praxagora replies:

"The slaves will attend to this work."

Praxagora was therefore only a Socialist in the Lyeurian sense; the Socialism she desired was, like his, as we have seen in earlier

lessons, based upon slavery. There is no doubt there were many like Praxagora in Athens, including Plato.

Praxagora goes on to explain that all private enterprises will be amalgamated into one collectively-owned undertaking, that class distinctions, except that of slavery, will disappear, there will be no more courts of justice and election halls. These will be transformed into dining-rooms, the citizens being assigned their dining numbers in alphabetical order. The finest dainties will be served at the common meals, and each one will leave them crowned with flowers and torch in hand.

As the play develops, the neglect of State affairs, and the State regulation of amorous life render existence impossible. The citizens on proceeding to the common dining-halls, find the tables bare, and are only able to satisfy their hunger if they have taken the precaution of bringing food with them. So Aristophanes ridiculed Communist ideas, and yet by thus discussing them he probably made converts to them.

In another play, "Plutos," Aristophanes makes the poor but virtuous Chremylos ask Plutos, the god of wealth, why he distributes his favours so unjustly. Plutos answers that this is because Zeus, the father of the gods, has made him blind, being jealous of mankind.

Chremylos asks:

"Wouldst thou avoid the wicked if thou couldst see?"

Plutos:

"Yes, that I would. I would only visit the good. All say to me that they are good, but when I go to them and make them rich, there is no end to their wickedness."

Chremylos:

"Thus it is. Men can have enough of everything—bread, sweetmeats, figs—but never sufficient wealth. If a man have thirteen talents, he wants sixteen; let him have sixteen, and he desires twenty, otherwise he says life is miserable. Wealth is the most cowardly thing."

Chremylos urges Plutos to pass a night in the temple of Æsculapius, the god of healing, in order that his blindness may be cured. Plutos does so, and is then able to see.

Poverty is now about to be driven out of Greece, but Poverty protests:

"Thou wilt drive me out of Hellas? Thou believest that by this means thou wilt bring the greatest blessings to mankind. In reality thou wilt inflict great harm upon mankind, if thou wilt make the good rich."

Chremylos insists, however, that all would be well were the good rich and the wicked poor.

Poverty replies:

"If all were rich, who would then take the trouble to acquire science and knowledge of the arts? And if these disappeared who would build our ships, till the soil, and carry on industry?"

Chremylos:

"You talk nonsense, for our servants shall toil at all these things for us."

Poverty:

"Whence then will you have servants?"

Chremylos:

"There would be sufficient people who would bring us slaves from abroad, if we paid them well for doing so."

Poverty:

"But who would expose themselves to the dangers of kidnapping, if without this they could be rich enough? Do you imagine that when all have plenty of money they will still be obliged to work themselves, in order to create the amenities of existence? Your gold and silver will not even help them. To-day the rich can procure everything, because there are poor, who produce the various commodities which render life possible and agreeable for you. You must not confuse poverty with misery; mankind are not to be miserable, neither are they to live in superfluity and lose the incentive to vigorous labour. You say yourself that the poor are better men than the rich."

The anti-Communist arguments are thin, but the anti-Communists have produced none better in the intervening centuries.

Plutos, cured of his blindness, next appears, and says:

"I am ashamed of my past, and I blush for the company I have kept for so long, while I was avoiding the men who deserved my friendship. Henceforth I will follow the opposite road, and show mankind that when I tarried with knaves and rogues it was against my wishes."

The wicked now lose their wealth, and the favours of Plutos are only gained through honesty and wisdom, which all men, therefore, at last strive to attain.

Aristophanes levels a fine and scathing criticism at the priests, for he now makes them complain that their profession is no longer profitable because men are good, wise, and secure of abundance. Says one of them:

"Since Plutos has been able to see, I have been exposed to hunger, although I am a priest of Zeus. Before this . . . they used to come to the temple and sacrifice. If a merchant were saved from any danger, from the risks of travel, or from penal laws, he betook himself to the temple, and brought presents; or when people made vows, they called in the priests. Now nobody comes. I am thinking of leaving the service of Zeus. All are good, wise and rich."

Perhaps we may suspect that, though he does not admit it, Aristophanes had leanings towards Communism after all. Ostensibly, however, his moral is as Goethe said: "Let us only improve ourselves, and everything will soon be better."

Yet, after all, that is what the Communist desires, that mankind should abandon a social system based on greed and jealousy, and replace it, not by mere professions, but by the actual practice of fraternity and mutual service.

FROM THE PUBLISHER.

The Machine Wreckers, a drama of the English Luddites in a prologue and five acts by Ernst Toller, English version by Ashley Dukes. (Benn Bros., 6s.)

This play of Ernst Toller, *Die Maschinenstürmer*, is one of four which he has written in prison. By these plays he has gained a brilliant position amongst contemporary writers, and is described as "The greatest of the young Continental dramatists." This play was produced last summer in the *Grosses Schauspielhaus, Berlin*.

It will be remembered that Toller was one of the most prominent figures of the Munich Soviet uprising. It is for his part in that even that he is still in prison. Had he been cast into an English prison for a mere speech, he would have been deprived of the writing materials of which he has made so powerful a use.

This play shows two outstanding influences: the German revolution in which Toller took his part, and Shakespeare. The form of the play, with its prologue and five acts, and its many short scenes, its passage from prose to verse, and its snatches of song, recalls the Shakespearean model; its dialogue even more so. Here is an example:

Beggar: Charity, kind sir!

Jimmy: The sight of you is a charity, friend, though you come out of time.

Beggar: No time is ever out of time, says worldly wisdom. When Time rides an Arab, he runs over time. But when he mounts a wench, then 'tis breeding-time. Has your sweetheart sent you packing?

Jimmy: Mother and brother sent me packing. Mother and brother. . . .

Jimmy: You're bitter.

Beggar: Say truthful, friend.

Jimmy: All men may not be like your son.

Beggar: Friend, friend of mine, have you a roof to-night?

Jimmy: No.

Beggar: Then let me offer you the state-room in my palace. You shall be the guest of honour there. Lord Rat shall be your valet, and Lady Louse prepare your bath, and Mistress Flea-in-Waiting be your merry bed-fellow.

The beggar who utters these pleasantries is a typical Shakespearean character; a wise fool and a sad jester. Old Reaper, the demented grandfather, in his poetic ravings reminds us of King Lear.

Toller's play is the work of a poet, and one who feels keenly enough to become a man of action. The gaining bitterness of poverty, to end which he has fought, the cries of the street, the struggle for bread rise vividly before us in the words of the characters.

A procession of weavers has come to hang the strike-breakers in effigy. They dance round the gallows singing "Ba, oa, black sheep."

First Weaver: Blackleg, Blackleg, have you any wool?

Second Weaver: Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full. One for the master, one for the man, and one for the trimmers who serve all they can.

A pedlar comes crying his wares:

Pedlar: Parr's Life Pills! Parr's Life Pills! No weaver need starve. Without bite or sup, they make you look like England's Queen. Parr's Life Pills! Parr's Life Pills!

The beggar says:

Friend, you are an Irishman. You have eaten too many potatoes. They work windily on the stomach, and the bad air is belched in moralising. Get you a pig instead.

A drunkard sings:

Sharpen the scythe. The corn is ripe.

Thy children cry for bread.

The fields are watered with their tears.

Dunged by their fathers' dead!

When hands were cold and hearts were numb,

The winter seed was spread.

The weavers rage against the coming of machinery.

Ned Lud: They would put us in irons, and chain us to a monster. A spindle driven by steam that clutches men and whirls them round and slings them into hell!

The overseer scorns the workers driven from their employment by the machines:

The women folk are on the streets, girls of twelve sell themselves at every corner. The children steal. Not long ago the police dragged the Trent for a child's body and found sixty.

The mother of the overseer and of the revolting weavers' leader turns her son out of doors rather than face a return to poverty.

Henry: Then I've said all. Go your way, I'll go mine. I shall disown you well enough. No kith or kin of mine. No kith or kin. Mother, now take your choice. Henry leaves the room.

Mother (after a silence with an effort): No—my boy—no! To go back to the old life, the old misery—no! I can't! The hungry years, the bitter winters—no! To count the pence to buy potatoes—no! And the dirt! The rags! I'm old and ill. Don't ask me, for I can't!

Jimmy: That means your sending me away?

Mother (sobbing): I'm over sixty. To live it all again—no, no!

Truly seen, truly felt that, Ernst Toller, you have striven, you have suffered, you know.

The leader makes his wife buy favours from the overseer for money by which he may keep his "standing with the men."

Mary: The thatch is leaky. Rain drips on us in the night. Wet straw. I have no money; 'tis your weavers take it all. Not one of them comes near us but to draw his pay.

John Wibley: Debts at the grocers?

Mayr: Five shillings. Oh, this poor man's cheat. Mixing the sugar with the

From the Publisher—

grounds of rice, the flour with chalk and plaster! When Margaret's babe was sick and she bought cocoa, at a thieving price, she found red earth and mutton-fat rubbed into it!

John Wibley. Have you got supper?

Mary: A couple of potatoes, if you want them.

John Wibley: Later. Now, Mary, come, be sensible. Go to him, play the lover, let him kiss you. Without your help I lose my standing with the men. He gives you money. Do as he bids you, and see the wages paid before you kiss. Paid in advance, remember! The comrades come to-night. You're in the way at home.

Mary: Oh God! I'll do it, yes I'll do it. This life of ours! Come, Teddy, off to bed, and sleep. When you wake up you'll find a fresh loaf on your pillow. Good-night, father. Sleep well.

Old Reaper: Bathe your limbs in balsam, daughter. For the day draws near when thou shalt be crowned queen among the daughters.

Mary: With thorns, father.

It is Toller, the poet in prison, whose yearning cry for his native forests is heard here. It is in his poems:

"Do you still know that there are forests? Dark, secret forests that awaken buried springs in men? Forests that quiver with stillness? Forests where men pray? Forests where men dance?"

"DREADNOUGHT" £500 FUND.

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C. T. George, 5/3; W. E. McConnell, 1/- (weekly); Per P: Barrs, 2/- (weekly); F. Houghton, 4/- (2/- weekly); A. L. W. S., 5/6; M. Watkins, 2/6 (weekly); Per J. Oldenbury, 2/- (weekly); A Friend, £1; F. Malnick, 10/-; Profits on Dance, £5 1s. 2d.; Sales at Dance, £2 6s. 2d.; J. Grove, 1/-; Mrs. Cronin, 2/-; T. Foxall, 1/1½ (weekly); Norwich Comrades, 5/- (monthly); L. Palmer, 1/-. Total for week, £10 9s. 8½d. Total, £492 17s. 3d.

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Discussion Collection.

Refreshments from 6 p.m.

OUTDOOR MEETING.

Sunday, April 15th, 7 p.m.

Prince of Wales, Harrow Road.

J. Welsh, A. Jarvis.

ESSEX HALL.

Thursday, April 26th,

7.15 p.m.

Debate on Third and Fourth Internationals.

Sylvia Pankhurst and Henry Sara.

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Poem in Prison.

By Sylvia Pankhurst.

One shilling.

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Yours, etc.,

JOHN CROLL.

RE-UNION

of

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Saturday, April 14th, 4-11 p.m.

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Violin	Clarice and Cyril Romaine.
Mandolin	Miss Wylde Smith.
Songs	Miss Lily Helmer.
Songs	Mr. Lionel Grant.
Songs	Mr. Threadgold.
Recitations	Mr. W. Carr.
Humorous Recitations	Mr. W. Dart.
Recitations	Mrs. Thackeray.
Recitations	Miss Rosatti.
Dances	Miss Mary Cattermole.
Dances	Miss Olive.

Speeches.

J. Bellamy.

Sylvia Pankhurst.

J. Welsh.

* * *

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor,—

The deterioration of the race is caused in the first instance by soft wet feeding on adulterated food—the adulteration being due to the extraction of necessary elements which make the cereals a balanced palatable food and the adding of ingredients which cheat the palate while depriving the body of the constituents it requires. This gives rise to all sorts of excess physical, mental, moral and spiritual. The daily prints witness to this.

Hard biscuits made of whole wheat meal, without added salt, sugar, fat, baking powder or yeast should be eaten. This is the best of natural food. Salt is not necessary, as the natural salts are in the husk, which gives a palatable flavour. These cannot be hurriedly swallowed without mastication. The necessary insalivation which is the necessary preparation for being dealt with by the stomach in a digestible form, is thus produced. Such biscuits cost ¼d. They may be eaten alone, or with butter, flesh, fish, fowl, cheese, jelly, jam, marmalade honey, fruit, nuts, or vegetables—always with moderation.

A shortbread recipe may also be made of whole wheat meal. It may also be used for pie or tart paste, and costs ¼d.

These have economic advantages. The curse of the table is that we get American flour. Its commercial value is that it keeps for years, because it is a dead sterilised thing. It is also dyed to suit the market fancy. Note that in the production of commercial flour there are removed:

1. The husk which has the salts which make food palatable, and is necessary as a body builder and cleanser, and the antidote to intestinal troubles.

Note.—It was reported that people fed on polished rice suffered from beri beri. Unpolished rice kills the epidemic.

2. The germ which is the life. There is a cry for vitamins, though no one knows what they are. Over-cooking kills life. Eat everything possible raw. What must be cooked, such as flesh, fish, fowl, or vegetables, cook, but don't overdo it. Ripe fruit does not require cooking. Dried fruits should only be soaked for, say, forty-eight hours. We need not import water just to pay commercially. Dried cereals. Dried fruits. Dried meat. We can add what water we want, and save freight, insurance, and profit on the water. Superheated canned food is dead and damned by bacillus botulinus, which nobody knows anything about. Just another metaphysical superstition.

Further, America cannot supply whole-meal. It would not keep. It would go to mites. It would not stand the sea. This fact should restore to us milling, with its widely ramifying sequel. Food corners would shortly end.

3. Semoline is extracted. This is one of the ingredients of a balanced diet. So the flour has to be faked in cooking to cheat the palate. Hence the craving for drink, drug, stimulant and opiate; then physical, mental, moral and spiritual degeneration. All classes have now become gross feeders. Said Don Quixote: "Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed!" People live to eat! Just think: fourteen courses, plus liquids. No wonder the poor belly gets confused with complexity and over-work, and gets knotted up with tumours and cancers, and the owner looks for something worth a guinea a box! Dirt! Dirt, which more dirt can't cure.

Menu.

8 o'clock.—1. Breakfast. Squeeze half a lemon, and take the juice neat.

8.30.—2. Tea, coffee, or cocoa. Eat an apple.

12 o'clock.—1. A drink—water or fruit-juice.

1 o'clock.—3. Lunch, biscuit, cheese, meat, etc., shortbread and fruit, etc.

5 o'clock.—4. Tea or water.

6 o'clock.—5. Dinner. Fish, flesh or fowl, vegetables and biscuit.