The Labour Party in Poplar.

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by
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BUILDING THE CITY OF TO-MORROW.

(An Extract from "Monsieur Bergeret a Paris," by Anatole France of the French Academy and an adherent to the Communist International.)

Mr. Bergeret said to his daughter: "I have just committed a sin: I have given alms. In giving a penny to Clopinel, I have tasted the shameful joy of humiliating my kind. I have assented to the odious pact which assures to the strong their power and their weakness to the weak; I have sealed with my seal the ancient iniquity; I have contributed to that which has left this man with but half his soul."

"You have done all that, father?" asked Pauline incredulously.

"Almost all that," replied Mr. Bergeret. "I have sold fraternity to my brother Clopinel by false measure. I have humiliated myself in having humiliated him; for almsgiving degrades equally he who receives and he who gives. I have done wrong."

"I don't think so," said Pauline.

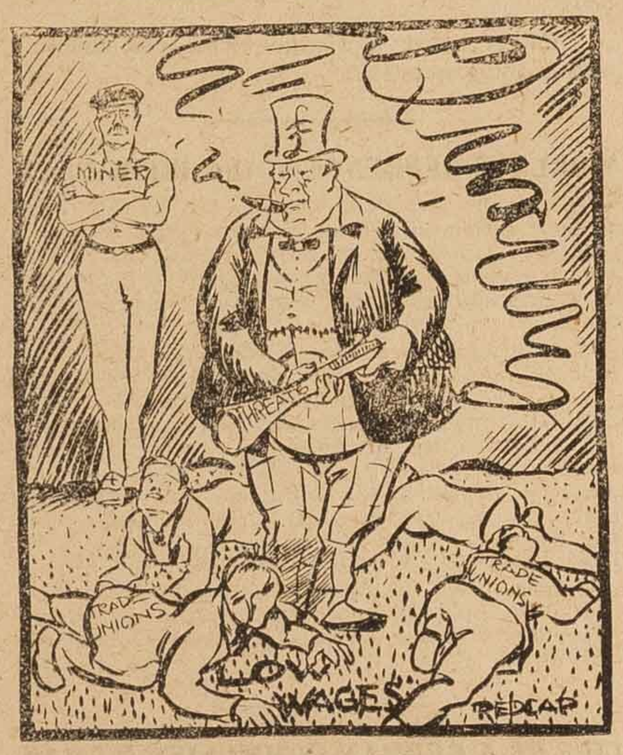
"You don't think so," replied Mr. Bergeret, "because you have no phlosophy, and you do not know how to draw from an action, which is innocent in appearance, the infinite consequences it imports. This Clopinnel has induced me to give alms. I have not been able to resist the importunity of his complaining voice. I have pitied his thin neck without a collar; his knees, that the trousers strained by too long usage, have rendered like the knees of a camel; his feet, at the end of which the shoes go with open beaks, like a couple of ducks. Seducer! O dangerous Clopinel! Delicious Clopinel! Through thee my halfpenny produces a little baseness, a little shame. Through thee, by means of a halfpenny, I have constituted a particle of evilness and ugliness. In transmitting to thee this little symbol of wealth and power, I have ironically made thee a capitalist and have brought thee as a guest without honour to the banquet of society, to the festivals of civilisation. And immediately I felt I was myself one of the powerful ones of this world; one of the rich, in comparison with thee; amiable Clopinel, exquisite mendicant, flatterer! I am rejoiced, I am puffed up with pride, I am complaisant in my opulence and my grandeur. See, O Clopinel!"

"Execrable practice of almsgiving! Barbarous pity."

"Ancient error of the bourgeois, who gives a halfpenny and thinks he does good, and who then believes himself quit in relation to all his brothers, by the most miserable, the most clumsy, the most ridiculous, and the stupidest, meanest act of all that are possible of accomplishment from the point of view of an improved distribution of wealth. This custom of giving alms is incompatible with beneficence and an abomination to charity."

"Is it so?" asked Pauline eagerly.

"The giving of alms," pursued Mr. Bergeret, "is no more comparable to beneficence than the grinning of a monkey resembles the smile of La Gioconda. Beneficence is as ingenious as almsgiving is inept. Beneficence is is vigilant, and proportions its effort to the need. It is precisely this that I have not done towards my brother Clopinel. The very name of beneficence awakened the gentlest thoughts in the tender souls of the century of philosophers. It has been thought that this epithet was created by the good Abbot of St. Peter's. But it has an earlier origin, as it is already found in the works



AMRITSAR THE SECOND.

of old Balzac. . . . I admit that I do not find in this word 'beneficence' its original beauty; it has been spoilt by the Pharisees, who have used it too much. We have in our present-day society, many establishments of beneficence—pawnbrokers,* insurance societies, mutual benefit clubs. Some few are useful and render service. Their common vice is that of arising from the social iniquity they are appointed to reform; that of being contaminated medicaments. The universal benificence is that each one lives by his work, and not by the work of others. Apart from mutual co-operation and solidarity, all is vile, shameful and barren. Human charity is the joining of all mankind in the production and sharing of the fruit of toil.

"It is justice; it is love, and the poor are more apt in its practice than the rich. What rich men ever exercised the charity of the human race as fully as Epictetus or Bernard Malon?† True charity is the gift to all of the labour of each one, it is the harmonious gesture of the soul, that empties itself, like a vase full of spikenard, and pours itself out in good deeds; it is Michael Angelo painting the Sistine Chapel; it is the Members of the National Assembly, on the night of August 4th; it is the gift, overflowing in its happy abundance, the money running pell-mell with love and thoughtfulness. Nothing is ours but ourselves. One gives truly only when one gives one's work, ones soul, one's genius. And this magnificent offering of his whole self to all mankind enriches the giver as much as the community."

"But," objected Pauline, "you could not give love and beauty to Clopinel. You have given him what was more suitable to him."

"It is true that Clopinel has become a degraded creature. Of all the good things that may give pleasure to a man, he has a taste for none but alcohol. I knew it by his smell of brandy when he approached me. But such as he is, he is our creation. Our pride was his father; our iniquity his mother. He is the evil fruit of our vices. Everyone in society ought to give and to receive. This one has not given enough, undoubtedly because he has not received enough."

"He is lazy, perhaps," said Pauline. "What, indeed, shall we do, that there may no longer be the poor, the weak and the lazy? Do you believe that people are naturally good, and that it is society which makes them bad?"

"No, I do not think that men are naturally good," replied Mr. Bergeret. "I see, rather, that they arise painfully, and little by little, from original barbarism, and that they organise, only at the expense of great effort, a justice uncertain and a precarious good. The time is still far off when they will be kind and beneficent towards each other. The day is distant when they will make no more war between themselves, and when pictures of battles will be hidden from sight as immoral and offering a shameful spectacle. I believe that the reign of violence will endure a long time yet, and that still for long will the peoples rend each other for trivial reasons; for long will the citizens of the same nation furiously snatch from each other the means of existence, instead of sharing them equitably. But I also believe that people are less ferocious when they are less miserable; that the development of industry produces, in the long run, some softening in manners, and I have learnt from the botanist, that the hawthorn, transplanted from a harsh to a fertile soil, changes its thorns into flowers."

"There you are! You are an optimist, father! I always knew you were!" cried Pauline, stopping in the middle of the pavement to fix for a moment upon her father the regard of her dawn-grey eyes, full of soft light and morning freshness. "You are an optimist; you work with enthusiasm to build the city of the future. That is just what you do. It is beautiful to construct, together with the people of goodwill, the new republic."

Mr. Bergeret smiled at this word of hope, at those eyes of dawn.

"Yes," said he, "it would be beautiful to establish the new society, where each one would receive the price of his toil."

"That will come, will it not. . . . But when?" asked Pauline, not without simplicity.

And Mr. Bergeret answered, with a tone of gentleness and sadness in his voice.

"Do not ask me to prophecy, my child. It was not without reason that the ancients considered the power of seeing into the future to be the most fatal gift that a man could receive. If it were possible to us to foresee what will happen, there would be nothing left to us but to die, and perhaps we should succumb, struck down by misery and fear. One must build up the future as the weavers do their tapestry—without seeing it."

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* Run by the French Government. They are supposed to benefit the poor. They provide revenue for the State.

† Benoit Malon, a printer's apprentice at the time of the Paris Commune, in which he suffered. He became one of the ablest Social writers of his time, published several books and started a Socialist review.

Thus the father and daughter conversed as they went. Before the square of the Rue de Sèvres, they met a beggar solidly planted on the pavement.

"I have no more money," said Mr. Bergeret. "Have you sixpence to give me, Pauline? This hand bars my path. Even in the great expanse of the Place de la Concord this hand would stop me. The outstretched arm of an unfortunate is a barrier that I do not know how to pass. It is a weakness that I cannot vanquish. Give something to this vagrant. It is pardonable to do so. One must not exaggerate the harm one can do by it."

"Father, I am anxious to know what you will do with Clopinel, in the new republic; for you do not imagine that he will live by the fruits of his toil?"

"My daughter," replied Mr. Bergeret, "I think that he will consent to disappear. He is already much diminished. Idleness and the love of rest dispose him for the final fading away. He will easily return into nothingness."

"I think, on the contrary, that he is fully content to live."

"It is time that he has his joys. To him, it is delicious to swallow the poisons of the tap-room. He will disappear with the last public house. There will no longer be wine merchants in my republic. There will be neither buyers nor sellers. There will be neither rich nor poor, and each one will enjoy the fruits of his work."

"We shall all be happy, father?"

"No, the holy pity that produces beauty of soul would perish at the moment when suffering died, and that will not be. Moral and physical ills, constantly fought against, will continue without cease to share with happiness and joy the empire of the earth as the nights succeed the days. Sorrow is necessary. It has, like happiness, its profound source in life, and the one can never be dried up without the other. We are only happy because we are unhappy. Sorrow is sister to joy, and their twin breaths as they pass our heart-strings, make them resound harmoniously. The breath of happiness alone would give forth a tediously monotonous sound like silence. But to the inevitable ills, to those ills, at once vulgar and august, which result from the human state, there will no longer be added artificial evils which result from our social condition. Men will no longer be deformed by iniquitous toil of which they die rather than live. The slave will come out from the galley, and the factory will no longer devour human bodies by the million.

"This deliverance I expect from the machine. Machinery, which has broken multitudes of men, will come gently and generously to the aid of tender human flesh. The machine, at first cruel and hard, will become good and genial, a friend. How will it change its soul? Listen: the spark that rushed out from the bottle of Leyde; the small, subtle star which, in the last century, revealed itself to the wondering physicist, will accomplish this prodigy. The unknown, which has itself be vanquished, without letting itself be known; the force mysterious and captive; the intangible seized in our hands; the docile thunder, bottled up and divided amongst the innumerable wires that cover the earth with their net: electricity, will bring its force, its assistance anywhere it is wanted. In homes, in rooms, at the hearth, where the father, the mother and the children will no longer be separated. It is by no means a dream. The hideous machine which now in the factories destroys flesh and soul, will become domesticated, familiar and friendly. But it is nothing, no it is nothing that the pulleys and gears, the cranks and the flying wheels become humanised, if man retains a heart of iron.

"We desire, we expect a change still more marvellous. A day will come when the master, rising to moral beauty, will become a worker among the enfranchised workers; when there will no longer be wages, but an exchange of goods. Big industry, like the old aristocracy, which it replaces and imitates, will have its Fourth of August. It will abandon its disputed profits and its menaced privileges. It will become generous when it feels it is time to do so. What does the master say to-day? He says he is the intelligence and the leading spirit, and that without him the army of the workers will be as a body deprived of intelligence. Very well: if he is the mind, let it be contented with that honour and that joy. Is it necessary, because he is the thought and the mind, that he should gorge himself with riches? When the great Donatello was casting, with his co-workers, a bronze statue, he was the soul of the work. The price that he received, either from the prince or from the citizen, he used to put in a basket, which was hoisted by a pulley fixed to a joist of the workshop. Each worker untied the rope in his turn, and took from the basket according to his needs. Is not the joy of intelligent production enough in itself, and should his advantage free the master from the obligation to share profits with his humble co-workers? But in my republic there will be no more profits, no more wages, and everything will belong to everybody."

"Father, that is Communism, you know," said Pauline quietly.

WORLD CONFERENCE of the IRISH RACE

The Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain, acting on the suggestion of the Irish Republican Association of South Africa, has taken the first steps for the organising of a Conference of Representatives of the Irish race throughout the world.

An Organising Secretary is about to take offices in Paris. It is hoped that there will be representatives of the Self-Determination League from each of the Provinces in Canada and Newfoundland, from the State divisions of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa: from each of the States of the American Republic, representing the American Association for Recognition of the Irish Republic: from the Argentine, Chile, Bolivia and other States in South America, as well as representatives of the old Irish blood in Spain, Austria, France, Italy, and other European countries, with, of course, representatives of the Leagues in Scotland, England, and Wales.

LIFE OF A GERMAN COMMUNIST WOMAN

As one of a family of six, with a widowed mother, I soon learnt to bear privations of all kinds. I was obliged to work from my fifth year. Even at five years of age I haad to be able to knit a stocking entirely. No childish games for me. Life was serious, cold and dull. I received a strictly religious education and soon began to have all kinds of thoughts about things which seemed to me contradictory.

My mother's age was undermined at an early age owing to constant want, and privations. Consequently the children out of school had to earn odd pennies and bring them home. Often while I was doing some dull mechanical work my thoughts wandered to some book, or to some castle in the air, and I soon discovered the hypocrisy of the heaven-designed "order of society." That house of cards built on lies and deceit soon fell down, so I left the Church at the age of 17. The fight for knowledge, which in me replaced religion lasted twenty years, until I came upon Socialism, because I hoped thereby to see the emancipation of the exploited and enslaved workers. Then came the world war and destroyed in me all living hope, because then Socialists fought against Socialists. I recovered, however, from the blow, and when the U.S.P.D. (Independent Socialist Party of Germany) arose, I joined it, working and fighting: nothing was too difficult for me, because I believed that I had struck the right path. Soon I was again in doubt, and I realised that for freeing my class from all want we must carry on a ruthless fight against the ruling class, and just this the U.S.P. kept putting on one side. When the question came of linking up the Left Wing of the U.S.P. with the Communists, I was one of the first to take the step. Now I am a Communist, and feel more than ever how painful it is to have so little knowledge with which to serve my class. In May, 1920, I was put on the list of the U.S.P.D. for the Constituent Assembly. Now I am a member of the Fraction of the V.K.P.D. in the Volkstag of the Free State of Danzig.

TO MINERS' WIVES.

Well done, miners' wives. You are showing solidarity. We hope that some of you will write to us and tell us what *you* think of the class war to-day.

BADGES.

SOVIET ARMS, in gilt on red enamel, 1s. 3d. and 9d. each, 12s. and 6s. per dozen.—Apply, Manager, "Workers' Dreadnought," 152, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

ASK YOUR COALITION MATES ABOUT IT

What do its supporters say to the fact that Lloyd George's Government published last week a White Paper purporting to be a Treaty between the Russian Soviet Government and Sinn Fein, now that the thing turns out to be a fabrication?

Mr. Winston Churchill once tried to explain away one of his lies by calling it a terminological inexactitude, but that description can hardly apply to a forgery.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Workers' Dreadnought.

Dear Editor,—I should like to call the attention of Communists to what in my opinion constitutes a very real menace to our movement. I refer to the actions of the so-called religious fraternity creeping in the socialist movement, and as a Communist, I say that it will spell ruination to Communism if they are allowed to influence the worker. Communism has nothing in common with the dope that is served out in the churches to-day, and as an Anti-parliamentarian I say "shun the bible-thumpers" as emphatically as I would say "shun the ballot-box." I am sorry to see the "Communist" taking on the religious stunt (as witness this week's five page cartoon), and unless religion is cut right out of the party paper, I think it will lose a lot of its most conscientious supporters.

Yours fraternally,
18, Richmond Street, R. J. STAPLE.
Bristol.

To the Editor of the Workers' Dreadnought.

Dear Comrade,—As a constant reader of the "Workers' Dreadnought" will you kindly allow me a short space in the columns of your paper in drawing the attention of your readers and yourself to that short item about the "Red Vicar."

It seems hardly consistent for a Communist to reconcile the teachings of Christianity with that of Communism. Communism is necessarily non-religious. Religion is not a private question but an economic one. The so-called "Christian Communists" or Communist who believe in religion refuse to accept the "Materialist conception of history" which alone explains the trend of economic and historical development, and how various existing institutions came in existence. Some of them go so far as to repudiate the class struggle, believing they can reconcile the antagonism within the present system by a message from Christ or the New Testament.

These people to my mind are not Communists but Utopians and Dreamers and therefore detrimental to the Communist movement as they dish out stuff which is contrary to science and readon.

I therefore say that all persons claiming to be Communists and refusing to accept—

(1) The Materialist Conception of History,
(2) The Class Struggle,
(3) The Theory of Surplus Value,

or anyone of these three points are not Communists since the above indicate the scientific basis of Communism.

I am,
Yours for Communism,
Green Lanes, M. GOLDBERG.
London, N. 4.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. & E. A. Guelke (Barcelona).—Many thanks for greetings received on coming out of prison.

A.W. (Whitechapel).—You will notice in another page that our rates for display Ads. are 5s. per col. inch. You and your friends can greatly assist the paper by getting local traders to buy space in our—your—paper. You need not be afraid that Ads. will take up space devoted to propaganda. As it is we give every week 80 square inches of closely printed matter, as interesting and educative as we can make it. Measure any other paper and see the difference. Should Ads. come in with a rush we shall increase two pages. You will also notice that the charge for "smalls" is the usual penny per word. If you have a friend with a gramophone, a camera, a few books to sell, or one desirous to buy say a byke, a Rolls-Royce, a pair of boots (large ones), tell him to invest a few coppers in a small, and soon a letter will inform him of a Comrade willing to barter, sell or buy.

J. Meehan and W. J. Braddock.—Many thanks for increased order and promise to get rid of them.

E. Stanley.—Glad to hear you can sell some literature. We will send it.

J. Bernstein.—Thanks for gift and good wishes.

Ethel Lewis.—Thanks for increased order for Dreadnought. We want more sellers like you.

C. Morgan.—Your promise to order more Dreadnoughts as soon as miners return is good. Many thanks, Comrade.

D. Scourfield writes: "Enclosed you will find 10s. subscribed by a few faithfuls towards the "W.D." " Are there any more who will do the same?

THE REVOLUTION.

By FRED TYLER.

Every day the Socialists are heard to exclaim: "When the Revolution comes!"

We quietly sit down and speculate on the necessary steps to be taken to ensure success, the correct relation of a political body to an industrial society, and all other matters of importance to be coldly decided upon—"When the Revolution comes."

Meanwhile, another coffee, another dance ticket. We take a seat in the corner of the Club. If we are old we talk about the decadence of the movement in these later years; if we are young, about the books we have half read—so, over our bitter or ale, coffee or tea, we talk in wise and awed tones about "When the Revolution comes."

One comrade sincerely believes in converting a majority of the people to vote for Socialism; another is cheerfully in building up phantom Workers' Committees, and yet another is mysterious and secretive. All are waiting for that magic day, "When the Revolution comes."

They are unconscious enemies of Socialism; the Revolution is here, here in our midst. The shells of the social war are being fired every day. The aristocracy and the commercial classes are fighting the workers in the final fight. They know, and we know, that the wage-war is but a camouflage of the fundamental issue.

Labour is smitten in the face; its hesitating makes Capital confident. The Revolution has been here for twelve months; the Government has known it, so have others; those who draw salaries provided from our pockets, and carry on a propaganda for the closing of our eyes. The policy of our Government has been wholly designed to resist the Revolution.

Yet the Revolution goes on, a great blundering course of events, screaming aloud the incompetence of Labour.

The workers have their masters at their mercy, but they do not know it. The Government stumbles, and rights itself when Labour stumbles.

In order to save itself from discredit, the Government must meet its liabilities.

The position is paradoxical. It must reduce wages in order to pull down prices which must be reduced because of the export trade. But taxation cannot be brought down proportionately, because of the huge burden of the National Debt which was incurred when prices were high and money had a low purchasing power. The reduction of prices, and consequently income, including wages, therefore (because of the National Debt) increases taxation.

Whilst the need for reducing prices is acute, high taxation militates against the reduction.

Further, all price reductions entail a free bestowal of public money on owners of Government stock. Money lent when prices are dear appreciates if repaid when money buys more.

In the face of its adversity, the Government faces a hostile and sullen working class, which does not want Communism and does not believe in it, but wants the impossible—a living wage under Capitalism. Could a more remarkable situation be conceived? Small wonder that the Government has started the Revolution. It is busy trying to smash the Unions, and it will succeed. It is arresting the Communists, a very unwise move; it is openly flaunting E.P.A., and by its actions it is inciting the masses to revolt. The Government wants a trial of strength with Labour, and it, fortunately, cannot see that the Revolution it has commenced will be its grave.

Movements are full of life-force; they are propelled by social needs directed by ideas. The political situation is one of a revolution, precipitated by the Government, out of which conflict will emerge a people servile, or a people free.

BE ACTIVE. TO WOMEN.

(From the Hamburger "Volkszeitung.")

Historical knowledge of the movement, enthusiasm for the Communist aims and a large measure of self-sacrifice, must be the urge for the activity of the working women in the revolutionary class fight. These three qualifications must be possessed by every Communist woman, and be used to the utmost. It is not enough to belong in a formal way to the V.K.P.D. (United Communist Party of Germany) and to attend its meetings and conferences. The active Communist woman must rather be active everywhere.

Very many of our sisters will answer: "I have so little time and opportunity for active work." This excuse cannot hold good now save in quite exceptional cases. There are so many possibilities for our comrades to throw themselves actively into the movement, so that lack of time can no longer be pleaded as an excuse for passivity.

The spread of Communist ideas is already beginning in house-keeping. All actual questions of the day are being considered and tested from the Communist point of view. The knowledge acquired is discussed with the other members of the family. The daily Press plays an important part here. Of course the real Communist woman orders the Hamburger "Volkszeitung" as well as the "Kommunistin," and reads it thoroughly. Everything interesting and important which occurs that might have an influence in the Labour movement, she writes down and sends immediately to the Editor of the "Volkszeitung."

The Churches.

Children are being brought up on Communist lines as far as this is compatible with present circumstances. The active Communist woman leaves the Church and demands that her children be exempted from religious instruction, because the Church is merely one of the many instruments of Capitalism to oppress the working class, and must therefore be opposed on political grounds by Communist women.

The active Communist woman plunges into any line of work which will forward the interests of the proletariat.

House-to-House Visitation.

It is a good thing to do active propaganda by means of a house-to-house visitation on the subject of the poisoned Press of the bourgeoisie, and on the reformist S.P.D. (Socialist Party of Germany), and the opportunist U.S.P. (Independent Socialist Party) papers, which adapt thmselves to circumstances without considering the interests of the working classes. I know a woman in Hamburg who, by energetic work managed to get 23 of our "Volkszeitungs" ordered by 25 families. You see good-will and perseverance will do much, but one must be determined.

Our comrades have the chance to propagate Communist ideas in public meetings, on excursions into the country in the factories, and to expound the real meaning of Communism in season and out of season, to clear up any false ideas on the subject which have been spread about by the Capitalist Press.

Our active Communist gets hold of any pamphlet on the subject that she can at No. 19, Admiralitat Strasse, Hamburg, and distributes them amongst her friends and neighbours, and this helps tremendously in the spread of Communist ideas. By persuasion she can often induce a timid buyer to take a pamphlet, and then the battle is nearly over for this leads to further talk, and other pamphlets and so on.

In the factories and workshops you have the chance of criticising and examining the behaviour of the unsatisfactory leaders. Here the active Communist woman will be to the fore, and will make a Communist fraction out of the other comrades, and finally a Communist cell. These fractions co-operate with each other, so that a unified work is going on in the workshops.

Rents and Prices.

Thus the active Communist woman works in the family, in the Press, in the factory, by the spreading of pamphlets and in the same way she must attack all questions of the day as they arise. If, for example, important necessaries of life are raised in price, or rents are raised, or the Capitalist Parliament imposes new taxes to grind down the working class, then she must raise her voice and rouse her class comrades.

Demonstrations.

They must also protest against the measures of the employers for lowering wages, keeping in mind the ideal, namely, to abolish the present evil system. They must do this by huge demonstrations. One only needs to bear in mind the impending rise in the price of bread. This alone should make every working woman plunge into the Communist movement.

Political events should be constantly watched by our comrades. The military events in Upper Silesia and Bavaria, etc., the closing together of all the reactionary elements into a "national united front," clearly show the object of the bourgeois-capitalist class to provoke a new war.

Comrades! Can you remain indifferent while this is going on, can you sit with your hands before you while a comparatively small number is sacrificing itself to help on the Communist Woman's Movement?

SEDITION.

The White Terror! Capitalist Madness!

The true nature of the Government, which is the E.C. of the Capitalist Class, is at last revealed. The truth which we have told the workers, time upon time, is coming—and has come.

The White Terror is in operation. Whenever the workers touch or endanger the existence of the god of capitalism—private property—the capitalists go MAD: it is from this god, which is far mightier than the god of your churches, that they draw their power. Destroy that god, and you will have also destroyed their power.

In their madness, comrades, the upper caste know no law, religion or morality, king or country, wife or child, friend or relation, when the sacred rights of their god are touched. Death is the penalty if you touch these rights; prison is the penalty if you touch them.

It has been death in Germany, Hungary and Roumania; and it has been, and is, prison in Britain, America, and Georgia, the utopia of the reactionary I.L.P. Soon it will, if necessary, be death in these latter countries also.

To-day, every man and woman, old or young, who dares to preach Communism, is thrown into prison. Why? Because the god of capitalism is in danger. Not merely have Communists been arrested, but also several militant members of the Miners' Federation.

The arrests and imprisonment of Communists in the coalfields of Britain during the past few weeks prove conclusively that the E.C. of the capitalist class is determined that no man, of a militant nature, who holds a leading position in any locality shall be left free to take part in the conducting and encouragement of the miners in the present lock-out. In the Rhondda Valley over 100 warrants have been issued. The White Terror has begun, we have warned you before; yet this is only the beginning. Workmen are being persecuted for offences against D.O.R.A. or the Emergency Powers Act. The charge in every case is sedition, which, as everyone knows, is about the widest charge that be levelled against anyone.

Let it be remembered that it is only the working-class organisations and working-class men and women who are attacked. To-day, Sir James Craig, in Belfast is using his power—not his legal power, but his assumed power—to terrorise, intimidate, and bully the minority of the people of that city.

Lord Birkenhead (formerly F. E. Smith) and Sir Edward Carson stirred up mutiny in the Curragh Camp against the Government in 1914. He armed and equipped an army and brought Ireland to its present position.

Sir Edward Carson, speaking at Belfast on June 6th, 1914, said:—

"Remember your arms, and keep them no matter what happens. I rely on every man to fight for his arms, and to let no man take them from him—I don't care who they are or what authority they have got. It is the people who would come to take away what we have got who are the peace-breakers, and I tell you that if they come to break the peace I will rely upon your discipline under your officers, if the necessity arises, to use your arms."

Is that not sedition? Is that not causing "disaffection" amongst the civilian population? It is a call to revolt—armed revolt. But these men were not prosecuted, and would not be persecuted to-day if they repeated the same offences, simply because they belong to the capitalist class.

Comrades, the White Terror now in progress is part and parcel of the infernal system! You can only end the White Terror by taking over the means of production, distribution and exchange. You cannot patch up a system which is played out; palliatives will only prolong the wage-system.

T. ISLWYN NICHOLAS.

THE FASCISTI—BRITISH BRAND.

The "Saturday Review," that dear friend of liberty—within limits, of course—asks the question: "Who is to save the country from the tyranny of the Trade Unions?" The "Review" does not leave its readers to worry out the solution: the answer, too, is supplied. To win escape from "this degrading subjection to a plebian oligarchy" . . . "the only way seems to be an imitation of the Italian 'Fascisti' movement."

The "Fascisti," be it known, is a sort of Italian Middle Class Union, with an aristocratic seasoning, which "armed itself with knives and revolvers to drive the Communists out of the factories, workshops, and mills of which they held possession." To date, neither Communists nor anyone else in this country have commandeered mills or factories, but even lacking that excuse, the "Saturday Review" wants a British "Fascisti." For listen: "Unless the British upper and middle classes will organise themselves, to put down with force if necessary, the extremist wing of the Trade Unionist party, we shall have no domestic peace, and, losing our foreign trade, we shall sink into a third-rate Power."

From the "Crusader."

BURIED.

Sankey.

Workers' Dreadnought

Editor: SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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WATCH THE EAST!

The Press has been lately full of rumours as to a new war in the East, arising from the conflict between Greece and Turkey, into which Britain might be drawn. Lord Rothermere, last Monday, in the *Daily Mirror*, was calling:

"*Stop the Coalition's New War!*"

He demanded:—

"*Are we going to war with the Bolshevists again through the Turks, whilst simultaneously negotiating trade matters with Mr. Krassin, the Bolshevist delegate in London?*"

On the same day, the *Daily Express*, in its largest headlines, was declaring that it had prevented Britain being dragged into the new Greco-Turkish war!

We do not think the British Government dare face another extensive war at present, but we know that it is constantly seeking opportunities to extend the power and territory of British Capitalism, to thwart the growth of Communism and to injure the Russian Soviet Government because it has hoisted the Communist Red flag. The British Government will continue to go as far as it dare in furthering such objects. Therefore, anything may happen; we are always living beside a powder magazine, which has always the possibility of an explosion.

The latest capitalist move against Soviet Russia continues, though scarcely a word about it has appeared in the Press, and *The Times* has even attempted to explain it away as a move by Wrangel and Semenoff, disapproved by Japan.

The *Rosta Wien* publishes a statement from Moscow, June 7th, stating that the Soviet Government will be compelled to send troops to the aid of the far Eastern Republic, and is in a position to render this aid. From Chita, a *Rosta* telegram of June 4th, states that the Japanese attack began by the disarming of the military escort which was bringing counter-revolutionary conspirators to prison. The Japanese disarmed the Vladivostok City Militia. Nevertheless Japan officially denied all participation in the events. An Odessa wire of June 5th reports that the Ukrainian counter-revolutionary Skoropadski is also becoming active; is endeavouring to call together all Ukrainian reactionaries, and is negotiating with the English, French and Italians to secure financial help. Counter-revolutionary activities are also reported from Lithuania.

Says *Rosta*:—

"All these reports indicate the tendency to prepare public opinion for something. Watch your news. Remember there are deliberate liars at work in Helsingfors, Stockholm and Paris, to say nothing of London."

Capitalism fights unceasingly in the International Civil War, against Communism and the workers.

THE MINER'S BALLOT.

The *Daily Herald* says:—

"We do not feel it is any business of ours to recommend to the miners how they should vote. . . . Whatever decision they make on Wednesday, it is they and theirs who will bear whatever results follow from the ballot."

We do not agree with this view. We believe it to be the mission and duty of a newspaper dealing with Labour questions, to express its opinion in all such matters, and especially in a great struggle, such as that of the miners, which effects the entire working class.

We consider that the owners' terms should be rejected, and that the whole working class should line up in solidarity against them. The miners are voting as we go to press. We await, with all the world, the verdict, though we do not share the illusion that this strike, even if won, could be more than a little stage in the great class struggle, which shall end in the abolition of classes and the triumph of the Communist ideal.

FROM THE EDITOR.

COMRADES,—

On my release from prison, I find the "Workers' Dreadnought" in a precarious financial position, due to a sequence of causes inevitable in the production of an advanced paper.

During the first months of my absence, the circulation had fallen, but it was already slightly rising when I returned.

To-day the circulation is rising steadily, but not quickly enough, and, since the income does not at present meet expenses, the publication of every week's issue means a serious loss. Beside that there are old debts incurred for printing which must be wiped out.

The paper has weathered many storms.

During the war we were raided again and again; we were chased from printer to printer by the Government, and so, losing our paper ration, we were compelled to pay up to 1/4 per lb. for the very worst quality of paper—paper which would not have been worth 1d. a lb. before the war! Still we survived!

With an effort we shall survive now!

* * * *

We urge you to push up quickly the circulation. If we had funds we could do this by advertisement. As we have not, we are dependent on your efforts.

Will you get local newsagents to stock the paper?

Will you see that it is on sale at all meetings held in your district?

Will you get your friends to take it?

Will you get posters shown?

* * * *

We appeal to all of you to send an immediate donation to the "Dreadnought," in order that urgent liabilities may be met.

That is to meet the urgent needs of the day; to make possible the publication of next week's paper.

* * * *

With regard to the future and with reference, to the proposals made to us by friends and comrades, as mentioned in a previous issue, we have decided, in order to place the paper on a solid and satisfactory basis, to form a "Dreadnought Publishing Company." This Company will be responsible for the publication of the "Workers' Dreadnought" and will maintain it as an independent organ supporting the Communist Party from the Left Wing standpoint. The Dreadnought Publishing Company will also, as opportunity develops, publish educational and literary works of value to the Communist movement, which do not fall within the everyday province of Party routine propaganda.

The Company will be a Limited Liability Company, and the shareholders will have a voice in the management on the basis of one share, one vote.

I should be glad to hear at once from comrades in regard to this scheme.

* * * *

The situation is really urgent. The existence of the "Dreadnought" is actually at stake. It was only by great devotion on the part of its supporters and a series of happy accidents, that it continued during the past months.

I want those who think the "Dreadnought" has done good work in the past and will do good work in the future, just to realise that I am not overstating the position.

E.P.A. AND FREE SPEECH.

The crushing handicap which the Emergency Powers Act has placed upon freedom of speech is shown by the cases against Peter Hannon, a Sheffield coppersmith, and George Henry Fletcher, a master baker of the same city, and Vice-President of the Sheffield Trades and Labour Council, to which between 70,000 and 80,000 workers are affiliated. We Communists are not surprised by this state of affairs. We realise, reluctantly, but quite clearly, that Capitalism will not allow its powers to be strapped from it with democratic willingness, but will fight to retain them. Therefore since capital, perhaps exaggerated as yet, believes its transquility, if not more, to be endangered, the old "British freedom" our fathers used to boast of has disappeared.

What were the statements on which the charges against these men were based? We shall answer the question from the Report of the Sheffield capitalist paper, the *Yorkshire Telegraph*.

First let us take the case of Comrade Hannon on June 11th, Mr. Bentley, who appeared against him, said:—

"Prisoner gave a crude exposition of the origin of the growth of the export trade of the country, the whole object of the speech being to instil into the people the idea that the whole of the wealth was produced by the people, whom, he said, he represented, and to make them disaffected with the conditions under which they worked. He proceeded to allude to the war, and twisted it round and endeavoured to make his audience believe that the war was caused by people whom he was pleased to call capitalists, who engineered war with Germany for the purpose of hounding down the working classes. In the course of his speech he said they had every building placarded with huge posters decorated at the bottom with the photographs of some of the 'leading comedians of this country, in the shape of J. H. Thomas Clynes, and other asses like them, and he told them that the employers, locked them out for their own purpose, and the 'bosses were hoping that they would be eventually starved out.' He then invited the workers to organise their own trade unions with a view to taking over and running industry. He next spoke of the methods of revolution in Russia, and said it was caused by the shortage of bread. 'The same reason will create it here,' he said. 'Our mission is,' he said, 'to teach you, to educate you, to tell you to organise, not into sections, but into one great working-class movement.' He also said capitalism had said to them, 'I have had to starve you; I have flayed you and cursed you; I have made you boast than you were free, where in reality, you were bigger slaves than pit ponies in any coal mines. I sent you to France to die like flies, also to Gallipoli and Mesopotamia.' It had been our proud boast, said counsel, that our workers came forward freely to save their country. In speaking about Communism he said, 'bloodshed there may be, but it will not be of our seeking—it will come from the class responsible for all bloodshed. We, the Communist Party, shall lead you, and control you, in spite of thousands of persecutions, up to the gate of freedom, to a world where the horror of war shall be unknown; where poverty, starvation, prostitution, and general misery shall also be unknown.'"

Comrade Hannon was sent to prison for three months as an alternative to a fine of £50.

Comrade Fletcher's case was heard on June 9th. Mr. A. H. Jackson appearing on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, said that Fletcher's speech might cause disaffection amongst the police, two of whom were on duty at his meeting. The prosecutor further mentioned that in a raid on Fletcher's house a document was found showing that there was a "defence fund" for paying the fines of Communist prisoners. Is it suggested that the Government has the right to take exception to that?

The most striking passage in Fletcher's speech, as cited by the prosecution, is as follows:—

"I am sorry for the police. When a man has served in the force for twenty years or over and is told to do this dirty work he knows very well that if he doesn't do it he has stravation staring him in the face. There are many decent chaps in the police force, and I know they don't like doing this dirty work. I want to say to the police it is just about time they took this matter up and refused to do this dirty work. They did strike once, when it was a question of money, and I want to remind the police that we helped them to get their increase. I want them to realise that after they have been the tools of the capitalist class and assisted *to reduce* the wages of the other workers, the same people will turn round and reduce theirs, and I want to remind the police *of this*. I was talking to an ex-inspector of the Sheffield Police the other day, and he said, 'Look here, Fletcher; I never thought until I joined the police that they were called upon to do such dirty actions as they are. If I had my time to come over again, I wouldn't, under any circumstances, join such an organisation.'"

The police are showing a remarkable lack of common sense in furthering Comrade Fletcher's propaganda by giving to it the great publicity received in the Sheffield press on account of his prosecution.

DREADNOUGHT DEVELOPMENT FUND

Omitted in error week ending June 4th, H. G. Russell 2s. 6d.

Week ending June 11, 1921—J. Bernstein 2s. 6d., F. Jones 6d., E. H. Fox 5s., Mrs. B. 2s. 6d., Mixed Guild, Enfield Co-Op. Society 10s.; total, £1 0s. 6d.

AFTER HALF A YEAR.

FROM HOLLOWAY TO LONDON

BACK TO THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—*The Liberator.*

At night the trees in Victoria Park shake with a sweet rustling over the Old Ford Road, giving out summer fragrance, in spite of the gas lamps shining below them, and the smoke-grimed, jerry-built houses opposite. Still gleams the subdued light of the night sky on the canal's dark waters. The sober shapes of the houses and factories on it banks withdraw themselves into the velvet shades in wistful beauty. Quiet are these streets; this working world sleeps early. Over the whole great city, night casts a warm, deep mantle.

But in the daytime, London is frowsy. The grass in the park is worn away by teeming footsteps. They are tired, still sleepy workers who go to work in the early mornings.

Those Bond Street women, with lips rose red and dolly faces, look faded and dull, like jaded chorus girls. In Holloway gaol, we were dressed like Dutch peasant women, with small white bonnets, and skirts so bunchy they made us look round and stiff like barrels. Now, outside, in our own clothes once again, we catch sight of ourselves reflected in some shop window, and wonder whether we can really be wearing as full a skirt as conventional usages demand. But a glance at those passers in short and flimsy garments does more than reassure.

At the Horse Guards, the soldiers still wear those silly breastplates and bits of fur, always put away for actual war, and still they weary themselves and their horses by useless standing on guard in useless niche.

Downing Street and other Whitehall approaches to Government buildings are guarded still by the wooden barricades erected against the Sinn Fein scare months ago, when the busy rumour went round that the Irish rebels would charge down in massed motor cars upon the ruling officials of the British Empire, scattering death before them, by the playing of machine guns. The hoardings are faded and weatherworn. They bear the license from the Corporation of the City of Westminster permitting their erection and maintenance till the 28th of June. By such empty forms as this license from the elected old gentlemen of Westminster, the British autocracy salutes the ghost of democratic Government and, whenever it is not troublesome, sets the seal of constitutional sanction upon the acts it has determined.

The paintings in the National Gallery have been rearranged; the embossed paper on the walls has been coated roughly with amateurish brushes in gaudy incongruous colours, which form a garish background to the pictures and reveal the darker tints lying underneath, looking oddly dirty and impoverished. The pictures are jumbled strangely; the fifteenth century jostles the eighteenth, and pictures of many nationalities, many centuries, many subjects, people the same room. On what plan the picture-hangers were working it is impossible to discover. Art drifts along in marshy and neglected backwaters in the heart of the greatest Empire.

Westminster Abbey is crowded with comfortable people. The preacher talks on in a voice not clear, dull and unimpassioned. Henry IV was told he would die in Jerusalem; his end was hastened by that suggestion. Therefore, by mental suggestion, we can prepare ourselves to receive the word of God! Strange argument, leading nowhere.

In Hyde Park, yesterday, hundreds of little Girl Guides were drilled, and in smart blue dresses, saluted the Union Jack in the sunshine. For parents and children is made a great war-popularising propaganda, whilst here around the Cenotaph lie fresh flowers fading for the men who died in the war we were told would end war; the war that Allied Capitalism declared had been won. When one thinks of the glories of ancient Greece, one says that the Cenotaph is but a block in the roadway; when one reaches the Bank and sees there another Memorial, one is thankful to Lutyens for what he has not done.

The 'buses are crowded, going Eastward. The Commercial Road is thronged with people of many races, and children swarm on the ground in the dusty side roads

In Watney Street are mingled, in equal numbers, the dark-eyed Hebrew children, plump-limbed and olive-skinned, with the paler and thinner Cockneys. The Watney street church is not crowded like Westminster Abbey.

Its walls are painted in many colours, in echoes of old Byzantium, its choristers sing with clear, sweet voices; yet it does not attract the people in from the dingy streets. Six white robed men conduct the service; eight white robed choristers beside them, two lay attendants keep the doors—sixteen souls in all—and the congregation numbers also sixteen.

The children play in the roads, their parents watch them from the doorsteps.

The people enjoy only the pleasure of having nothing to do. There is scarcely a book, scarcely a toy to be seen.

The pretty clothes of many children look strangely beside these sordid little hovels: the bug-ridden, tumbledown dens in which these masses and masses of working-class families are housed. The new-washed hair, the fresh-ironed frocks, reveal the patient toil of careful mothers, who flag not, however hopeless may be their surroundings. Even in that most dark street, where daylight is blocked out by a high railway wall, less than a short stride from the front of the houses facing it, some little girls are playing in white silk dresses, flimsy silk of the very cheapest, the very frailest sort, newly-worn but already marked by the dust of the walls and the roadway. Their little white figures look like faded flowers in all this blackness. Their new-washed hair crimpy from last night's curl-papers, those frail, soon-soiled dresses, express the craving for beauty that still survives in the starved souls of their mothers.

The very poor slouch past in Commercial Road and beside them go the prosperous, well-fed, small Jewish bourgeoisie; the stout men with their gold chains; the stout women with gay short skirts and silk stockings. On the rest in the centre of the roadway, the loafers, the homeless, the workless are standing, their eyes upon the "doss-house." They are waiting for the hour when it opens, to rest their weary feet. They do not notice the motor car of the prosperous British grocer, as he comes out of the fish restaurant with his red-faced wife, and brushes past the haggard woman with broken boots who offers him little white roses which nobody will buy.

Close by is one of the "Fortunes of War" coffee stalls, which are manned by discharged soldiers out of a job. "Fortunes of War!" The phrase rings with a note of mocking. Are not these very cafés a mark of the fact that for the workers, wars—capitalist quarrels—bring no fortune?

Wrangel's ship, the black pirate ship of militant capitalism, lies in the West India Dock to-day, the dockers tell us, and is being repainted. What further part will she play in the International civil war, of which these quiet, exploited people seem to be all unconscious? Destiny drags them into its meshes without their knowledge; but they are sleeping partners.

* * *

It is Monday, black Monday, to which the hopes and fears of workless people frantically converge after the Sunday's marking-time. Streams of men are passing and passing into the docks in the early morning, and amongst them go the girls and women who work in the factories and warehouses by the river side.

For an hour the crowd of men has been growing, men of all ages, with tired faces and shabby clothes. It is not eight o'clock yet. The big well-fed man with a thick, full-blooded face and long moustache, who stands raised above them, is still choosing out "preference labourers," the "B" men as they are called. They are holding up their cards, each trying to attract attention.

"Now they're fighting at the barrier, in case there isn't enough work to go round all the 'B' men. All those others are the 'C' men; they don't get a look in till the 'B' men have been taken," says a young man standing on the edge of the pavement opposite.

"How many days work a week are they getting now, on the average, do you suppose?"

"I've had one day's work in three weeks," he says with a hopeless laugh.

"Don't you think it worth trying for it this morning?"

"I'm waiting till I see some of my own men going, the 'C' men; then I'll run over. Look, there they go!" And so he runs.

The fat man perched up there against the railings has plenty of men to choose from. They are crushed together, standing on tiptoes, with arms waving, their red cards stretched over each other's heads.

He can buy whom he will, and he eyes them to see who is strongest, who is steadiest, who will best "pay" his employer for taking him on.

The fat man has chosen his full number. He does not want any more men to-day. The workless horde drops back; there is no more chance of a job here till one o'clock.

"It's disgraceful! It goes on day after day! Men that have fought! It's a scandal!" An elderly man is speaking, one of the regular weekly wage workers employed about the dock.

"They tramp long distances to get a job here. There are men here who've come from Epsom! And if they don't go away now, the police'll come and drive them away! Talk about the Empire; it's a disgrace!"

The unwanted crowd walks quietly and unmurmuringly down the slope and out through the gates. Shabby and tired, they are, for the most part, young and fairly vigorous men.

Watching them outside by the public house, leaning against its walls, are the unemployed of an earlier period, the unemployable of to-day.

So grind the Mills of Capitalism and wage slavery in the Empire City.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

THE LABOUR PARTY AT WORK IN POPLAR.

How the Labour Guardians treat the Poor. Ordered out by an N.U.R. Representative.

Will the Labour Party Emancipate the Workers?

The following article is by a staunch Socialist worker of many years' standing, well-known in Poplar.

I am driven to take up the pen, to try my hand at such work. I do so because I believe that a large number of the dispossessed are of the opinion that the modern political Labour Party will emancipate them. I am not sure that is true, their hopes might be smashed. By their actions ye shall know them, because actions speak louder than words, and the attitude adopted by the Labour Party on the Poplar Board of Guardians, where it has a large majority, shows quite clearly what this Party will do if it gets into power. In my opinion, its actions towards the unemployed, or at least, to one of them, have been contemptible, mean, and deserving of strong reproach.

The facts are as follow:—

An unemployed man with wife to support, applied for help from the Board of Guardians. He had been unemployed three weeks, and had received no unemployment benefit, either from the State Insurance or from his Trade Union, the N.G.W.U. He is not blaming anyone for the delay; but found himself without the wherewithal to maintain his wife and self. The rent of his house is 12/2 per week; the upkeep of Friendly Societies, Insurances and Trade Union is 3/- per week. As a last resource, he appealed to the Guardians of the Borough of Poplar (Majority Labour).

Most of you are aware that when you appear before such bodies you have to answer a number of questions framed by the capitalist class, before you are entitled, in the opinion of the Guardians, to receive any help. Permit me to say that it is time that a new precedent should be set up by the wage-earning class. This unemployed man attempted to do this. He has two children living with him at home, and both earning their subsistence. He was asked by the relieving officer or clerk, what wages the two children earned. He refused point-blank to answer such a question, pointing out that he was not asking for help for his children.

He was granted the sum of seven shillings and elevenpence in food on Friday, June 3rd, and told to appear before the Committee on Monday, June 6th. He did so.

He was ushered before the Committee, the Chairman of which was Mr. E. J. Kelly, N.U.R.

The Chairman addressed him: "You are asking for help?"

He replied in the affirmative.

Chairman: "You have two children, a son and a daughter, living with you at home; what wages do they take or earn?"

Again the unemployed man pointed out that what the children earned was no concern of his, and again he refused to answer the questions.

In the usual bombastic manner of the modern Labour Party, the Chairman replied: "I do not want you to dictate to me."

The unemployed man answered that there was no need for that, but that what he was doing was to refuse to answer such questions, because, in his opinion, they were degrading to him and the class to which he belongs.

In a bullying manner, the Chairman said: "Get outside!"

Just prior to that, a Mr. Sims, District Superintendent (so I am informed), asked: "Supposing your son is earning £5 per week?"

The unemployed man replied: "What about it? Let me ask you a question?"

"I don't want you to ask me questions," said the Labour Guardian.

But the man did.

"The late Queen of England," he said, "got seventy thousand pounds a year pension. Was the Queen asked how much her sons earned?"

With that, E. J. Kelly, N.U.R., replied: "Get outside!"

And the man was sent empty away, by the Labour Party.

Forty-eight years ago, I was taken under the care of the Local Government Board. I spent something like eleven years under it's care (or want of care), so I think I am able to talk on the treatment of that foster-mother. Forty-eight years is a long time in the life of an individual, and one would have thought that progress had been made. I must confess that I am disappointed. Actions speak louder than words, and I am convinced that the elected representatives of the Labour Party are still imbued with the utmost contempt for the wage-earning class. Furthermore, the stronger their power becomes, the more tyrannical they become. Their psychology is the psychology of the tyrant and taskmaster. Their every action shows quite clearly that they are prepared to keep intact the capitalist State; that is, all institutions which defend private property and the means of production and distribution.

Finally, I submit the quickest and surest way of getting rid of the Labour Party would be to give it full power to prove its uselessness.

With no apology

GEORGE PAMMENT.

Comrade Pamment's disappointment need cause us no surprise. The policy of the Labour Party is not to abolish the capitalist system, but to reform it. It is impossible to emancipate the workers within the capitalist system: the Labour Party does not recognise this fact, Its programme is a tepid Reformist one which the Liberal Party might easily adopt and indeed will adopt, in the near future. Members of Boards of Guardians, whether Labour or otherwise, are handicapped by the fact that if they help the poor, they put up the rates and if they put up the rates, they lose their seats. They have the temptation to cling to their seats, and the poor go to the wall. Moreover, the Local Government Boards are apt to surcharge the more humane Guardians, and though every honest Guardian ought to have the pluck to fight that, some have not. The only cure is Communism; that will clear away all vestiges of capitalist cruelties. We none of us want to be obliged to depend on Poor Law relief, however liberally it may be served out. We ought, therefore, to overturn the system which makes Poor Law relief a necessity to many unfortunate people. [ED. "W.D."]

PARLIAMENT AS WE SEE IT.

German Reparation.

Under the German Reparation (Recovery) Act goods imported from that country direct into England have to pay His Majesty's Customs 50 per cent. of their value. Up to the 2nd inst. the amount thus collected was £30,000, and Mr. Killy (Lib., Whitechapel) says £50,000 is the estimated cost incurred in collecting that sum. Mr. Killy states, in form of a question to the Prime Minister, that coal coming from the Ruhr Valley "does not pay duty at all."

Ireland.

Upon Capt. Benn (Lib., Leith) asking how many soldiers have killed since 1st Jan. in the War in Ireland, Col. Newman (Coalition, Finchley) innocently interjected: "Since when, have we been at War with England!"

From Jan. 1st 127 military have been killed and 205 wounded, replies Sir Hamar.

The Irish Bulletin (Official Copy), on the other hand, states that from 1st Jan. to 31st May 127 persons have been killed by British Troops and Constabulary, not including in this list casualties suffered in action nor any of those accidentally killed during conflicts between British forces and members of the I.R.A.

Letters seized.

When the Glasgow Bakoumm Press was raided a number of documents were found, including a letter of William Hunt, Under-Manager of the Haunchwood Colliery, asking for certain literature he desired to study.

The Police showed this letter to Mr. Hunt's employers, and he was dismissed. Col. Wedgwood (Lab., Newcastle-under-Lyne) and Mr. Cairn (Lab., Morpeth) asked if the Police has the guidance of any rule in dealing with documents seized. Sir J. Baird (Under-Secretary for Home Affairs) says that the "proper action must depend on the circumstances of each case, and no precise instruction can be given." The Home Secretary "does not propose to take any steps with regard reparation."

Lt.-Col. Stanley (Financial Secretary to the War Office) state that totally, in Constantinople, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia there are 33,600 British soldiers and 68,500 Indians, but he cannot say, offhand to Mr. J. Jones (Lab., Silvertown), who is going to be charged with the expenses of these armies. If burly Jack Jones is still of an inquiring mind he could drop a card to us—or better still a letter with a P.O. enclosed for his annual sub. to "W.D." and we will let him know, offhand, who is going to pay for these armies.

Unlawful Assembly.

Mr. Swan (Lab., Barnard Castle) is in the same boat with Mr. Jones, and he should also send us a sub. He vainly asked to Mr. Parker (Lord of the Treasury, answering questions for the Home Secretary)! "What is an unlawful assemby!"—No reply came from the Treasury Benches. In the areas affected by the Coal Strike, Mr. Parker had previously stated, replying to Mr. Myers (Lab., Spen Valley), that 13 persons had been committed for trial on the charge of riot, and 25 on the charge of unlawful assembly. They will be tried at the Assizes.

German Coal.

Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson (Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade) admits to Mr. J. Guest (Lab., Hemsworth) that the 94,090 tons of coal delivered by Germany as reparation to France and Germany, and which have been imported in this country since the lockout in the mining industry have paid no import duty under the pet scheme of Lloyd George that goes by the name of German Reparation (Recovery) Act.

Mr. Mills (Lab., Dartford) should like the President of the Board of Trade to take steps to prevent coal being retailed in small quantities at £4 the ton. Measures to prevent poor people being overcharged were passed by the Spanish Government during a strike over there. Mr. Bridgeman (Secretary for Mines) is not aware of that, and does not think £4 a ton an excessive price for the poor

Unemployment Insurance.

Dr. Macnamara (Minister of Labour) brings in a Bill to vary the rates of contribution and the rates and periods of Benefit under the Unemployment Insurance Acts.

Given an average of 9 per cent. unemployment amongst insured persons it would have been possible to carry on till July next with the funds in present available. To-day the percentage is 23 per cent. The Government is paying out two millions a week and receives in contributions only £350,000.

The insurance fund which in March last stood at 22½ millions now stands at 8¾. Money will last out for about another month. We are—that was the burden of Dr. Mac's song—broke, stoney, although he expressed it in polite and polished language.

From July 4th Dr. Mac. must reduce benefit to 15s. for men and 12s. for women, with proportionate reductions for boys and girls. He—of course—must increase contributions from employed persons employers and the State.

By 221 Ayes and 62 Noes the House decided to have the Bill brought in.

Egypt.

Mr. Harmsworth (Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) is of the opinion that but for martial law in Egypt a greater number of Greeks and Italians would have been massacred in the recent disturbances. Mr. Swan (Lab., Barnard Castle), on the other hand, feels that the fact that martial law still exist, in spite of the promise made by Adly Pasha, on becoming Prime Minister of Egypt, that it would be abolished, is likely to cause widespread disaffection.

One million Egyptians has signed a demand that the present Egyptian Cabinet should resign, says Mr. Lunn (Lab., Rothwell).

Prison Rules.

Major Steel (Coalition, Ashford), feeling probably that prisoners convicted of sedition are too well treated, asks the Secretary for Scotland "if he considers the advisability of introducing legislation to alter the rules . . . . in order that such prisoners shall not be accorded special privileges"

Mr. Morison (Coalition, Inverness, Lord Advocate) states that Prisons Rules can be altered without legislation, and that a general revision of these rules is under consideration and that the suggestions contained in the question will be considered.

Seditious Speeches.

Mr. Shortt has had "his attention drawn to the case" of Mr. C. T. Woodhead, who was sentenced to three months in default of payment, and who Mr. T. Griffith (Lab., Pontypool) states, could not see his wife, and had no opportunity of instructing counsel for his defence. Two of his friends tried to come to Court to give evidence were informed they would not be allowed to be witnesses.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Spain and Soviet Russia.

A Spanish consul has arrived in Batum who states that several large syndicates have been formed in Spain who wish to enter into business relations with Soviet Russia and Trans-Caucasia.

Germans seek Concessions.

Representatives of two large German firms arrived yesterday in Jekaterinburg in order to investigate the asbestos deposits in the district of the River Reva and the mines of Basheev with a view of obtaining them as concessions.

Russian Visas in London.

The Soviet Commercial Delegation in London has been recognised as the consular institution for the issue of visas for Russia.

Goods from Abroad.

The first foreign steamer, flying the Dutch flag, arrived in the harbour of Petrograd with a cargo of 200 tons of herrings. As the ship passed the Cronstadt anchorage it was greeted by the Russian sailors with flag salutes and music. The steamer left Yarmouth on May 18th. The arrival of the German steamer "Adler" which is bringing home prisoners of war is awaited every hour.

In the harbour of Odessa a large number of steamers and sailing vessels have arrived. The regular passenger service between Odessa and Batum has begun.

The French Embassy in Lettland.

Count Demartel, who has been appointed French Ambassador in Lettland has arrived in Riga on a French cruiser. In the course of an interview he stated that France will have a large ambassadorial staff in Lettland. In Lettish circles the impression is current that France is making efforts to establish itself in the East and will play the dominating role in Lettland in the same way as in Poland.

Japan supports Russian Reactionaries.

The Japanese military representative in Constantinople Takachami, held a lunch in honour of Wrangel at which the Japanese Commissioner Ushida was also present. The latter stated that Japan would never recognise the Soviet government and would always remain the friend of the Russian patriots.

"Isvestia" notices that Japan is beginning to orient towards France in its politics. In the future Japan will no longer follow England who has resumed relations with Russia. In its relations to Soviet Russia Japan cannot go with America either, as the relations between Japan and America are not very friendly. The Japanese military representative in Paris held a banquet at which many Russian officers were present. He stated that Japan would gladly support the Russian officers in a struggle with the Bolchevists and would take into consideration the question of transporting the Wrangel soldiers over Vladivostock to Semenov.

The Mining Academy in Moscow.

The Mining Academy in Moscow which has just celebrated its second anniversary was founded in the year 1919. The initiative was taken by a group of professors who have also carried on the principal work in connection with it.

The Academy represent a new type of university in Russia. The task is the education of engineers who are different in quality from the former. In place of the all-round engineer they are training the specialist. In this respect it signifies a transition of the Academy to the Western style. The emphasis in this system lies in the strengthening of the practical activity and in the shortening of the theoretical preparation. This system is winning supporters and recently the Petrograd Mining Academy announced itself in favour of a revision of its program to a more practical one.

One result of the reform referred to in the Mining Academy is the democratising of the student body. For entrance into the Academy the certificate of secondary's school education is not absolutely necessary. A workers' faculty has been set up in which the student's register for the two or three years which aren ecessary before transferring to the higher grade. The students consist of two groups, those who have passed secondary school (about 70 per cent.) and those in the workers' faculty. The latter group number now about 300 persons, but it is continually increasing, whereas the number of the former group is continually decreasing. In the Academy there are a large number of courses lasting from four months to two years. The students are maintained at the cost of the Soviet government. They receive food, lodging and money allowance.

Japanese Imperialism.

According to Reports which have been received the number of Japanese troops in the East Siberian Coast territory amounts to 91,000 and will be shortly raised to 100,000. The Anglo-Japanese alliance will shortly become a fact. Japan has undertaken to support the English policy concerning European Russian, Caucausus, Asia Minor, and Central Asia. England has undertaken not to permit any other power in Manchuria and to stand for the Japanese interests in connection with the Mandate islands in the Pacific.

"Ouhida" gave a statement according to which England supports the project of the creation of a new state under the Protection of Japan out of an autonomus Manchuraia Mongolia, Thibet and certain Russian in East Siberia.

The Allrussian Central Executive Committee resolved to instruct the peoples commissariat for nationalities to elaborate a draft of decree forming an autonomous republic in the Crimean Peninsula. A special commission with full power has been sent to Crimea to deal on the spot with the land question.

Dramatic Art.

Considering that the dramatic art is the best vehicle for pourtraying the tendencies of recent epoch, the literature department of peoples commissariat for education announces an Allrussian competition for dramating productions comformable to the spirit of the times and to the heroic role of proletariat from the days of the Armistice onwards.

RED YOUTH NOTES.

By T. Islwyn Nicholas.

Red Youth in Yugo-Slavia.

One of the first victims of the White Terror in Yugo Slavia was the Young Communist Organisation. The Government, which is in the power of a military dictatorship, has ordered the breaking up of the flourishing organisation which, though founded but very recently, had already about fifty strong and active groups scattered over the country. The headquarters of the organisation were raided by the police, and all the books, papers, and other material were seized and taken away. A number of young comrades were also arrested, but these acts are not discouraged by the attempt of the Yugo-Slavia bourgeoisie to break up their organisation. On the contrary. In spite of all dangers the Red government decrees they are now illegally carrying on the propaganda for the Young Communist Internationl. Comrades of Britain, beware! The tactics of the bourgeoisie are the same throughout the world.

Our Maxim.

Thou shalt remember that the economic structure of society determines the legal and political superstructure, and the social, ethical, religious, and intellectual life-process in general. It is not man's consciousness which determines their life; on the contrary, it is the social life which determines their consciousness.

Our Comrades in Korea.

The "Isvestia" quotes a report of the Japanese daily "Hajimizi," which states that all members of the Young Communist Organisation of Korea have been sentenced to hard labour. The paper goes on to say that, according to an official report, issued by the consul-general in Mukden, counterfait money is being distributed everywhere in the district. The report asserts that most of the money can be traced to the young revolutionary organisations of Korea. All this proves that even in the Far East the young revolutionists are on guard and doing their duty towards the Young Communist International.

"The Red Dawn."

The June issue of "The Red Dawn," which has been made into a children's paper, is well worth buying. It contains jokes and songs, humorous and otherwise. It is now sold for one penny. Every young revolutionary should get a copy.

Free Youth Swimming Clubs.

Free Youth Swimming Clubs have been started in Glasgow. Boys and men practice at Whitevale baths every Wednesday evening at 8.45, Govan every Monday evening at 8.45, girls and women every Wednesday evening at 8.45 in Greenhead Baths. All young comrades are welcome.

Our Task.

The task of the Communist organisations of youth, bound together in the Young International, must be the universal education of youth in the Marxian spirit, thereby raising the culture level. The working youth must extort from the bourgeoisie the treasures of human knowledge, which are indispensable too the workers as a guide to, and in, their emancipation. They must conquer the paths to science, literature and art. Beside honest workmen and brave soldiers of the Red Army, the young must supply scholars, technical specialists, organisers, philosophers, poets and artists of the new Communist Society. It is the mission of the working youth and its organisations to be in the first ranks of the constructors of the new culture, conceived by the Communist spirit.

Physical Culture.

The Communist organisations must turn the proletarian youth into a healthy people, healthly bodily and mentally. Therefore, the Communist organisations of youth are also concerned with the physical development of the young. This work, to which at present we can only give part of our time, is of the greatest importance for the working-class youth.

A Message from the Third.

A new force of young fighters is flowing into our ranks. The Third International has included in its rolls the Communist International of Youth. This gives us the assurance of victory for our cause. Forward, young friends! Go on uniting, organising into Communist Leagues, form into the battle-line organisations of the Communist International of Youth, and storm the fortresses of Capital, conquer freedom and prosperity for mankind.

CHURCHILL COMING ROUND.

Mr. Churchill won his seat in the present House on the promise to make Germany pay. Making Germany pay, he explained on Wednesday, is to ruin ourselves.

"Germany, the greatest debtor nation, had her underfed workpeople employed overtime in the struggle to pay the war indemnity by sending out her manufactured goods, *and the longer this process went on the greater would Germany's industrial leadership become* at the expense of the conditions of life and labour of our industrial population." It is better to be wise late than never.

COMRADE MALONE, M.P.

Congratulations! We hope that you will soon be in the thick of it again!

VENGEANCE!

Three boys were, at the Glasgow Sheriff's Court, sentenced to three years' imprisonment in a Borstal institution for stealing 4 lb. of chocolate. So heavily the "Haves" take vengeance on the young "Have Not's"!

OUR BOOKS.

Comrades are asked to note that we have a number of books on Russia that we are clearing out at reduced prices.

In some cases there are only single copies, which are shop-soiled and are therefore marked at half price.

A visit to the office will repay any comrade who wishes to have a library of reference for Russian and Communist activity and thought; but as the supply islimited, comrades should lose no time in applying.

BOOKLETS TO READ.

RED RUSSIA (*John Reed*) ..... 6d.
THE CHIEF TASK OF OUR TIMES (*Lenin*) 3d.
MANIFESTO OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY (*Marx and Engels*) ..... 3d.
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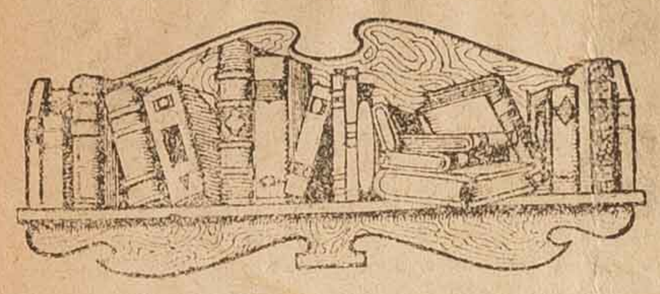

OUR BOOKSHELF.

THE COMMUNIST PRESS.

(Under this heading we shall comment upon and study the periodical Communist Press of other countries. Although these publications are mentioned here at random a few every week, this column may prove useful to Comrades desirous of getting in touch with Comrades abroad, at the same time it will show the importance and the spread of our movement.)

I.—THE AUSTRALIAN COMMUNIST. Official Organ. Editor: C. W. Baker.—119, Rawson Chambers, Rawson Place, Sydney.

The current issue, No. 18, contains, amongst other things, an article by J. T. Walton Newbold on "The End of the British Empire"; the reply of the resolutions of American Socialists concerning affiliation to Moscow and Moscow's cutting reply inviting the workers to leave the said party; the resolution passed by the American Friends of Freedom for India, etc.

This issue also contains a suggestion for a National (Australian) Newspaper of a rather Utopian character. The signatories of this proposal, after having analysed with acuteness the present position of the Capitalist Press, propose the foundation of a daily, *financed by the Government*, with a cable service of its own, pledged to give fair play to all opinions worth considering, and governed by an Editorial Commission *free from political control*. To believe that a Government publication could be unbiassed and reliable is to ignore one of the essential and fundamental principles of Communism, that is that the State—viz., the Government—is the Executive of the ruling classes and therefore *always* opposed to the emancipation of the workers, even with a Labour Party in power.

THE TIME TO WORK.

Times are hard: trade is bad: unemployment grows. The employing classes turn on the workers and beat down their wages. Prices are still high for what one would buy; but the poor who turn to the pawnshop to tide them over their pressing difficulties, find that prices are all too low when one comes to sell.

It is uphill work doing propaganda. There are risks; D.O.R.A. still runs, and the E.P.A. claims many victims. But the Government is doing our Communist work when we go to prison: it is spreading the good seed of Communist propaganda far more swiftly, far more extensively than we in our present numbers could spread it.

Therefore, though we regret the period of inaction, the loss of vitality entailed which falls upon those comrades who go to prison, we and they know that their sacrifice is not vain, but fruitful.

The hardship of the times, to us who work for Communism, does not arise so much from imprisonment and the risk of it; these we faced with full knowledge of their inevitability, when we joined the lists of those who strive for the Communist Republic.

No, it is not the persecution of the Government that makes our task a hard one; it is the apathy of the unconverted masses, the flagging of comrades who weary for the golden age to come at once, and the hard financial strain. We are in the capitalist system, all of us; it crushes us, grinds us in its mills. In our effort to do propaganda, we bear its brunt, as every worker feels in his daily life. As the working-class mother worries over the problem of buying bread for children, so the price of paper and printing and postage wears us down.

All the comrades who sell Communist papers and pamphlets, who take an active share in the propaganda, feel the weight of the economic depression, as a two-fold burden. They feel it, all of them, in the needs of their daily lives, in the difficulty of maintaining the bare upkeep of the physical body, and in the difficulty of selling the enlightening, hopeful, necessary word of Communism to the masses of workers, hard pressed to maintain existence in these hard times.

But the hard times are the times when our Cause makes headway, for these desperate days of want are teaching the need for a change of system, with a force the words of most ardent, most eloquent prophets could never give.

During the war, we struggled to open the eyes of men and women who flourished in physical well-being upon the slaughter of their fathers, crowding the factories, working in feverish haste to keep going the great fire of ammunition, in which the most cherished inmates of their households were speedily done to death. Big wages for all the family, and the banishment of the spectre of short-time and unemployment that haunts the lives of the workers, were potent, too potent factors in steeling their hearts against us when we tried, with our little Communist sheets, to oppose the vast, all-surrounding influence of the Capitalist press, theatre, cinema, church and school.

Now, in the days of adversity, the workers weary of Capitalism, but know not with what to replace it. They do not even conceive that it is possible to replace it. They fail to realise that the world is always changing, that human society is constantly developing, that mankind has grown up from the Stone Age to this stage, and that there is hope, nay, there is certainty, that we shall pass out of this cruel world of competition, of poverty and riches, to the days of general plenty, of safe security for every member of the human family.

Comrades, you are out of work. Comrades, you are working short [illegible]. The struggle is hard: it is almost [illegible] bear. Yes, but you have time, precious time, [illegible] opportunities to go to our fellow-workers, to tell them of Communism, to bring them into the ranks that will work for it.

Comrades, you say it is difficult to sell the papers: the workers think the 2d. too much to pay in these lean and hungry days. Yes, it is true, and that increases all our difficulties; but one cannot accomplish the Revolution without struggle.

Where the papers and pamphlets cannot go, the spoken word must be used. It happens, also, that we have been hoarding for months, the returned copies of the *Workers' Dreadnought*, that come to us from the newsagents.

So long as they last, we can let you have these back numbers if you will send for them and put them into the hands of those who will use them.

It happens, also, that there is quite a large stock of Communist pamphlets at the *Dreadnought* office in Fleet Street, which can be sold off at low rates for propaganda work.

"I do not feel willing to help you to continue publication of the Dreadnought, as it advocates an economic policy which I consider would ruin the Nation. I advocate Individualism as opposed to Socialism. I need hardly say that I entirely disapprove of the prosecutions of yourself and other Communists. These prosecutions are as silly as they are wrong. I greatly admire your foreign policy and opposition to the awfully wicked attacks on Russia and practical blockade of that country. I also greatly admire the courage with which you advocated peace during the war, when you risked your life at the hands of a murderous mob as well as prosecution by a bloodthirsty Government."

So writes Arnold Lupton, a brave man, who, though he is old and his health is frail, went to prison for his faith during the Great War.

Arnold Lupton is a brave man, but he does not believe in Communism. We think he does not understand it. Probably his consideration of it is clouded by prejudices aroused by the doctrines of the old-fashioned State Socialists, who are really not Socialists at all.

But does Arnold Lupton (do other men and women of good will, who love their fellow human beings), desire the Capitalist system to continue? Are they content with life as it is to-day?

Let them go down to the docks and see the unemployed fighting for jobs; men whose parents denied themselves in order that their boys might be apprenticed to good trades, fighting for the chance to do a little rough labouring work.

Let them go down to the slums and see the children deformed by malnutrition.

And let them walk round the deserted streets of the great cities in the night time and discover in the shrouded doorways, the old, penniless women, who crouch there with empty pockets and empty stomachs, hugging themselves with their weak and palsied arms.

Do they desire these things? Do they desire to have the responsibility of maintaining them?

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