ONE PENNY.

Workers' Dreadnought

PRODUCTION FOR USE AND PLENTY FOR ALL.

Vol. XI. No. 8 | May 10th 1924 | WEEKLY

RICH AND POOR.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at the gate;
One all pride and humbug
And one all want and hate.

Castle of sloth and luxury
Snug resting place for sin,
Hovel of grind and misery,
All hell to dwell therein.

The rich man to his banquet,
The poor man to his crust.
Encourage rage and discord,
This class distinction must.

Table of wanton plentitude
Pand'ring to the flesh;
Cupboard of ghastly emptiness
To poor men, nothing fresh.

The rich man in his cashmere
The poor man in his rags.
The **Honorable** Daredevel Dashmere,
The humble Billy Baggs.

Apparel of respectability
Covering character's flaws,
Tatters of weird durability,
Remnants of work, woe, and wars.

The rich man's wants all gratified
The poor man's hopes all killed
The one is never satisfied,
The other never filled.

Fed with scorn and hatred
A loveless awkward brood,
While rich and poor can thus endure.
What hope for brotherhood?

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at the gate,
The devil it was decreed it so
To further his estate.

Al. K. P.

* * *

The Throw-Away Man.

From Piccadilly to Poplar.

"The most wonderful ride in the world is on a fifteen bus from Piccadilly to Poplar," said the artist, the idealist. "You cannot see it in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna or in Buda Pesth."

What is it that the artist sees on the ride from Piccadilly to Poplar? The parasites that feed upon the workers; the wealth maintained by poverty and toil.

We pass from the glittering display of the great shop windows, from the strolling crowd of the leisured and the foolish, through the street of ink, where the news boys cry the betting news, past the massive repositories of wealth and commerce, through the hive of the Jews, the poor and sweated, the prosperous yet shabby, the gaudy and the tawdy, and the well-to-do who soon will be moving Westward. All these we pass. We see the crowded ranks of the traders with fleshy bodies and crinkled hair, the fat-legged women with gay silk stockings, the swarthy children, the street stalls, the bits of paper that drift about the road, the teeming crowds in frowsy clothes.

We pass to Poplar's drab and meagre poverty. The East India Dock Road in its ugly sadness and the ships that finish our horizon of the street, their great ringed funnels the only patch of colour that shows in this weary grey. The unemployed stand at the corners, they stand, and stand, they have stood at these corners for six long years.

We enter the Blackawall Tunnel, the plainness of its pale tiled walls winding away. The donkey cart approaches, spreading wide behind the narrow back of the old moke, and two men thereon with legs dangling.

Pass out by the Limehouse Station in the wake of the girl with the long thin graceful limbs of the Anglo-Saxon, the fawn-like figure, too thin, too poorly clad, yet fair with the early grace of youth. Frail child of the people, bearing the sleeping babe in your arms, your frame is too young, too slight for such a burden. You are self-possessed and the smaller three that toddle beside you.

To the river bank we go. O sweeping vista made soft by haze. Away there the low green hills, half hidden by the houses across the broad old river, its burden of craft disposed like islands in clumps upon its breast. Over there the cranes and the tubular framework of the gas houses. Here the great warehouses with heavy timbers. All is still now, for the work of the day is over. Beside us with broad low steps and coloumned porticoes are the classic buildings, falling into decay. Great cranes and warehouses grow up beside them, the hurry of commerce moves about them, the vast unloading that swells like a storm, like a tornado, and bringing an avalance of stores to supply a city of six million people, and the giant loading, to carry the

products of many million factories to the markets of the world. Those buildings in the style of the Greeks were made for smaller things.

To the seat on the river bank, where the wind blows fresh from the sea pass on the workers' children, and their eyes grow wide with the beauty their elders have not noticed Poor little ill-clad children, who, with the artist in his poverty, watch the grey old river and all the beauty of this Turnerian landscape the West End never sees.

With the artist, the idealist in his poor little room with the bare walls washed with rose, the walls that he decorates with his thoughts and dreams. By the narrrow open window he sits for working. By his bed he has drawn him another, a magic window where Venus shines large and bright Orion with his belt is seen by the naked eye. He has drawn for himself a bookcase with the books he loves that are far away, and a lamp for reading. Beside the fireplace a cat fantastically arches her back on the woodpile, and there in the corner two birds have built their nests and perch to kiss on its edge. On the first day of spring the artist with some strokes of his chalks laid them two white eggs.

On the wall two black marks have caused him to make them the eyes of a sea-horse. On the ceiling a blue stain became a strange great fish surrounded by other weird appearances. Betwix the bed and the window is hanging a gory, severed head that has lots its crown. O horthy memory that cast its shade across the joys of youth.

Flowers on the mantel shelf, spring daffodils and ruddy oranges. On the little shelf by the window the jars are decorated quaintly—more empty jars than full ones, for the artist's life is spare, but here in the bare little rom with its narrow bed, bright dreams come forth from the magic pencil, bright dreams of youth and tragic musings; the sorrows of the heart that feels the sorrow of the crowd, the agony of the idealist, who conceives life beautiful, and whose desires are strong.

By Charlie Brown's, where the Jazz dance goes apace. Dried reptiles that the sailors bring from far-off lands hang from the rafters. Here are no guilded mirrors, no plush couches, scarcely a bare bench to recline on. The lights are dim, the space for the dancers small. The bar is busy. O Piccadilly, O Mayfair, O Hampstead, with your garden suburb, here it is that the youth of Poplar disports itself.

Out in the narrow darkness of mean streets where the small lights deepen the inky darkness, here it is you kiss, O Poplar lovers. The glare of the bar-room draws like a magnet. Women with wasted babies take their drink outside. O dreary sadness. O sorry gloom that broods here in this under world. O Piccadilly. Here is neglect grown permanent. Here is decay confirmed in his old reign for all that appertains to the poor folk who live and toil here. Movement, change, reconstruction, these are for commerce that has its roots here.

To the river side, wide stretch of water; deserted now, where the silent craft are moored. Yet over there glows the bright furnace. The great brown sail of the barge, with its small green light, moves slowly onward; slowly passing before the furnace; slowly obscuring it; slowly blotting out the hot light of the fire by the bank and cooler glow on the water; slowly obscuring it, and anon, revealing it.

Down by the wooden steps to the river's bed for the tide is low, down on the oozing bed of shingle. Look up to the dark, high banks behind and the massive buildings. O spirit of darkness, magical darkness, strange enchanter. The artist murmers his rapture in the darkness. Masked lights faintly, vaguely reveal the hidden shapes about them. Brilliant points of light highten the inky blackness about them.

Leave the broad river in its quiet. Leave the wide sky, mount again to the narrow streets to the mean streets, to the tumbledown hovels among the massive factories, to the lovers with nowhere to go, who clasp each other in gloomy doorways.

Great chimneys, O gaunt, great chimneys, fantastic shapes of elevators, and Venus that shines up there in the quiet sky. Majestic sadness. O stores of wealth kept here in bond amid the poverty.

Strange trades we find here in the underworld and night-long toil. There are great walls of tin; old tins of all shapes and sizes, compressed into large, square blocks, piled high till they form great walls. Here by the yard gate they are like dirty silver, oily and dim, and over there they ar red with rust. Strange walls indeed, with the light from the engine-house shining dimly forth through the cloud of steam. Above and behind them tower black buildings. Dark figures, pale-faced in the night and the glare of the engine-house, the night workers, come together to peer out at us.

On one side of us lies the river, on the other the weir of the locks, partly hidden from our gaze by timbers, mysterious in the darkness.

"I am drunk with this city of beauty and sadness," the artist murmers.

We pass through the ghostly pale glare of the arc-light up there on the mill, the great mill in this space of great buildings. t is cold as the moon, and as still. Like some hades of toil is the ghostly grey gloom of this place. The artist is reeling in grief in this strange hidden place in the city. Like the mortuary, cold of the soul of the toilers it seems. There is ghastly strange beauty that numbs and destroys in this hades of toil where great fortunes are made.

The secret is whispered: men die but they leave the machine. The hades of toil is a void, and the workers extinct.

Creep away to the darkness where little warm lights pierce the velvety gloom. At the door of the little queer hovel beside the waste ground the fair little girl tells the way. Like a shade she appears with an edging of light that reveals her slim shape and the gold of her hair.

In the darkness of Pennyfields, dark-faced men are passing. Over the restaurants and shops are Chinese names. A touch of neatness and handicraft relieves the squalor. The small restaurants are clean and bright.

Enter: The prorietor is a chinaman; the waitresses are pink cheeked English girls. Most of the visitors are Chinese, but some are English, some are half-casts. Some are eating meat stew or vegetables with chopsticks, others take tea and rice cakes.

There, near the door sits a strange, vivacious woman, brightly and so much painted that one can only guess at her real complexion, which, in spite of her pink cheeks and rosy mouth, seems to be a warm, golden-yellow. Opposite to her sits a brown-faced West Indian. Two negroes enter. She greets them effusively, and pats the cheek of one of them. The other asks her her nationality. She bears her arm toshow tatooing, and says, in triumph: "I am the Queen of the Spades, here, in London."

Now from that gleam of colour back to the drab East India Dock Road the electric trams, and the unemployed who stand and stand at the corners as they stood for six years long.

E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

* * *

Forthcoming Meetings.

Clapham Common, Sunday, May 11th, 7.30.

Peckham Rye, Sunday, May 18th, 7.30.

Regents Park, Sunday, May 25th, 7.30.

Hyde Park every Sunday, 3 p.m. Speakers—Sylvia Pankhurst, N. Smyth, J. Welch, W. Hall, J. Grove, and others.

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS

By Isaac Vermont

Mrs Naidu Speaks.

There was a remarkable scene of enthusiasm in the Cape Town City Hall when Mrs Sarojini Naidu, the Indian poetess, was given a public welcome by the non-European community. She delivered an eloquent address, full of symbolism and imagery, but she did not deal with what is called "practical economics."

'I am not a politician,' she said. "I am a poet, and when I come into contact with the statesmen of the world I go down on my knees and thank God I am only a poet."

Speaking of the meaning of caste, Mrs Naidu said that it was the most democratic theory that had yet been advanced, for it divided the members of a community into groups according to their ability, and to each was allocated the duties for which he was most fitted. The Brahmins, or priestly caste despised riches, and they were the custodians and imparters of knowledge. The warrior caste guarded the frontiers and protected the homes. Another caste included the traders and bankers, who were entrusted with the wealth and business affairs of the nation. After all these came the true heroes who served them, and left them free to follow their several avocations.

She deprecated and feared the teaching of the European Communists, who advocated the use of the sword to separate the capitalists and the workers.

One would like to hear in what way the employed Indian differs from the employed European. Both are dependent on a master, but receive less than they produce; both are robbed by the due process of the law. The European has a vote, in some cases, but good care is taken to see that it is almost useless to him. Will the removal of the restrictions on Indians in the Union make the lot of the Indian perfect? Will the capitalists cease from plundering, and will the millenium come on earth? Is it so in India? Is there no horror of capitalism in India, where little children work in the mills at an age when their tender limbs can scarely hold them up? The basis of the Indian question is an economic one, not a racial one.

THE KERKRAAD AND WOMENS SUFFRAGE

The Kerkraad of the Dutch Reformed Church has passed a strong resolution against women's suffrage. The resolution is being sent to the Dutch press, to the Government and local parliamentary representatives. It calls on the Synod of the Reformed Church, which has just met at Ruthenburg, to protest against the measure which is now before the Legislative Assembly and the Senate. The Kerkraad predicts grave consequences to South Africa if the measure is adopted.

SOUTH AFRICAN LABOUR PARTY

The desire of the South African Labour Party to extend its political propaganda through the agency of the trade unions is already meeting with considerable opposition. The S.A. Labour Party hoped to induce the trade unions, which are purely industrial organisations, to make greater use of the political weapon. To this end they proposed that the trade unions be requested to give their consent to the leaders of the Labour Party addresssing their Branch meetings. The unions decided to remain strictly industrial organisations, allowing individual members to support any political party they chose.

The Council of the Cape Technical College decided by 14 votes to 5 to restrict the college classes to Europeans only.

The First of May.

By Crastinus.

The first of May! What memories; and the sadness of the sands of time emptying down.

I go back a good many years. The mental struggle and then the awakening; trying to understand; coached by Morgari and and Salvi (an old Jew who later died in my arms when I left him alone with his son, who had been estranged for him that son burnt the manuscrits that were his life's work).

What was the hidden meaning of the festival, world wide, to be celebrated by men of all tongues and of all creeds.?

Just try to imagine the atmosphere of a provincial town still asleep and the mentality of an orphan, just then a printer's apprentice.

The idea of the first of May had just come to Europe. Morgari, an engineer whose name I forget, and I speechifying from the steps of the Gazetta del Popolo office to a knot of a score of persons. Locked up for the night by the police and fined the following day.

Another May Day; the cavalry charging down on us under the porticoe of Turin.

Another year I the chief orator in a Turin suburb where we had a club, a co-operative and a theatre where e played Ibsen Sudermann and other moderns. We made merry that night, and walked home in the dawn, following the river of the cool water, bathed in it before going to work. It was too late to go to bed. In that poor country of mine, in those years we were not yet industrialised. Life was still plain, and therefore grand.

Another May Day was at Capri, in the disciplinary battalion. A few of us had a secret meeting to read the Avanti and Mala testa's Agitazone. We ate together, a salad of polipi (a small octopus) from one large basin as a symbol of brotherhood. We returned to the barracks wearing red favours and the paternal commander let us go scot free; he had caught the spirit.

At Chivasso, another May Day, we spoke from a wooden balcony. All the girls of the silk factory were with us, wearing red favours. Later on the boys of the village, jealous, perhaps, stoned us, and we had to run for dear life.

In Paris another May Day. The great demonstration, the speech of Jaures. A meeting of university students. A meeting of Emma Goldman in Yiddish. Then going with her to her room in the Latin quarter with Lavine and another Russian. We supped of sausages. She could not speak French, nor I English. We read together "Il Fuoco" of d'Armagio. She was for and I against his art. Although almost deprived of common means of intercourse, we understood each other well, or thought we did. She was radiant with Jewish enthusiasm, a primitive in her absence of conventionality. Where is she now? She will not remember, probably, even my name, still less my face.

Then other May Days. The first I saw in Hyde Park, with many platforms and people of many tongues. Where are the speakers of those days? Some passed away in death or oblivion; some almost risen to the peerage.

How different to-day! I see from the Press that, for instance, the bricklayers have decided not to keep May Day as the rules of their society have been changed.

I feel as though a cycle had been closed.

SAVAGE SENTENCES.

Two months hard labour for stealing 2s. worth of rivets for a man of 67 years.

Two months hard labour for two lads who stole cigarettes valued at 3s. from their employer.

The Home Secretary would not intervene in either case.

WHAT WE STAND FOR.

The abolition of the capitalist or private property system.

Common ownership of the land, the means of production and distribution. The earth, the seas and their riches, the industrial plant, the railways and ships, aircraft, and so on, shall belong to the whole people.

Production for use, not for profit. Under modern conditions more can be produced than can be consumed of all necessaries, if production is not artificially checked. The community must set itself to provide all the requirements of its members in order that their wants may be met without stint and according to their own measure and desire. The people will notify their requirements, and the district and country, the world must co-operate to supply them.

Production for use means that there will be neither barter nor sale, and consequently no money. An immense amount of labour in buying, selling and advertising will therefore be saved.

Plenty for all. Thus there will be no insurance, no poor and no poor law, no State or private charity of any kind. Humilidation officialdom and useless toil, which means putting parasites on the backs of the producers, will be obviated thereby.

No class distinctions because there will be no economic distinctions. Everyone will be a worker, everyone will be of the educated classes, for education will be free to all, and since the hours of labour at relatively monotonous tasks will be short, everyone will be able to make use of educational facilities, not merely in early youth, but throughout life.

No patents, no "trade secrets," scientific knowledge will be widely diffused. Since the class war will be no more, the newspapers will be largely filled with scientific information, art, literature and historical research.

Society will be organised to supply its own needs. To-day the essential needs of the people are supplied by private enterprise. Ostensibly we are under a democratic Government, but the most outstanding fact in the average man's life is that he is largely at the disposal of his employer. The government of the workshop where he spends the greater part of his time and energy is despotic.

Under Communism industry will be managed by those at work in it. The workshop will contain not employees, subject to the dictation of the employers and their managers, but groups of co-workers.

We stand for the workshop councils in industry, agriculture and all the services of the community. We stand for the autonomous organisation of the workshops and their ordered co-ordination, in order that the needs of all may be supplied.

Parliament and the local governing bodies will disappear. Parliament and the monarch, the Privy Council, the Cabinet, the Houses of Lords and Commons, provide d no true democracy. "Self-government is better than good government is to be found in a society in which free individuals willingly associate themselves in a common effort for the common good. On the basis of co-workers in the workshop co-operating with co-workers in other workshops, efficiency of production and distribution, which means plenty for all, can go hand in hand with personal freedom.

Elected on a territorial basis, Parliament could not manage efficiently the industries and services of the community. The services at present controlled by it are managed by salaried permanent officials. The condition of the worker employed in such serves is the same as in privately owned industry.

A centralised Government cannot give freedom to the individual: it stultifies initiative and progress. In the struggle to abolish capitalism the workshop councils are essential.

The trade unions are not based on the workshop, and are bureaucratically governed. Therefore they are not able efficiently to manage the industries. They are ineffective implements in the effort to take industry from the management of the employers and vest it in the workers at the point of production.

Therefore we stand for—

The abolition of the private property system.

Production for use, not profit.

The free supply of the people's needs.

The organisation of production and distribution on a workshop basis.

* * *

Owners' Rule

* * *

Aims of the Communist Workers' Movement.

To spread knowledge of Communism amongst the people.

To create an All-Workers' Industrial Revolutionary Union of employed and unemployed workers:

(a) Built up from the workshop basis, covering all workers, regardless of sex, craft, or grade, who pledge themselves to work for the overthrow of Capitalism and the establishment of Communism administered by the workers' councils.

(b) Organised into departments for each industry and service.

In other words, to create the councils in the workshops in order that they may dispossess the Capitalist and afterwards carry on under Communism.

To take no part in elections to Parliament and the local governing bodies, to expose their futility to protect, or to emancipate the workers, or to administer Communism.

To refuse affiliation or unity with the Labour Party and all Reformist and Parliamentary Parties.

To emancipate the workers from the Trade Unions, which are merely palliative institutions.

For further particulars apply to the Communist Workers' Movement Secretary, at 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

I wish to join the Communist Workers' Movement, and enclose 1d. for membership card for weeks' subscription.

Minimum subscription 2d. a week.

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Our View.

May Day and the Movement. The London celebration of May Day was a sad spectacle. The rain did its worst. The greater proportion of the demonstrators were unemployed, and their poverty made a painful impression. The demonstration was smaller than any May Day meeting we have seen in London. This was partly due to the weather, partly to the increased fear of losing employment, which the present conditions have generated, partly to the fact that neither the **Daily Herald** nor the Labour leaders boosted the May Day function as of yore. The Bigwigs of the Labour Movement were all but absent from the platforms.

A comrade protests that one of the carts of children was decorated with the **flags** of the Dominions. Another sported the U.S.A. stars and stripes. The comrade rightly argues that the national flags have assisted the capitalist war spirit, and that the people's flag alone should be seen on the festival of May.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's proposal that the Council of the League of Nations should adopt the first of May as a festival of world friendship is, in our view, a profound mistake. The first of May was adopted as a festival of the workers, and dedicated to thee emancipation of mankind from capitalism and wage slavery. The League of Nations was created by the allied capitalist powers, as a part of their victory and their vengeance, at the end of the late war. Mr. MacDonald in his May Day Message to the movement said he hoped "by another May Day, the League of Nations may become an all-embracing parliament of the peoples. Probably Mr. MacDonald expresses in those words a hope that Labour governments like his own will next year be established in most European countries. Such a consummation would by no means produce the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of that economic brotherhood towards which May Day has been dedicated.

We emphatically repudiate Mr. MacDonald's proposal to hand May Day over to the League of Nations, or rather the League of Governments as that institution really is. May Day stands for other and fairer ideas.

"It witnessed many a deed and vow;
We must not change its colour now."

Making the pips squeak. The Experts' Report on Reparations is condemned in emphatic fashion by the monthly circular of the Labour Research Department, which ironically entitles its article upon the question: "Making the Pips Squeek." It says:

"There is nothing in the Treaty of Versailles that is anything like so stringent and so strangulating as these demands of the Expert Committees, adopted from the standpoint "of business and not politics." At last Germany is to be squeezed, "like an orange, till you can hear the pips squeak." Finance-capital, particularly American and English, has written in this terrible codicil to the last will and testament of Imperialism as registered at Versailles. And it seems likely that all the Governments will quietly subscribe to it, as our own has already done.

"But for all its 'business' standpoint, this Experts' Committee's Report is not likely to be successful. There is nothing in the European situation to suggest all the forces loosened by the war will be stilled by their proposals. On the contrary, the Experts, in aiming at stability and peace and high profits in Europe, are actually preparing, through this document of vindictive greed, the very conditions which will wreck all their hopes and all the illusions of the Imperialists for whom they speak."

Nothing could be more tragic than the fact experts' proposals without protest, whilst the Labour Party's own research department is obliged to condemn them in such unmeasured terms.

Whilst Mr. Snowden is reducing the British sugar duties, a heavy impost is placed on German sugar to pay for reparations. That is far from being true internationalism.

The Home Secretary and Criminal Cases. Mr. Arthur Henderson replied to an unemployment organisation that he could not receive a deputation in regard to a criminal case. Mr. Henderson is, we believe, the first Home Secretary who has laid down such a rule. He is certainly the first Home Secretary to class such cases as that of Mr. Harry Homer as criminal for the purpose of refusing a deputation.

It will be remembered that Mr. Homer was committed to prison for refusing as an unemployed man, to perform task work in return for relief. The Labour Party is committed to disapproval of such task work, and to the demand for Trade Union rates for work done by the unemployed. Mr. Homer has acted on principle. He is obviously a political prisoner. It ill becomes a Labour Government to suggest otherwise.

The Royal Academy Banquet. Art is a poor cinderella shouldered out from amongst the things that our rulers regard as important. Even the annual banquet of the Royal Academy is made a sounding board for Imperialism, Militarism and Commerce. Last year the Prince of Wales used the occasion to boost the hideous and altogether objectionable trade advertisements that decorate the streets. This year he devoted himself to advertising the Wembley exhibition. The Duke of Devonshire followed his example. The Earl of Cavan declared that the steps taken to mechanicalise the army would shortly place it well in the front of every other in that respect. At the end of the war there were 64 machine guns per division; to-day there are 96. The Army Council are considering another increase to meet the conditions of a continental war. Lord Cavan raised a cry for more young officers. More officers are required than Sandhurst can provide at full strength, but the flow of boys at Sandhurst is so poor that one company at Sandhurst had had to be reduced. 30 cadet scholarships a year had been offered to non-commissioned officers but suitable candidates had not appeared to take them up. The universities were providing fewer army candidates than before the war. Twenty-two new scholarships were being offered.

Lord Thompson, the Air Minister, praised the work of the Air Force in Mesopotamia and other such parts; t exercises, he said, potent influence and saved the nation great sums of money.

The banquet was certainly marked by an assortment of savage utterance. The President of the Royal Academy expressed his desperate hope that things war-like having become so terrible, may become impossible.

From the Publishers.

Bernard Shaw, by Edward Shanks Nisbet (2s.).

Though intended to be appreciative this work seems to us to belittle Bernard Shaw, and very largely to misunderstand him. As a dramatist it rates him high, but as a man of ideas it virtually advises us that he is not to be taken seriously. It represents Shaw as tilting at dogmas and ideas, not because he thinks them mistakes, but simple because they are accepted as a matter of course "Therefore," says Mr. Shanks, "the controversal Shaw, through his guidance, is hardly to be followed in medicine, in politics or in domestic affairs, is really a part of the man.

Mr. Shanks' description of Shaw in his early days, really sums up his final opinion of him, though Mr. Shanks, of course, would not admit that.

"G. B. S.", critic, dramatist, wit, political agitator, general iconoclast and public buffoon, sprung across the sunset light of the fading century, which made him seem unreally wicked and strange, sprang upwards like a pantomine demon out of a trap-door."

Don't take him seriously is the effective advice of Mr. Shanks.

* * *

THE BUDGET.

When Parliament reopened on April 29th, Mr. Snowden introduced the Budget. He said—

"These proposals are the greatest step towards the realisation of the cherished Radical ideal of a free breakfast table.

"The Budget is vindictive against no class, and no interest. Though I have always held and declared that the State has the right to call upon the whole of the available resources of its citizens in case of national need, I have equally held and declared that the State has no right to pay anyone, unless it can show that the taxation is likely to be used more beneficially and more economically."

The last is a strange remark. How could any chancellor of the exchequer demonstrate to the satisfaction of the man he is taxing that the tax will be more beneficially expended by the State than by himself? "Beneficial to whom?" The tax-payer will, of course, inquire, and undoubtedly with some insistence.

The old Fabian doctrine of taxing the capitalist out of existence is apparently thrown overboard.

Mr. Snowden inherited a surplus of £48,329,000 from the tories. This surplus was made up of £18,500,000 of revenue in excess of the estimate of £27,750,000 to reduced expenditure, the balance was the surplus estimated on last year's Budget. Mr. Snowden's Budget is £405,186,000; £31,000,000 more than the Budget made out by his predecessors. Mr. Snowden's budget allocates **£115,300,000 to the fighting services**, only £6,700,000 less than the Tories estimated last year. As a matter of fact **the Tories only spent £105,500,000,** for there was a surplus of £16,500,000 on the fighting services left over unspent last year. Of this year's Budget, **£305,000,000 goes to interest on the National Debt and £45,000,000 to the sinking fund** for the debt.

Imperial Preference.

Mr. Snowden announced that the proposals for Imperial Preference made at the Imperial Conference would cost the nation £2,500,000 this year and £2,750,000 in a full year. These were sops to the Liberals.

Motor Vehicle Duties.

Concessions to Motor Vehicle license holders would cost £500,000 in a full year. This small relief was a sop to the fairly well-to-do at least.

Corporations Profit Tax.

This is to be abolished at a cost of £2,000,000 this year, £5,000,000 next year and £12,500,000 in a full year.

Inhabited House Duty.

Inhabited House Duty is a thing that affects largely the mod rately well-to-do up to the rich. It is to be abolished at a cost of £1,750,000 this year and £2,000,00 in a full year.

Income Tax Relief.

A measure of Income Tax relief is to be given to taxpayers not resident in the country, and to widows and widowers with young children for employing a housekeeper.

Post Office.

A penny post is refused, but concessions in postal charges, costing £1,000,000 in a ful year, and £500,000 this year, will be made shortly.

Reduction of Food Duties.

Sugar Duty is to be reduced from 2½d per lb. to 1½d. per lb. This will cost £17,000,000 this year and £18,400,000 in a full year.

Tea duty is to be reduced by half, from 6d. to 3d. per lb. on Empire tea, and from 8d. to 4d. per lb. on other tea. This will cost £5,000,000 this year and £5,400,000 in a full year.

Cocoa, coffee and chicory duties are reduced by half. These reductions will cost £800,000 this year and £843,000 in a full year.

Dried Fruits duty. In 1915 the duty on dried figs, plums and raisins was increased by 50 per cent. This duty is to disappear at a cost of £200,000 this year and £250,000 in a full year.

Sweetened Table Waters.

The Sweetened Table Waters duty is to be abolished at a cost of £200,000 this year and £300,000 iu a full year.

It is claimed that the reduction of duties on food and sweetened table waters is a special boon to the working class. As a matter of fact all classes share the reduction. The richer classes, of course, have a much larger proportion of their income left after food is paid for than the workers have, but in proportion to their numbers the rich buy more tea, sugar, cocoa, coffee, etc., than do the poor, but they, as well as the poor, will now, for a time at least, pay reduced prices for the commodities in question For other commodities the prices will probably soon rise. the relief given will not be permanent.

Entertainments Duty.

The abolition of entertainments duty on tickets under 6d. and the **reduction on tickets under 1s. 3d.** is the only relief which will in the main affect the poor and leave the rich unrelieved. This will cost £3,400,000 this year and £4,000,000 in the full year.

Old Age Pension Relief.

The reduction in all duties will cost £34,503,000 this year, and £40,443,000 in a full year. There will thus be an estimated surplus of £4,024,000. This is to be devoted to **the removal of the thrift disqualification for old age pensions.** Calls for expenditure on housing and unemployment may also be expected.

The Budget is in line with the professions of the Liberal Party. There is nothing Socialistic or even distinctly Labour about it.

SLADES GREEN EXPLOSION.

Miss Susan Laurence on the adjournment of the House, raised the question of the Slades Green explosion and demanded a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into it, since the Government has thus far only provided the report of one of its inspectors, which report was very unsatisfactory.

She asked how it was that the contract had been given to Villa Gilbert, the firm in question at all. The contract had not been submitted to public tender, but privately arranged. The firm had had no experience It was only founded on May 30th, 1921, with a fully paid up capital of £100. In less than a month it had secured this contract, and, on the strength of it, had issued £30,000 worth of debentures.

In August another firm, Gilbert Percivals and Co., in which the Gilbert, of Villa Gilbert, and a person named Percival, were the two directors, was formed with a capital of £500. The chief directors of Villa Gilbert had had no experience of explosives, why was this little firm chosen for the work? The firm was presently permitted to use Government premises at Slades Green, and exempted from the Explosives Act.

It is usual not to put workers on the dangerous work of breaking down explosives till they have shown themselves accustomed to the conditions of a powder factory. These girls were taken straight from the Labour Exchange and put right on to the work of breaking down explosives.

Labour Exchange Coerces Girls to Dangerous Work.

The Exchange had refused benefit to girls who declined to take up this work.

Miss Lawrence urged—

I appeal to the Ministry of Labour that they should see to it that in future the force of the law is not used to drive girls into dangerous occupations. If you put a frightened girl into a powder factory, she is a clumsy girl and dangerous not only to herself, but to everyone else. It is really quite a shocking thing that on the one hand we should use the whole power of the law to press people to undertake certain duties, and on the other hand we should not be giving them the protection which should be afforded in such circumstances.

Under the Home Office Regulations only two persons would have **been allowed to be** in the shed, but in this case twenty were working in one shed. Thirteen of them were killed and one of them had only been taken on from the Employment Exchange that day.

If the work had been under the Explosives Act, the shed must have been at least 25 yards away from any other explosives or properly screened. Yet here was an annexe adjoining, containing loose gunpowder, and another containing cartridges and in the enclosure was a vast quantity of stores of the same kind. "During the fire the blazing Verey stars fell on the roof of the gunpowder shed. Fortunately they fell off. If they had stuck as they might have done, the flame was so fierce that it would have gone through the corrugated iron like a piece of paper. If the gunpowder shed had gone up certainly the fire brigade would have gone up; and the fire might very possibly have reached to the main dump and detonated that mass of explosives."

Miss Lawrence declared that she had a suspicion it would not pay anybody to break down the Verey cartridges under proper precautons, and that the Government could not sell the goods at a profit if the work was to be done under proper conditions.

£15 Compensation.

Mr. J. Mills (Labour) said the explosion had taken place in his constituency. The relatives of the dead girls had in some cases only been offered £15 compensation. The Home Office Report was a piece of worthless waste paper. At the inquest it was revealed that the persons in authority in the factory had not the knowledge necessary for their duties. "One of the subordinate officials actually could not say whether the black powder was gunpowder or not. The managing director admitted he had no previous knowledge and was a sea-captain by profession. The so-called safety officers knew nothing whatever of the constituent parts of the Verey lights. The girl who started work on the morning the disaster occurred, was put on the work of breaking down ammunition after only three minutes' instruction.

Lives Sacrificed to Profit.

On all previous occasions gunpowder and Verey lights were regarded as waste and a minimum of danger was attained by having the material damped. In this particular case, the safety officers themselves had to admit, and the evidence of the girls tended to prove it, that the air was simply full of dry gunpowder. The girls went home each day complaining of the effect on their noses and eyes of the dried gunpowder.

It was put into dry receptacles in order to be commercialised so that it could be sold.

That had never happened before in connection with the breaking down operations of Verey lights.

Mr. W. Graham, financial secretary to the Treasurer, returned a non-committal reply.

One is amazed that the Labour Government should bring on itself the discredit of hushing up this ugly piece of business.

Agricultural Bankruptcies.

Bankruptcies in farming and kindred industries are on the increase:

1921—368; 1922—529; 1923—665.

Widows' Pensions.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence (Labour) urged the grant of pensions to widowed mothers with young children. He said he thought it would have been better to take less off taxation than to omit this.

Mrs. Wintringham (Liberal) said she thought the taking off of entertainment tax and Inhabited House Duty less important than widows' pensions.

McKenna Duties and Engineering.

Mr. Duncan (Labour) said he thought the McKenna duties should be kept on longer to assist in restoring the engineering industry.

Retired Naval Officers' Grievance.

Sir Bertram Falle (C) moved a resolution protesting against the fact that retired naval officers were deprived of pension (which is deferred pay), during the period of war service. Dr. Macnamara (Lib.), who was under secretary at the Admiralty when it was decided not to pay their pensions, joined in the protest with other prominent Liberals and Tories—politicians out of office like to use such grievances for belabouring the government of the day; but when they have the power they do nothing to deal with them.

Under the present system such grievances are as common as thistles, and likely to remain so.

Fit for Service—Fit for Pension.

Asked by Mr. George Lansbury (Labour) what he will do to give effect to the policy of "Fit for service, fit for pension," Mr Roberts, Minister of Pensions, said:—

"The question whether it is advisable or necessary to submit proposals for legislation to this House is under consideration, but I have taken, and am taking, steps to secure by administrative action, the fullest measure of consideration and justice for all claims."

The victims still cry for redress and the adverse verdicts of the Appeal Tribunal still stand.

Tea and Sugar down; Butter up.

Butter prices, it was pointed out, rose from 16s. to £1 per cwt. as soon as the Budget came out. Large reserves were in cold storage and big shipments were arriving from Ireland and the Colonies. The only reason for the increase was that traders knowing that tea, sugar, coffee and cocoa would be cheaper, believed the housewife would have more money to spend on butter. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade said the Board has no power to regulate butter prices. This is the eternal see-saw of the capitalist system. Moreover if the cost of living goes down wages will also fall.

End the system! Refuse to continue on the fodder basis.

National Debt.

Mr. Barclay (Liberal) observed that in the last five years £650,000,000 of National Debt had been redeemed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had spoken of that as a wonderful achievement. Yet the disposal Board during the last five years had realised £665,000,000 through the sale of surplus stocks left over from the war. Thus the country is really no better off in relation to debt than before. If the stores had not been sold, so far from paying off the debt, £15,000,000 more would have been incurred it seems.

Lady Astor and Socialism.

Lady Astor protested that Mr. Thomas Johnston (Labour) is "always getting at me because I will not join the socialist party."

Mr. Johnston replied: "I think she is quite right to stay outside until she understands what Socialism is."

Proportional Representation. .....

A private members' Bill for a modified proportional representation was defeated.

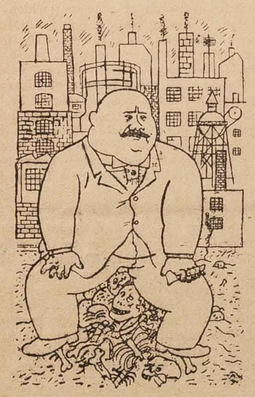
* * *

BROCHO BUSTING AT WEMBLEY

Lady Terrington (Lib.) complained that the exhibition of steer tests and "broncho busting" at Wembley will be a cruel one.

Mr. Lunn (Secretary Overseas Trade Department) said: "If there is any cruelty whatever it is not within the power of a Government Department to interfere."

When a strike is on, the Government is not so keen on refusing to in intervene for the credit of the Empire.



The International and the World Revolution

By Herman Gorter

Let us consider Russia once more, and see how, while she appears to favour the world revolution, in reality she is opposing it.

When the Murshevist rising broke out Russia was obliged to go back to capitalism and all who adhered to Russia and the 3rd International gave up all revolutionary measures and preparations for the revolution.

Russia made treaties with capitalist States and private persons and returned to capitalist reconstruction by means of Trusts, concessions, recognition of private property in industry, agriculture and commerce, the re-establishment of the wage system; in fact the recognition of the principles of capitalism with the power of the peasants and the middle class on a huge scale. Communism entirely disappear and only a fraction of feeble State Capitalism remained.

Russia wants the proletariat of Western Europe to adhere to the Communist slogans, otherwise the proletariat will desert Russia, which would not suit her, as she desires help from abroad in her Capitalist reconstruction. The Communist slogan was to remain, but the action was to be Capitalist. Russia had no further use for revolution, either English or German it would have meant Russia's downfall because she was exhausted capitalistically. Therefore, away with revolution in Europe.

And now began the terrible deception of the world proletariat, which embodies at the same time the destruction and re-construction of Capitalism, revolution reform. So this game of compromise goes on with the slogans:—Legal Workers' Councils, Control of Production, Taking Possession of Real Profits, The Workers' Government, all of which are impossible as reforms, and can only be attained through the revolution, but which the Third International and Russia wished to promote before the revolution.

Lastly the emasculation of the revolution was concentrated in the principle of the "United Front" of the proletariat. Unity from Noske, Scheidemann, Hilferding up to the Communist Party. The slogan is revolutionary for a united front is necessary for the revolution, but it must be a Communist unity.

In practice the United Front is Capitalist, because Capitalism demands a counter revolutionary united front from Social-Democrats to Communists. The duplicity of this slogan surpasses anything ever done in the workers' movement. It is the natural outcome of the capitalist Russian Revolution.

The Third International and the Communist Party in Germany, where the revolution is constantly threatening, accepted this slogan. The unity of the workers who have not the same aim, most of whom are still under capitalist ideology, this unity is the surest capitalist means of rendering the proletariat helpless before the machine guns and of bringing them to the slaughter compared to which slaughtering of the Communists, the Finnish and Hungarian Revolutions were child's play. Such a United Front ensures the defeat of the proletariat. At the moment of fighting the Social-Democrats will leave the Communists in the lurch and a general slaughter of the proletariat is certain.*

* When Karl Liebknecht in that historic hour in the Cincev Busch fought with a small following against the fallacy of the United Front he saw in his mind's eye the cold rifle barrels, and the whole pack shouted "Unity". That is and was the slogan of the counter revolution. But Karl Liebknecht's slogan was: First clearness, then Unity. Clearness as to the immediate tasks of the working class, which are: We want the factories! We want the land! Down with capitalist private property! All power to the Workers' Councils! The Dictatorship of the Proletariat! Those are the slogans of the proletariat revolution. Those are the only slogans of the working class.

Russia is now a horrible picture with its revolutionary double nature. It lies like a huge wreck on the shore, broken up by its revolution. There was a moment when a small lifeboat was sent out to save Soviet Russia. That boat was the K.A.P.D., the best and the largest part of the Spartacus Bund, with its new and really revolutionary policy for the world revolution. But Russia with its Bolshevik Government despised the K.A.P.D., and declined its help. She preferred the help of the enormous mass of the workers or capitalists assembled on the shore, who applauded or hissed, but by no menas could, or wanted to bring help to Capitalist Russia.

To this crowd Russia capitulated, and returns with it to capitalism. That was just what she wanted, because her capitalist character was so immeasurably stronger than her proletariat one. The non-proletarian character of the Russian Revolution is most clearly shown by the refusal of really proletarian revolutionary help from Europe, the salvation of her own and the world proletariat. What proof can be stronger than that a government which has sprung from the proletariat itself refuses the sole salvation of the proletariat—the world proletariat?

We would advise our Russian comrades to say to the Communist Party and the Soviet Government: You have done giant work as a proletarian and government party. Very probably certain mistakes were made at the begining of the revolution, only our Russian comrades can know this, we cannot decide this point clearly. This will remain so for all time. That you could not do everything in a proletarian and communist way, and that you had to retreat when the European revolution did not materialise, is not your fault. As proletarians we shall more strenuously fight you as our class enimies the more you return to capitalism. But your real fault, which neither we nor history can forgive, is to have foisted a counter-revolutionary programme and tactics on the world proletariat, and to have rejected the really revolutionary one which could have saved us.

This slogan is the keystone of the Moscow tactics. It is the last word of the capitalist Russian Revolution. It shows that Russia and the Third International, who, with their cry for revolution want to build up capitalism and therefore ruin the proletariat by means of its holiest possession—that Russia and the Third International are the greatest enemies of the world revolution.

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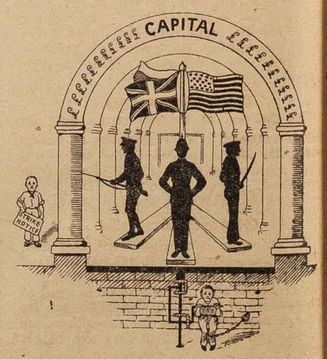

The Present System

The Serfs of Old Russia.

An extract from the Memoirs o f

ALEXANDER HERZEN.

Chatts & Windus, 3/6.

"A great deal is said about the complete depravity of servants, especially when they are serfs. They certainly are not distinguished by exemplary strictness of conduct, and their moral degradation can be seen from the fact that they put up with too much and are too rarely moved to indignation and resistance. But that is not the point. I should like to know what class in Russia is less depraved? Are the nobility or the officials? the clergy, perhaps?

"Why do you laugh? The peasants, perhaps, are the only ones who may claim to be different.

"The difference between the nobleman and the servant is very small. I hate the demagogues' flattery of the mob, particularly since the troubles of 1848, but the aristocrats' slander of the people I hate even more. By picturing servants and slaves as degraded beasts, the planters throw dust in people's eyes and stifle the voice of conscience in themselves. We are not often better than the lower classes, but we express ourselves more gently and conceal our egoism and our passions more adroitly; our desires are not so coarse, and the ease with which they are satisfied and our habit of not controlling them make them less conspicuous; we are simply wealthier and better fed and consequently more fastidious. When Count Almavia reckoned up to the Barber of Seville the qualities he expected from a servant, Figaro observed with a sigh: 'If a servant must have all these virtues, are there many gentlemen fit to be lackeys?'

"Immorality in Russia as a rule does not go deep; it is more savage and dirty, noisy and coarse, dishevelled and shameless than profound. The clergy, shut up at home, drink and over-eat themselves with the merchants. The nobility get drunk in the sight of all, play cards until they are ruined, thrash their servants, seduce their housemaids, manage their business affairs badly and their family life still worse. The officials do the same, but in a dirtier way, and in addition are guilty of grovelling before their superiors and pilfering. As far as stealing in the literal sense goes, the nobility are less guilty, they take openly what belongs to others; when it suits them, however, they are just as smart as other people. All these charming weaknesses are to be met with in a still coarser form in those who are in private and not government service, and in those who are dependent not on the court, but on the landowners. But in what way they are worse than others as a class, I do not know.

Going over my remembrances, not only of the serfs of our house and of the Senator's, but also of two or three households with which we were intimate for twenty-five years, I do not remember anything particularly vicious in their behaviour. Petty thefts, perhaps, . . . but on that matter all ideas are so muddled by their position, that it is difficult to judge; *human property* does not stand on ceremony with its kith and kin, and its hail-fellow-well-met with its master's goods. It would be only fair to exclude from this generalisation the confidential servants, the favourites of both sexes, masters' mistresses and tale bearers; but in the first place they are an exception—these Kleinmihels of the stable and Benckendorfs from the cellar, Perekosihins in striped linen gowns, and bare-legged Pompadours; moreover, they do behave better than any of the rest, they only get drunk at night and do not pawn their clothes at the pot-house.

The smple-hearted immorality of the rest revolves round a glass of vodka and a bottle of beer, a merry talk and a pipe, absences from home without leave, quarrels which sometimes end in fights, and sly tricks played on the masters who expect of them something inhuman and impossible. Of course, on the one hand, the lack of all education, on the other, the simplicity of the peasant in slavery have brought out a great deal that is monstrous and distorted in their manners, but for all that, like the negroes in America, they have remained half children, a trifle amuses them, a trifle distresses them; their desires are limited, and are rather naive and human than vicious.

Vodka and tea, the tavern and the restaurant, are the two permanent passions of the Russian servant; for their sake he is poor, on their account he endures persecution and punishment and leaves his family in poverty. Nothing is easier than for a Father Matthew from the height of his teetotal intoxication to condemn drunkenness, and sitting at the tea-table, to wonder why servants go to drink tea at the restaurant, instead of drinking it at home, although at home it is cheaper.

Vodka stupifies a man, it enables him to forget himself, it stimulates him and induces an artificial cheerfulness; this stupefaction and stimulation are the more agreeable the less the man is developed and the more he is bound to a narrow, empty life. How can a servant not drink when he is condemned to the everlasting waiting in the hall, to perpetual poverty, to being a slave, to being sold He drinks to excess—when he can—because he cannot drink every day; that was observed fifteen years ago by Senkovsky in the Library of Good Reading. In Italy and the South of France there are no drunkards, ards, because there is plenty of wine. The savage drunkenness of the English working man is to be explained in the same way. These men are broken in the inevitable and unequal conflict with hunger and poverty; however hard they have struggled they have met everywhere a blank wall of oppression and sullen resistance that has flung them back into the dark depths of social life, and condemned them to the never-ending, aimless toil that consumes mind and body alike. It is not surprising that after spending six days as a lever, a cogwheel, a spring, a screw, the man breaks savagely on Saturday afternoon out of the penal servitude of factory work, and in half an hour is drunk, for his exhaustion cannot stand too much. The moralists would do better to drink Irish or Scotch whiskey themselves, and to hold their tongues, or with their inhuman philanthropy they may provoke terrible replies."

* * *

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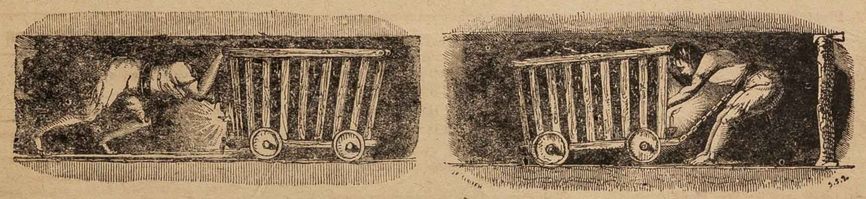
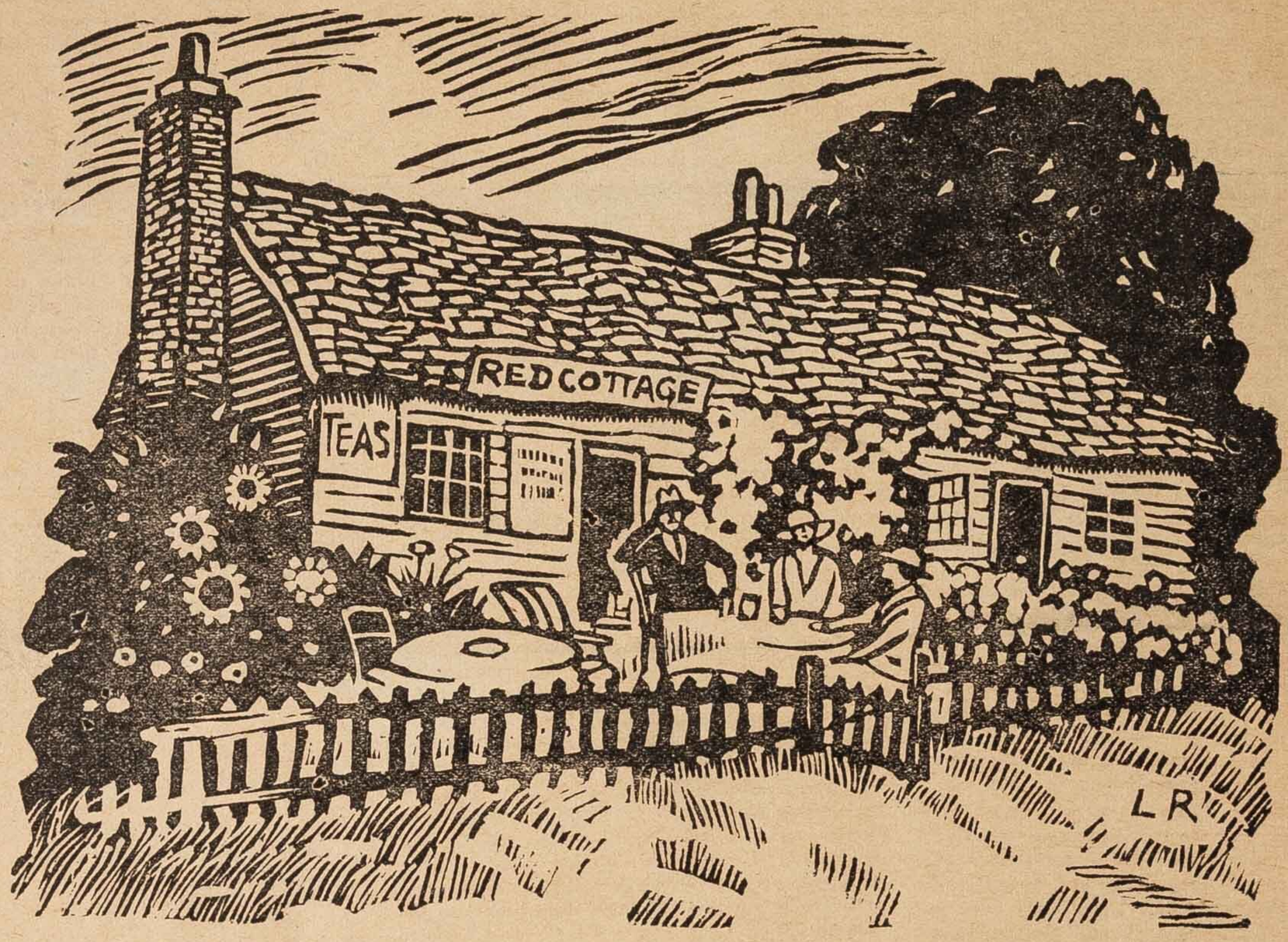


How Fortunes were made in the Mines.



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	1910.	1921.
Britain	0.76	0.59
France	2.86	3.96
	1910	Figures unavailable
Belgium	3.9	Figures unavailable
Germany ...	1.94	Figures unavailable
		1920.
Switzerland ...	15.1	10.6

* * *

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Census. 1901.	Census. 1911.	Estimates. 1923.
834,144	741,856	632,000

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