192

Nations at the World's Communist Congress.

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST

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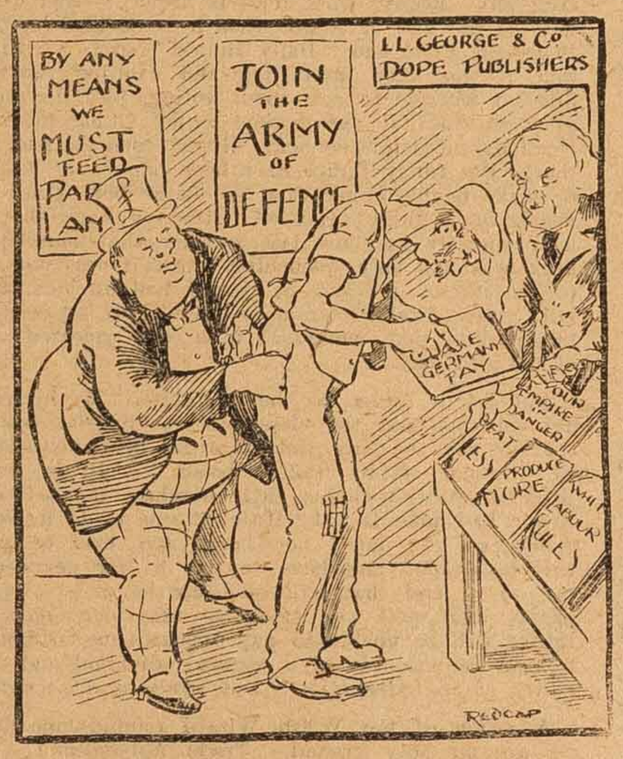
A WOMAN'S WELCOME TO COMRADE SYLVIA PANKHURST ON RELEASE FROM HOLLOWAY, MAY 30th.

In welcoming, with warmest greetings and future hopefulness, Comrade Sylvia Pankhurst on her release at the end of her long and savage sentence, many thoughts come to one, and the first is this: only through a spirit of great self-sacrifice, the enthusiasm and zeal of the real revolutionary who sees the goal and lets no difficulties, no persecution, no personal discomfort sidetrack off the road to that goal, can attainment—the consummation of Communism—be won.

And Communism is the only sane practical system which has a definite plan and policy with which to replace the present one-sided "private minded" inhuman state of society existing to-day.

When tempted ofttimes at the seeming hopelessness of the task before us to despair, the courageous efforts of comrades—working, fighting—against such long odds (such as those working in the little office in Fleet Street to keep the Red Flag flying and the "Workers' Dreadnought" from dying) stimulates one to fresh effort, and one feels the vibration of a great hope, a great comradeship, and the certainty that the little faithful band of comrades here and there are all part of that mighty force all over the world, which will — perhaps



through much suffering—inevitably, and sooner or later, sweep away the barriers dividing society into watertight compartments—on one side, those who *live*, on the other those who merely *exist*.

When at an early hour Comrade Sylvia comes out into the summer morning, in token of all her service to women in the Suffrage Movement, in the Day Nursery at Bow, amongst the factory women, in her campaign for Mothers' Pensions, women must gather and give her a great and hearty welcome back to life and work after the miserable and weary months of inaction in Holloway.

And, women comrades and all women, some perhaps only half conscious that the world is all wrong for some and all right for others who have—be it only a dim vision of what might be—of real homes in God's clean air, of children strong of limb, sunburnt and rosy—of a life not all dreary toil but pleasant service by all for all, of joy in living, and of women fully emancipated partners in the home, not drudges—economically equal, politically equal—let us all, as the prison-doors open, dedicate ourselves to the service of Communism, to carrying the message, the hope, everywhere and in every way we can, for it is the only hope of the workers—of women—of the world.

LOUIE M. ROTHWELL.

POLITICAL EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA.

By NIKOLAI LENIN.

THE NATURE OF THE COMMUNIST LEADERSHIP.

In principle there cannot be any doubt for us that the leadership belongs to the Communist Party, that it is the aim of political education, of political culture, to educate true Communists, who shall be in a position to combat victoriously the lies and prejudices, and help the working masses in putting down the old order and carrying out the reconstruction of the State without capitalists and exploiters. How may this be done? It is only possible after we have gained all the knowledge that the teachers have received as a heritage from the bourgeoisie. All the technical achievements of Communism would be impossible without this, would be an empty illusion. The question now arises—how are these co-workers who are not accustomed to working in connection with a definite policy, in accordance with a policy necessary for us and particularly for Communism, to be adapted to this policy? This is a very difficult task, for which we have no ready-made solution. We have taken up this question in the Central Committee of the party and made every effort to acquaint ourselves with all suggestions made in this field, and believe that the work of such conferences as yours will be of great importance in this connection.

We must now regard each propagandist, who formerly was considered only as a man belonging to a certain circle, to a certain organisation, from an entirely different point of view. Every propagandist belongs to the party, which is guiding and directing the entire State, the world struggle of Soviet Russia against capitalism. This propagandist is a representative of the fighting class and party that controls and necessarily must control this mighty State apparatus. Many Communists, who were splendidly efficient in our former illegal work and who are tested and trusted workers either will not or cannot grasp the full significance of this time, the transition period, in which he who was an agitator and propagandist in the mass meeting must now become a leader of the gigantic national organisation. If in this connection he should receive an inappropriate or misleading title, such as that of an "administrative official for public schools," etc., the damage would not be great. It is important and necessary that he should be capable of guiding the masses of teachers.

Hundreds of thousands of teachers constitute an apparatus that must push our work forward. The fact that the masses of teachers are permeated with the heritage of capitalistic culture, must not and cannot prevent us from placing them in service of Communist education. The Communist active in the field of popular education must learn and understand to conduct this mass, which runs into hundreds of thousands.

On the Morning of May 30th,
at 8 a.m.
Com. E. SYLVIA PANKHURST
will be released from
Holloway Prison.

Try to be there to send up three mighty cheers for the Cause we all have at heart.

A Breakfast of Welcome will take place on the same Morning, about 9 o'clock, at the Eustace Mile's Restaurant, ground floor, common room.

Coffee will be served. Full Breakfast, 1/6

THE WAGE-SLAVES REWARD.

Our big cities have been styled "Cities of Laughter and Tears" because of the mixture of gaiety and tragedy. A sad story of the fate of a broken wage-slave was told in the daily press. It is only one of many such cases, for they are common under the hellish system that we live, or rather exist under, to-day. Read it for yourself, worker: "Thomas Hardy, 67, a miner, of Crawbrook, Durham, who had been unable to follow his employment for some time owing to ill health, was found hanging from a tree in a plantation. 'Temporary Insanity' was the inquest verdict." Only a few lines, worker, but they contain a life's tragedy. It is the fate of thousands of workers, broken in life and spirit, through lifelong toiling for a boss. The words of John S. Clarke in the poem, "The Scrap Heap," are well worth quoting here, for they fit the theme to perfection:—

"Beneath the moonlight's cold and barren glare,
Lighting the spires of many a Godly fane,
Men found that e'en a thing with ghastly stare,
In ragged cerements fouled with muddy stain—
The limp and dripping corpse of one they deemed insane."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Democracy in France.

We learn that the hero of the French Black Sea Fleet, Badina, who persuaded the crew of the battleship Prolée to abstain from hostilities against Soviet Russia in the year 1919, has been sentenced to 15 years imprisonment. Honest men are all too scarce in this world, and we cannot spare this one. Our correspondent seems to be surprised at this sentence, because at the time when Badina committed the action for which he has just been condemned, France was not officially at war with Soviet Russia. Our friend seems to have forgotten that France is a *democratic* country, and is therefore opposed to the workers' republic, and will use *all* methods to do it in and to oppress any Frenchman who supports it.

Fifteen years! Will Badina serve his time? I don't think! The world proletariat—white, yellow, brown and black—has "got the wind up," and refuses to be exploited by capitalists and stockjobbers.

News from Roumania.

The "Dreadnought" readers, who have longer memories than that elusive invertebrate the "British Public," will not be surprised to hear that it is officially announced that the Roumanian Government is reducing its army to a peace-time standard, and that demobilisation will be going on through the month of April. We wonder several things about these soldiers—whether they have given up their arms, for instance, or what crop they will be in time to harvest when they get to their homes. The women must have finished the sowing by the end of March. In short, our thoughts are of a varied nature. We would like to have listened to the speech which the Roumanian Minister must have delivered to the Roumanian Constituent Assembly, or whatever name they give to their particular "gasworks," in order that we might compare it with the speech made in the HOUSE by our own Prime Minister on the subject of the Russian trade agreement. Our national pride is a little piqued at the insinuation last week that the Roumanian statesmen were the astutest in Europe, as long as our David is still in office. We are essentially a nation of shopkeepers, and like to think that we get our money's worth.

The Plebiscite in Silesia.

The Press has been great of late about a certain thing which it called a *plebiscite* that has been taking place in Silesia, which is to decide, etc., etc. Really, what does it decide? And what will be the end of it all when it is decided? The Bourgeois Press and "Daily Herald" seem to think that it was very interesting and exciting for the Silesian workers to run about voting, just the same as it thinks that *our* workers enjoy voting for by-elections, municipal councils, district councils, and all that. But funny things have been happening lately, to make people think that the ballot-box is not so wonderful a thing after all. Do you know that a man actually told me last summer that municipal milk was not very quenching when it was put on to the rates. He had previously had an idea that milk was obtained from a cow, but experience taught him that municipal milk was squeezed out of his own pocket.

But let us return to the plebiscite. My informant told me that the class-conscious Silesian workers do not see any difference in being exploited by German or by Polish bosses. "It is only silly calves who choose their butchers themselves." Not a bad joke is it! Hush, it was made in Germany, so you must not laugh too loud or you will be copped and have to pay a fifty per cent. tax on it, and that will send up the price of our paper, and spoil our sales, so that our Comrade Editor will be unable to pay expenses, unless Lenin follows the example of a certain individual and "is guilty of an indiscretion" and sends us some swag.

A vision of the Welsh Wizard reminds me that we are on holy ground. Trade Agreement! De Facto Government! Hostile Propaganda! We must draw down the curtain. *It is all very wonderful and serious.*

REFORMS IN HOLLOWAY.

The Howard League for Penal Reform has taken up the case of the bad heating conditions and the dietary in Holloway, presumably in consequence of the statement made by Comrade Pankhurst when she was awaiting her appeal. She found when she was in gaol last October that women who had just been confined were lying on plank beds with their babies in cots beside them, in cold, damp cells. Her own cell one day was down to 42 degrees. The dietary, too, was bad, consisting very largely of beans, which many people cannot digest. The Secretary of the Prison Commission has admitted that the heating is inadequate and has promised "that it should be better next year."

"Next year," we suppose, means next winter, which begins on a fixed date, and however cold the weather may be before then, no heating must be allowed. The Secretary also said that efforts were being made to improve the diet.

We are glad to know that improvements *may* be made, though the whole system is so barbaric and inhuman that the best improvement would be to sweep it away altogether. The close confinement is bad for health, and the absolute discipline and lack of contact with the outer world and crushing of all initiative makes the struggle for existence on release far, far harder. It is no wonder that prisoners return time after time. They go there first because they have done something, as a rule, to ease their conditions. They go back and back because, instead of being trained to cope with life whilst inside, the reverse is the case.

We hope the Penal Reform League is also investigating the conditions of the men's prisons, which are probably worse than those in Holloway, as the Suffragettes got certain improvements introduced there, though the structure and whole system of lighting and heating is still very out of date.

When visiting Comrade Pankhurst the other day, two working women were waiting to see another prisoner, and they kept saying: "But this is just like what you read of in the history books. You can hear nothing but the jangling of keys, and the slamming of iron doors." It is mediæval and a disgrace to what we pride ourselves is civilisation. "We are the most humane and Christian nation in the world," we say. Is this a sample of it?

OUR COMPETITION

Since Comrade Pankhurst is coming out of Holloway on the 30th inst., we have decided to postpone the final reading of the MSS. received, in order to have the assistance of her opinion.

Comrades will forgive delay.

HAYWOOD OF THE I.W.W. GOES TO RUSSIA.

Charles Edward Scott, head of the Pan-American Agency of the Communist International, gave the reasons for Haywood's leaving in a statement which he sent to the New York papers. Scott's statement was published on Sunday, April 24th. It reads: "Comrade Haywood did not leave the United States of his own accord, but at the direct command of the Communist International, of which he is a disciplined member, and whose authority he recognises as the highest in the world. He will be present at the Third Congress of the Communist International on June 1st. He will also attend the First International Congress of Trade and Industrial Unions on July 1st at Moscow, as one of the true leaders and spokesmen of the revolutionary workers of America. His advice and assistance are required by the Communist International, and it was his revolutionary duty to obey its summons to go to Moscow and to disregard the court order to go to prison, where too many of our best men are already buried alive.

"The Communist International denounces in the strongest terms those lawyers and 'liberals' and sentamentalists who criticise this soldier of the revolution for 'breaking faith' with the capitalist courts, who worry more about one man who escapes than about the scores who go to prison. We trust that no member of the I.W.W. will share this silly, bourgeois prejudice. Comrade Haywood is no coward. His courage has been proven in a thousand battles for the cause of Labour. The scars on his body give the lie to his accusers.

"Karl Liebknecht was called a coward by the German capitalists during the weeks he was in hiding before they murdered him. Lenin was accused of cowardice when he secluded himself after the July uprising in Petrograd in July, 1917—disregarding the taunts of Kerensky, but working for the overthrow of the Kerensky Government.

"So, too, will D. Haywood work—as a trusted adviser of the General Staff of the World Revolution and subject to its command. He will continue to work to destroy the barbarous capitalist dictatorship which enslaves the working class and holds its best leaders in prison. In the place of the dictatorship of the Garys, he will work to bring about the dictatorship of the workers that will smash open all the prison doors, release the working-class prisoners, and gaol the gaolers of to-day.

"Comrade Haywood did not desert his fellow-workers as he is falsely accused by the capitalists and their hirelings and apologists. Comrade Haywood went to Soviet Russia on revolutionary duties openly and undisguised. And openly and undisguised he will return to America; but the time and manner of his coming will be determined by the requirements of the revolutionary class-struggle and not by the decrees of capitalist courts.

"To the members of the I.W.W. and other true defenders of the cause of Labour who suffer to-day in the prison hells of America, the Communist International sends its most affectionate greetings and its solemn pledge to strive by every means to rouse the toiling masses to action in their behalf. Fellow-workers, do not be deluded into the childish belief that the ruling class will listen to appeals for clemency. Put no faith in petitions—those "scraps of paper" which our oppressors only laugh at and throw into the waste basket. Revolutionary mass action is the way to force open the prison doors. Revolutionary mass action is the way to smash the capitalist system and free the working class."

COMMUNIST PROSECUTIONS.

Albert Samuel Inkpin, secretary of the Communist Party, appeared on remand at the Mansion House Police Court on Thursday, May 19th, charged with circulating the "Theses of the Communist International," which, it was alleged, are likely to cause sedition and disaffection.

Albert George Norton Rose, manager of the National Labour Press, Limited, was summoned for printing and publishing the document mentioned, also "The Communist International" (Nos. 1 and 13), "The Communist Review" (No. 1), "The German Spartacists," and a leaflet entitled "Communist Party."

Mr. Scott Duckers, who represented the manager and the Labour Press, pleaded guilty to the "Theses" and the "Communist Review" (No. 1). To the others he pleaded not guilty.

Sir Richard Muir, prosecuting, first took the case of "The German Spartacists" publication, and the case against Inkpin was put aside for the moment. Counsel said the language used in the pamphlet did tend to create disaffection and mutiny, and promote civil war. In "The German Spartacists" the following sentence occurred:

"This is the immediate means for making the revolution secure—the disarming of the entire police force, of all officers as well as of all reactionary proletarian soldiers, the seizure of all supplies of arms and munitions as well as of all war industries by the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils. The arming of the entire adult male population as the Workers' Militia, the formation of a Red Guard of the Workers as an active part of the militia for the effective promotion of the revolution against counter-revolutionary plots."

Mr. Rose said he joined the Labour Press in December, 1919. He had nothing to do with the printing of the "German Spartacist" leaflet. The "Communist Party" was printed in August, 1920, and witness admitted responsibility for that.

The Lord Mayor dismissed the summons against Rose in regard to "The German Spartacist" leaflet.

Mr. Scott Duckers then pleaded guilty to the other charges. The printers and Mr. Rose were not Communists, and they had decided not to print any more for the Communist Party and had ceased to print "The Communist."

At this stage the case against Inkpin, the secretary of the Communist Party, was opened.

It was stated that two further charges of committing "acts calculated and likely to cause mutiny" had been preferred against the accused in relation to the "Theses," "The Communist Review" (Nos. 1 and 13), "The German Spartacists," and "The Communist Party."

The summonses were taken together, and Mr. Maddox, K.C., who defended, pleaded not guilty.

Sir Richard Muir said it was quite clear from the documents that revolution was preached and revolution by armed force. After quoting extracts from the papers mentioned, he asked for an adjournment for a fortnight. The Communist Party and Inkpin, he said, banked at the Co-operative Society Bank, and the prosecution had endeavoured since the last hearing to obtain from that bank copies of the accounts. They were promised them about the end of next week.

The case was adjourned until Wednesday, June 1st, bail being allowed on the condition that the defendant takes no part meanwhile in the propaganda in which he had been engaged.

There were two sureties of £500 each, found by Mr. George Lansbury and Mr. B. N. Langdon Davies.

OUR BEAUTIFUL CIVILISATION.

"People are getting more and more depressed and miserable through unemployment, and they finally seek rest in death," said the Coroner at the inquest at Greenwich yesterday on Charles Powell, aged fifty-seven, electrical engineer, who committed suicide because he was out of work.—"Morning Post," May 20th, 1921.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS—1d. a Word.

FURNISHED FRONT ROOM for two or three TRUE Communists. Library in different languages at disposal.—58, Fortess Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

OPEN LETTER TO COMRADE LENIN.

By HERMAN GORTER.

An Answer to Lenin's Brochure: "'LEFT WING' COMMUNISM: AN INFANTILE DISORDER."

(Continued.)

Here again your advice leads to confusion, and weakens illusions.

But what about the members of the social-democratic parties, the German Independents, the Labour Party, and the Independent Party? Must these be won?

Those, the working and small-bourgeois elements among them, will be won by us, the Left Wing, in Western Europe, through our propaganda, our meetings and press, and especially through our example, our slogans, our action in the crafts. In the revolution, those who are not won thus, through our press, through our action, through the revolution, are lost anyway, and may go to the devil. These social-democratic, Independent Labour Parties in England and Germany consist of workers and small-bourgeois elements. The first, the workers, can all be won in the long run. The small-bourgeois elements only to a very slight extent, and these are of little importance economically; these will be won over by our propaganda, etc. The majority of them—and it is on these that Noske and his conjurers rely above all—belong to capitalism, and, in proportion as the revolution advances, they rally all the closer around it.

Workshop, not Parliament, the Battle-ground.

But does the fact that we do not support them in the elections imply that we are cut off from the Labour Parties, the Independents, the social-democrats, the Labour Party, etc. On the contrary, we seek alliance with them as much as we can. On every occasion we summon them for common action: for the strike, the boycott, for revolt, street fights, and especially for the workers' councils, the industrial councils. We seek them everywhere. Only not in parliament, as we used to do. This, in Western Europe, belongs to a past epoch. But in the workshop, in the union and in the street—that is where we find them. That is where we win them. This is the new practice, following on the social-democratic methods. It is the Communist practice.

You, Comrade, wish to bring the social-democrats, the Independents, etc., into Parliament, in order to show that they are deceivers. You wish to use Parliament to show that it is of no use.

You seek slyly to deceive the workers. You put the rope round their neck and let them hang. We help them to avoid the rope. We do this because here we are able to do so. You follow the tactics of the peasant races; we those of the industrial races. This is no scorn, and no mockery. I believe that with you it was the right way. Only you should not—either in this small matter, or in the great question of parliamentarism—force on us what was good in Russia but leads to destruction here.

Finally I have only one remark to make: You say, and you have often upheld it, that in Western Europe the revolution can only begin AFTER these other classes next to the proletariat have been sufficiently shaken, neutralised or won over. As I have demonstrated that they cannot be shaken, neutralised or won at the beginning of the revolution, this latter, if your statement would be just, were impossible. This has been observed to me over and over again, from your side, and also by Comrade Zinoviev. Fortunately, however, here also your observation in this more important, of questions which is to determine the revolution, is false. And it again proves that you see all things exclusively from the East-European point of view. I will make this clear in the last chapter.

I herewith believe to have proved that your second argument for parliamentarism is for the greater part an opportunistic fraud, and that in this respect parliamentarism must now be replaced by another method of fighting, one that lacks its drawbacks and possesses greater advantages.

I recognise that in this one point your tactics can have some advantages. The Labour Government can lead to some good, to greater clearness. Also in illegal times your tactics can be profitable. We recognise that. But just as once we had to say to the revolutionists and reformists: We prize the development of self-consciousness in the worker above everything, even above small advantages. We now say to you, Lenin and your "Left" comrades: We prize above all the ripeness of the masses towards will and deed. Hereto all things have to be made subservient in Western Europe. We will see who is right, the "Left" or Lenin. I do not doubt one moment. We will defeat you, as we did Troelstra, Henderson, Renaudel and Legien.

This here is the place to discuss the mutual relationship between party, class, and mass in Western Europe.

This matter also is of the greatest importance: as important as the power of the Banking Capital, and the UNITY of all great and small bourgeois classes it engenders. The relation between party, class and mass in Western Europe differs widely from that of Russia, and like the unity of the bourgeois classes it is due to the power of the banking-capital.

Our tactics must be directed towards and based on a true realisation of that relationship. Whosoever does not understand this relationship, cannot understand the tactics of Western Europe.

Let us again take Germany for an example. Not only because, with England, it is industrially the most highly developed country, but also because it offers the most developed statistics.

As we have often observed already, it has a proletariat of about twenty millions of actual workers: about fourteen millions industrially and some six millions agriculturally. What does this mean? That, counting the children, the non-workers, and the aged, this proletariat comprises at least half—and probably more—of the total population of Germany.

We have seen, however, that in the revolution this proletariat stands alone, and that the opponents of the proletariat, of the revolution, by virtue of their arms and their organisation, even to this day are so powerful that they can only be conquered by means of the unity of the entire proletariat. And through the banking-capital their power is such that unity alone does not suffice: that a conscious, determined unity, a truly Communist unity is needed.

Two facts therefore are certain: the proletariat is very numerous, it comprises more than half the population; and, the opposition, in spite of this, is so powerful that the unity of the proletariat, the real Communist unity is needful.

Thus only can Capitalism be overthrown, and can the revolution conquer.

What follows from these two facts?

Firstly, that the dictatorship of a Party, of a Communist Party, cannot exist here, in Germany, as it did in Russia, where a few thousands dominated the proletariat. Here the dictatorship, in order to conquer capital, must be exercised by the class itself, the entire class.†

It is not, we insistently repeat, for any radical, romantic, æsthetic, heroic or intellectual reason, but for the most simple and real fact, one moreover that is only too much felt by the German proletariat: that the highly organised German monopolistic banking-capital is so powerful, and unites the entire bourgeoisie.

This same cause that unites the entire bourgeoisie renders it necessary that also the entire class should exercise the dictatorship.

A United Proletariat necessary.

From the above-named causes there follows, secondly: That in the beginning and during the course of the revolution are hostile to the greater two parts. By masses we mean the proletariat and the other working classes combined.

These latter (small bourgeois, peasants, intellectuals, etc.) in the beginning and during the course of the revolution are hostile to the greater part of the proletariat. Between the proletariat on the one side and the rest of the masses on the other, there is an antithesis. Class and mass in Western Europe are not one, nor can they become so at the start, and in the first stages of the revolution.

Finally from the numerical relations of the proletariat towards the other classes, and from this fact that the proletariat must be united in order to win, there follows, as I have proved above, that the relative importance of the class, over against the power of the leaders, must be very great; that the power of the leaders, with regard to that of the class, must be small, and likewise that in all likelihood in Germany the power cannot come into the hands of some few leaders. If we consider the character of the German industry, its concentration in great numbers of centres, this goes without saying. How great, how numerous the leadership will be, cannot as yet be ascertained—it can only be stated that it will be extended over a great number of persons.

And thus, after Germany, it is in the first place in England—and, though in a lesser degree, all over Western Europe.

And this fact that the entire class must exercise the dictatorship, how does it affect the Communist Party?

From this fact it ensues that the task of the Communist Party in Western Europe consists almost exclusively in preparing the class and rendering it conscious for the revolution and the dictatorship.

In all its actions and all its tactics the Party must ever bear in mind that the revolution must be made, and the dictatorship exercised not by the Party alone, but by the class.

This task can only be fulfilled if the Communist Party consist of politically truly conscious and convinced revolutionaries, who are ready for any deed, any sacrifice, and if all the half and wavering elements are kept off by means of its programme, by the action, and especially by the very tactics.

For only thus, only by preserving this purity, the Party will be able to render the class truly revolutionary and communistic, through its propaganda, its slogans, and by taking the lead in all actions. The Party can take the lead only by being always absolutely pure itself.

It cannot be defined beforehand how large the Communist Party will become through this action. We desire, of course, that it may be as big as possible. But the entire tactics and the entire struggle must be dominated by this principle: Better a thousand members that are good, than a hundred thousand that are bad. For these latter cannot accomplish the revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

It all depends on the purity and the firmness of the Communist Party, how far its power will reach, and in how far it will influence the masses. Also the quality of the leaders depends in some measure on its tactics.

In other words, Comrade Lenin, we must follow the tactics you have followed in 1902 and 1903, when you formed the Party that has made the revolution.

Menshevist Tactics would ruin Proletariat.

All the social democrats of Russia at that time were of opinion that there ought to be erected a proletarian organisation, and they agreed that this organisation was to be obtained by means of a blind imitation of the German social-democracy; all this has finally crystallised into the Menshevist Party. The later Menshevists dreamed of the erection of a big Labour Party, in which the masses would be able to find the road to their action. Such a party would have to accept all those who adopted its programme, it would have to be democratically conducted, and would find its revolutionary way by means of free criticism, and free discussion. It was against this alluring image, Comrade Lenin, that you directed all the blows of your criticism, and not only because a similar party was impossible under Czarism, and an illusion, but mainly because "behind this illusion there lurked the immense opportunistic danger." The tactics of the Menshevists would mean that the most wavering and hesitating elements would obtain a decisive influence on the party of the proletariat. This you wished to prevent, and that is why you took care that the programme (in the well known first article), and the tactics also, should ever be such that this was impossible.*

As you did then, we of the Left Wing wish to do now in the Third International. Through our very programme and tactics we wish to chase away all wavering and opportunistic elements; we only wish to accept the truly communistic, truly revolutionary ones, we wish to carry on a truly communistic action. And all this exclusively with a view of inspiring the entire class with the communist spirit, and of preparing it for the revolution and the dictatorship.

This latter, the preparation is, of course, a process—a process of inter-action. Every action, every partial revolution advances the class, brings it nearer to the party, and the stronger class means greater strength for each new struggle, and also for the party. Thus party and class come into ever closer contact, and finally they grow into one whole.

This, therefore, is our purpose: The Party, small or big, does everything in its power to further the ripening of the class for revolution and dictatorship, as this class stands alone in the revolution, without the help of other peasants.

However, there is yet another means to obtain this. Besides the political party we have as our weapon the Arbeiter-Union, based on the industrial organisation. What the party is in the political the Union is in the economic action.

And just as the numerical and class relations for Germany and Western Europe, which I have quoted, clearly demonstrate that the party cannot exercise the dictatorship, so these figures, these class-relations, this unity of all bourgeois classes against the revolution, this inevitable unity of the proletariat to oppose them, and this necessity of the entire class exercising the dictatorship, and becoming for the greater part communistic, demonstrate the iron necessity that no Trade Union, no Arbeiter Union or Industrial League, or I.W.U. or Shop Stewards' Movement can ever presume to exercise the dictatorship.

They, both of them, party as well as Arbeiter Union, each in its own sphere, and with every possible mutual support, must do all they can to prepare the class. For the time being, Party and Union are separate as yet. For, like all Trade Unions, the Union also has to fight for small improvements, and is therefore constantly exposed to opportunist and reformist influences. Only a truly communistic party can subordinate all things to the revolution.

(To be continued.)

† The Russian Communist Party at the time of Yudenitch's and Denikin's attacks, numbered 13,287 men, not one ten-thousandth part of the population of 150 millions. Through special weeks of propaganda the number, until January, 1920, increased to 220,000. Now it is no more than 600,000, 52 per cent. of which are workers.

* The quotations are from Radek.

Workers' Dreadnought

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No. 9587.

On Monday, May 30th, Comrade Pankhurst will leave the silence and the entombment of Holloway Prison, coming out to what is generally termed "freedom."

How pathetically strange that a state of society which grips men and women in the fetters of wage-slavery; that damn young boys and young girls to the enslavement of the slum and its depressing surroundings; that denies to the child of the worker equality of opportunity with the son of the master; that breeds crime, coarseness of soul and cunning of instinct; that is full of false idols and of false priests, of dwarfed souls and of dulled intellects: what irony that this should be called "freedom."

Yet it is freedom for those who are inside prison walls.

A few "big heads" have been asked to be outside Holloway to greet No. 9587 as she leaves the heavy "Castle" doors.

The day before, or the day after, a letter expressing regret will reach the "Workers' Dreadnought" office.

But if a mother brought there her growing up child and, forgetting No. 9587, pointed out to the other women who will "come out" the same morning, and said: "There goes sorrow: bow your head"——

Then, in silence, the greeting would be great.

At the time of going to press a communication from the Medical Officer of Holloway informs us that Comrade Pankhurst is under treatment at the Hospital.

THE FINANCIAL POSITION.

A comrade a few days ago wrote thus:—

Dear Comrade,—The "Morning Post" last week had a paragraph in reference to the appeals we have been issuing for funds for our paper. In its sympathy for a predicted early death of the "Workers' Dreadnought," the "Morning Post" heads its paragraph:—

"A PATHETIC END."

While thanking the paper for its paragraph, we should like to point out that the "end" is not yet in any sense of the word. Even if, through lack of funds, the "Workers' Dreadnought" should cease publication, it yet would only be the beginning of what this paper stands for, and the "end" will be when the magnificent office of the "Morning Post" will be used for the publishing of the "Workers' Dreadnought," an organ of International Communism.

Indeed, they would be "some" offices. As things go at present we greatly fear that much water will pass under London Bridge before that beautiful dream is realised.

For the present, at any rate, we are much more modest.

We still ask for the fine support we had last weeek: viz. £30 a week from comrades, friends and sympathisers for a few weeks more.

Several comrades have written making suggestions which, they assure us, would financially guarantee the life of the paper. These suggestions are under consideration, but the final decision will only be arrived at when our Editor is out of prison.

VIEWS ON WAGES.

A big employer of labour, Mr. George Sutton, of the W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works Co., Ltd., speaking to the shareholders on March 18th, said:

"I ask you how can we compete, say, with Germany, with the wages in England three or four times higher than they are in the German cable factories? We do not like reducing wages, and no doubt we can earn you dividends without doing so, but we cannot maintain or increase the employment in our factories unless we are able in competition to secure foreign business. My opinion is, perhaps, of some value—at least, I have had a very long training in and experience in the conduct of manufacturing industries; I firmly believe that at the present time lower rates of wages are necessary, and a good standard of living must be secured by working more hours in a week. Or, to put it another way, we must have a larger output for our wages bill if we are to keep our foreign trade. War bonuses were given to the workpeople and the commercial staff. With regard to the commercial staff, the war bonuses automatically rise or fall with the cost of living, and it does seem that the workpeople in the factories should be subject to the same procedure—that if the cost of living goes down their wages should go down. There is no question of pre-war rates of wages—the standard of living must and will be better in the future than in pre-war days; but it must be obtained by mechanical and human devices to improve the output per worker."

In the "Forward" of last week, Ramsay Macdonald writes:—

"I cannot help feeling but that the Government or the interests that control it from behind the scenes are hoping that the political prosecutions now on foot are to strengthen Communist influence and make men lose their tempers. That has been the effect so far. I have never known the Labour movement to be free of its heady orators who tickle a crowd by way of entertainment, swell with revolution, and go away without leaving a ripple behind.

"Nothing happened because no one bothered to take much notice of them. We knew them. In a year or two they were down and out; they were on anti-Socialist Unions and war platforms; when the various war trials were on we knew how they behaved; only one or two stuck through, winning respect. But the moment they are prosecuted they become powerful, and their words are considered. Sir Basil Thompson has to earn his living, and the poor creature can only do it by keeping the nerves of idiots and old women in a state of tension. Hence these prosecutions and the spread of wrathfulness which follows upon them.

"If our liberties go, everything goes. Liberty is more precious than standards of living. To prosecute printers for publishing documents like the reply of Moscow to the I.L.P., or the Thesis of the Third International, is to degrade the country to the rank of a petty State ruled by a policeman. To penalise the rational discussion of revolution is to store up the gunpowder that is to make the revolution. The hypocrisy of Mr. Short condemning Bolshevism for shutting the mouths of those who disagree with it, and at the same time allowing the head of the secret police to issue warrants for the suppression of free speech and publication is contemptible.

"The Labour Party should take up this matter officially, should open a national defence fund, should select one or two cases, and employ the very best legal assistance. If we are a puny generation of decadents let the world know it, and let us cease playing the farce of being a free people. When mediocrities like Mr. Shortt, the Lord Mayor of London, and local magistrates are empowered to say whether our liberties are to be preserved or not, then indeed have we fallen, and are sitting in the gutter."

Ramsay Macdonald says to-day what we said exactly five months ago. For all that, his protest is worth reproducing. Will the Labour Party "take up the matter officially"? We are not over-confident on that point. Indeed, could even a speech in the House change things?

THE WORLD CONGRESS OF THE Y.C.I.

(To be continued at Moscow, where the Congress is to be reopened on the 15th June, 1921.)

The delegates of the Communist Young People's Leagues for the World Congress who had gathered at Jena and Berlin have confirmed a resolution moved by the E.C. of the Y.C.I. making Moscow the seat of the further deliberations of the World Congress of the Revolutionary Proletarian Youth. The E.C. of the Y.C.I. accordingly convokes herewith the Second Congress of the Y.C.I. for the 15th June, to Moscow.

AGENDA.

1. The Third Congress of the Communist International and its resolutions.
2. The relationship of the Communist Young People's Leagues to the Communist Parties, and that of the Young Communist International to the Communist International.
3. The economic struggle of the proletarian youth.
4. Communistic education of the youth.
5. Communistic education and work amongst the children and the problem of children's groups.
6. The anti-militaristic policy of the C.Y.P.L.
7. The relationship of the Young Communist International to the youth of the peasantry.
8. The relationship of the Young Communist International to the college youth.
9. The revolutionary youth movement amongst colonial peoples.
10. The relationship of the Young Communist International to the Jewish revolutionary Young People's Leagues.
11. Report of the E.C.
12. Organisational problems.
13. Motions for amendments of the programme.
14. Elections.
15. Miscellaneous matters.

The delegates appointed to this Congress must, however, arrive very early in Moscow, so as to enable them to participate at the same time as representatives of their organisations in the Third Congress of the Communist International, which is to open one June 1st. All organisations affiliated with the Young Communist International are requested to do their utmost with a view of being represented at this Congress by as large a delegation as possible.

THE E.C. OF THE Y.C.I.

The Third Congress of the Communist International will be attended by delegates from the Communist Parties of the following countries:—Russia, Italy, Bulgaria, Poland and East Galicia, Czecho-Slovakia, England, France, America, Austria, Yugo-Slavia, Ukraina, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Spain, East Siberian Republic, Argentine, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Georgia, Greece, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Roumania, Lettonia, Esthonia, Persia, Australia Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Java, Lithuania, Portugal, Luxemburg, Iceland, Turkey, Chiva, Corea, and China.

In all these countries there is a Communist Party regularly constituted.

In addition there will be delegates from:—
France: Revolutionary minority in the General Confederation of Labour.
Italy: Syndicalist Union, Railwaymen and Seamen.
Bulgaria: Labour Party.
Czecho-Slovakia: Left Wing of Bohemian Socialists.
England: Left Wing of the I.L.P.
America: Industrial Workers of the World.
Japan: Communist Groups.
Esthonia: Left Wing of Social-Democratic Party.
Central America: Communist Groups.
Uruguay: Socialist Party.
Chili: Socialist Party.
Ireland: Communist Groups.
With a consultative voice only:—
Germany: The Communist Labour Party (the K.A.P.).
Italy: Socialist Party.
Galicia: Yiddish Bund.
Czecho-Slovakia: Slovakian Socialist Party.
Yugo-Slavia: Socialist Party.
Argentine: Communist Labour Federation.
Switzerland: Workers' Union.
Buchara: Communist Party.
Palestine: Communist Party.
India: Communist Party.
China: Communist Groups.

Delegates will also be present to give assistance on certain portions of the work of the Congress as follows:—
Finnland: Socialist Labour Party.
Italy: General Confederation of Labour.
South America: Federation of Russian Workers.
Greece: Federation of Trade Unions.
Holland: Federation of Trade Unions and the Bund of Anarchic-Communists.
Denmark: Federation of the Left Wing Trades Unions.
Belgium: Left Wing of the Socialist Party.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.R. (Ballina, Ireland).—Your reply to a contribution in a past isue cannot be printed, as it would probably signify a prosecution against the paper.

Wasp.—When quoting from newspapers please give name and date of publication; also please write on one side of paper only.

L.A.M.—Many thanks. Sorry we could not hand-shake.

Gramsci.—Could you get the administration to put us on the exchange list? Best wishes.

A.B. (London).—Our Editor's health was far from satisfactory when we last called at Holloway. She had planned a few days holiday to recuperate before resuming duties. Come and have breakfast at Eustace Miles' Restaurant on Monday next and you will speak to her.

F.G. (Coventry).—Your suggestion does not appear to be practicable. A good many of our supporters are out of work and consequently very short of cash.

O.G. (Silvertown).—We believe you are right in saying that the Theses of the Communist International appeared in a Government publication, but will make inquiries and send you a copy.

By E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

Lenin on Red Army Failure—Going to the Front—"Civilisation" and Alcohol—Zipnavalok, where you can spend money—Last hours on the Arctic—The British Empire.

The Red troops had made a tremendous and unprecedented march from Polotsk, and were approaching Warsaw, had indeed reached its suburbs. The rumour flew round in Moscow that Warsaw had actually been taken. Threats of renewed attack from the Entente; even the threat of a formal declaration of war and the approach of the British fleet, seemed to damp no one's spirits. Comrades laughed at such prospects and applauded the Soviet Government's refusal to recognise the League of Nations, and repudiation of the British proposal that peace negotiations should be opened in London.

Nevertheless, the news of Warsaw's fall was lagging strangely. People said it was being held up for announcement at the meeting of the Moscow Soviet; but the Soviet met and the news did not come. Then other rumours began to circulate, and the delay in receiving the good news gave them credence. It was whispered that the Red Army was short of munitions, had had to retire. Still, no one admitted a doubt that Warsaw would fall presently. This was but a slight delay; it could not be more.

I saw Lenin in the Kremlin, when the rumours of bad news had scarcely begun. He looked tired and anxious, and answered by sad little exclamations of sympathy and regret a telephone message that broke into our talk. With his usual frank realism and complete absence of bluff, he said that the news from the front was bad, and that the message just received had told of a reverse.

"I do not know whether we shall be able to take Warsaw. The resistance is greater than we expected."

"But you will take it presently," I urged.

He answered: "I do not know whether we shall be able to take it."

And yet he put the trouble aside, and went on to talk in detail of the British movement, showing knowledge of the people who are active in it that was extraordinary in one who had all the world to consider, even recalling to me things which I myself had written. Other comrades have given me similar accounts of his familiarity with the movement in their countries.

The Red Army had been over-wearied by its great unprecedented march from Polotsky to Warsaw. The officers could not restrain the enthusiasm of the soldiers, who, dashing forward in their eagerness, had been thrust back by the superior munitions with which Entente Capitalism had equipped the Polish reaction. Orders for large new drafts of men for the Polish front confirmed the unhappy rumours. Communists, and especially Polish Communists, were most urgently called for.

The corridors of the Djelavoi Dvor. in Moscow, were full of the sound of leave-taking. We found Petrograd preparing to send 1,500 Communists to the Polish front, a terrible levy upon a city with a population fallen to little more than half a million, from which again and again all the active Communists had been drained. Petrograd has been the greatest forcing ground of the Revolutionary proletariat. The Viborg quarter, once the centre of the movement, is now deserted.

A meeting was held in the Nevsky Prospeckt to speed the departure of the fifteen hundred. Petrograd soldiers and factory workers marched there with bands and banners, and great crowds assembled from every quarter. From a window hung with red bunting, speeches were delivered and a resolution calling upon the fifteen hundred for steadfast bravery was unanimously adopted. It seemed like a triumphal occasion. The bands played, the soldiers and people marched this way and that, winding in and out in Greek key formation.

The Communists going to the front carried their knapsacks and bundles. Many of them were still in civilian clothes. Their friends and relatives walked beside them. Wives, mothers, and lovers carrying flowers, went with them now, in these last few moments of parting. No one seemed to be crying, though the very aged had tears on their cheeks, and the eyelids of the younger women were swollen with weeping.

They are going out to the hardest points of the fight; to wherever is greatest danger, these Petrograd comrades; they are going to their death, but they go bravely. They do not wear smart uniforms, like the soldiers of Capitalism, but old clothes variously assorted; they are sturdy and fit, their eyes are shining.

They were gone with the music.

The trains had been brought out for the occasion and were waiting to take the dispersing people, who had walked to that meeting, home down the Nevsky.

A little woman from Riga walked beside me. I asked her in agitation:

"Do the people ever complain when orders come to send more soldiers?"

"If they complain we do not hear it. The soldiers always go willingly. It is said there are no soldiers so mighty as the soldiers of Soviet Russia, because they fight for principles. They are not like the men of the old armies who went only because they were forced to fight for Capitalism. But no woman can see this unmoved. I am not of the Communists, nor of the Party, but I understand that Capitalism cannot remain, that Communism must come everywhere.. Why do the capitalists fight against it? It is cruel to carry on this warfare against inevitable progress; to force the young men of Russia to fight for progress against the entire world."

CHAPTER XXI.
A Whiff of Alcohol.

A slow journey, with eventful happenings, brought us from Petrograd to Murmansk one lovely Saturday afternoon. A Belgian comrade, whom I shall call Edward, two English Shop Stewards, a Scotchman, and myself, made rather a large party to entertain at the Third International House. Moreover, the stock of food there was by no means abundant; for Murmansk as well as for Petrograd, September was proving a time of shortage; therefore, as we had provisions left still, it was arranged that we should continue to lodge in the railway train.

Strolling through Murmansk that Saturday evening, we discovered a cinema and little theatre where we learnt that plays were given free of charge four times a week by a party of eleven actors, who had been stationed there for several months past.

The theatre was a simple wooden building with the rafters showing. The proscenium was rather pleasantly decorated in a primitive, unpretentious way. The audience of young soldiers and fishermen with their girls, was aglow with merriment.

After one scene, we went in search of a musician whose playing at one of the cottage doors had already delighted us. We again heard similar music, but proceeding in the direction of the sound, we came, not to the cottage we sought, but to a house occupied by the Red Army. A soldier seated on a bench outside was playing; another, surrounded by a ring of comrades, danced to the music. The soldiers identified us as delegates and made way for us to join the ring, and brought from within another comrade who could both play and sing to us.

Folk dance after folk dance followed. Meanwhile, some of the soldiers had commandeered a civilian who spoke English. With his assistance, they told us they had just come from Siberia and were soon going to the front. They urged us to tell the workers at home in Britain that the Russian workers are suffering from severe privations, but are happy because they have won their freedom. They look to British workers to follow their example.

Whilst watching the dancing, I suddenly perceived a smell that surprised me. "Surely," I thought, "that is — yes, certainly it must be."

But alcohol is forbidden in Russia!

Nevertheless, a man standing near to us was babbling in a way we had not heard since we left the shores of the British Empire. Presently an officer came riding up. A soldier called his attention to the drunkard, who was quietly arrested and led away.

Where had the intoxicating spirit come from?

Doubtless from stores left behind by the British army, or the Russian "Whites," for, as everyone knows, Red Russia is a "prohibition" country. The Czar prohibited vodka for the period of the war; the Soviets extended the prohibition to all alcoholic drinks. We were told that when the Communists seized the power in Petrograd, the Red soldiers brought out all the wine from the cellars and smashed the bottles in the streets. People who had not tasted vodka for several years and who could scarcely afford to buy wine, lay down to drink it from the gutters. The soldiers called on them to rise and at last, even fired to clear the roadways, but some of the people even then refused to move.

To-day it is believed that the Russian people have mostly forgotten the very existence of alcohol.

CHAPTER XXII.
The Villages on the Arctic Coast.

Four British delegates and a Belgian, a Russian and an old Finnish man and his grand daughter, fifteen or sixteen years of age, we set out from Murmansk with a crew of three. The Norwegian fishing-boat had only three bunks for eleven of us.

The Comrades Wastein and others waved goodbye to us from the quay. We all stood up and sang the "Internationale," the comrades on shore responded, and the Red officer who had just examined our passports, gravely raised his hand to the salute.

We had been warned that it would be stormy; but for two hours' journey down the sound we were able to laugh at the prophesy. The sun set gloriously behind the mountains on our left hand; the moon rose on our right, green, faint and ghostly, in a haze of dull, soft purple, with a dark cloud bar above. Our craft and its people, the watch boat and its sailors on guard at the mouth of the sound, were lit by golden rosy light, as again and for the last time in Russia we sang the "Internationale."

Then as the sky grew cold, the sea steel-blue, and the moon a hard white, crisply reflected, we rode out into the open sea, and the great waves

tossed us, drenching our deck and us with it. Most of us were sick, and all of us were cold. The storm grew with the darkness, till at last our captain decided to run back and make for a little harbour whose glimmering light we had passed some time before.

When we had anchored, Tanner kindled the stove, the captain put on his big copper coffee pot and gradually we grew warm. The Finnish girl gave me a turn at the bunk, where she had lain all through the tempest. The men packed themselves up somehow, and we slept in the not too cleanly darkness till the morning wore into noon and the captain woke us to breakfast on coffee from his pot, and a piece of Norwegian bread for me that tasted like cake beside the sour black bread we had brought from Russia.

The men came rowing out to us from the shore. Gallacher and I went back with them. After a wet clambering over a stretch of rock and seaweed, we reached the solid earth, which undulated pleasantly and, carpeted with peat, was soft and springy to the foot. Growing thickly everyhere and clinging close to the ground, sure sign of a bleak, cold climate, were red and purple berries, the majority inedible, but some the familiar whinberries, though of stunted growth. Here and there the peat had been cut away, and small fields of grass and vegetables took its place.

Zipnavalok.

The women, with white aprons and black shawls over their heads, were coming towards us. They spoke Norwegian, and we learnt later on that this village was mainly peopled by Norwegian settlers, and was called Zipnavalok. We went with the women to their home, half an hour's walk over the moors, a clean, bare place with home made rugs on the floor, a bright copper kettle and a fine tortoiseshell cat. We exchanged a few Norwegian kronen, the first money I had spent since I left Norway, for a couple of quarts of milk, a loaf and some new-laid eggs. The younger woman then led us to a house by the sea, where she said we could get fish. On the way, we met Edward and the English Shop Stewards.

The five of us were received there, not as customers, but as guests. Who we were and where we were going we did not tell, only that we were storm-bound.

The good wife gave us coffee with thick cream and thin bread and butter. The butter she had just finished making, in a curious little wooden churn that looked rather like a wooden umbrella case. It was three feet high, only about six inches in diameter at the top and tapered to a point at he foot. The butter was beaten up in it with a long wooden pestle.

The husband brought out an old English grammar he had used at school, the better to converse with us. He told us that six of his seven children, all of whom were regarding us with a constant, interested gaze, were pupils at the local school. The school had been greatly improved, he said, since the Soviets came to power. A new teacher had come from Murmansk and there were now six classes instead of four, as there used to be. There were only twenty pupils in the school, and a population of about a hundred in the village. A Soviet was held in the village as often as necessary, and three delegates were appointed by it to carry on business in the interim. Having bought some fish from our hosts, we returned to the boat, where Tanner played the part of cook with much success.

The Norwegian skipper, a short man with pink cheeks and light hair, regarded us as a source of amusement, and had many a joke at our expense. He provided food for the crew—the Russian and the Finns, but for us he had only coffee and, as a very great favour, an occasional slice of bread. When it grew dark he told us that, as it was still too stormy to leave Zipnavalok, we should go on shore for the night. We suggested that lodgings were unlikely, but he laughed: "Oh, yes, yes! It will be better for you."

We thought the skipper would assist us in finding lodgings, but he sent with us only a seaman who could not talk to us and who rowed off back to the boat as soon as we had landed, leaving us on the pier in the dark.

Chance favoured us. As we stood to shelter a moment from the strong wind by the house nearest the pier, a man came towards us. We uttered only the magic words:

"Delegates, Third International."

He answered: "Come along, comrades!" almost the only British words he knew.

The house beside which we had taken shelter was the office of the local Soviet. This was its Secretary who now made us most hospitably welcome. A comrade was fetched who could speak German, through being kept prisoner in Germany during the war; several others also called in, and soon a large party of us were drinking tea.

Next morning we saw the people of the village coming to the Soviet house for their labour tokens, and our host, the Secretary, entering the particulars in a ledger. He told us that he was a native of the rich lands of the Ukraine, sent to this barren place by the Communist Party, because the people here had little experience of organisation.

The Barricaded Church.

The steeple of the little wooden church on the headland looked curiously as though it had been knocked awry. We tramped off to see whether our eyes were deceiving us, and found the steeple indeed very crooked. The windows and doors, now barricaded, had been smashed. Peering in through the holes we saw that the reading desk had been broken open, the books it had contained were torn and thrown about, the altar had been stripped. We could only guess at what had happened. Zipnavalok now apparently existed without any church service. Yet the building was in a perfectly weather-tight and serviceable condition, and could have been re-opened had the people so desired, since the Soviet Government allows complete freedom to all religious observances.

A short distance across the moors was a wireless where a detachment of the Red Navy was quartered. When the sailors learnt that Communist delegates had come to Zipnavalok, they hoisted the Red Flag and invited us to supper. The main room of the wireless station was a big barn-like place. Its dark walls were hung for the occasion with great international signalling flags, red, yellow, white and blue, reaching from floor to ceiling. Long tables were spread with hot minced bully beef, and crisp cakes made with white flour and fried in butter, with an abundance of sugar, new milk and tea. The flour and the beef had, of course, been left by the British Army. The sailors, thirty or more of them, were variously clad in traditional blue sailor suits, striped jerseys, duck or holland trousers. The leader of the Communist unit, for there was a unit of the Communist Party at the wireless station, as everyhere, was a fair, flaxen-haired North-man, dressed as though for a storm, and wearing great sea-boots. Another ardent young Communist, tall and slight, and looking no more than twenty years of age, wore a French uniform. He had been imprisoned by the British for more than a year. His wife, also very young, was an excellent dancer, as we discovered after supper when the tables were cleared away. The finest dancer amongst the men, who was not a Communist because his inclinations were not political, was nevertheless a very capable fellow and a staunch upholder of the Revolution. Later in the evening, women and girls of the village came in to join the party.

With the Red Sailors.

Next morning the captain came to the Soviet house whilst we still in bed, calling to us that we must be off at once lest the weather should change. We need not wait for breakfast, he said, as we should be at Vaida Gouba, which he always represented to us as a land of plenty, within four hours. We ignored his instructions and ate our breakfast, which was fortunate, as we did not arrive till late in the afternoon.

Vaida Gouba.

And what a disappointment was Vaida Gouba; a barren spot, greatly inferior to Zipnavalok, it lay on a cruel grey coast of jagged slate, with two wrecked hulks lying on either side of the bay.

The fisherfolk there had only fish, milk (for there are many cows), bread, which comes from Murmansk, and not enough of it, as they complained, meal for making Kasha, and peat fuel. The single-storied wooden houses contained but two or three rooms. Several houses in course of construction had been stopped for lack of material to complete them. The village possessed only two hens. Attempts had been made to grow vegetables, but the results had been poor. The blockade has prevented the people selling their fish to Norway and buying things they need there. They deal only with Murmansk, which has little to give them.

The people were living barely perhaps, but I did not think there was any question of actual want. The men of our party were housed with an old woman and her feeble-minded son. Their house consisted of two very large rooms and an out-house where potatoes and so on were kept. The old woman was comfortably dressed; the man, who was incapable of working, was a little ragged. They seemed to have plenty of fuel for their stove. They eat Kasha with butter and milk, both night and morning, and fish at midday. They appeared to have plenty of tea, butter, bread, and milk; and the old woman daily put a basin or two of Russian "sour milk" away on some shelves behind a curtain.

I stayed in a much more prosperous household; the wife was a Norwegian, and her husband was said to have enriched himself by trading with foreign vessels. There were silver trays and fine old polished furniture, fine white linen, and several lovely blooming rose trees in my little room. Smoked salmon, coffee with cream, and great bowls of sour milk were placed on my table. The wife provided her husband with stewed meat for his mid-day meal, but meat was evidently a rarity here; whilst vegetables and any other fruit than the wild berries were not often seen.

Comrade Petersen had been sent here by the Communist Party to lead the organisation of the fishing industry. He spoke ruefully of the long dark winters and the harsh climate. He had been on this coast for nearly two years, and hoped the Party would soon call him away. Till that time, he will dutifully remain at his post.

There was as yet no school at Vaida Gouba, but one was shortly to be opened. Comrade Christiansen had come to organise one. A bath-house for the village was in course of construction.

The people of the district fought hard to maintain the Soviet Republic against the Whites, and would again. Yet comrade Petersen complains that the love of private property is abroad here still, and that this one and that one has still his private fish-curing factory. It is hardly what we in Britain would call a factory, only a shed with a few vats of salt and a few barrels of salt fish on the quay, but it is the germ of a private business, run for one man's benefit, instead of his sharing and helping to improve the common lot.

There is an enormous contrast between the tiny primitive North Russian villages and the not far distant fishing towns of Norway, with their prosperous shops, big curing factories and harbours, crowded with boats. The Russian villages have been little altered by the Revolution. The blockade, the war, and the shortage of transport have as yet made it impossible to inaugurate great changes. Some day, no doubt, the fishing industry will be greatly developed. Improved transport in cold storage waggons will facilitate the carriage of fish to distant parts of Russia. I imagine that a great canning industry will arise. The peat will be used here, as in Moscow and Petrograd, for fuel for electric generating stations, which will supply the power for the canneries. In many directions it may be discovered that this soil can be used for something more than growing wild berries, for though it is dark here all the winter, in summer the sun is shining both night and day.

Last Hours on the Arctic.

It was dark in the little cottage by the sea, and must remain dark till the morning, for the household possessed neither lamps nor candles, and there was not a match in the place.

The household had gone to bed at dusk. It slept, and I with it, when suddenly came a knocking at the window and a voice crying:

"You must be dressed in four minutes, and across the bay to the motor boat in half an hour."

The programme was kept to time.

We crept over the slippery rocks in the darkness. Comrade Petersen, striving to give the boat a final push off the stones, fell and almost capsized her. Several gallons of sea water rushed over the side. The comrades tipped her, baled her with both hands quickly, and waded out to the knees to set her going, then rowed her out to the motor boat.

This was a tiny craft to cross the ocean; with one mast and without a cabin, quite open, with only a shelter over the motor at the rear, and a single man to steer her. I leaned my back to the mast, and the curl of the waves that broke on our prow splashed over my face. The skipper made a shield for me with the end of the sail, but the waters defied his efforts to keep them out.

It was here, on this last stage of the journey across the Arctic, that the French delegates, Comrades Raymond Lefebre, Lepetit and Vergeat, were drowned a few days later.

We landed before the dawn, but the place shall not be written, for I learnt that the British authorities had wired the Norwegians to stop me as I returned through from Soviet Russia.

So I returned to the British Empire.

The last I had seen of it was a pile of dingy, smoke-begrimed buildings, and nearest to the quay, a row of hovels, built for the working class, which had fallen to decay. Poor little children, bare-legged, ill-clad and dirty, climbed amongst the ruins. Two ragged, shawl-girt women with towzelled hair passed by us. A ragged, shoeless dwarf with legs all twisted, able only to crawl, supporting himself on his hands and one great toe, winced as the sharp stones cut his palms.

THE END.

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ARE THE RANK AND FILE EAGER?

To the Editor.

Dear Comrade,—May I crave the courtesy of your columns to air a few points that are troubling me just now?

For more than a week after the breakdown of the Triple Alliance, I had been reading in the "Daily Herald" of the anger of the rank and filers of the N.U.R. and Transport Workers' Federation. This branch or the other up and down the country was holding meetings and calling on various peerages to resign. From this reading I somehow got hold of the idea that the rank and file of these two big unions were class-conscious, and were longing to plunge into the fray and help the miners in *the only way possible for workers to help each other—by direct action.*

On Sunday, May 1st (Labour Day), I had a shock. First I bought the "National News" just for a change, and there I read what His Grace the Duke of Northumberland had to say about things, and I found that he accused the Triple Alliance leaders of being in league with Moscow, and that he patted the rank and file on the back for being sensible, and preferring to keep things as they are, etc.

I should not presume, Comrade, to quote the "National News" as being authentic in any way, but that I went to a demonstration meeting in the evening, and there my trouble begins. The chairwoman, a respected member of the local Labour Party, when speaking of the all-important question, the Miners' Lock-out, and after telling us, in the usual way, to forbear from criticising the leaders, made the remark that if the railwaymen had liked, they could have sent in resolutions from all over the country and demanded the resignation of these men. "And we know," continued the speaker, "that this was not done."

I had got used to the idea of not criticising the leaders, because I had been reading the "Daily Herald" regularly, but the other bit was a regular nose-ender for me. It dovetailed in so well with the remarks of the Duke, that you could have knocked me down with a feather. The speaker is too well-known and respected to be in any way in league with the coalowners, so the only possible solution was that she was speaking the truth—and that, Comrade, is making me see stars.

"Is it true," I ask, "that the N.U.R. and Transport rank and filers are glad that they have been prevented from helping the miners? Is it true that they are selfish? Is it true that they are short-sighted? Is it true that they wish to perpetuate the present state of society? Is it true that they don't realise that things will go on getting worse and worse for the working-class? Is there such a thing as an aristocracy of Labour?"

I wonder if a rank and filer will answer me—I really want to know.—Yours, etc.,

ENQUIRER.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

L. A. MOTLER.

Before us is a vast expanse. Behind us is another vast expanse. A third is on our left, and a fourth on our right. But if you suddenly spun round on your heel and took in all four sides at once, you would find there were not four expanses but only one vast expanse. However I do not recommend you to try this, as the proceeding would only make you rush to the rail and make an offering of your last meal to the fishes.

We, as you perceive, Henry, are at sea. We means us, which consists of Uncle Fitzarthur and myself. We are at present on a voyage for the benefit of our little healths, the strain of winning the war—and any profits that might accrue therefrom—having been too much for us. So a kindly doctor, who knows we have been overworking ourselves and knows we have—or rather that Uncle Fitzy has—enough at the bank to enable us to struggle along without signing on for unemployment pay, has bidden us fare afar so that we may come back fit to the old country to do anything—or anybody.

The only drawback to Uncle Fitzy's happiness is the fact that we have to be up and doing at six a.m. for all the world as if we were just common factory workpeople. Our steward, whose name is Tidey (and he is so), comes round at the hour aforementioned and brings us a cup of coffee and a few Huntley and Palmers (no charge for this ad.).

After digesting these and the beautiful seascape out of the porthole, another steward informs our majestic selves that our royal bath is ready. Whereat we toddle around and cleanse us from the sweat and murk of yesterday's labour—which consisted mostly of lying in a deck chair and watching other folk learning the intricacies of deck quoits.

And so every morning we go through the purgatory of our ablutions and present a spotless surface to a critical world who knows therefrom that we belong to the class that works with its brain. Were we of the common rabble we would have to find our own towels and soap and probably get it in the neck for doing it at two minutes to six, which is of course robbing the firm of just two minutes' labour.

It is a strenuous life we lead. This week we have perfected ourselves at all deck games and Uncle Fitzy's name heads the list of subscriptions to the Sports Fund, which is to find the prizes for us and the tips for the stewards, who would otherwise put poisoned needles in our tennis shoes. When we are not playing on deck we are reading—all of which you will admit takes an enormous amount of brain-work to do.

So of course we have meals to fit the occasion. The labourer is worthy of his higher life, as Uncle Fitzy says. After the coffee and our bath, a sweet melody on the bugle reminds us that men does not live by bread alone. So we hie us to the saloon, where we help ourselves to a nice variety of menu which leads off with porridge. A determined push carries us to the bacon and eggs, after polishing off the halibut a la lemon, and then we make a sudden swoop on the Boston scones. We usually fix up the score with Hartley's and then go up on deck to digest.

It is painful to remember that any exercise we may take would only increase our appetite (which is unseemly) and what with lunch not due till one p.m., a farseeing Shipping Company has installed a bar in the smoking-room, whither we wend for a cocktail or two. Alcohol purifies the blood doncherknow, so we don't half purify it. It is only the lower classes that don't know where to stop drinking.

We are unfortunately unable to keep members of these classes entirely out of the programme. It seems some use to the officers, and by doing the necessary dirty labour, they enable the brain workers to perform their arduous duties of ordering the crew about and entertaining such young members of the opposite sex as are interested in moonlight.

Uncle Fitzy says that in the perhaps not too distant future everything will be worked more and more by power of some sort and so we shall have abolished the odious though sometimes interesting sight of an inelegantly dressed member of the crew pottering about under the impression that he is doing some vital function on the ship. In those happy days, which Fitzy calls the real millenium, there will be less need of the working class as a class, and perhaps those for whom we have no use will have the good sense to die out. After all, says Uncle Fitzarthur, it may be fine to sentimentalise about horses now they are rapidly being ousted by all sorts of mechanical traction, but we cannot really afford to spend money on them which should go to stabilise the national finances. I don't know if he meant to imply that the lower classes were in the same position as horses, especially when he said that perhaps we might make a concession and preserve some of the last horses, when they were almost extinct, and put them in the national museums.

Still, Henry, you must admit that the onward march of progress is not to be denied. But it need not prevent us from being *really* sorry for the horses.

RED YOUTH NOTES.

By T. Islwyn Nicholas.

The Youth of Switzerland.

The Communist Youth organisation of Switzerland deserves special notice. The Young movement, previous to the party convention at Berne, had mobilised its speakers, its agitators, in fact its entire organisational machinery, to serve in the revolutionary propaganda campaign against the opportunist wing, as well as the centre of the Socialist Party. Amongst the 100 delegates of the Left Wing to the party convention at Bern, twenty belonged to the Young Communist organisation, while the remainder were co-workers in the organisation. Several members of the E.C. of the newly-formed Communist Party are also members of the Youth's Organisation.

"Mummy—Gollywog!"

A child, sitting on his mother's knee in Bow County Court last week, was greatly amused by the wig of the judge. The "kid" clapped its hands and shouted: "Mummy—Gollywog!" The Court smiled, and the judge frowned. "Order in the Court!" he shouted. The poor "kid" had to be taken out of the Court, for it actually believed that the poor tottering old man with the wig was a real "gollywog." It is very curious how "kids" can get at the make-up of our dummy rulers. I am convinced it is because they have less fear than we grown-ups. And when you think of it, the entire show is one equal to any farce you have even seen in your life. It is so very funny that I am surprised that sane men carry on the game; but they do it to overawe "Henry" and his misus. And so it serves a useful purpose.

Our Maxim No. 7.

Thou shalt take part at all times in the political and economic struggles of the working-class. Thou shalt renounce craft-unionism, and work for the organisation of the working-class into one vast Industrial Union, to take and hold the means of life.

The Social Side.

The social side of the movement needs developing. It embraces everything in working-class life, and sooner or later it must become general in every working-class organisation. Music, the drama (starting with small plays), elocution, the art of speaking and writing, etc.

Games.

Every kind of game should be developed and kept within the movement. Start small and you will grow; do not let numbers keep you back; make the start—the rest will follow. The personal touch, human sympathy, the finest attribute of the race, the growth of the ages. All branches of the Y.W.L. and the L.P.S.M. should include it. Every member should in some way or other develop it. Sick visitation, mutual aid, a word of kindness, a good action—everything and anything that will help your comrade, help yourself, and herein lies the joy of life.

Red Youth in Finland.

The Congress of the Socialist Workers' Party of Finnland has nominated, up till then, chairman of the Socialist Youths' Federation, chairman of its party. Four more members of the Youths' Federation were then elected to the Party's Executive Committee, one of them to act as secretary.

The Wisdom of Youth.

The Church Congress decided to pray for two minutes for a speedy settlement of the present crisis. Jesus wept. No wonder!

The Red Dawn.

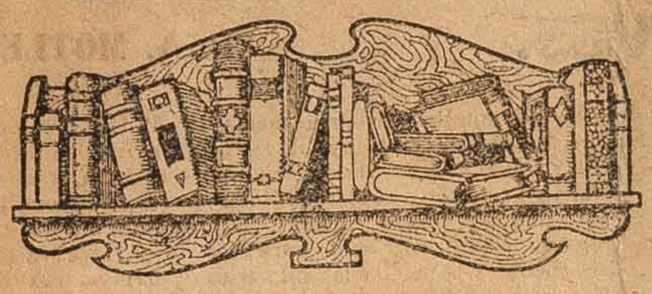
This month's issue of the "Red Dawn" is a splendid 'get up.' Every young worker should get a copy. It contains some very fine articles by the leaders of the young revolutionary movement. There is one thing which mars the whole paper, and that is the horrible cartoon. The artist, whom ever he is, has missed his vocation.

"Those . . . . !"

A Glasgow youth, speaking of the Labour Party, said thus: "What? Those spineless, speechless, groundless, gutless, Judas Iscariot Labour Partyites. They're always like dumb sheep amidst the brave huzzahs that resound through the 'House of Very Commons.'" That is the stuff to give them.

The White Terror.

As in Clerical Spain, the White Terror in Roumania is holding its sway over the revolutionary workers and Communists. Four thousand five hundred persons are at present on trial on the charge of having participated in some way or other in the recent general strike. Amongst those arrested or already sentenced are many young workers and members of Socialist Youth organisations.



OUR BOOKSHELF.

"THE ABOLITION OF MONEY."

(By Seigiro Kawashima, editor of the "Dai Nippon," published by the Myu-sha, 35, Harai-kata-machi, Ushigome-ku, Tokyo. 60 pp. of English, and 68 of Japanese text. Price not stated.)

This book, which has been translated into English by T. Okamoto, of the Tokyo "Asahi Shimbun," gives both the Japanese original text of the book and the translation under one cover, and since it covers in a brief and clever manner a subject of great and daily interest, may be found useful for students of Japanese who will have a reciprocal translation ready at hand.

The author's theory of the abolition of money is interesting, but from the reviewer's point of view totally utopistic. Money is not what produces the accumulation of wealth, that causes some to be poor and others rich, neither does it materially assist in commercial transaction. Money—that is to say currency—is simply the hall-mark that the State—as class authority—put upon all transaction conducted within the geographical limits that mark the area of its power. Lessen the power of the State and the value of currency—as measured by other States' currency—proportionally depreciates. Make the State strong, give to it undisputed power over commercial routes, over rich territory and the international value of its money is increased. You may create a scarcity of currency, or an inflation of it, and the working class may be poorer, or comparatively better housed, better fed, better paid by reasons that have not the remotest relationship with currency as such. In other words, you cannot abolish money if you keep up the capitalist authoritarian and class-ruled State. You can only abolish money if you abolish the State. The State gone, money goes.

This may appear a startling theory both to the author of the book and to some of our Labour friends. With the editor's permission, we shall put it more fully to our readers in one of our future issues.

Meanwhile, compliments to the Japanese author and translator for having the one produced, the other made accessible to Western readers, a valuable and interesting contribution to a pressing subject.

"INDIAN HOME RULE."

(A book on Indian Home Rule by M. K. Gandhi, the geat Indian leader, is worth perusal. The publishers are Ganesh and Co., Madras, and the cost of the book is six annas, which means about 4½d.. in English money.)

Gandhi shows a wonderful insight into the quality of British statesmanship, its effect upon India, and the surest way out of the impasse in which India finds herself.

There are many valuable lessons in strategy, tactics and logic that we in this country may learn from a study of this little book, and we would urge readers to obtain a copy and circulate it among friends.

Tactics will need to be revised in the near future, and while recognising the extreme difference in conditions of India and England, the fight for liberty is fundamentally the same, and therefore some of the fundamental truths upon which Gandhi builds his case may be helpful to us in this country.

OPEN TO THE CHILDREN OF THE S.S.S. AND PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

In order to give an incentive to the youngsters in learning to express themselves, we have decided to open a competition to all students of the Socialist Sunday Schools and Proletarian Schools.

We ask them to write 400 to 500 words on a matter that, at this time, is already of great importance to them.

The subject is: UNEMPLOYMENT.

The subject can be treated in the form of an essay, of a letter, a dialogue, etc.

What is deemed by the Editorial staff of the *Workers' Dreadnought* to be the best contribution, will be published in our columns.

COLONEL WOOD-MARTYN & MINERS

The following extract is from the "Morning Post" of May 17th:—"Speaking at the unveiling of a war memorial at Brenchley (Kent), Colonel Wood-Martyn said: When at the front he had many miners under his command, and he never had better men to deal with than those from the mining districts. They were simply superb! If they were now on strike, *he had not the slightest doubt that it was for some very good reason.*"

We quite agree with the Colonel, and would ask the mineowners and the Government if they do not consider the Colonel competent to speak, seeing that he and his miner-soldiers won the war for them.

THE SITUATION.

A wave of reaction—in places open and covert elsewhere—passes over the Western proletarian in these days. As a sort of vivid contrast, in the middle of next month, Moscow will see the assemblage of the Third Congress of the Communist International, where delegates of practically the world over will assemble to prepare, discuss and organise.

A Latin saying that slaves of old knew well, declares: "A superb fortune awaits those who will free the oppressed."

In spite of the present darkness over here, the sun is rising in the Orient.

Much work—and that spade work—remains to be done silently, by the humble, by the rank and file.

The difficulties that block the road to complete emancipation are many, and, as often as not, are not realised.

In Germany our comrades, although in many ways better situated than us, are faced with the task of fighting "republican" capitalism, which may ally itself to that of the victorious States, in order to gain power, and may gain power even quicker than the workers.

In Italy, two occasions having been missed of taking a definite position of responsibility, the bourgeoisie has taken the lead and created the "Fascisti," or what we would term "White Guards," and a state approaching to White Terror is over the land. In towns and villages, workers' houses and offices are burned or sacked. Prominent organisers are terrified, kidnapped or shot. Nevertheless, at the recent polls, the Communists did not lose any seats and the Socialists but few.

In France, the best of the revolutionary manhood slain at the front, an apathy, a verbosity, a state of uncertainty that contrast greatly with France of the pre-Republican days, is in evidence.

In England a Communist Party barely five months existing, born to a great extent from external pressure and guidance, which had not the time to set its organisation fully moving, and which chiefly lacked the soul-searching inquiries, the preparatory free discussion in Press and meetings, the mental preparation that Communist Parties had in other countries, is faced with the vigilant Capitalist reaction, the [illegible]sity of a Trade Unionism which has not moved since the days Mann grew [illegible]d that is not yesterday—and may have a very hard struggle to keep together and remain a compact fighting force.

Elsewhere—not to speak of Hungary, which is both a cemetery and a prison—the same sign of growing reaction.

It would be futile to hide the truth, or to think that because Russia is on the high road of freedom, all will be well—without effort, without suffering—also in Western Europe.

There is yet in front of us here a tremendous work of propaganda to be done.

Capitalism is still paying dividends, and can afford not only to resist, but to prepare in advance organised resistance.

Hard, steady work, with free discussion followed by united action, only will count; and comradeship and solidarity will win the day.

THERE IS NO CONSPIRACY!

The Press prophets, panderers, and prostitutes of criminal Capital keep on a-telling us that there is no truth in the allegations voiced by Communists that a deliberate campaign has been engineered and is being carried out by the bosses to lower, and pinch, the sweat and blood wage-pay of the toiling masses. "There is no campaign," they say, "no conspiracy"; in fact, if only the workers would be "reasonable," this is docile, servile-minded, the captains of industry would jolly soon put matters right—*for their class.*

All the same, any ordinary observer can see any daily proof in the capitalist Press itself; and the workers in industry *know* that the wangling of wages *is a fact.*

We have, in the past, prior to the Great Betrayal of the Miners, given facts relative to the campaign against our class, the slaves, who are still being bossed. We will give a few more now when all workers are being forced "furiously to think" about their own particular part in the struggle.

We have often said: "IT WILL BE YOUR TURN NEXT." We were ignored. We said: "WATCH YOUR LEADERS." You didn't bother about it. Well, let us see the new facts.

Firstly we have the strike of the Ship Stewards, Cooks, and Bakers, who refuse to have anything to do with the shipowners' scheme to pinch their already meagre wages. The traitorous Havelock Wilson has called upon the Seamen and Firemen to agree to a £2 10s. reduction monthly; let the men make common cause with their ship-mates, and give the shipowners' friend the boot.

We have a similar strike on in America—for the same reason. There, navy men are attempting to run the ships; here, blacklegs are toiling at Glasgow (where the Dockers also have gone for a holiday) and London, under police and military protection. In Norway 'tis the same, but there a general strike has been declared; that means that the workers are acting class-solidarity. When are we going to do the same?

The Master Cotton Spinners' Federation has decided to cut the wages of employees by six and seven shillings in the £. Daresay their claim also is that they cannot run industry without. We are not interested whether they can or cannot. Cotton workers, mill slaves: Stand solid and defeat the parasites!

The Union catering for the building trade workers are cocky because they have "thwarted the employers' attempts to increase the working hours to fifty hours per week," and yet they have agreed that their slave-unionists shall be robbed of as much as eight shillings per week. How clever!

They are trying to whack us in sections. Just as they have no fear when we strike sectionally, so, naturally, they know that if they can split us up, they can easily get us on the run.

Steel and iron trade bosses have met in secret to arrange a campaign to pinch the wages of their slaves; the Engineering and National Employers' Federation are formulating their scheme for grabbing twelve-and-a-half to fifteen per cent. from engineering Dubbs; that may come to another lock-out. Engineers, your turn soon! Form your vigilance and actionist committees right now; and certainly watch your leaders.

The Association of Wireless Telegraphists are faced with a reduction of £2 per month each and they have agreed to arbitrate. They will not gain justice by such a method.

Owners of the Tyne fishing fleet want to cut the fishermen's wages seventeen-and-a-half per cent. Result: refusal of the latter, and business is at a standstill. The Ministry of Labour is to intervene—*but the Ministry of Labour does not represent Labour.*

There are small sectional strikes everywhere. They show that the discontent and partial understanding is there, but they cut no ice in the end. In London we have a tailors' strike in the East End. Polikoff is the black-list firm, employing a thousand tailors; the firm desires a fifteen per cent. cut, and the men came out as the result of one of their number being sacked for refusing to accept a reduction. Two hundred men have struck at the factory of Messrs. T. Griev and Co., Ltd., cabinet makers, Hackney, refusing the fourpence per hour cut demanded. Boilermakers, ironworkers, shipwrights, and blacksmiths employed in Leith shipbuilding yards don't like reductions (seven-and-a-half to ten per cent.), so—the strike is on.

Is that enough? From the same paper, "The Star," one day last week I culled the following:—"Owing to the REDUCTION in the cost of living the wages of WOMEN cleaners in the L.C.C. have been decreased twopence-halfpenny per hour"; then, "Captain Falcon is asking the Attorney-General for an INCREASE in the salaries of JUDGES of the High Court, because of the HIGH cost of living, and they find it difficult to fulfil their social duties." Women wage-slaves versus Capitalist Judges! Charwomen have no social duties, of course. Women are of little value in this Hell System—especially working-class women.

Yes, it's your wages they want, and it's your wages they'll get unless———!

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