Poplar Councillors and the Situation.

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST

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BOMBS AND GAS FOR MINERS.

By ALICE RIGGS HUNT

U.S.A. Government sends Air Force to Bomb American Workers on Strike—Federal Troops use Tear Gas against Miners in West Virginia.

Workers of Britain! And especially *Miners of Britain!* Have you been reading the news from America this past week? If you have read it, have you realised the tragedy your comrades of West Virginia are passing through, and how you can help them?

Has it dawned upon you that now that poison gas and tear gas have been found "successful" in dispersing "mobs" in America it is only a question of time for it to be used against you? Now, in the very interests of expediency on your own behalf, if not from a spontaneous international comradeship for your fellow workers, you should make an effective protest and show that you are alert to this new prostitution of man's inventive genius for the purpose of cheating the workers out of their primitive rights!

Time was, not so very long ago, when the London *Times* and the New York *Times* carried stories of "frightfulness" about the terrible "Huns'," barbarous and unscrupulous use of poison gas against the Entente "Angels"! How this outrageous savagery was contrary to all dictates of our "civilisation." That was the time when you, the workers, were exhorted to fury against such "beasts," who stooped to the use of asphyxiating gases, you were told that they must be murdered in order to save "King and country," or, as in the United States, to fight the "war to an end" to "save democracy." That was when you were bribed with temporary fat wages to make munitions, and more munitions, and to fight and murder those "brutish Huns."

But the scene changes! It is no longer Flanders overrun by a terrible "foe" too *uncivilised* to regard a "sacred treaty obligation." The stage is set in a particularly exploited State, one of the forty-eight States of the United States. The "sacred treaty obligation" has been violated by mine-owners from other States, who deny thousands of their employees in the mines, not only decent living conditions, but the elementary right of collective bargaining. Here the "foreigner" is wanted, because he neither speaks the language, nor demands an American standard of living, and it is much easier to keep him in blind ignorance of the laws of the country and of the educational advantages he is entitled to in the schools.

Go around "organising" with me for a moment: you are passing through a scenically magnificent country, with a multiplicity of high hills forming picturesque valleys, through which overflowing mountain streams tumble their way merrily to the sea. Fine fish are in the streams and Nature's face is wreathed in perpetual sunshine bringing forth magnificent vegetation from rich soil. In the course of a few hours the train takes you through small towns with good living conditions and plenty of schools and public libraries. You notice virgin forests still untouched by man's destructive axe, where an unknown heritage of coal, iron, etc., belonging to the workers, might be discovered, as the bequest of the ages. Nature has certainly done her best, you think, to make every worker happy and prosperous, and if you happen to be travelling in the autumn, you wish you had either the time, or the talent, or both, to paint with a brush the bright yellow, green, and above all, *red* colours "touched up" by the fingers of Jack Frost.

But you get off at a little rural station. Crowds of dirty, unkempt, but sturdy and often young, men sitting about the station chewing tobacco. You run the gauntlet of their curious eyes, as you pick your way past them trying to dodge the frequent geysers of tobacco juice directed towards the platform in front of them. If you have not already been questioned on the train as to your identity and your business, you will be followed now until you meet the comrade you seek, and go with him to his house to rest before the meeting. There you find a welcome from the tired wife, with perhaps the scrutiny of six, eight or ten children. But the man and his wife are underfed, perhaps tubercular and always over-tired, The Schack consists of one, or if extremely lucky, two small rooms, the roof of which might often be some rusty and discarded piece of sheet-iron found along the railroad track. Flies are thick, and your sensitive sympathy dampens your physical ability to be cheerful, but you catch a gleam of hope and desire in the eyes of your hosts. That hope in the meeting must not be dimmed, and the desire for news and courage must not be disappointed. You tell them the truth about the murder of their comrades in broad daylight, by "company thugs," in another camp. "No, No arrest! And the President of the United States has sent a peremptory message to order the miners to disperse." Nearly a year has passed since the strike began.

The order to disperse came from the same President of the United States who issued the touching invitation to certain Great Powers to attend a "Disarmament Conference." Among other Great Powers to which the invitation was sent was Great Britain. Now "Disarmament" to you and me, the workers, means just what it says, namely, DISARMAMENT; but what does it mean to all the "first families," Chambers of Commerce, and Presbyterian Churches, who so strongly advocate it. Nothing but "reduction of armaments," which in simpler terms nets lower taxes to the wealthy property owners.

Whether consciously or sub-consciously, the "first families" have got an awful "complex" about the next war. They just fought the "last war," but still, you know, you can't let the oil fields of the world escape your solicitous "mandate," now can you? It isn't sensible, especially so long as those damned miners in West Virginia and Rhondda kick up such a row about the particular kind of luxuries they are getting. Besides, is there any use paying taxes for armaments when you're not dead sure the workers will fight, *right away*, for you, in another world war to save democracy or King and country? Much better to wait until another generation to grow up which knows nothing about the "last war." In the meantime what are armaments? Oh! armaments! Why armaments are warships and guns, and you know, guns and warships. Oh! no! Certainly not! Aeroplanes and poisonous bombs are *not* armaments. There's nothing in historical precedent or the international law of 1625 about them. Besides neither the Napoleonic law, nor the 1815 Congress of Vienna mentioned them. And that's another argument for disarmament. While we are disarming we can train our younger "swells" to fly and aim accurately with poisonous gases and tear bombs. Then we'll know just what we can do when we are ready for war about those oil fields, and having kept those damned coal miners down until then, we need not worry further, because we shall have the oil for fuel afterwards!

Well, Comrades! That's the gist of it for you and me! Just so long as we lie down on the job and don't do our own thinking, and don't get ready for the organisation of Soviets and Communism, we'll have poisonous gases in more senses of the word than one. And one of the ways of getting ready is to *get publicity* for these dastardly acts against the workers. Maybe you haven't compared those glaring headlines when the "Huns" used the gas with the little back-page-fine-print-three-line-news-despatches in the back pages of your newspapers! Well! you had better begin to compare now!

And one of the best ways of securing international publicity is to make a fuss about the sufferings of your comrades in another country. If the Rhondda miners, or the Trades Union Congress (dare I hope?) were to make a row about the use of poisonous gases hurled from aeroplanes against defenceless miners in West Virginia, the Associated Press and Reuters *might* send a news despatch about it. But the surest way is to support this paper and papers like it; papers which are alive to the rights and the wrongs of the workers. Read it! sell it! Talk about it! but above all act to help your comrades in trouble!

H. N. Brailsford on Ireland, in the *Daily Herald*, says: "The British Government is, I believe, sincere in its readiness to yield everything except naval control."

Evidently Brailsford has not read the terms. He says no one except the eccentrics will yield naval control. He probably classes himself with the eccentrics, but his article is suitable for the *Daily Mail*.

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FRANK PENMAN IN LONDON.

III.

Frank Penman was walking by the Serpentine, in Kensington Gardens, with a young woman student from the Royal College of Art. They were deeply engrossed in conversation on a question of pigments, when suddenly a loud, deep voice said:

"Don't walk there with the lady!" and Penman realised that a burly policeman was referring to him.

"Can't you see the boards up warning you? You've passed two of them," continued the policeman, indignantly.

Penman turned, bewildered, to his companion.

"I suppose it is because they are bathing," she said; and retracing their steps, they saw a notice board stating that during the hours in which men and boys were permitted to bathe, women might not pass.

They both turned to look at the bathers splashing about and diving into the water; and they laughed, for they were students at the same life class, accustomed to the nude.

"Women can't bathe at all, it appears," she said, "and I mustn't be here: I suppose I'm an evil person."

"It's all right," Penman assured her; "there are plenty of women passing on the other side of the railing. We can see just as well from there."

Before, busy with their talk, they had not noticed the bathers; now, leaning against the railing, they stood and enjoyed the sight of them and made plans to come the next Saturday afternoon and paint them. She laughed:

"It will be funny if those two policemen try to send me away, in spite of the railing; I shan't go, unless I'm removed by force."

Then without waiting for his comment:

"Are you really a Bolshevik? Dick Barbour said you were. I wish I knew more about it. Are there any meetings I could go to?"

Penman answered that there was a meeting of the Communist Youth in Trafalgar Square tomorrow, and suggested that she should go with him. He had happened to see the advertisement in the *Daily Herald*, and had been considering whether to go.

Next day Penman and Miss Mayence were there five minutes before the advertised time of the meeting. They found in the Square, only a few stragglers and about twenty policemen; but presently, first one youth and then another mounted the plinth and began to hang up some black and red posters of a curiously foreign aspect, and after some time further, a banner of one of the Communist Party branches was displayed. Miss Mayence was much interested in that banner: it was a white sheet, on which were pasted four posters advertising *The Communist*, each of which had the same rough and grotesque drawing of Lenin making a speech. She knew the figure was supposed to represent Lenin, because his name was beside it.

In the centre of the sheet was an appeal to send aid to the famine victims in Russia.

"What a pity they don't produce something worth looking at!" said Miss Mayence. "Haven't they got any artists in the Communist Party? Why don't you do them a banner, Mr. Penman? I thought people who call 'themselves Communists were trying to bring about some wonderful golden age without any poverty and want; without ugliness made because it pays, or left because it doesn't pay to clear it away; I thought there were to be cities without slums, and villages made comfortable; an abundant life, everything in plenty—I thought that was the idea—surely the people who believe in it ought to be able to show us it in pictures! Why do they make things so ugly? It's so grey and dull; there seems to be no life in it."

"We are in a period of destruction; breaking down the old, you know, before you can start building up; that's the idea."

Penman repeated to Miss Mayence the argument with which he had tried to console himself on a previous occasion.

"But they do not seem terrible and volcanic; that would be inspiring. They are not very punctual in starting," she added, after a pause.

"I expect they'll begin when they get enough people," Penman replied.

A man and woman were talking just behind him:

"I wonder who that woman in black is?" said the man.

"She looks sensible: she looks like a Conservative speaker," said the woman.

The woman in black stepped to the front of the plinth and began to speak. She was stout and ruddy, and comfortably dressed, accustomed to speaking and knew how to manage her crowd.

"She's a good speaker," said the man.

"Yes, poor beggar!" said the woman.

Penman wanted to ask her why she had said that, but Miss Mayence was moving to another part of the crowd, and he followed her.

"Say! they'd never allow a meeting like this in New York!" an American voice observed. "We have indoor meetings, of course; but you couldn't have a big street meeting like this. This is a dandy place. They wouldn't let us get over all this stuff in America! Meetings like this simply can't happen there!"

The woman in black finished speaking; a man speaker was announced, and a large proportion of the crowd drifted away. Frank Penman and Miss Mayence went with them.

"I've had enough for to-day," said Miss Mayence. "I've been to meetings before, but they none of them tell me clearly what Communism will be like, or how it is is to be got."

"I suppose they can't," said Penman. "It's in the future, you see, and they can't tell how it will develop."

"But they don't tell anything, only grumble a bit about things as they are. Can't you find me a book to tell me exactly what they do want?"

"I'll show you the books I've read; but no one knows really. One can only imagine the life that will be, and, of course, it will be better than we can imagine."

"I wish they would stimulate my imagination. I want to believe in a new life. I'd like to be enthusiastic about it; but they don't help me a scrap," she objected; then broke off at a tangent:

"Let's go and see something: something alive; not the Park and the West End. I'm tired of all these well-dressed people who don't do any work; they don't seem real."

They mounted a 'bus that took them Eastward through Whitechapel to the Commercial Road. They were both depressed, though Miss Mayence remained eager and restless. Penman looked down on the teeming population and the dusty road littered with all sorts of rubbish, and was filled with a craving for green trees and the sight of splashing water. He longed, intensely, to be lying on his back in the grass.

They left the 'bus and wandered down the West India Dock Road. Miss Mayence looked keenly at the negroes, Indians and Chinese whom they met, and the little half-caste children. Penman was weighed down by the dinginess and dirt around them. They came to a Chinese restaurant; he meant to propose that they should enter, but it looked so dark and sordid that the words failed him.

They turned up Pennyfields: its squalor almost deterred them. Its sordid poverty seemed to hang like a menacing cloud: whoever left the main road for this narrow street, was conscious of meeting the breath of its air that was foul with stale, unwholesome smells, like an ill-kept Zoo.

A number of Chinese men were standing about, poor and shabby; their looks were hostile and lowering, as though to ask: "What are these well-fed English doing here amongst us?" Penman thought their gaze rested on his companion with an expression of mingled hatred and desire.

Miss Mayence would have lingered; her eager curiosity could overcome all depression, but Penman hastened his steps and would not stay.

They passed on into Poplar High Street. Squalid as were the dwellings of the Chinese, those of some of their British neighbours were still dirtier, still barer, still more deeply marked with the blight of want.

They went on through Poplar, across the East India Dock Road, and North towards Bow. On all sides dreary street upon dreary street of tiny houses packed with people. The immensity of all this littleness, this squalor, this poverty, disgusted Penman and filled him with despair. Then suddenly he felt as though there were an explosion in his mind; a great exaltation, a great clarity: he saw himself, or some other crying out in the International Socialist Club at the Trafalgar Square meeting, that everyone should come here, to rouse up these streets of slumbrous people, to come with music and banners, with pictures and pamphlets and words of eloquence, to plead with them, to explain to them, to set their minds on fire with resolve.

Then he saw great numbers of people in great crowds by day, greater by night, with torches flaring, and speakers declaiming in loud and buoyant perorations. He saw masses of people, with hands outstretched, rushing in crowds, whilst some, wan and grey, were lying prostrate in the doorways. He saw barricades, guarded by men with guns, wearing red bands round their arms; and a great calm, a people orderly and quiet, holding restrained and tense excitement. Then he saw flowers growing around him and fruit that hung heavily on the boughs, and people in lovely garments, joyous and full of health, and a profusion of beautiful things, gorgeous embroideries and carving rich and wonderful; and again, splendid children, splendid men and women, marble buildings shining in the sunlight, vision on vision. So they walked in silence.

At last Miss Mayence interrupted:

"It will happen some day?"

"What will happen?" asked Penman.

She answered: "I was thinking."

ANATOLE FRANCE.

In his Paganism, cynicism, hardness, irony, sense of historic continuity and blasphemy, Anatole France is the typical modern Frenchman, as Rabelais was the typical mediæval Frenchman.

Penguin Island tells how a half-blind monk, mistaking penguins for men, baptized them, and puzzled and clamorous Conclave of Heaven thereupon gave them human bodies and minute souls—to damn for their misdeeds. "Do not bring into the Church Triumphant the violence that troubles the Church Militant," says The Lord: "It would ruin my project if essence prevailed over form in the sacraments." A big penguin proceeds to establish property by downing a little one with a stone, crying, "This field is mine!" Their history is the history of "civilised" mankind, and ends in anarchism and a return to barbarism.

His story of St. Francis (or, surely, Jesus himself) culminates in the devil's converting the lovely unworldling, by the Vision of the Rainbow Wheel, to the recognition that the white light of so-called truth is produced by the whirling of every conceivable opinion. Delightful diabolic disillusionment! St. Francis!

The Red Lily, incidentally introducing a Page of St. Francis-Villon, as the story of a woman's happiness wrecked through her lover's jealousy of a former slight attraction (he has no jealousy of her husband. Just as Anatole France foreseeingly took it for granted that primitive savagery, despite eloquent diatribes against war, would turn him war-mad when France and Germany came to blows; so he cynically assumes insanity of jealousy to be inevitable. He is blind to the genius of *Joan of Arc* on trial before her accusers. *Thais* vividly pictures Alexandrian epicures and Thebaid fanatics; Paphnutius converts Thais only to lose his own chastity. Bergeret's cat somnolently purrs and magnificantly wheedles throughout Bergeret's temperamentally amiable, intellectually caustic meditations. Bonnard's crime, his rescuing kidnapping of an ill-treated schoolgirl. He knows the ancient and mediæval code of every nation, but, scorning modern barbarism, he knows nothing of the Code Napoléon, and never suspects it penalises kidnapping. *The Revolt of the Angels* realistically depicts the angels' amours with the daughters of Paris: Lucifer refuses to be damned because then he would have to be as bad as God. *Pilate* gloatingly remembers Mary Magdalene's maniac voluptuous dancing, but has totally forgotten Christ: "No, I cannot recall him."

Anatole France is an ironist, not a satirist. The satirists Swift, Ibsen, Shaw have passion, "righteous indignation:" he is detached. He cries, "What a spectacle!" not, "What a shame!" "What a joke!" not "What a cruel joke!" The artist, not society's intellectually-revolutionary critic, not an active revolutionist. Has French literature no pathos? Passive Goriot is contemptible in his folly; passionate Lear is not. Anatole France observes every incident as a little drama, everybody as *Dramatis personæ*. Like Molière, Flaubert and Maupassant see into Celimène, Madame Bovary and the heroine of *Une Vie*, he sees lucidly the whole inside of his characters' minds, but he does not feel with Crainquebille like Ibsen with Borkman's poor clerk or Fielding with any victim, or even Shaw with Vivie or Lesbia. French art is objective even in its subjectivity.

E. E. SWIFT.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.

By J. NOSAKA

The Organisable Workers.

In order to understand the extent of the Japanese Trade Union Movement, it is necessary to bear in mind:—

(1) that agriculture and semi-agriculture occupy nearly 60 per cent. of the population (56.6 millions);

(2) that the handicraft and small-scale industries greatly dominate;

(3) that there is an extraordinary number of women labourers, chiefly employed in the textile industry (650,000 in factories and 700,000 in small and home works) and other small-scale productions. (*See the Appendix.*)

According to the latest official report, 1918, we obtain the following rough estimate of the so-called "organisable" workers, with complete exclusion of wage-earners engaging in distributive, domestic, clerical, and other similar services, outdoor (including building), and agricultural labourers:

(1) Factory workers (factories employing over ten: 1,680,000 (855,000 men and 825,000 women),

(2) Transport workers (railwaymen, seamen, dockers and postmen), 590,000 (560,000 men and 30,000 women),

(3) Miners: 465,000 (360,000 men and 105,000 women),

Total...2,735,000 (1,775,000 men & 960,000 women).

The total figure shows that there are nearly three million industrial workers. As the Trade Union movement among the women workers is at present insignificant, it is better to omit this section from our estimate for the moment. Thus, we arrive at the conclusion—only hypothetical—that about two millions of the manual male workers constitute the fundamental "organisable" basis of he Trade Unions.

Trade Unions.

It is impossible to say how many independent unions exist in Japan, and what is their membership. But from statistics recently published in connection with all Labour organisations which existed at the end of 1919, I estimate that the total number of Trade Unions, in the modern sense, certainly exceeded 100 Unions and 80,000 members, and probably did not reach 150 unions and 100,000 members. As the aggregate number of male "organisable" workers was about two millions, the membership of Unions numbered between 4.5 and 5 per cent. of all. This estimation may be moderately applied to the present condition.

Of these Unions, however, only one-third belong to the proletarian fighting bodies.

They were divided as follows:—

Industries.	Workers.	Organisations.	Members.	Per cent.
Textile.....	713,620	90	61,643	8.6
Metal	222,366	82	40,125	18.0
Scientific...	141,769	67	2,047	6.4
Mining.....	433,843	94	52,135	12.0
Total ...	1,511,598	333	162,950	10.8
Labourers, Carriers and Other Out-door workers, etc:		838	269,532	

This table shows the Labour and semi-Labour organisations of all kinds at the end of 1919. The figures of workers, quoted here, differ from those added in the Appendix. But this is not my fault.

District Grouping.

The Trade Unions are specially concentrated in certain districts and industries. Roughly speaking, there are five busy industrial centres in Japan: (*a*) Tokyo and Yokohama district; (*b*) Osaka and Kobe district; (*c*) Fukuoka district; (*d*) Nagoya district; and (*e*) Okaya district.

(*a*) Tokyo and Yokohama district is not only the political and intellectual centre of Japan, but also stands at the head of development of the modern industry; it is always in this area that we find the most advanced section of the Trade Unions, as well as the energetic Socialist and Communist movement. The important Unions in this district are, as I said before, united in the Federation of Trade Unions in Tokyo.

(*b*) Osaka surpasses Tokyo in the number of factories and employees; but they are largely composed of the textile and small industries, hiring a great number of women. The Trade Union and politcal movement is much less advanced than Tokyo. The main Unions are loosely combined in the Western Federation of Trade Unions. Kobe, the great commercial port, stands out; there is only one single Union—the district Committee of Yuai-kai—which is trying to include the whole of the organised workers (chiefly of shipbuilding) in that city.

(*c*) Industrially, Fukuoka is young, but is to be, in future, a great industrial centre in Southern districts, possessing the vast coal fields in its area.

(*d*) Nagoya is the city of the earthern and textile. The Trade Union movement there is of recent date.

(*e*) Okaya is the centre of the silk industry and also of the working-woman slavery. We never heard of the existence of a Trade Union in the district.

(*a*) Metal industry: The Trade Union in the engineering, iron, steel, shipbuilding surpasses other industries in number, power and discipline; the destiny of the proletarian revolution in Japan largely rests on this section of workers. The following are the important Unions Metal workers' sections of Yuai-kai (in Tokyo, Osaka, Kobe, Fukuoka, etc.); Artisans' Fraternal Society, Artisans' Society, Koishikawa Labour Society, Engineers' Union of Japan (above four in Tokyo); Osaka Iron Workers' Union, Copper Workers' Union (in Osaka); Labour Fraternal Society in Fukuoka.

(*b*) Printing industry: The Japanese printing workers are the most revolutionary section of the working classes. Numerically not large, but spiritually they are in the van. Shinyu-kai, Seishin-kai, Taishin-kai (above in Tokyo and Yokohama) Printers' Union in Osaka, Kobe, Nagoya, etc.

(*c*) Mining industry: The miners are a powerfully organised body. Almost all organised miners belong to the All Japanese Miners' Federation which affiliates to Yuai-kai.

(*d*) Transport: There is a deadlock for organising the railwaymen, for all railways were nationalised in 1906, and the employees are controlled so bureaucratically—by means of the Station Committee akin to the British Whitley Council—that the real proletarian Union cannot penetrate in this section. The only real Union is the Engine Drivers' Union. Workers in the tramways are making their own Union in the important cities. In Tokyo the Transport Workers' Union is most powerful.

The seamen have also a great number of organisations, but they are for the most part nothing more than labour exchanges or friendly societies. The Seamen's Union of Japan (of Yuai-kai) is the strongest. The leading Unions are federated by the Japanese Seamen's Union.

Among carriers, dockers, stevedores, rikishaw-men, and other out-door workers, there are already a comparatively great number of associations. Free Labours' Union, Rikishaw-men's Union in Tokyo, Osake Stevedore and Carriers' Union in Osake. As a rule, this section of workers represents the yellow type of Union.

(*e*) Textile industry: In this industry we have hardly seen any Union except those of Yuai-kai in Tokyo.

(*f*) Agriculture: Farm labourers remain indifferent to the labour movement. But recently a wide agitation for organisation against the landowner has been in progress. Labourers and Peasants Society and Tenant Farmers' Union are known.

(*g*) Brain Workers: Keimei-kai, one of the most interesting Unions, is succeeding in combining the teachers of elementary school. Salary Men's Union is a body of poor middle classes.

(*h*) Female workers: Woman labourers lack the organisation, except a few bodies of Yuai-kai in Tokyo.

Constitution.

It is rather a curious feature, that the structure of Craft Unionism is not very popular amongst the Japanese workers, and the existing Unions are, for the most part, constructed on the unit of factory committee, including all grades of the employees. But it is inevitable, in such an immature state, that the members are, in fact, chiefly composed of the skilled workers.

Among the rest, the "Yuai-kai," or the General Federation of Labour of Japan, occupies a peculiar position in the Trade Union structure. Accordingly, it will be well to glance briefly at its constitution and strength. At the last Conference, it was decided to become a federal body of Unions of Federations, which are organised on the basis either of industry, trade, workshop, or area, regardless of craft or skill. All units enjoy, as a rule, a great deal of autonomy. But, in practice, the "Yuai-kai" is more strongly united than a mere Federation. The Central Committee (elected at the Conference) has not only the right to order strikes of all affiliated bodies, but is always interfering in important businesses of the Unions. Where Unions or Branches are massed, there is a local committee (Tokyo, Osaka, Kobe, Kyoto, etc.).

From the administrative point, the country is divided into three wide District Committees (Eastern, Western, Kyushu) and two Industrial sections (All-Japanese Miners' Federation and Seamen's Union of Japan). At the present moment, it includes several industries and trades: iron, steel, shipbuilding, mining, shipping, textile and miscellaneous trades (tailoring, building, gum-producing, etc.). It claims 30,000 membership and 150 Unions or Branches, covering the whole country, from Hokkaido to Manchuria.

There is no law directly prohibiting the formation of Trade Unions, nor recognising them.

Article 17 of Police Law (1900), which punishes the instigation for strikes and for the increase of Trade Union membership, is effective enough to hamper the Trade Union activities. The following table shows how many strike leaders are thrown into prison every year.

Year.	Imprisoned. Cases.	Imprisoned. Men.	Strikes. Cases.	Strikes. Strikers.
1914	4	14	50	7,900
1915	4	50	65	7,850
1916	16	40	108	8,500
1917	21	155	311	50,600
1918	34	375	417	66,500

If we count the victims arrested under the charge of "breach of peace," etc., by Criminal Law and Press Law, they reach a considerable number.

Communism and Trade Unions.

In conclusion I wish to consider an important issue that, in Japan, the Trade Unions should play by far the principal rôle in the future development of Communism, more than in European countries. The reason is rather plain. In our country, most of the leading Unions sprang up for, or as a result of, the fight against the employer, and not for the mere friendly benefit nor protection of their craft privileges. Therefore they are comparatively free from narrow-minded and exclusive spirit; free from such a superstition as draws the futile line of demarcation between industry and politics, between industrial and political action—the political "neutrality"—as British Trade Unionists like to do. In other words, from the very beginning, the Japanese Trade Union has been fulfilling both industrial and political functions; and the Trade Union constitutes by itself a Political or Socialist body.

Again, it is only the Trade Union in Japan which openly combines the mass of industrial workers in a permanent form. And the Government is now compelled to recognise it as one of the social powers, and also to permit it more freedom than to Socialists and Communists, who are strictly watched by the authorities, and this is not because of any moderation by the Trade Union leaders; but because it is backed by the powerful force of the masses. Consequently, it is obvious that there is no other way to influence, to capture the mass of the workers for Communism than through existing (more or less legal) Trade Union organisations, whether they are revolutionary enough or not.

In short, the Japanese Trade Unions are not merely exceedingly open to revolutionary ideas, but also constitute the sole school of the masses for Communism. Nothing is more absurd, more harmful, moe criminal, than to neglect, to desert the proletarian mass organisations; particularly so in Japan.

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THE POPLAR COUNCILLORS AND THE SITUATION.

Poplar Councillors have gone to prison. The Government would have liked to let them off; but if it had done so, and the Rate Poplar Councillors refused to collect were allowed to go by default, other Boroughs would follow suit—the L.C.C., the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and other bodies would soon be in difficulties—and the practice of letting the Rates go uncollected might spread throughout the country; the result being the bankruptcy of the entire Local Governing system.

The situation is such that the Government is obliged to do something; it cannot merely let matters drift.

The Poplar Councillors look to the Government to pool the London Rates, especially the Poor Rate, which is the prime cause of the disturbance; they demand that wealthy Kensington and the City shall pay the same Rate as poverty-stricken Poplar and Bethnal Green.

The wealthy interests object to that solution; they say that the poor East End must bear the cost of its own poor, and that if the Poplar Councillors defy the law, they must go to gaol.

The Poplar Councillors in gaol are not receiving first division treatment; they are not allowed the freedom accorded to W. T. Stead, nor even as many privileges as were, for a short period, extended to the Suffragettes. Nevertheless, they are better treated than we Communists. Instead of being cut off from all contact with the outside world, except for a monthly or two monthly visit of a quarter of an hour, and the exhange of a monthly or bi-monthly one sheet letter (under strict censorship, political and public events being banned), they are allowed weekly visits and letters. George Lansbury may, though even that is not certain, be able to write an article in the *Daily Herald* once a week.

The imprisoned Councillors will wear their own clothes and will have various other privileges doled out to them. Nevertheless, the durance, a year and a day, will be irksome and hard.

Will it continue: will the Labour movement, will powerful organised Labour, permit this sentence to be served by 30 Labour Councillors?

Meanwhile, who will levy the Rate? Will the Rate be levied?

The Labour Councillors who have not been proceeded against have pledged themselves to their imprisoned colleagues not to administer the Borough Council in their absence; therefore the work of the Council stops. It is an interesting situation.

Will the Government, by Act of Parliament, or Order in Council, take new elections in Poplar, or will it set up a non-elected body to administer the affairs of the Borough?

If the Government should choose to call new elections for the Borough of Poplar, unless it take the precaution of falsifying the ballot, there is no doubt that new Councillors, pledged not to levy the Rates, will be returned.

The Government will then be forced either to give way, or to create a non-elective body. Will our professedly democratic middle class, and our working class, tolerate that? Let us hope not.

But Poplar should not be struggling alone. The Labour Party has a majority on half the London Boroughs; in Bethnal Green the Mayor, Councillor Vaughan, is actually a member of the Communist Party, and represented the Party at the recent Third International Congress in Moscow. Why have the Labour majorities on the Councils of other Boroughs not followed Poplar's lead? When are they going to do so?

The rank and file should attend the Council meetings of the Boroughs where the Labour Party is in power, and should make themselves felt. These meetings are open to the public, and it is possible to all of us to hold meetings outside the Council halls, to visit the Councillors and to bring all sorts of influences to bear upon them.

Poplar Borough Councillors, in going to prison, have demanded a small thing: the equalisation of Rates.

To the unemployed, half-starved on the paltry pittances doled out to them, the equalisation of Rates is a rather remote question. To them the size of the dole is necessarily more important than the question as to where the relief comes from.

It is not likely, or even probable, that the doles of the Board of Guardians would be more generous if the Rates were pooled. If the Rates were pooled, a central scale of relief would doubtless be erected. If Kensington's Rates were affected by Poplar's scale of Relief, Kensington's wealthy ratepayers would insist on having something to say as to what Poplar's scale of Relief should be. George Lansbury has admitted that in a letter to *The Times*; but if a central scale were set up, and if there were a central review of the Relief granted in each case, it is not likely that those who apply for relief would get so much as they do now that they are able to bring the pressure of local influence upon the Guardians who come to the locality for election.

The claim for the equalisation of Rates is, of course, a very superficial one: it does not touch the root of the problem. Consider the position in Poplar; a position only something more acute than in many other Boroughs. In Poplar, half the people are maintaining, but most meagrely, the other half who cannot find work, or are too ill, too old, or too young to work. The proportion of workers too ill to work, or too feeble for the employer to be willing to employ them is heavily increased by these long periods of unemployment; the bread-winner and his or her dependents all suffer and all deteriorate physically and mentally. The benefit of the unemployed workers' labour is withdrawn from the community as a whole; because they are idle, we are all poorer, and those who work bear the burden of feeding, clothing, and housing them, be it ever so meanly. The mere equalisation of Rates would not abolish this flagrant evil. It would not lessen the number of unemployed and unemployable; it would not provide them with more adequate subsistence. If the Rates were equalled, we should still have agriculturalists and bakers unemployed whilst people are short of bread; fishermen out of work whilst people are lacking fish; shoemakers out of work whilst thousands are lacking boots; builders unemployed whilst overcrowding is a gigantic menace to the health of the people; men and women fighting to get on the trams and 'buses whilst conductors and drivers cannot get a job, and so on in every branch and ramification of production and distribution. This cruel, ghastly waste would still continue: equalisation of Rates is just a tiny palliative. We must urge the workers of Poplar and other districts to fight for the only thing that can bring them out of their difficulties: the abolition of Capitalism and wage-slavery.

But what will happen now? Suppose the Government take power to itself, or give some other body power, to levy the Rate the Councillors have refused to levy: what will happen then?

Will the people of Poplar pay the Rate? We know that many of them actually cannot afford to do so. The Rates do not fall only on the richer people. There is a tendency for landlords to cease to include the Rates in the rent of small house property, and to turn the collection over from the tenants to the Borough Council. In Poplar there is a large number of small shopkeepers, working people who used to be wage-earners, debarred by some accident, widows and cripples, whose takings are tiny, and who can barely make ends meet at the best of times. Such people, literally, cannot pay the Rates which are now required to make the Borough solvent: still less can they pay the lump sum to which the arrears on the non-levied Rate now amount.

To preach a "No Rate" strike to those who cannot pay, is like pushing an open door. If the richer will stand by the poorer ratepayers, a very solid strike against Rates should be easily obtained. The appeal of Poplar Councillors for a "No Rent" strike raises a more difficult problem; but in these days of hardship many and many a poor family would be glad to join a rent strike, because they are unable, or almost unable, to pay rent. Nevertheless, the fear of losing their little household goods, so hard to get, and therefore to replace, makes the taking part in a rent strike a most courageous effort; a great effort indeed for a very small palliative. The workers are constantly making such efforts for such objects. They strike to the very verge of starvation for a little increase in wages that is soon snatched away from them by rising prices, or by a speedy subsequent reduction in their pay.

And yet these palliative fights, futile as they often are, have to be fought; they are the means whereby the workers learn to fight, to become conscious, to struggle upward. Therefore we should welcome and help this rent strike with all our might, even though its object be insufficient, as it will be if it aim merely at the equalisation of Rates.

The proper strategic move for the Labour Party to make now is to get all the Boroughs in which the Labour Party has a majority to fall into line: that ought to have been done already, and Poplar has made appeals to the other Boroughs to join in, but, so far, without success: it is the old story of refusal to show solidarity; but the rank and file can bring pressure to bear on the Labour Councillors and should do so. The Rate and rent strike should also be declared in Poplar and elsewhere. The rent strike is not dependent on the existence of a Labour majority on the Council.

The Poplar Labour Party and its Councillors in gaol have added another demand to that for equalisation Rates: the national provision of work for the unemployed, and this is the more important part of their demand; it is the part that should not be overshadowed, as the politicians will try to overshadow it, by the equalisation of Rates adjustment.

We Communists know that work for the unemployed will not be attempted adequately until Capitalism has been overthrown; but the Labour Party is a Reformist Party. "The Right to Work" was one of its earliest, most successful battle cries, and that there never was a moment in its existence when the cry was so urgently acceptable to masses of people as the present. Work or pay at Trade Union rates would be a popular cry for the National Labour Party to take up at the present moment: unemployment is the biggest single grievance under which the workers of this country are labouring to-day. Poplar has given the National Labour Party a lead; but the Labour Party seems more interested in approving Lloyd George's offer to Ireland.

We Communists, of course, say to the unemployed: Smash the system; overthrow Capitalism; build the world anew on a basis of equality for all of us. The vested interests which control society to-day leave you and the majority of us in the position of outsiders who are dependent on the pleasure of the capitalists in control.

Let us put an end to the conditions which permit the building up of power through capital by those who have what we may describe as the money-making sense. Let us create a society in which the means of life are open to all without payment, and in which even if some are to have the power to exercise directive functions which involve organising the labour of others, such persons shall only occupy the position of organisers by general consent, and by proving their ability for the work.

Let us build up a society in which no child shall suffer, or be less well cared for, well educated, well started in life, than the rest, because his father was ill or poor, or without the money-making sense; quixotic, too impulsively generous to prosper; genius, or even a man with a little talent unappreciated by his time, or even a wastrel, or a pioneer who defied the conventions, or because he died and left the child's mother to be a bread-winner. To-day the child suffers for all these reasons, and also because in periods of trade depression like this, thousands of middle class fathers are ruined, and millions of working class fathers are turned adrift.

End the system. That is the only message the Communists can give to the workers: end the system; set up Soviets of your own, and through them build up a new and better life for all.

The Poplar Councillors in prison are doing what they can: they ask you to run forward a little step to capture a little post on the road: we ask you to keep your eyes fixed on the final goal; to make straight for it, and to concentrate your energies not on palliatives, but on making your fellow-workers into Communists.

But whatever you do, go forward. Keep up the fight, struggle on, remembering that it is greater than you or I, and will continue after we have disappeared.

We cannot see the final goal of human endeavour; we cannot realise how far it is in time, how immeasurably further in quality from our life to-day this life of struggle and ugly competition for crude material possessions.

Whether you or I should fail, whether you or I should lose all that we have: our goods, our health, our life or liberty, is a tiny matter: the big question that dominates us all is: where is humanity going? how can we help it to travel faster on its way, to the exalted life?

To the poorest in society comes the compelling impetus to rebel against the oppression that weighs upon them, the blighting want that endangers life itself. So it was that Russia first made the Revolution: and so to-day, from starved exploited Poplar comes the first little crack in the British capitalist administration; a bankrupt Borough Council that dare not collect the rates from a starveling population and yet must spend gigantic sums in doles to the broken and unemployed.

The Borough Councillors are in a difficulty; but the workers beneath struggle with cold and merciless poverty: it is to them we must address ourselves, comrades; we must call them to rebel.

Even to-day the unemployed, besieging the Boards of Guardians for larger doles, are the keenest rebels about us, but let them not concentrate on increased doles; let them make a greater demand.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

CANDIDATES FOR THE CZARDOM.

After the last Roumanian Cabinet meeting Sinaia Take Jonescu declared to friends that there could be no question of French aid for Russia because in France the speedy fall of the Soviet government was not only counted on but the Frenchmen were working towards its speedier consummation; therefore it was completely abortive for Roumania to go ahead of the allies in relief work for Russia.

According to "Noutatea" of Jassy Take Jonescu wishes to make the Roumanian Prince Nicholas Czar of "all the Russians."

The "Noutatea" states: "Russian circles in the west count upon a speedy fall of the Soviet government as a result of recent events. They are already considering the solution of certain questions which would crop up after the breakdown. Russian circles are determined to offer the throne to a foreign prince since a return of the Romanovs is out of the question. Prince Nicholas of Roumania is the most agreeable to them."

Making Friends with the Habsburgs.

Another example of the "short memories" of the misleaders of the people is given by the grandson of Wilhelm Habsburg. According to "Socjalistyczna Dumka" he now seeks the support of the Russian and German monarchists who are conducting a campaign against Skoropadskij. He is alleged to have arrived at an understanding with the English Society for the Economic Development of Russia. The so-called Galician politicians have joined his movement. The English have very soon forgotten their oath never again to deal with the hated Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

The Disarmament Farce.

The Trade Union Congress follows Gomper's lead in asking for Labour to be represented at the Disarmament Conference of the Capitalist Governments at Washington. It is incongruous indeed that the United States should be taking the lead in a disarmament conference whilst it is fighting the Virginia miners, its own citizens who are on strike, with bombs thrown from aeroplanes and poison gas.

But after all this is a Conference of the Capitalist powers that occasionally fight each other, and are always arrayed ready to fight Labour: Labour has nothing to do in such an assembly.

Prison Life.

Now that 30 Poplar Councillors have gone to gaol the bad fish and all the other hardships of prison life will again be passed under review by the public. Will the result be better treatment for the ordinary offender and still better treatment for the political offender?

Will the Labour Party now take up the question in earnest, and see to it that all political prisoners get political treatment?

Ireland.

As we anticipated, the Irish have rejected the Lloyd George Government's terms. The British Government is not prepared to make peace on the basis of Irish Independence; therefore war will continue. Arthur Henderson at Birmingham told a West Midland Labour Conference that "the British do not like the term Independence as applied to Ireland," and that "the Irish do not like the phrase Dominion Home Rule." The Irish have not had Dominion Home Rule offered them, but the Irish certainly desire independence, as Mr. Henderson will discover should he ever again become a member of the Government.

J. H. Thomas, widely considered as Henderson's rival for the first Labour premiership, has now openly declared that "no political Party in England can hold out any hope of an Irish Republic."

We are glad that Thomas has put the position of British official Labour on this question plainly. It has long been obvious to us, but has not been fully understood by the entire rank and file of the Labour movement in this country or by the Irish.

Edmonton Communists Expelled.

The fact that the Edmonton Labour Party has expelled the orders of the National Executive and allowed the Communists by a five to one majority to overrule the gulf which exists between the two parties. When George Lansbury, Robert Williams and other delegates were in Moscow they urged the Third International Executive to believe that the two sections could work together. How incorrect was that view is now clearly shown.

Lansbury and the Labour Councillors, who are centrists, will presently find how cold is the comfort they will receive from the Right Wing of the Labour movement. We pity them for the disillusionment from which they will presently suffer. Some of them will move to the Left as a result of this experience—others to the Right.

Russian Famine Relief.

How counter-revolutionary are the Russian famine relief intentions of the Capitalist Powers is clearly seen by the decision that the American Red Cross is to hand Russian Relief, not to the International Red Cross, but to the Hoover Relief Association, because "Dr. Nansen's negotiations in Moscow are regarded as directly contrary to the understanding that the League of Red Cross Societies would not permit the distribution of supplies by the Soviet Government."

Soviet Russia will have to rely in the main on herself: Capitalism will not allow much help to go to her starving people, and what little it permits will be but a cloak for hostile action.

The Unemployed.

If the Poplar Labour representatives had not got themselves into trouble with the Government they might have found themselves besieged and abused like the Woolwich Labour Guardians, who offered the unemployed a scale of relief higher than that given in Poplar.

The unemployed of London and some other places are showing a splendid rebel spirit. Keep it up, we say to them, but remember that increased unemployment doles will not free you from want and social slavery. Concentrate on the overthrow of the capitalist system, that is the only thing that will put matters right.

Moreover, why not unify your demands? Why not call a National Conference of the unemployed and put forward a united programme for the entire country?

Dolls' Houses.

Whilst the workers have no houses to live in Queen Mary is presenting to London Museums such doll's houses, though in minature, are much more costly than the houses that you and we are able to live in. One of them is being designed by Sir Edwin Lutzens, aided by the well-known and expensive painters Sir John Lubery, Sir William Orpen and John Sargent. The house will be eight feet high, it will have a marble staircase, crystal candelabra, a wine cellar, complete hot and cold water system, a library with minature books, portraits of the King and Queen by Orpen, Sargent and Lavery. The nursery will contain a tiny replica of the doll's house owned by the Royal children. Models oft he King and Queen will entertain an Eastern potentiate, waited on by a "tweeny maid," which is said to be a joke, as, of course, their majesties are not waited on by anyone so humble.

The artists engaged in this absurd work are debasing their art to paltry uses. The production of such costly toys at such a time recalls the Court extravangences which preceded the French Revolution. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad."

Red Youth in Trafalgar Square.

The Young Workers' League (we wish it were the Young Communist League) is to be congratulated on its first Trafalgar Square meeting held last Sunday. The young people arranged their meeting at least as well as many of the adult organisations that have recently demonstrated there. We hope, nevertheless, that next time the Y.W.L. will put in more preliminary work and secure a really large gathering.

We should like to hear more speaking by the young people themselves. We look to youth for enthusiasm and initiative, and hope the Young Workers' League develop a splendid band of young comrades.

Back from Russia.

Comrade Norah Symth, just returned from Russia, is prepared to speak on what she saw there. Write to her, c/o "Workers' Dreadnought," 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

MEMORY.

A yawn and a stretch, and a rather fat man with a comfortable air appeared from the depths of a luxurious armchair.

"Lord, Lord," quoth he, "I am getting quite lazy since Tommy Blunt was elected assistant."

To reveal our friend to the reader it is necessary to explain that he was a Trade Union Leader. One of the individuals who, side by side with the Boss, keep the workers in subjection and cry for Profits without licence. He was the General Secretary of the M.U.G.S., and after a little wangling, had succeeded in getting an aspirant after his own job elected to be his assistant. Not that he wanted an assistant, but these things are done, you know, in the best labour circles.

Our fat friend had been to visit the office in his "Chitty-Bang-Bang," and was feeling rather drowsy. As there were no strikes in progress, and a few banquets on hand in a week or two, he did not feel upset, so he continued to doze.

"Greeting, oh, Fat One."

"Good Heavens," our friend ejaculated, "what on earth is that? I must be dreaming."

"Greeting, oh, Fat One," was the answer.

Our fat friend by this was mightily purturbed, for the voice and the words sounded like extremism, and Wall Owing had not mentioned any Bolshevik spirits in his Sunday simpers.

"Who are you? Reveal yourself."

"Listen Fat One. I cannot reveal myself, for I am part of you. I am Memory. I am the memory which stirs you on to dream fitfully of your treachery to your fellowmen. I am the memory which stirs the workers on to a knowledge of their fettered life, and I am becoming more active every day for the oppressed of to-day, the wage workers, are beginning to realise the sordid existence they are leading, they are beginning to remember the horrors of yesterday and of the past ages. When an oppressed class begins to remember, then I become the Draught that Fans the Flame of Discontent. Nothing is withheld from me; no door is closed against me, and no place too sacred for me to enter.

More powerful am I than the Gods of the peoples, for I created their Gods unknown to them. I am the All-Pervading One, for I work not only among the oppressed, but among the oppressors.

Woe to the man who thinks to evade me, for sooner or later his thoughts become my possession. My mission is to stand alongside the worker at the machine, taking his mind back to his old mate who was crushed to death in the shining noiseless wheels. I bring his mind back to the look of intense horror on the face of his mate as he shrieked in agony, and the tearless widow who sat in the chair at home, broken spirited and broken hearted. I remind him that his mate's body was the price of Profit.

"Deep down in the mine I go, bringing pictures of crushed and maimed bodies, the roar of the explosion and the wild mad scramble for safety; memories of days and days hewing and hacking at the almost impenetrable walls of stone, earth and coal, listening eagerly for the tapping which tells of mates imprisoned in the bowels of the earth.

"Along the railroad track I go, calling back the needless and limbless bodies of what were once laughing workers.

"In the ears of the seamen I whisper of shipmates hanging from ice-laden ropes, the dull thud of a sailor's body flung as from a catapult from the ropes to the deck, and of the angry sea which tore him from the deck to be seen no more.

"All this I do, Fat One, and more, than this, I whisper in their ears: 'Why should this be? Why should we pay the toll of Death that our Masters may wallow in idleness and splendour?'

"To the Workers of all ages I whisper: 'Rise and overthrow your oppressors, stand idle no longer while your workmates are battered and crushed to death. The death of your fellow-workers is your death, his injury your injury, for an injury to one of the oppressed class is an injury to all.'

"Into the slums I go opening the eyes of the slum-dwellers to the vileness surrounding them, opening their hearts to a blind fierce hatred of the toffs.

"Fat One, the workers are beginning to remember, and woe to you, oh, modern Judas, when they realise the extent of your treachery! Their apathy shall give way to a blind raging anger, and their dull limbs shall fling off the shackles which you so successfully hide from them. Remember that you were elected representative of the class that to-day is toiling and starving in the midst of ease and plenty. To-day the workers blindly submit, to-morrow, urged on by Memory, they will thunder forth my battle-cry, 'We never Forget.' Remember that you have taken not only the thirty pieces of silver, but have robbed the workers of their meagre pittance! You and your kind will feel a harsher vengeance from the workers than will the master class."

With a wild shriek of despair and fear our fat friend awoke, and discovered himself alone in his study, vainly endeavouring to crawl under the luxurious armchair in which he had recently been dozing. With nostrils distended and eyes wide with fear he staggered to his feet.

"By God," he whispered, "these Communists have even converted the ghosts and sent them to the earth as propagandists."

WILFRED J. BRADDOCK.

SPICE.

J. H. Thomas, on behalf of the N.U.R., ordered locomotive strikers on Dublin and South Eastern line back to work, and told them they would get no support from the N.U.R.

Before the Dublin wages tribunal J. H. Thomas said the great national issues "as set out by Mr. Lloyd George" were more vital than wages.

Funny that J. H. Thomas should put himself on the basis of Lloyd George's declarations.

* * *

The photograph of W. Brace, Labour M.P., occupied the centre of the front page of the *Sunday Pictorial* because he was one of the guests at the wedding of Sir William Sutherland, the Government's Scottish Whip.

:: CORRESPONDENCE. ::

Louis Ginsburg (Chicago).—Glad to hear from you.

D. B. (Hull).—Send us news of your travels.

J. B. (Sunderland).—Courage; the apathy of the masses you encountor is everywhere prevalent, but it is already lessened. Unemployment is a hard school, but an efficient one.

A. D. M. (Norwich).—Glad you have got two more newsagents to stock the paper and show posters.

A. Carford (Sheffield).—Sorry you have been ill; shall welcome your reports.

THE EDITOR "AT HOME."

The Editor will be in the *Workers' Dreadnought* office, to meet comrades, the last Sunday in every month, from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.

SOVIET RUSSIA
AS I SAW IT.
BY SYLVIA PANKHURST. PRICE 2s. 6D.
From "WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT" OFFICE, 152, FLEET STREET, E.C. 4.

DOES MOSCOW SOVIET REPRESENT WORKERS? By DENNIS E. BATT

What an Eye-Witness Saw.

The charge that the Soviet Government does not represent the workers of Russia has been made so often that it is one of the first things that one examines upon arrival. Fortunately, the elections to the Moscow Soviet were in full swing at the time of my arrival. Much the same activity was noticeable amongst the party workers as would be carried on in any country during an election campaign. Meetings were being held and speeches delivered to influence the vote in favour of the several candidates that were contesting the elections. An examination of the election returns shows that the Mensheviks, Left and Right Socialist Revolutionists, Anarchists participated in the campaign.

The Non-Party Element.

The number of delegates elected to the Moscow Soviet was slightly in excess of two thousand. Two thousand one hundred and fifteen to be exact. Of these about seventy-five per cent. were from the Communist Party, about two per cent. from other parties, and twenty-five per cent. disavowed any party connections whatever. This non-party section of the Soviet no doubt conceals a number of Mensheviks and others of a similar stripe. The general opinion is, however, that the majority of this non-party section is in reality non-partisan. The Communists in Russia are aware that this non-party element is important and may develop considerable power with the workers. In fact, it furnishes a means of bringing larger masses of the workers into contact with the Soviet machinery, and thereby secures their co-operation. That the Communist Party has secured great influence with this non-party element is demonstrated by the fact that the support of the non-partisan vote was pledged to the Communist Party by the non-party spokesman at the opening session of the new Soviet held on May. 13, This gives the Communist Party complete control of the local Soviet. With the help of the non-party vote they have ninety-eight per cent. of the whole. This is certainly a sufficiently large working majority. Comrade Drojan, the Vice-President of the Soviet, called attention in his report to the fact that six hundred and seventy-one thousand (671,000) people had participated in the election. What American city can show a better percentage of the population participating in a local election? Of course, if one so desires, they may wail over the fact that the parasites were not allowed to vote, but bringing such a large part of the population into political life is a merit which justifies the Soviet form of government in spite of this criticism.

A Soviet of Workers.

To witness the opening session of the new Soviet was alone well worth while. A more unusual deliberative assembly could not be found outside of Russia. It contained nothing but working men and women. Perhaps it was not so elegant looking as a capitalist legislature, but it was much more impressive. We could see none of the bored indifference that prevades the ordinary bourgeois assembly. Here were workers gathered together with serious enthusiasm for the great tasks that lay before them.

Most of them were determined to surpass the excellent example set by the Soviet that preceded them. It established a standard which may well serve as a guide and spur to all of its sessions. Four-fifths of the members of the out-going Soviet had worn the uniform of the Red Army. It would be impossible to imagine eighty per cent. of the members of any legislative body in America being qualified soldiers.

Housing.

When the old Soviet took over the Moscow district it fell heir to chaos. The municipal machinery had completely broken down. Aside from the ordinary political work to perform, it had a great economic problem before it. Moscow, like most American cities, has always had a difficult housing problem. With the return of the capital to this city from Petrograd the problem became more pressing because of the subsequent increase in population. All construction work had been suspended at the beginning of the war in 1914, which naturally intensified the housing situation. The Soviet, being a proletarian institution, had to do something to relieve the pressure upon the working class, which is most affected by a housing crisis anywhere. The first measure used was to eject the capitalists from their apartments and palaces. However, that measure alone was not sufficient to take care of the matter. Since last spring the Moscow Soviet has continued its efforts to provide decent quarters for the "slum" inhabitants, in a well-organised manner. Establishing communal houses is one of the measures that is being used to meet the situation. At present there are 471 communal houses with accommodation for over sixty thousand persons, and in the near future all workers will be provided with comfortable quarters.

The Food Question.

Feeding this great city is another problem of the Moscow Soviet. Food must be provided for one million six hundred thousand people. Every day colossal amounts of food stuff must be taken from the stations and delivered to various points to provide for the enormous population. This in itself is a large problem, and when one takes into consideration that usually the best Communist elements have been occupied at the various fronts repelling invasions of the counter-revolutionaries, the wonder is that it is attended to as well as it is. The bread situation is better than it has been in previous years. Throughout 1920—1921 there has been an average monthly distribution of 1,092,932 poods (pood —36 lbs.) as against a monthly average of 676,992 poods in 1919. Including dining rooms, prisons, kitchens and tea-houses there are 2,330 feeding stations in Moscow. They serve 1,082,922 people; about two-thirds of the population. The lack of vegetables to carry on this work has forced the Soviet to organise its own kitchen gardens, of which it now has seventy-nine with a total area of 20,000 dessetecna (desseteena—2.7 acres). These gardens are expected to yield this year two and a half million poods of vegetables. In addition to this work of satisfying the stomach needs of the population the Soviet last year distributed several hundred thousands of pairs of shoes and various other kinds of wearing apparel.

After a Seven Years War.

There are many other problems that the out-going Soviet met with creditable results. There has been a constant struggle against epidemics of all descriptions. The health of the population has been maintained at the cost of terrible effort. Even in the best days under the Czar Russia was never free from epidemics. Palaces and country homes have been converted into sanitariums for the care of the ill. Although the facilities are far from satisfying the needs of the city, it represents such an improvement upon the old conditions that great credit is due to the health department of the Moscow Soviet. The problem of health looms large, indeed, when you have to deal with a population that has been subjected to a seven-year war. The blockade has made medical and surgical supplies very scarce in Russia. This has further complicated the health problem, but heroic efforts have done much to meet it.

Education.

Upon the cultural side of life the Soviet has not been idle. "Education for the workers" is the slogan, and they have done all that is humanly possible to realise it. Exhibitions of all descriptions are run for the purpose of accomplishing this end. That they are succeeding in a large measure is shown by the fact that thousands upon thousands visit the medical, historical, and industrial exhibits every day.

The Worker's Government is placing its hope upon the coming generation, and therefore does all in its power to take care of the children. The resources are, of course, limited, and the best that can be done is far from what is desired. However, the will is there, and given a sufficient period of peace and intercourse with the rest of the world, and there can be nothing wanting in the outcome. At present there are 3,934 institutions in Moscow Province that take care of 366,000 children of various ages. The degree to which the Soviet has developed these institutions is best shown by the fact that there were only twelve childrens' homes in Moscow before the revolution.

These are a part of the accomplishments that the old Soviet leaves the new as a heritage and an example. That they are determined to better the record if possible, was quite evident at the opening session of the new delegates. Whether they will succeed or not the future alone can tell. Russia is about to be forced to take up arms against invaders. The Japanese adventurers will hamper by their activities the building of the new society. Hampering, however, is the best that they can do. These people who have suffered and are suffering so much are unconquerable. *(From the Proletarian.)*

DISARMAMENT. An American View. By JOHN KERACHER

The oracle has spoken. The silent one of the White House has said let there be Peace, or at least limitation of armaments. America is now officially at peace with Germany. The League of Nations having gone the way of all flesh, Mr. Harding has decided to put something more substantial in its place. He has issued a call to the leading powers to send their representatives to Washington to discuss the restriction of armaments.

It is not an open invitation to all comers, but to a select few, England, France, Italy and Japan. The press informs us that the British statesmen hailed the project with delight, and that Mr. Lloyd George himself may make the journey to the United States. No date is fixed as yet, but Armistice Day, November 11, has been proposed for the meeting of the giants.

France is not so delighted about the scheme, the French press is divided, some leading newspapers declaring that it is a plot on the part of the Anglo-Saxons to dominate the World.

Japanese officialdom is split over the question of accepting or rejecting the invitation. Those who think it is a trick on the part of the English-speaking nations are opposed to participation. Others are demanding that an understanding be arrived at first as to "Japan's rights in China." The mere mention of the Far East in connection with the invitation has raised the suspicions of Japanese Imperialism. The Japs are afraid that the new alliance may demand that they take their heel off the neck of China. Japanese capitalism has been growing fat by feeding with its forefeet in the trough of China, and doesn't take kindly to the idea that it may have to stand over a bit to make room for the other hogs.

It will be remembered that on November 10, 1914, the Japs seized the port of Taing-tan and the Province of Shantung, on the theory that it was German territory. The Germans had seized it a few years before in reparation for the killing of two German missionaries. So the Japs are afraid to come in, and yet they dare not stay out, while the door is open, lest it be finally closed against them. Their failure to respond would be construed as hostile intentions.

The most that can come out of the Conference in any case, will be a working alliance between the leading powers, a sort of armed truce. As to the reasons prompting Mr. Harding's act at this time it is difficult to determine. His reasons may be many and varied. The whole scheme may have emanated from London. That something in the nature of an Anglo-American understanding has been brewing for some time, there is ample evidence. Mr. Sims "spilled the beans" quite a bit, and Colonel Harvey's utterances fore-shadowed the rapprochement that was being worked up behind the scenes. Of course, *it could be* Mr. Harding's own scheme, prompted by a sincere, altruistic, desire to restrict the forces leading to war. I say altruistic because big armies and navies are not the cause of wars, and small armies and navies will not prevent them. Again, it may be the drain of taxation upon the capitalists that has prompted them to call a halt on the mad race of armaments. There are still other reasons that could be advanced. We will mention one that emanates from an American correspondent in Berlin. The correspondent in question complains that English and German capitalists have stolen a march on American business by negotiating trade with Soviet Russia and gaining concessions: from the same source comes the suggestion that an understanding has been reached, between the leading powers, for the economic partition of Russian territory.

Since they have come to a realisation that the Soviet Government cannot be overthrown by intrigue from within, or attacks from without, blockade, etc., they may be preparing now to try to destroy Soviet power through economic dominance. Germany, it is said, will take up concessions in certain sections, Japan in the Far East, England in another part, and so on. That American capital is ready to step in for a share of the concessions cannot be doubted. Whatever its plans are in relation to Russia time alone will reveal. One thing is certain, capitalism can never rest while the Soviet system continues to exist.

The unity of these great powers into a world alliance, must of necessity bring in its train a unity of other nations, open or secret, against them. In any case, whether the race of armaments goes on, or is by agreement restricted, it can in no way prevent them flying at each others throats. Under certain circumstances, such as a struggle for territory, economic concessions, control of cables, or any other irreparable dispute, a clash is certain.

Of the different inherent contradictions within Capitalist Society, there is none so sure in its effects as competition. While it is true that competition also affects the workers, competition for jobs, still not in the same manner as it does the Capitalists. Competition between the seller of labour power will remain as long as the system lasts. That competition, however, is rapidly being reduced to a dead level of unskilled or semi-skilled labour in all countries. The workers have no property rights to conserve or extend. The small farmer is being rapidly reduced to a similar position, tenant farmers being on the increase, not to mention the ordinary land slave, the farm hand. The capitalists, on the other hand, must fight daily to despoil their fellow capitalists or be despoiled in turn.

The small business man may be sorry for his competitor who goes to the wall in the struggle. He may have the true Christian compassion towards him, but that sympathy is usually limited to an expression of "too bad, but business is business." His remorse is quite made up for by the fact that he got all or part of his trade that used to go to his bankrupt competitor. The big concerns fight each other in the same manner, and crush many smaller businesses. The capitalists of one nation as a whole may have certain interests which conflict with the interests of the capitalists of other nations. These conditions in the course of time do not rectify themselves, but on the contrary intensify. Thus the cause leading to war is ever present and will continue to be until Nations are made classless. Not until property in the means of production is ended, and the tools of industry socialised, will the incentive to war for the privilege of plundering the world's workers be brought to an end. Until then, universal peace and disarmament will remain a utopian dream.

Meantime, let the class-conscious proletariat make ready. Let them pave the way for the overthrow of capitalism and the elimination of the profit system. That is the prerequisite to the ending of the age long struggle of the workers, in the interest of those who rule and rob them.

WHERE ARE WE GOING? By A. IRONIE

In past days, before people had hit upon the idea of shutting up paupers and imbeciles in institutions, so as to be able to close their eyes comfortably to the existence of such unpleasant creatures, it was a common thing for a village to possess its harmless natural who roamed the district at his own sweet will, and, though half-witted, sometimes showed an acuteness in coming to the point that is often wanting in many that pride themselves on the full possession of their wits.

Many amusing tales are told of a Scottish natural of the name of Will N——. One day he was rambling through the Earl of Eglintoun's grounds when he was caught by the Earl in the act of climbing over a fence. "Come back, sir; this is not the road!" cried the Earl.

"Do ye ken," asked Will, "whaur I'm gaun?"

"No," replied his lordship.

"Weel than, hoo the de'il do ye ken gin this be the road or no?" And Will calmly proceeded on his way.

Isn't it a pity, now, that the working-classes aren't half-witted?

"Come back," cried Lloyd George, Sir Auckland Geddes and a host of others during the war, "It is necessary before everything else that we should win the war."

"That is not the way! Come back," now cry our kind employers of labour, so solicitous for our "welfare" and that of their own profits.

"That is not the way; the cost of production must be lowered and our commercial prosperity re-established; if you will insist on a 'living wage,' you will make it impossible for us to employ you, and you will drive capital out of the country. What will you do then?"

"Come back!" scream our own Labour Leaders, loudest of all, when the rank and file outrun them, whilst they sleep on the benches of the House of Commons, or bask in the covertly contemptuous smiles of their masters who are delighted to buy back from these traitors, at the cheap cost of a feigned good fellowship, a few dishonourable honours and paid offices, hard-won victories that the workers have struck for, starved for, gone to prison for. They buy back from these traitors at the same cheap rate also the acceptance of Whitley Reports, trade agreements, sliding-scales, mortgages on the victories the workers might win in the future.

From all sides come the same chorus of "Come back," wherever the workers show signs of choosing a road of their own, if only with the self-confidence of our half-witted friend. Well, we could answer to all these people, "Do *you* know where we are going?"—strong in the assurance that we do know, ourselves. Some of us, it is true, do know well enough, but unfortunately there are too many, as yet, who have but a hazy notion, and at every step we take we are impeded by these lost sheep. We have to stop and pull them out of the bogs into which they have floundered, or are stampeded by them in their backward rush from some bogey placed in the path by those who would drive them from the road. Yet it is simple enough. We should each have the map of where we are going engraven on our brains, and then—straight forward, without hesitation.

Let us run over the sign-posts. First, "Where are we going?" The goal is Life. "Life is sweet, brother," says the gipsy to Lavengro; "there's night and day, sun, moon and stars, all sweet things, brother; there's likewise a wind on the heath." You think you are alive, you workers in the towns, but what do you know of life? There's night shifts and day shifts; the sun is hidden by smoke, or draws out the unsavoury stench of its fullest flavour from streets and slums. The moon looks into overcrowded fœtid sleeping dens on weary workers taking their uneasy rest between one day's exhaustion and anxiety, and another's, knowing nothing of the enchantment of moonshine flooding wide spaces, or glancing through the branches, and clothing the country with the mysterious beauty of fairyland. The wind does not blow free across the heath, bringing sweet scents of earth or sea, filling you with its boisterous vigour, till you want to race and shout like children let out of school; instead it penetrates your sheddy clothes till your ill-nourished bodies shrink with cold.

All this is but a fraction of the life you have never known. Life means Love—the love of man and woman, healthy and comely in body, with minds uncramped by narrow cares, or by lack of education, or of leisure to keep them ever fresh and keen; love unspoilt by anxiety. The saying, "To love is to suffer," is only too true nowadays, when parents see their little children pinching with want, or their sons driven to the slaughter; the father may be maimed or poisoned at his work, and the mother wears her youth out with ceaseless striving to make both ends meet.

Before we can begin to live, we must have good food, clothing, houses, and leisure—that is, we must be sure of getting as much as we want of all these things without having to use up all our energy and time to do so. How is it we workers do not get them now, though the earth is rich in raw material and our knowledge of machinery to turn this material to account with less and less labour, is increasing incessantly?

It is because all these natural riches and the machinery are owned by others than ourselves; by men who only allow us to use it on their own conditions, and those are that we shall give up to them all we produce, to be paid for our toil with certain metal counters and pieces of paper called money (which, by the way, have also been mixed and minted and printed by some of us). And these tokens we have again to give up to them in payment for some small fraction of all the things we have ourselves made. It is a mad circle in which we dance; yet dance it we must, so long as other men, our masters, own all these things by which we live.

So we come to the first sign-post on our road towards Life—the Land. For, with the exception of what we get from the sea, the land is the prime source of every necessity of life, and it stands to reason that so long as this source is owned and controlled by a minority, whilst the majority can only make use of it at their bidding, the minority control the lives of the rest of us, and our present condition is the most damning evidence of the evil result of such power of the few over the many. The jurist, Blackstone, whose work every aspirant to the Bar must study, states that "the land is public property, and landlordism is robbery," but the working man does not read Blackstone, and the nearest the landlords ever come to admitting the public ownership of the land is when they incite the worker to fight for his country.

"My land," in time of peace, "Your country," in war time—a rather one-sided version of "what you lose on the swings, you make up on the roundabouts."

It is time the workers realised that their first fight for their country should be against those who actually own that country at the present time, not against an outsider who is merely accused by our robber landlords of the desire to conquer it. Let us *have* our land, and I think we would find the means to hold it against outside invasion, particularly as the workers in all lands are in the same position as ourselves, and a successful example in one country would before long be followed up in others.

Next, the land must really become the common property of those who cultivate it and work up its various products. Allotments, small holdings, land nationalisation, or State-ownership, which retains the money system, which, even if it be disguised under the State Socialist form of labour notes, still means a system of unequal rewards for different forms of service—these, to which so many pin their faith, are but side-tracks, and as likely to lead us to our goal as if a man were to set out in the direction of John o' Groat's in order to reach the Land's End. The State Socialist's idea of land-nationalisation and labour-notes means armies of officials, who, we may be sure, will take care (since the administration, and therefore the power, will rest in their hands) that their salaries, whether in money or labour-notes, shall become the reverse of "small by degrees and beautifully less."

We have enough officials at present, with a plentiful sprinkling of Labour Leaders amongst them, for us to judge of what they are capable. Some say their strongest points are meddling, muddling and drawing their screws.

No, we do not want *State* ownership directed by officials, but *common* ownership with all the people taking their share in production, and coming to free agreement amongst themselves as to the forms that production shall take, based on a knowledge of the nature and extent of their own needs and the earth's resources.

To retain a money system in any shape whatever means to retain artificial inequality, because it means that one man will get more money and another less. If it were so arranged that the man with a small appetite should be paid less than the man with a large one, or the man with a big body who needed more cloth for his coat than a little man should have more money to buy it with, there might be some small show (but only a show) of reason in it. But since it is presupposed that under real Communism everyone is to be sure of sufficient for all his needs, what would be the use of one having more money than another?

Apparently there will still be something left worth buying, some advantage which the man with more money can enjoy, whilst the poorer man must forego it. Is this what you call equality and fraternity? As long as this should be so, men could still be bought to do the rich man's works, and society would still consist of privileged shirkers, and workers doing their own and another's work into the bargain. Is that likely to foster the sense of social fellowship, is it worth making a revolution for? "Why should one man better fare, and a' men Erithers?"

COMMON OWNERSHIP OF THE LAND AND THE ABOLITION OF MONEY, this is the way we must go, and turn aside neither after one palliative nor another.

With these two sign-posts reached, the rest of the path is clear ahead. The competitive system done away with, where in the struggle for existence every man's hand is against another's, the social feelings, the instinct of mutual helpfulness, will have no frost to nip them, and will blossom out to such a degree as they have never before had a chance to do. Science will be developed, not to destroy, but to make life easier, to increase our powers of production, and to do away with vilesome toil. Thus we shall gain health and leisure to apply it also to the fuller understanding of our own natures; to the appreciation of life in all its forms, an inexhaustible mine of interest which is practically closed to the toilers of to-day. Set free from wearing anxieties, no longer forced to live in filthy towns, but in the midst of natural beauty, the warm human emotions will have free play, and the sense of beauty will develop and demand an outlet in a true art of the people.

At last we shall know what it is to live!

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"The Good Hope." An English version by Christopher St. John, of "Op Hoop Van Zegen," a play in four acts by Herman Heijermans. Henderson's The Bomb Shop. Price . . . This is an excellent propaganda play which we recommend to our readers, and which the various Red players would do well to stage.

"THE FRUITS OF VICTORY."

(A sequel to the "Great Illusion." By Norman Angel. Labour Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.)

Norman Angel's "Great Illusion" was a statement that the great illusion is that power is a determining condition of the success of a nation in the struggle for bread. He declared that the alternative to war is to organise the world to give bread to all nations. After suffering during the war from the common anti-German mania Mr. Angel returns to his old contention, and publishes the "Fruits of Victory" to vindicate his "Great Illusion." Norman Angel is one of those bourgeois writers who, basing their conclusions upon the permanence of the present order lead us nowhere. Of course, he talks about Socialism—everyone does to-day. This is the sort of thing he says about it:—

"The old individualist economy has been largely destroyed by the State Socialism introduced for war purposes: the nation, taking over individual enterprise, became trader and manufacturer in increasing degree. The economic clauses of the Treaty, if enforced, must prolong this tendency, rendering a large measure of such Socialism permanent. The change may be desirable . . . but . . . we are likely to have not a less but a more quarrelsome world."

Angel admits that Socialists may describe what happened during the war as State Capitalism rather than State Socialism, but he seems quite unimaginative on the question. He observes that since capitalists greatly inflated the currency for war purposes the Communist governments of the future may be tempted to do so for social experiments. He appears to regard the two things as parallel evils.

AN ADVERTISING STUNT.

The *Daily Herald* has sent us a very prettily got up advertising sheet turned out by the Pelican Press in its best style. From this we cull the following interesting passages:—

PULLING THE PURSE-STRINGS.

"It was on April 18 that the first appeal for money for the miners' children appeared in the *Daily Herald*. The Editor, George Lansbury, wrote it. He wrote it from an entirely non-political point of view. Hang it all, the miners' children and infants aren't politicians! (And, besides, there are thousands of *Daily Herald* readers and *Daily Herald* admirers who are far from agreeing with *Daily Herald* politics.) The fund, then, was not to be a 'fighting' fund; it was to be a 'feeding' fund. This was made clear. So the campaign began.

"The following letter received from Messrs. Angus Watson can be accepted as typical of the general attitude of the givers:—

'We think we ought to state that we are wholly opposed to the present method of endeavouring to settle the dispute in question, although we are entirely in sympathy with any legitimate means that can be adopted for obtaining a reasonable rate of remuneration for the Miners. This, however, need not prevent us having sympathy with those who are suffering innocently as a result of this strike.'

"Ah, but that was good news for the kiddies' mothers—good and *generous* news, and as such they hailed it. Good news first and then a good meal, the best for many days, when through the diligent local relief committee the food quickly reached the hungry village."

It is bitterly sad that the children off the workers should be obliged to depend on such "generous news." The advertising sheet continues:—

"The *Daily Herald* wanted 'money for nothing.' It had no merchandise to offer in return for the cash it solicited and obtained. But you Advertisers, you Merchants, you Business Men—you who have goods or service to sell, who have value fulfilled and flowing over to offer, will you not heed that moral and turn to your good account the grip of the *Daily Herald* on a more devoted and attentive body of readers than any other newspaper could ever boast?"

DEEDS NOT WORDS. THE REVOLUTIONARY METHOD

Arthur Henderson, the Secretary of the Labour Party, has applauded the action of the Poplar Councillors in refusing to levy the increased Rate necessary to meet the Council's liabilities to the L.C.C. and other bodies; he says" they are rendering a national service."

Will he urge the Labour Party to support the Poplar Councillors, by instructing all Labour Councillors to adopt the same policy?

Will he further support the Rate and rent strike which the Poplar Councillors are endeavouring to secure? Will he endeavour to promote such a strike, not in Poplar alone, but throughout the country?

George Lansbury and his colleagues are, theoretically, Constitutionalists and Parliamentarians, but when a reform seizes their enthusiasm and imagination, they are impelled to the revolutionary method; for the method they have employed, in refusing to levy the Rates, is revolutionary: it is a defiance of the Constitution. The rent and Rates strike, which they are urging the people of Poplar to adopt, is also a revolutionary method.

Arthur Henderson is a colder-hearted, narrower-minded Constitutionalist than the Poplar Councillors, but he has given his verbal support to their methods on this occasion: let him stand to his words and prove their value by the deeds that follow them.

The Trade Union Congress has again failed to rise to the occasion, by avoiding the debate on Black Friday. The question is of first class importance to the workers, and the Congress ought to have had the courage to discuss it.

The taking of a collection for the unemployed, at the Trade Union Congress, was doubtless well intentioned, but it was grievously inadequate to the needs of the case. It is the answer to the appeal of the unemployed that a bourgeois audience would have made: in truth, it is the old answer of the charitable: " Accept a little of what we can spare to ease our consciences," the old dole to the poor that the religious well-to-do offer, to save their souls.

What a confession of failure, this, for the most powerfully organised Labour movement in the world to make, in view of comrades unemployed! It means: " We cannot help you; we are powerless; Capitalism controls us and the situation; we can do absolutely nothing."

Is that a correct rendering of the situation?

We think not: the workers have the power to control this country when they will use it; but they must act, not talk. They must overthrow the Hendersons and Thomases and the others of the old school of Labour politician who still have faith in the capitalist system and desire to maintain it. More important still, they must cast out their own belief in the present system, and organise with the definite object of replacing it by Communism.

The Executive Committee of the Third International, the Red Trade Union International, and the Communist Party of Great Britain have issued an appeal for a General Staff for the British Labour Movement.

The General Staff will come in the near future, in any case, but what sort of a General Staff will it be?

That is the crux of the matter.

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To British Workers (with map explaining Soviets' working system	½d.	2d.	1/-
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Communist Song Book	4d.	3/-	8/-

EXCHANGES.

Papers exchanging with the "Workers' Dreadnought" should be sent to 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

NOTICE.

An Orchestral and Choral Academy has been started with a view to encouraging musical art in the ranks of the Labour Socialist and Communist movement.

Funds are urgently needed to support the above effort on behalf of Labour's cause.

All instrumentalists (beginners, intermediate or advanced) wishing to join the above Academy are)cordially invited to communicate with the Secretary, J. James, Office, 55, Rodney Place, Palatinate Estate, S.E. 17.

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