

KNOWLEDGE MUST PRECEDE ALL INTELLIGENT ACTION

THE WORKER

EDUCATE

THE ORGAN OF WORKERS' COMMITTEES SCOTLAND

THE REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL WITH THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN BRITAIN.
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The Workers against the Bosses.

Necessarily there is a constant scrap going on. This is so where the bosses are trying to bribe the workers to side with the boss. A thousand schemes are put forth to make the worker believe that it is his interest to be tame and subservient, that he can best serve himself by playing a lone hand at the expense of his fellow-workers. Having made this analysis and having habituated himself to be a human jelly-fish, neither loyalty nor good faith can never be expected from such a creature, rather spying and treachery and duplicity of every kind is to be looked for.

But all men cannot be favourites of the boss nor bosses in embryo. The experiences of the modern industrial plant make labour, under its daily grind, more and more irksome. The open air was the condition under which man entered into relations with his fellows to make the living together, in the distant days when he had just emerged from the status of brute beast and had crossed the threshold which introduced him into manhood. Since these distant days it has been the open air for him. A million years of open air cannot be forgotten in a few decades of the foul, polluted atmosphere of a capitalist factory. The urge is for shorter and even shorter hours inside of his veritable prison. The strict discipline required for efficiency, which is enforced by the machine as well as by the boss, tends in the same direction. The machine system of production, too, requires that he should have some education and some ability to rationalise. He comes to see social production in the large, to see how all the processes are dove-tailed, interlinked, felled together.

Next he gives some attention to the problems of distribution. As to starting point, a point of departure, he has an immediate object lesson in the share of the product created by himself and his mates which he and his mates receive as wages. He knows that the wage measured in money which he carries home to the Missus, the best Chancellor of the Exchequer known to history, is pronounced by that skilful economist to be utterly inadequate to meet all the requirements of her budget.

What becomes of the rest of the product? It goes in rent interest and profit after the cost of the raw material, the up-keep of the machinery and plant and the overhead charges have been paid. Rent and interest are really profits which are paid to landlords and banks, for, if the industrial company had bought the land and had no borrowed money it would have to treat its whole investment as capital, and all the money it made over paying wages and the sums paid out for raw material and up-keep and overhead would be entered on the books as profit.

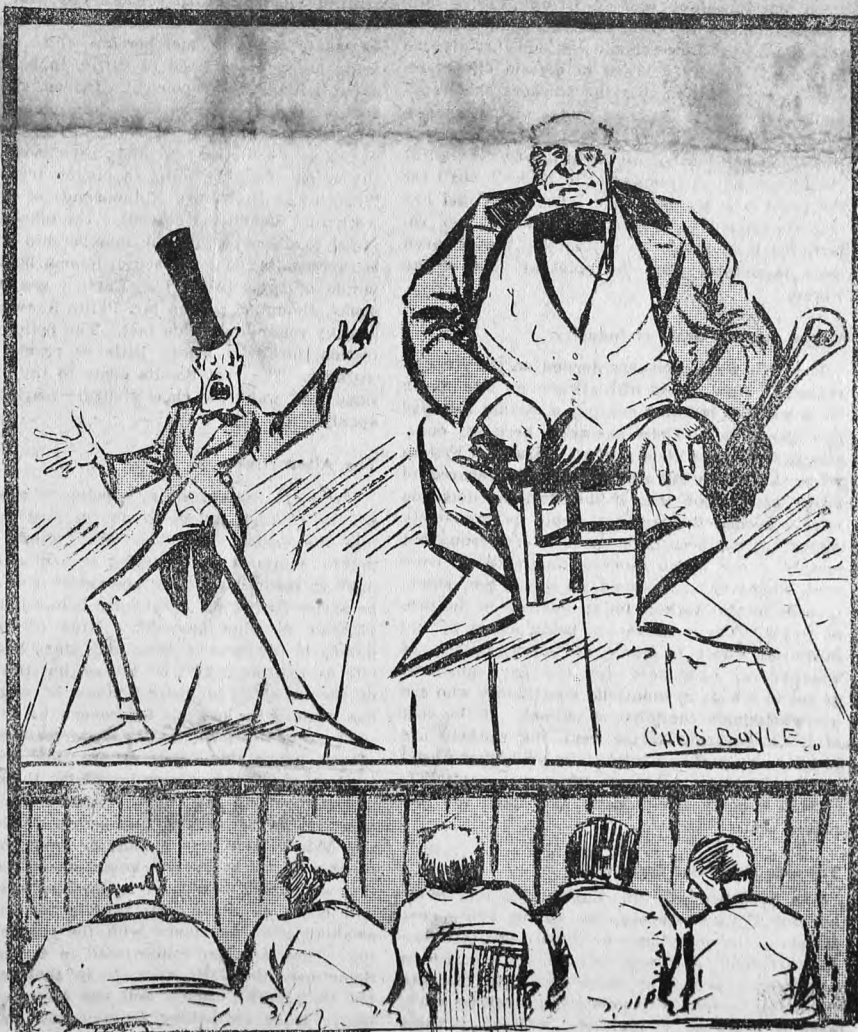
Now don't forget that the boss owns everything under this system by which we make the living together. He owns the plant and the machinery;

he owns the raw material; he owns the money paid out in wages and he owns the product, the product of labour. When he pays the wages he secures the actual ownership of the skill and efficiency that resides in the worker, not only the highly specialised skill of the trained workman but the equally or even more highly skilled efficiency which is the transmitted joint heritage of the human race. Let no worker ever forget that if it were not for this virtual ownership of the skill and efficiency, which is the only asset of the workers, the ownership of the plant, the raw material and the money capital would be of not

the slightest use to the Money Bags of the world.

The ownership of the ability to make the living which resides in the workers, by the owners of the capital invested in the business where the workers labour, makes slaves of the workers.

There is no other name that will describe the relations of bosses and workers. It is slavery and abject slavery at that. Hence it comes that the bosses are against the workers and the workers are against the bosses. Hence it comes that the workers that sides with the boss is a treacherous and a disloyal human with the culture and psychology of a yellow dog.



BASHING THE BOLSHEVIKI.

Chairman: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Plute will tell you how he was starved by the ferocious Bolsheviks."

What is to be Done?

OUR POLICY.

So the engineering, shipbuilding, and foundry unions who are in for an increase of 6d. per hour need not get elated. We assure the members of these organisations that they will be damned lucky if they get a 1½d. per hour increase.

—“The Worker,” July 10th.

About three weeks ago we dealt with Mr. J. T. Brownlie's whipped-dog whine in his speech at the Industrial Court in favour of an increase in wages for the engineering trade unions. We pointed out at that time that no amount of groveling would succeed in placating the Industrial Court and enable the engineers to get a favourable award. Awards emanating from Industrial Courts, we insisted, were based not on the abstract merits of the case, but on the economic strength of the organisations claiming the award. We did think, however, that the Industrial Courts would throw a small sop at the easily satisfied engineers with a view to stopping the whimpering. But apparently the Industrial Court is satisfied that there is not the tiniest semblance of a kick remaining in the workers in the engineering and shipbuilding trades, and it has therefore turned down the demand with a gesture of absolute contempt.

The Fodder Basis.

Not only has the demand been turned down, but the Industrial Court has rubbed salt into the wound by reaffirming its position as to the basis on which it is prepared to concede awards. It lays it down dogmatically that it is not prepared to consider demands for increased wages based upon the increased cost of living. Prices may continue to soar upward, but that is in itself no reason why the Court should concede the increase in wages. We have heard in certain circles recently voices urging that the workers should repudiate the fodder basis of wages and demand a remuneration based on the fact that they are human beings with a life to enjoy to the fullest extent and not merely cattle to be kept alive for the profit of a master. The Industrial Court has also repudiated the fodder basis, but it has repudiated it in favour of a principle that is even more intolerable from the point of view of the worker.

Wages and the State of Industry.

It makes wage increases depend on the state of industry. Now there will always be two views as to whether industry can pay a certain increase in wages or not. There has never been any occasion in the whole history of our industrial system when the employing class were not prepared to swear before God that if the workers' demands were conceded the industry would be completely ruined. It has been their constant cry throughout history, a cry which proceeds instinctively from them whenever any demand, no matter how much, is made by the workers for an increase in the rate of wages. The workers are being asked by the Industrial Court to leave the determination of whether the employers' cry has any substance or not to a body of industrial conciliators who are overwhelmingly capitalist in outlook. If the cost of living advances 25 per cent. the workers are to have absolutely no valid claim for higher wages unless, in the opinion of this court capitalist-minded experts, the industry can stand the increased cost.

Towards Industrial Serfdom.

The acceptance of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Unions of arbitration on the above conditions is the acceptance of veiled form of industrial serfdom. It means that the workers are to continue to slave away under conditions that are becoming steadily more unbearable week by week, until a court of comfortable, well-fed persons decide that the industry can stand a small increase in wages without endangering the profits of the boss class. To continue to accept such a basis of arbitration is positively degrading, and

if their engineering workers have any remnant of self-respect left they will repudiate the policy of “belly crawling” at arbitration courts and come out on a fighting policy of their own.

Arbitration and the Official.

In repudiating the arbitration policy they will find themselves up against the frenzied hostility of their officials. Whatever may be its disadvantages for the worker, the trade union official is greatly in love with the policy of “sweet reasonableness” and conciliation. It enables him to get a much more comfortable existence than would be possible if his organisation was pursuing a militant industrial policy. It enables him to associate on an amicable footing with the best people of the other side, to learn how well-mannered they are, how reasonable they are, and how their hearts are overflowing with sympathy for their poor dear workers. A little personal flattery of the official and the job is almost done. The official begins to look at industrial affairs from the point of view of the employers, or, as he prefers to put it when addressing the rank and file, from the “point of view of the industry as a whole.” He begins to be shocked at the exorbitant demands of the men who are slaving in the workshops, and is naturally irritated at their crude violence when they disobey his orders and refuse to see in him those superb qualities that the employers so appreciate. No matter how he begins, the trade union official of a union which consistently pursues a policy of arbitration always ends as a cynical petty bourgeoisie with no more intelligence of outlook than the average narrow-minded member of that class. By and by, the official engaged in arbitration with the employers begins to treat the membership which he represents as so many head of cattle, to be bartered about without their consent. Indeed, there is a striking resemblance between the diplomats meeting in conference and bartering away the future of whole populations without their consent and the union official meeting in conference and bartering away the future of thousands of industrial workers. Sometimes of course the official is outraged to discover that the membership which he is representing is composed of human beings with minds of their own. The English gas workers' strike, though it pained Mr. Philip Snowden, is a healthy reminder of this fact. The policy of arbitration, however, brings little or results to the workers. The best results come to the organisations that wage the class struggle fearlessly and openly.

The Alternative.

The mere repudiation of a policy of arbitration by the existing unions is not in itself going to take the workers very far. These unions are but poorly equipped for carrying on an alternative fighting policy, and their machinery will have to be pretty thoroughly overhauled before it becomes efficient for this purpose. Most of the craft unions in the country have long since been obsolete as fighting industrial bodies, but the pursuit of the policy of industrial peace by negotiation has enabled the officials to conceal the defects of their organisations until they have become almost irreparable. Just at the time when the employers are everywhere improving their organisations we find the British Trade Union movement, under the leadership of people beside whom Rip Van Winkle was a sufferer from insomnia, drifting along in blissful complacency, confident that sometime, somehow, somewhere everything will come all right. It is idle to expect an awakening to commence with the people at the top. They are too comfortable to be bothered. Sometimes they stir uneasily in their slumber, but that is the utmost that can be expected of them. If an awakening of industrial activity is to come at all, it must come from the workshop, where the burdens are daily becoming more intolerable. The alternative policy to the suicidal policy of arbitration is revolutionary industrial

policy conceived in the workshop and carried into effect by a reorganised industrial movement controlled from the workshop floor.

A Revolutionary Policy.

We say a revolutionary policy advisedly, for no other policy is of the slightest value in present circumstances. We realise perfectly well that a powerful unofficial movement could be built up on a reformist basis, so great is the existing discontent within the trade unions. Such a policy might bring to the organisation fostering it more immediate supporters that would be available for a policy of revolution. But it would be barren results. It might succeed in awakening the trade union officials for a short time, but when the reformist demands were conceded the bulk of the supporters would fall away and the trade union leaders would doze off again. Such was the fate of the Reform Committees amongst the miners and would be the fate of any similar organisation constructed on non-revolutionary lines. The policy will be to bring the rebel elements together for action within the workshop or the trade union branch, and exclude as far as possible the people who attach themselves to every unofficial movement, not in order to fight the workers' battle but in order to acquire sufficient notoriety to enable them to climb into an official job.

Communism the Objective.

We must insist that no matter how many battles may have to be fought around immediate objects, that these battles are merely skirmishes, drilling and disciplining the working class for the overthrow of the capitalist state and the establishment of the Communist Republic. Our aim must therefore be to improve the industrial peace and solidarity of the workers, not merely to battle to the employers' federations, but to battle to and destroy the most powerful combination of all, the capitalist state, and to put in place a government based on Workers' Control, drawing their power and authority from the workshop. To many people who contemplate the state of the British Labour movement at the present time, such a policy may seem to be sheer reactionary hysteria; but we would calm our consciences by urging that the alternative policies are reformist futility. It is true that it is increasingly difficult to get mass industrial movements in many industries to-day. But the reason is obvious. With the high cost of living the worker has to-day a smaller margin of savings between him and starvation than ever before. His wages become less and less adequate to cover the usual weekly expenses. Loss of work on pretext means a deeper plunge into a disastrous sea of debt, and there is consequently a disinclination to strike about little things. This circumstance may secure industrial peace for a little while, but at the same time it only postpones the clash, and ensures that it will be the more widespread and full of greater reactionary possibilities when it does come. Socialists, we know perfectly well that there is no prospect of the burdens of the workers being eased. They are bound to become heavier. Revolt against them is bound to come. If it comes with perfect organisation and proper leadership it may win; but if it is merely a blind outbreak it may go down in defeat with an aftermath of apathy amounting almost to a living death.

The Necessity for Improved Organisation.

The revolutionaries must therefore be devoted their energy to improving the organisation of workers for the conflict. Wherever there is industry covered by a multiplicity of unions, active men of the rank and file ought to be gathered together, formulating a rank and file policy, amalgamation with a revolutionary objective, with rank and file control. The official element as it exists to-day is a counter-revolutionary factor, and steps should be taken in every industry, to create machinery whereby the officials can be more efficiently controlled, if necessary recalled and substituted. The development of leadership in the workshop and the district is a matter of extreme urgency. In the modern military battle, the industrial battle of the future can only be controlled very

from a centre. The power of an organisation does not reside so much in its "headquarters staff" as it does in vital local leadership. Indeed, with alternative means of communication the "headquarters staff" might be dispensed with altogether. It may have to be dispensed with if it is dispersed by the capitalist state machine, or if it loses its head when the struggle is hottest. On the other hand, without local initiative the most executive committee is about as powerful as a disembodied spirit.

The Immediate Task.

The immediate work lying before us is to destroy the twin menace of sectionalism and officialism, to foster local initiative and leadership, and to imbue the organisations with a revolutionary objective. To do that the rebel elements must be brought together in each particular industry to discuss problems common to that industry and the unions covering it, and then united in a district and national organisation covering the whole of industry. The constitution (which appears on another page) is an attempt to revive machinery in order to get this done. To link together in the first place Workshop Committees and workshop groups in a District Committee concerned with a particular industry, where a revolutionary policy applicable to that industry can be hammered out; and, in the second place, to bring the committees of various industries together. Our aim is to ensure that there shall not be an industrial rebel in the country who is not in touch with the work of the Workshop Committee movement. The constitution that has been put forward is only a rough draft. It is merely one out of several that could be put forward. We are not in touch with the fathers of Revolutionary Socialism in spirit land, and the constitution is not therefore put forward as being inspired. We invite criticism of it and our policy. Only critics must remember that the constitution is to go on membership card, and must not be extended to the size of a pamphlet. To those who do not like us, our policy, or our constitution, we open our columns for letters of a reasonable length. We do not fear criticism. We invite it.

Our Appeal.

We appeal, however, to all revolutionaries to let us have their active support or their active opposition. The condition of the rebel industrial movement in Britain is not so good as it should be. Mere theoretical criticism of the right wing is not enough. We must excel them in solidarity and power of organisation as well as debate. They have certain advantages over us. They are pursuing a traditional policy, and have therefore the unthinking support of that large element who are still in the toils of that monster—Custom. But the social development is on our side, and if we stand up to our revolutionary responsibilities, if we do our share of the irksome work that lies to our hand, then the British working class will show that it possesses the necessary courage and organisation to be battle for its freedom.

MAINTENANCE FUND.

Already acknowledged	£51 10 0
Brown's, Clydebank, per D.M.,	1 2 0
John M'Atter, ...	0 2 6
T. Cuthbert, Belfast, ...	0 10 0
Cowlair's Group, ...	0 15 0
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Bros. Greenall, ...	0 5 0
	£55 18 6

Comrade Jack Tanner, editor of "Solidarity," recently returned from Russia, and is open to accept engagements to lecture on the Russian situation. Any Socialist body, Workers' Committee, or Trade Union desiring his services should write M. Kavanagh, c/o "Solidarity" Press, 10 Tudor Street, London, E.C. 4.

A Philosopher in a Furore.

By PROLETARIAN.

There is an old saying which asserts that a fool can ask more questions in a minute than a philosopher can answer in a month. We are afraid that this saying, however, refers to the time long since passed away when a philosopher was able to comprehend all the existing knowledge of the world. Now, however, philosophy has become a narrow intellectual speciality; and outside his own immediate study the specialist in philosophy may be as big a fool as the specialist in rivetting or the specialist in navvying.

So, when the "Evening Times" of a week ago very kindly provides us with a three-quarter column extract from Mr. Bertrand Russell's article on Soviet Russia in the "Nation," we have got to remember that Bertrand is treading on a domain outside of that which has made him famous, and that, therefore, his opinions are of no more value than those of any other amateur in sociology with a pronounced middle-class bias.

We are first told that the Communists have the good and bad points of an aristocracy which is young and vital.

And if Bertrand is to be believed, they are "some" aristocracy. He says of the individual Communist: "He works sixteen hours per day and foregoes his Saturday half-holiday. He volunteers for any difficult or dangerous work which needs to be done, such as clearing away piles of infected corpses left by Kolchak or Deniken. In spite of his position of power and control of supplies, he lives an austere life. He is not pursuing personal ends, but aiming at the creation of a new social order."

Well, we are not philosophers, but it seems to us a funny kind of aristocracy that works sixteen hours per day, gives up the Saturday half-holidays, and engages in the most dangerous kind of work that is to be found.

Why a group of people bound together by a common idea, who undertake this work, not for personal ends, should be classified as an aristocracy at all, we do not know. We have never heard of an aristocracy doing this sort of thing before. If we had noted any people doing this kind of work in any country in the world, we would never have imagined that they were an aristocracy. That is doubtless one of the advantages of being a philosopher; it enables one to see at a glance what an ordinary human being would never see in a life-time.

Bertrand is of course opposed to a violent revolution because—"In the course of a desperate struggle the heritage of civilisation is likely to be lost, while hatred, suspicion and cruelty become normal in the relations of human beings."

Tremble, ye proletarians, your heritage of civilisation is being menaced by wicked Bolsheviks.

Your heritage of civilisation. It looks well in print, doesn't it? but where does it exist in relation to your every day life? Your heritage is to run to a hooter, submit to insults from a cod gaffer, work for less than the value that your labour creates, replace your worn-out tissue by adulterated food, and live in a house which is a breeding den of disease, and which stunts your children physically and mentally.

The Bolsheviks are menacing that heritage by their threat of a violent revolution, but why should you worry? If you lost your heritage, it would not be a calamity. It would be a damned good riddance.

Of course, when Bertrand is referring to the heritage of civilisation, he probably does not mean the workers' heritage at all. He probably means the heritage of culture, of which he and similar intellectuals are the guardians. But cannot he see that the culture with which he is concerned is a class culture? The heritage of a small clique, and as far as the workers are concerned such culture to them is a closed book. And surely to ask the workers to endure economic slavery with patience, to refrain from violent action against capitalism, even after they have discovered that constitutional action, is a fraud and a delusion; to ask the workers to do this in order to preserve the cultural heritage of a clique, is surely the limit in impudence.

The aim of Communism is to make possible for the first time in history a universal culture. To make that possible the mass of the people must have leisure, and that in turn is dependent on labour discipline and more scientific industrial organisation. Before we can have a fuller intellectual life we must free the human race from worry as to the material means of existence.

This can only be done by overthrowing the capitalist state, and building up under the shield of a workers' dictatorship and economic system, whose productivity will provide the material means for the diffusion of culture throughout the entire community.

In his second article Bertrand gets peevish because the Bolsheviks have not begun to initiate a new culture. He forgets that food, clothing, and shelter are more important than culture; that in all countries east of the Rhine the pre-war economic system has collapsed; that while the capitalist states in that area are vegetating in hopeless misery, in Communist Russia steps are being taken to reconstruct society on more satisfactory lines. This work of re-building industry is more fundamental than writing books and philosophising, and only a pedant bereft of all sense of proportion could quarrel with it.

The Difference.

If I should kick a man when he is down,
On every decent face I'd see a frown.
But if I kick a nation whom I've fought
I'll be presented at some royal court.

If I should lie about an honest man,
Each foot would seek to kick me as I ran.
But if I lie about a splendid nation,
Each gutter rag will screech with approbation.

If I kept food from any person's door,
Each man would scorn me, were I rich or poor.
But if I starve a nation by blockade,
They'll put into my charge the Board of Trade.

If I should shoot and kill a little child,
Each man would hate me howsoever mild.
But if I bomb a thousand from the air
My chest will many medals proudly bear.

If I should hire skunks to kill a man,
And, when they failed, denied my vicious plan;
Would my denial differ much from that
Just uttered by a British Diplomat?

A slave at last revolted from his goad
Would never pay the debt his master owed.
But sternly to a nation free at last
We hold the debt contracted with the past.

If I should hold a person by the throat,
I'd get no praise because he didn't vote.
But if I holler "Bolshy Soviet!"
I'll get support from all the Bourgeois set.

If we should deal with nations as with men,
No blood would ever flow from Rulers' pen.
But thoughts of such proceedings turns them sick.

Lo! hear their truthful answer: "Bolshevik!"
—A. B. ELSBURY

(Author of "Proletarian Parodies").

Are you satisfied with your lot?
Of course, not. It's such a little lot.
You are discontented. You want a move made?
The "Worker" will help you in your struggles.
It's the paper for the workshop.
It scarifies both the big exploiter and the petty tyrant.

But it is in difficulties. Nothing new, that.
The workers' papers are always in difficulties.
But we want you to assist us.
Send us cash or anything having cash value.
We'll give you value alright.



July 31, 1920.

All communications to be sent to the Editor, National Council's Offices, 31 North Frederick Street, Glasgow, and must reach this office not later than Monday. Advertisements are received till Tuesday morning.

Communications must bear name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication.

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The W.I.I.U. and its Claim.

There is no doubt a certain amount of mental satisfaction is to be got by a person contemplating the fact that while the mass of the human race is still painfully groping its way through the darkness, he and his immediate associates have reached eternal truth. If this is so, then the breasts of that self-righteous body, the W.I.I.U., are no doubt filled with a sense of profound satisfaction. They have written a letter to the "Socialist" which consists of ten contentions and an addendum. The bulk of the letter is a re-statement of the principles of the W.I.I.U. against which little is to be said except that a working class with the history and traditions of the British workers, is not likely to pay the slightest attention to a policy based upon formula which ignores the historical development of the class struggle in Britain.

But there is one statement in the letter that we beg emphatically to dispute: "We contend that there is no other organisation in this country attempting to reach that goal. The W.I.I.U. alone stands for the clear-cut objective of the Socialist Industrial Republic."

Now, perhaps this Socialist Industrial Republic of the W.I.I.U. is distinct from all other Socialist Republics based upon the control of industry and government by the working class.

If there are any special features about the W.I.I.U. utopia which are distinct from the objectives of other revolutionary industrial organisations then no doubt the above claim holds good. But, as it will be read by the ordinary man, the impression that it will leave is that the W.I.I.U. is the only industrial body in Britain standing for the overthrow of capitalism and for the establishment of industrial democracy, which is manifestly not true. The Clyde Workers' Committee and the Scottish Workers' Committees have always consistently stood for industrial democracy.

These bodies may not be as strong as they might, but their propaganda has been carried over much wider areas than that of the W.I.I.U., and there is therefore no reason for ignoring their existence and making the preposterous claim that the E.C. of the W.I.I.U. have made.

Of course, in the past the Workers' Committees were held to be half-hearted in their desire for industrial democracy because they were prepared to conduct immediate struggles centring round wages, etc.; but as the W.I.I.U. advocates something very similar to that in contention No. 9, there is no need to worry about this old quarrel. We gladly acknowledge the sincerity and the whole-hearted devotion to Socialism of the W.I.I.U., but really they should restrain their E.C. from making grandiose claims which cannot be borne out by facts.

REBELS, ATTENTION!

A MEETING to consider the position of the "Worker" and to discuss means of developing workshop organisation, will be held in "Worker" Office on THURSDAY, 5th AUGUST.

Groups of Rebels in every plant and industry are urged to send representatives.

CIGARETTE PAPERS

By THE EDITOR.

I am aware that many object to the severity of my language, the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures, but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice.—William Lloyd Garrison.

GENTLE DYER, MEEK AND MILD.

Our readers will remember that, in commenting on the Dyer debate in the House of Commons recently, we pointed out the hypocritical position adopted by leading members of the Government like Churchill, in their attitude towards the Butcher of Amritsar. We were sure at that time that the dismissal of Dyer indicated a desire on the part of the Government to placate Indian feeling and assuage the qualms of the British Nonconformist conscience at the expenses of an officer whose action they secretly approved. Since time there has been abundant evidence that Dyer's action has the unqualified approval of a majority of the governing classes of this country. The House of Lords has met, and, being a non-elected body with no electorate to conciliate, has approved of the Dyer method of government by massacre, which is, after all, the historic British method of handling the revolts of subject races.

Some of the statements of their Lordships were funny enough to make an owl giggle. The bun must be awarded to Viscount Finlay, however, who declared

"General Dyer is an officer of very great ability who has shown that he eminently possess the qualities of tact and humanity."

The qualities of tact and humanity. It will be remembered that General Dyer ordered his troops to fire into an unarmed crowd at short range with machine guns; that the crowd was in a blind alley, and there was little possibility of escape; that he killed about 300 and wounded about 900 persons; that he left the wounded unattended to; and he is now presented to us as bursting with tact and humanity. Heaven knows what would have happened to the poor, misguided heathen at Amritsar had General Dyer had not been tactful and humane in his conduct towards them.

* * *

AND "JOHN BULL'S" MAN FRIDAY.

Some of his admirers think that his conduct at Amritsar was so splendid that they desire to see it emulated nearer home. There is, for example, the second member of the Bottomley party, Mr. Charles Palmer. Mr. Palmer is one of the watch dogs of the Empire. While the mass of the people are going about their daily work ignorant of the fact that they have an Empire to lose, Mr. Palmer keeps ceaseless vigil over our Imperial heritage, which is being menaced by Conscientious Objectors, Pacifists and Sinn Feiners. Mr. Palmer detests the Pacifists because they won't use force, and the Sinn Feiners because they do. To his mind the most important task confronting Britain at present (apart from the task of discovering a British heavy-weight champion boxer, which may be safely left to the staff of "John Bull") is that of chastising the Sinn Feiners. And accordingly we find him asking the following question in the House of Commons on July 19th:—

"Can the Chief Secretary assure the House that General Macready will be supported by the Government in any action, however fearless, to put down those things, and that we will not have a repetition of the Dyer business in Ireland?"

(A repetition of the dismissal, that is to say.) We can earnestly assure Mr. Palmer that we whole-heartedly support his policy of sending budding Dyers to Ireland. One of them showed up the other week, in talk at least, but the Irish Volunteers have deported him to "that home for little children far above the bright blue sky." If Mr. Palmer cares to replace him in Ireland, we won't worry. But he had better take over a battalion of "John Bull's" white hopes as a body-guard. For in Ireland they deal with Dyers sharp, swift and suddenly.

DON'T COME, UP THE MINE, DADDY.

We noticed in the "Evening Times" recently a letter from a miner complaining that he was getting far too many holiday. He had been forced to take ten days' holidays when three days, in his opinion, were more than sufficient for an ordinary working man in those days of high prices. That is typical of the outlook of thousands of the working class. Not only are they regarded by the employing class as being veritable work-beasts, but they have come to regard themselves in that light. They come to love their job so well that they suffer the agonies of hell when they are separated from it for a few days. On the other hand, their dear bosses can take a permanent holiday from industry without experiencing the slightest mental discomfort. We suggest, however, that workers of the type of this miner ought to get their fill of work if they want it. The boss should be allowed to construct a special kind of stall underground alongside those of the pit ponies so that the work-hound would never be separated from his place of work at all.

* * *

THE THIEVES' KITCHEN AT SPA.

If our miner wants bags of work, however, we suggest that he would be happy in Germany. If the Spa Conference has succeeded in nothing else it has at anyrate provided the German miner with the pleasing prospect of an unlimited amount of work. If the work is killing, there is at anyrate the consolation that it will be constant.

It appears that the German army before retreating destroyed the mines in Northern France, and to pay for the loss the Germans have to concede to the French Government certain coal areas with an undoubtedly German population. The Peace Treaty put the loss to France as being somewhere in the neighbourhood of 20 million tons per annum, but demanded that Germany should pay an annual coal tribute of twice that figure. Germany was also forced to hand over the Alsace Lorraine, with an annual production of 3,800,000 tons, and the Saar Valley with a yearly yield of 13,200,000 tons, which only left the French 3,000,000 tons to the bad. So that the claim of the French to 40,000,000 additional tons per annum from Germany, with its sadly diminished coal resources, appears as being pure daylight robbery. It means a sentence of death on German industry, which in turn involves the cold-blooded murder of helpless women and children in Central Europe. At the Spa Conference the French were forced to moderate their demands to 20,000,000 tons per annum, which, though half of the original claim, is also unjustifiable, and means the crippling of Central European industry for many years to come, and continued famine and disease over large areas. We believe that if a gang of homicidal maniacs got together for the express purpose of creating an unendurable hell upon earth they could not have proceeded with their task any more efficiently than did the cynical political adventurers who polluted Spa with their presence the other week.

The German miners are now expected to give up their eight-hours day and work for ten hours in order to deliver the goods; and the German militarists, whom we denounced so furiously during the war, are to act as the jailers of the German working class in this system of long life penal servitude.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that the bulk of this coal tribute is sheer, unadulterated theft.

* * *

THE ALLIED BOURGEOISE AND THE BOLSHEVIKI.

Our readers will therefore be able to appreciate at their true moral value the tearful wails of the Allied boss class about the wicked Bolsheviki.

stealing the industry of allied subjects without compensation. The loudest wail has come from the French bourgeoisie, who have stolen for a period the coal mines of the Saar Valley from the Germans. The Bolsheviks expropriated a few concessionaries in order that the Russian people would have life, and that abundantly. The French bourgeoisie have stolen rich coalfields, paralysed the industry of a commercial rival, created devastation and death over half of Europe, and have then raised their hands to Heaven and called the world to witness that they have fallen amongst thieves, and that the wicked Bolsheviks have robbed them. The British press is shrieking in a similar strain; and when we remember that this class have acquired one-fourth of the land surface of this planet, not by following the Christian maxim of "Love thy neighbour as thyself," but by using the Vickers-Maxim, which spits a thousand bullets per minute, then we agree that they must be authorities in robbery and spoliation. We assure them that their hypocritical whining only provokes laughter among people, and we suggest that they should reserve their tears. They'll be needed soon when the Bolsheviks get busy here at home.

* * * *

ISN'T HE THE LIMIT?

Mr. Lloyd George, in House of Commons, July 21st:—

We treated Russian Governments in accordance with their actions.

A Labour Member—What actions?

Mr. Lloyd George—Well, they murdered one of our emissaries, and they imprisoned a number of British subjects.

For sheer, breath-bereaving audacity the British Prime Minister makes all his associates in imperialist villainy look to be innocent cherubs in comparison. We have him in the above quotation giving the reasons for Great Britain's past attitude to Russia. "They murdered one of our emissaries." How awfully wicked and uncivilised these Bolsheviks must be, especially when we learn that the murdered emissary, Captain Crombie, was implicated in a riot against the Russian Workers' Government, and that he had shot two of the soldiers sent to search the British Legation buildings before he was shot in the scuffle himself. Perhaps the Bolsheviks ought to have kissed him instead of shooting back; but, after all, that would hardly be the practice of the soldiers of any modern nation. The Bolsheviks "killed one of our emissaries."... True, but the filthy, hypocritical British Government supplied Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch, Pilsudski, and Wrangel with the military requisites for butchering hundreds of thousands of men, women and children of the Russian working class, and enabled those cut-throat adventurers to turn some of the richest corn-growing lands of the world into a veritable desert. If the shooting of Captain Crombie was a criminal action, then that of the British Government in supporting the "White" forces was a hundred thousand times more criminal, and anyone who shakes hands with a member of the Lloyd George Cabinet is "shaking hands with murder."

The allusion to the British subjects imprisoned in Russia may be allowed to pass with the comment that if any Russian residing in Britain had went half as far in conspiring against the British Government as many British subjects did against the Soviets they would never have left the country alive.

But the world's champion truth-perverter knows that any old lie will do for the present House of Commons, the more ridiculous the better.

* * * *

WONT THE BOSSES BE GLAD.

On coming to the office on Thursday last, we noticed the inscription on a newspaper placard, "Shipyard Riots in Belfast," and we imagined that the Belfast workers were a trifle exasperated at the refusal of the Industrial Court to grant them a sixpence per hour increase in their wages. But alas, alas! It is only rarely that the Belfast workers fight about anything sensible. As a rule,

their disputes centre around King Billy and the Pope. It is an ancient quarrel, and when one sees it in its historical perspective one finds there is nothing to quarrel about anyhow. King Billy did not give Ulster "Civil and Religious Liberty," for in the fifty years after the Battle of the Boyne the Presbyterian tenantry of Ulster were most bitterly persecuted by their Episcopalian landlords, the population of Ulster being reduced to half in that period. It therefore would be as sensible to fight about Jack and the Beanstalk as it is to fight about King Billy. And to do our Protestant fellow-workers in the Belfast shipyards justice, we hardly believe that care very much for "Civil and Religious Liberty" at the present time. We know them well, and if the name of Jesus Christ is frequently on their lips, it is not exactly used in what we might call a devotional sense. They have been brought up in an atmosphere of faction fights and faction hatred, and fighting about "our bloody religion" (as the average shipyard worker would describe it) is as good as any other excuse. We admire their fighting spirit, but detest the use that they make of it. The world moves, and we are getting rather fed up watching the workers in a twentieth century city keeping alive a quarrel that has been dead in the rest of Europe for the past three hundred years. Any bloody fool can fight about damn-all, and the bigger a bloody fool he is the more vicious he will fight. But surely the Belfast workers are capable of fighting for something that matters. The Pope is not robbing the workers of Belfast, the shareholders of Harland and Wolffs and Workman and Clark's are. If the workers of Belfast are bursting for a fight, let them have a slap at their exploiters. What the hell does it matter if the fellow at the next job kicks with a different foot. Scattering his brains with an iron nut won't help you. Let's have a fight, but let it be a manly fight against the boss. A fight for better conditions. An intelligent fight for clearly defined objectives. A fight like civilised beings, and not the senseless, futile violence of a herd of mad bulls.

* * * *

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

England is evidently trying to debate the Irish question with the same high degree of intelligence and lucidity with which two gentlemen in San Francisco debated a most important subject. The two gentlemen in question had been celebrating the coming demise of John Barleycorn. Both had been on a protracted spree. They were strangers to one another. They met in a saloon in Market Street. One of the befuddled ones, yearning for the society of his equal, began the conversation. Leaning toward the other, he inquired courteously: "Pardon me, sir, could you tell me whether this is Market Street or Tuesday?" The other pondered deeply for a moment and replied in Chesterfieldian manner, "Possibly."

Letter from L'Estrange Malone—continued

I vinced myself that Communism would develop quicker by a complete boycott of Parliament, if all energy is thrown into work outside Parliament, I shall defer the question of resigning my seat until after the Communist Party discusses this matter at the inaugural meeting which is being held on July 31st.

If I leave Parliament it will be to continue the work with the revolutionary Communist Party outside, and should I return, I trust it will only be with the Red Guards at the time of the Revolution which I see is approaching.

That revolution will finally overthrow this system which allows 5 per cent. of the population to own two-thirds of the wealth produced by the remaining 95 per cent., and which is the cause of an innumerable amount of evils, threatening the European races with destruction.

Only the social revolution can begin to make Liberty, Equality and Fraternity realities, and not mere election cries of the Parliamentary hypocrisy.—I am, etc.,

CECIL L'ESTRANGE MALONE.

Letter from L'Estrange Malone.

House of Commons, July 24th, 1920.

Sir,—My action in joining the British Socialist Party (which will shortly be merged in the Communist Party) having aroused some comment, I desire to say that I have taken this action because I appreciate that the Parliamentary machinery and the Parliamentary Democracy of this country are arrant humbug. Only a fundamental change of our present economic and social systems can improve the conditions of the working classes, who constitute the majority of the people. The present system is guilty of those vile and hopeless sufferings to which the workers are subjected, from the permanent slums and hovels of our great cities to the periodical recurrence of world wars and widespread carnage, all the direct outcome of a Society based upon Capitalism allied with Imperialism.

The modern development of Parliament is out to back up that system and to strengthen and repair it when necessary, but not to change it. It can never be adapted to destroy itself.

Parliament is not controlled by the people.

It is controlled by the Banks and the Capitalists acting by and through the Press, which today has come to be the kept harlot of Capitalist interests.

The Press controls Parliamentary elections.

The Press stands between the workers and the Truth.

Money controls the Press—as it controls the public houses, which pour Capitalist politics into you with your beer.

The machinery of Parliamentary Government is also to a formidable degree influenced by a reactionary bureaucracy.

The working classes are blinded by the hopes that a so-called Labour Government working through this effete machine will alter and better conditions.

A Labour Government would inherit the capitalist machine and be at the mercy of it, i.e. it could do nothing fundamental against the capitalist interests and the bureaucracy.

The office seeking elements of the Labour Party will be as conservative as their bourgeois predecessors.

Saddled with the Monarchy, the Court and the Aristocracy, the Labour Party will follow the lead of all bourgeois parties, selling honours as well as honour. They (i.e. the official leaders) have already betrayed Ireland.

The masses must clearly understand that the two irreconcilable forces to-day are International Communism and Cosmopolitan Capitalism.

There must be no confusing the issue and pandering to the enemy.

So-called Labour members, Radicals, and others who temporise between the two sides of this clear-cut issue, are weakening the case of the workers on their only possible line of attack: the line of direct revolutionary mass action.

I entered Parliament in the hopes of assisting to better the social conditions. I have seen from the inside this futility of Parliamentary action so far as fundamentals are concerned. Parliamentary work and Elections must only be used for carrying out an intensive revolutionary propaganda.

My own opinion as regards Parliamentary action is that results should be obtained quicker by a complete boycott, and at elections that the boycott of the polling booths should be advocated in addition, of course, to Communist propaganda.

If you are out to destroy the system, you cannot begin with taking the oath of allegiance to the symbol of that very system. The People's Army must have its own flag, and not deceitfully salute the flag of the enemy as a preparation for striking it.

But at the same time there are many who believe that Parliament can still be used for propaganda and other purposes. Whilst firmly con-

Workshop Notes.

A RAT-LING GOOD TEA.

Some weeks ago we printed a letter by a gaffer in Babcock's, in which he described what happened to certain tea cans which were being boiled by the workmen in a certain department of Babcock's. We are living in a go-ahead age, however, and in some parts of that plant boiling the tea can is no longer necessary. The water for the tea is heated in a boiler, which saves time and prevents the worker from sneaking away from his work during his boss's time, in order to boil the can.

The Marine shop is such a department. They had a nice up-to-date boiler all to themselves. They occasionally cleaned it out, but as a rule the philosophy of the shop was that "clean meat never fattened a pig," and time spent cleaning a boiler was so much time wasted which might be better devoted to studying the "get-rich-quick" columns of the noon "Record." Some time ago there was a complaint of hairs being found in the tea. But little accidents like that will happen in a workshop. Of course, if it happened at home the wife would get "fair hell," but in a workshop with the serious business of the afternoon's work staring one in the face, it would be indecent to worry about trifles like that.

A week passed and then something happened to the boiler. One report has it that it burst; the other report says it was merely getting cleaned—which is an illustration of what the philosophers would call the unreliability of human testimony.

At any rate, no matter what happened, there was a huge rat in a fair state of decay found at the bottom of the boiler. The hairs in the tea were evidently those of the decomposing rodent, a discovery calculated to drive even a fanatical teetotaler into the arms of Booseyfoot.

At any rate the Marine shop is wondering whether the old fashioned custom of "biling the can" is not to be preferred to the new custom of using up-to-date boilers where the hirsute adornments of decaying rats begins to float about one's tea.

* * *

HOW TO KEEP A JOB AT FAIRFIELD.

If Pussyfoot gets his grip on the camouflaged spirit and dyed arsenic sold to the workers as whisky and beer, there is a certain "gaffer" red-leader at Fairfield, who is going to throw himself into the Clyde. Not that he is ruining his happy home by buying the booze stuff himself.

It's a poor gaffer (in many works we could name) who buys his own dope. Not likely, when there are so many obliging workers anxious to see that his throat is always properly lubricated.

A week or so before the New Year this gaffer ordered two workers to work the holidays. They refused, and were sacked. A week or so later they were re-instated in their old jobs, though the gaffer could have got dozens of other hands in the interval. Just before the Fair the same two beauties were ordered to work during the holidays. They refused, and were again sacked, and a short time later were again re-instated. They have certainly an influence over the gaffer, and the nature of the influence is "Johnny Walker." They buy his drinks.

This kind of practice is far too prevalent at present and it is about time that it was being stopped. There is only one method of stopping it, and that is by means of workshop organisation. The workers are exploited enough by the bosses without buying drinks for the boss's mean souled little satellites, with a view to retaining a job or getting a small favour.

General Dyer forced some of the Indians at Amritsar to practice belly-crawling as a punishment for their uncivilised practices. Some of the "civilised" British workers, however, have been practising this so long that they have come to regard it as a clean and manly exercise. They have got so habituated to it that the degradation involved in the business completely escapes their notice. But it is time that the independent workers, who are after all in the ma-

jority, were putting a stop to the activities of the "spongers."

If the gaffer wants a drink, let him buy it. If he feels thirsty in working hours, throw him into the Clyde!

* * *

A HOW-DO-YOU-DO AT HOWDEN'S.

Howden's, Helen Street, Govan, is a compound that looks carefully after its slaves. In most shops the men when knocking off at night simply throw in a check or a ticket—and that's that. But in Howden's they have to stamp their time in the usual elaborate way, which, of course, delays their exit from the compound. There is some discontent at this arrangement, but not sufficient to cause the management any acute discomfort.

A few weeks ago the manager let it be known that he was leaving Howden's to seek his fortune elsewhere. He was what is known as a "good manager." We confess we have never met this type ourselves. Some managers are worse than others, but there are no good managers. (That at any rate is our opinion.) However, the workers at Howden's thought otherwise, and a subscription sheet was handed round. A fair sum was raised, equivalent at least to the deficit on two months' "Workers," and the manager got a presentation.

A few days later some workers were interviewed by the management. No, gentle reader, they were not invited to an "at home" in the manager's cosy little villa. They were merely told that work was getting slack, and they would require to take a holiday (without pay as usual). They have now the leisure to contemplate the difference between their generosity to the manager and capitalism's generosity towards them.

Let us hope that their contemplation will result in this at least—that the next time they have a spasm of generosity they will support the paper and the movement that supports them.

* * *

HA, WAA GEORDIE.

We hear the noise of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth from every large industrial centre except the Tyneside. Unofficial movements are stirring everywhere except on the Tyne. Are the workers there content, or are they merely inarticulate? If you have any job news for us, let's have it.

* * *

AND TAFFY.

The "Worker" is now beginning to circulate in South Wales. We would point out to our readers in that area that the "Worker" has a large circulation amongst the Scots miners, and is capable of acting as a journalistic link between the rebel movement in both districts.

Let's hear from you, boys.

* * *

LOTHIAN MINERS' FIGHT AGAINST AUTOCRATIC OFFICIALS

To the Editor of the "Worker."

Comrade,—The second of the series of mass meetings organised by the rank and file Lothian Miners was duly held at Fisherrow Links, Musselburgh, on Saturday, 18th July. A large and attentive audience listened to the case against the action of the officials. The leaflet (enclosed) drawing attention to the violation of rules shows only one illustration of the bare-faced audacity of those appointed officials. Too long have these leeches worked it over us to the extent of completely ignoring the rules, and always treating with contempt any mandate of the rank and file.

Several speakers gave the audience something to think over by the glaring instances of the infidelity of the official crush. The miners were

advised to go to their branch meetings and call the officials to book on various matters. But something more was decided upon. That the Committee of the rank and file go on with the good work they have started. That they spread the message of rule from below as opposed to the few ruling from the top. That a wider area be covered by organisation to get in touch with the scattered forces of the rank and file. That from now henceforth the autocrats amongst the officials be hunted from pillar to post, given no quarter, and their place-hunting aspirations given the dull thud. The matter of the increase of dues was dealt with and questions asked anent same.

The meeting was decidedly of the opinion that until a ballot vote of the whole membership was taken, the officials had no powers to enforce this increase autocratically. Further, that from the legal point of view, the rules had been overstepped by the officials. A collection was taken, and the Committee has in hand a surplus of 9/. This, of course, is totally inadequate if the Committee is to carry out the ruling of the rank and file. The "Worker" was on sale at the meeting, and many more could have been disposed of.

Attention must be drawn to the fact that a great hoax was perpetrated on the Lothian miners on May Day last. The branches agreed to hold May Day as a holiday and Gala Day. The Board of Delegates was instructed to draft a programme. According to the Board, this was to be a day of pleasure to the Miner, his wife and family. It was agreed to hold this wonderful fete at Musselburgh. Looking forward to this event, men, women and children poured into Musselburgh on May Day. But, to be brief, their's was a chilling reception. Some bands parading the streets, and a few windy mouthed individuals of the sentimental type holding forth to a shivering concave. That was the glorious Gala arranged by officialdom for the rank and file, and at the expense of the rank and file.

But what was the money spent on, you may ask? Not a penny even went to give the children a race in the biting cold wind. "What, spend money on miners' boats; not if we know it," quoth the officials. "We have something else to do with this easy money," said they. And they had. The officials and their friends (Help us from both them and their friends) met together in a hall at our expense and supped off the best. A gloriously appointed bean feast was given full justice. Mark that they can give justice when it suits themselves. The tables overloaded and so were their stomachs later. Yet they would not give in. Who ever heard of Trade Union officials giving in? They got our money's worth and now they have tasted the fruits of easy money they don't intend to return to the proletarian fare if possible to avoid it. Never mind at whose expense! To these gentry that is of no moment. It has been rumoured that buttons in galore are out of a job, especially those situated in the lower part of certain waistcoats since that glorious May Day.

So ended the great hoax. The rank and file now intend to cease fooling, and with the assistance of the "Worker" will smash all hoaxers.—Yours fraternally, T. C.

P.S.—Our officials are telling us we will have to pay the increased dues because other districts are paying it. We would be much obliged to any comrade of Fife, Wales, or any other district, if they could supply us with information re same.—T. C.

WHY THE EUROPEAN SOCIALISTS FAILED IN THE GREAT WAR.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

in last week's issue.

"OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES" appears in this week's

"WATCHWORD OF LABOUR."

ENLARGED TO EIGHT PAGES. TWOPENCE.

Proposed Constitution of "The Workers' Committees" (Scotland).

1. Shop or Plant Committees—

The Committee shall be designated as

2. Representation—

In departments where Workshop Committees are in existence one delegate shall be allowed for the first hundred or less workers comprising the department, and two for over this number, but no department will have more than two delegates.

In departments where such Committees are non-existent, each grade of work or operation be allowed to send one delegate.

3. In departments where Workshop Committees or Delegates are in existence, and questions arise which are local or departmental in character, such Committees or Delegates shall try to settle such questions within the department. The Plant Committee must on all occasions, however, be fully notified whether the questions are settled or not.

4. Members or delegates will form a quorum.

5. In the event of Shop Committees or Delegates failing to arrive at a settlement satisfactory to the workers, the Plant Committee shall immediately take the matter up.

6. Plant Committees shall meet at least once per week.

7. The duties of the Plant Committee shall be to deal with all questions of a general character, and assist Workshop Committees in trouble; also to keep the workers of the whole plant in touch with the District Committee and its work.

8. Finance—Contributions to the Plant Committee shall be at the rate of One Penny per week per worker.

The Plant Committee shall make arrangements for the issue of membership cards and the collection of dues.

9. Office-Bearers—Office-Bearers shall consist of President, Vice-President, Secretary, Minute Secretary, and Treasurer. Trustees and Auditors to be elected from the general body of workers.

DISTRICT COMMITTEES.

1. A District Committee shall be formed in each district where three or more Plant Committees exist.

2. The District Committee shall consist of two delegates from each Plant Committee. In works where women are employed one delegate may be a woman.

3. The District Committee shall appoint its own President, Secretary, and Treasurer.

4. The duties of the District Committee shall be:—

(a) To disseminate information and co-ordinate policy and organisation locally.

(b) To keep the different Plant Committees in the district fully informed on all matters of interest to the workers taking place in the area, and to maintain a close line of communication with the National Council. Plant Committees may refer any question which they are unable to deal with to the District Committee, when a mandate from all the Committees in the district shall be immediately asked for. No District Committee shall have power to act without a mandate from the workshops.

5. Finance—The Plant Committees shall pay to the District Committee on the basis of Twopence per member per month. The number of cards in circulation in any plant shall be taken as indicating the number of members on the books.

Where a Plant Committee does not exist, and where a shop group is endeavouring to set up a Plant Committee, the shop group may be represented on the District Committee pro tem. In such a case the financial basis shall be similar to that of a Plant Committee.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL COUNCIL.

Object—To organise the workers upon a class basis, and to maintain the class struggle until the

overthrow of the wage system, the freedom of the workers! and the establishment of industrial democracy has been obtained.

Constitution—

1. The National Council shall consist of two delegates from each District Council, to be elected by ballot of the workers in the works (all areas).

2. The office-bearers shall all be nominated and balloted upon by the workers in the national area. All offices shall be held on the basis of immediate recall in event of the workers becoming dissatisfied with the work of an office-bearer. In ordinary circumstances the next highest candidate on the ballot paper for the position shall be available to fill the post.

3. The duties of the National Council shall be:—

To co-ordinate policy and organisation nationally and internationally; to help to develop districts which are badly organised, and endeavour in every way to consolidate the forces of the workers. The National Council shall be responsible for the successful running of the official organ, "The Worker."

4. Finance—The District Committee shall pay to the National Council on the basis of One Penny per month per member, payable monthly.

Where no District Council exists, Plant Committee may become affiliated to the National Council direct, the financial basis being similar to that of District Councils (Twopence per member per month).

Note.—Workers' Committee Membership Cards and the I.W.W. Card of America are now interchangeable, as per arrangement between the two organisations. Members are urged to make full use of the advantage, thereby safeguarding themselves and consolidating the movement.

* * * *

Blackhall Paper Mill, Paisley.

The workers of the above Mill have been on strike for the past week because of the attempt of the Boss to sabotage their organised strength. In the usual way when they have to make an example of some one for an alleged offence, they of course in that disinterested manner of theirs select the shop steward, who, we may mention, is not a pantomime steward but the real goods. He is very active in the interests of the workers, and I may further state that the Boss had four workers to select from for the example stunt, who were guilty of breaking the law of the mighty ones in the same way on the same day—so the boss himself said. But child-like and bland he selected what he considered was the prop on which stood the workers' organisation. But alas! instead of a debris of a wrecked workers' combination, he got one of the most splendid displays of working class solidarity that has startled his eyes ever rested upon. And today he is a very sick man, and the holidays never came in a more opportune time for him.

The workers as usual were the only ones in this case to reason the whole trouble in an intelligent manner. They asked the boss for proof of the offence. None was forthcoming; they then asked to delay discharging the shop steward until the business was thoroughly gone into. Ye gods! the boss was almost seized with a fit at the brazen audacity of the workers making such suggestions. And in tones, which I suppose he thought would freeze the marrow in our bones, he said the directors shall discuss this business to-night, and their judgment shall be final. In this factory they work the meal hour. There is a task allotted the workers for that hour, with an hour's wage for same. But with a start they generally finish the jog in less than an hour. Now, this has always been the practice in this mill, and the boss never kicked before; it is so obviously a frame-up that the boss thought it expedient to issue a circular to the workers along with their books in a last desperate attempt to make some kind of a case for themselves. They state that they regret the events of the past few days (sure thing). The stoppage of profits is always a huge regret to the bosses; they state further that the consequences must recoil on

those who have been responsible for the stoppage of work. Well, we workers hope so.

They are convinced that many of the workers have been misled by a mistaken sense of loyalty. I wonder who convinced them. The fact that they are also convinced that the workers' wages are big enough, brands their convictions—so far as the workers are concerned—with the well-known mark: N.B.G. They would point out, however, that there is such a thing as loyalty to the firm who provide the work and wages. I must repeat that work and wages bit; it's almost as amusing as trying to catch Big Aggie's Man.

The workers are appealing for funds to help to augment the strike benefit; so far the response has been good. The Paisley Social Committee held a meeting in Abbey Close on Saturday, and a collection was taken on behalf of the strikers. P. Quinlan was the speaker. The workers are determined that justice shall triumph, and that no kind of cajolery or intimidation will have any effect. The greater number of the workers effected are girls, and the stand they have taken will be a good lesson to others. Now then, you girls of Clark & Coats', get into line.

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Address to Fate.

Oh, cruel Fate, wilt thou for ever hold me down,
For ever cast on me thy stubborn frown,
By circumstances far too delicate to mention,
I feel as if my heart would break and end the tension;
And wilt thou not abate one jot or tittle this bitter strife,
Why wage so fierce a war against so frail a life?
Give quarter then I say you arrant coward!
Can you not see by other's weight I am o'er-powered?

Frail though my body be, you know my will is strong,
But if you think it shall give way you do me wrong.
For till my heart with blood shall fail to feed the brain,
I will, I will against thee, Fate, the fight maintain!
So do your worst and fight so long as I have breath,
Nature at least is kind to hold out death.

* * * *

W. Gallacher, Job-Hunter.

There is a moulder in Paisley called Gemmell who is an expert in handing out anti-Socialist sob-stuff in a very "culchawed" platform style. He talks about being a "woking mouldah," the "Labah Party," and the communitie to the obvious enjoyment of the Paisley plebs. His stock in trade is repeating discredited lies about the Bolsheviks, and reciting the most obvious absurdities with a face besides which the countenance of an owl is mirthful in comparison. A week ago on Sunday this weird biped informed the crowd that our comrade, W. Gallacher, is a job hunter. It is true that W. Gallacher has been hunting a job in the workshop since the bosses at the armistice dispensed with his services, but it is a lie to suggest, as this poor silly Dubb does, that he is hunting jobs in the Labour movement. He has been offered such jobs before now and has refused. Mr Gemmell has made a mistake. He may be after money. He may be out for jobs, but every one is not cursed with his venal mentality.

Are you a revolutionary? We don't mean in the branch rooms.

Anyone can be revolutionary there.
But in the workshop. If so, what about helping us to get revolutionary organisation
By forming a workshop group;
And by selling the "Worker."
Don't say the "workers are hopeless."
It only means that you are
When you say that.
Cut the cackle and get busy.

INTERNATIONAL UNION OF EX-SERVICE MEN

By the time these notes are in print the fortnight's lock-out will have ended. The boys hall have returned like giants refreshed, pockets empty, eager to resume toil, and help the poor boss by speeding up production. I hope the members have had a good time, and now that their vacation is over they will get down to it and devote their surplus energy towards strengthening the organisation. There is hard work ahead, and every available man will be needed, not forgetting the women also. Other organisations are recognising that the I.U. of ex-Service men is threatening their very existence. They are using every means at their disposal to discredit our movement. Lies and trickery are their stock-in-trade. They recognise that we are out for a fight, and that we are determined to expose them at every available opportunity that arises. See to it, boys, that you take your rightful place in the fighting line, refuse to be tricked by the Kamerads of the Great War, or any other similar organisation that exists for the purpose of bolstering up the Master Class. Get attached to the organisation that is prepared to stand by the workers who are of your own class. That organisation is the I.U. of ex-Service men. Join up and do at least one man's work towards attaining the object we have in view, namely, the overthrow of the present degrading system, and the inauguration of an industrial Republic on the lines laid down by the "Workers' Committees."

Reading a monthly devoted to the interests of the ex-Service men, I came across the following gem:—"Ex-Service men understand their position, and are determined that there will be no more 'wars.'" I for one question the truth of that statement. It is quite true that if you get in conversation with the average ex-Service man he will tell you that he does not intend to assist in any future wars. He is a sort of passive resister; but passive resistance is worse than useless to prevent war. It is action that is required, and if the ex-Service men are determined that there will be no more war, it is not enough to say that he will not take part. If he is honest in his belief that there should be no more war, then it is his duty to assist any organisation that is out for the prevention of war. He who has had experience of the horrors of war, and has learnt to his cost on whose behalf wars are fought, he who has had experience of the horrible treatment meted out to the disabled men, widows and dependents of our fallen comrades, ought to in justice to posterity take an active part in assisting to assisting to combat the warmonger. Go into the highways and byways. Preach the gospel of discontent. Help to educate the rising generation. Instil into them a horror of militarism, the by-product of capitalism. Inform them who are the class that wars are fought for, who are the class that benefit. Teach the youth the Brotherhood of Man. Learn them that the workers the world over irrespective of craft, creed, colour or sex are his brothers, and the capitalist class the world over are his enemies. Show to them that the capitalist classes work on an international basis, caring nothing for human life, only thinking of his profits. Therefore it is necessary for the working class to combine and work internationally if they are to beat the master class. As long as the ruling classes are allowed to exist, so long will there be war. Therefore it is useless mined to prevent future war, unless they are prepared to join up in the Socialist movement and work for the abolition of that what is the cause for any ex-Service men to say that they are deterred of all wars, namely, Capitalism.

How is Sir Douglas Haig feeling after reading the official report issued by the Scottish Divisional Headquarters of the Ministry of Labour (Industrial Training Department)? Sir Douglas Haig went out of his way to make lying statements about trades unions, boycotting the disabled men. Now, I hold no brief for official trades unionism, but the members belong to my class and are opposed to the class that Haig and his kidney belong to. Now that the mare's nest has been exposed, I hope there is enough

of the gentleman left in Sir Douglas (or perhaps I should have said Lord) to apologise for the slanders he has been circulating for some time past.

The latest stunt of the Ministry of Labour is to appoint Major March, D.S.O., to act as the ex-service men's inquiry officer. Pure bluff! It is not an inquiry officer that is wanted, but a scheme to remove the grievances that exist—then no inquiry officer will be needed. This additional appointment will not simplify matters. Intermediaries are not required, as in our opinion they cause confusion and delay. One more good job is neither here or there. Our surplus officers must be absorbed some way or another, and what is more simple than creating some new appointment. Major March has more luck than the officer who had to pawn his watch to get his clothes cleaned for the purpose of attending the Palace to receive the D.S.O.

At the meeting of the Special Committee appointed by the Corporation to inquire into the complaints of the ex-service men. The I.U. of S.M., as the complainants, were represented by Comrades Hannah, Logan and Cox. McKirdy of the Comrades of the Great War was present by special invitation. Why? We are at a loss to know, as the Comrades of the Great War made no complaint. They seem to be perfectly satisfied, and McKirdy did his damndest at that meeting to prove that they were satisfied. Comrades Hannah and Logan put the case for the I.U.S.M.

McKirdy went out of his way to contradict every statement made by Comrades Hannah and Logan. He also informed the Committee that he was satisfied that justice was being meted out in every case. McKirdy's idea of justice and our's naturally differ. Here are a few cases of hardship, not International Union cases, but taken from the capitalist press:

1.—Heroes' Plight. Decorated soldiers in workhouse, Blackburn. After a fruitless tramp in search of work five Yorkshire ex-soldiers, four of whom were wounded in action, had to seek shelter in Blackburn Workhouse. In the same institution a D.C.M. and an M.M. have already been accommodated.

2.—At the South Stirlingshire Pension Committee held in Kilsyth, the Chairman mentioned the case of a man who had been in every country in which War had been fought. They called him the iron man in Hospital. He had five different diseases including Cholera and Malaria at one time. Now the authorities turned him down on the ground that his disability was not due or aggravated by military service.

3.—The Salto Coats Board of Guardians are demanding discretionary powers to administer grants to disabled men, awaiting the decisions of appeal tribunals. Thus avoiding the necessity of disabled men having to apply for parish relief. The Board have had frequently to assist discharged soldiers who have been destitute.

4.—The Surrey County War Pensions Committee have lodged a complaint against delays in awarding pensions to disabled men and in sanctioning treatment. Corporal Oliver of Farnham was taken ill six months after demobilisation. After correspondence lasting from May 22 to July 6, the department took action, but when the D.C.M.S. reached the man's house he was dead.

These are only four cases taken at random; they could be multiplied a thousandfold; hardly a week passes but there is cases of men committing suicide; every paper you take up you will find cases of starvation, and yet McKirdy says we are getting Justice.

BRANCH REPORTS.

Owing to the holidays Branch Reports are short this week, but from this onwards I hope Branch Secretaries will see to it that a short report is sent on every week.

Dundee.—Things are very quiet as regards members, but organisation is still going strong. No doubt the poor Henry's will waken some day, if they don't join the Terriers in the meantime. Although our constitution allows for serving men as hon. members, it is not to be taken that a man has already served in the army and now joins the Terriers, will be admitted to membership. There has been a lot of discussion on this point, and Dundee has decided that no backslider will be admitted to membership of the Dundee branch. Comrade Robertson of Glasgow addressed a large meeting on Friday, and served up the goods. He also addressed a meeting on the Saturday which was very successful. Sunday's meeting had to be abandoned owing to the inclement weather, but on the whole Comrade Robertson's visit has been very successful. Lit. sales are going strong. Arrangements are being made for a week's propaganda in Fife, and we hope to make some impression.

EDINBURGH.—Comrade Morton reports progress. Portobello branch is now a reality. The Secy. is Jas. Hutchison, 11 Ramsay Lane, Musselburgh. Full details later.

PAISLEY.—Beaconsfield said keep your eye on Paisley, but in my opinion one eye is useless for Paisley. The Ex-S.M. of Paisley are reactionary. If you can't supply them with a club that can be used as a gambling den you are no use. The Scottish provide the goods they require in the shape of a club, so to the Scottish they flock. The only remedy as far as Paisley is concerned, is to let them stew in their own juice. The time is coming and coming rapidly when they will discover the errors of their ways. At the present time they are being exploited and they have not the guts to protest. In Paisley there is a poor patriotic firm of the name of Clark & Co; they manufacture thread, perhaps you have heard of them. Well, this firm has lately employed some ex-service men at the rate of £3 5/ per week, the present rate in their job being £3 11/. They also employ women in the dye work there; these women were taken in—both ways—during the war. Their pay is well below £3 per week. During the war they were given a verbal promise that they would be returned to the Mill when the men came back. Some have and some have not. So you see that between the ex-service men and dilution a grand wage and strike breaking campaign is being carried on under the name of patriotism. And this is the town where the Comrades and the Scottish Federation DEFEND the interest of the ex-service men, and their's is the constitution upheld by these ex-S.M. scabs.

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IT'S UP TO YOU AFTER ALL.

One idea the worker who joins a union might as well get straight right from the start is that the success of the Labour movement depends upon the individual efforts of its members. A union is not a slot machine that you can drop a coin into each month and draw out immediate betterments, economic security and industrial freedom. A list of names on the union books is of no more power than the same list of names in a telephone directory. It is YOU that counts, after all.

A union is just what its members make it; dead or alive; stagnant or progressive; futile or of force; a protection in the proportion that YOU and I are interested and active—a power to the extent that each and every member knows and does his duty, finds and fills his place, recognises his responsibility to himself and his class and makes himself count as ONE.

If you really want solidarity, it is up to you after all.

A Society of Russian Citizens who hold Communist opinions and who desire to return to SOVIET RUSSIA, is being formed in GREAT BRITAIN. All Russian Comrades are invited to send stamped addressed envelope for particulars to the undersigned—EUGENIE TARCOVA, Secy. 28 East Road, City Road, E.C.

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