

KNOWLEDGE MUST PRECEDE ALL INTELLIGENT ACTION

THE WORKER

EDUCATE

THE ORGAN OF NATIONAL WORKERS COMMITTEES

A TONIC FOR THE HOPELESS, A SCOURGE FOR THE SPINELESS.

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NO DICTATION FROM MOSCOW.

One of the parrot cries of the old-fashioned trade unionist who refuses to support the Red Trade Union International, is—"I refuse to be dictated to from Moscow."

Not that the old-fashioned trade unionist is against dictation. He has worked under the dictation of the boss all his life. He is quite prepared that his children shall be shovelled like raw material into the economic mill, and work under the dictation of the salaried functionaries of the boss all his life.

Such dictation is not at all irksome to our "sane" trade unionist. He does not feel it to be an insult to his manhood. It is in the natural order of things, and must be borne with an unnatural docility. But to be linked up in a fighting industrial organisation with its headquarters in a foreign city, surely that is something which it is impossible for any respectable trade unionist to submit to.

From the employing class such a scream is natural and humane. In Moscow a rigorous process of social sanitation is now in progress. The country is no longer fit for profiteers to live in.

It is natural, therefore, for the boss class to yelp in unison at anything that comes out of Moscow. But when the screams of indignation comes from the workers, one does not know whether to laugh or weep.

After all, there is no sense in quarrelling with history. History has decreed that Capitalism would collapse first in Russia, and upon the Russian workers would be imposed the necessity of trying to reconstruct society upon working-class lines.

Whether our sane trade unionists like it or not, Moscow is the centre of the world struggle for the rebuilding of society nearer to the heart's desire of the working class.

So far from a trade union International having its headquarters at Moscow being under a handicap, its presence there is a positive advantage. There it will find solutions being hammered out to working-class problems. It will realise the difficulties to be overcome. It will see the tremendous task before the working class in all its implications. That will prevent the international trade union centre from becoming bourgeois. It is the best guarantee that it will become and remain an International of action.

What worries our sane trade unionist, however, is the fact that the Red Trade Union International is "revolutionary." He won't have that. His trade union is simply an association for handing out sick or unemployment benefit, and having occasional

conferences with the employers over wage questions. He is not for revolution. He will not have bloodshed,—even if he was in favour of fighting the Great War until the last fit Britisher killed the last fit German.

What our old-fashioned trade unionist overlooks, however,—what his benighted leaders at Amsterdam overlook,—is that even the present standard of working-class life cannot effectively be maintained without a Revolution which will give "all power to the working class."

The "business unionism" which confined all its attention to bargaining with the boss within the limits of the existing system, must give way to the "revolutionary unionism" which aims at workers' control and management of industry. All over the world Capitalism is ceasing to function with its old time efficiency. It is ceasing to be able to guarantee to even its contented slaves the standard of life to which their fathers have been accustomed.

There are two factors contributing to this inefficiency. One is, that the whole international system of commerce has been disorganised by the war and the peace. The international market is out of gear, and with

(Continued on back page.)



Getting Him Back to His Cage.

My Negotiations in Moscow.

By WASHINGTON D. VANDERLIP (American Millionaire).

When I was a young man I prospected for gold both in Kamchatka and large portions of the tip of Siberia ending in the eastern wall of Bering strait. It seemed so probable that that region, near the Klondike and geologically similar to it, contained gold deposits, that my British employers staked a fortune on my expeditions during three winters. I found no gold worth exploiting, but concerning the various resources of the country I acquired a knowledge that was destined to prove very valuable—though not until the lapse of two years.

I awaited the march of events, and meanwhile the world became as eager for oil as it had been for gold. In consequence of the invention of the Diesel engine, oil had become, before the war, the most economical fuel for ocean-going ships. The price of fuel oil accordingly rose. At the end of the war that oil-burning engine became the property of the allied governments, and at the same time the world's supply of coal was reduced by revolutionary disturbances among the greater number of the European coal miners. As a result, the price of oil rose by leaps to its present dizzy height. I knew, then, how valuable Kamchatkan oil fields might become. I had already taken the precaution to tell my wife certain compass bearings on the Kamchatkan coast by which the oil areas might be located, and once a year she has repeated these bearings to me so that my knowledge of Kamchatkan resources might not by any mischance die with me.

I need not have feared so untoward an event, for I was soon to form a syndicate of American capitalists ready to exploit north-eastern Siberia. For some time after the end of the war the main function of the syndicate was to watch intently the course of Russian politics. A year ago, when the world's demand for fuel oil showed no abatement, a former officer of the British navy approached one of my Los Angeles associates for part of the capital to float a British syndicate to exploit Siberian oil. Denikin had just been crushed; a British trade agreement with the Soviet government was already in the air; it was evident that the British were moving toward a concession from Lenin. Within 24 hours we decided to act on our own account.

Very shortly I left to confer with the Soviet trade representative in Copenhagen. Litvinov was delighted at negotiating with American capitalists, and during the entire month of August last year the wireless buzzed daily with my proposals, as the Soviet representatives laid them before the authorities at Moscow.

I supposed that Lenin, reputed to be the only man in Moscow with power to decide, stood at the other end of the wireless. But he was not there. Afterward I learned that he knew of my proposals only in their large outlines, that details rarely reach his ears until a principle is to be settled. Even then he has to fight for his point of view in a group of 18 or 20 men on his own level of intelligence and determination. If he wins at all, he wins in a fair fight. Months later, when the negotiations were on the point of failure, he interposed his judgment on my side and carried his point, but I did not know until afterward that my ally was Lenin. He had tested my wits beforehand on the point in question in a long and hard-fought battle that I shall never forget. Such is the wary Russian method, as characteristic of Lenin as it was of Peter the Great.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Let me recount my first meeting with Lenin.

At the commissariat of foreign affairs, on the day I arrived in Moscow, I requested an interview with the president of the council of commissars. I was informed that Lenin was much interested in American business men, and would be delighted to see me. The meeting was arranged almost immediately. But we discussed hardly a word of business. In his commonplace-looking office in one of the Kremlin buildings (just off the more commonplace-looking rooms where he lives with his wife and sister, pursuing a simple, laborious routine as like as possible to that of his 20 years' exile in Zurich and Paris and Lon-

don) he turned his shrewd eyes on me and, his face a mask with the faintest ironic line showing near his eyes, asked in excellent English, "And when is the America revolution coming?" That first greeting to Americans is nearly always the same, I was told. It was delivered with a cordial smile. "Not in ten thousand years," I replied as cordially. "And any Russians you send over there to make a revolution will be hanged to the nearest lamp post!"

Lenin considered me for a moment; he took another tack. "I am told that every American family has a motor car. Is that so—every one?" I came back. "Everybody—or else an order for one in his pocket, backed by the country's prosperity." My interlocutor halted. "Tell me," he said seriously and slowly, "does anything in Soviet Russia seem good to you?" "Yes—many things," I replied. "And Americans, let me add, want the best wherever they find it. Whatever is good in Russia, we'll be the first to take. But we've got to be shown. We're from Missouri." At the last word he cocked his head. "Missouri! The Missouri river? What's that got to do with it?" He had pounced on the sole reference he didn't know. I explained the idiom, and told him that, if he would understand us, he ought to know our slang at least as well as our geography.

On his desk lay a copy of the 'New York Times,' well thumbed. "Do you really read it?" I asked. "I read the 'New York Times,' the 'Chicago American,' and the 'Los Angeles Times' regularly," he said. "Through the 'New York Times' I keep track of the atrocities, the assassinations, and the new revolutions in Russia. Otherwise I shouldn't know where to find them. The 'Chicago American' tells me what is going on in the middle west. And the 'Los Angeles Times'—oh, by the way, wasn't the office of that newspaper wrecked by dynamite some years before the European war? And that paper is owned by one of the members of your syndicate, is it not?" I assented and Lenin chuckled. "Well, now—that is amusing. I find your Mr Chandler very refreshing. He writes that I am the bloodiest assassin the world has ever seen! Now I wonder"—his head went on his hand and an impish look appeared in his eyes, as if he saw a joke a long way off—"I wonder if, when this mess is all cleaned up and I visit Los Angeles on a trip I want to take around the world—I wonder if you couldn't arrange a luncheon for me with Mr Chandler? And, I say, would you invite Charlie Chaplin? I've always wanted to meet Charlie Chaplin. Doesn't he, too, live in Los Angeles?"

We talked in that vein for an hour, and came back to it whenever we met. I saw him again as often as I requested a conference. Invariably he gave me the impression that he was more interested in the principles of American business and in me as an American business man than in my particular deal with the Soviet Government. I felt that, no matter how business relations might end, there would be a personal bond between us. When I broached business, however, he quickly took the offensive, using his wits as a rapier and thrusting shrewdly at the weak places in my armour.

All his arguments were aimed at breaking down my objections to permitting in the concession any of the forms of workers' control that are being tried out in Soviet Russia. American capital, I insisted, must be accorded in Russia the same sort of treatment it receives in America or capital cannot be induced to exploit Russian resources. To only one of the Russian proposals I assented, and that provisionally—the use in the concession of Russian workers exclusively. When I added a clause making the Moscow government responsible for an unfailing supply of labour, the Russians, because they were unwilling to send workers so far from the centres within the time required, withdrew the proposal.

At the end of 30 days of negotiation in Copenhagen and nearly 60 in Moscow, the problem of control of labour loomed ahead unsolved. After the last three meetings, which were long drawn

out, I felt that I had said all I had to say. There were few indeed who took a middle ground; the impasse was clear between the radical—and the conservative members of the various committees. The radicals were against making any concession whatever to the capitalist point of view; the conservatives were for giving us the free field I demanded. Lenin, reputed to be mediator, remained aloof. I presume he received the minutes of our meetings. I had not seen him for weeks. There was no course open to me but to abandon the whole project for which I had come to Russia.

Accordingly, filled with very genuine regret that the long weeks of negotiation with men so straightforward and honest and personally obliging as the Soviet chiefs should be without avail, I asked for my passport. The same afternoon Lenin's woman secretary telephoned, asking me to come to see him. For an hour we went over the familiar ground, Lenin striving with the persistence of a Tartar trader to break down my objection to committing American capital in any degree to the Russian experiments with labour. At the end of the conference, when I bade him good-bye, with my defence still intact, I was conscious of having met an adversary worth a man's steel. I have not seen him since.

At 10 the next morning the message came to my room that our stipulations regarding labour in the concession would be granted—practically in toto! The council of commissars was in session most of the night; what passed I do not know. But I know that Lenin presided. There was nothing left to do but sign the contract, which had been thoroughly worked out in detail.

By the terms of the contract the Vanderlip syndicate is to exploit for 80 years the oil, fuel and coal resources of the portion of Siberia lying between the 160th meridian and the Arctic ocean, Bering Strait and Bering Sea, an area approximately that of Alaska. Particularly in respect of oil and fish, the territory will prove richer, I think, than Alaska, its geological counterpart. The civil administration remains in the hands of the Russian Government. Over operations within the concession no government is permitted to exercise any control beyond the provision of doctors and sanitary experts for a specified number of workers—guarantees now received in all civilised countries. Work cannot begin, of course, until trade relations between the United States and Russia are defined in a written agreement between the two countries.

In the course of my negotiations I dealt with boards appointed by the four principal commissariats (called ministries in other countries), and I came to know many Soviet business men. Judging them on the basis of 20 years' acquaintance with their compatriots, I should say they were a majority of the ablest Russians alive. About 60 of these men negotiated in turn the political, legal, technical, and commercial divisions of the contract. Chicherin and Karakhan handled the political aspect; the expert on fisheries and mines had been the foremost Russian authority on Siberian resources under the Czar; Sabanin, a former councillor of the Czar's Government, who holds the same post under its successor and who is, by the way, neither a Communist nor a Socialist in politics, passed on the legality of the document with an erudition unparalleled in any international attorney I know. Lezhava and Rykov, representing the supreme council of national economy, are well known for their part in drafting the Krassin trade agreement with the British Government. About half of these men are Communists; most of the others were nobles under the old regime; and sometimes one of them, like Chicherin, though born a noble, has joined the Communist ranks. As I faced them daily across the council table, I found it difficult to realise that the leaders among them had passed years in prison or in exile.

They disagreed openly and heartily about Russian politics, but not in the least about the stability or authority of the Soviet Government.

nor concerning the fact that profound social changes have come to stay in Russia. One sentiment that was universal came conspicuously to the fore when the Polish assault on Russia last spring was mentioned.

"My country—right or wrong? I believe it was an American who said that. Well, it is our motto now." So said to me a charming and peppery aristocrat, for the past two years a responsible employee under the Soviets. He had just recounted, with unabashed and humorous fury, how one unkind and blundering Soviet Government had requisitioned his own motor car; and in return for the first decent cigar he had smoked in months, he had shown the pleased gratitude his own valet must once have displayed to him on receipt of a similar favour. But I

struck a deeper note in him when I talked of war against Russia or of continued war inside Russia. He obviously felt that the Soviet Government, whatever its sins, was entitled to support on the ground that it was keeping reasonable order and had begun reconstruction. The sentiment of this aristocrat turned worker was precisely that of the policeman in the Moscow streets to whom I spoke in my halting Russian, and also of the ignorant servant who brought me food. One cannot emphasise the solidarity with which Russians morally and intellectually worth their salt would greet another attack subsidised by foreigners. At least in their hatred of interference from without, the Communist and his political opposite unite.

(To be concluded.)

"CA NE FAIT RIEN"

(San Fairy Ann).

By J. R. Campbell.

Industrial rebels have often had occasion to curse the phlegmatic temperament of the British Workingman. They have cursed his intellectual tameness and his sheep like docility. They have contrasted his long suffering attitude under oppression with that of more passionate nations. In this particular dispute however the phlegmatic temperament of the British Workers seems almost to be an asset. The Government raves and screams at the miners, but the miners are profoundly unconcerned and the wheels of industry are beginning to slow down. Displays of military power are made and the small children are the only people who are even interested. Scabs are imported to the docks to land coal and the military are brought in to overawe the ordinary dockers. The ordinary docker simply walks out and the characterless rebels of the Middle Class Union provide hosts of sightseers with a new form of amusement. The railwaymen, most constitutional of trade unionists, threaten to take unconstitutional (in the trade union sense) action. Poor old law and order does not know what to do. The calmness of the strikers is shaking its morale. It is beginning to suffer from a form of "industrial shell shock." It is going around the country raving mad arresting every working-class agitator it can lay its hands on. "Ca ne fait rien." The workers remain unshaken. More strikes and more rumours of strikes meet us at every turn. The governing-class determines to stamp out Bolshevism, and finds industry is being gradually paralysed by the action of men who could not tell Bolshevism from Pelmanism. The boss conspiracy to reduce wages below a starvation level is breaking up. They were intent upon stealing the little comforts from every working-class home, they were intent upon imposing an added burden of worry and anxiety upon every working-class woman, they were intent on robbing every working-class child of the opportunity of growing into a happy and healthy human being and they have been found out. They have been found out not by the working-class student and the working-class agitator, but they have been found out by the man in the street. The knowledge of their infamous design has burned itself into the consciousness of every working man and woman. Suppose they win in this present struggle. It will be a pyrrhic victory. The workers may be beaten back but the employing-class will be faced with a systematic campaign of "ca canny," which will rob them of the fruits of their dearly won victory. They may win the battle but they will lose the campaign.

But it will require a superhuman effort on their part even to win the immediate battle. The Glasgow Dockers have given the working-class of the country a lead. A response is awakening in the breast of every worker

who has not been degraded to a brute-like level by the conditions imposed upon him by capitalism. Officials may play for safety but the rank and file are on the move and the situation is full of hope.

The governing-class are realising the seriousness of the situation. They know that if a general strike takes place, the initiative will be cast back upon the local leaders. They are doing their best to root out the local leaders on charges of "creating disaffection." Mark you gentle reader it is not the wage breakers who are desirous of creating disaffection. It's the people who are advocating that they shall be resisted, who are supposed to be causing all the trouble. The people who are out to reduce the whole British working-class below the level of destitution, they are not regarded by law and order as creating disaffection. They are noble minded patriots out for the benefit of the "community." Oh what a marvellous thing is this "community." It is enough to make a cat laugh.

Law and order is also greatly concerned about the Communist Party and the National Workers' Committees. The offices of those two organisations have been raided. The sleuths are on the track of a desperate plot. All the unrest is due to the desperate trickery of those Bolshevik organisations. The miners are not on strike against reduced wages. It's a Bolshevik plot. The working-class are not seething with discontent because of lowered wages. It's a Bolshevik plot. What magicians those Bolsbies are to be sure. We do not think that law and order is likely to accomplish anything however, except to unite the rebel movement as it has never been united before. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." The only effect of this persecution will be to stiffen the movement and transform it into a real fighting force.

What we are witnessing to-day is a boss-class revolution directed against the rights won by the working-class after generations of painful effort. Many timid souls amongst the working-class have for the last few years been fearing the advent of a working-class revolution. They have been deploring its possible cruelty, its horror and its chaos. While those people have been fearing the advent of the working-class upheaval they have been blind to the employing-class building up their organisation, augmenting their power and preparing to initiate a state of affairs which will leave the workers without dignity and without hope. What we are witnessing in France, Britain and America to-day is the beginning of the employing-class offensive with industrial serfdom as its objective. In France trade unionism lies broken and helpless. In America the bosses

are preparing to launch the great open shop drive which is intended to abolish trade unionism and collective bargaining from American industry. In Britain their attack is being launched but has hitherto met with no positive success. It is being resisted fiercely. It can be beaten. It can be beaten by the workers in the key industries refusing to function in a profit making capacity until the boss-class have renounced their plan. The army is powerful, the navy is powerful, but a determined working-class refusing to carry on production is more powerful still. All the apparatus of the modern state depends for its smooth functioning upon the working-class continuing to work. Let the workers withdraw their labour, legally, peacefully and constitutionally, and all the powers of hell cannot prevail against them.

The sympathetic strike is good enough in its way, though its advocacy is probably an offence under E.P.A. Dora's bastard sister. Indeed the difficulty that the poor maligned agitator is under at the present time is that of trying to say or do something that is not an offence under E.P.A. Indeed we sometimes suspect that the biggest crime of the agitator in the eyes of law and order is the crime of continuing to exist at all. "Ca ne fait rien." "Greater love hath no man than this, that he would lay down his life for his friend," and as Clarence Darrow adds "greater love hath no organisation than this that it should lay down its tools in defence of its comrades."

What is necessary to-day, however, is not merely that organisations should strike in sympathy with the miners, but that they should extend the strike in their own interests. Dockers are facing reductions of wages, engineers are facing reductions, the railwaymen are facing reductions. What is required is for those organisations to realise that this is the most favourable time for fighting their own wage issues. Taken by themselves, those organisations can be beaten. Standing together in conjunction with the miners they can win. Let them throw their weight in. Let them cease work solidly and if law and order runs amok in spasm of hysterical cowardice, "Ca ne fait rien."

A SONG FOR THE WORKERS.

Rise and strike the trembling tyrant—
Strike! and let your blows be strong.
Let him bite the dust that he
Thought was good enough for ye,
Let him feel the misery
You have felt so long, so long.

Dwell upon your children's sufferings—
Fight the tyrant in their name,
Long the womenfolk have sighed,
Long your children's tongues have cried,
Long in anguish have they died,
Let the light of freedom flame!

Dwell upon your murdered comrades
O'er whose limbs I charge ye true:
Fight until the bloodstained night
Dies before the morning light
That shall give ye nobler sight—
"Ye are many, they are few!"

ATHOLL DOUGLAS

(A Communist Actor).

Metropole Theatre, Glasgow, 13/5/21.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. Duncan (Rosyth).—Will reply soon.
T. W. Mackay (Govan).—Will appear next week.

A. L. Sidlaw.—We fail to see your point. P. Snowden himself has admitted that the Labour Party is more "capitalist" than capitalism, and more "militarist" than militarism. If we merely echoed his words, we suppose the I.L.P. would find something to sneer at.



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MAY 28, 1921.

The Amsterdam Postbag International.

The programme of the Amsterdam International Trade Union according to the statute is as follows:—

- (a) Exchange of news, which is of importance for the Labour movement.
- (b) Collecting and working up of statistics.
- (c) Introducing and carrying out of mutual help.
- (d) Furthering and unfolding of Trade Union agitation in the bordering countries at the request of the corresponding Trade Union centre.
- (e) Exchange of opinions inside the movement.
- (f) Collection of material concerning social legislation of all countries and support of the efforts being made to improve social conditions.
- (g) Regulation of emigration to and fro in the interests of the unions.
- (h) Concluding of mutual agreements in the interests of the union members with the object of regulating the transition from the union of one country into the corresponding union of another.
- (i) Publication of an international news sheet (Rundschau).

After setting out a programme of this kind the authors were evidently overcome with doubts as to their power of carrying it through. Therefore they added yet another paragraph about the "object of the Trade Union International." What is this object then? According to the opinion of the leaders the international organisation of the unions has the following duties, and that after the unthinkable war and in spite of the beginning of the social revolution:—

- (1) The support of the organisations belonging to it, in their interests and efforts on national and international grounds.
- (2) Support of the Trade Union movement, national as well as international, in countries which have not yet entered the international union.
- (3) Working towards the unity of action in all questions touching the general interests of Trade Unions.
- (4) Fighting international strike-breaking.
- (5) Creating a means for the realisation of the above aims, as well as of the other aims of Trade Unions which are named in other articles of this statute.

This, then, is the action programme of the Amsterdam International. The word "class war" or "Socialism" or "Revolution" does not occur a single time. We see that the Amsterdam International is nothing more than an ordinary federation for support, an international news bureau.

It must be evident to every honest revolutionary that such an organisation is out of date. Amsterdam can never give a push to any serious action against exploiting capitalism. Amsterdam therefore must be replaced by Moscow. Instead of a bureau for statistics we must set up a general headquarters for the preparation and achievement of a world revolution.—Translated from the German by E. S.

CIGARETTE PAPERS

By the Editor

Who Said Liar?

In the "Daily Record" of Wednesday, 18th May, a front page news paragraph bemoaned the fate of Mr Alexander Fisher, a Russian refugee. He has been compelled to seek poor law relief from the Lambeth Board of Guardians, his fortune having been seized by the Bolshevik Government. Among the biographical details we read:—

"Mr Fisher obtained a post as manager of the Bransk Engineering Works, Petrograd, and later was general manager of the huge Puttloff Works, Petrograd, where he controlled 32,000 men.

Through hard work and thrift he saved £125,000, but when the revolution broke out his money and possessions were seized by the Bolshevik Government."

Now we don't question the fact that Mr Fisher is a Russian refugee, nor that he once possessed £125,000, nor that the Bolshevik Government took possession of his money, but in one respect either Mr Fisher or else the "Daily Record" is a liar of no mean order. "Through hard work and thrift he saved £125,000."

How Did He Do It?

A Cabinet Minister gets anything just above or below £5,000 per year. Mr John Hodge, the "Labour leader," gets nearly £3,000 per year. At the oof-collecting sport the dignitaries of the Church beat both Cabinet Ministers and Labour leaders hollow. The Bishop of London gets £10,000 per annum, and Archbishop of Canterbury draws £15,000 per ann., that Christ's words might be fulfilled, "Blessed are ye that hunger." Now what did Mr Fisher get for bossing 32,000 men at the Puttloff Works? Let us assume that his salary was £5,000 per year, and that by hard work, frugal living, and inordinate thrift, he managed to live on £3,000 and carefully saved the £2,000 up. He must have been doing that consistently for over sixty-two years to have saved up £125,000.

But Suppose.

Had his wages been those of a steady, reliable, skilled workman, say the enormous wage of £10 per week, and he had "thriftilly saved" exactly half of it, he must have started saving up in the year 1421 when Vassili the Blind, grandfather of Ivan the Terrible, was Prince of Moscow, and Joan of Arc was a youngster of nine—to have accumulated his £125,000. No! No! Mr Fisher or dear "Daily Record" that £125,000 was sucked from the blood and sweat of the Russian muzhiks in the space of a few years and we are delighted to know that those muzhiks and their descendants are going to have the benefit of it after all.

The Predatory Parson.

Whenever the question of brutality, in any shape or form is discussed and a follower of Christ the meek (at so much per follow) is knocking around, 'tis ten to one on him ranging himself on the side of the brutes. Certainly he can always, like the Devil himself, quote scripture to his own advantage. When recruits were wanted for the army during the war the church transformed the God of Love into a Lord of Hosts and thousands of churches became pious recruiting offices. The church has recently played a very strenuous part in recruiting scabs to defeat the dockers, and again thousands of parsons including the theatrical R. J. Campbell and the mentally unhinged Inge have hurled torrents of denunciation upon the miners for not turning the other cheek to their dastardly evil-doers.

Last week Mrs Allan and James Maxton tried

to pass a resolution at the Education Board abolishing corporal punishment from the schools. They were defeated principally by a smug-faced scripture-quoting Reverend troglodyte called Hay, who evidently believes that when Jesus said "Suffer little children to come unto me," he had a tawse behind his back to skelp piety into 'em.

An Exception.

The rule wouldn't hold good if there were not exceptions. At Thaxted, the little village church in which the Rev. Conrad Noel preaches the Gospel, has been used as it ought to be used—in the interests of the bottom dogs. Placards have been hung outside condemning the coal-owners and the exploiting class generally, and the flags of the Irish Republic and Co-operative Commonwealth have been displayed side by side in the holy building. Raids have been made upon the little citadel of Truth by gangs of Dives-worshippers, but the undaunted clergyman appears to have an unlimited supply of red flags, for the moment one is stolen another proudly flies in its place. If there were more parsons like Conrad Noel, Cristianity wouldn't stink so much.

We've Said It Before.

Someone has favoured us with a marked copy of "London Life." The marked article deals with "the society mother," and is evidently written by someone who knows the private life of the plut class inside out. There are bound to be exceptions of course, but apparently the upper-class female parasite exists on this earth merely to satisfy animal appetites in the male, to achieve animal satisfaction herself, and to help generally in squandering the loot plundered from the working class. To call these things "mothers" is an insult to motherhood (we quote from the article):—

"The smart society lady not only forgets the claims of motherhood, but she regards her children, should she happen to have any, as an evil rather than a blessing.

Card parties are of more value than the cooking of babies.

Dances give more delight than the care of children.

Only recently a very beautiful society woman, whose portrait is frequently published in the expensive weekly journals, was heard to declare at the Ritz, where a fashionable party was in progress, that she had 'not the remotest idea of the age of her little girl! Such things as children bored her!'

Half of her existence is passed in her automobile, her club, or in her gambling den, where she plays with the recklessness of a Jubilee Plunger.

And the debts that accrue, falsely called debts of honour—have at times to be paid with loss of modesty and virtue, with the result that yet another society scandal is revealed in the Divorce Court."

Now turn up the "Twa Dogs" by Robert Burns and see how much the parasite leopard has changed its vicious spots in a hundred and fifty years:—

"There's some exceptions man and woman,
But this is gentry's life in common."

Above Suspicion.

No one can accuse General Bramwell Booth of being a class-hated propagandist, yet on points like the above he is absolutely at one with the

editor of this paper. He has just been interviewed by a representative of the "Evening Dispatch," and during the interview he described high society as "sensual, frivolous, extravagant, scandalous, and home-wrecking." After this outburst he declared that:—

"The poor have no such drug-sets and drinkards as the upper classes harbour, nor is it possible for humble folk, familiar with work and privations, to sink so low in the social scale as do some of the idle rich.

They have been the reproach and shame of civilisation in every age."

Surely it is time, then, that the battalions of the Blood and Fire Army betook them to Park Lane and other upper-class haunts, and left the working class neighbourhoods alone for a while. We wonder if General Booth believes that the miners ought to accept the wage reductions, and thus actively assist these silk-hatted soits and their feminine co-partners in lust to continue their canter down the pathway of Hell.

Not Bolshevik Russia.

The above type was once prevalent in Russia. They exist there no longer. The social scavenger has been at work, and the gilded middens have been purified. The Bolsheviks, however, are alleged to believe in that enormity called "free love," and in consequence an unbridgable chasm lies between them and the untainted moral atmosphere of Britain and the holy, monogamous, legal wedlock believing Britisher. And the Britisher is growing more concerned about moral purity every day. The Bishop of London, for instance, is trying to push through the House of Lords a clause in the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, to raise the age of consent for girls from 16 to 17 years of age. During the discussion Lord Henry Bentinck stated:—

That in the Nottinghamshire district a great number of girl-children were suffering from foul diseases, and that mothers of fourteen and even younger were not unknown.

The little girls between eleven and fourteen years of age who have been ruined—who are even about to become mothers—can be counted in hundreds in this country. . . . There was more moral degradation in this country than in a village inhabited by African savages!"

Lord Henry apparently hasn't had much experience of African savages or he wouldn't have uttered his statement as though it were incongruous instead of being a mere truism. Savages know nothing about dope, fire water, brothels, hypocrisy, deceit, high finance, slums, etc., until the civilised Christian instructs them in a practical manner by introducing such blessings of progress among them.

Parasitic Capitalism.

To be successful under capitalism brains are not necessary, Mr Malloch notwithstanding. What is required is the low cunning of the fox, the rapacity of a tiger or shark, and the moral squint of a thieving magpie. The successful capitalist is not the original thinker or inventor but the particular thug who can steal the inventor's ideas and commercialise them. Capitalism cares nothing for genius unless it can be exploited. Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, has been found in dire poverty, and for shame's sake the French Government has given her a job—to run on an errand to America. The death has just occurred of W. Friese Greene, the inventor of the first cinematograph camera. Millions upon millions of pounds have been pocketed by kinema plutocrats since the wonderful discovery of moving pictures, but the inventor—

"SO FAR FROM MAKING A FORTUNE HIMSELF, HAS LOST OVER £10,000 IN EXPERIMENTS, WAS IMPRISONED FOR DEBT, LIVED IN UTTER POVERTY, AND DIED A BROKEN MAN.

Only a year or two ago Mr Greene had been in actual want, and a visitor had found him

with absolutely nothing in the house. No wonder those who cared little for the inventor while he lived are now vying with one another to do him honour in his heroic death."

The above pars are from the "Children's Newspaper" of last week. In commenting on the death of Greene the writer adds:—

"William Ged, the inventor of stereotyping, died in poverty, a friendless exile; Henry Cort, who devised the puddling furnace and put millions into other people's pockets, died a ruined beggar; John Kay, the inventor of the flying shuttle, which more than doubled the weaver's output, was pursued by hatred and died in destitution; Samuel Crompton, originator of the spinning mule, which enriched thousands and added millions to the national revenue, died utterly poor. To this list must now be added the name of Mr. Friese Greene."

And to these could be added the names of hundreds of poets, artists, sculptors, musicians—men like Chatterton, Keats, Beethoven, and Schubert—besides other inventors and discoverers who died in utter poverty after enriching the world. One of the best books descriptive of successful capitalists' methods for "getting on" is Myers' "History of the Great American Fortunes." Read there of the brainless hogs who made wealth by stealing other men's ideas and swindling others to obtain their "original accumulation" in order to exploit the ideas. The hideous exploitation of labour is another story of course. The thieving, murderous Goulds, Morgans, and Carnegies have their counterparts wherever capitalism flourishes, and, as in Britain to-day, what they lack in brains they make up for in bayonets.

There Are Others.

Things were going rather slowly at a revival meeting, when an old darky rose to his feet.

"Brudders an' sisters," he exclaimed, "you all knows, an' I knows too, that I ain't been what I oughta been. I'se robbed henroosts, an' stole hogs, an' tol' lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folk with ma razor, an' cussed an' swore, but I thank Hebben dere's one think I ain't nebber done—I ain't nebber lost ma religion."

To the conservative—"Where the vanguard rests to-day, the rear will pitch their tents to-morrow."

Overheard on an anterop seam, the day after the Aldershot disturbance had been announced:

First Worker—"Lloyd George telegraphed to Hodges on Sunday."

Second Worker—"Whatever for?"

First Worker—"To see if he thowt th' miners 'ud help to keep th' army quiet."

The World Movement.

FRANCE.

The unions in the department of the Seine organised a demonstration of 18,000 unemployed which was attacked by police and soldiers. The reactionary leaders of the seamen's union are having a fight to restrain the demand of the rank and file for affiliation to the Red Labour Union International and withdrawal from Amsterdam. The arsenal workers at Rennes have already declared their adhesion to Moscow's Industrial International. The Confederation General du Travail by a majority of about a million votes withdrew from Amsterdam, but awaits the result of the coming Moscow Congress before taking further steps.

CHINA.

"Novij Mir" reports that in some of the cities of China, such as Peking, Shanghai, Canton, and others the Russian consulates which were being run under the old Czarist auspices have been wound up by order of the Chinese Government.

AFRICA.

In Egypt a decree has been issued forbidding contributions from wages to any syndicate or union. Labour unions in Egypt are only two years old, but organisation now progresses tremendously.

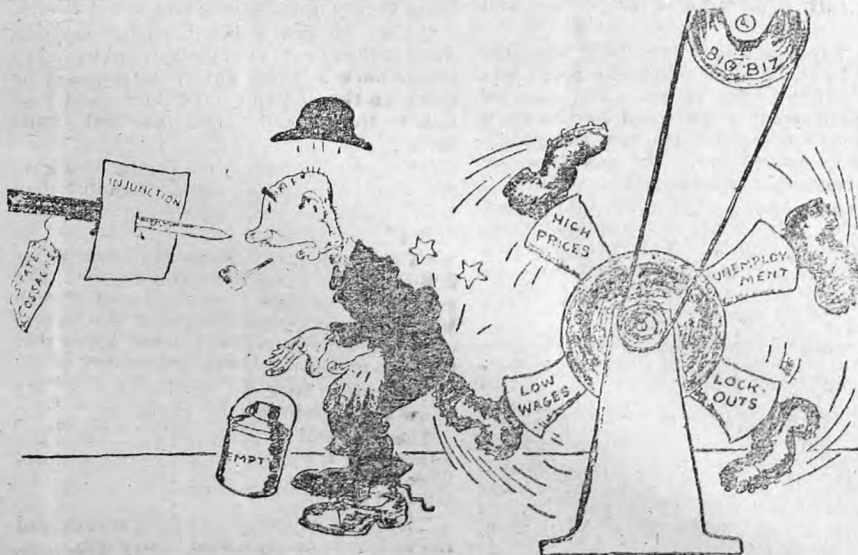
In South Africa the blacks recently struck, and the employers tried to get the whites to scab, but the white miners' union called a strike in support.

CHILE.

The workers have attempted several times to seize the saltpetre mines. Wide unemployment demonstrations have ended in bloody encounters with the military forces, when seizure and confiscation were attempted by starving workers.

ARGENTINE.

There is great discontent throughout Argentine. Strikes of seamen have tied up 450 ships in port. Oil well workers out. Three thousand motor drivers on strike in Buenos Ayres. Soldiers have been called out to crush rebellion of agricultural workers, who took possession of large estates in the south.



"I have great faith in the sound commonsense of the British people."—Mr. Lloyd George

STUDIES FOR YOUNG COMMUNISTS.

Satan's Little Joke.

By FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKY.

This story came into my mind while listening to the sermon of the prison chaplain, and I wrote it down on the wall to day, December 13, 1849.

Before the altar in a splendid church, glistening with gold and silver and lit up by a multitude of candles, stood a priest arrayed in beautiful robe and gorgeous mantle. He was a portly, dignified man, with ruddy cheeks and a well-kept beard. His voice was sonorous and his mien haughty. His appearance, in keeping with the church, glowed and shone with luxury.

The congregation, however, presented a different appearance. It consisted mostly of poor working men and peasants, old women and beggars. Their clothing was shabby and exhaled the peculiar odour of poverty. Their thin faces bore the marks of hunger and their hands the marks of toil. It was the picture of want and misery.

The priest burned incense before the holy pictures and then piously and solemnly raised his voice and preached.

"My dear brethren in Christ," he said, "our dear Lord gave you life, and it is your duty to be satisfied with it. But are you satisfied? No!

"First of all, you do not have enough faith in our dear Lord and his saints and miracles. You do not give as freely as you should from your earnings to the church.

"In the second place, you do not obey the authorities. You oppose the powers of the world, the Tsar and his officers. You despise the laws.

"It is written in the Bible, 'Give unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and give unto God that which is God's.' But you do not do it! And do you know what this means? This is deadly sin. Indeed, I tell you, it is the devil who is tempting you to go his way. It is he who tempts your souls, and you imagine it is your own free will that prompts you to act in this way. His will it is, not yours. He is waiting for your death. He is burning with eagerness to possess your souls. He will dance before the flames of hell, in which your souls will suffer agonies.

"Therefore, I warn you, my brethren, I admonish you to leave the path of damnation. There is still time. O God, have mercy!"

The people listened, trembling. They believed the priest's solemn words. They sighed and crossed themselves, fervently kissed the floor. The priest also crossed himself, turned his back to the people—and smiled.

It so happened that the devil was just passing by the church while the priest was speaking thus to the people. He heard his name mentioned, so he stood by the open window and listened. He saw the people kiss the priest's hand. He saw how the priest, bending before a gilded picture of some saint, hastily pocketed the money which the poor people had put down there for the holy church. This provoked the devil, and no sooner did the priest leave the church than he ran after him and caught hold of his holy mantle.

"Hello, you fat little father!" he said. "What made you lie so to those poor, misled people? What tortures of hell did you depict? Don't you know they are already suffering the tortures of hell in their earthly lives? Don't you know that you and the authorities of the state are my representatives on earth? It is you who make them suffer the pains of hell with which you threaten them. Don't you know this? Well, then, come with me!"

The devil grabbed the priest by the collar,

lifted him high in the air, and carried him to a factory, to an iron foundry. He saw the workmen there running and hurrying to and fro and toiling in the scorching heat. Very soon the thick, heavy air and the heat were too much for the priest. With tears in his eyes, he pleads with the devil: "Let me go! Let me leave this hell!"

"Oh, my dear friend, I must show you many more places." The devil gets hold of him again and drags him off to a farm. There he sees the workmen threshing the grain. The dust and heat are insufferable. The overseer carries the knout, and unmercifully beats anyone who falls to the ground overcome by hard work or hunger.

Next the priest is taken to the huts where these same workers live with their families—dirty, cold, smoky, ill-smelling holes. The devil grins: He pointed out poverty and hardship which are at home here.

"Well, isn't this enough?" he asks. And it seems as if even he, the devil, pities people. The pious servant of God can hardly bear it. With uplifted hands he begs: "Let me go away from here. Yes, yes! This is hell on earth!"

PUTTING THE TIN HAT ON IT.



"Well, then, you see. And you still promise them another hell. You torment them, torture them to death mentally when they are already all but dead physically! Come on! I will show you one more hell—none more the very worst.

He took him to a prison, and showed him a dungeon, with its foul air, and the many human forms, robbed of all health and energy, lying on the floor, naked, emaciated bodies.

"Take off your silken clothes," said the devil to the priest, "put on your ankles heavy chains such as these unfortunates wear; lie down on the cold and filthy floor—and then talk to them about a hell that still awaits them!"

"No, no!" answered the priest. "I cannot think of anything more dreadful than this. I entreat you, let me go away from here!"

"Yes, this is hell. There can be no worse hell than this. Did you not know it? Did you not know that these men and women whom you were frightening with the picture of a hell hereafter—did you not know that they are in hell right here, before they die?"

The priest hung his head. He did not know where to look in his confusion.

The devil smiled maliciously. "Yes, little father, you are going to say that the world likes to be cheated. Well, now!" And he released his hold.

The priest tucked up his long mantle and ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

The devil watched and laughed.

Dope and Dubb Phrases Analysed.

By A. W.

"If you had money, you would do the same yourself."

This is a familiar reply to Socialists when they criticise some particular Capitalist to a "Dubb," with a view to making Henry see the necessity of putting a stop to the principle of permitting one individual to exploit others for his own private profit. The person who replies with this phrase evidently approves of a small minority in the community being allowed to rob the great majority so long as they manage to do so without breaking the laws they themselves create. He approves of this, either because of the possibility—however remote—of his being some day able to do likewise, or from the point of view of the gambler who calmly smiles when the dice turns up in his opponent's favour.

It is quite possible that Socialists would do the same if they were Capitalists, and it must be noted that no Socialist suggests that the Capitalists—who live in luxury and take advantage of all the wealth of society—are the fools in this world. The fools are rather those who produce all that luxury and wealth and are content to live in misery and in continual dread of poverty, disease and starvation.

"Something might be said for the gambling instinct which actuates Henry in excusing the Capitalists on the grounds that everyone has a chance, but as a matter of fact the dice are loaded always in favour of the Capitalists, and the worker has no chance at all. Not one per cent. of the clever workers can get out of the wage-slave condition, because there are too many, and only those can attain golden chains who are willing to be more efficient tools to keep the others down. Clever workers cannot nowadays save themselves, except by saving their class. It can no longer be individual emancipation, but must be class emancipation.

Do not be misled by this gambling phrase! It is to excuse card-sharps, and they are not the dupes. How long are you going to be a dupe, and acquiesce in your being robbed because your robbers are clever?

+ + +

"Look at Russia! There's Socialism for you!"

That is exactly what we would recommend to anyone replying to argument with this "Dubb" phrase. This phrase is indeed evidence of the extent to which its user is at the mercy of the Capitalist press. Let him then look at Russia! He will not find Communism or Socialism in existence, but he will find a very significant inception. It can be claimed that in Russia to-day—

- (1) There is no unemployment.
- (2) There are no hungry children,
- (3) There is no prostitution.
- (4) There are no rich and poor.
- (5) There are no people with too many rooms and others with too few.
- (6) Though there is privation, due principally to the blockade, that privation is shared by all, and the manual workers who require more than mental workers, have a small preference. The children, however, come first.

Can the man who answers with this Dope and Dubb phrase claim any of these things for this country? Let him look at Russia!

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A. E. U.

Dear Comrade,—I am instructed to request you to kindly publish the following:—That Chiswick 3 Branch of the A.E.U. strongly protest against the wholesale prosecutions and persecutions of Communists, and ask for the repeal of the E.P.A. —Thanking you, yours fraternally,

E. J. ROSS, Secy.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Why should people be out of work as long as there are things that they need?

Just how can this situation be remedied?

Has this situation existed before?

If there is a crisis in your life, if you are sick, you begin to try to find out what the trouble is and to find a remedy. If you do not understand the trouble you consult a doctor. Then you follow his advice and try at least to get well. If you get a good and wise doctor you will get well quickly. If, on the other hand, you get a poor doctor he may keep you sick because it is to his interest to do so. He gets money out of you.

Now let us apply this same logic to the unemployed situation that is before us at the present time.

The capitalists say to us, let the thing run its course; we will get over it, we always have. It is a disease that does not worry them particularly, so why should they worry about it?

The Liberal will say, something should be done to assist these people who are out of work. He offers a few pills, in the shape of reforms, that will get us over the worst of the trouble, only to have the disease back on us again next winter or the winter after that.

The Communist says that we must look into this disease thoroughly and see what causes it, and if possible get rid of the thing altogether. Of course the capitalists and the Liberals and those who are very ignorant laugh and jeer at any such talk.

Nevertheless it appears to me that this Communist is after all the most practical man. If I get sick I want to know what is the matter and what causes my sickness.

Unemployment is a social disease. Society is sick of unemployment. A doctor must be called. The roots of this disease must be located and eradicated from the system. How can this be done?

Capitalists own the means of production and distribution. The workers do not own the things with which they carry on production and distribution. The capitalists keep the workers producing as long as they can sell, at a profit, the things that we have produced. When this can no longer be done then they stop production, and distribution is not carried on so extensively because we cannot buy so heavily. They, on the other hand, have whatever they want. Since there are not so many things to distribute, less men are needed in the process of distribution. This means more unemployed.

Here is the prescription for the disease: When we own and control and are free to do as we like with the old earth and its resources, with its factories, its railroads, mines, etc., then we will only stop working when our wants are satisfied. The whole trouble lies in the fact that this is not our world, but belongs to a few who use it only when it suits their fancy. Only when they can make profits out of the process.

We must make it a world for the workers.

DISTRICT NOTES.

FALLIN DISTRICT.

On Thursday, 5th May, at Fallin Colliery (four miles from Stirling) the blacklegs—strangers to the village—who were filling waggons of "gum" (small coal) to fire the colliery boilers, became very impudent and insulted the miners' women, who were asking them to stop work.

The miners of the village resented this, and came over in a body to stop them, but a captain, who was in charge of about 30 soldiers (A. & S. Highlanders, 90 days' men), stationed at the pit, drew out a revolver and threatened the crowd. The miners ignored him and came on, and the captain ordered his men to shoot on them, but the soldiers only laughed and said out loud, "How can we shoot when we have nothing to shoot with?" The miners heard and came on, and the soldiers stood aside and let them pass without interference. One of the sentries, who was unseen by the officer, fixed handkerchief on rifle and waved it to crowd in encouragement. The miners (400) got hold of the blacklegs (about a dozen), and those who promised to stop work were allowed to run away, but some of them refused when first asked, but after the miners and their folks used forcible arguments, especially to one of them in particular who was very impudent and stubborn, they reached a more reasonable frame of mind. About 4 p.m. same day Sheriff Dean Leslie of Stirling arrived on scene with 39 policemen. He stood on the bing while the men were being arrested in the village. Four policemen who came to arrest Bain got a hammering from the miners, and the others had to come to their rescue. Through all this the soldiers refused to interfere in any way. It is rumoured that soldiers who were guarding Government property just

outside village had refused to come into village.

The police arrested three of the miners—Bain, Kerr, and Hannigan. They were tried by Sheriff Dean Leslie (the very man who engineered their arrest) at Stirling on Thursday, 12th May. Bain and Kerr were sentenced to two months, hard labour, and Hannigan, who is an ex-soldier with wounds, got two months. The miners of the district are going to appeal on behalf of the three against this sentence. A vigilance committee (miners) for the district arranged a demonstration of the official colliery committees of Plean, Cowie, Polmaise, Fallin, and Bannockburn, which was held in King's Park, Stirling, on Saturday, 21st, at 4 p.m., with several bands.

Prior to the above incidents it is worth recording that about the 25th or 26th April in this same village two of the soldiers were so disgusted with the job of guarding blacklegs that when the children of the village were jeering at them they flung their rifles down the pit bing. For this they were arrested and taken to Stirling Castle. No soldiers are known to have been arrested for what happened on 5th May.

John Miller, Banknock, got on 4th May, 1921, three blows by policeman's baton. He was unconscious for four hours, and while he was lying unconscious in another woman's house his mother (who thought he was going to die) met the big, bullying Inspector of Police in the street, and naturally upbraided him for allowing her son to be batoned (by 110 M'Roberts, Kilsyth). For doing this she was arrested and sentenced on Saturday, 14th May, to seven days.

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ACTIVITY ON THE N.E. COAST.

During the last three months we have held two successful conferences and many good meetings amongst miners and railwaymen and ship-

yard workers. We have established ourselves at many centres—Ashington, Blaydon, Blyth, Ferryhill, Tyne Dock, South Shields, Jarrow, Newcastle, and other places.

Nine miners' lodges passed the Moscow Resolutions, but the leaders discovered that they were "out of order," and could not appear on agenda for discussion; one lodge of colliery mechanics any many A.E.U. branches did likewise. The leaders are hopelessly reactionary on the Moscow question. We welcome the progress made by the miners' and engineers' unofficial movements, and trust that they will be able to send delegates to Moscow on 1st July to the World Congress of Trade and Industrial Unions.

Much work has been done by our speakers, and a good quantity of literature effectively disposed of. Trade Union branches have been visited, and we hope to record support just now from many. Our chairman, John Parks, was arrested on a charge of causing disaffection in the ranks of His Majesty's army, and at Hexham Petty Sessions on May 3 he was ordered to pay a fine of £25 or go to prison for three months' hard labour.

G. HARVEY.

LIVERPOOL.

"Sea Rover" writes:—"I think you ought to know about Mr Charles M'Vey, District Secretary of the National Union of Sailors and Firemen, Liverpool. A meeting was held at the Stadium, Liverpool, on the Sunday preceding "Black Friday." Of all the "hot air" ever discharged the worst was certainly thrown out of the mouth of M'Vey. With arms waving in wild attitude and continually thumping on the table he described to a massed audience that the sailors and firemen had voted in favour of coming out on strike in support of the miners, when something suddenly happened to prevent it. "Have a Lot" Wilson stepped in and wired to M'Vey that a fresh ballot would have to be taken. The men of the rank and file were voting for four days, during which time Wilson was sending ballot papers to all seafaring men's wives, asking them (the women) to vote. This new ballot when completed resulted in a majority of 10 to 1 in favour of a strike, yet we find M'Vey advising all members of the N.S. and F.U. to sign articles and take the ships to sea with a deduction of £2 10s. per month.

But what can one expect? M'Vey is a Town Councillor of Birkenhead. He has a pretty little house; he has a salary of £10 per week, with a further increase of £1 per day when away from Liverpool on business. He goes to Manchester three or four times a week on business, making a total of £14 per week with expenses paid. He has three or four of his family in official paid positions in Speak Easy Buildings at Canning Place, Liverpool; and to crown all he is now asking all the members of the N.S.F.U. to remain loyal and true to their officials. Why?

SHEET METAL WORKERS.

Dear Comrade,—Comrade William M'Kie, Edinburgh, is a candidate for election as a delegate to represent No. 1 District of the Sheet Metal Workers and Braziers at Bristol on 13th and 14th June. We recommend all comrades who have a vote in No. 1 District to support M'Kie of Edinburgh.—Yours fraternally,

TOM CLARK, S.O.

NOTE.

The Daily Record's statement that many locked-out miners are blacklegging at the Glasgow docks, is a calculated and filthy lie.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

THE LISTS OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS OF MONIES RECEIVED FOR THE VARIOUS FUNDS OPENED BY THE "WORKER" WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

No Dictation from Moscow—cont. from p. 1

its going out of gear comes the slowing down of those highly specialised industries which were developed to supply the needs of that market.

The second factor is psychological. It is due to the feeling of the younger workers, that they are not getting a square deal: that they are being treated, not as human beings with hates and desires, but as the soulless repositories of animal force. They are in rebellion against this animal conception, and rebellion is taking the form of refusing to put that zest into their daily work, that their fathers were wont to do. The capitalist press are screaming against this tendency, but they are screaming in vain.

When an industrial system fails to evoke the energy of the human beings who work in it, nothing is gained by shrieking against the human beings. What is required is a change of system which will give the workers a new incentive, and revive the flagging will to work.

This can only be done by making it clear to the workers that the purpose of industry is to serve the community, that those who render able service shall be well paid, that those who render no service shall not be paid at all, and the government of the industry shall to a large extent be in the hands of those who toil in it. That can only be done as the result of a victorious working class revolution, and involves the reorganisation of trade unionism in order that it will be able to play its part in the revolutionary struggle.

The revolutionary trade unionist is above all things practical. He is neither the victim of Utopianism nor the dupe of the illusions of an unreasoning conservatism. He is facing the facts. He sees the growing paralysis of capitalism and the need for a new order in industry. He is struggling to reorganise the union movement, and is struggling for its affiliation to the Red Trade Union International, which expresses the revolutionary tendencies operating within the union movement in an international fashion. The future is on his side because the facts are on his side. The conservative trade unionist, clinging to a mid-Victorian policy, is hugging an illusion, and deceiving himself that it is a reality.

JUST PUBLISHED!

CERTIFIED STENOGRAPHIC REPORT of the GREATEST DEBATE IN A DECADE

PROF. SCOTT NEARING

(Rand School of Social Science, Author of "The American Empire," and foremost exponent of Socialism in America)

versus

PROF. E. R. A. SELIGMAN

(Head of the Department of Economics, Columbia University, Author of numerous text-books on economics used by most of the American Capitalist Universities, and foremost exponent and defender of American Capitalism).

Introduction by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
Editor of "The Nation" and foremost Liberal in America.

Subject—Resolved: That Capitalism has more to offer to the workers of the United States than has Socialism.

Held in New York City, January 23, 1921, before an audience of 4,500.

Paper Cover, 4/-; Cloth, 8/-, post paid.
Illustrated by photographs of Debaters.

THE FINE ARTS GUILD Inc., 489 Fifth Av.,
New York City, U.S.A.

The Pitheid Lassie.

It isna in the garden you aye find the fairest flow'r,
Tho' it's tended weel and sheltered frae the bitter biting show'r.
Awa' in some sequestered vale, far frae the haunts o' men,
Braving a' the stormy weather you may find a rarer gem,
The same wi' Nature's choicest bloom, the fairest ere I saw,
Was a humble pitheid lassie in a common miners' raw.

The happy gleam o' childhood was depairting frae her e'e,
The trying labour o' the mine was telling, I could see;
The cheek was wearin' wan an' pale, the hand was rough an' sair,
An' the bonnie broo was faintly showin' lines o' youthfu' care,
For times were hard, an' brichter days aye seemed sae far awa'
Tae this humble pitheid lassie in a common miners' raw.

So day by day, thro' simmer fine or winter's snaw an' sleet,
She would toil without a murmur, stivlin' aye tae mak' ends meet,
Returning aye sae dowf and weary, hameward o'er the muir
Tae snatch a bite, then up again tae face the struggle there;
An' nightly efter ither anes tae slumber were awa'
Tolled this humble pitheid lassie in a common miners' raw.

But like the tender flow'r when April gales sweep o'er the plain,
Her o'erworn frame was far ower frail tae stand the heavy strain,
An' gradually the bonny bloom o' childhood left her cheek,
An' the spirit aince sae cheerie grew sae pensive and sae meek,
Till noo in yonder kirkyaird the mournfu' snaw-draws blaw
O'er the humble pitheid lassie frae the common miners' raw.

Oh, dinna think, dear reader, this is a' an idle tale,
I didna lift my pen the nicht tae mak' ye weep an' wail,
But ye wha live in plenty, an' has neither thocht nor care,
Sittin' in your lordly mansion, dae ye ken wha keeps ye there?
'Tis the men an' maids wha dailie toil an' little thanks receive
Frae the hands o' parasites as you, wha practice tae deceive.
Ye point the hand o' scorn at them wha sweat an' dee for you,
Their ae reward is poverty an' want the whole life thro';
But the hand o' Justice sure will rule, and comfort yet will fa'
Tae the humble pitheid lassie in the common miners' raw.

JOSEPH CORRIE.

Cardenden, Fife.

SCOTTISH DIVISIONAL COUNCIL OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY.

The new Office of the above Council is now open at 221 West George Street, Glasgow. All communications re the Communist Party to be sent to above address to TOM CLARK, Scottish Organiser.

Review.

["NEW ERA ECONOMICS," by J. F. Brown.
(Published at 529 East New York St., Indianapolis, Ind. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.)

The author, who confesses his Socialist faith, is convinced that all the social evils of to-day are due to the wrong conception of value, and believes that the theory he now presents will provide a definite method of arranging the social and economic relationships. The proposition is the author's own words is:—

"Equal pay, hour for hour, for all kinds of useful work of standard efficiency, male or female."

As a contribution to the problem of the workers so far as distribution of the social product is concerned, the proposal may be of interest to the Administrative body of the Workers' Commune, wealth, but when the author goes on to say:—
"... that this will settle, at once and for good all disputes about rates of pay, eliminate strikes and lock-outs, and stifle in men generally the desire to exploit their fellowmen; will bring industrial peace, and will do more than ought else to establish lasting peace between the nations of this earth":

we doubt it. He asks, "Who is there so narrowly selfish and so short-sighted as to refuse welcome to such a gospel of industrial peace, of harmony, and brotherhood, of salvation from economic chaos?"

This comes from America, where Socialists have been cast into prison,—Debs, Mooney and others,—on fake charges, the country where "The Brass Check" was written!

Is the proposal original? We think G.E.S. has dealt with it before now. Is there no value theory in existence which deals with the realities? A large part of the book is taken up with quotations from Adam Smith, Davenport, Mill, Ruskin, and the greatest writer on value is never mentioned—Karl Marx—until the last few pages, where the writer says he has read Marx, and declines to open a controversy "on Marxian Economics, or of his dissertation on value. Let them," he says, "die a natural death as things obsolete and no longer up to date."

The book is useful as an example of the loose thinking in the Socialist ranks. Sentiment and emotion may be very good at times, but they are dangerous guides, and if this and other men who have "read Marx" have not realised that strikes, wars, and exploitation do not come because men desire them, but that they are symptoms of a great continuous economic development, of which most people are quite unconscious, then it is because they have not commenced studying with the true scientific spirit, which demands that all pre-conceived notions and panaceas should be cast aside, until the laws of social growth are understood by them.

We would recommend Comrade Brown to read again both Marx and Engels and how to transform the structure of Society so that it would be possible for mankind to observe his proposed relationship. Relationships in Society depend on the economic structure of Society, not on the desires of individuals.

A. W.

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