Northcliffe's Crafty Wiles.

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST

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PETROGRAD.

A-down thy giant roads and monstrous squares
Dark crowds did hasten; swift the red blood flowed,
O Petrograd upon the Neva's banks,
Gazing across its waters on the spire
Of Peter and Paul, and those small lowly cells,
Sunken beneath the waters, where long pined
In slow captivity, heroic souls.

The blood of martyrs, the immortal blood,
Fell in these streets where now green grasses rise;
Unstinting was it poured, and in full flood
Gushed forth and lay unheeded 'twixt these stones
Where peacefully we tread.

See, they are mustering in the Nevsky now.
Red Petrograd, thou of thy youth hast given;
Again, and yet again, thy precious youth;
Like some poor crop of hay or mountain grass,
So have they mown youth down; and yet again
Call they to arms the lusty and the fair.
Ye of the gallant mien and boyant step,
Straight as the sweet young larch, go forth to die;
To die; yea, swift to die. O, darling youth,
Pride of thy mothers; not their deep heart strain
To see thy going; not thy sweethearts' tears
Can now detain thee, for the swift doom calls.

Now at the mustering in the Nevsky there
Thy young loves with their flowers around thee hang,
With drooping heads and starry eyes, grief quenched,
Faint as the meadow blossoms, that the scythe
Hath severed at the root and left to fade.
No tear falls now, though long the weeping, told
By red lids swollen; now from those riven breasts
No cry bursts forth. Stern courage, master here,
Bids wailing cease. Yea, bow thine heads, poor maids,
Cleave to his side for this sad parting brief,
And go with him upon the little way
That thou mayst march with him through Petro's streets.

Fly scarlet banners; mount the gay, good cheers!
But thou art going to thy death, O youth—
Not of the well-drilled hosts of heedless slaves,
But ill-equipped and poorly girt for war,
With some bright thoughts of freedom in thy breast,
Must show the world how valiant love can die.

Ever upon thee; ever on they surge,
Thine ancient musket and thy body fair;
Thy glowing dreams, O gorgeous youth, alone
Oppose their cannon with its murderous hail.

Was it in vain your life was lost, O youth,
Like the uncounted chaff on breezes blown?
Was it for this that you lay mouldering there
Upon the endless plains; and neath the snows,
All merciless, your vital spark was quenched?
Was it that smug, sleek councillors the poor
Into subjection yet again might sell,
And all thy wealth, O Russia, might be coined
To buttress still the old oppressive Powers.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Donations are urgently required to meet pressing liabilities.

Have you sent your quota yet?

Mui Tsai Slavery Under British Rule.

Mui Tsai, the practice of selling girl children into slavery, which has been maintained in the British possession Hong Kong, though abandoned throughout the rest of China, has again and again been defended by Government representatives at Westminster. "It is only adoption," we have been told repeatedly. At last, however, it is formally abolished by proclamation of the British Governor, in April, 1922.

The Ways of Capitalist Politicians.

The Times continues to urge that Mr. McKenna, ex-Liberal Free Trade Cabinet Minister, should succeed Lord Balfour as Member for the City of London. *The Times* believes that McKenna would stand as an independent non-party member if invited to do so by the City Conservative Association. The idea is that McKenna, as President of the great banks, would represent the interests of the banks. So he would!

UNDER THE FLAG OF FREEDOM!

Karmi, the Indian Clerks' organ, printed in Calcutta, reports that a notice has been posted in certain European offices, stating that employees wearing khada, which is Indian homespun cloth, will be dismissed. The move is, of course, an attack on the non-co-operation movement.

SPICE.

"The fact is that, in the arrogance of cylindrical clothing, the foreign employer has forgotten the word 'please.'"

—*Karmi*, Calcutta.

FRANK PENMAN IN LONDON.

Frank Penman stood in Bumble village street wondering what to do. It was growing dusk, and now it began to rain. If only he had not parted from Mrs. Biddlecum! Her tired sweet middle-aged face came back to him as a hopeful vision, her odd irresolution, which seemed to tell him he could persuade her. He would go to her.

Yet where did she live? What was her name? He did not know.

He inquired of her at the shop where he had first seen her. The shopman did not remember which woman had bought a jar of marmalade: perhaps there were many. Then Penman remembered the house he had seen the woman go to; the house she told him was Mrs. Dunn's, of whom she had asked for a lodging for him. His luck had turned perhaps: Mrs. Dunn at once directed him to Mrs. Biddlecum's cottage. She came from the darkness of the passage to open the door and regarded him with surprise: was it also annoyance? He told his story.

"My husband is beginning to undress now. I have put the children to bed. I can't take you in now, it's too late. We should have had to give our bedroom up to you and sleep in the kitchen."

"Couldn't *I* sleep there?"

"Oh, no; we should have to come in and out. No; it wouldn't do. Oh, I can't start getting them all up again and cleaning the room for you! I can't: I'm too tired."

He stood wondering where to go.

"I'll try to find someone else to take you."

They hurried away in the quickly growing dark and the heavier rain. In the intervening moments the village had changed; the houses were black now, with only faint lights that glimmered from shrouded windows. Again and again they stopped on the threshold of cosy little interiors to discuss the problem of a lodging with kindly, sympathetic, half-amused women, who could not find a corner for the wayfarer.

"People come round to them like this every holiday, every week-end during the summer, perhaps. Why should the people here put themselves out of the way for us?" thought Penman. "They would never have any peace if they made themselves responsible for everyone who comes."

If Mrs. Biddlecum had not been beside him; if she had not taken him under her wing and told his tale for him, he would have given up the search for lodgings then and there; he would have tramped through the lanes all night, or lain him down under a hedge, in spite of the pouring rain.

Guided in the dark by Mrs. Biddlecum's cautioning voice, close behind, and her admonitions not to mind the dog, who was straining upon his leash and barking his loudest, Penman stumbled down a rough sloping path with occasional steps to a little cottage which rose up black before them. The opening door revealed a flood of warm light; and standing below them—for there was a deep step down into the cottage—were an old woman and a bonny girl of sixteen or seventeen years. Yes, it was true, the lodger had been away; his bed had been empty, but he had returned to-night.

Mrs. Biddlecum's resolution seemed to crumple up.

"I don't know anywhere else to try. I can't go any further, I'm tired."

The old woman and the girl argued Frank's cause, as though Mrs. Biddlecum were deserting him. It was too late for him to go back to London. He could not stay out all night. The girl suggested trying several other cottages. Mrs. Biddlecum objected to each in turn: this was full; that was dirty; there someone was ill. In any case, she must go home now; she could try no further.

The girl offered to become Penman's guide, and Mrs. Biddlecum left them. The girl recalled to Penman that she had served him in the shop. He apologised for the trouble he was causing, and expressed the view that the visitors were a nuisance to the village—himself most of all.

The girl dissented from this view: the villagers were glad to make money out of the visitors—they needed it, for the district wage had fallen back since the war to 30s. a week. The cottagers would be glad to let rooms if their houses were only a little larger. The new houses were actually being built smaller than the old ones—with only two rooms, and very small rooms at that. "They don't want the cottagers to let, that's what it comes to. They are afraid it would make them too independent."

The girl went methodically from door to door, brief and businesslike in stating her errand.

A strange woman, with wild dark eyes and dishevelled hair hanging down her back, peered out at them in response to their knock. At once she assented to receive Penman, but said it would take her some time to prepare his room.

Glad that he would not be obliged to spend the night at Mrs. Guy's, he set off to fetch his traps from her. She met him with stony looks, and her silent husband stood sentinel over him whilst Penman strapped up his belongings.

Returning to Mrs. Jones, he found her moving in a house of cloud and muddle. The large table in her ground-floor room was loaded with unwashed crockery and remnants of stale food, the hearth deep in cinders and the sulky fire choked by ashes. The very chairs stood awry, as though they were quarrelling with each other. The lamp burned dim, and a mist seemed to hover in the room.

Without a word, Mrs. Jones led Penman upstairs to the single bedroom, dimly lit by a guttering candle. She left him. He was hungry and tired, and the place seemed chilly. Taking a tin of cocoa and some eggs he had bought in the village, he went down to Mrs. Jones and asked her if he might have them cooked for supper.

"I'll cook them," she answered.

Then she turned on him fiercely. There was, indeed, something wild and strange about her.

"I had almost gone to bed when you came. I should have been in bed if you had come a minute later."

Penman sat in the chair by the fire and told her briefly the story of his wanderings. Mrs. Jones seemed to grow fiercer:

"You must go in the morning! You can only stay one night."

"Is she angry," thought Penman, "because I have bought my own food? Some landladies prefer to provide it. They make, perhaps, a little more profit. Moreover, they give one part of the family meal, and that saves extra cooking."

His eye turned to the remnants of food on the table. He shuddered in spite of himself, but he resolutely asked what her usual custom was, and what she would prefer him to do.

"They have to get their meals in the hotels."

"Even the hotels are full."

"Some of them walk as far as Gomblebridge for their breakfast. People let them a room to sleep in, and no more." You must go in the morning. I can't have you here more than one night."

"I thought it was arranged I was to stay till Tuesday."

"My boy suffers terrible with his nerves. He might scream the place down any minute. I had visitors here; I had prepared everything for them. He started to scream. They had to go. I had to put him into his bed and get the doctor. I am going out for the day to-morrow; I can't stay in for you. You'll have to go. And you'd better take yourself upstairs now; I'll bring your supper to you."

Penman humbly retired and sat waiting on the edge of the bed—there was no chair. Mrs. Jones brought in the eggs and cocoa in silence. Shortly afterwards a big man pushed open the door, banged Penman's cocoa tin down on the chest of drawers, and disappeared with a clatter.

Desiring to be conciliatory, Penman carried down the supper tray when he had finished his meal. The big man in the kitchen accosted him loudly.

"Listen to me: if I'd been in when you came you wouldn't have been taken in here. There is no excuse for you. You should have booked your lodgings in advance. If I go to Brighton I book up before I go. Now to-morrow morning you get up, you pay up, and you go. Understand that: you get up, you pay up, and you go."

"I shouldn't have come if I had realised——"

"To-morrow morning you go."

Penman said good-night without more ado. It would be unpleasant to argue with Mr. Jones. He slept little, for the night was cold, and there was only one thin blanket on the bed. The birds waked him early, but he did not rise till the [illegible] man's voice, rumbling away downstairs, as though in anger, had died away.

Soon after Mrs. Jones brought him a cup of tea and offered to cook breakfast for him, but he declined that offer, anxious to be gone at the earliest moment. He paid her the modest 2s. 6d. she demanded, and added a couple of shillings for the boy, a little fair-haired fellow of three or four years, who knelt on a chair, crouching forward, with his head hidden on his mother's lap.

Penman had remembered when he reached Gomble station yesterday, that Brackman, an old student of his home school of art, lived at Duckslake, also a few miles from Gomble station.

"Duckslake cannot be far from here," thought Penman; "perhaps if I were to walk over there, Brackman could advise me where to stay, or even put me up, at a pinch."

Dobbin the carrier, to whom he went for advice, told Penman that Duckslake lay just half an hour's walk by the footpath over the common. Robbin agreed to take Penman's luggage back to the station, so that any Duckslake carrier could bring it from there.

Cheerful again, Penman set out across the common that lay on the top of the hill, munching his breakfast of bread and butter, cut with his penknife. Last year's bracken still stood, its graceful curving forms unchanged, though its green had grown brittle and brown. Last year's tawny leaves still clung to the young oak brushwood that clustered beneath the fir trees. Rising up amongst the browns was the vivid green of the little firs, the miniature Christmas trees. The open spaces were clothed with the thick growth of the heather, wiry and springy, and the prickly bushes of gorse.

"I shouldn't mind picnicking out here for every meal, if I had a pan and a bottle of water. One could light a fire and cook all one wanted. If only I had a tent, I should be independent of lodgings altogether."

Below him on the left he could see a cluster of roofs. He directed his steps thither, to ask the way to Duckslake. From a little old farmhouse, dating from Elizabethan times, a light tap, tapping sounded forth, and around the door in the garden he could see some of the tackle used by sculptors and metal workers. There were statuettes in the near window. The old barn and outbuildings had been converted into studios. He noticed a name on the gate; it was that of a sculptor known to his family.

A feeling of diffidence overcame him. He looked at his shabby clothes, and thought of his tiny savings he hoped would be enough to last till Tuesday. "If they recognise me, they will think I'm thrusting myself upon them, trying to get them to take me in. How stupid it is to be poor. There won't be any more poverty under Communism, thank goodness!"

A girl emerged from the house. She came towards the gate, and her look seemed to question him. He asked the way to Duckslake. She directed him; he would see it as soon as he passed over the brow of the hill.

In a few moments it lay below him: a little village, with a lake at one end, its main street in the valley, and some of its houses straggling up the slope of the hill. In the centre of the village was a large, white-walled, red-roofed building, so huge and bright that it dwarfed the tiny houses around it and made even the church seem miniature and dim. The big building seemed unreal and out of perspective; like a garish poster or a child's big doll's house beside a delicate, quietly painted landscape. Frank Penman wondered what this odd monstrosity could be. It was like a cuckoo in the nest, he thought, and reminded him of Alice in Wonderland, when she grew abnormally large. Then, as he strolled down the hill, he saw right in front of him "Lakeside," painted on a garden gate. That was Brackman's cottage, but the woman who answered Penman's knock told him that Brackman had let the cottage and gone away. Penman felt suddenly alone, and Duckslake seemed to have lost its charm.

Down in the village street Penman saw that the big new building was an hotel owned by the Surrey Trust. He did not know the object of the Trust. It might be to supply the prevailing shortage of accommodation for the wayfarer, and to meet the need at a reasonable charge. It might, on the other hand, be terribly expensive;

Continued on page 7.

THE IRISH STRIKE AND LOCK OUT.

A DUBLIN REVELATION.

The new-born Free State was being attacked from all sides. Collins and Griffith were swiftly slipping into the abyss of defeat, the rebels of Southern Ireland were every day growing more audacious in their attacks on the Downing Street Treaty. The Slave State militia was even spat upon in the streets of Dublin. The great Arthur Griffith decided that something must be done. The Ratepayers' Association met and passed a resolution condemning the mutinous Republicans; but all to no avail. The Hierarchy thundered forth denunciations of the insurgents who were flouting the sacred rights of private property and the civil liberties of the plain people. That action of the reverend upholders of the British Imperialist ascendancy only accentuated the enthusiasm of the rebel Republicans.

Then the calamitous discovery was made that the ranks of the mutinous Republican Army were honeycombed with the followers of the doctrines of Bolshevism. It was discovered by the political leaders of the Irish race that Larkinites were once more abroad in the land and in high command in the Army of the Irish people.

The great Arthur and the man who won the war, Michael Collins, now played their trump card. They decided to call on the aid of the tried and true leaders of Irish Labour in putting down this menace of Bolshevism and in swinging the masses of the Irish working class definitely over to the side of the Free State. The Labour leaders were to adopt in the ranks of labour that same stepping-stone policy which the former Republicans were adopting on the national issue. The trimmers of both parties were being forced to come into the open alliance as a last resort.

At this time Irish Labour was led by four men —O'Brien, Johnson, Foran, and O'Shannon. Johnson, an Englishman, and, like many of his race, fonder of leading revolutionary movements abroad than at home, had risen to a high position in Irish Labour politics. Born of English parents in England, he went forth, like Samuel Gompers, to a foreign land to champion the cause of the wage-slave. Like Gompers, he was an Imperialist during the war, from the safe seclusion of Ireland; but when the menace of conscription hit the country he moved with the masses to prevent himself being forced to fight for what he had formerly considered right. The gullible Irish trusted him, nevertheless, and the wily William O'Brien finding him useful, he rose to power.

Since Larkin went away the quartette of Labour trimmers worked cleverly to wreck his influence. They built up a machine and gathered around themselves a crowd of paid parasites prepared always to do their bidding. They used the name of Larkin to build up their Union, but were always careful to point out that whilst Larkin had been useful in clearing the way and preparing the ground, it was their brains alone that were capable of building the huge structure of the I.T.W.G.U. The Great War boom, and the Irish Revolutionary uprising of Easter week, 1916, had made this work possible.

When the Downing Street Treaty came, the Irish working-class movement was forced into a position of neutrality by the treachery of the leaders. Johnson openly lobbied for the Treaty whilst the Dail was deliberating on it, but the other Labour leaders kept out of the way, deciding, however, to win Labour candidates at the elections, in order to kill any chance the Republicans had of securing a victory.

Then, on the order of the Great Arthur Griffith, they issued a manifesto denouncing militarism and calling for a fifteen-hour strike on April 24. This manifesto was clever, but not clever enough. In denouncing militarism, the Labour leaders exposed themselves. The rank and file could not be fooled. They clearly saw that it was the Republicans who were being denounced. Further, they saw that it was the oncoming fight for a workers' Republic that was being denounced, on the very same grounds that Ebert and Kautsky denounced the German Red Guards. The rank and file Irish worker could not find it in his heart to strike against the possession of arms by any group of Irish workers, when he knew that these same arms were turned against the British Empire. He could not find it in his heart to strike in defence of the property of the bosses who were robbing him of his wages every day.

This apathetic attitude of the workers towards the strike struck the leaders and their allies of the boss class with terror. How dreadful if the strike were to be a fiasco. To prevent this, the employers secretly declared a lockout. In other words, they told the workers that they were compelled to close ther plants on that day. The capitalistic Press of both Ireland and England, and even the *Daily Herald*, acting on the inspiration of Mr. Desmond Ryan, lauded the action of the Labour leaders. The Irish Labour leaders were described as "sane," "patriotic," "clear-headed," and all the things that the bosses think good.

Then on Monday morning, April 24, the bombshell fell. The good citizens of Dublin woke up to find their city placarded with a proclamation declaring a Workers' Republic, calling on the workers to man the barricades, denouncing Capitalism and signed by the very men who called the strike against militarism and against the insurgents! Some of the boys got their guns and sped to Liberty Hall, only to find the place deserted. People looked everywhere for the barricades; but, alas! no barricades could be seen. Not a sound could be heard, save an occasional burst of rifle fire from the Four Courts, where the boys were celebrating the anniversary of the 1916 Rebellion. The first excitement over, the rebel part of the population commenced to laugh. They realised the incongruity of the situation.

"Imagine," said one, "this bunch of Pacifists declaring a Workers' Republic!" The loyal Free State portion of the population, however, were definitely afraid, and had to be reassured by the Labour leaders that they had nothing at all to do with the ridiculous business of declaring a Workers' Republic.

The Labour Party had staged a huge demonstration in O'Connel Street at noon. They mobilised all the Dublin Branches of the Transport Union, and marched them up O'Connel Street. Everything went well with them. The armed guard that protected their three platforms lent the leaders courage. Then another disconcerting thing happened. In spite of the lockout, the Larkin Release Committee had been able to get a handbill printed that morning, demanding the release of Jim Larkin and telling how the Free Staters had asked the Governor of New York State to keep him in gaol. A few men dashed up through the meeting scattering the handbills. Immediately there was a general rush to get the bills. The speakers were forgotten, except by a few supporters around the platform. The remainder of the audience and the onlookers in O'Connel Street formed into little groups discussing the handbills. A bugle-call sounded, the meeting drew to a close. Immediately a supporter of Larkin climbed up a tree in front of the Gresham Hotel, waving one of the handbills in the air and calling: "Fellow citizens of the Irish Republic!" Thousands gathered around.

The speaker commenced to speak of Larkin when someone with an English accent in the audience called out, "British spy!" Immediately revolvers flashed out all over the vast audience, and the interrupter was barely saved from the fury of the people. Then the audience settled down to hear what the speaker had to say about Jim. When he had finished his address and called for three cheers for Larkin, every throat gave voice to a wild roar that struck terror into the hearts of the respectable residents of the Gresham. The following resolution was then put to the meeting:—

"Be it resolved that this mass meeting of Irish worker citizens condemns the action of the Irish Labour Party in forcing the lockout in support of the Free State, and that we further demand the release and return of Jim Larkin to his former position as leader of the Irish Labour movement."

Every hand went up in agreement with the resolution. That meeting was not mentioned in the Press, not even in the *Daily Herald*.

RANK-AND-FILER.

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

By Tom Anderson.

"Do the Poor Enjoy 'That' as We Do?"

The following story was told me by an ex-lackey, whom, by the grace of God and Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young," I was able to convince of his position. I may state that it took several years to work the desired change, but I am happy in the thought that I accomplished it.

The lackey said:

"Very many years ago, before the 'Great World War for Human Freedom,' I was a lackey. In my lord's house the footmen, butlers and general lackeys are the most servile species of the human race to be found on the earth. It is 'My lord, 'My lady,' 'the Duke,' 'the Duchess,' 'the Earl'; we bow before them as if the Maker of the Universe had given us a special aptitude for it.

"We had a banquet at my lord's mansion; an extra special one. All the nobility were there. Beautiful ladies wearing transparent clothes, their fronts and backs being nude down nearly to the waist. They were beautiful dolls, reared in all the luxury of the world, with haughty, overbearing manners. They commanded us menials for their smallest wish, and we had to obey; we must obey, we were lackeys, and a lackey knows no other word but 'obey.' We would say 'Yes, my lady,' bowing, with eyes cast down to the ground, as if we were speaking to angels: we would smile if the angel lady gave us a kindly word, and feel we were doubly blest.

"It was an interval between one of the dances. A few ladies, with some of the young scions of some of our noble houses, strolled into the conservatory—a place nearly as large as the Winter Palace on Glasgow Green—containing every known flower and shrub in the world. It was a real earthly Paradise, so richly was it decorated by Nature and by Art.

"My duty was to carry a tray with an assortment of wines, so that I would always be at hand when an 'angel' wanted anything. These 'angels' were moving through the Conservatory, some were sitting in the little arbours, or love seats. All were laughing and joking, and I, a species of the human race, was watching every gesture, so that I might be there when their eyelids beckoned me.

"I passed, just like a shadow, one of the little arbours, when the voice of 'my young lady' caught my ear:

"'Claude! Claude! Oh, Claude!'

"Then a moment's silence. Then I heard, in a lower voice, my lady say: 'Do the poor enjoy that as we do?'

"Silence.

"Then I heard Claude say:

"'The poor are beasts.'

"Fear was on me, for I might be caught; and just as I moved away, the rustle of the leaves caught my ears, and the sound as of two lips meeting, made me increase my pace.

"'Do the poor enjoy that as we do?'

"My worm-like spirit made me small in spite of myself. Yet I cursed my existence, and the only solace I could find was to hum an old hymn, that my mother had taught me when a little boy—'Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast.'

"I put on my coat that night and became a wanderer on the face of the earth, for the teachings of an old Communist came back to me: 'There are none so low and devoid of every human feeling as the lackeys of the rich.'

"I said to myself: 'I will become a man!'

"To put on the armour of a man, I have had to wander the world to get my bread; but now I am a man, and I laugh at that little episode of twenty years ago. 'Do the poor enjoy that as we do?' and my lord said: 'The poor are beasts.'"

What do you think, fellow workers?

WRIT ON COLD SLATE.

By E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

Price 1s. 7d., ***Post Free.***

"'Writ on Cold Slate' is so beautifully and terribly realistic that when reading the poems I suffered again the mental anguish an understanding mind feels whilst in prison.

"Great as is the artistic value of the poems, to me their most precious quality lies in the way the veil is rent and the naked truth revealed."

—Clara Gilbert Cole.

CARFORD'S CASE.

Comrade Carford, of Sheffield, has been sentenced to twelve months' imprsonment. He is appealing against the sentence. His case having already cost upwards of £40 in fines and court charges, a defence fund has been organised. Donations should be sent to Mrs. Carford, 183, West Street, Sheffield.

ATHENION THE SLAVE KING.

For Proletarian Schools.

Price One Penny.

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NORTHCLIFFE'S LITTLE GAME.

Lord Northcliffe is suddenly posing as a champion of Labour! That, indeed, is a new part for him to play, and at first sight it may appear strangest of all that the section of labour whose position he is defending is precisely that section of labour he directly employs—the workers engaged in producing the newspapers.

In his championship of these workers, Lord Northcliffe has caused one of his many firms—the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., proprietors of three of his many papers, the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*—to break away from the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, which is proposing a reduction in newspaper workers' wages.

This same firm of Lord Northcliffe actually took the initiative in forming the Newspaper Proprietors' Association in 1916 to deal with labour matters, and in particular to settle rates of wages and conditions.

Northcliffe's firm, the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., gives as its reason for leaving the Association it formed:

Capitalists have come into Fleet Street who have made fortunes in other industries, with no experience of newspapers at all.

"*It is unreasonable that they should take part in dictating the conditions and wages of printers to those who have been associated with newspapers and printers all their lives....Lord Northcliffe strongly objects to certain proposed reductions in wages. We feel that we ought to have full liberty to deal with these matters ourselves.*"

The letter containing this statement is signed on behalf of Northcliffe's firm by W. G. Fish. The Secretary of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association must have exclaimed: "Why, Northcliffe is growing as slippery as Lloyd George!" The Newspaper Proprietors' Association replied to Mr. Fish, who has been the Northcliffe firm's representative in the Association:

In order to avoid misunderstanding, my Council desire to point out that your firm took a leading and active part in the recent negotiations for the revision of the Trades' Union agreements regarding wages and working conditions. These were thought necessary owing to the fact that all classes of employees in London newspaper offices were still receiving the highest rates of wages paid during the War. Indeed, on October 12th last you yourself moved that all the unions with whom the Newspaper Proprietors' Association had agreements should be requested separately to send representatives to meet the Council with a view to discussing the question of wage reduction.

"*There was no disagreement in the policy. Your firm was actively engaged in all that was done. Until March 8th their representatives regularly attended the meetings of the Technical Committee at which these matters were discussed with the Trades Union and the Council meetings at which the recommendations of the Committee were adopted. As a result, provisional agreements embodying wage reductions were entered into with five of the eight Trades Unions concerned. To these agreements your firms were parties.*"

This letter throws a remarkable light on the situation. Northcliffe's firm, it appears, actually took the initiative to reduce wages on account of which Northcliffe's firm now breaks away from the Associaton.

What is the explanation? Does Northcliffe desire to bring about the wage reductions without incurring the onus of bringing them about? Does he desire the glory of being the one man to stand up for his employees in the newspaper world?

We think there is more than that in it. We think that Northcliffe desires the other newspapers to be suspended on account of the strike, whilst his newspapers still continue publication, and he may thus eat into the circulation of his rivals.

Lord Northcliffe, in a *Daily Mail* article, declares himself opposed to reducing the newspaper workers' wages. He refers to the authorised secretary of his firm as "the mysterious Mr. Fish," and suggests that Mr. Fish might have sent him a wireless when the proposed reductions in wages to the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Nevertheless, Mr. Fish is still the accredited secretary of Nothcliffe's firm. In return for what salary Northcliffe pays him he is made the butt of Northcliffe's dishonest witticisms and the scapegoat of his intrigues.

It is interesting to notice that, so far, Lord Northcliffe has not removed his greatest newspaper, *The Times*, from the Newspaper Proprietors' Assocation. Note, moreover, how the real value of his pretended solicitude for the workers in general, is displayed in his statement, made in the same *Daily Mail* article, that printers engaged on publications other than newspapers must take lower wages, to prevent British printing orders being placed in Holland.

If Northcliffe keeps his newspapers outside the strike he secures three points:

1. A popular boom for his newspapers.
2. The opportunity of securing the pick of the newspaper workers.
3. The chance to capture the circulation of his rivals.

After the strike is over and the Unions concerned have agreed to accept wage reductions, Northcliffe will be able, if he chooses, to reduce the wages of his employees without the inconvenience of a strike, on the ground that, though he would like to retain wages as they are, the competition of his rivals forces him to pay the usual rates.

THE RAND INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

By a Comrade on the Spot.

The outbreak of the Industriail Revolution on the Rand is principally based on the Colour Bar. This is the opinion of the daily Press, which succeeded in converting many of the workers to its view.

It is astonishing to hear from the same Press that the Rand Revolution of March 1922 is strongly opposed to the ideas of the working-class solidarity.

All past revolutions in different lands showed great solidarity in mobilising the whole of the working class in the class strugggle. Here, on the Rand, however, a section of the workers—namely, the coloured—was waiting for protection from its exploiters, and was compelled to take refuge in the camps of the bosses.

More than that: the workers' enemy justified himself by declaring martial law, ostensibly on account of the coloured workers, and killed hundreds of white workers, telling us that was the demand of a great section of the workers who were in danger of being massacred by their own comrades.

Because this is a country of white and coloured races, many people will believe in this assertion of the capitalists, and will blame the workers of the Rand accordingly. Many people will declare the theory of working-class solidarity unworkable, and insist that race and national hatred amingst the workers is inevitable.

Was the worker on the Rand really too ignorant to acknowledge such an important fact as class solidarity?

For the superficial onlooker and stranger it will certainly appear so, but the true observer and the class-conscious workers on the Rand are able to judge more correctly.

The economic pressure on the workers of the Rand, the lowering of wages, was the chief cause of the workers' revolt. The capitalist object was the unlimited exploitation of the workers to enrich the mine magnates, the attempt to prolong the working hours in the mines, which must shorten the lives of thousands of miners. It is estimated by old miners that under previous conditions a miner's underground life did not exceed more than four years; under present improved conditions it extends to eight years. The miner has to sacrifice his life for the sake of buttering his bread for a period of eight, or even four, years only.

Is not that reason enough for revolt?

All this is ignored by the capitalists. Their Press keeps up the old, old song, "Overseas Communism," "Agtators," and "Propaganda spread by foreign Bolshevists."

As soon as the strike began, the capitalist Press, in order to provoke the public against the workers, started to issue warnings of the possibility of a coloured and Dutch nationalist rising on the Rand, and perhaps all over the country. Yet these things were known to be impossible at the time.

White scabs were attacked long before the native scab dreamed of trouble. The native scab is the one who was attacked, but by no means the native worker.

It is worth while explaining the point of view of the working-class solidarity.

Was it possible to enforce such a demand of class-conscious workers as the abolition of coloured and native labour?

Through the development of machinery in agricultural implements, the man on the land is forced to desert it and emigrate to town for the purpose of selling his labour power to the town factory and mine exploiter.

The young farmers (mostly belonging to the Dutch population) have been forced by economic need to leave their farms to slave for the mine magnates. These young farmers have manned practically every mine with their labour power. They are by no means Socialists, Communists, or class-conscious workers. They are past owners of farms, and cannot bear to work hand in hand with the native worker.

Another important factor is the shortage of native labour on the farm. The farmer has very often a hard fight with the magnates for native labour. The mine magnates have their agents, who entice the natives away from the farms to the mines, and leave the farmer to struggle without native labour to cultivate his land.

It is a well-known custom in this country to pay labour agents "a pound a head" for each native worker sent from the country to the mines. Dozens of agents are engaged in this native transport business, and thousands of natives are taken away from agricultural work to the mines. Taking away native labour from the farms means a cheap labour market for the exploiter, a hard time for the farmer, and unemployment for the white men who seek labour in the mines.

The young farmer feels aggrieved against the native mine worker because he is compelled to leave his land by shortage of labour and by the development of mechanical production, and now he finds himself levelled with the same native in fighting for his bread and butter. The native is the greatest obstacle to the white man in getting work in the mines. The white man asks why the native should not be left alone on the farm to cultivate the land, and the white man work the mines.

Yet in spite of these economic reasons for the white class-unconscious worker to hate the native he did not attack the peaceful native.

To this industrial fight with the mine magnates, not the worker, but the scab was in danger of being attacked; no matter whether white, coloured, or native.

By organising the native police and arming them with ammunition, the Government itself provoked the white worker against the native in order to secure an opportunity to declare martial law and to commence the dirty work of bloodshed.

The working-class solidarity on the Rand will not suffer from the present revolution. The self-sacrifice of the miners, the solid military armed commandos, and the strong, heroic, and brave fight with capitalism will show a good example of class solidarity to the workers here and in all other countries in the fight for the great coming Revolution.

THE PARASITES' ACADEMY.

They strolled through the Academy summer show, seeking the few good works amongst the dross, and rated it on the whole as singularly barren.

They lingered before that charming little Miss Janet Frizell of Maurice Greiffenhagen, sitting curled up on the floor at the edge of the frame, as though she might easily crawl out to us. They were pleased by her quaint, piquant little yellow-brown face, her red hair, her fawn and blue plaid pinafore and those strange scarlet blooms of the background that seemed to belong to nothing and to grow out of nothing. They wondered if those flowers were supposed to be the creation of the odd child's fancy. They discussed the other Grieffenhagen portraits as unpleasantly hot and wooden. "Why does he always throw that hot brown light over his portraits?" they asked. "It is monotonous, to say the least of it. In Greiffenhagen's decorative piece, the Shulamite, they found merit, but considered the treatment unjustifiably mediæval and, therefore, not quite sincere in one of the moderns. They thought it also a trifle mechanical, and rather too much like a scrap stuck on, having no depth. The ancients, even in their flattest, most conventional periods, did not make their figures appear to lie upon the surface almost upon a level with the frame. Yet the work had some breadth and strength they thought.

Orpen, they said, had fallen far below his last year's level. His portraits were growing ever more photographic and banal. Many of his sitters, too, looked unpleasantly hot, but theirs was an inward heat and they were red or pink oftener than brown. How palpitatingly breathless, how shiningly crimson is that unfortunate man in the navy blue beside the green curtain, which is rather incongruous, at his elbow; and that other with the aggressive blue and white striped shirt. They are wonderfully solid and accurately done, of course, and the painting is absolutely clean and fresh. Orpen's Barbara Trevor Williams, on the other hand, seems rather lacking in solidity on the near side of the chin. They admitted that the crowd of people about the pictures and the reflections in the glass made it difficult to judge.

They admired the "Viva" of Augustus John. It was vivid and full of life, and the colour was so refreshingly cool. The painter had felt a joy in using his brush, one could discern it. The picture was unglazed: that added to its effectiveness. "One can smell the paint! Doesn't it make your fingers itch to be at it again?" John's portrait of a friar, "The Rev. Padre Fray José—Maria Lazkos y Biguria de Elizondo," they considered theatrical and also a little like what Augustus John himself might be if he should decide to adopt the part of saint instead of devil. His Bernard Shaw they approved as paint, but the man, they said, was too fat: John had poured some of his own grossness into his sitter.

They were disappointed in Sargent. His big portrait group, "Some General Officers of the Great War," they voted a monstrosity. The figures were tritely posed and the clothes, one of them observed, looked as though they had been "given out" to be painted. His Countess of Rocksavage was artificial and charmless. It was altogether eclipsed by that magnificent burst of spontaneity, that feast of colour and light provided by Charles Sims in his astonishing portrait of the same Countess and her infant son. They returned again and again to that lovely canvas, commenting with enthusiasm on the truth and freshness of the baby's figure, his air of movement, his most delicious, mischievous, and bubbling smile, the glowing light, the colour, so translucent and harmonious, the elegance and originality of the composition. The woman had got no thighs, they said, and the near leg of the baby was lumpy; but one could not quarrel with a picture like that, a record of fleeting light and motion. "'Tis a sight to be grateful for amidst all the trash," they decided.

They enjoyed the quiet, reposeful pictures of Bertram Nichols, especially "Swanage Tower." "They were not made to shout on Academy walls," they observed, "but we should like to live with them and they will live."

They lingered a minute over Clausen's one little landscape, breathing some of his old charm, and his quiet, sad-looking portrait of Henry Wilson, President of the Arts and Crafts Society.

Annie Swynnerton in her "Fawn" had chosen a subject more in keeping, they thought, with her curious manner of mystery than the child portraits she often contributes. Nevertheless her "Fawn," for all his mysterious treatment and leafy surroundings, had the quizzical, cheeky smile of a genuine street urchin.

"Browning has painted another yew tree!" one of them exclaimed. "Have you noticed that she is more successful when she paints under yew trees with patches of sunlight glinting through the shade than with any other subject?"

"One must go to the other side of the Gallery to see Browning's picture: even that is not far enough," rejoined the other. "One cannot judge of Browning's pictures at all when one in near them. She does put the paint on, does she not?"

"She puts it on; but the colours and tones are true. This is the most open-air picture in the show, as a matter of fact. Compare it, for instance, with Harry Watson's "A Tale By the Way," in Gallery X. There you have figures under the trees, with what are intended to be patches of sunlight upon them. But what a difference between that picture and this. There is no warmth, no glow, in Watson's picture. The shadows are merely grey, the lights pale, and reflected light is none. It is a studio picture, only fit for book illustration, and tamely artificial at that, though the figures are well enough in drawing.

"Browning's little maid at the swing is full of go and vigour."

"Yes, she strains well back on the rope, and her legs are firmly planted. But Miss Browning will not sell a picture like that—no one would buy it, unless the newspapers should boom her considerably, which they do not. They do not boom her pictures for the same reasons that the public does not buy them. She has no exalted social connections. She does not paint portraits of celebrities; her pictures do not tell a romantic story or illustrate a historic episode. They are not religious. They do not even represent well-known places frequented by the tourist. Italy, Spain, Brittany and Bavaria have been little gold mines to the artists. The picture buyer can point to his sketches of well-known places and say, "That is St. Mark's, in Venice; I went there in 1900." But what can the picture buyer say of a glimpse of shady yew trees with shimmering sun flecks, and nobody's little girl at the swing?

The artists are decidedly handicapped; the successful painter soon ceases to paint anything but portraits. Those are the only pictures he can sell, and as his prices mount with his reputation he can only afford to paint the very richest people or presentation portraits for which the payment is raised by subscription. Whilst he is struggling to get the R.A. and the public notice which will enable him to secure well-paid portrait orders, the artist must endeavour to perfect his art and to paint ambitious pictures—after that he can rest on his laurels. So long as he will turn out a "good likeness" the public asks no more. Since there are only forty-five Academicians, he can get plenty of portraits to paint, and he frequenty expends on them too much energy to have any to spare for other work. In order to secure those portraits he must move in social circles which necessitate an expensive way of life. His wife and his house must be dressed in keeping with the social manner of the idle rich with whom he must associate in order to secure their patronage.

The Associates and the others who have not secured such distinctions all must follow, as far as they can, the same path. They must move amongst thse woho can afford to buy their pictures and present, as far as possible, an appearance of success and therefore of affluence.

"War pictures are dropping out of the Academy. Evidently the public are tired of the war. The artists are certainly glad of that relief."

Religious pictures, they observed, are few and far between, and those few that have been hung are conspicuously lacking in spirituality.

Since the artists are mainly dependent for purchasers of their works upon the parasites of society, productive work by which we all subsist is almost banished from the show, and the more highly successful artists seem altogether unconscious of its existence.

They left the Academy and strolled through the streets of the deserted city, wondering that the artists so generally hie away from it to find their subjects. Down what remains of ancient Watling Street they went to that other which records the existence of vanished Walbrook. They looked at the dusty London stone; then wandered down to the river, past rows of high warehouses where is the city's wealth; down the steps of Walbrook Wharf; and there, in the low afternoon sun, they walked on the chalk bed of Old Thames, exposed by the receding tide, and saw the bridges and the ships, and told each other that here is the life and the vigour of London no painter comes to see.

In the Academy was a big statue of Labour; the sculptor has made him low-browed with blinded eyes, but is it not, perhaps, the artists who see little before them and follow beaten paths?

THE TRADE UNION FAILURE.

The Shipyard Collapse.

The resistance of the shipyard workers to the proposed cut of 16s. in their wages has collapsed, as it were, from inanition. A ballot has been taken; a majority has voted against the strike, but not a two-thirds majority.

The *Daily Herald* gives the figures as follows:—

Against accepting the reduction... 45,000
For accepting the reduction 40,000
Number who might have voted, 300,000.

What an extraordinary instance of apathy amongst workers whose income is to be directly and immediately affected! What can account for this extreme indifference?

On the one hand, the general aloofness of the trade union members from participation in union management. On the other, the widespread belief that there was no chance whatever of winning the lock-out and successfully resisting the exactions of the employers.

The shipyard workers who belived defeat inevitable judged the situation correctly. Defeat was inevitable because the unions were not prepared to put up the struggle necessary to win any points whatsoever in the struggle with the employers to-day.

The apathetic workers in the shipyards, and the union officials who send them back to work, ignore the fact that solidarity in the class struggle demands of them united action with the engineers, whose work in the shipping industry is closely related to their own, and who are still locked out. It is said that unofficial attempts will be made on the Clyde to persuade the shipyard men to remain out until the engineers go in. Such attempts can only succeed when the workers decide to band themselves together on the basis of industry and of class, regardless of craft and union distinctions, and to adopt a militant class conscious policy.

Success to such efforts—it is never too late to begin them; but set yourselves, at the same time, comrades, to build up a permanent fighting organisation, the object of which shall be to unite the workers prepared to take control of the industry.

The employers who now choose to fight their workers in any given industry select their opportunity with regard to the fact that it pays them better to shut down their works than to surrender their demands upon the workers. If the workers would win they must find other weapons than that of their own starvation, for

Continued on page 8.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

A CRITICAL APPRECIATION

By ROSA LUXEMBURG.

(Translated from the German by M. CAMPBELL.*)*

The Lenin Party was the only party in Russia which understood the true interests of the Revolution in that first period. It was its forward-driving element, and, in this sense, it was the only party that carried on a genuinely Socialist policy.

This serves to explain how it came about that the Bolshevists, who, when the revolution started, were a minority, hunted, harassed and slandered on all sides, very shortly found themselves in control of the revolution. It explains, too, how they were able to gather to their standard the vast masses of the people, the urban proletariat, the army, the peasantry, and the revolutionary elements of democracy, generally known as the Left Wing of the social revolutionaries.

If we study the actual situation of the Russian Revolution, we find that after a few months it was faced with two alternatives—the triumph of the counter-revolution, or the dictatorship of the proletariat; Kaledin or Lenin. This is the objective state into which every revolution drifts after the first wave of enthusiasm has passed. In Russia the dilemma arose directly out of the concrete problems of how peace should be secured and how the land question should be settled. These were clamorous questions, but the bourgeois revolution could offer no solution for them.

The Russian Revolution has thus confirmed the fundamental law of every great revolution, of which the first essential is that it must either keep on the march, and that resolutely; that it must be ruthless in clearing away all obstacles, and must keep shifting its goal further ahead, otherwise it will soon be thrown back behind its starting-point, and be crushed by the counter-revolution. To stand still; to mark time at any place; to be satisfied with having reached the first goal; these are quite incompatible with revolution. Whoever thinks of taking such home-brewed wisdom, as has been scattered broadcast by the parliamentary battle of frogs and mice, and attempts to apply it to revolutionary tactics, proves himself entirely ignorant of the psychology of revolution. All the experience amassed by history is a book closed to him with seven seals.

Let us consider the course of the English Revolution after its outbreak in 1642. When we see how miserably irresolute the Presbyterians were, and how, in that half-hearted war, the Presbyterian leaders wilfully avoided a decisive battle with the royalist army, which might have given them the victory over Charles I, we know that it was the logic of events which absolutely compelled the Independents to drive the Presbyterians out of Parliament, and to seize the power themselves. Parallel with this we find that in the ranks of the independent army it was Lilburn's "Levellers," drawn from the petty bourgeois soldier-masses, who gave the whole Independent movement its punch. In the same way it was the proletarian elements of the soldier-masses, who represented the leaven of the democratic party. That same leaven later became those extreme subversive elements which found expression in the Digger Movement.

If these revolutionary proletarian elements had not exerted an influence on the mentality of the soldier-masses; if the democratic so'dier-masses had not exerted a pressure on the bourgeois upper stratum of the Independent Party, there would have been no "purging" of the Long Parliament of Presbyterians; nor would the Scotch and Cavalier armies have been beaten off the field. Therefore there would have been no trial and execution of Charles I; no abolition of the House of Lords; no proclamation of the republic.

What happened in the great French Revolution? After four years of fighting, the only way of guaranteeing the further existence of the achievements of the Revolution was, as events proved, for the Jacobins to get the power into their own hands. This was the only way to realise the republic, to crush feudalism; to organise the defences of the Revolution, so as to defeat the external as well as the internal enemy. It was the only way to suppress counter-revolutionary conspiracies, and to spread the revolutionary wave from France over the whole of Europe.

Kautsky and his Russian sympathisers, who insisted that the Russian Revolution should have preserved the "bourgeois character" of its first phase, are the counterpart of the German and English Liberals of the last century, who divided the great French Revolution into the two periods which still "hold good" for most people. These periods were the "good" revolution of the first, Girondist phase, and the "bad" revolution that came with the Jacobin subversion. Of course, as the Liberals are satisfied with a shallow conception of history, there is no need for them to understand that had there been no subversion by the "excessive" Jacobins, the first tentative achievements of the Girondist phase would very soon have been buried beneath the ruins of the Revolution. They need not recognise that the only real alternative to the Jacobin dictatorship, as they term the bold forward movement in historical evolution taken in the year 1793, was not a "moderate" democracy, but restoration of the Bourbons! It is simply that no revolution allows of a "golden middle course" being pursued.

In every way we find that the natural law of revolution demands swift and decisive action: thus, if the locomotive is not driven full steam right to the top of the historic ascent, its own weight will bring it rolling down again, dragging with it into the abyss those who weakly desired to stop half way.

That is why we find in every revolution the only party capable of taking the lead and getting the power into its own hands is the party that has the courage to give the word to carry on, and is ready to take the consequences of such action.

This will serve to explain the lamentable role of the Russian Menshevists of Dan, Tseretelli, and others who, though in the beginning they wielded a tremendous influence over the masses, yet after they had remained for a long time merely swaying from one side to the other, after they had struggled with all their might against taking oevr the power and responsibility, were finally swept ignominiously off the boards.

The Lenin party alone understood the duty of a real revolutionary party. By its slogan—"All power to the workers and peasants," it guaranteed the further development of the revolution.

Moreover, the Bolshevists at once announced as the ajm of their seizure of power the most complete and revolutionary programme. Their intention was not to put a bourgeois democracy on a sound basis; it was to set up the dictatorship of the proletariat, in order to bring about the realisation of Socialism. In so doing they have gained for themselves the enduring historic distinction of having been the first to proclaim that the final objectives of Socialism have entered the world of practical politics as a working programme.

Lenin, Trotsky, and their comrades have done everything that a party in its most fateful hour could do as far as courage, power to take action, and revolutionary far-sightedness and ability to face consequences go. Revolutionary honour and all the preparation for action that has been fostered and nurtured by social-democracy in Western Europe were satisfied in the Bolshevists. Their October revolt not only positively saved the Russian Revolution, it also vindicated the honour of international Socialism.

THE UNFORTUNATE RICH.

Lord Lascelles suggested the other day that possessors of great works of art who allow the public to see them should be excused from taxation. The cost to a private owner of showing works of art to the public is "material in these days of poverty," he said. "If a charge is made, as in the case of the wedding presents of Lord Lascelles and Princess Mary, it would appear that the profit of the show materially exceeds the cost. But if the works of art are costly, why not send them along to the National Gallery.

ESPERANTO.

LA DUPIEDULO.

(Daŭrigo.)

— Rigardu la malgrandulon, kiel dolĉa li estas, diris la kampaserino.

— Mizera, malgranda estajo, opiniis la cervino. Li ankoraŭ ne estas kapabla stari sur siaj kruroj; tamen la pesero diras ke li naskiĝis hieraŭ vespere je la dekunua. Kiam mia ido estis nur unuhoraĝa, li jam saltadis en la herbejo.

— Mi ankoraŭ neniam vidis, ke oni portadas tian malgrandan vermeton sur la brako, diris la makropino. Se li estus la mia, mi metus lin en mian saketon, ĝis kiam li estos memstara. Sed la mizera virino eole havas nenian saketon.

— Li vidas, diris la vulpino, kaj miaj infanoj estas naŭtage plindaj.

— Vi ne devas forgesi, ke ili estas malriĉaj, diris la orangutango. Estas ĉiam grava, se en tiaj malriĉetaj cirkonstancoj naskiĝis infanoj. La polico devus tion malpermisi.

— Kia, babilado! diris la najtingalo. La infaneto estas dolĉa, tion ĉiuj patrinoj povas vidi. Me, Sinjorino Dupiedulo, nutru vian malgrandulon per vermoj, tiam li farigos dika kaj grasa.

— Je la amo de Dio, vi devas nokte bone surkuŝiĝi, kriis la kanpaserino; ali li malvarmumos.

— Ne atentu tion kion tiuj ĉi diras, kriis la cervino, restadu tran-trankvile ĉe le lak to. Tio estas la plej bona. Kaj sidiĝu lin en la herbon, por ke li lernu kuradi. Tion li devas eklerni en la plej juna aĝo.

— La virino de la dupiedulo rigardis sian infaneton kaj aŭdis nenion alian. Nun li sufiĉe suĉis kaj komencis kriadi kaj laboretadi per siaj manetoj kaj piedetj. La dupiedulo prenis sian infaneton, tenis lin alte en la aero kaj ridis al li.

— Mia Dio, kiel dolĉa, diris la cervino. Sed la epatroj estas fieraj. Ili ĉe ne rigardae niu. En la sama momento ŝi alkriis al la insuleto: Mi ripetas ke la lacto estas la plej bona. Se vi ne havas sufiĉe da lakto, mi volonte estos al via hlepo. Mia unu infano mortis antaŭ ne longe kaj nun mi havas pli ol necesa.

Poste ili reiris hejmen, por ke iliaj viroj ne venu kaj eksciu, ke ili forlasis domon kaj idon.

(Daŭrigota.)

NOTES.

Pasero is *a sparrow*, kanpasero, some small bird frequenting reeds, from kan, *a reed or rush*.

Cervo, *a deer*, vulpo, *a fox*, makropo, *a kangaroo*; these words are easily recognised with INO, their feminine form.

Malgrandulo, of course, is *a small creature*, the suffix UL indicating *a person* or *a being*.

Less easy for beginners, perhaps, are the words: restadu, sidiĝu, kuradi, eklerni, alkriis, derived from resti, sidi, kuri, lerni, krii, but with the suffixes IĜ, AD, or prefixes EK, AL modifying or emphasising their meaning, as already explained.

Naŭtage, from naŭ, *nine*, and tago, *day*, means, of course, *nine days*.

Malriĉetaj means *poor little*, the suffix ET, *little* apparently used in a patronising way.

Reiris hejmen, *went back homeward*, from iri, *to go*, with the prefix RE, and hejmo, *home*, with the adverbial E, and the accusative N, indicating movement *towards* or *into*.

JUST OUT.

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RUSSIAN WORKERS v. SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

By Alexandra Kollontay.

(Continued from our last issue.)

As long as the working class, during the first period of the revolution, felt itself as being the only bearer of Communism, there was perfect unanimity in the party. In the days immediately following the October revolution, none could even think of " ups " as something different from " downs," for in those days the advanced workers were busily engaged in realising point after point in our class-Communist programme. The peasant who received the land did not at the time assert himself as a part of and a full-fledged citizen of the Soviet Republic. Intellectuals, specialists, men of affairs—the entire petty-bourgeois class and pseudo-specialists climbing at present up the Soviet ladder, rung by rung, under the guise of " specialists," in watchful waiting stepped aside, giving freedom for the advanced working masses to develop their creative abilities.

At present, however, it is just the other way. The worker feels, sees, and realises at every step that specialists, and ,what is still worse, untrained illiterate pseudo-specialists, and unpractical men, throw out the worker and fill up all the high administrative posts of industrial and economic institutions. And the Party, instead of putting the brakes on this tendency from the elements which are altogether foreign to the working class and Communism, encourages it and seeks salvation from the industrial chaos, not in the workers, but in these very elements. Not in the workers, not in their union organisations does the Party repose its trust, but in these elements. The working masses feel it, and instead of unanimity and unity in the party there appears a break.

The masses are not blind. Whatever words the most popular leaders might use in order to conceal the deviation from the clear-cut class policy and the compromises made with the peasants and world capitalism, and the trust that they place in the disciples of the capitalist system of production, the working masses feel where the digression begins.

The workers may cherish an ardent affection and love for such personalities as Lenin; they may be fascinated by the incomparable flowery eloquence of Trotsky and his organising abilities; they may revere a number of other leaders—as leaders—but when the masses feel that they and their class are not trusted, it is quite natural that they say: " No, halt! We refuse to follow you blindly. Let us examine the situation. Your policy of picking out the middle ground between the three socially-opposed groups is a wise one indeed, but it smacks of the well-tried and familiar adaptation and opportunism. For the present day we may gain something with the help of your sober policy, but let us beware lest we find ourselves on a wrong road that, through zig-zags and turns, will lead from the future to the debris of the past."

Distrust of the leaders towards the workers is steadily growing, and the more sober these leaders are getting, the more clever statesmen they become with their policy of sliding over the blade of a sharp knife between Communism and compromise with the bourgeois past, the deeper becomes the abyss between the " ups " and the ' downs," the less understanding there is and the more painful and inevitable becomes the crisis within the party itself.

The third reason enhancing the crisis in the party is that, in fact, during these three years of the revolution, the economic situation of the working class, of those who work in factories and mills, has not only not been improved, but has become more unbearable. This nobody dares to deny. The suppressed and widely-spread dissatisfaction among workers (*workers*—mind you) has a real justification.

Only the peasants gained directly by the revolution; as far as the middle classes are concerned they very cleverly adapted themselves to the new conditions, together with the representatives of the rich bourgeoisie who had occupied all the responsible and directing positions in the Soviet institutions (particularly in the sphere of directing State economy), in the industrial organisations and the re-establishment of commercial relations with foreign nations. Only the basic class of the Soviet Republic, which bore all the burdens of the dictatorship as a mass, ekes out a shamefully pitiful existence.

The Workers' Republic controlled by the Communists, by the vanguard of the working class, which, to quote Lenin's words, " has absorbed all the revolutionary energy of the class," has not had time enough to ponder over and improve the conditions of all the workers (those not in individual establishments which happened to gain the attention of the Council of the People's Commissars in one or another of the so-called " shock industries "), but of all the workers in general and lift their conditions of life to a human standard of existence.

The Commissariat of Labour is the most stagnant institution of all the Commissariats. In the whole of the Soviet policy there was never seriously raised on a national scale and discussed, the question: what must and can be done in the face of an utter collapse of industry at home and a most unfavourable internal situation, in order to improve the workers' conditions and preserve their health for productive labour in the future, and to better the lot of the workers in the shops?

Until recently the Soviet policy was devoid of any worked-out plan for improving the lot of the workers and their conditions of life. All that was done in this field was done rather incidentally, or at random, by local authorities under the pressure of the masses themselves. During these three years of civil war the proletariat heroically brought to the altar of the revolution their innumerable sacrifices. They waited patiently, but at present, at the turn of affairs, when the pulse of life in the Republic is again transferred to the economic front, the rank and file worker considers it unnecessary " to suffer and wait." Why? Is he not the creator of life on the Communist basis? Let us ourselves take up this reconstruction, for we know better than the gentlemen from the centres where it hurts us the most.

Frank Penman, contnued from page 2.

and a couple of motor cars drawn up at the door made the latter hypothesis seem more probable. " Motors are everywhere," he reflected, but he ground his teeth with the thought: " Damn the money! I'll be left without enough to pay for a lodging presently."

A charming young person in a yellow sweater stepped out of the hotel, tall and slender, with a decidedly haughty and high-bred air. A young man in beautifully cut tweeds and immaculate shoes walked beside her.

Penman felt decidedly out of place in his old clothes and unbrushed boots, as he passed this elegant couple in entering the hotel. He came into a sort of writing- and smoking-room, oak panelled, with a thick red carpet on the floor, and a fire burning cheerfully. A big, stout, red-faced man, with an aggressively stiff white collar that seemed inclined to choke him, aggressively new black clothes, and a swallow-tailed coat, came forward pompously, with a table napkin under his arm. He looked Penman up and down with a lofty, contemptuous air.

Penman asked for a cup of coffee.

" We can't let you have coffee, I'm afraid. We are busy preparing the luncheon."

Penman asked for milk.

A large stout woman, appearing from an inner room, replied, exclaiming.

" Oh dear, no; we can't let you have a drop of milk."

" Could I have bread and butter? "

" Cook is so busy."

" Never mind then, thank you. I was wondering if I could get a room here."

They laughed together. " Oh, no! Of course we are quite full up; booked up ever so far in advance; not a corner anywhere."

The general answer. Penman went forth discouraged. For some time he wandered aimlessly about. Then he chose a cottage at random. A genial middle-aged man directed him to another, and within ten minutes he found the problem of lodgings settled. He was to take all his meals out, and not even enter the house till after 7 p.m. Yet he was content, because on this occasion he had interviewed both husband and wife, and assured himself that both were pleasantly disposed to receive him.

At one o'clock he repaired to the big hotel, the only inn in the village. Amongst a company of very prosperous-looking people he took the two-course lunch and a cup of coffee and paid a bill of 6s., then went out in the rain to feast his eyes on the landscape, under the fir trees on the top of the hill.

Towards evening heavier rain and a chilly absence of sun induced him to search the village for a tea-shop. At a cottage where a " Teas " notice was displayed a charming old woman opened the door of her cosy cottage; but she led the unfortunate Penman away to a cheerless tool-shed, where, in company with an old bedstead, a bicycle, and an array of empty bottles and tins, stood a deal table and a couple of kitchen chairs. Having opened the door of the tool-shed, that he might enjoy the rising scents of the evening and watch the blackbirds and the thrushes foraging for snails, Penman was contented, and therefore grateful for the thick bread and butter and moist currant cake. He arranged to breakfast in the tool-shed next morning. Then he tramped off again into the rain, which became a downpour. He was wet to the skin when he reached his lodgings at seven o'clock.

His host surprised him by lighting a fire for him in the parlour. His traps had been brought from the station by the Duckslake carrier, and as he sat looking into the blaze he reflected that he had now just the one clear day for sketching, which, when he thought he had left his money behind in Chelsea, he protested would not be worth coming for.

Presently his hostess came to him with a cup of coffee. She poured out to him with a wealth of detail the story of the new hotel, which had been erected on the site of the little old village inn, and was the subject of hatred and anger in the village. Though there was no other licensed house within a distance of half-an-hour's walk, the manager of the new hotel—the fat man in the aggressive new clothes—had declared that he would allow no char-à-banc parties to be served there. If any applied for refreshment he would order them to drive on elsewhere. Moreover, he objected to serving the working-class inhabitants of Duckslake. The habitual cronies of the old inn were obliged to walk for their beer and chat to another village now. The big hotel had been opened last Christmas, with great festivities. It was filled with guests for the holiday season; but what " a rough lot " they were! The London swells had quite shocked the village. In a couple of nights they had done more damage to the furniture and decorations than anyone could have thought possible. The Surrey Trust had been met with an enormous bill for renewals and repairs. The big hotel was evidently the bugbear of the village.

" The Surrey people hate the London visitors," Penman said to himself. " They are so short of money that many of them wish to profit by us, but they hate our intrusion. There is no room for us in their houses or their village. We are an interference with their life. Under Communism we shall arrange guest-houses where town-dwellers—if there still exist any town-dwellers—can stay when they go to the country. The houses of the people will be much larger than they are now. The families will not be crowded together, as at present, in two or three rooms—a practice which is more obviously abominable in the spaciousness of rural surroundings than it appears to be in the towns."

PROLETCULT.
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THE AXE TO THE ROOT
BY JAMES CONNOLLY.
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BE AUDACIOUS.

You remember, fellow-worker, the case of Charles and Mary Whybrow, who went to live in a tool-shed on an allotment at Edmonton, because they could not find a house; and who were sent to prison for a month each, on the pretence that it was cruelty (whose cruelty?) to their children to keep them in such a home.

Some comrades have been agitating for the release of Charles and Mary Whybrow. They made the case known to Jack Jones, a Labour Member of Parliament. What did the Labour Party do? Jack Jones, M.P., asked the Government a question, and the Government replied that Charles and Mary Whybrow had been offered "other accommodation" (in the workhouse, which is virtually a prison, and means the separation of husband and wife, parents and children). Charles and Mary Whybrow had not accepted this "accommodation." They had preferred freedom and family life in a tool-shed. Therefore the Home Secretary was of opinion that Charles and Mary Whybrow clearly intended to defy the law. Consequently he would not release them from prison.

What did Jack Jones and the Labour Party do then, fellow-worker? Why, they politely dropped the subject, according to their usual custom.

Charles and Mary Whybrow made a mistake to go to that tool-shed. They should have been more audacious. They should have taken a house, and the best that they could find. Always be audacious, fellow-worker; they who behave like slaves are given no more than a slave's portion.

In December last an ex-Service man, of Camberwell, was tramping the streets with his wife, unable to find a house. He was unemployed, and of such rooms as he could afford to pay for out of his dole none were vacant. There were a number of highly-rented houses to let in the district, but all the cheap houses considered fit for the workers were full.

The man would have gone to the workhouse in despair, but his wife refused. She had heard Comrade Clara Cole speaking at street corners, and she said: "Let us ask that woman what we should do?"

Another unemployed ex-Service man—one of "the boys of the bulldog breed"—with his wife and three children, had been living under a sheet of tarpaulin for several months past. They had no fire, no water, no sanitation, and only a faint half-light to see by. No doubt the Society for Prevention of Cruelty (whose cruelty?) to Children would have had them sent to prison if the inspector had chanced to find them out.

But it was Clara Cole the Communist who found them. She advised this man and his wife, and the other whose wife refused to go to the workhouse, to take one of the highly-rented houses which were standing empty. She offered to go with them to take the house.

They went on their quest together in the middle of the night, taking also a third family with them. They found a house that had stood empty a year. The three families went in, and have remained there ever since. No one has attempted to evict them, nor have they paid a penny in rent. Thus, fellow-worker, audacity has been rewarded. Nevertheless, the lesson, "Do it yourselves," has not yet been learnt by the oppressed of Camberwell, fellow-worker. Other families remain homeless, and some of them have gone to those audacious ones who took the house, begging to be taken in. Thus the house has become overcrowded, though other houses still remain empty.

Beware, O timid ones, lest ye be sent to prison, like Charles and Mary Whybrow, for cruelty to your children if ye keep them in an overcrowded condition! Show audacity, homeless people. Do not allow yourselves to be victimised by your timidity. Take another house; let it be inhabited by yourselves and your children.

This is not all, fellow-worker. On December 21 two men, Keeling and Walton, determined to follow the example of the audacious ones; but when they were in the act of entering a desirable residence the police discovered them and hailed them off to prison on a charge of attempted burglary. When they came into court steps forward Comrade Clara Cole with: "These men are not burglars. They confided to me that they were going to seize a house because they had nowhere to live."

Walton was discharged without punishment. Keeling was remanded for trial at the assizes. He spent Christmas in Brixton, but the jury acquitted him. Twelve good men and true refused to punish this man who sought to take a shelter for his wife and five children.

Audacity would have followed up this achievement; but audacity is slumbering in Camberwell, as elsewhere, fellow-worker.

In Aply Head Wood, recently, the body of a woman was found clothed in rags. Scenting a murder, the authorities performed a post-mortem; they found that the only food in the woman's stomach was grass. She had died from starvation and exposure—murdered by society.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

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The Trade Union Failure.

Continued from page 5.

the employer is not starving with them; he can afford to wait.

The engineers' lock-out inquiry has proved abortive; that was inevitable. The trade union leaders were prepared to put up a stiff fight because, not the workers' hours and wages, but their own status and authority as union leaders were at stake. The employers, on the other hand, had picked the quarrel deliberately, and saw no reason to compromise in any respect. The lack of solidarity which exists amongst the rival union officials was glaringly shown by Bell, of the National Federation of General Workers, who bitterly complained that his union had been "dragged" into a dispute between the employers and skilled men. His union, he declared, was "at peace" with the employers: it had "no quarrel" with the employers, and would be "most happy if they could see their way to resume normal relationships."

Solidarity is a word which is not in the vocabulary of Bell and the executive of the National Union of General Workers.

Meanwhile the engineers are still locked out. Their officials refuse to call for a sympathetic or general strike to assist them, or for the seizure of the engineering shops by the locked-out men. The engineers starve, whilst their union bosses and their employing bosses negotiate in public and in private.

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