Under Camouflage of Open Diplomacy War draws near. ONE PENNY.

Workers' Dreadnought

POVERTY IS A SOCIAL CRIME.

Vol. X. No. 23. August 25, 1923. WEEKLY.

Capitalists Demand More Capital.

The Tory Industrialists are demanding State subsidies for the great industrial capitalists. The excuse is that the capitalists will thereby be enabled to find work for some of the unemployed. The proposal is an outrageous impertinence.

The capitalists, finding their business affairs not prospering so well as they desire, are demanding that the Government shall provide them with more capital. Sir Lynden Macassy declares it to be a case of "capital or a coffin" for the business man.

The actual workers on the railways, tunnels, electric and other works, which it is proposed to subsidise, will get but a very small proportion of the money expended upon them.

The following figures, taken from a Government publication entitled, "Canada a Field for British Branch Industries," shows that in articles sold at six billion dollars wages costs only 455,199,823 dollars; cost of material, 1,605,- was but 1,605,730,640 dollars.

Invested capital in Canada in 1917: 2,786,649,727 dollars; salaries to directors and managers, 94,992,246 dollars; wages to workers, 451,199,823 dollars; cost of material, 1,605,-730,640 dollars; value added in manufacture, 1,409,847,300 dollars; price the manufacturer gets for the product, 3,015,577,940 dollars.

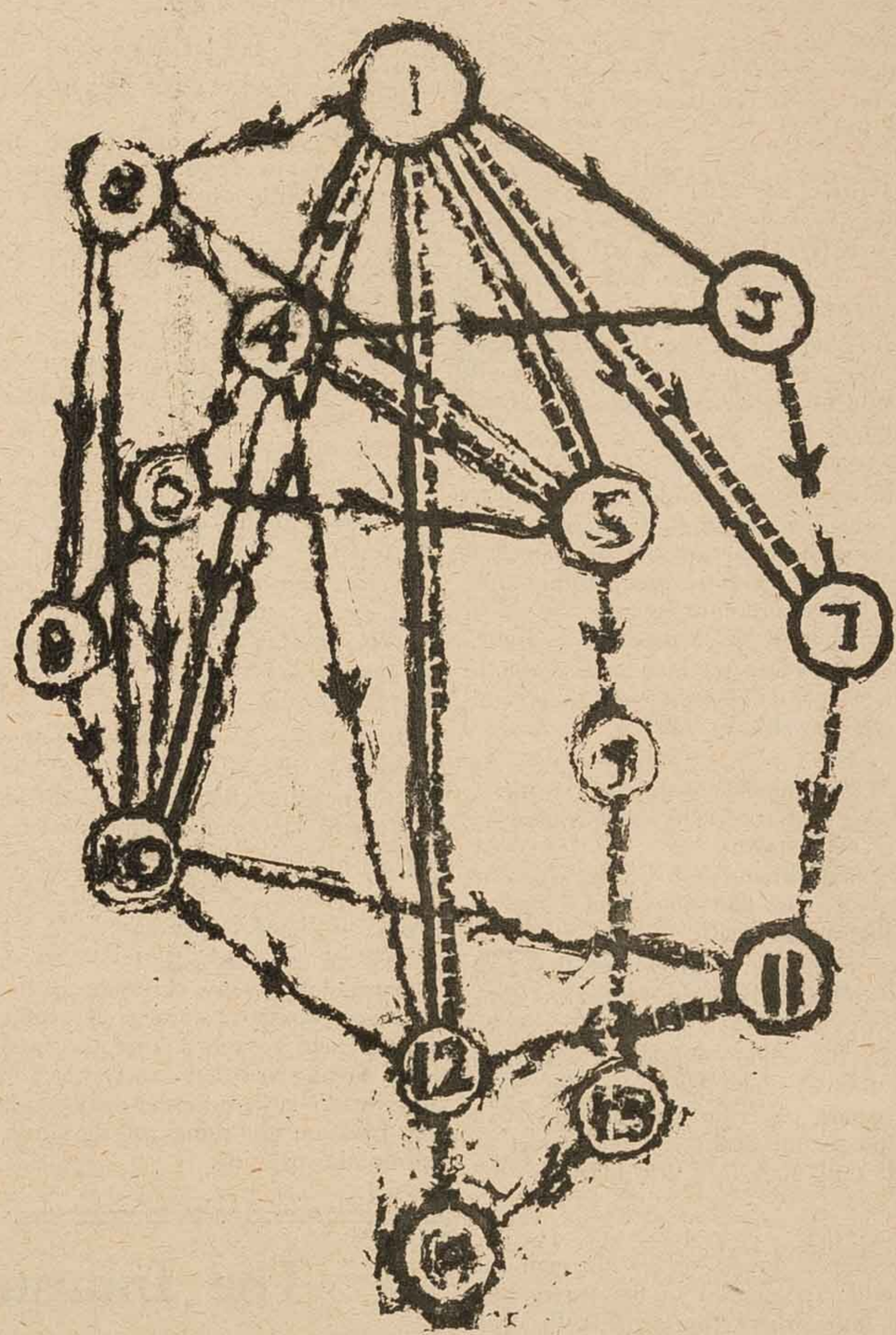
When the cost of freight, the wholesalers' overhead costs and profit, and the retailers' overhead costs and profit, and the sale tax are added to the manufacturer's price, the cost of the article to the consumer amounts to about six billion dollars; yet the actual producers only got 455,199,823 dollars for their labour.

The difference between the cost of the actual labour and raw material is largely made up by the cost of maintaining great numbers of shareholders, taking no part in production, and salesmen, canvassers, advertisers, clerks and bookkeepers of various kinds.

The wasteful processes of Capitalism are slightly revealed by the report on meat, poultry and egg prices, just issued by the Department Committee on Agricultural produce. The Committee is composed of supporters of the capitalist system. Nevertheless the following plan, issued by the committee, shows some of the unnecessary midd/emen who stand between the product and the consumer, and who are maintained in useless toil, actually consuming more of the products which only exist by the labour of the producers, than do the producers themselves.

From Producer to Consumer.

Meat Long Journey From The Farm To The Table.



1. Producer.
2. Live Stock Dealer.
3. Dealer Slaughterman.
4. Local Market.
5. Bacon Factory.
6. Live Stock Dealer.
7. Commission Salesman.
8. Town or City Market.
9. Wholesale Provision Merchant.
10. Wholesale Carcass Butche.
11. Jobber.
12. Retail Butcher.
13. Retail Povision Merchant.
14. Consumer.

Live Stock. ——— Dead Meat. .....

Cotton.

Seventy years ago, Karl Marx said that England, "actuated only by the vilest interests," was even then promoting in India a ruinous social upheaval which might still produce desirable results in the long run. "Can mankind fulfil its destiny," Marx asked, "without a fundamental revolution in the social state of Asia?" "It was the British intruder," he says, "who broke up the Indian hand-loom and destroyed the spinning wheel. England began with driving Indian cottons from the European market, . . . and in the end, inundated the mother-country of cotton with cotton." However, as we can see to-day, it was not Indian industry that was destroyed, but hand-industry. In our own time, the industry of India is being reconstructed on a new foundation, and there is every prospect that before many years have passed, the flow of trade in cotton goods will be reversed once more, and India will export to Europe, as she did in the heyday of craftmanship. England once "inundated the mother-country of cotton with cotton"; but what will happen when India inundates the mother-country of factory-made goods with manufactures? The question has a more than speculative interest.—"The Freeman."

The Mountains of Joy.

We drive through the mountains of beauty, where clear waters gush, and the kind chestnut trees shed their fruit for the traveller's meat.

O here might we rest in these mountains of joy and find peace!

Yet the storms will sweep hither, the snow will lie deep on these stones, where the lizard now basks in the sun; and these streams will be stayed by the ice hand of winter, and here where we lie in the fern, where the hum of life rises, be ice-bound and still; and the life would ebb forth from the wight that would winter out here in the wild.

On we drive and we drive, and the chestnuts are left far behind, and the sparce fields appear where the women are labouring slow.

As they bend 'neath their load, they are withered and sear, ere old age hath part o'er them.

In these harsh mountain lands they are weary and worn; they are hungry and lean as they trudge with the pack on their shoulders and bend to their toil.

. . . . . .

In the bare little cot, where the watery soup was not followed by coffee, and the candle burnt low and was swiftly extinguished, oh! short was the night, for we rose ere the cock crow did summon the dawn.

We arose in the night ere the clock had struck one. We arose in the dark and went forth with a bite of black bread and a sip from the old coffee pot.

We went forth in the dark. Up the steep mountain side we must clamber and climb; and so steep was the height that we stumbled and fell, and our hearts scarce dared beat lest the hand of the law should come gripping us back; and we feared lest our feet on the short mountain grass should be heard in the night.

O, my heart, thou art strained with the toil of that climb. O, my knees, ye do bend and gainsay me; my muscles ye fail.

. . . . . .

O chasms of darkness beneath us that yawn. Where by slender goat tracks, by precarious ways we are passing with stealth.

O, brambles that threaten our feet to waylay in the dark as we pass; that may hurl us below to the rocks that mean death.

O, ye rocks that are steep, where the foot scarcely holds and a fall would destroy.

. . . . . .

Little fire in the night where the woodman abides; little fire of dead leaves in the stark of the dawn, where we crouch in the cold; will some harm now befall from a danger alert at the sight of the glare? Little blaze in the night.

. . . . . .

Downward, down, down we go through the soft leafy mould; the mould of the leaves that for ages have lain, where the leg sinketh deep to the knee, as we go. Up we toil in the glimmer of dawn.

. . . . . .

With the sun in these mountains arises the cooee that sounds in the heights, from the humans that hie in the heights, in the glad of the morning; that hie, O ye humans unspoilt, all delighted to rise.

To your toil ye repair in the trees of the mountains; those glorious trees that the ozone send forth to your lungs; and your cooees resound, like the songs of the birds in the mountains, as joyous as they.

. . . . . .

In the gay morning lightness the larks did abound in the sky, and the meads were all dappled with flowers.

Then we traversed the broad paths, and saw o'er the valley those tracks where we clambered by night in the darkness, where the eerie dawn glimmered through mists, and the chasms did yawn.

. . . . . .

As we went through the grasses we met the old man in the morning.

Old man with the signs of the country upon thee; thou'rt bronzed by the weather; thy beard hath been bleached by the sun and the years, and thy large hands are horny with toil in the heat and cold of the days, and the winds that come tearing their way through these mountains, and the deep snows that fall at the close of the year.

. . . . . .

Thou wert cutting the grass in the heights of these mountains, to fodder the goats in the snows of the winter, the wild mountain grass that doth grow in abundance, to fodder the goats, lest they starve in the winter.

the frontier, for the grass grew there green,

Whilst cutting the grass thou did'st stray o'er and no barrier warned thee, that this was the herb of an alien sod.

From the outpost they spied thee, to prison did drag thee, old man that art bowed with the toil of the years.

In the bare cell they locked thee, and held thee a month there, to languish and pine for thy mountains of joy.

. . . . . .

Thou dost welcome us kindly, with sympathy, greeting, for fugitives we from the grip of the law.

To the cot of thy daughter; to Mary the Widow, most kindly dost send us with blessings from thee.

. . . . . .

To the dark little hut pass we in from the sunshine without, and stooping we bend 'neath its lintel, so lowly and small.

Very poor is the cot, and the widow is lowly and spare, but she gives us our fill of goat's milk; yea the poor widow woman who toils in the field for the bread of her children, the helpless young babes.

Very bare is the cot, and she lacketh of bowls for the milk of her children; and some of them wait while she feedeth the others; she lacketh of stools, and some crouch on the floor, for their brothers are filling the seats.

She lacketh of bread; and to-day they have tasted no bread in the bare little cot that is dark as one enters away from the sun.

Your father, my children, hath died, ere the youngest was born; and your mother hath toiled in the field to the day of the birth, to win ye your bread; yea that scanty black bread that to-day ye do lack, and the milk of the goats that do feed on the grass of the mountains; the mountains of joy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

The recent South African Native Congress at Bloemfontein passed a resolution of "no confidence" in General Smuts as Minister of Native affairs, and stated that

"the time has come when the Bantu people should consider the advisability of supporting a republican form of government for South Africa, as Great Britain has no constitutional right to interfere in the internal affairs of self-governing Dominions."

The Congress also protested against the action of the Government in appointing as Secretary of Native Affairs "a gentleman who was one of the officials responsible for the Bondelswartz tragedy."

In the poorer parts of Cape Town there were forty to fifty per cent. of the workers on the starvation line. What else can we expect with the disgraceful wages paid to unskilled labourers? What could a man do on 25s. a week, keeping a wife and five children, and paying £2 per month for a room. Two commandoes have been formed in Cape Town: coloured and European. The Capetonians may expect something serious if relief in some form is not forthcoming soon. A member of the unemployed called at the Roads Department, City Hall, Cape Town, for a job. He was told that he was wasting his time calling there and that he might get a job should an earthquake happen.

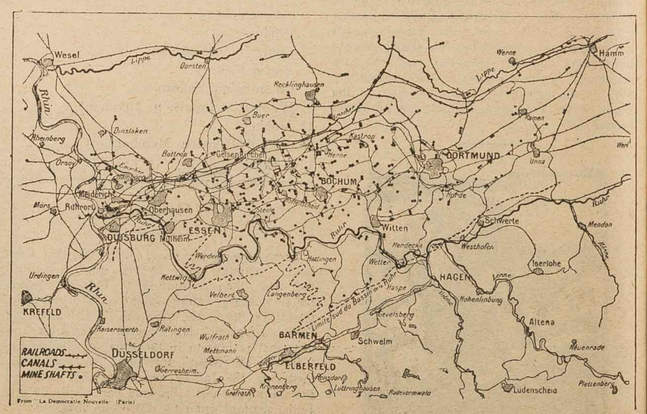
Mr. Anders, School Inspector, made a disclosure as to the lamentable condition of certain poor whites in Petersburg. A family of eight children, none of whom was attending school. The children included a girl of 19 years of age, who could neither read nor write, and boys aged eleven and nine, who stood before him absolutely "puris naturalibus." There was one small bed in the house, and the eight children slept on the floor with only three bags to cover themselves. The Inspector gave instances of other cases, one particularly, where two white children were living in a hut formerly occupied by natives, where it was alleged that a native had died of consumption and that there had been a case of leprosy there.

—Isaac Vermont.

Germinal Circle.

Mr. L. Rickard, 24, Nuding Road, Lewisham, S.E.13, and Mr. F. House, 6, Spurstowe Terrace, Hackney Downs, E.8, desire to hear from artists, writers, musicians and others who would assist in the formation of Germinal circles.

The Industrial Wealth of the Ruhr.



From "La Democratie Nouvelle" (Paris)

Karl Liebknecht's Letters.

Dearest,

I have not been able to answer till to-day. It seems that permission to write letters out of the prescribed times must be asked on Saturdays, except in cases of extreme urgency, and permission is given on the Sunday. . . . In short, please apologise to the House for my delay in returning the books, owing to the circumstances in which I am placed. (Here follows a description of the bookshelves and cases in which the books lent by the House of Parliament are to be found.)

I hope these directions will be sufficient to lighten the labour of looking for all these books. How sorry I am that you should have all this trouble on your shoulders in addition to all the rest.

As to the ordering of the library (word used to indicate the publication of the reports of Liebknecht's trial) I want you to take care. I tell you emphatically, you are making for yourself far too much trouble and difficulty; you are creating obstacles in your own path, absolutely without practical sense; you are asking help and advice of people who are quite unable to give it; and that is hindering you. Why are you not following my advice and my wishes?

Now I expect, categorically and decisively, that when you write me the usual letter in February, you will tell me that the work is all finished. It is necessary that it should be finished for your own sake. If this does not happen, the fault will be entirely of our good friends. Dearest, I know how tired you are. I am always near you, all of you, even if I am shut up in a prison cell, behind iron bars, separated from you all. How pleased I am with your fondness for music. You know what I always called you in joke? How well I understood that, although you always told me you had no feeling for music, all that there is in music of "demoniacal," mystical, all that had a great effect on you! You only felt it instinctively, for my sake—but in music there is in general a formidable physiological element, so to speak.

I want to turn your attention to the young folks. You must always keep before your mind the thought of providing them with good literature. It is more necessary nowadays than ever before. Think of it very seriously. You know, you all know, how near my heart it is. My thoughts turn that way very often now, now that I am again able to enjoy my books, even if only a quarter of an hour at a time.

If your birthday is past, how did it go off? What a lot of trouble you have had to bear this year! If I could only have caressed that poor troubled little head! And I can give you nothing this year—and no things for a few years to come. The children's birthdays will be here soon. I can only send them beforehand every good wish and as many kisses as a father can dispose of in similar circumstances. If you want to give a present of a book, I should advise a History of Literature (Schering? Vilmar? Mehring will be able to advise you.) The children will be reasonable, as they were at Christmas, and will limit their desires, conscious of their own value. They will continue to acquire a more elevated idea of their higher moral values. My boys already have this idea in a consolingly high degree—to my great joy. Bobby's way of talking, which pleased you so much, is to be welcomed as the sign of a character which springs fresh and pure from this good sub-soil.

Last night I dreamed of my mother, in such a strange way. Although you never knew her, she was with you and the children. How we were all together so, we and our parents, our mother, cannot be described in words. It may be explained in various ways: among others, our common troubles and persecutions. Certainly there is a degree of love, a manner of loving, stronger than death, and which death cannot injure—the departed one continues to live on in the mind and heart of the survivors. So it is with me and my parents—they are only absent, not dead. So it must be with you and your father and Beba.

Now one or two other things: Enclosed you will find a document of the courts concerning my removal from the roll of solicitors in the three courts of Berlin. Put it among the other documents belonging to the trial, so they are complete. I can no longer be either soldier, member of parliament or solicitor. . . . Please send me a piece of soap; I may receive it perhaps by the time I have finished what I have here.

And now, dearest, I have finished. The letter must go. I am very well indeed. Don't worry about me. Think only of yourself and of your own nourishment, which will get more and more difficult. Eat plenty of sugar. My head is full of thoughts, and my heart is full to bursting. If I only had you here! How many things we might learn together; how many troubles we might share! The children need me so much, too, just now. But these things will right themselves in time if will and strength do not fail. They must not fail. Kisses and love to you all, you and the children.

Your father.

My dear, dearest child.

Every word of your letter disquiets and upsets me. How can you say, sweetheart, that I threaten you, or that I would think of threatening you? Don't you feel that such a thing towards you is impossible to me, contrary to all my nature, to my sentiments, to my character, to all that is in me? You must know how I am bound up with you, fused with you. Certainly as one may sometimes rage against oneself, so I might have a momentary feeling of anger towards you, as towards a part of myself, and for which I should suffer as though I were the only one who could feel it or be wounded by it. You must believe, therefore, that every word or sign of ill-temper which seems directed against you is in reality directed against myself, and torments me, and you must not be upset by it, or feel offended; it is nothing to do with you.

What do you mean exactly when you say that you do not want to see me before you go away? You are afraid I may be angry because the printing of all the documents relating to the trial is not yet completed. I certainly have this work prodigiously at heart, and no one, except you, can understand how important it is—more so now than ever. It is for both of us a part of our life: past, present and future. And for the present you can only help me in that. My "threat" (really I don't know what you can have taken as a threat) was against the fear that the well-intentioned advice of excellent friends—whose opinions, too, on this affair are different from mine, and, at bottom, from yours also—might act as an obstacle and impediment to the work, or that you might wait for their help, even if it meant a long delay in the publication. But if I rightly understand your letter, it is no longer a question of all that. Since now there is only the material and mechanical part to do, your part of the work is at an end, quite at an end. Have I understood rightly? The essential is, my love, that you should understand that your work is finished, and that a certain number of copies should be printed at once. There is time for all the rest if necessary. This is my idea. Certainly you will want to get all that done before you go away.

And as regards that, what an idea not to want to come and see me! To be afraid of my frown as though I were a raging Hyrcanian lion, with blood and death in my eyes! What folly, eh?

You will come, you must come, on Saturday if you can, because on that day you will find me with my chin shaved. Ask leave for that day, you will certainly get it. You must come, dearest, you must, for my sake and your own too. It would be too cruel for both of us if you did not. Fancy not seeing each other again till July! It would be to treble my sentence and also, I am sure, destroy your peace of mind.

So you must come, and come by yourself this time, so that we may be alone for once. The children can come later on, in April, or, if really necessary, even sooner.

I am doing all I can for the children. Their letters gave me the greatest pleasure. Helmi's letter is very characteristic of the state of transition through which he is passing: a state which you must take very seriously. The change is taking place in him very suddenly and vigorously.

We are badly off here for lack of food, and the cold season was very bad; we had as much as twenty degrees below freezing point. Anyhow, don't worry about me. At the worst I warm myself doing a few exercises. My work of both kinds is going on very well.

I am particularly interested in the so-called ideologies, of art, for instance, naturally, including the art of painting. Since the time of your examination for the B.A. degree, I remember, in an amateur sort of way, the development of the perspective of space of three dimensions from the flat perspective of two dimensions of Byzantine art (generally with gilded background), so that Cimabue figures largely in my knowledge of the subject. I have noted this, therefore, on a special sheet, as the subject of your next lecture, and I have also prepared subjects for Otto and Kurt, which I will ask you to give them. I should be very happy if in this way we could arrive at a systematic and scientific collaboration.

My poor tormented darling. If you were only near me, how I would caress and warm you! And you would quieten down again, strong to laugh at and triumph over all your troubles, thinking of everything, of the great things, in the light of eternity.

Just think, to-day is the hundredth day of the 1460, and how quickly they have passed. And the rest will pass quickly, too, and then we shall all be so happy again.

My poor little dove, you will be happy again, believe me. It will soon come; time will fly so quickly; how happy I am, thinking of the time of our reunion. Keep calm, my child. Don't worry about me. Come soon to your Charles, who thinks of you and dreams of you always. My love and kisses to you. Kindest greeting to all our relations.

Workers' Dreadnought

Founded 1914.

Editor: SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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All Matter for Publication— To THE EDITOR:
Business Communications — To THE MANAGER.
WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT,
152, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

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Our View.

The Baldwin Government Note has not opened the Ruhr deadlock. M. Poincare repeats his old demands. Things are apparently as they were. Popular revolution in the Ruhr is widely predicted. When it comes, all the capitalist Governments will be ready to join hands in crushing it. A "Hands off Germany" movement, or better still an "Aid for proletarian Germany" movement should be formed here. Sympathetic action will undoubtedly be required.

The Ruhr.

* * *

The Communist Workers' Party organ, the "Kummunistische Arbeiter Zeitung," which has just reached us, contains a manifesto demanding the abandonment of palliative agitations and electoral propaganda. It calls for the setting up of the Soviets.

From the Fourth.

It declares that the workers can obtain neither food, nor clothing, and that, for them, the bare necessaries of life have become luxuries. Paper money will no longer buy the necessities of life and the bourgeoisie have all the gold marks.

"Higher wages!" observes the manifesto. "Do you still believe that one, two, or three noughts on a piece of paper really make higher wages? To-day, a million marks are not worth even one mark. Fights for wages are senseless to-day, and serve only to deceive."

The Manifesto further declares that the workers will be forced to overthrow Capitalism in order to preserve themselves from starvation.

It urges the destruction of the Capitalist State; and adds that there must not be erected a so-called Workers' Government, in which 12 or more workers' leaders will sit, but that the workers, as a class, must rule as a class.

It urges the destruction of all parliamentary parties, the Trade Unions and legal factory committees, as part of the Capitalist State.

The workers and unemployed are urged to form their own organisations in the factories and workshops, and to begin a systematic war against capitalist economy.

* * *

Karl Radek, in the Third International Press correspondence, explains the Moscow Communist tactics in Germany. These embody a reformist programme, designed for the united front with the left Social Democrats. Says Radek:—

Third International.

"We must be ready to ally ourselves with those members of this class (the petty bourgeoisie), who, without being willing to accept our theory, and clinging to their own ideological forms, are still in actual practice anxious to fight for the same aims as we are fighting for in this period of history."

Mr. Radek may wrap that policy up as he will, but he cannot make it new. It is the old mistaken policy of surrendering educational work and a definite programme in order to attract a large body of supporters, and thus secure a party of the unconverted, because the unconverted are not numerous yet; and the work of conversion is long and arduous. That apparent short cut to success inevitably leads to failure. An organisation will take no action in advance of the ideals of its members.

* * *

The great lack in all the German propaganda which reaches us is direct Communist teaching. Germany is on the verge of an upheaval; yet those who are fighting to secure the overthrow of Capitalism there, apparently do not find it necessary to state what it is they wish to see in place of Capitalism.

What is lacking.

They allow Communism and Socialism to be but names in the ears of the million. No mistake could be greater.

* * *

The complaint is often made that the unemployed are in some cases getting more money than the employed workers. Unfortunately those who make the complaint do not demand a higher standard for the worker who is in-employment, but a still lower standard for the unemployed. The cruelty of their proposals, and the serious growth of malnutrition which is taking place amongst both wage-earners and unemployed, is unconsciously revealed by the appeal for canteens for the unemployed, issued by General Maxwell and Lords Pembroke and Montgomery, and Clarendon. In this appeal it is stated: "Thousands are daily becoming less capable of work owing to malnutrition."

Spread of Malnutrition.

The statement is abundantly true; it leaves the capitalist system without a valid argument in defence of its continuation.

* * *

The dual charge against Joseph Moran, an unemployed speaker at Oldham, was that of "acting in a disorderly manner," and being, under the Vagrancy Act, "an idle and disorderly person."

Vagrancy Act.

The police apparently stopped a meeting by Moran, on the ground that it was likely to cause a breach of the peace. Moran then led a procession through the streets, was arrested and sent to prison for a month's hard labour on the dual charge.

If Moran was disorderly, the charge of acting in a disorderly manner was enough to cover that offence. The charge under the Vagrancy Act is more serious. If the law is to be invoked to punish the unemployed for being idle, things have come to a pretty pass of tyranny and coercion.

We do not knowwhether an appeal has been lodged in this case. Certainly this step should be taken and the lengths to which the Courts are prepared to go in this direction thoroughly tested.

* * *

Mr. Outhwaite's resignation from the Labour Party need not surprise us. It is due to the fact that he has a definite objective in view—the establishment of the single tax. The Labour Party, on the other hand, has no definite objective; but an agglomeration of vague policies and conflicting views, the advocacy of all of which is made to depend on the prospect of securing majorities in the elections. The Labour Party is peculiarly subject to the infirmities of politics.

Mr. Outhwaite resignation.

As to the Single Tax project, to which Mr. Outhwaite has pledged his fealty, it is one of the many schemes for overcoming the evils of the private property system, in which those who cannot bring themselves to contemplate the abolition of the entire system, frequently take refuge. All such expedients are, of course, bound to fail.

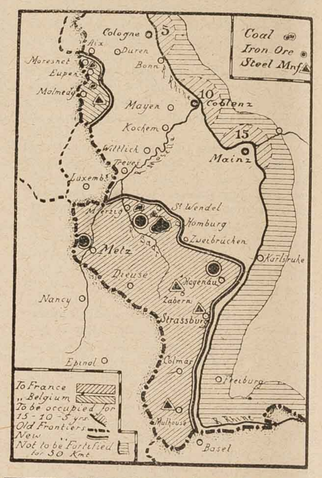
* * *

Lady Mary Murray is appealing for donations to assist 500 or 600 old people of Vienna, who were once well-to-do. One of these was accounted rich, but her weekly income now only suffices to buy a quarter of a pound of margarine. The fall in Austrian money, which has so disastrously affected those who live on fixed incomes and pensions, has been brought about by the Allied capitalist Governments. Were some popular uprising responsible for them, such hardships would be advertised by a great Press campaign of denunciation and exposure.

Austria's Poor Rich.

Those who shrink from the disturbance to private affairs which a change of system might entail, should observe the miseries of Austria and the still greater miseries of Germany.

The Saar Basin.



The Lights of London.

Country Cousin (on a visit): "What's the trouble at the big factory over the way, with all those people about, Tom?"

Tom: "That Lebus's Furniture Factory, where there has been a labour dispute about piecework at starvation rates for the last nine months. The police and pickets are still on the job."

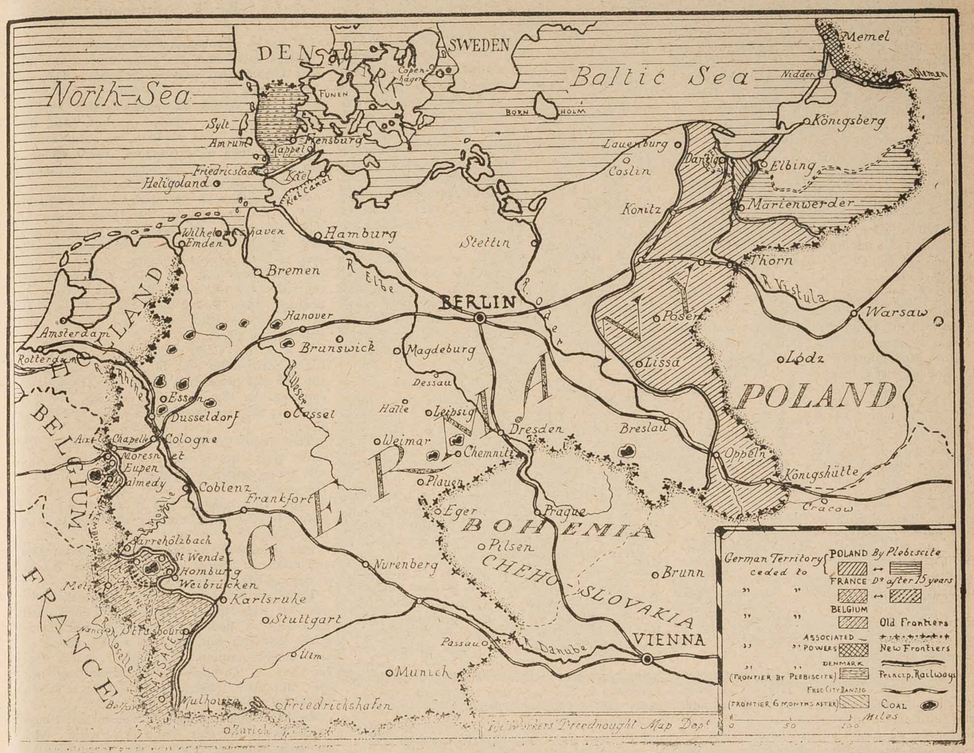
Hodge: "Yes, I see the two coppers at the gate, and they remind me of the undertakers who used to place two silent mutes outside the door when a funeral was about to take place."

Tom: "Oh, indeed. Old Lebus died years ago, but the present management is as dead as he ever was, to all considerations of right and justice that would interfere with their ill-gotten gains. Some of them, when their brief span of life is nearly done, and they are called by Time to go, can say unto themselves, like Richard the Third, when tormented by remorse on the eve of the battle of Bosworth field: 'If I die no soul will pity me.' There have been many serious accidents there since the strike started through inexperienced blacklegs being set to work at the dangerous machinery. In fact, it's like a coffin factory; for the capitalist bosses are also hastening to their doom, and helping to educate the workers, and awakening in them a desire for real freedom, when they will demand their natural rights to own and control collectively their native land, and all the wealth they produce. Better conditions of employment under the wage-system that old-fashioned Trade Union and Labour leaders try to beguile their victims with is an insult to thoughtful men and women, with human sympathies, in an age of reason."

The lords of earth are only great
While others clothe and feed them,
But what were all their pride and state
Should Labour cease to feed them.
—Frazer.

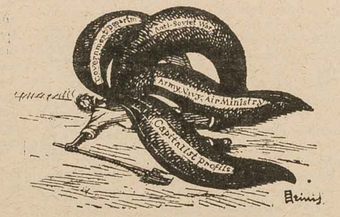
ELIZABETH HARRIS.

How the Versailles Treaty dealt with Germany.



Allies anticipate War with each other.

To a Washington audience composed exclusively of army and navy officers, Mr. Herbert Hoover, the United States Secretary of Commerce, denounced the imperialism of the allied powers, viewed with alarm the programme of the British Labour Party, said there would be no American recognition of Russia for another four or six years, and that the nations in Europe, which defeated Germany, have 3,000,000 men under arms now for use in fighting each other and supported by the taxpayers of the allied countries which America helped to win the war. Confronting this huge military establishment, he said, was the little force of 200,000 soldiers still possessed by the former central empires. It was not, of course, to combat this force that the allies were keeping their 3,000,000 men under arms. They anticipated wars with each other and are feverishly at work forming new alliances and combinations for that purpose.



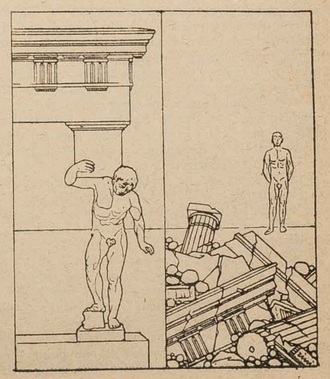
Who is the Savage?

Prior to the New Zealand Government taking over Samoa, a state of primitive tribal communism existed. Property was held in common and each took what he wanted from the common ownership. There was no recognition of the principle of private property in the minds of the natives.

Since the New Zealand Government assumed the League of Nations mandate over Samoa, the institution of flogging the native Samoans convicted of petty thieving has caused bad feeling with the natives.

Leading Samoan chiefs say that their people cannot understand the peculiar capitalist civilisation which places a fence round the foodstuffs that are wanted by the people as a whole. They regard food as common property, and still adhere to the old custom of taking it as they want it, only to find themselves arrested for committing a "crime" and duly flogged.

Under the mandatory system the natives are flogged out of the historic period to which they belong into the capitalist period of the white race, to which they do not belong. The only result of flogging the natives of Samoa into capitalist civilisation is the creation of bitter hatred against the British people.



FRANK PENMAN IN LONDON.

"Returning to the East End after the last 'buses had gone in the small hours of this morning, I was astonished to see quite a large number of taxis going eastward. They were not carrying passengers, and I can only conclude that the drivers were going home," said Tawpuddle.

"Undoubtedly," replied Penman. "When I am trudging home at night, and the taxis go whizzing past me, I always feel how anti-social it is that those cabs should be empty, whilst I am longing for someone to give me a lift. I don't know whether taximen are greater curmudgeons than other people, but it's a curious thing that, often as I have missed the last 'bus I have never been offered a lift."

"A fellow would never get home if he were always on the look out for dreamers like you, who make a habit of missing the 'bus," jerred Dick Barbour.

"Moreover," observed Tawpuddle, "by taking up a passenger who would not pay, the taximan might possibly lose the possibility of carrying a profitable fare. If it became a habit to allow people to ride without charging those who would otherwise be obliged to walk, I am afraid that the number of paying passengers would be sensibly reduced."

"You are right," said Miss Mayence. "That is the worst of it; people have to be so horribly mercenary if they are to keep their heads above water financially under this system. The natural impulse to be helpful gets almost crushed."

"You think, then, the impulse to be helpful is natural?" Tawpuddle queried.

"Of course!" said Miss Mayence. "I had a little instance of it only to-day. I was on the top of the 'bus, but it got so cold and rainy, I thought I would go inside. Just as I stood up the wind whisked off my hat. It whirled away ever so far and lay on the road right in front of a motor van that seemed to be coming along at full speed.

"O dear," I thought, "I shall have to get off the 'bus and I'm already late! But when I looked at the motor I thought: It doesn't look worth getting off; my unfortunate hat will be done for before I can get anywhere near it.

"The 'bus was rocking and jolting, and the wind was dreadful. I was clambering down the steps, when I saw the motor van slow down and a man jump out of it and snatch my hat from before the wheel—just in time. My 'bus happened to stop at that minute to pick up a passenger. The man jumped back on the van and waved to me that he was coming. I asked the conductor not to start too soon, and while he was blustering at me, the motor-van caught us up and the man handed my hat to me as he passed.

"That man took really quite a good deal of trouble to get me my hat, and I didn't even get off the 'bus. If he had been earning his living at rescuing hats, he wouldn't have done it for me without being paid. The taxi-man would be just as willing to give one a lift as that man was to save my hat, if the economic question were left out of it."

"I am not so sure of it," said Tawpuddle. "There was some sport about that affair of the hat, you know. Every Englishman loves sport. To pick up a forlorn pedestrian who has missed his 'bus is a much more humdrum business.

"I can't accept that as an argument against my contention," said Miss Mayence. "As it happens, I can give you a still better incident to prove that it is the economic question that makes a cabman churlish."

"You don't expect us to believe the second story, of course," said Dick Barbour, "since you're making it up to order."

"Indeed I am not," she protested. "It is absolutely true!"

"What is the story?" asked Penman.

"It isn't much of a story. I shan't be able to tell it at all, if people make so much fuss."

"Well get on with it then," said Barbour, "and don't make such a fuss yourself."

"It is only that I lost my last 'bus too last night. I waited about for a bit at one point where I sometimes catch a belated 'bus going back to the garage. I had just decided I should have to walk when a man in a motor road-sweeper called out and asked me if I would like to ride. I said 'No' at first, but when he offered again I accepted, and he took me as far as the boundary of his borough, where he had to turn back—it was nearly to the end of my journey, as a matter of fact.

"The point of the story is that where there was no question of pay at all, the road-sweeper kindly gave me a lift, though perhaps he might be criticised for doing anything so unusual as to take a passenger on the Borough Council road-sweeper. The taxi-man won't do it because every pedestrian is to him a possible customer."

"My dear Miss Mayence," answered Tawpuddle, with a smile, "you forget one little point. Any man would desire to spare a young lady from being obliged to walk home after midnight. Do you suppose our friend Penman, or I, would have been offered a lift as readily as yourself? Certainly not, even a taxi-driver would probably——"

"Oh, no, Mr. Tawpuddle, I assure you I walk home after the 'buses have gone quite often—probably much oftener than you do—but no taxi man has ever offered me a free ride, nor do I expect him to. You have given the economic reason yourself; why should you seek to explain it away?"

Dick Barbour interposed: "I don't see why you people make such a fus about whether you get a ride in a taxi—plenty of worse things than having to do without that, I should say!"

"Of course," answered Penman, "but the fact is that all our relationships are spoilt by the system of payment for services rendered and goods supplied. The system has eaten into people's nature. I'll give you an instance. There was the "Charbourne Pioneer"—rather a bright little paper, and fairly extreme. It did very good work in the district and lots of people thought a great deal of it. Of course, things were left to the few; they always are; but the paper had a good deal of support. It had its own printing press, bought by considerable sacrifice on the part of a group of comrades. When the unemployment slump came, the "Pioneer" was in a precarious state. It would have helped the position tremendously if some of the comrades who were working in the printing trade, and therefore knew how to help efficiently, would have gone along and given their services voluntarily in emergencies; but they wouldn't do it. They could get the assistance of blacksmiths or clothing operatives any time, but not of printers. If you had been running a blacksmith's shop for the movement you might have got the help of printers or shoemakers—not of blacksmiths, even if they were out of work.

When a man has something to sell—his skill, or whatever it is—he won't lose any chance of selling it, even for the sake of a movement he is supposed to believe in."

"Don't be pessimistic," said Miss Mayence. "I know many exceptions to that rule. Moreover, if you want to set a good example, why don't you produce some drawings for the Communist papers and learn to cut your own blocks to save expense?"

"He'd do them more good if he could make them a few Bradburys," said Barbour.

"You shouldn't always let your mind be dwelling upon money. That is not a good way to prepare yourself for the abolition of the private property and wage system. I think you are really a Tory, you know, Comrade Barbour, whatever you call yourself," joked Miss Mayence.

"I'm a class-conscious member of the proletariat."

"You think so, but as a matter of fact you are a devoted adherent of the capitalist system—and you have accepted its ideology as the only possible one."

"Oh, you're an enthusiast; that's what is the matter with you."

"But what can one do without enthusiasm?" she answered naively, "especially when one is trying to get oneself and the other people out of the long-established grooves."

The Unemployed.

By T. Anderson.

(Proletarian Schools.)

Never again shall the great mass of the present Unemployed ever work again. They are "down and out" for all time.

You can devise no scheme which will absorb them. The "trade" is not there, and never will be. The world is too small for the capitalist mode of production; the machine is too productive, and the more backward nations have advanced too well to the front

Slow death and starvation is the inevitable lot of the unemployed man and woman today. Moreover, we have our young people, and, taking Glasgow as an indication of the rest of our glorious Empire, we have 12,000 girls and boys just left school and ninety per cent of them will never find work. They are doomed: down, down, they will go to the abyss of despair, without hope, love or life, and nothing can prevent it.

It is no use voting money for making roads, for digging holes and filling them up again: you are only prolonging the agony. The workers employed on these jobs are derelicts, and they know it; they are the same as paupers, shuffling along.

The "dole" is useful; it helps to keep the slaves quiet; but it also must come down, and will come down; it is only a matter of time. The question will be: How far can it be reduced? That question will be answered in due course by the index number of the man who is working.

Our politicians may endeavour to devise ways and means of finding an outlet, but that is only a ringing of the changes.

There are 672 of them, and no greater farce was ever staged on the ignorance of the human race than of these men trying to cod themselves that you can get a living by taking in each other's washing. No doubt it marks time for them, in the hope that something may turn up. But then it cannot turn up, for it is too far down.

We have some 142 Labour men in that House of See-Saws, and they would plant trees. Why not grow bananas? The one is as feasible as the other. They would tax the rich with a capital levy. Why not double the tax on dogs, or why not impose a tax on cats and canaries, or, better still, why not tax the unemployed, so that they might help to keep themselves? These men are so brainless that they think that taxes, come out of the reserve which the capitalist has stored away for a "rainy day." They do not seem to know that it is trade we want, the capitalist wants; and the capitalist knows he cannot get it, because it is not there.

Your Labour man is a parasite, like the boss; he gets his living by "hot air," and the more he can deliver, the more secure is his job. His job is to counsel the workers to moderation. Just wait, another year will come; trade will revive, and then we will make the boss pay, we will make him pay a living wage to every worker. A living wage is the index figures of the Board of Trade, and during the past 100 years it has never altered for the mass; it has been continually on the poverty line—lower than that of the horse.

The workers are slaves, and that makes all the difference. A living wage for them is "buff" for steak, margarine for butter, ham strings for sausages, a dry chit for his luncheon, and a dog's kennel for a house, with clothes of shoddy, and boots repaired, or otherwise. But your Labour man says the worker votes for his boss and not for him. He is so stupid, they say, that he does what he is told. But then the boss offers him something. It may be only words, but then it is supposed to be something, and that makes all the difference. He promises him work, he tells him of his country, his king and his God; he tells him he feels for him, and that he will do something for him at the earliest possible minute. He adds it is God's will if we have to suffer, and we will all suffer as one great human family, and that the Britishers have never yet been known to surrender. At the first chance he shows his practical sympathy for the worker: he takes a penny off his beer. What more do you want? As to the unemployed, it is now admitted there is no solution. We have all convinced ourselves of that. The problem is: What shall we do with them? We cannot kill them all at once.

Have another war? Good. It is the only hope. Do not turn a blethering sentimentalist and say "No more war." Remember the Unemployed. Remember they are a greater menace to the capitalist order than any war. Will they go?

Certainly.

On then with the war. On then with work for the Unemployed. We have a splendid chance now. Let us wipe out France, she deserves it; she is a low, dirty, cunning dog.

We can do it. No doubt about it. We, the boys of the "Bulldog Breed" can fight, and we will fight if you give us the chance.

In doing so we shall use up the Unemployed. We shall see to it that we kill a few more millions this time, and so balance the Labour market. And after we have beaten France, if that is not enough, let us wipe out America. Let us take the German on our side, and I will lay 100 to 1 that we shall lick the world. And after that, for the next 100 years, there will be no Unemployed.

(We hope our readers will not fail to realise that this is sarcasm.—Editor.)

The Wages Fallacy.

The International Labour Office in Geneva has published statistics regarding the rise and fall of wages between 1914 and 1922 in thirteen countries.

These figures show that the big war wage was largely a myth. They also indicate, though not clearly since the figures stop short before the decline in wages ceased, that real wages are falling lower than they were before the war; that is, wages considered in relation to what the wages will buy.

The figures doubtless exaggerate the fall in prices assumed to have taken place since the war. Moreover, of course, they fail to indicate the proportion of workers on short time and the circumstances that where there would normally be several bread-winners in a family, only a part of them may be employed. More than any increase in real wages during the war, the fact that partial employment became full employment and that all the possible bread-winners in the family obtained work, tended to raise the families above the poverty line during the war. Since there is more unemployment and partial employment now than in 1914, the family incomes are depressed to a larger extent than the tables show.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Index numbers of real wages:

	1914 July	1920 June	1921 June	1922 Sept.
Building—				
Bricklayers	100	96	105	99
Painters	100	104	118	111
Labourers	100	125	137	111
Engineering—				
Fitters and turners	100	91	105	83
Labourers	100	123	141	99
Shipbuilding—				
Shipwrights	100	88	94	80
Shipjoiners	100	102	108	85
Labourers	100	122	128	98
Road Transport—				
Tram drivers	100	95	109	—
One-horse carters	100	101	118	123
Printing—				
Hand compositors	100	98	120	127
Bookbinders, etc.	100	102	126	134
Furniture making—				
Cabinet makers	100	—	—	110
Upholsterers	100	—	—	112
Baking—				
Table hands	100	—	—	128

(We shall give figures relating to other countries next week.)

Unemployed Workers Organisation.

With the collapse of the dock strike, we are optimistic enough to expect some movement and activity from the men who, during the strike, were strikers, and who, now no strike exists, are unemployed.

We of the U.W.O. are not ashamed, nor do we apologise, for being unemployed. We realise that we, along with the vast mass of unemployed people, are unemployed through no fault of our own, and that, owing to the peculiar constitution of this society, the greater portion of us will never be employed again. Realising these things, the U.W.O. calls for the united action of the whole of the working class for the abolition of this wage-system.

Of course we are fully aware that this fight for freedom and emancipation is an enormous proposition, and we must have the co-operation of the whole of the working class if we are to be successful. Men when unemployed must not be ashamed of the fact, but should strive to better their conditions, and the first step should be to join their local unemployed branch and begin to do some active work for the benefit of all. When we get unemployed men ashamed of it being known that they are unemployed, and also condemning the actions and existence of unemployed organisations, we cannot expect the working class to gain any victories or concessions in any strike or lock-out.

Bow Branch of this organisation seems to have been very active during the past week or so. The membership has increased by eighty during the last ten days.

Edmonton Unemployed have adopted the rules and constitution of the organisation and are endeavouring to set up an area council.

Millwall Branch reports that everything is going on satisfactorily and a large number of members are being enrolled.

Poplar is holding its usual meetings, indoor and outdoor, meeting with success.

Committees and comrades who are interested in the development of this fighting working-class organisation should apply to the Area Secretary, U.W.O., Town Hall, Poplar.

Send for a copy of our rules and manifesto. The success of this organisation is due to the determined efforts and comradeship of the members concerned, which is the spirit we wish to see and must have for any organisation to be successful. Comrades should endeavour to set up a branch for the Unemployed in their locality, and every assistance is assured by this organisation.

J. T. BELLAMY,
Area Organiser.

Dear Editor,

I was glad to see two men and two women members of the U.W.O. outside the Guardians' Offices enrolling new members. I hope the organisation will grow and that the Unemployed will not allow their children to go through the winter without good boots and overcoats.

There is plenty of everything in England, and no need for all this starvation.

There would be still more of all necessaries if men were not out of work and so many idle people kept in luxury by the workers who produce the necessaries of life.

The employers tried to cut the wages down and the dockers struck, then the employers complained that the strikers got more money in relief than they would have got if they stayed at work.

I say good luck to them: so they should.

M. PARKER, Old Ford.

The End of the Dock Strike-

The dock strike has come to an end, fellow w orkers. The dockers are beaten; they have gone back to accept the wage reduction they struck against.

The result was a foregone conclusion, so soon as the London dockers were left in the lurch by the dockers of other ports.

Even had all the ports been solid, the strike must have meant, at best, a long drawn out and very doubtful struggle, fellow worker, unless the dockers could secure the sympathetic action of the railwaymen and the various other transpoort workers.

The dockers are beaten; they have been forced to accept the reduced wage. It means more hardship in the homes of the dockers, fellow worker; more malnutrition. There will be more cases of the great poverty scourge, tuberculosis, amongst the dockers and their families; more of the great children's poverty plague, rickets.

Out of the strike arose a revolt of the dockers against the Union that would not help them; and out of the revolt against the Union, a new Union has grown.

It is a pity, fellow worker, that the dockers have failed to learn the lesson which the Trade Union failure should have taught them.

The real lesson is that what the dockers need, what all workers need, is an all-workers' union of workshop councils.

So much for the lesson to be learnt from the Trade Union failure, fellow worker; what then of the lesson to be learnt from the strike and its defeat?

That lesson is that the workers must bend their efforts to a change of system.

There is very little chance in the present state of trade of winning any strike, unless the workers put forth a great united effort, so strong as to challenge the very existence of the capitalist system.

To make such an effort merely to prevent the deduction of a shilling a day is rather like taking a sledge-hammer to kill a fly when thousands more flies are buzzing about a decaying carcass. To bury the carcass and go to the root of the evil is the wiser course to follow.

Moreover, fellow worker, the quest for higher wages; the old quest that has continued since wagery began, is like the labour of the convict on the treadmill—it takes us no further.

A "Manchester Guardian" correspondent, writing of course from the capitalist standpoint, says, of the position in the Ruhr:

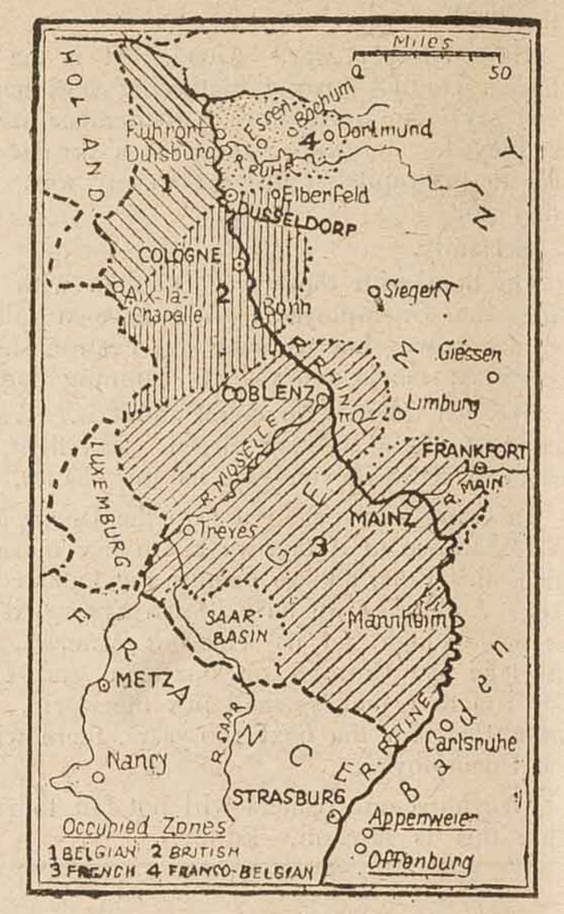
> "Steady workers who nine months ago would have classed a Communist with a crystal-gazer, are now too weak to offer opposition to dangerous facile argumentations."

What does it mean fellow worker? It means that the German worker, under the pressure of circumstances, has begun to realise that Communism offers him the only means of escape from economic destruction.

That lesson will be learn in this country also, fellow worker.

"The Searchlight."

Allied Occupation of Germany under the Treaty.



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Published by E. Sylvia Pankhurst, at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4, and printed by the Agenda Press, Ltd. (T.U.), at 10 Wine Office Court, London, E.C. 4.