

# SOVIETS CONFISCATE PART OF WORKERS' WAGES

## QUARTER OF THEIR PAY STOPPED

Forced Loan Imposed On Employees To Help The Bitter Cry From The Oppressed

### "THEY TOOK MY BREAD AWAY"

Forced loans which reduce the workers' wages are revealed by Mr. Gareth Jones to-day in the story of his wanderings through Russia among the working people. A Communist confesses to the confiscation of a quarter of the monthly pay; a trader tells how he is being hounded from the towns; a

political envoy of Russia's ruling caste boasts of his power over the masses; a peasant who travelled far to buy bread tells how it was taken from him. Mr. Gareth Jones, until recently Mr. Lloyd George's foreign adviser, has just returned from Russia, a country he has known for years.

### HOUNDED FROM THE TOWNS

By GARETH JONES.

"DO not go into the villages," I was told in a certain Embassy. "The peasants are starving, and will steal anything they can get hold of."

Disregarding this warning, I piled my rucksack with many leaves of white bread, with butter, cheese, meat and chocolate which I had bought with foreign currency at the Torgsin stores.

I arrived at the station in Moscow from which the trains leave for the south, picked my way through the dirty peasants lying sleeping on the floor, and in a few minutes found myself in the "hard class compartment of the slowest train which leaves Moscow for

Shanghai. To see Russia one must travel "hard class," and go by a slow train. Those tourists who travel "soft class," and by express trains, get only a heating

impression, and do not see the real Russia. The compartment filled slowly. Peasants with sacks full of bread came in.

An energetic man, who looked well nourished and wore a leather cap and a leather jacket, came and sat opposite me. Then the train gave a jolt, and we set off on our day's journey towards the Ukraine.

The types in that train throw light on the Russia of 1933.

**"RUTHLESS" SCOTLAND YARD**

There is first the Communist Party member who sits opposite me, and who maintains that in England every Communist is starving to death as a prisoner in the Tower of London.

He thinks that Scotland-yard has as firm a grip over English life as the OGPU has in Russia. "Scotland-yard is all powerful," he says, "and is ruthlessly crushing the English working class. But Scotland-yard will not be able to stop the upsurge of revolutionary forces for long. The revolution will come there, and



WHAT LIFE IS LIKE IN RUSSIA TODAY.—Hungry workers who have had no food are seen crowding round one of the Moscow restaurants which cater for visitors paying in foreign currencies. The Russians hang round, sniffing the food and hoping for bits. The photograph on the right shows one of the many homeless, half-starved and bare-foot beggar children who wander through Russia. He is being handed over to a policeman by a woman passer-by.

## THE RULING CLASS WARNS THE REST OF RUSSIA

"WE SHALL SHOW THE PEASANTS —"

then you must have a Cheka as ruthless as ours.

"Freedom, indeed!" he exclaims. "You have only freedom to chatter."

"But, suppose you organised a military force to fight against the King, would you be allowed to do so? Certainly not. That is a proof that you have no freedom!"

Two Russians listen intently to our conversation, but they do not say a single word. It is not safe for a Russian to argue in front of a Communist Party member.

**LITTLE TRAGEDIES**

Not far away sits a peasant who stares with glassy eyes at the floor. He has a small sack to which he clings. He mutters to me:

"I went to the town for bread and I bought bread, but they took my bread away from me."

He repeats several times: "They took my bread away from me, and I shall not have bread for my family in the village where they are expecting bread. I have only a few potatoes."

That is one of the many little tragedies so frequent in Russia. In a village in the Ukraine they are waiting for the peasant to return from the town—but he will come breadless.

Another type in the train is the disinherited young Communist. We stand alone in the corridor and

look out at the vast expanse of snow covering the Russian countryside.

"A lot of us young Communists," he says, "are getting dissatisfied because we have no bread. I have had none for a week, although I work in a town—only potatoes."

"I only get sixty roubles a month, but by the time they have taken a lot away I only get about forty to fifty. How can I live?"

"What do you mean when you say they take part of your wages away from you?" I ask him.

He gets angry. "Don't you know that we are forced to give up part of our wages for loans? What do I want to subscribe to the Five Year Plan in Four or Five Years for? But they take it away at the source. And that's not the only thing either. They docked lots of things."

The young Communist looks worried, and goes on: "When I left my mother and two sisters a couple of days ago they only had two glasses of flour left."

"My brother died of hunger. No wonder we young Communists cannot help feeling sick at things."

**DEPRIVED OF ALL RIGHTS**

As I stand in the corridor and look out at the wooden huts covered with snow and at the silvery birches, a swartly man, a Jew or Armenian, enters into conversation with me.

He has a row of gold teeth. "Going to the Ukraine?" he asks. I do not answer.

"So am I. I have been thrown out of Leningrad. And now they'll throw me out of Kharkoff, I expect. It's a dog's life."

"Why were you thrown out?" I ask.

"Well, they would not give me a passport in Leningrad. They said I was one of the seam and the sooner I got out the better."

"You see, I am a private trader. I sell things in the streets and because of that, they deprived me of all my rights."

"And you should have seen the taxes they made me pay. What will happen to me in the future I do not know. It's better not to think of it."

At that moment a Red Army soldier comes along, carrying a number of lottery tickets. He approaches each man and shows him a declaration in his handwriting which runs as follows: "We workers of the first coach of this train challenge you in the fifth coach to a Socialist competition for the sale of lottery tickets for the Defence Society."

"Somebody has written underneath, 'We in the fifth coach accept your Socialist treaty 100 p.c.'"

**"WE WILL SMASH THEM"**

Each man in the coach paid one rouble for a lottery ticket and he will win if he wins to a motor-car or a tractor or a journey of an anti-poison gas costume.

"Why are you buying that ticket for a rouble when you only earn sixty roubles a month?" I asked the young Communist later.

"Well, I suppose I've got to," he replies.

A dominating man in a khaki coat then talks with me. At the first glance one can tell that he is a party member, for most Communists in Russia have a stamp of vigor and ruthlessness which marks them as the ruling class.

He tells me that he is a member of the Politogel (the Political Department), and I prick up my ears, for the Political Department is that detachment of many thousands of Communists who have been sent to the villages to make a violent drive to force the peasants to work.

He looks ruthless and cruel.

"We are semi-military," he says. "We'll smash the kulak (the peasant who was formerly better off and we'll smash all opposition."

He clenches his fist. "We are practically all men who served in the civil

war. I was in the cavalry in the finest regiment.

"We who are now going into the villages are the chosen ones, the strongest, and we are all workers, mainly from the factories. We shall show the peasants what strict control means."

This man is typical of the spirit in which the villages are to be tackled. He will not hesitate at shooting. He is filled with the doctrine of class warfare in the villages, and he is determined to carry out what he considers to be a holy war against all those who are against the Communist collective farms.

**"DESPERATE"**

In every little station the train stops, and during one of these halts a man comes up to me and whispers to me in German: "Tell them in England that we are starving, and that we are getting swollen."

A little later I decide to leave the train and make my way into the villages. I pull my rucksack over my back.

The young Communist says to me: "Be careful. The Ukrainians are desperate."

But I get out of the train, which rattles on to Kharkoff, leaving me alone in the snow.

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## They All Had The Same Birthday

AND JUST THE SAME THING TO SAY

By DENIS DUNN.

IT was April 4. "I know you are a reporter," grinned the professional astrologer, "and you don't agree black is black until you see it in print, do you?"

No.

"But, joking apart," said the astrologer, "it's a curious thing that so many notabilities should have their birthdays to-day. You have the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Derby, the Earl of Caithness, Earl Winterton, Viscount Wolverhampton, Lord Loch, Lord Joicey, Lord Dudley, Sir Charles Ross, Sir Thomas Leigh Hare, Sir Lovelace Stamer, Sir Percy Newson, and Sir William Sausby."

"Meaning what?"

"Just this," said the professional astrologer, who is Sam to me. "It is a good omen for trade and business. The older blokes can look forward to a good year. It will be a year of bustle and activity for them. The staid married ones should look out for a sudden domestic squall. But the differences are not insular."

**ARDUOUS INQUIRY**

I called up my aides. After four hours of arduous inquiry I am able to give you the reaction of the warned ones to the warning.

The Duke of Beaufort had nothing to say. Earl Derby had nothing to say. The Earl of Caithness had nothing to say.

Viscount Wolverhampton had nothing to say.

Lord Loch had nothing to say. Lord Joicey had nothing to say. Lord Dudley had nothing to say.

Sir Thomas Leigh Hare, Sir Charles Ross, Sir Lovelace Stamer, Sir Percy Newson, or Sir William Sausby.

"Lumme," said the tame astrologer. Let them eat their little birthday cakes in peace.

The Duke of Beaufort lit thirty-three candles. Earl Derby lit sixty-eight candles. The Earl of Caithness lit seventy-one candles.

Earl Winterton lit fifty candles. Viscount Wolverhampton lit sixty-three candles. Lord Loch lit sixty.

Lord Joicey lit eighty-seven (with a bar). Lord Dudley lit sixty-one.

Sir Charles Ross lit . . . see Lord Dudley. Sir Thomas Leigh Hare and Lovelace Stamer lit seventy-four each.

Sir Percy Newson lit fifty-nine candles. Sir William Sausby lit eighty-two candles.

And we all danced round the House of Lords, the House of Lords, the House of Lords, and we all danced round the House of LORDS—healthy and happy as we are.



## MR. BOTTOMLEY'S PENSION

OBJECTIONS RAISED BY OFFICER

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

There is something funny going on about this pension of mine, and if I did not know that the members of the pension committee are men of absolute impartiality and fair-mindedness, I should be almost tempted to think I was not wanted in the pensions list.

Let me tell the story: Nearly three weeks ago I sent in my application, with all the forms filled up to the best of my ability, and I subsequently received a visit from the pensions officer.

Accordingly, I have been expecting daily to hear that the pension had been granted, but now comes an invitation to meet the pensions committee on Friday to deal with certain objections which the pensions officer has raised.

For instance, because some good friends looked after me during a year of very critical illness, several months of which were spent in hospital, it is suggested that I ought to be charged £250 as part of my "means" for the year.

Nothing is said about doctors, nurses, and chemists' bills.

Of course, if the £250 were to stand as part of my "means" that would make me outside the scope of the pension figures.

It is next said that I received certain presents to the value of £50, and this, too, is part of my "means." What the presents were and what has become of them I shall doubtless learn from the committee. At present I am quite in the dark.



Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

"SEND me a new photograph of Sybil," wrote Daddy who has been in India for three whole years. So Sybil was photographed and here is the result. It isn't difficult to imagine what Daddy's thoughts will be when he sees it. "How she has grown," he'll exclaim. "More like her mother every year." And his mind's eye will fill in those things that no photograph can show—the rich chestnut of Sybil's hair, the deep brown of her eyes—the smooth, rich colouring of her complexion. He'll remember that very well—remember how proud he used to feel when people commented on it. He would be even more proud if he could see Sybil now, for her skin has lost none of its loveliness. Today, as in her nursery days, Sybil uses Pears. And today, as surely as then, Pears, the pure soap, and clear water are preparing her to be a beautiful lady.

# PEARS

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ONLY 6<sup>d</sup> A CAKE  
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The delightful Easter Egg, containing dainty bottle of Perfume, 1/6

# BOURJOIS

## MRS. BARNEY FINED

TO PAY DAMAGES FOR COUNTESS' INJURIES

"Daily Express" Correspondent, GRASSE (France), Tuesday, April 4.

Mrs. Elvira Barney was fined 100 francs (about 23s.) for careless driving and ordered to pay 10,000 francs (about £115) by the Correctional Tribunal here to-day as provisional payment for damages as the result of the motoring accident at Cannes last July, in which Countess Karolyi was injured.

In addition Mrs. Barney, who was not represented in court, was ordered to pay costs, which will probably amount to £10 10s.

The court stated that judgment on the remainder of the claim will be reserved until a Paris specialist has made a further medical examination of Countess Karolyi's injuries.

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