THE WORKERS'

DREADNOUGHT

For International Socialism.

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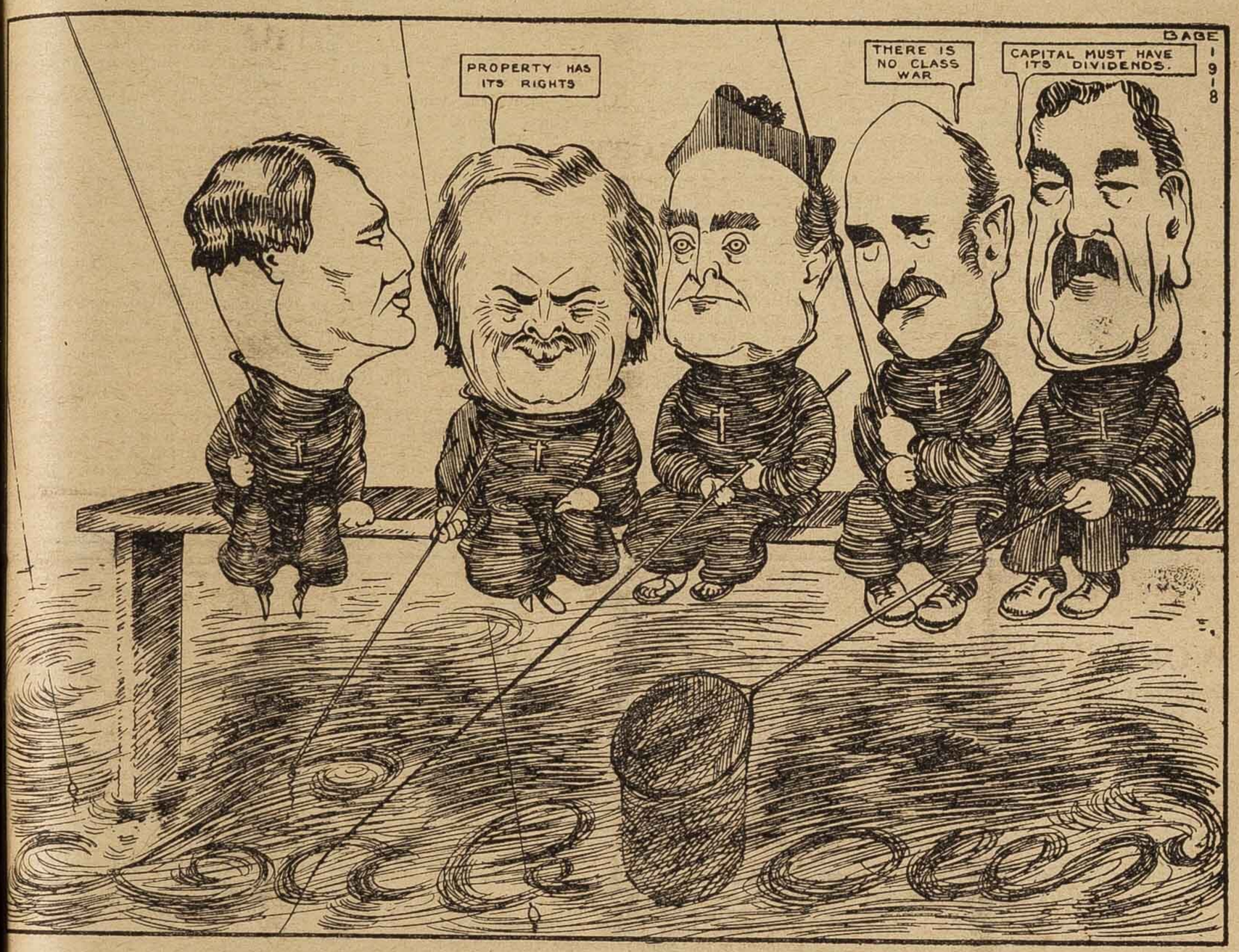

THE ELECTION.

OUR SOLDIERS IN RUSSIA.

The Manchester Guardian of November 29th lishes the following article as a leader :—

"We have a British army killing Russian sants and Russian workmen in the Arctic, British troops engaged in the same occupa- in Siberia. The cold is so bitter, the corre- dents tell us, that the water-cooling chambers e in the machine-guns. Our men, pre- ably, have to keep their blood warm by the sciousness that they are suffering in a good se. What that cause is they have never told by the Government that sends them reeze and die. They have to gather its nature what goes on about them. This is what see. At Archangel shortly after they arrived they saw the Government which was supposed to have invited them and to give Allied intervention its democratic certificate suddenly interned by some soldiers. In Siberia they have just seen some officers arrest the Prime Minister, overthrow the Government, and make an Admiral Koltchak, a notorious reactionary, Dictator. A court-martial has solemnly pronounced that these officers have deserved well of their country. We are not told what impression these events make upon our own soldiers, but we know the opinion of the Czechs. They say, so *The Times* correspondent tells us, that they are being made the tools of the enemies of democracy in Russia. Doubtless our own men think the same. And they are right. Our blood and our money are being poured out in Russia to help in the restoration of the evil system which the Revolution overthrew. Whatever we may have intended, that is what we are in effect doing. How long is this thing to go on ?"

Foreseeing that this would be the plight of the unfortunate British soldiers in the arctic cold of Northern Russia during the coming winter, we published on August 10th an account of similar trials which befell Napoleon's army in Russia, and which caused him to lose two-thirds of his effectives in ten weeks, at the time when he was at the height of his military successes.

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG, By James Stewart.

IV.—A SIMPLE LESSON.

"*Unity is Strength.*"

Let us illustrate this by a simple little story: A father had a family of sons who were always quarrelling amongst themselves. Time after time he tried to get them to work and unite together. His appeal failed, so he determined to give them a practical illustration of the evils of disunion. One day he told his sons to bring him a bundle of sticks. When they had done this he placed the bundle in the hands of each of his sons and ordered them to break it. They tried with all their strength but the bundle was too strong and they were unable to do so. He then unloosed the bundle, and, taking the sticks one by one, placed them in the hands of his sons, who broke them quite easily. He then addressed them in these words: "My sons, if you are of one mind and unite to assist each other, you will be as this bundle, uninjured by all the attempts of your enemies; but if you are divided among yourselves you will be broken as easily as these sticks."

This story taken from Æsop's Fables will teach you in a simple way the value of unity. Tell it to the other workers. It will put their own position in a nutshell. But having come to the conclusion that unity is strength you will find a curious state of affairs, which you must do your best to alter.

ABOUT UNIONS.

"*Industrially organised workers will abolish poverty, unemployment, and wage slavery.*"

In the industry where you are working you will find different unions represented. Those different unions will be striving to improve the condition of their members, and here we want to point out to you young workers, the need for a closer unity amongst the unions themselves. Just as you see the necessity for joining the union to improve your lot as an individual worker, so you will recognise the necessity of gaining strength for your union by a closer unity with other unions. You will have to work inside your union, not only for a closer unity; but for a unity that will embrace all the workers in the industry in which you are engaged. Read again the story from Æsop's fables, and apply it to the different unions. Now work for that time when one union will embrace the whole industry, and when the workers will be in a position to present to the master-class a united front.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Come sharpen your wits, for our tongues are our swords,
To fight all our foes, whether commons or lords,
Our tongues shall speak truly, whatever the cost,
And when clean are the weapons, no fight can be lost.

To give you a practical illustration of disunity amongst the workers, we will go into some great works, say, a shipyard, where thousands of workers are busy toiling from early morning till late night. Those workers are gathered together in one establishment, all working for one master or company, and all employed in making one thing—a ship. If ever a place was ready for unity this surely is the place, but such is not the case. In the wood-working department we find many trades and no unity. The cabinet-maker is quarrelling with the joiner, the joiner quarrelling with the shipwright, and the shipwright quarrelling with some other trade. In the engine room we find the same discord. The engineer, the plumber, the coppersmith, are all at loggerheads as to who shall do this or that piece of work, and who shall not. In all departments this squabbling goes on, and this disunity amongst the workers is the reason why the working class is defeated every time by the masters. Whenever you enter an industry, whether shipyard, mine, or mill, it will be your duty to organise your fellow-workers in that industry as a class and to look after their interests from a working-class standpoint.

WORKSHOP NOTES: By W. F. WATSON.

THE HOLBORN EMPIRE MEETING.

About 1,500 workers assembled at Holborn Empire on Sunday, which, considering the counter-attraction of the Albert Hall Meeting, was exceptionally good. It was a good audience, and by the manner in which the Russian resolution was received clearly shows that the workers are awakening and mean business.

The following are the resolutions that were adopted, together with names of proposers and seconders:—

RESOLUTION.

That this meeting of Workers demands the immediate repeal of the Defence of the Realm Act and Conscription, and we request the N.A.C. of the Workers' Committee to take the necessary steps to organise the Industrial Forces of the country to give effect to the resolution. We realise that the slowness with which demobilisation is being carried out, clearly indicates the intention of the Government to maintain a large standing army in reserve, and we therefore demand that discharges shall be carried out as quickly as the means of transport will permit.

Moved by Percy W. Davies.
Seconded by Matt. Horsburgh.

RESOLUTION.

That this mass meeting, whilst appreciating the efforts made to increase wages and reduce hours, is convinced of the futility of tinkering with the vile wage system, and declares its intention of working for the complete abolition of that system and the substitution of such a system as will ensure to everyone the very highest standard of life.

Moved by Miriam Price.
Seconded by J. E. Mills.

RESOLUTION.

That we, London Workers assembled in mass meeting, view with fierce indignation the appalling sacrifice of the members of our class involved in the continued campaign against the Russian Socialist Republic by the International Capitalists, and we demand the immediate withdrawal of the Allied Forces from that country.

To enable us to give effect to this we request the London Workers Committee to get into immediate touch with the N.A.C. of the Workers' Committee, all other shops and workers' committee not affiliated thereto and all Socialist and Labour organisations, with a view to organising a National General Strike to compel the governing class to cease violating Russia.

We further warn the Government that, unless they cease their policy of deporting Russians resident in this country, similar steps will be taken.

Moved by David Ramsay.
Seconded by W. F. Watson.

A letter had been received from the Women's International Socialist Council (Swedish section) containing fraternal greetings and expressing gratification at the action of the Allied Powers in deciding to feed the German people. A resolution was adopted reciprocating fraternal greetings and protesting against the Allied Powers using their control over the food supply to prevent the development of the German Revolution.

It was a splendid meeting and augurs well for the future of the Working Class Movement.

TRADE UNION TYRANNY!!

A.S.E. MEN TAKE NOTE!!!

The following correspondence has been sent to me, and I commend it to the notice of all members of the A.S.E. It is an absolute scandal. Is it not sufficient that these men who have dared have been brutally treated by the authorities that their trade union employers shall still further victimise them? Get busy in your branches, boys:—

HALL 6—98,
THE SETTLEMENT,
PRINCETOWN, S. DEVON,
November 28th, 1918.

DEAR COMRADE WATSON,—We are enclosing letters for your perusal, with reference to our application for reinstatement at the A.S.E., which I will thank you to return.

After J. H. Thomas's advice, and the recent resolution of the Labour Conference we think playing the capitalist game for Mr. Young to penalise us for being class conscious.

His decision will affect four men, viz.: A. J. Gillian, Absolutist, over 18 months in prison; E. Jope, Absolutist, over 2 years in prison; P. J. Berwick, over 2 years in prison; and H. G. Scheine and W. J. Bardle, over 2 years in prison.

We are afraid it will be very difficult for us to obtain work when the soldiers are discharged, for we have both had the new scheme over months and have been unable to find suitable work in spite of the shortage of labour.

The letters dated July 15th and 16th are in reference to our application for work under the new scheme. We shall be pleased to hear what you think about the matter.

By the way if you know of anything suitable that is likely to be of any use, we should be favoured if you will put us in touch. We are willing to undertake anything so long as the money is reasonable.—We are, Yours fraternally,

P. J. BERWICK,
W. J. BARDLE.

———

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS,
11, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
November 18th, 1918.

DEAR MR. BERWICK,—With reference to your of September 27th, I have to inform you that I have heard nothing definite from Mr. Young, but I hope to write you further shortly.—Yours fraternally,

FRED. HUGHES,
Assistant-General Secretary.

———

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS,
1, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
November 25th, 1918.

DEAR MR. BERWICK,—In continuation of my letter of the 18th inst., I am sorry to learn from Mr. Young that the pledge which his Executive Council gave, that all those who enlisted should be re-instated, does not apply to Conscientious Objectors.

In regard to these, they will be taken back if there are vacancies after all those in the Army have come back.

If there is anything we can do to assist you when you are released, you may be assured we shall be only too pleased to do so.—Yours fraternally,

HERBERT H. ELVIN,
General Secretary.

———

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS,
110, PECKHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.E.
July 17th, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 19th ult. together with others of similar character were placed before Mr. Young, General Secretary, and I am instructed to inform you that there is no reply at the present juncture.—Yours faithfully,

GEO. W. CUMMINGS,
Assistant-General Secretary.

MR. P. J. BERWICK.

———

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS,
110, PECKHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.E.
July 15th, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your note dated 13th inst., your letter of the 19th ult. was, together with several others of a similar character, placed before Mr. Young, our General Secretary, and I am instructed that at the present juncture there is no reply to be made to same.—Yours faithfully,

p.p. ROBERT YOUNG,
General Secretary.
(C. A. B.)

MR. W. J. BARDLE.

WHAT'S THE GAME?

We have information that when some of the men in mechanical units are transfered to the shop they are told the transfer is for six weeks only. In one case the man was told he would be able to get his release extended at the end of six weeks. This is strange, seeing the war for freedom has been won by the "lovers of freedom"!

Why do they wish to keep these men? We must demand their discharge not demobilisation.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

Peter Kropotkin is *not* arrested. A rumour, it could not be traced to its origin, had gone round that Peter Kropotkin, the well-known literary anarchist, for many years a resident in London and Brighton, had been arrested by the Bolsheviki and kept in close confinement in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul. But in the Parisian daily *La Bataille* Com. Georges Durupt writes on November 26th: "I gather from a trustworthy source that Kropotkin, after having been watched for about three weeks, is at present enjoying full liberty in Tcharkov." For many months there has not been a single socialist or revolutionist prisoner in Soviet Russia. The only political prisoners" still detained are bourgeois who have plotted against the Russian Soviet Republic.

———

The *Populaire* of Paris has received information that Kerensky is expected shortly to arrive in Constantinople. Whilst publishing this wire with reserve" the said French paper asks: Why is Kerensky going to Constantinople? To re-enter Russia under the protection of the Allies?

———

OUR SPANISH COMRADES.

Nuestra Palabra (Our Word) gives the report of a mass-meeting held in Madrid at the People's Hall to commemorate the first anniversary of the Russian Socialist Revolution. A resolution was passed sending greetings to Liebknecht; protesting against the campaign of calumny by the capitalist press against the Russian Revolution, and declaring: "That the workers of Madrid are fully convinced that the Spanish monarchy is an unsurpassable obstacle to the progress and development of the nation, and that they will try by all means at their disposal to set up a régime more in harmony with modern conditions, in which the exploitation of man by man shall be abolished and the workers shall obtain full satisfaction for their aspirations."

Count Romanones is greatly enraged against the Bolsheviki, that is to say against the Socialists. His paper *El Parlamentario* has just started a campaign against them. *A.B.C.*, the illustrated daily denounced by Lord Northcliffe as being supplied with funds from the German Embassy in Spain, has joined in the chorus of the Anti-Bolshevik Spanish press.

———

The Russian so-called Socialists, Axelrod, Roussanov and Soukhomline, have arrived in Paris from London, with passports of the Allied Governments, of course, on a tour of Propaganda on the Continent against Bolshevism. They complained to the French Socialist Parliamentary group of acts of violence by the Bolsheviki and demanded that a committee of inquiry should be sent to Russia by the "International" to examine facts on the spot. If by the "International" is meant the Allied Socialist bodies, it is rather difficult to understand how such a commission could be impartial, for in *The Manchester Guardian* of November 18th Camille Huysmans, the Secretary of the International Socialist Bureau published a violent attack on Lenin. A few days after that Huysmans, who had been several times previously "held up" and not allowed to cross over to France by the action of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, was permitted to sail, openly and undisturbed!

At any rate, the Soviet Government has nominated a Commission to visit the various countries, and invited all Socialists to go to Russia to discover the truth for themselves. Will the Allied Governments allow such a Commission to come to England, and will England give passports to Socialists of various tendencies to go to Russia?

It is interesting to note that the head of the Soviet Commission is Angela Balabanov, a Russian lady who during her former stay in Italy, was for many years on the Executive of the Italian Socialist Party.

Roussanov & Co., in their communications to the French Socialists, laid stress on the massacre at Yaroslav. Now the truth has been brought to light by the correspondent of the *Figaro*, a conservative of the first water, M. René Marchand.

In the month of July last, taking advantage of the prevailing famine in that town, on the river Volga, the Social Revolutionaries (the "Essers," as they called for short) caused a rising of the White Guard against the Soviet Government. The Red Guard—sent by the Soviets—advanced to restore order, but, before firing sent five delegates, under a white flag to negotiate, and avoid bloodshed. Amongst these was Stoutcho, a comrade well known in Russia, and a specialist on agrarian questions.

These unarmed delegates, as soon as they entered the town were taken and shot forthwith. All discussion being thus useless, the Red Guard attacked the White Guards who were well armed with artillery and Maxim guns. The several thousand deaths that occurred, on both sides, cannot logically be attributed to the Bolsheviki.

Com. Longuet, Deputy of the Seine, was able to put this version of the facts before Roussanov, Axelrod and Soukhomline and they could not contradict him.

It is also interesting to remember that on the occasion of the centenary of Karl Marx last May 5th, the Soviet Government declared a general amnesty for political prisoners, and another followed, for recent arrests, on Nov. 7th, the anniversary of the establishment of the Soviet Government.

Jean Longuet was also able to point out to Roussanov & Co. that the terrorist agitation which destroyed bridges, blasted railways, and destroyed stores of food, had been organised abroad, with foreign money.

This agitation culminated in the attempt on the life of Lenin, and in the assassination of Soviet Commissary Uritzky, who until recently had been a Menshevik, and was, at one time, a close personal friend of Axelrod.

THE S.L.P. CANDIDATES.

THE BRITISH BOLSHEVIKS AND THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

Our personal attitude towards the impending election is almost dispassionate, since, as far as the workers' interests are concerned, we regard the parliamentary machine as practically obsolete. Similar, if we are not mistaken, has for some time been the attitude of the WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT. But the paper has not waged a "don't vote" campaign, and will, we doubt not, advise its readers, without wasting too much time and energy upon the ephemeralities of the election, to vote Labour when they live in a constituency where such a vote is possible. Since the parliamentary machine exists, and should therefore be used for whatever it is worth, the advice may be given with much more confidence as regards constituencies where left-wing socialists are running upon an unambiguous platform. Candidates of this type are the three put forward by the Socialist Labour Party.

In the Halifax division, Arthur MacManus, one of the Clyde deportees, is in the field against Whitley and Whitleyism.

In the Gorton division of Manchester, J. T. Murphy, of the Sheffield Workers' Committee, is running against John Hodge, Minister for Pensions. Apart from the general platform, Murphy's line is naturally a perpetual protest against Hodgism, as represented in the governmental treatment of soldiers, sailors, and their dependants in the matter of pensions and allowances.

In the Ince division of Wigan there has, within the last two or three days, been a yet more interesting development. Stephen Walsh has refused to bind himself to acceptance of the Labour Party constitution, and the left wing has put forward William Paul of Glasgow (author of "The State)" on the S.L.P. Platform. The Wigan branch of the N.U.R. is supporting Paul's candidature. *The Morning Post* last week, in its alarmist articles on 'Bolshevism in Great Britain, devoted a considerable amount of space to a description of the sinister activities of MacManus, Murphy, and Paul. The last-named was recently described from a Hyde Park platform as "the most dangerous man in Great Britain." He certainly is one of the most dangerous—to capitalism; so are they all, all dangerous men, these S.L.P. candidates. As such, we wish them hearty success in their parliamentary campaign.

William Paul"s opponent is a less notable personality than are Whitley and Hodge. Whitley definitely embodies intelligent capitalism attempting to persuade the workers to accept the shadow for the substance. Hodge is typical of the successful "labour leader" who has made peace with Capitalism. Stephen Walsh is the irresponsible Labourite; the candidate who refuses to be "pledge-bound"; the man who will give the workers, not what they want, but what he thinks good for them. But the S.L.P. runs its candidates to the martial music of the class war. The aim of the S.L.P., which summarises its election policy in "fourteen points," is in effect the complete destruction of the existing economic and political machinery. In these respects its candidates' election address affords an interesting contrast to the reform policy of the Labour Party.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the S.L.P. parliamentary campaign is the way in which its election committees are formed upon soviet lines, the way in which industrial and territorial area are being linked together. Thus is being established a machinery which will outlast the election, and which will be ready to function in more important issues as soon as opportunity arises. For the rest, it is no use protesting against election fever during the height of the epidemic, so we will content ourselves with fraternal greetings to the S.L.P. candidates in their plucky attempt to make socialist use of the capitalist instrument known as Parliament. Our own slogan is, All Power to the Workers' Committees! EDEN & CEDAR PAUL.

THE S.L.P.'S FOURTEEN POINTS.

Arthur McManus, the S.L.P. Parliamentary candidate for Halifax, offers the electors the following fourteen points, which are a great improvement upon the points of President Wilson. McManus and the S.L.P. stand for a Workers' Industrial Socialist Republic. So does THE DREADNOUGHT and the W.S.F. But, whilst we wish McManus success in his Parliamentary fight since he has entered upon it, we think he somewhat sacrifices his consistency in seeking a seat in Parliament, and we know that, if he is elected, he will find Parliament a waste of time.

THE FOURTEEN POINTS ARE:—

1. In home affairs we affirm that all land, railways, mines, factories, means of transportation, and all other instruments of Social Service shall become the communal property of the people.

2. Social classes thus being abolished, no person shall have the power to employ another person for private profit.

3. The defence of the National Socialist Republics may be necessary to prevent any Imperialist Capitalist State attempting to crush the Freedom won by the workers in any land, consequently *the Army and Navy shall be democratically controlled.*

4. To achieve this the government of the country must be changed by the transfer of all governing power from the Parliamentary legislative institution to the Federal Congress of People's Administrative Councils, composed of delegates from the Toiling Masses.

5. The People's Administrative Councils shall be organised in accordance with the Industrial and Social functions in Local Areas, and linked together in a Federal Congress.

6. The working day shall be so adjusted as to engage the labour of all who are physically fit and available for social service.

7. None shall be allowed to participate in the government of the country who, being able, refuse to do work of social service.

8. The community shall be responsible for the provision of a sound general and technical education for all.

9. The community shall be responsible for the care of all widows and orphans. Their standard of comfort and oppportunity shall be maintained at the same level as the rest of the community.

10. All provision for disabled, or partially disabled citizens, shall be accorded to them as a social right.

11. The discharged disabled soldiers' and sailors' department in the local and national administrative councils shall in conjunction with their own medical advisers control all matters relating to degrees of disablement, fitness for social service, and treatment required.

12. The maintenance of all civil liberties, such as the freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and all other liberties necessary for the full social development of humanity shall be ensured.

13. All State endowment of religious institutions shall be abolished. Thus will be established freedom and equality of all phases of human thought.

14. And, finally, the Workers' Industrial Republic stands for the complete self-determination of nations and the Federation of the Socialist Republics of the world.

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WE DID NOT STOP IT.

Unhappiness grows on us as we read this story of the War by an Austrian soldier.* We who have stayed at home are filled with a heavy and painful self-reproach that we did so little, so miserably little, to prevent this horror, to stay it, to bring it to an end. The thought is intolerable that we remained at home through it all, safe and well, "nestling on soft beds," letting the little cares and amusements of ordinary life entrap our minds, whilst THIS went on. How is it that we lived through it, and did not, by some passionate act of sacrifice, or by persistent outcry, by constant passing amongst our fellows as a living flame of protest, somehow goad them to stop this thing?

And women, who were to make all wars impossible; women, self-advertised as the beings who would save mankind by bringing the spirit of tender motherhood into politics; how miserably they have failed; or worse than failed!

What have they done those few, so few of them, who tried to stop it? They held a few meetings, passed a few feeble resolutions. And the rest, the majority of women; or, to be accurate, the majority of the women who make themselves prominent? Have these not turned even this hideous death game into the latest craze?

Latzko does not spare women; he writes them down with all their heartless, cheap frivolity unsoftened. There is the major's wife, her own husband is safe behind the lines (and would she be so very different if he were not?). She is Important, as Sister Engelberta, in the hospital, flirting with the convalescents, who soon must return to "the cripple and corpse factory" out there; ceaselessly giggling, ceaselessly chattering, garrulously cold-blooded, "she had heard so much of blood and dying that her endless curiosity gave the impression of hardness and hysterical cruelty." She is always probing the war victims with prying questions; always wanting to know about shells and gas bombs, and asking: "What was the most awful thing you went through out there?"

A poor fellow, driven mad by the War, provides the answer to that question:—

The war is what it has to be. Did it surprise you to find out that? The only surprising thing was the going off, to find out that the women are horrible."

"Oh, they were all very dashing when we went off. Poor Dill's wife was too. Very plucky! She threw roses at him in the train, and she'd been his wife for only two months.... Roses....and 'See you soon again!' They were all so patriotic! Our Colonel congratulated Dill because his wife had restrained herself so well—as if he were simply going off to the manœuvres. ....You don't know what happened to Dill, you don't? We were standing just the way you are now, and he was just going to show me the photo of his brave wife, he! he! his restrained wife. Oh, yes, restrained! That's what they all were—all prepared for anything. And while we were standing there, he about to show me the picture, a twenty-eighter struck quite a distance away from us, a good hundred yards. We didn't even look that way. Then all of a sudden I saw something black come flying through the air—and Dill fell over, with his dashing wife's picture in his hand, and a boot, a leg, a boot with the leg of a baggage soldier sticking in his head—a soldier that the twenty-eighter had blown to pieces far away from where we stood....Poor Dill never said another word—Dill with the spur sticking in his skull, a regular cavalry spur, as big as a five crown piece. He only turned up the whites of his eyes and looked sadly at his wife's picture, that she should have permitted such a thing as that! Such a thing! It took four of us to pull the boot out—four of us. We had to turn it and twist it, until a piece of his brain came along—like roots pulled up—like a jellyfish—a dead one—sticking to the spur....

"We must all go. The man who doesn't go is a coward and they have no use for a coward. That's the very thing. Don't you understand? Heroes are the style now. The chic Mrs. Dill wanted a hero to match her new hat. Ha, ha! that's why poor Dill had to go and lose his brains, I, too—you too—we must go and die. You must let yourself be trampled on—your brains trampled on, while the women look on—chic—because its the style now....

"We were expected to be gentle and considerate! Considerate! And all at once, because the fashion changed, they had to have murders. ....My wife was in fashion, too, you know. Not a tear! I kept waiting and waiting for her to begin to scream, and beg me at last to get out of the train, and not go with others—beg me to be a coward for her sake. Not one of them had the courage to....Because everyone of them would have been ashamed to stand there without a hero....The women sent us. No general could have made us go if the women hadn't allowed us to be stacked on the trains, if they had screamed out that they would never look at us again if we turned into murderers....Not a single man would have gone off if they had sworn never to give themselves to a man who had split open other men's skulls and shot and bayonetted human beings....I didn't want to believe that they could stand it like that. They're only pretending, I thought. They're just restraining themselves. But when the first whistle blows they'll begin to scream and tear us out of the train, and rescue us....but they all cared about was being in style....

"Have you never heard of the suffragettes who boxed the ears of Prime Ministers and set fire to lamp-posts for the sake of the vote?.... But for the sake of their men. No. Not one sound. Not one single outcry....Have you heard of one woman throwing herself in front of a train for the sake of her husband? Has a single one of them boxed the ears of a Prime Minister, or tied herself to a railway track for us. There wasn't one that had to be torn away....They drove us out. They gagged us. They gave us the spur, like poor Dill. They sent us to murder, they sent us to die for their vanity."

How true it is! Yes, women endured torture for the franchise; but, then, votes for women were the fashion—to be a suffragette was the latest *cri!*

Yet Latzko is humane; he shows us the wife of this poor madman crushed and despairing; her hands half-stretching out to caress him, but always withdrawing in fear of his repulse; seeking to know yet fearing to acknowledge why he hates her; a weakling who is finding the punishment of her late callousness harder than she can bear.

He is generous to women, too, in suggesting that the suffering and pain and danger during the War fell upon men, who "went creeping on all fours, starving, carrying their own death, as mothers carry their children," came to them but as a reversal of the traditional experience of the sexes, but the fierce spectacular martyrdom men have endured, rushing so suddenly upon them, should surely be more clearly perceived than subtler evils which have grown up gradually from age to age.

Of the women of the people, "the sobbing wives," our author speaks with kindly feeling, expecting from them no more of courage than from their husbands, who go to war sadly, unwilling, but obedient, with that overmastering subserviency which, at home, makes them starve, with their children, though only a thin pane of glass keeps food and riches from them. He tells of an aged mother, a tiny, shrunken hag, "whose skin, dried by long living [was it not "hard" living?]" hung in a thousand loose folds from her cheek bones, and who, at the leave-taking, gazed up at her son, the tall young sergeant, stroking his broad chest with her trembling hand, because she could not reach his face, laying her knotted fingers on the rough cloth with ineffable love; so that the sight of it moved the captain's heart and made him order the youngster back to mind the horses and the baggage, instead of leading him to his death with the other men.

The officers, even those who are mere subordinates, talk of "human material," uttering "those ruthless, shameful words" without indignation,

"as though it were natural for their living bodies to be no more than gamblers' chips in the hands of men who arrogated to themselves the right to play the game of gods."

These little fellows are puffed with the immensity and importance of the war game, and, caught in its whirlpool, they imagine themselves to be playing an important part.

But "the plain, simple men, the mere cannon fodder," are not deluded by thoughts of personal glory; they long for their homes; always possessed by the thought that their children may be deprived of their breadwinner and left to want:—

"He was drawn to his men, to their dull, silent sadness, to their true greatness, which without pathos and without solemnity, in everyday clothes, as it were, patiently awaited the hero's death."

To poor Simmell, a red-haired paperhanger and upholsterer, who shrinks at every shell, 'the world depends upon whether he will ever again be able to carry his little girl in his arms. And he is killed before he has fired a single shot at the enemy or even reached the trench.

We are told of the bitter, rankling hatred felt by some of the older men for the gay, careless young officers, who are backed by every rule of the service. A beared soldier, seeing one of them pass by, spick and span, calls to him fiercely: "Yes, Lieutenant, here's the place for man salad."

Barbusse, the French private, in his great book, 'Le Feu,' made us feel the vast immensity of collective suffering amongst the troops in the desolate marshes of France and Flanders, where in the water-logged, lice-infested trenches, men rusted and grew debased in the slow wait for death. But in the mountainous borders of Austria and Italy, of which Latzko tells us, death seems to have come more swiftly and in more glaring variety of hideous shapes. Trenches seem to have been less secure, and men, torn from the arms of their dear ones in Vienna, often came to their end in three short days. Latzko shows us, not, like Barbusse, great canvasses including, in bird's-eye view, the entire Western front; rather he sets before us poignantly a few vivid human types, which stand out as characteristic of the "men in battle," and throws a vivid searchlight upon some of the sections of the war machine.

To the young lieutenant, fresh from the military academy, the 20 year old fighting cock, the world and the War are but a background for the great deeds he will do and the promotion that will be his. The youngster has cruel eyes, the men fear him as the devil; he harries them to their death "like a butcher's assistant." He sees them die unmoved, and scarcely speaks except to demand the punishment of one of them.

Beside him is the kind Captain, "Uncle Marschner," gentle and sensitive. He reflects that at 20 he might have been like the young lieutenant, who has not yet been "humanised." At 20, he too repeated, parrot-like, speeches about "the oath to the flag and to His Majesty, the Commander-in-Chief." Realising that in war the man who has shed all human feeling, the man who has "kept nothing but his axe and his fist," is the master, "the rich one on whose superabundance the others depend," he is ashamed at times of his sympathy for the men and strives to hide it. War has no glamour for him; victory was "nothing to him but a big force which achieved its objects, simply because it hit harder, not because it had justice on its side or a fine and noble aim." His greater promptings are revealed to us, but they are

(Continued on page 1145.)

* "Men in Battle," by Andreas Latzko. Translated by Adele N. Seltzer. Cassell and Company, L'd., 1918.

"IF."

IF four years of the most merciless warfare the world has ever seen have not dulled you;

IF you have not forgotten what the men have suffered on the battlefield and the women-folk at home;

IF the remembrance assails you of one who will "never" return—or your heart is full of hope of him whose return is due:

REMEMBER

THAT whilst the storm was raging—not wholly alone, but with very few others—within the limits of our forces we opposed war with all our might;

THAT we now demand the discharge of the conscript Army and no "punitive expeditions" against the peoples of the newly-born democracies in Europe;

THAT we have defended the Russian Socialist Federated Republic of Soviets;

THAT we stand for Socialism—pure and simple—without "prefix or affix";

THAT we stand for that Socialism which the women and men of these islands will fashion out, in a no distant future, and in their directly expressed will, from their needs, knowledge, and experience.

THAT THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT is—and will be with growing efficiency, if your support is coming—THE *Workers'* DREADNOUGHT.

* * *

THERE can be no halfway measure in the pressing hour of to-day.

IF you are against us, fight us.

IF you are with us, support us.

* * *

WE appeal NOT to your purse, but to your heart and your intelligence.

WE demand from you *two* clear things:

THAT—before the year is out—you should assist us in *doubling* our circulation:

* *You can* do so by ordering your copy in advance, either from your newsagent or directly from us, thereby assisting us in making our plans.
* By sending us names of likely subscribers or readers.
* By sending in suggestions.
* By buying an extra copy yourself and giving it to your pal—or to your opponent—the latter course is the best.

THAT before the year is out you should provide us with a reserve fund to make the position of THE DREADNOUGHT secure.

WHATEVER your contribution may be, we shall print your name. It is up to you to prove that you are a Socialist and that you are *not* afraid of saying so.

* * *

THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT, in its past issues, was the first of all Socialist papers to print the Secret Treaties—and has given you many of the decrees of the Soviet Republic; the latest and the best news from Russia; the up-to-date information of the London Workers' Committee: an open and fair-minded criticism of the Labour movement.

THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT for December 28th—Christmas Week—will be a special Russian number. We want you to help us to print a record issue—and to distribute it "specially" amongst the members of your Trade Union Branch; also in your workshop.

WE DID NOT STOP IT.

continued from page 1144.

overborne by his moral weakness and self-distrust, and the hypnotic influence of the crowd. Before leading his company to the death trench he makes a speech to them, saying that they are going for the honour of the fatherland and that no more is being expected of them than their own safety and that of their wives and children demand. He does not believe this; his heart is torn for his "bearded children," whom he has taught to be soldiers, and "knows as he does his own pockets," who look to him with a dumb, childish prayer in their gaze: "save us"; believing, hoping that their Captain can prescribe a path through the shells. He rebels inwardly against the world madness that forces him on to be their betrayer, destests his own cowardice that has induced him to lead them to their death, for the sake of the possibility that he may return from the War unscathed, and for fear of the certainty that he will be executed if he refuses. He cheats himself with the belief that he would have cast his life away enthusiastically, without the blare of trumpets and the world's applause, if the combat had but been against militarism itself. If it had been "against catchwords fattened with human flesh, against the whole cleverly built-up machine of force which drove those it was supposed to protect to form a wall to protect itself," he would have flung himself into the fight with naked fists.

So he tells himself; but it is not so, for from the hard, uphill fight against militarism, with the ostracism and the punishment that its opponents must endure, he had quailed and, even now, is shrinking—otherwise he would not be here.

In the death trench, beside which the decomposing bodies of unburied men are lying, and where the uniforms of dead soldiers are piled up in tremendous heaps, the men who wait for his party to relieve them are pale and ghostly with fevered eyes. Two Italian prisoners are lying there, almost lifeless. Their feet are naked; their captors have robbed them of their shoes. They arouse in him memories of pleasant Italian holidays.

The Italians are approaching with piercing cries. His men are rigid, with lipless mouths —"a single beast of prey with a hundred arms" waiting to kill. They shoot "with repulsive greed" in their faces, and cries of hate and rage. He sees the soldier next to him lower his rifle to fix his bayonet. The Captain throws away his revolver, determined to die with clean hands. He is killed at last by an exploding shell, against which no weapon could prevail.

Within sound of the guns is a quiet Austrian town, where

"legend popped out of every corner and every gargoyle and ran on padded soles through all the narrow little streets, like an invisible gossip whispering of peace and comfort."

The leaves of the chestnuts stroke with tender touches the houses affrighted with shock of shells. Army motors rush through. The cries of the wounded resound from the hospital. The general in his palace—"the Victor of ——," —has been raised from middle-class poverty to the position of a sovereign. He has exchanged the seat in a tram for a magnificent motor always at his service. Without cost to himself he is provided with sumptuous fare prepared by the chef of the best hotel in the country, who before the War would have disdained double the salary of a general, but now works obediently for 5s. a day, and for even that the Government pays. Servants attend him at every turn, armies obey his word. And all this magnificence depends on continued success; a single failure and he will be sent back to commonplace obscurity. Is it that fear, constantly dogging him, which makes him so hateful a tyrant? The war correspondent asks him: "When does your excellency hope for peace?"—

"Was it credible that a man who had some standing in his profession....had so little suspicion of how contrary that was to every soldierly feeling? Hope for peace? What good had a general to expect from peace? Could this civilian not comprehend that a commanding general really commanded, was really a general just in times of war, while in times of peace he was like a strict teacher in galloons, an old duffer who occasionally shouted himself hoarse out of pure ennui? Was he to long for that dreary treadmill existence again? Was he to hope for the time—to please the gentlemen civilians—when he the victorious leader of the—th Army would be used again merely for reviews?"

A handsome peasant lad was proud to be coachman to the lord; proud to be a lackey; arrogant in his own subserviency; bitterly hostile to the Socialist. He goes to the War and returns horribly disfigured, his face but a hideous patchwork after five painful operations upon it. On the journey he fears that his sweetheart, proud, beautiful Marcsa, will throw him over. On arrival he learns that she has become the plaything of the lord, who has gained honour and riches by setting up a munition factory. The Lord says:—

"Marcsa is in my employ now, you know. I am fond of you, Bogdan. I'll let you take care of the horses again if you care to. But Marcsa is to be let alone....If I hear once again that you have annoyed her, I'll chase you to the devil.

"I've been to the devil already," says Bogdan. He speaks as the Socialist spoke; uttered the words for which an hour before he had almost choked him: -

"Here's my face, you can tell from my face I was in hell. To play the protector here and stuff your pockets full and send the others out to die—that's easy. A man who dawdles at home has no right to send men to the devil who have already been in hell for his sake."

The lord made ready to strike him. The peasant seized the huntsman's knife and stabbed the lord, as he had learnt with his bayonet to stab men in battle, "quite lightly from below with a short jerk," and, like the men who died thus in battle, the lord's face, distorted by anger, suddenly smoothed out and turned as placid and even as if it had been ironed. His eyes widened, like theirs, with the reproachful question: "What are you doing?" Then Bogdan fell, with his skull split by a blow from behind, across the body of the lord.

Latzko tells of horrible wounds and maimings, but by mental agony, which dwells longer in the memory, he has been most afflicted. He is most oppressed by the thought of the men whom horror and suffering have made insane. In the chapter called 'My Comrade,' he writes as though he himself were called a madman; the word is written above his bed and people pat his shoulders with soothing words. He protests that not he is mad, but they who have lost their memories, who are dull to the brutal truths around them, who can look at the War as a pleasure show: -

"It is the others who are sick. They are sick who gloat over news of victories, and see conquered miles of territory rise resplendant above mounds of corpses. They are sick who stretch a wall of flags between themselves and their humanity, so as not to know what crimes are being committed in that beyond they call 'the front.'

"'The front!

"Am *I* really the sick person because I cannot utter that word or write it down without my tongue growing coated from the intense hatred I feel....All this misery is the work of a few words that have been let loose upon humanity like a pack of mad dogs. 'Front,' 'Enemy,' 'Hero's death,' 'victory'—the curs raging through the world."

"Memory," he says, "is the highest possession of a human being." We are built up of our memories and are only really alive if we go through life like a loaded camera. They do not live who, "like a photographic plate on which the light has fallen," can record no more impressions.

The physicians would have him tear from his mind some of its impressions; would have him forget that "other men holding their own entrails in their hands are crawling like half-crushed worms across the furrows and before they reach the stations for the wounded are dying off like animals." How shall he forget that the battlefields and the crowded trains of

JOHN MACLEAN.

We now learn on good authority that since last July John Maclean has been on hunger strike and undergoing forcible feeding. Is this country to be the last in granting reprieves. Germany has shown the way by freeing Karl Liebknecht, whose popularity has been increased enormously by the unjust treatment meted out to him. When are we going to have our political prisoners resoluted? All sections of the community should protest against

LEANEY'S LTD., WHOLESALE NEWSAGENTS City Agent for the Workers' Dreadnought 9 and 10, ST. B... AVENUE (Late City ... Publishing Co.)

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT ASSISTS NEWEST SIBERIAN GOVERNMENT.

The Social Revolutionaries of Russia have disassociated themselves from the new Siberian Government, which has been established in opposition to the Soviets. This is important; it may mean that, like the Mensheviki, they will now support the Bolsheviki and the Soviets, at least in resisting foreign intervention. The Social Revolutionaries have refused to support the Siberian Government. The British Government has decided to do so. Are the two facts connected? The British Government has decided to assist the new Government to establish a staple currency. The price of the rouble is to be fixed at 6*d*., forty roubles to £1—a low price. Mr. E. M. Harliez, head of an English banking house, is appointed financial adviser for six months. Meanwhile our war with Russia continues!

THE BOLSHEVIKI EXONERATED.

In *The Nation* of November 30th, there is a letter entitled 'My Experiences of Bolshevism.' The writer does not impress one as wishing to laud the Bolshevik regime; yet he cannot find anything to satisfy those who are hounding them down. In referring to the reports current in England, he writes: "....in the streets of Moscow and Petrograd I saw no scenes of violence or disorder. The extreme shortage of food makes this somewhat remarkable. I should, perhaps, qualify the above statement by saying that there was one disturbance while I was in Moscow (I was there from the beginning of May to the middle of July), a disturbance occasioned by the murder of Count Mirbach by the Social Revolutionaries, which was promptly suppressed by the Bolshevik Government."

The Police force has been abolished and the Red Guard has taken its place. This body of men is described as being confident of its cause and conscious of sharing the faith and aspirations of the masses. At present at least, the writer says, there is no alternative party to the Bolsheviki, and that they can only be overthrown by intervention of foreign armies.

Why should foreign armies be asked to intervene, when even this apparent non-Socialist tells of the splendid organisation for supplying foodstuffs to the refugees, as in the case of Orsha where thirteen thousand people were being fed. Personal safety, too, is assured as the correspondent of *The Nation* states: "....the only occasion when I was molested was on my return journey through a village belonging to our Allies, the Cossacks, where some mountain tribesmen, allies of our Allies, were engaged in dragging a woman out of the village to shoot her." ! !

Do the wavering still want more proof of the calumny spread by the powerful capitalist organs? It is noticeable that men like the writer of the letter in question are not interviewed by *The Times*, &c., We should like him to refute the false charges made by such papers.

LITVINOFF IN STOCKHOLM.

Arthur Ransome reports that Comrade Litvinoff, who was so well known here as Bolshevik ambassador, is in Stockholm, in order to conduct any peace negotiations which may be proposed between Russia and Britain. Ransome reports our comrade as saying:—

"'We want peace. I do not know what the Allies want from us, but we are prepared to make concessions on all questions excepting those concerning internal affairs.

"'An immediate payment of debts is impossible, but a moratorium might be arranged on compromise lines involving the grant of commercial concessions, the payment of such gold as is in the country, mining concessions, &c. Also we have flax and other raw material which could immediately be delivered, and forest timber. We, on the other hand, want machines which only England can supply.'

"Litvinoff further stated that at Petrograd one Englishman is in prison, in Moscow about twelve, including a naval and some Army officers captured in the north, and a number of persons implicated in the alleged anti-Soviet conspiracy. They told him that the conditions had much improved, but complained of boredom. They were receiving parcels freely. The interned English, of military age, have been released, and are freely walking about Moscow. M. Litvinoff had promised to communicate with the prisoners' relatives, but the list of addresses was in his diplomatic valise, which had been seized by the Finns.

"There have been 400 executions in all in Moscow, of which 40 per cent were those of robbers and other criminals, and 30 per cent gendarmes, agents-provocateurs, secret police agents, and Ministers of the old régime."

CHEATED!

The Government does not wish Parliament to be summoned till peace is an accomplished fact! Why? We can only conclude that this is to prevent awkward questions being asked. Mrs. Snowden, at the Albert Hall, said that if the peace were not satisfactory she would beg every worker to strike now. The peace that we believe is now being formulated is not satisfactory; it will not, we believe, differ very greatly from the terms of the armistice. We think that much of the occupied territory will become annexed territory and that, for the rest, economic agreements will accomplish what annexation would have achieved.

For us, the most important point is that freedom from interference shall be secured for the development of Socialism in Russia, in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, wherever it arises. That freedom is endangered.

The Government's refusal to follow the constitutional usage of consulting Parliament in regard to a matter of such paramount importance as the peace terms will undoubtedly hasten the coming of the British "Soviets."

THE EXTRADITION OF THE EX-KAISER.

We are by no means enthusiastic for the extradition of the ex-Kaiser to this country. Britain is becoming the home of ex-sovereigns who are likely to gather a reactionary clique around them. If the ex-Kaiser is to leave Holland we think that he should go to Germany where the people will know how to deal with any counter-revolutionary agitation which he may strive to arouse. He is reported to have said: "Things are beginning to brighten up for us." If the prospect is brighter for the Kaiserdom it would be darker for the German people. Articles are appearing in the press stating that the Crown Prince had wished to arrange for a regency and the succession of one of the Kaiser's grandsons. It should be noticed that when the Allies deposed the Kings of Greece and Bulgaria, they did not abolish the monarchy, but put on the throne the sons of the men who had been forced to abdicate. Does the Government desire to extradite the Kaiser in order to arrange a bargain of that kind? If so, what is the price which the Kaiser, or rather the German people, will have to pay for safeguarding the Hohenzollerns?

WHAT WORKERS' DAILY PAPER?

The Labour Party, having no daily paper of its own, has accepted an offer of a column in *The Daily Mail* during the election. *The Daily News* is trying to outdo *The Mail* by giving about a page to Labour Party election items. *The News* is, of course, trying its old game of uniting Labour and Liberalism, but of course it will fail.

Meanwhile, two Albert Hall meetings have been held to celebrate the coming of *The Daily Herald*, which is coming sometime. When *The Daily Herald* appears, what will be its policy? Is it going to support the official anti-Bolshevik, non-Socialist Labour Party, or the Revolutionary Socialists and the Workers' Committee Movement? Is it out for reform or for the British Soviets? *The Herald*, in light-hearted and generous spirit, has opened its columns to all parties, but a daily paper with a fighting policy cannot espouse both these entirely diametrically opposite courses.

Moreover, the situation is coming to a head. The policy of direct action is actually being put into practice, the possibility of establishing an Industrial Socialist Republic in every land. Every newspaper and every person taking a hand in public affairs will have to decide which side of the fence he or she is coming down on.

Whichever side *The Herald* adheres to, the other side will certainly start its own daily or evening paper, and, if it decides to sit on the fence undoubtedly the pro- and anti-Bolsheviki will start organs of their own. There will probably be three daily papers in any case. When the situation is ripe for action the support for those papers and the initiative to start them will undoubtedly appear.

E. S. P.

FREEDOM OF SEAS.

President Wilson, in his message to Congress, announced the temporary Government control of the cables to ensure the utmost freedom of news from the Peace Conference, says the Exchange Washington correspondent. Experience tends to show that this has meant in the past prevention of freedom of news.

AUSTRIA.

The Daily News correspondent, Segrue, reports that in Austria the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils are as yet only glorified Trades Councils and that Parliamentarianism still holds sway, whilst the political parties are represented in the new National Assembly in the same proportion as they were in the old Reichsrat. The Socialist Revolution has not come in Austria yet, though starvation is rife.

GERMANY.

Segrue, *The Daily News* correspondent, who is opposed to the idea of all-power to the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils in Germany and to the policy of the Spartacus Party, reports that there is a growing probability of the Spartacus Party gaining control of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils and of these councils gaining control of Germany.

WE DID NOT STOP IT

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wounded, who lie, "crouching, on top of each other, body to body," bruised and mangled, yet looking with pity at the strong young men who pass them in the trains, now hastening to the hell from whence these wrecks have come?

He rails at the press correspondents, those gay fellows, who turn the man whose wounds have hideously disfigured him, discuss with animated gestures the scene of last night's air raid in a café, and gladly whirl off in a motor before the bombardment.

He denounces the profiteers: -

"Those fortunate ones who give the flesh of their calves and oxen to their fatherland for a hundred per cent profit, instead of carrying their own flesh to market for fifty cents a day."

He truly sees: -

"The bawlers who are too empty and too lazy to develop their own selves and want to puff themselves with the glittering praise meant for their herd. The scoundrels who protected by the masses, carried by them and fed by them, who look up sanctimoniously to a bogy of their own invention, and hammer that bogey into the conscience of millions of good men, until the mass has been forged that has neither heart nor brain, but only fury and blind hate."

In few words Latzko turns a searchlight upon the cold truths of war and diplomacy asking who would dare to supplement "the empty phrase 'declaration of war'" by explaining that the ambassador of the Government of X has left, and will not return to the land of Z with a friendly smile, till the people have made corpses of many hundreds of thousands of the men of X. Therefore the people of Z must meet those other men: "knock them dead, hack off their heads, live like wild beasts in damp excavations, in neglect, in filth overrun with lice," till the rulers of Z deem that the time has come for their emissary "to take a seat in a parlour car and lift his silk hat, and in ornate rooms politely and aristocratically talk over the advantages which our big merchants and manufacturers are to derive from the slaughter."

Then the men of Z, "who are not rotting underground or hobbling on crutches," must work harder, longer, and with fewer demands than before, to pay for the shoes they wore out in hundreds of marches, the clothes that decayed on their bodies, and the sabres and guns with which they killed the men of X.

Latzko's book has a message to the people of all countries. We are glad that it has been published in this country and hope that he will not be deprived of the royalties to which he is morally entitled here.

In reading his words, remember, the War is not over.

E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

BETWEEN OURSELVES. By L. A. Motler.

MORE GERMAN PLOTTING.

The General Selection of employees for Westminster Gasworks will shortly take place, but in the meantime there are more pressing problems for the proletariat. Otherwise we must really regard the war as lost. There is, to begin with, the fate of Citizen W. Hohenzollern. On him the whole burden of our sorrows rests. You will remember, Henry, that the Food Controller was once timorous enough to fix the price of the nimble rabbit, and he had no sooner done so than the whole breed vanished before the eyes of an amazed public. Who was responsible for this? The Kaiser, of course. It cannot be laid on the Controller, for, as Sir Albert Stanley admitted (March 12th, 1918), it is not absolutely necessary for a Controller to have any previous experience of the thing he is to control. Even Mr. Clynes, as far as I am aware, was never in the sugar-sanding business. You will further remember that the Australian Government commandeered mutton at the modest price of 6*d*. per lb.; it cost a penny a pound to deliver here. Consequently, it is rather strange that it should sell at 1*s*. 6*d*. and 1*s*. 8*d*. the pound. But we who are in the know, are aware that there is one man at the bottom of it, and he is at present safe in Holland. There will be some simple Socialists who will rush in and murmur the word "Profiteer"; but we are convinced that such talk should be severely doraformed. It is true that a coal merchant in Liverpool, of the name of Higginbottom to be exact, was once fined for overdoing the profit business. But Higginbottom is too obviously English; it smacks too much of the Naturalisation of Aliens Act. Apart from that, the gentleman was only fined £2,846 on a profit of £9,750, so that he cleared by the deal to the extent of six thousand odd Jimmy o' goblins. That can hardly be said to be "punishing the profiteer": ergo, I conclude, Comrade Dubb, that there was no profiteering. No British gentleman in the trade could be guilty. That, and the price of eggs at ninepence wholesale, is simply a German Peace Trap, and there is not the slightest doubt that the Crown Prince is at the bottom of poultry prices, whereby we shall murder most fowl for the Yuletide board at the rate of 2*s*. 3*d*. the pound. There is but one thing to do. The villain and his son are in a neutral country. Send Winston Churchill to Antwerp for them and away to the Tower at once.

HENRY DUBB AND THE PEACE.

We need not be timorous about mere technical details of the rights of neutrals when the fate of our morning rasher and egg is at stake. We did not worry about Persia being in the way when we did that 700 mile sprint to Baku. Nor did we trouble much as to the opinions of the Greeks when we planted the flag that's braved in Salonica. Old man Venizelos was at our back, and with him there to prod us gently we could have marched to Moscow and taken care of any roubles Lenin and Trotsky had overlooked. No sentiment about declaring war on the Bolsheviks either. It was only a matter of clearing out the Huns. It is true that the same Huns have withdrawn from Russia and that our troops (*Star*, November 27th, 1918) are still at Archangel, taking pot-shots at the bearded brigands. But, to quote the Good Book, all's well that ends well, and, anyway, repudiating a National Debt is not a thing a civilised nation can do with impunity. We'll teach 'em!

Mr. Troelstra, the Dutch M.P. who was prevented from hypnotising our simple Labour leaders, may yet give trouble. He is just the kind of old man to remember the rights of neutrals and to talk ignorantly of the freedom of the seas and small nations. Still, what can one expect? He has recently been suggesting that the Dutch trade unions should convene a National Conference and elect a Federation of Soviets, which would take over the control of national interests, without asking the Dutch Government for permission. A decidedly ungallant act towards Queen Wilhelmina. When the people were clamouring for bread did she not drive about in an open carriage, so that the starving proletariat could at least feast their hungry eyes on her? That more than wipes out the 400-500 per cent. increase in the cost of necessary commodities in the land of dykes and dams.

The proletariat should be careful not to embarras the Government when they ask to be elected in order to make peace terms. We are aware that should a curious Henry Dubb intrude himself into the Peace Conference he would find himself outside on the mat in two seconds and thankful that seventeen bayonets missed him. Yet we must go carefully, a working man who can undertake the serious business of deciding who shall make a grab for the iron mines of Lorraine on his behalf, would be swindled should he make the deal himself. As Lord Somebody Cecil said, one would sooner trust a child in a Handley Page bomber. But we can take comfort. We shall know all about the terms when they are signed, with such reservations as we might ignorantly object to.

Anyway, why worry? Beer will certainly be cheaper. Matilda, the same again.

LENIN AND TROTSKI.

LENIN.

Vladimir Ilitch Oulianof Lenin was born in 1870 at Limbirsk, of a noble family; his father a doctor with three sons and two daughters. In 1887, one of his brothers, for having conspired against the Czar, was sentenced to death and executed. Lenin himself, expelled from his University, had to prepare privately for his law degree, but never practised. In 1894 he takes part in the agitation for a general strike in Petrograd; is arrested, and deported to Siberia. Using to advantage the forced idleness of the prison, he devotes his time to the study of agrarian questions, and publishes several works on that subject, under the name of Vladimir Ilin. In 1889 he succeeds in making good his escape and seeks refuge abroad. With Plekhanov, Martov, Axelrod, and Vera Zassoulitch he founds a paper, the *Iskra* (the Sparkle), which rapidly becomes the centre of all the activities of the Russian exiles. To avoid the persecutions of the Okrana (the Russian Secret Police) he lives in succession in Munich, Brussels, Paris, London, and Geneva. His wife, Comrade Kroupinski, becomes then the Secretary of the Party; to-day she is the Secretary of the Teachers' Organisation of Russia.

At the second Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, held in London in 1902, takes place the famous division between the Bolsheviki (which signifies: of the Majority) and the Mensheviki (of the Minority)—a purely internal distinction, for officially, even to-day, the Bolsheviki call themselves the Communist Party.

At that Congress Lenin becomes the leader of the Bolsheviki. All the well-known agitators of the Party voted with him, but later on they left him and joined the Mensheviki. Left practically alone, an exile, without a paper to defend his opinions, he does not lose courage; he writes a book, 'Economic Studies,' which obtains a great success in Russia. With the money thus earned and with the assistance of Lounatcharski, Bogdanov, Vorofski, he establishes a new paper: *Forward!*

At the Congress of 1904, whilst there is in Russia a new wave of revolutionary hope, he lays down all the principles of the Maximalist or Bolshevist programme, as it was called after the vote was taken: dictatorship of the working classes; confiscation of capital; development of Revolutionary agitation to its extreme; preparation of the Russian Revolution as the first chapter in the Social International Revolution. In 1905 came the first Russian Revolution. Lenin, consequently, is enabled to return to Russia; but the reaction, once more, is uppermost and he seeks refuge in Finland (1906), in Switzerland (1907), in Paris (1908). He then establishes two papers: *The Social Democrat*, a propagandist organ, and *The Proletarian*, for theoretical discussions. With his contributors he settles at Cracow near the Russian frontier, in order to remain in close touch with the revolutionary movement struggling within the borders of "Holy Russia."

At the beginning of the War he is there arrested, by order of the Austrian Government, but is afterwards released, through the protests of the Socialists of that country. Once more he returns to Switzerland and takes an active part in the organisation of the Conference of Zimmerwald. In May, 1917, Czarism having fallen, desirous of returning to Russia, he accepts the offer of the Swiss Socialist Party that his passage to Russia should be through Germany, since the Allied Powers had refused to grant him permission to pass through their territories.

Com. Platen, Federal Councillor, and Deputy Grimm see to the necessary steps; permission is obtained and he travels through Germany, in a sealed carriage, in the company of hundreds of other Russian Revolutionists, of all factions, including Axelrod and Martof. A triumphant reception is given him on his arrival at Petrograd, workers, soldiers, and sailors expressing their profound faith in him.

From that moment the history of his life is closely woven with that of the Russian Revolution, and the fulfilment of the hopes of the Russian workers.

TROTSKI.

Although younger than Lenin, Trotski has had a no less adventurous life.

Born in 1881, of one of the few Jewish families that were permitted to hold landed property, still in his-teens he joins a club of social studies, soon becoming, in the town of Nicolayef, one of the Socialist leaders. Imprisoned in 1898 he suffered one and a half years of preventive detention, followed by a sentence of deportation to Siberia. He escapes from there in 1902, bringing with him a mandate from the Siberian Socialists to the second Congress of his Party. A refugee in Switzerland, he contributes to several Russian Socialist papers; enabled by the revolution of 1905 to return to Russia, he is elected Vice-President of the Petrograd Soviet. When reaction regains power and crushes the popular forces, he is arrested and sentenced, after a trial that caused a great sensation, to perpetual deportation to Siberia, with loss of civil and political rights.

But two years elapse, and Trotski again manages to regain his freedom, getting away from the prison, hidden in a cart loaded with dirty linen and sacks of potatoes. Abroad once more, to Vienna this time, contributing to *Die Arbeiter-zeitung*, edited by Victor Adler, and to the *Neue Zeit*, and assisting, at the same time, Kameneff in the publication of a Russian paper. The declaration of War finds him in Switzerland, and in 1915 he is in Paris editing the *Nashe Slovo*. His Socialist activity is not to the liking of the French Government, and Malvy, then Secretary for Home Affairs, expels him to Spain, where he is again arrested, but eventually released, thanks to the agitation of the Spanish Socialists. To the United States of America, there to begin the publication of a Russian paper. At the first news of the Russian Revolution Trotski crosses the Atlantic; but, the liner being examined by an English cruiser, he is detained, and interned in Canada. Then at the strong demand of the workers, the Russian Provisional Government obtains his release and he is permitted to reach Russia by an Allied ship.

The Revolution of November, 1917, makes him People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs; passing, after the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, to the post of People's Commissary for War.

—S.

SYLVIA PANKHURST AND THE HALLAM DIVISION.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was surprised to read in the press that her name had been mentioned as candidate for the Hallam division of Sheffield. It appears that some electors in the Division had a private meeting and adopted her as their candidate and decided to find the necessary funds. But Sylvia Pankhurst in accordance with the policy of the Workers' Socialist Federation, regards Parliament as an out-of-date machine, and joins the Federation in working to establish the soviets in Britain.

WORKERS' SOCIALIST FEDERATION.

LONDON MEETINGS.

OUT DOOR.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6th.
The Square, Woolwich.—12 noon, Miss Price.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7th.
Waterloo Road, near "Old Vic."—11.45 A.M., Miss Price, and others.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8th.
Osborn Street, Whitechapel.—11.45 A.M., Miss Price.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10th.
Hague Street, Bethnal Green.—11.30 A.M., Miss Price.
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13th.
Queen's Crescent, Kentish Town.—5.30 P.M., Miss Price.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th.
Great Push in the S.E. District.

INDOOR.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9th.
44, Malden Road, St. Pancras W.S.F.—2.30 P.M., Business Meeting.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10th.
Co-operative Hall, Broadway, Bexley Heath.—3 P.M., Miss Lambie, 'Regulation 40 D.'
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11th.
44, Malden Road, St. Pancras W.S.F.—7 P.M., Mr. L. Hogben, 'What the Workers have done in Russia.'
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16th.
400, Old Ford Road.—7 P.M., Mr. Luhani (Council of Civil Liberties), 'Freedom'.—Chair, Miss Symth. Discussion invited.

OTHER ORGANISATIONS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10th.
Walthamstow League of Rights, William Morris Hall, Somers Road.—2.30 P.M., Miss Horsfall.

THE ORPHEUM CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRE
CROYDON.
Good Films. Good Music. Comfortably Heated. Clean. Well Ventilated.
LILLIAN SCOTT TROY, Managing Director.
(Hon. Member D.W.R. & G.L. Union).
Tel. Croydon 1827.

WORKERS' SOCIALIST FEDERATION.
CHANDOS HALL,
FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th, 7.30 p.m.,
EDWARD SOERMUS,
THE GREAT RUSSIAN VIOLINIST.
Chair, MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST.
Tickets, 2s 3d., 1s. and 8d., including tax. Application for tickets should be sent to Miss BUSH, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3.

ANTIQUES.
Highest Prices given for Old China or Antique Furniture in any condition,
MARY CASEY,
29b Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.

HERALD LEAGUE (STEPNEY BRANCH).
A GRAND DANCE
will be held at
St. George's Town Hall, Cable Street, E.1.
On Saturday, December 7th, 1918.
From 6.30 to 10.30 p.m. Admission One Shilling.

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7 shillings a week to every child in our midst, as proudly welcomed citizens till they reach the age of 21 years, when they will be able to vote for themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

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To Dreadnought Readers in the Borough of Croydon.
Do you know Croydon's own Socialist Weekly Newspaper?
THE EPISTLE (estab. 1916).
The Editor, Contributors, Publishers and Printers are all Socialists.
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Send post card 112, Woodville Road, Thornton Heath.

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2 whole eggs 2½d.
D. W. GREER & Co., Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

The People's Russian Information Bureau
FOR UP-TO-DATE RUSSIAN NEWS.
Trade Unions and Socialist Organisations are cordially invited to affiliate.
Affiliated Organisations up to November 30th, 1918—
2 Branches Labour Party.
22 Branches Independent Labour Party.
16 Branches National Union of Railwaymen.
16 Trades and Labour Councils and Local Labour Parties.
7 Branches Electrical Trades Union.
6 Shop Stewards' and Workers' Committees.
4 Branches British Socialist Party.
2 Branches Herald League.
3 Branches Socialist Labour Party.
3 Branches No-Conscription Fellowship.
2 Workers' Information Bureaux.
2 Branch Society of Amalgamated Toolmakers.
2 Branches Amalgamated Society of Engineers.
1 Branch Licensed Vehicle Workers' Union (Head Office).
1 Socialist Group.
1 Branch Plebs League.
1 Council for Civil Liberties.
1 Clarion Socialist Club.
1 Workers' Socialist Federation.
2 Workers' International Industrial Union.
INDIVIDUALS ELIGIBLE AS ASSOCIATES.
Full particulars from THE SECRETARY,
The People's Russian Information Bureau,
152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

WORKERS' SOCIALIST FEDERATION

DECEMBER 5TH, 6TH & 7TH

Thursday, December 5th, 3 to 10 p.m.
Opener - Mrs. CEDAR PAUL.
Chair - Mrs. DRAKE.
Boys from the London College of Choristers will sing.
Children's Dances. Pierrots.

Friday, December 6th, 2.30 to 10 p.m.
Opener - W. F. WATSON.
Chair - Miss PRICE.
Concert in aid of the Mothers' Arms Day Nursery. Children's Dances.

Saturday, December 7th, 2.30 to 10 p.m.
Opener - GEORGE LANSBURY.
Chair - Mrs. WALKER.
Concert—Madame Levinskaja, Miss Lena Kontorovitch & other Artistes. Pierrots.

STALLS:
Antiques, Beads and Bags - Mrs. CASEY.
Vegetables and Fruit - Mrs. PASCOE.
Flowers - Miss CASEY. Remnants - Mrs. THRING.
Books, Literature, etc. - Miss HENRIETTA LESLIE.
Children's Garments - Miss BURGIS.
Garments & Christmas Tree - WALTHAMSTOW LEAGUE OF RIGHTS.
Toys - Mrs. ELLIS. Fancy Goods - Mrs. PEARCE.
Christmas Presents - Mrs. JEWSON. Grocery - Mrs. LAURITZEN.
Tobacco - "BOB" & "TANNER."
Refreshments - POPLAR BRANCH.
Psychic Delineators. Photographs While You Wait. Pearly King. Cockneys in Full Dress. Specially Attractive Side Shows.

Contributions towards the Stalls will be gratefully received by MRS. JEWSON, 54 St. Charles Square, N. Kensington, W., and should be sent by December 3rd, priced, if possible.

ADMISSION—2/6 (3 days), 2/- (2 days), 1/3 (1 day), 8d. after 6 p.m. (including Tax).
Apply early for Tickets to Miss BUSH, 400 Old Ford Road, E.3.

Printed by J. H. Francis, 11 and 18 Breams' Buildings, London, E.C.4, and Published by the Workers' Socialist Federation, at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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the money will be conce... Please do your part.

JOHN MACLEAN.

We now learn on good authority that since last July John Maclean has been on hunger strike and undergoing forcible feeding. Is this country to be the last in granting reprieves. Germany has shown the way by freeing Karl Liebknecht, whose popularity has been increased enormously by the unjust treatment meted out to him. When are we going to have our political prisoners released? All sections of the community should protest against

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