

THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT

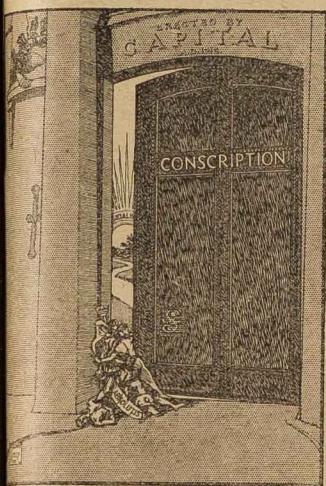
For International Socialism.

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Price Twopence.

DOWN WITH THE MILITARY SERVICE ACTS.



H. Hudson, Labour candidate for Eccles, in his message from prison where he is still confined. "It has become like a massive iron door erected in the road of the Workers' march towards his emancipation, and Capital's ability finally to bolt and bar that door, is the measure of the magnitude of his triumph over Labour. Thank God, the door is not closed. The 1000 men in prison feel themselves as a wedge holding firm against the door and lamb. They believe that on their power to hold firm against the door, the future organisation of Trade Unions in England, freed from Conscription's crushing menace to the power of the workers, will be based. Rather than seek merely for our own help us, then, comrades, to hold the wedge firm. Nay more, use the wedge further home, and smash open the door. Lift up the demand for absolute exemption."

THE BRAVE FIGHT OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Conscription was introduced into this country, ostensibly as a measure of war emergency and during the period of the war only.

The introduction of conscription was opposed by many classes of peoples:—

By Socialists who opposed the war, which they regarded as a capitalist struggle in which neither side of capitalist governments had a justifiable cause, and which was antagonistic to the interests of the peoples.

By religious pacifists and non-resistants who believed that all war is wrong.

By those who thought the war was a war against the military system of Germany, and therefore held that the war would be lost if it resulted in the introduction of that system.

By those who foresaw that military conscription would lead to industrial conscription, that the freedom of the workers to seek work or to leave work as they chose, and to agitate and combine to secure better conditions would be endangered.

By those who feared that the Imperialist capitalists would endeavour to make conscription permanent in this country.

By those who realised that, if conscription should become a permanent institution here, every boy would be brought up as a soldier, a professional killer of other men, and that militarism would become an integral part of our national system.

Resolutions were passed and demonstrations held against conscription, but, with many promises that it would remain for the war only, it was carried into law.

Against it a bold little band of youths stood

out, refusing to be made conscripts. Many of these lads have suffered continuous imprisonment since 1915; some have endured the hunger strike, some have been forcibly fed, some have been subjected to rough horse play and brutal ill-usage. One lad was kept in a pit under the fierce rays of the summer sun; another in winter time was dragged again and again through a pond. The story of their courage and endurance will be long remembered. The tale of their suffering is very hard and still it continues.

The case of Cecil Templeman, who is still in prison, is a recent and striking one. This lad was removed as a C.O. to Hounslow, but, breaking down in health, was sent to a convalescent home. After a fortnight there he was sent back to Hounslow and at once handed over to an escort to be taken to Sittingbourne in Kent. He induced his escort to go with him to tea at his home in Teddington, in order that he might see his family. His relatives saw the warrant for his removal; it was "Conscientious Objector." This was on October 23rd. On Friday, October 25th, a note was received from him, saying that he had been forcibly stripped of his clothing and forcibly dressed in khaki, which he had torn off. On Friday evening came a second note:—

5 o'clock.
"DEAR ONES,—I've been kept since 3.50 till now...and it seems as though I'm to stay like it in only my shirt! I'm in the open air—a road a few yards away (public)—and people expressing their amazement! I've no boots, so the wet ground will not do me any good. Keep cheerful. Let the War Office know!"

Then followed a third note, dated October 26th, saying that again he had been forcibly dressed in khaki, and again had torn it off; that his head had been shaved, that he had been handcuffed, that for two evenings the uniform, which he could no longer remove owing to the handcuffs, had been stripped off him and he had been "left walking about in the open air from 4 to 6.30. Also in the morning from 5.30 to 9." He added: "Naturally being in only my shirt I've caught a cough. I reported to the doctor this morning; he was sympathetic and would not believe that I was allowed to walk about in that condition...he gave me a thorough examination and said my throat was in a 'bad state' and made a report to the Adjutant."

Templeman wrote cheerfully, but next day, October 27th, he collapsed and was dangerously ill. His family had telegraphed for news of him on the Saturday, and on Sunday received a postcard from a captain, saying that he was being removed to Fort Pitt, Military Hospital, Chatham. On the Monday a letter from the lad himself reported the illness and on the Monday evening came two telegrams, the first saying: "Come at once"; the second: "Don't delay; if expense is an object get money from the Police Station." His mother and sister at once hurried to Chatham and found him critically ill with pneumonia. He and three hundred others were lying in the Drill Hall as the Military Hospital was full. There were white strips on the beds of those who were in danger and one of these was Templeman's. The mother and sister remained with him. On the Wednesday it was thought that he would die and he had a serious attack of heart failure. Then the crisis passed, and on the Friday, his

bed being urgently needed for other cases, he was removed, not to a convalescent home, but to Sittingbourne, where the events had occurred which led to his illness. On his arrival there he slept in a tent with the sides up and the next night was placed in a guardroom without bed, sent, or fire! The consequence was that he grew ill again.

His distracted family were now in communication with the War Office.

Another case is that of Harry Sidney Britton, a civil servant, aged 22 years, who appealed to the Camberwell Tribunal for exemption from military service on conscientious grounds on March 10th, 1916, and to the Appeal Tribunal on April 4th, 1916. His appeals being refused, he was arrested on November 11th, 1916. He served 112 days' hard labour at Wormwood Scrubs and Wandsworth Prisons and 6 months at Exeter Prison. A further sentence of 18 months' hard labour was served in Wandsworth Prison and expired on December 28th. Now he begins a fourth term of imprisonment.

A few days after Britton's first court martial his father died, leaving him the sole support of his mother, aged 62, and an invalid brother, aged 32, who is so seriously ill that he cannot be left unattended.

Templeman and Britton are but two of the many conscientious objectors who are to-day in prison.

All these men might have abandoned the hard, uphill struggle for freedom for all and so freed themselves. They might have chosen the lesser hardships of "alternative service" or "work of national importance" under the Pelham Committee, or they might have found their way into munition factories, or have secured comfortable Government jobs. They might have joined the ranks of those who have profited by the war; they might have lived comfortably and lined their purses well, as many have done who jeer at the conscientious objectors, and revile them as traitors.

The conscientious objectors in prison are striving and suffering for the sake of their fellowmen, that they may not be forced to fight in any war which they do not believe to be just. They suffer for the soldiers that they may be freed now, and not kept always chained to the military machine by links which at any moment may be drawn tight. They endure for the children that they may not be trained from childhood as mere cogs in the wheels of a permanent military machine, which would have the power to claim them whenever it should choose whether they would or no.

The conscientious objectors are the soldiers of freedom. They are fighting by passive resistance to make the world safe from militarism.

Demand the immediate release of the C.O.s and the repeal of Conscription.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES. By L. A. Motler.

It was on October 20th when the days were so dreary and sober that our George N. Barnes, M.P., gave utterance to a confession of ignorance, thus: "We are not fighting Russia at all. I do not know of anybody fighting Russia. I am in an inside position, and therefore I ought to know." Unfortunately the Right Honourable who "ought to know" apparently didn't know, for here we have *The Evening News* (December 19th, 1918) explaining "Why We Stay in Russia." The "we" must not be misunderstood to mean the entire staff of the *News* from the office boy downwards. It refers to the Mons heroes (*Star*, December 18th, 1918), who are being sent to spend a merry Christmas in Archangel and other Christmassy places where the cold is just like the "good old times." According to this article in *The News*, Lord Milner (who was born on the wrong side of the Rhine) states that "our troops went to Russia, not to meddle in Russia's internal affairs, or to impose any particular form of Government on the nation, but simply to fight Germany's allies, the Bolsheviks."

I do not like to say that Lord Milner is telling untruths; but he is, to put it gently, probably misinformed. According to *The Glasgow Forward* (September 21st, 1918) "Mr. Hyndman states that at this very moment our War Office is sending money to the monarchist Alexieff and other monarchists." This, it will be noted, is a full month before Barnes states that "we are not fighting Russia at all." It gives the lie, if the statement is true, to Milner's assertion that we are not out to impose any particular form of government on the nation. From the same issue of *The Forward* we read: "Tchaykovsky, the pro-Ally Socialist, who, in the name of the local Soviets invited (the official word) the Allied armies to Northern Russia, is suddenly suspended and an ex-officer of the Tsar's army reigns mysteriously in his place. Then on Monday we read that Tchaykovsky and his Soviet are re-instated—the Kemski Soviet is dissolved and three recalcitrant Soviet members who will not join the new and approved Soviet are shot by the Allies (*Cambridge Magazine*, September 14th, 1918). . . . The *Nation* reports from the Soviet press a definite allegation that Mr. Lockhart, the British representative in Petrograd, has been plotting with the commander of the Lettish Soviet regiments to upset the Bolshevik regime." This looks very much as if we were decidedly not to "meddle with Russia's internal affairs," doesn't it, Henry?

Either Lord Milner is talking out of his chapeau or else somebody is lying. But there is more to come. Prepare for Reel Two of the drama. The noble peer is made to state by the issue of *The News* aforesaid that "the Bolsheviks, acting in the interest of our chief enemies, brought about the betrayal of the Armenian, Rumanian and Czech-Slovak nations." In a letter to Romain Rolland, a certain Capt. Sadoul, of the French Military Mission at Moscow, writes under date of July 14th, 1918, that "the Allies have played the game of the counter-revolution, aggravating disorder and precipitating disintegration." You will be able to read between the long-winded words, Henry. The gallant Captain proceeds: "I am no Bolshevik. . . . Ignoring the teachings of history they [the Allies] adopted a policy in the Ukraine which only benefited Austria and Germany; they encouraged the separatist tendencies of Finland, Poland, Lithuania, and the Caucasus, and with Rumania they fought against the Russian Army."

Well, you can take your choice, Henry: Lord Milner, whose official residence is in Whitehall, or Capt. Sadoul, who has been on the spot and seen things. Milner says that the Czech-Slovaks are one of the nations "all of whom we were in honour bound to support"; but the Radical *Manchester Guardian* (July 13th, 1918) states that the leader of the Czech-

Slovaks, Prof. Masaryk, is definitely hostile to Allied intervention in Russia against the wishes of the Bolshevik Government. So here is Milner tying himself in knots.

But anyway, why should we worry about Lord Milner's contortions? It is his funeral, not ours. The main fact is that although the war is supposed to be over, by the grace of God, and we are still at it in the Land of the Snows, and we are definitely fighting the Bolsheviks. Now, what have the Bolsheviks done to us? They have not invaded the East Coast, or shelled Hartlepool, or dropped bombs on Whitehall. What in Mike's name is the head and front of their offence? Simply this: that the peoples, tired of the mismanagement of their affairs by the monarchists and landowners and capitalists, have taken over their own country; borne down by a war, not of their own seeking, they have repudiated a "national" debt, due to the theory of all capitalist governments that the people should pay and their rulers call the tune. I am not in thorough agreement with the Bolshevik policy, but no doubt the Russians know what is best for them. I am more concerned over the revolution which is long overdue in this country, and, in the meantime, I do not wish to see a new Allied militarism, as *The Globe* (December 14th, 1918) puts it, "taking over the responsibility of policing other countries if order is to be evolved out of chaos left by the revolution following on war."

What does this "order to be evolved out of chaos" mean? Does it mean unemployment benefits of 29s. a week for thirteen weeks and the "spike" after? Does it mean the blessings of a "national debt" of the Lord knows how many thousand millions, which it will take three generations to pay the interest thereon, and leave the main debt still unpaid?

This is what "order" means, Henry. It means back to work on Monday morning from 8 A.M. till 6 P.M. for ever and ever, amen. And there is no sure thing about your job. Next week you may be no one knows where. Your wage is not for long enough to save anything out of it. The British armies may drive the wicked Bolsheviks to Timbuctoo; they may conquer the world, but you will never be any, thing but what Socialists call a "wage-slave." You certainly will not be able to see any of the lands "our" armies have conquered; you know next to nothing of the country you live in.

Take your eyes off Russia for a bit and look at your own country—which you don't own yet. Then you will realise that the business of the Henry Dubbs in khaki is not to fight "Bolsheviks," but to win England for the people.

And shall I tell you how to do it? Archibald, certainly not.

G.P.O. EMPLOYEE DISMISSED FOR SPEAKING TO A C.O.

The following letter is of great interest:—
86, OAKLEIGH PARK DRIVE,
LEIGH-ON-SEA,
ESSEX.

SIR,—I beg respectfully for your aid in rectifying a special grievance under which my daughter is suffering at the hands of Mr. Furby (superintendent) at the G.P.O.

I would point out that my daughter, Winifred Outburt, aged 16, has been engaged during the past 2½ years at the Post Office, Newgate Street—1st, As a Probationer.

2nd, As a Female Telegraph Learner.

3rd, As a Qualified Learner.

Whilst a Probationer she was never late so far as travelling facilities permitted and has a good record with her associates.

Since being a qualified Learner she has suffered severely from the persistent hostile attitude of the above superintendent. For a so-called breach of discipline on November 16th he had her suspended.

Briefly the explanation of this incident is—a Mr. Osborn who is engaged in the same division is known to be a conscientious objector. The Superintendent issued instructions to his staff not to speak to this man.

The Superintendent heard my daughter make a reply to this person, who addressed her; she

PRESIDENT WILSON MET BY THE RED FLAG.

When President Wilson arrived in London on December 26th he was greeted by a most lavish display of bunting which undoubtedly cost many thousands of pounds. We shall all be obliged to assist in paying the bill for it shortly.

The crowds which lined the roads from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace were large but not exceptionally large, and the cheering was so, so.

At various points on the north side of Trafalgar Square and Pall Mall red flags were hoisted bearing the inscriptions: "Hands off Russia"; "Do you want a general strike in Russia?"; "Hands off the Workers' and Soldiers' Council of Germany"; "Does Wilson stand for? No annexations, no indemnities, the self-determination of peoples?"; "Why should our boys freeze in Russia?"; "Wilson, stop your secret conversations"; "Stop the Russian War"; and so on. These flags were displayed for an hour and a half; passers-by viewed them by turns with curiosity, approval, apathy, but no hostility was displayed. Some people enthusiastically bought copies of the special Russian number of *THE DREADNOUGHT*, Arthur Ransome's "Truth about Russia," and *The Manchester Guardian* article "The Russian Scandal," which were on sale. The demonstration was organised by the W.S.F. and included members of the E.T.U., took part. When the President drove past loud cries of "Hands off Russia!" drew his attention to the banners. After the President, the King and Queen, and the troops had all passed by and the crowd was dispersing, a little group of people attacked some of the red flag bearers and tore some of the flags.

On Saturday when the President went to the Mansion House Mrs. Cole and a Scotch comrade stood outside *THE DREADNOUGHT* office with a great notice: "Hands off Russia!" The sympathetic crowd helped them to place it in position. What is needed now is not passive sympathy but sturdy action against the Allied capitalist attack on the Russian Soviets, and the German Workers' and Soldiers' Council. Arthur Ransome's pamphlet and the special Russian edition of *THE DREADNOUGHT* make splendid ammunition for this work.

At the next election (if the Soviets are not established in Britain before there is a general election) we shall probably have a Labour Government, and after a Labour Government we shall follow a Socialist Government and the Soviets. The Revolution is coming soon!

was taken sharply to task for doing so. By asserting her right to speak to whom she chose she was reported and made to write out a reply under duress there and then. Exception being taken to the nature of her reply she was suspended and given a note to be given to her parents. She was then escorted, off the premises like a criminal. Thus after the above term of regular service her career was callously ruined.

As the girl's father I ask as a matter of justice that this matter be inquired into. If it be found that the Superintendent was not carrying out the orders approved by the Postmaster General, I contend that he has committed an unwarrantable offence and should be dealt with accordingly. Further, he should be requested to apologise to the circumstances can it be said that she offered the slightest degree, against either the spirit or the letter of the Post Office regulations.

Yours, &c. Wm. J. CUTBURN.

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THE RED FUNERAL AT VLADIVOSTOK.

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS.

It was the Fourth of July. I was standing on the Kitaiskaya looking down upon the holiday page on the American battleship in Vladivostok Bay. Suddenly I heard a far away sound. Listening, I caught the strains of the Revolutionary hymn:—

With hearts heavy and sad we bring our dead
Who shed their blood in the fight for freedom.

Looking up, I saw on the crest of the hill the last lines of the funeral procession of the gruzshiki.

Four days before, when the Czech-Slovaks, aided by Japanese and English troops, suddenly seized the Soviet and its officials, throwing confusion and terror into the ranks of the workers, the gruzshiki (longshoremen), rushed into the Red Building, and, though outnumbered forty to one, refused to surrender until the building was set on fire by an incendiary bomb.

To-day, the people were burying the defenders of the fallen Soviet. Out of the workmen's quarters they streamed, jamming the street, not from curb to curb, but from wall to wall. They came flowing over the hill-top by thousands until the whole long slope was choked with the dense, slow-moving throng, keeping time to the funeral march of the revolutionists.

Up through the gray and black mass of men and women ran two lines of white-clad sailors of the Bolshevik fleet. Above their heads tossed a cloud of crimson standards with silvered cords and tassels. In the vanguard, four men carried a large red banner with the words: "Long Live the Soviet of Workers and Peasants! Deputies! and to the International Brotherhood of the Workers!"

A hundred girls in white, carrying the green wreaths from forty-four unions of the city, formed a guard of honour for the coffins of the gruzshiki, which, with the red paint still wet upon them, were borne upon the shoulders of their comrades. The music crashed out by the Red Fleet Band was as in the volume of song that rose from the sixteen thousand singers.

There was colour and sound and motion—but there was a something else, a something which appalled fear and awe. I have seen a score of the great processions of Petrograd and Moscow, peace and victory and protest and memorial parades, military and civilian. They were all vast and impressive because the Russians have a genius for all kind of thing. But this was different.

From these defenceless poor, stripped of their arms, and with sorrowing songs bearing off their dead, there came a threat more menacing than that which frowned from the twelve-inch guns of the Allied Fleet, riding in the harbour below. It was impossible not to feel it. It was so simple, so spontaneous and so elemental. It came straight from the heart of the people. It was the people, homeless, isolated, beaten to earth, thrown upon its own resources, and yet, out of its grief, rising magnificently to take command of itself.

The dissolution of the Soviet, instead of plunging the people into inactive grief and dissipating their fires, begot a strange, unifying spirit. Seventeen thousand separate souls were welded into one. Seventeen thousand people, singing in unison found themselves thinking in unison. With a common aim and mass consciousness, they formulated their decisions from their class standpoint—the permanent standpoint of the revolutionary proletarian.

The Czech Slovaks came, offering a guard of honour. "No nozhina!" (It is not necessary!) the people replied. "You killed our comrades. Why to one you fought against them. They died for the Soviet and we are proud of them. I thank you, but we cannot let the guns which shot them down guard them in their death!"

"But there may be danger for you in this city," said the authorities.

"Never mind," they answered, "We, too, are afraid of death. And what better way to die than beside the bodies of our comrades!"

Some bourgeois societies came presenting memorial wreaths. (The Cadets officially denied that these wreaths came from them.)

"No nozhina, it is not necessary," the people answered. "Our comrades died in a struggle against the bourgeoisie. They died fighting bravely. We must keep their memory clean. We thank you, but we dare not lay your wreaths upon their coffins."

The procession poured down the Aleutskaya Hill, and the large, open space at the bottom, and faced toward the English Consulate. Near by was a

work-car with a tower for repairing electric wires. Whether it was there by design or accident I do not know. Presently it was to serve as a speaker's rostrum.

The band played a solemn dirge. The men bared their heads. The women bowed. The music ceased and there was a silence. The band played a second time. Again there was the bowing and baring of heads and again the long silence. And yet there was no speaker. It was like a huge Quaker meeting in the open air. And just as a sermon has no place in Russian public worship so here a speech was not essential to this act of public devotion. But should someone from the people feel the impulse to speak there was the platform awaiting him. It was as if in the pause the people were generating a voice.

At last out of the crowd one came and climbed upon the high platform. He had not the gift of oratory but his frequent intonation, "They died for us," "They died for us," touched others to utterance.

Most eloquent of all was a lad of seventeen, the secretary of a league of young Socialists. "We were students and artists and such kind of people. We held ourselves aloof from the Soviet," he said. "It seemed to us foolish for workmen to govern without the wisdom of the wise. But now we know that you were right and we were wrong. From now on we shall stand with you. What you do, we will do. We pledge our tongues and pens to make known the wrongs that you have suffered the length and breadth of Russia and throughout the world."

Suddenly the word went through the throng that Constantin Soochanov had been paroled until five o'clock and that he was coming with counsels of peace and moderation. Soochanov was the president of the Soviet, a student twenty-four years of age, son of a high official of the Tsar, and a hero in a revolution that is not given to hero-worship.

While some were affirming his coming and others were denying it, he himself appeared. He was quickly passed along upon the shoulders of the sailors. In a storm of cheers, he climbed the ladder and came out upon the platform-top, smiling. . . .

As if to avert the flood of tragedy and pathos that beat suddenly upon him from every side, he turned his head away. His eyes fell for the first time upon the red coffins of the men who had been slain in defence of his Soviet and upon the mothers, wives and children of the men who lay within them. That was too much for him. A shudder passed through his frame, he threw up his hands, staggered and would have fallen headlong into the crowd, but a friend caught him. With both hands pressed to his face, Soochanov, in the arms of his comrades, sobbed like a child. We could see his breath come and go and the tears raining down his cheeks. The Russians are little given to tears. But that day there were seventeen thousand Russians who sobbed with their young leader on the public square of Vladivostok.

But Soochanov knew that many tears were an indulgence and that he had a big and serious task to perform. Fifty feet behind him was the English Consulate and fifty rods before him were the waters of the Golden Horn with the frowning guns of the Allied Fleet. He wrenched himself away from his grief and . . . with an ever mounting passion of earnestness he spoke, closing with the words which shall henceforth be the rallying cry for the workers in Vladivostok and the Far East:—

"Here before the Red Staff Building where our comrades gruzshiki were slain, we swear by these red coffins that hold them, by their wives and children that weep for them, by the red banners which float over them, that the Soviet for which they died shall be the thing for which we live—or if need be—like them, die. Henceforth the return of the Soviet shall be the goal of all our sacrifice and devotion. To that end we shall fight with every means. The bayonets have been wrested from our hands, but when the day comes and we have no guns we shall fight with sticks and clubs, and when these are gone then with our bare fists and bodies. Now it is for us to fight only with our minds and spirits. Let us make them hard and strong and unyielding. The Soviet is dead. Long live the Soviet!"

The crowd caught up the closing words in a tremendous demonstration, mingled with the strains of the "International":—

"Arise ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation
A better world's in birth!"

The resolution proclaiming the restoration of the Soviet, the objective of all the future struggles of the revolutionary proletariat and peasants of the Far East was read. At the call for the vote seventeen thousand hands shot into the air. They were the hands which had built the cars and paved the streets, forged the iron, held the plough, and swung the hammer. All kinds of hands they were: the big, rough hand of the old gruzshiki, the artisans' deft and sinewy, the knotted hands of the peasants, thick with callouses, and thousands of the freer, whiter hands of the working women. By these hands the riches of the Far East had been wrought. They were no different from the scarred, stained hands of labour anywhere in all the world. Except in this regard. For a time they had held the power. The Government had been within their grasp. Four days ago it had been wrested from their grasp but the feel of it was still within their hands—these hands raised now in solemn pledge to take that power again. . . .

A sailor striding down from the hilltop, pushed through the crowd and climbed upon the platform. "Comrades!" he cried joyously. "We are not alone. I ask you to look away to the flags flying over there on the American battleship. You cannot see them down there where you stand. But they are there. And with the flags of all the other nations there is the red flag of our Russian Republic. No, comrades, we are not alone to day in our grief. The Americans understand and they are with us!"

It was a mistake of course. These flags had been hung out in celebration of our Day of Independence. But the crowd did not know that. To them it was like the sudden touch of a friend's hand upon a lonely traveller in a foreign land. With enthusiasm they caught up the cry of the sailor: "The Americans are with us!" And the vast concourse, lifting up their coffins, wreaths and banners were once more in motion. They were going to the cemetery but not directly. Tired as they were from long standing in the sun, they made a wide detour to reach the street that runs up the steep hill to the American Consulate. Then straight up the sharp slope they toiled in a cloud of dust, still singing as they marched, until they came before the Stars and Stripes floating from the flagstaff. And there they stopped and laid the coffins of their dead beneath the flag of the great Western democracy.

They stretched out their hands, crying, "Speak to us a word!" They sent delegates within to implore that word. On the day the great Republic of the West celebrated its independence the poor and disinherited of Russia came asking sympathy and understanding in the struggle for their independence. Afterwards, I heard a Bolshevik leader bitterly resentful at this "compromise with revolutionary honour and integrity."

"How stupid of them," he said. "How inane of them! Have we not told them that all countries are alike—alike imperialists? Was this not repeated to them over and over again by their leaders?"

Truly it had been. But with this demonstration of the Fourth of July the leaders had little to do. They were in prison. The affair was in the hands of the people themselves. And, however cynical many leaders were about the professions of America, the people were not so. In the hour of their affliction, these simple trusting folk, makers of the new democracy of the East, came stretching forth their hands to the great strong democracy of the West.

They knew that President Wilson had given his assurance of help and loyalty to the "people of Russia." They reasoned: "We the workers and peasants, the vast majority here in Vladivostok, are we not the people? To day in our trouble we come to claim the promised help. Our enemies have taken away our Soviet. They have killed our comrades. We are alone and in distress and you alone of all the nations of the earth can understand." No finer tribute could they offer than to come thus bringing their dead with the faith that out of America would come compassion and understanding. America, their only friend and refuge.

But America did not understand. The American people did not even hear about it. But these Russian folk did not know that the American people never heard about it. All they know is that a few weeks after that appeal came the landing of the American troops.

And now they say to one another: "How stupid we were to stand there in the heat and the dust stretching out our hands like beggars!"

(Reprinted from "The New Republic")

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What we need

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

said that if the Pensions Ministry use of the machinery already in existence. Here might be reason in the Bill, the meantime out of right it had to claim more annuities. The Bill was read a second time. The right of the peoples MS. The national Federation of the British Workers' Movement. The statement of the Bill was read a second time.

Sat., January 4th 1919.

Any day now the news may come that the Spartacus Party is in control and that Soviet Socialism reigns in Germany. When Soviet Germany joins Soviet Russia, the two great nations will form a Socialist alliance, so strong that no capitalist combination will have power to destroy it.

Lord Milner, in a communication to *The Daily News*, defended the intervention on similar lines, and adopted a number of quite untenable contentions; for instance, he accused the Bolshevik administration of causing the defeat of Roumania in the war, though Ro-

Surely those words mean that Wilson read the interests of the small, weak nations go to the wall when the great Powers stand in rivalry together. Does he now repent of high-flown, altruistic-worded utterances built up for him such a tremendous reputation? If he ever believed them to be more than

(continued on page 1177).

CHILDREN DYING IN GERMANY

from Germany W. H. Nevinston in *The Daily* reports that the bread is very unwholesome, that the present ration will only last till early 4th. Potatoes at 1 lb. a day and meat at 3 oz. a week will only last till February. Other substitutes made from the bones of animals are rationed at 1 oz. a week. Only children under 3 years can have milk. Horse manure sells at 36s. per lb.

The town physician of Solingen reported that at 6 years old an average of 1,100 children die under his examination, and in peace time

The *Daily News* reports that Colonel Summerhayes, Chief of the British Red Cross Mission Prisoners of War in Austria, says that unless aid is immediately sent to Vienna at least 1,000 people out of a total population of 2,500,000 will die as soon as the cold weather sets in. He says that Vienna is not on the verge of starvation but actually starving. During his fifteen years' experience in India (how awful that India should be the test case in famine comparison!) he never witnessed such a state as he has seen in Vienna to-day. Public kitchens dole out meagre portions of soup, fish and vegetables at 5d. per meal. The daily allowance is 40 lbs. a week, which barely suffices to cook three meals.

From Germany W. H. Nevinston in *The Daily* reports that the bread is very unwholesome, that the present ration will only last till January 4th. Potatoes at 1 lb. a day and just 3 oz. a week will only last till February. Better substitutes made from the bones of animals are rationed at 1 oz. a week. Only a horse under 3 years can have milk. Horse-droppings sell at 30s. per-lb.

The town physician of Solingen reported that at 6 years old an average of 1,100 children are under his examination, and in peace time

But in spite of the cruel hardship it entails the Bolsheviks are said to welcome the intervention, because, they say, the occupying troops will become enthusiastic workers in the Socialist Revolution. E. SYLVIA PANKHURST

The "copy" from our Paris Correspondent has not yet reached us. We conclude the Christmas postal arrangements are the cause.

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound into the book's spine, showing the inner structure of the binding. There is no text or other markings on the page.

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LONDON MEETINGS.

OUT DOOR.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3rd.
The Square, Woolwich.—11.45 A.M., Miss Price.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th.
Great Push in Wandsworth.—Meet at 2.30 P.M.
outside Wandsworth Prison. Speakers:
Mrs. Clara Cole, Miss Price, Mrs. Walker, and
others.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 5th.
Osborn Street, Whitechapel.—11.45 A.M., Mrs.
Walker.
Finsbury Park.—3 P.M., John Syme.
The Flagstaff, Hampstead.—3 P.M., Miss Price.
TUESDAY, JANUARY 7th.
The Clock Tower, Burdett Road.—11.30 A.M.,
Miss Price.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th.
Tower Hill.—12 (noon), Miss Price.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 11th.
Great Push in S.E. District.

INDOOR.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6th.
44, Malden Road, St. Pancras W.S.F. Business
Meeting.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8th.
44, Malden Road, St. Pancras W.S.F.—Mrs.
Clara Cole, 'The Stand of the C.O.s.'
FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th.
Chandos Hall.—7 P.M., Violin Recital by
Edward Soermus. Chair: Sylvia Pankhurst.
SUNDAY, JANUARY 12th.
20, Railway Street, Poplar W.S.F.—Mr.
Edmunds, 'Possibilities of our Age.' Chair:
Mrs. Cressall. Discussion.

OTHER ORGANISATIONS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7th.
Walthamstow League of Rights, William Morris
Hall.—2.30 P.M., Mrs. Cressall.
We shall be pleased to insert notices of meetings
in this column, giving one line free and a penny for
each additional word.

Gratefully Acknowledged

GENERAL FUND (November and December).
Miss D. Gittins, £10; Bond, per Mrs. Drake
(20s. w.), £9; Miss Chesley (Peace), £8; Mrs. M.
Murray, £5; Saleh & Bow, £4 13s. 7d.; Notting-
ham W.S.F., £2 10s.; Central Branch W.S.F.,
£1 13s. 3d.; Mr. Frank Lawes, £1; Miss Casey
(Draw Books), 14s. 8d.; Miss C. Billing, 10s.;
Erith I.L.P., 10s.; a Sheffield Woman, 10s.; Miss
Annie B. Howlett, 10s.; S. W., 5s.; Miss M. C.
Gittins, 5s.; Miss A. Marion Barker, 5s.; Miss
Gulland, 5s.; Mr. A. Gaubert, 5s.; Mrs. Hannon,
4s.; Miss Evelyn C. Lummis, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Cahill,
2s. 6d.; Mr. Reuben Cohen, 2s. 6d. COLLEC-
TIONS: Miss Price, £7 12s. 11d.; Poplar W.S.F.,
£1 8s. 6d.; Irish At Home, £1 1s. 4d.; Bow
People's Hall, 2s. 3d.

Sent in for Miss PANKHURST'S FINE.—
Derbyshire Miners, per Mr. C. Baker, £32 17s. 1d.;
Mrs. C. E. Payne, £15; A Friend, £8; per Miss
Susan Lawrence, £7 13s.; Poplar W.S.F., £7 11s. 7d.
per Miss Bennett, £6 3s. 6d.; Arnold
Lupton, £5; Miss Susan Lawrence, £5; Mrs.
Pethick Lawrence, £4; Mr. Gasiorowski, £4;
Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, £2 10s.; 2nd and 4th Southern
Corps N.C.C., £2 3s. 3d.; Mrs. Sudd Brown, £2;
Mrs. J. F. Durant, £1 15s. 6d.; per Mrs. Hunter,
£1 14s. 8d.; North Workers Committee, £1 12s. 6d.;
per Mrs. Clarges, £1 11s.; per Mrs. Brunsdon,
£1 10s.; Mr. W. Carter, £1; Mrs. Brimley, £1;
Miss McKay, £1; Miss O'Brien, £1; Mrs. Jewson,
£1; Portsmouth W.S.F., £1; Miss Sarah Birch,
£1; A Friend, 10s.; Mrs. Opperman, 10s.; Harry
Morris, 10s.; Mrs. Maier, 10s.; Miss Gore-Brown,
10s.; Engineer, Belfast, 10s.; per Irene Opp-
erman, 10s.; Mr. Jas. E. Phillips, 7s. 6d.; Mrs.
Senior and Friends, 6s. 6d.; per Mary Carr,
5s. 6d.; Mrs. Leigh, 5s.; Mr. Prelooker, 5s.; Miss
Fowler, 5s.; Mrs. M. Parr, 5s.; Miss M. Hoy and
Friend, 5s.; Gorton I.L.P., 5s.; Mrs. Hardcastle,
3s.; Mrs. Hardcastle, 2s. 6d.; L. Hogben, 2s. 6d.;
Mr. F. Sylvester, 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Fleumner,
1s. 6d. [The surplus has been divided between
the Dreadnought and General Funds.]

COCKNEY FAIR.—Mr. Geo. Lansbury, £5;
Mrs. Sandheim, £2; Mr. Bradley, £1 1s.; Mrs.
Thring, £1; Mrs. M. B. H. Ellis, £1; John Canning,
£1; Mrs. E. Richmond, £1; Mrs. Mgt. Murray,
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Hardcastle, 7s. 6d.; Mr. C. P. Bell, 5s.; Miss A.
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Cable, 2s. 6d.; Miss E. Russell, 2s. 6d.; Miss
Mary Hughes, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. de Gruyter, 2s.;
Mrs. J. Tinkay, 2s.; E. Shaw, 1s. 3d.; Miss
Lillian Hudson, 1s.; Miss J. Stephen, 1s.

SOCIAL WORK.—Mrs. Alice Singer (2s. w.)
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£3 10s.; Miss Annie Udney, £2 6s. 8d.; Mrs. M.
Judson, £2 5s.; Mrs. J. C. Unwin, £2 2s.; Mrs.
Richmond (10s. fortnightly), £2; per Miss J. E.
Weir (20s. monthly), £2; Mrs. M. A. Pelly (10s.
monthly), £1 10s.; Mrs. R. Hecht, £1 1s.; per
Mrs. Dickinson, £1 1s.; Rev. B. E. G. Shelley,
£1; Contessa Tomasi Isolani (monthly), £1;
Miss A. M. Goodliffe, £1; Miss M. Fussell, £1;
Estelle and Vincent Bell, £1; Mrs. Mgt. Murray,
£1; Mrs. Lettie Usherwood, 18s.; Mr. Sydney
Schiff, 17s.; per A. Demant, 15s.; Mr. R. Whit-
well, 15s.; Mrs. Thring's boy, 11s. 3d.; Mrs.
Leila Burroughs, 10s.; Miss M. S. Turner, 10s.;
Misses Barrowman (5s. monthly), 10s.; Miss J. T.
Drewry (5s. monthly), 10s.; Sale of clothes, 10s.;
Mrs. I. Tew, 10s.; Mr. W. J. Randall, 10s.;
Miss Mabel Bennett, 10s.; Mrs. A. R. Higdon,
7s. 6d.; Miss W. Turner, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Alan
Gardiner, 7s.; Miss E. Dell, 6s. 7d.; Mrs. Ware,
5s. 7d.; Mrs. Barfield, 5s. 2d.; G. S. P., 5s. 0d.;
D. Wilkie, Esq. (2s. 6d. monthly), 5s.; Miss M.
McCarthy, 5s.; Mr. F. W. Shorrocks, 5s.; Miss
Mgt. D. Warren, 5s.; Miss I. W. Mudie, 5s.;
Mr. Chas. E. Foster, 5s.; Mr. A. J. Nathan, 5s.;
Mrs. Castelli, 5s.; Miss E. M. Fox, 5s.; Miss
Clemence Housman, 5s.; Miss M. Hay and
Friend, 5s.; per Miss H. Bandulsha, 4s. 0d.;
Miss Alice Woodruffe, 4s.; Joan Edwards (far-
things), 2s. 10s.; Mrs. Field, 2s. 6d.; Miss D.
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Phillips, 2s. 6d.; Mary Alice Singer (12 weekly)
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Kathleen Outhwaite, 1s.; J. Sheard, 1s.; P.
Anderson, 1s.; Mrs. Amittage Smith, 1s.; Mrs.
Schurr, 9d. COLLECTIONS: L.S.A. Tool-
room, £6 15s. 9d.; Misses E. Lagading and
J. Watts (Greens Yard), £3 18s. 2d.; Mrs. Alice
Singer (6 months' collection), £2 6s.; Milk Churn,
£2 1s. 2d.; per Miss Burgess, 12s. 7d.; per Miss
Burgis, 9s.; Milk Box, 6s. 6d.; Mothers Arms
Box, 3s. 4d.

CHANDOS HALL.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th, 7.30 p.m.,

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Tickets, 2s. 2d., 1s. and 6d., including tax. Application for
tickets should be sent to Miss Buxton, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3.

JOHN MACLEAN.

December 26th, 1918.

John Maclean has sent the following letter
to Sir James M. Dods, Under-Secretary for
Scotland. 26385/73

SIR.—Would you be so kind as to inform the
Secretary for Scotland that I do not accept your
assertion that "the King" has granted me a
"free pardon." Not "the King," but the
fighting workers of Britain have regained me my
freedom, and a healthy fear of these workers
has induced you and your friends to try this
bluff of a "free pardon." All the time, however,
you are trying to pester my wife and myself
through your detestable spies, popularly called
detectives.

My immediate reply to that is a demand from
the Government through the Scottish Office for
one hundred and fifty pounds (£150), the cost
of recovery after my release last time and this
from your cold-blooded treatment in those
infernos, Peterhead and Perth.

I made a claim last time for seventy-six
pounds (£76) and was refused. The new demand
includes that sum, and this new demand I
intend to insist upon until it is met by the next
Government or until the workers assume full
control of the British Empire.

(Other papers please copy.)

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

Classified advertisements one penny per word.
Displayed advertisements 7s. 6d. per inch. Pre-pay
and send to Manager, "Workers' Dreadnought,"
152 Fleet Street.

FAMILY LIMITATION DOCTRINE. Post free, 10d.
—Malthusian League, 48, Broadway, Westminster.

W. DUDLICK JOHN, B.A., honours in English, 10
24 days in a military prison as a Conscientious Objector
seeks congenial employment.

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SINN FEIN.

In the Irish Elections Sinn Fein has won

the country.
Sinn Fein's next move (as we learnt from two
of the newly elected M.P.s Mr. Gavan Duffy,
the member for South Dublin, and Mr. M. Collins,
member for South Cork, both of whom called
at THE DREADNOUGHT office) will be to summon
an Irish National Assembly of the Sinn Fein
members next week. The business of the
Assembly will be to prepare a constitution for
an Irish Republic, to draw up a reform pro-
gramme, and to appoint Ireland's delegates to
the Peace Conference. These delegates will
not be instructed to sue for favours or support,
but to invite the Conference to recognise Ireland
as an independent nation. "Ireland," says
Sinn Fein, "is already self-determined and it
is about time that England should realise that
fact."

We asked: "What sort of people are the
Sinn Feiners who have been elected?" We
were told that about a dozen are prominent in
the ranks of organised labour, but they come
from all sections of society, farmers, barristers,
civil servants, clerks, shopkeepers, and so on.
Thirty-five of those who have been elected are
actually now in prison. Had the Sinn Fein
Executive been sure that the Act qualifying
women to sit in Parliament would be passed
time for the election, many more women
candidates would have been put forward.

If Ireland's desire for self-determination
clearly, unmistakably expressed in the election,
is met by armed coercion a most serious situation
will certainly result.

We call on the Government to leave Ireland
in peace to decide her own destiny. We urge
our fellow workers in Britain to insist that this
shall be done.

Mr. Stewart said that if the Pensions Ministry
and the machinery already
are might be reason in the Bill,
the meantime it had to claim more
inexhaustible.
admirities.
right of the peoples MS.
s.
International Federation of us that Mr. Bonar
Z. wants to grant facilities statement

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

JOHN MACLEAN.

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