

THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT

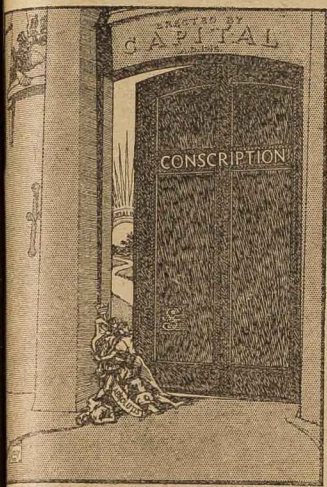
For International Socialism.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1919

Price Twopence.

DOWN WITH THE MILITARY SERVICE ACTS.



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, seat, 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.

NOW READY.

INDEPENDENT WORKING CLASS EDUCATION

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400 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW, E.3.

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 Capital 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 splendour of his triumph over Labour. Thank God, the door is not closed. The 1000 men in prison feel themselves as a wedge holding firm the door and jamb. They believe that on their power to hold firm against the possibility of the future organisation of Trade Unions in England, freed from Conscription's crushing menace to the power of the trade union, and all collective bargaining... Rather than seek merely for our own help us, then, comrades, to hold the wedge firm. Nay more, smash 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 all 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 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 politicians would endeavour to make conscription permanent in this country.

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

Resolutions were passed and demonstrations were 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

BETWEEN OURSELVES. By L. A. Motler.

It was on October 20th when the days were... gave utterance to a confession of ignorance...

I do not like to say that Lord Milner is telling untruths... but he is, to put it gently, probably misinformed...

Either Lord Milner is lying. But there is more to come. Prepare for Red Two of the drama...

Slovaks, Prof. Masaryk, is definitely hostile to Allied intervention in Russia against the wishes of the Bolshevik Government...

But anyway, why should we worry about Lord Milner's contortions? It is his funeral, not ours...

What does this "order to be evolved out of chaos" mean? Does it mean unemployment benefits of 29s. a week for thirteen weeks...

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...

G.P.O. EMPLOYEE DISMISSED FOR SPEAKING TO A C.O. The following letter is of great interest...

Sir, I beg respectfully for your aid in rectifying a special grievance under which my daughter is suffering at the hands of Mr. Furby...

I would point out that my daughter, Winifred Cuthbert, aged 16, has been engaged during the past 2 1/2 years at the Post Office, Newgate Street...

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 hunting which undoubtedly cost many thousands of pounds...

The crowds which lined the roads from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace were large but not exceptionally large...

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 Germany?" "Does Wilson stand for annexations, no indemnities, the self-determination of peoples?"...

On Saturday when the President went to the Mansion House Mrs. Cole and a Scotch comrade stood outside THE DREADNOUGHT office...

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...

was taken sharply to task for doing so. She asserted her right to speak to whom she chose and made to write out a reply under duress there and then...

INDEPENDENT WORKING-CLASS EDUCATION INDUSTRIAL HISTORY CLASS at Water Lane Infants' Hall, Stratford, E. Commencing SUNDAY, JANUARY 5th, at 3.30 p.m. Teacher, HARRY POLLITT.

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...

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

Four days before, when the Czechoslovaks, aided by Japanese and English troops, suddenly landed the Soviet and its officials, throwing confusion and terror into the ranks of the workers...

Up through the gray and black mass of men and women ran two lines of white-bloused sailors of the Red Fleet. Above their heads tossed a cloud of crimson standards with silvered cords and tassels...

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...

The dissolution of the Soviet, instead of plunging the people into inactive grief and dissipating their energies, begot a strange, unifying spirit. Seventeen thousand separate souls were welded into one...

The Czechoslovaks came, offering a guard of honour. "No noozhina!" (It is not necessary!) the people replied. "You killed our comrades, but to one you fought against them. They died for the Soviet and we are proud of them."

Some bourgeois societies came presenting memorial wreaths. (The Cadets officially denied that these wreaths came from them.) "No noozhina, 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 howling and baring of heads and again the long silence.

At last out of the crowd one came and climbed upon the high platform. He had not the gift of oratory but his frequent iteration, "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 gruzshchiki 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 gruzshchiki, 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. Those 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. There 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 insane 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.")

said that if the Penisons Ministry... here might be reason in the Bill, the meantime outlie right it had to claim more... admitties... right of the peoples MS...

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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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; friend, per Mrs. Drake (20s. w.), £9; Miss Chesley (Pease), £8; Mrs. M. Murray, £5; Sale at Bow, £4 13s. 7d.; Nottingham 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. COLLECTIONS: 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. Brunson, £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 Opperman, 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. Silvester, 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. Taring, £1; Mrs. M. B. H. Ellis, £1; John Canning, £1; Mrs. E. Richmond, £1; Mrs. Mgt Murray, 15s.; Miss Ethel Morgan, 10s.; Miss Alice Unthank, 10s.; Mrs. Hyde, 10s.; Miss Gilksten, 10s.; Mrs. M. Jones, 10s.; Miss E. Smith, 10s.; Mrs. Hardcastle, 7s. 6d.; Mr. G. P. Bell, 5s.; Miss A. Hardie, 3s.; Mrs. Mansell Moulin, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Castledine, 2s. 6d.; Miss Eleanor Green, 2s. 6d.;

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W. DUDLICK JOHN, B.A., honours in English, 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 programme, 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 in time for the election, many more women candidates would have been put forward.

If Ireland's desire for self-determination 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.

Mrs. Oldershaw, 2s. 6d.; Miss Mgt. Smith, 2s. 6d.; Miss Maltilda E. Mugeridge, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. J. 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.

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

JOHN MACLEAN. December 26th, 1918. John Maclean has sent the following letter to Sir James M. Dodds, 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.)

...said that if the Pensions Ministry were might be reason in the Bill, the meantime it had to claim more innoxations, admitties, right of the peoples MS. ...us that Mr. Bonar ...statement

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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