

Bolsheviki and World Peace.

By Leon Trotsky.

(Published by Chas. Musson, Toronto.)

Here is a book that should be in the library of every Socialist. Trotsky is no fool, he knows and tells you plainly that the war is the result of the antagonisms that tear Capitalist society asunder, and in his preface shows how the forces of production which Capitalism has evolved have outgrown the limits of nation and state, and goes on to show how the war proclaims the downfall of the national state and with it the downfall of the Capitalist system. Capitalism, he declares, has created the material conditions of a new Socialist economic system. Imperialism has led the capitalist nations into historic chaos. This war shows the way out by violently urging the proletariat on the path of Revolution, and in the backward European countries brings to the fore the problems of Democracy and national unity.

The first chapter deals with the Balkan Question, and scores the Austro-Hungarian Socialists for their support of the ruling clique in that country, pointing out how the Socialists of Serbia had more cause to support their government, yet refused to vote the war credits. He states clearly the Socialist position when he says "The mere existence of Austria-Hungary, this Turkey of middle Europe, blocks the way to the natural self-determination of the people of the South-east. It compels them to keep constantly fighting against each other, to seek support against each other from the outside and so makes them the tool of the political combinations of Europe." And he deals with the attempt to preserve the status quo and quotes Marx in 1853, "What is the status quo? For the Christian subjects of Porte it means nothing else than the perpetuation of their oppression by Turkey."

In the fifth chapter he shows plainly he is no pro-German, in fact, he betrays an intense hatred of the German ruling class, and despises the Socialists of Germany for supporting

the Imperial Junkers and betraying the International. "The war grew out of Imperialistic antagonisms between the capitalist states, and the victory of Germany . . . can only produce one result—territorial acquisitions at the expense of Belgium, France and Russia, commercial treaties forced upon her enemies, and new colonies. The class struggle of the proletariat would then be placed upon the basis of Imperialistic hegemony of Germany, the working class would be interested in the maintenance and development of this hegemony, and revolutionary Socialism would be condemned to the role of a propaganda sect."

In his last chapter he says "Immediate cessation of the war is the watchword under which the Social Democracy of Europe can reassemble its scattered ranks, both within the national parties and in the whole International. The proletariat cannot make its will to peace dependent upon the strategic considerations of the general staffs," and declares that the task of the Socialists is "To assemble the ranks of the proletariat in a fight for peace, which means again to place the forces of revolutionary Socialism against raging, tearing Imperialism on the whole front."

"The conditions upon which peace should be concluded, the peace of the peoples themselves, and not reconciliation of the diplomats, must be the same for the whole International.

"No contributions;

"The right of every nation to self-determination;

"The United States of Europe, without monarchies, without standing armies, without ruling feudal castes, without secret diplomacy."

The book is exceedingly well written and gives an insight into the purpose and honest idealism which actuates Leon Trotsky, the Russian Socialist Foreign Minister, and the man who, voicing the aspirations of the working people, has compelled the world to take notice.

PARLIAMENT OF SEVEN.

Excelling even the Scottish St. Kilda in loneliness is Pitcairn Island, a British possession in the Pacific, almost midway between Australia and South America. About two square miles in area, the island had a population of 169, including three Americans. The inhabitants are half-castes of Tahitian blood, but English is the only language spoken. A Parliament, consisting of seven members, and boasting a president, a vice-president, and a judge, conducts the affairs of the community. All persons above the age of eighteen can vote, and voting is done verbally. The natives are great music lovers, and take much pride in an organ presented to them by Queen Victoria. Sometime a year passes without the arrival of a mail. Letters are sent from the United States by way of San Francisco and Tahiti, and these lie at the latter place awaiting some vessel that will touch at the island. It once happened that only two vessels called there during a period of twenty-six years.

Canned Democracy An Old Country Recipe.

The methods by which the world is to be made "safe for democracy" become more varied and complicated as the war goes on. At first all we had to do was to beat the Hun, and then stand over him until he completely resorted broken Belgium,

After a while it was not Belgium, but Constantinople that was to be "restored"—to Russia; and to-day it is not Constantinople, but Alsace-Lorraine that must be "restored"—to France.

And all this is accomplished by the one refrain persistently proclaiming the "Prussian Militarism must be destroyed." No reasonable person of the present century can object to this sentiment, because Prussian Militarism is quite as inimical to Democracy as any other variety of the poisonous weed called Militarism; but one wishes that something—a committee of "ways and means," for instance—had been appointed, so that at least a start might be made in this laudable work of destruction. In the meantime, and thinking that perhaps one might find suggestions as to how the downfall of this devouring monster might be accomplished, one dipped into some of the many "war books" written recently, but the only concrete matter one discovered was that the charming young nurse sometimes marries the interesting young officer—most of the books might be written by any war correspondent, so devoid are they of any real information. None of them even attempt to "tell us all about the war, and what they killed each other for"; but we discovered one book the other day with a brand new recipe for the utter destruction of "Prussian Militarism," it is called "All In It," by Major Ian Hay Beith, and is a continuation of a previous volume—"The First Hundred Thousand." It has already been reviewed favorably, but most inadequately, by many of the newspapers. They all overlook the most striking and significant parts of the whole book; for instance, one powerful critic says it is one of the most "cheerful and readable" of recent war books. This we consider to be very unfair to the brave Major—he is much more than just "cheerful and readable"; he is distinctly formative, and he deals conclusively with the vexed question of how to forever preserve the peace of the world. Perhaps a sample of the conversation carried on by a group of officers may be illuminating. As usual, the characters are all officers; the private soldier only appears in the capacity of servant, to give "local color," as it were. After a good hard slap at the "free and independent British voter," and a ferocious condemnation of all conscientious objectors, all people who go on strike during war time, all pacifists and other cranks, we find our heroes rejoicing that "Universal Service is a fait accompli at last, and

without anything very much in the way of exemption, either," and then they exclaim: "Isn't that worth a war?" while still further we find this inspiring sentence: "If the present scrap can be prolonged for another year our country will receive a tonic which will carry it on for another century," and the gentlemen proceed to picture England "populated by men who have actually been outside their own parish." But the thought evidently never struck these gallant officers that if the British—or any other—worker was fairly paid for his labor he might, and doubtless would, take an occasional trip away from home, without waiting for a hideous war to improve his mind by showing him other worlds—and incidentally mutilating his body or ending his career altogether.

Oh, no; the only idea expressed by the characters in this very popular book is, that if we are to become a truly powerful nation, we must at once adopt a purely Prussian system "with nothing very much in the way of exemption"; and the finishing touch is put to this magnificent notion by the Major in the tale, who declares that "War is Hell and all that, but there is one worse thing than a long war, and that is a long peace."

Now, what one is curious about is this: If that sentence had been written by a "Prussian Brute" instead of a British officer, would our critics have described the book as "cheerful and readable"? And if our Canadian boys are dying by thousands in order that peace may be permanently established, is it consistent to encourage such sentiments as these?—and does the fact that they are uttered by a Britisher alter the meaning of them in the least degree?

If we are thus to encourage the destructive impulse, will we not follow the path of all nations of history and bring destruction upon ourselves? It is nearly three hundred years since Milton wrote: "For what can war but endless war still breed?" He is right—or can we destroy Prussian Militarism by adopting it into our own family after the manner described by our British Major?

Harriet Dunlop Prenter.

The circulation of this paper depends on the voluntary effort of comrades. It is not good comradeship to leave sub-hustling to other comrades. Don't be a "shirker."

"Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all other liberties."—John Milton.

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Strenuous Times Ahead.

This transition period is sure to prove an intensely interesting and strenuous time to all well informed and active Socialists, no matter where they may be located. This will be true even here in Canada, where we will likely only be touched by the ripples of the great tidal waves which are about to sweep over Europe and possibly the United States.

In view of the foregoing and much more that might be said that will present itself to our well informed readers, we come to the point—**SHALL WE HOLD A DOMINION S.D.P. CONVENTION?**

If so, where shall it be held and on what date, and how are we going to finance it?

When convened, what shall we discuss? Here are a few points that suggest themselves:

Shall we have a new constitution?

The relation of the Provincial to the Dominion organization.

What is to be our relation to the organized labor movement?

What are to be our relations and tactics concerning the new Labor Party, which is springing up spontaneously in all parts of the country? Shall we seriously attempt to become a major political party of the country, or confine our efforts to propaganda and educational work?

What can we do to awaken the labor organizations to see the grandeur and possibility of the future of the toilers in all lands and inspire them with the larger vision of the Socialists, who thoroughly believe in the imminence of the working class regime?

These are just a few of the subjects which might be placed on the agenda for the consideration of the delegates when they convene.

Shall we hold a convention? Shall it be National or Provincial?

Where and when shall it be held?

Let us hear from you on this subject.—A. W. M.

WAR SONG.

Sung by the Canadian and Imperial troops on the Western Front, first heard after the Battle of Epres, 1914. Still popular.

Far, far from Epres, where the bullets fall,

Rock me to sleep; let me forget the war and all.

Cold is my dugout, wet are my feet, Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat. Sing me to sleep where the bombs explode,

Whizz-bangs and shrapnel fly a la mode;

Over the top helmets you'll find, Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Far, far from Epres, I want to be, Where German snipers can't pot at me. Think of me crouching where the worms creep,

Waiting for something to put me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed, Where rats are running above my head, Stretched on my waterproof, unhappy I lay,

Thinking of home and far, far away. Sing me to sleep where the camp fires glow,

Far from the star shells I want to be. Lights of old London I'd rather see. Think of me crouching where the worms creep,

Waiting for something to put me to sleep.

"Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind."—William Lloyd Garrison.