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## The Day of The People Has Arrived

by Eugene V. Debs

Upon his release from the Kaiser's bastille—the doors of which were torn from their hinges by the proletarian revolution—Karl Liebknecht, heroic leader of the rising hosts, exclaimed: "The day of the people has arrived." It was a magnificent challenge to the Junkers and an inspiring battle-cry to the aroused workers.

From that day to this Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and other true leaders of the German proletariat have stood bravely at the front, appealing to the workers to join the revolution and make it complete by destroying what remained of the criminal and corrupt old regime and ushering in the day of the people. Then arose the cry that the people were not yet ready for their day, and Ebert and Scheidemann and their crowd of white-livered reactionaries, with the sanction and support of the fugitive Kaiser, the infamous Junkers and all the allied powers, now in beautiful alliance, proceeded to prove that the people were not yet ready to rule themselves by setting up a bourgeois government under which the working class should remain in substantially the same state of slavish subjection they were in at the beginning of the war.

And now upon that issue—as to whether the terrible war has brought the people their day or whether its appalling sacrifices have been in vain—the battle is raging in Germany as in Russia, and the near future will determine whether revolution has for once really been triumphant or whether sudden reaction has again won the day.

In the struggle in Russia the revolution has thus far triumphed for the reason that it has not compromised. The career of Kerensky was cut short when he attempted to turn the revolutionary tide into reactionary bourgeois channels.

Lenin and Trotsky were the men of the hour and under their fearless, incorruptible and uncompromising leadership the Russian proletariat has held the fort against the combined assaults of all the ruling class powers of the earth. It is a magnificent spectacle. It stirs the blood and warms the heart of every revolutionist, and it challenges the admiration of the world.

So far as the Russian proletariat is concerned, the day of the people has arrived, and they are fighting and dying as only heroes and martyrs can fight and die to usher in the day of the people not only in Russia but in all the nations on the globe.

In every revolution of the past the false and cowardly plea that the people were "not yet ready" has prevailed. Some intermediate class invariably supplanted the class that was overthrown and "the people" remained at the bottom where they have been since the beginning of history. They have never been "ready" to rid themselves of their despots, robbers and parasites. All they have ever been ready for has been to exchange one brood of vampires for another to drain their veins and fatten in their misery.

That was Kerensky's doctrine in Russia and it is Scheidemann's doctrine in Germany. They are both false prophets of the people and traitors to the working class, and woe be to their deluded followers if their vicious reaction triumphs, for then indeed will the yolk be fastened afresh upon their scarred and bleeding necks for another generation.

When Kerensky attempted to sidetrack the revolution in Russia by joining forces with the bourgeoisie he was lauded by the capitalist press of the whole world. When Scheidemann patriotically rushed to the support of the Kaiser and the Junkers at the beginning of the war, the same press denounced him as the betrayer of socialism and the people. And now this very press lauds him to the heavens as the saviour of the German nation! Think of it! Scheidemann the traitor has become Scheidemann the hero of the bourgeoisie. Could

it be for any other reason on earth than that Scheidemann is doing the dirty work of the capitalist class?

And all this time the prostitute press of the robber regime of the whole world is shrieking hideously against Bolshevism. "It is worse than Kaiserism" is the burden of their cry. Certainly it is. They would a thousand times rather have the Kaiser restored to his throne than to see the working class rise to power. In the latter event they cease to rule, their graft is gone and their class disappears and well they know it. That is what we said from the beginning and for which we have been sentenced as disloyalists and traitors.

Scheidemann and his breed do not believe that the day of the people has arrived. According to them the war and the revolution have brought the day of the bourgeoisie. Mr. Bourgeois has now to take the place of Mr. Junker—to evolve into another junker by himself by and by—while Mr. Wage-Slave remains where he was before, under the heels of his master, and all he gets out of the carnage in which his blood dyed the whole earth is a new set of neals to grind into his exploited bones and a fresh and lusty vampire to drain his life blood.

Away with all such perfidious doctrines; forever away with such a vicious subterfuge and treacherous betrayal!

The people are ready for their day. The **PEOPLE**, I say; yes the **PEOPLE!**

Who are the people? The people are the working class, the lower class, the robbed, the oppressed, the impoverished, the great majority of the earth. They and those who sympathise with them are the **people**, and they who exploit the working class, and the mercenaries and menials who aid and abet the exploiters, are the enemies of the people.

That is the attitude of Lenin and Trotsky in Russia and was of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg in Germany, and this accounts for the flood of falsehood and calumny which poured upon the heads of the brave leaders and their revolutionary movement from filthy mouthpieces of the robber regime of criminal capitalism throughout the world.

The rise of the working class is the red sceptre in the bourgeoisie horizon. The red cock shall never crow. Anything but that. The Kaiser himself will be pitied and forgiven if he will but roll his eyes heavenward, proclaim the menace of Bolshevism, and appeal to humanity to rise in its wrath and stamp out this curse to civilization.

And still the "curse" continues to spread—like a raging conflagration it leaps from shore to shore. The reign of capitalism and militarism has made of all peoples inflammable material. They are ripe and ready for the change, the great change which means the rise and triumph of the workers, the end of exploitation, of war and plunder, and the emancipation of the race. Let it come! Let us all help its coming and pave the way for it by organizing the workers industrially and politically to conquer capitalism and usher in the day of the people.

In Russia and Germany our valiant comrades are leading the proletarian revolution, which knows no race, no color, no sex, and no boundary lines. They are setting the heroic example for world wide emulation. Let us, like them, scorn and repudiate the cowardly compromisers within our own ranks, challenge and defy the robber class power, and fight it out on that line to victory or death!

From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet I am Bolshevik. And proud of it.

"The Day of the people has arrived."

## Heroes And Rewards

In its issue of January 29th the "London Daily Chronicle" has blazing headlines "MILLIONS FOR LAND FOR EX-SOLDIERS."—"BOLD GOVERNMENT SCHEME TO HELP FIGHTING MEN."—"A COTTAGE AND AN ACRE." One feels inclined to laugh at the "bold government scheme" but the tragedy of it all strikes one cold and dumb, for as we peruse the article we find that the scheme is intended to provide returned soldiers, who are desirous of taking up land, with a cottage and an acre of land, part of which will be garden land and the remainder to be used for keeping poultry or pigs.

We are interested to note that our far-seeing statesmen on the other side of the duck pond realize that even an ex-soldier cannot exist on "a cottage and an acre" for to quote from the "London Daily Chronicle" "the occupier or owner will have the MAIN (emphasis ours) part of his living by seasonal work, either in the neighboring town or on the land.

This is indeed a different story to those published by the Capitalist Press when calling for recruits. It is necessary here to repeat the promises made then, but one phrase will bear repeating "Nothing will be too good for the men when they return." What of the fulfillment... "a cottage and an acre" and "seasonal work." The blood-thirsty and anarchistic Bolsheviki in Russia also have a land settlement scheme. No, not similar to the Canadian one, where a sum of money is loaned to the men who have fought for their country, and wish to go on the land, at 5 per cent interest and same loan to be paid back in a specified time, no nothing like that in Russia. There all who are desirous of working on the land are granted as much as they can cultivate and instead of a Government loan being granted to them at 5 per cent interest they are supplied by the Soviet administration with implements, seed, etc., to carry on the necessary work. These are free grants, the only recompense required being the cultivation of the land to its full measure. The Soviet administration guarantees insurance against frost, drought, or any other form of crop failure. But this is in the land of the dictatorship of the proletariat accompanied with all the ghastly horrors that the kept Press never tires of enumerating. Mr. Harold Kellock in an article in "Good Housekeeping" tells us "The first

thing the new government (Bolsheviki) did was to turn over to the peasants the land for which they had been waiting for hundreds of years. . . . The great estates were confiscated without compensation. The district soviets apportioned the land among the village soviets and these turned over the plots or farms to Peter and Ivan and Paul, not to own but to work, and they began planning for co-operative buying and selling and so forth. This was the beginning of bolshevism."

Of course this was in Russia and the hateful Bolshevists are always doing unheard of things. Why even in the Decree of the Soviets of Russia, we read "The right to use the land belongs to those who will cultivate it with their own labor." The land-owners and Capitalists are now in the same position as the peasants, if they desire land they can have just as much as they can manage by their own labor. Previously they possessed hundreds of acres which was tilled and worked by the peasants who usually got recompensed by lashes from the whip accompanied with kicks and blows.

Of course we in Canada don't want any of that Bolsheviki stuff here, no, no, certainly not; we prefer to pay 5 per cent interest on a loan. We like speculators to hold large tracts of land and rent or sell at exorbitant rates. We must exert ourselves in this country, because the Capitalist Press says that it is not good for us and the Press should know. Is it not owned by the Capitalists?

A system of land settlement where the soldiers and workers would have land given them, also machinery, grain and stock free from mortgage. Outrageous! Bolshevism! Anarchy! but "nothing was too good" in 1914 and 1915.

Maybe they thought that we would forget and not ask for any of the good things when the war was over or at most "a cottage and an acre" or a land settlement with a big mortgage, and the grain markets glutted and the packing plants bursting with cattle and hogs, and no fixed price for grain.

Yes, everything is all right we have no reason to worry, our Masters are going to settle the whole matter for us at the Peace Conference.

"Ours not to reason why; Ours but to do and die;" Slaves to the Master class.

### RECONSTRUCTION

Reconstruction is the magic word of today. It is literally showered upon us. Newspapers and magazines reek with the word and many books are published which purpose to tell us all about it. Politicians and pedlars of religion punctuate their speeches and sermons with it, while cabinet ministers and labor leaders vie with each other in characterizing it as a sure cure for Bolshevism.

"What is it that needs reconstructing—Capitalism? Ye Gods! Imagine the convicts in a penitentiary where time and the elements have rotted, weakened and loosened the iron bars which stand between them and freedom, petitioning the chief warden to reconstruct the jail!

Reconstruct a system of wage-slavery! Perpetuate your class bondage! Make the world safe for mansions and shacks, for private parks and slums, for millionaires and paupers, for \$10,000 poodles and underfed children!

Slave, the day of your emancipation is dawning. Throw off the spell of the dead past; drink deep of the glories of your future freedom, and tune your whole being to the task which the historic development of the human race has thrust upon you.

Your mission is to pry up the very foundations of Capitalism, i.e., private and corporate class ownership of the natural resources and the means of wealth production, and having secured the social ownership of the means of life to construct entirely new institutions to accord with the needs of your new found liberty.—J.R.K.

### A GALAXY OF STARS

The Alberta section of the Dominion Labor Party is to be congratulated upon the calibre of the men who dignify its membership

roll; men whose activities with the Union, Conservative and Liberal machines in the past well fits them to guide the destinies of the long suffering working class. Their change of allegiance must be a tremendous loss to the old parties, but they can obtain some consolation in the thought that like the prodigal son, they may sometime have visions of the fatted calf and straightway hustle home full of repentance—with their mouths watering for the feast. Still for the moment the Alberta section of the Dominion Labor Party reflects the radiance of their presence so we will not allow future possibilities to cast a gloom over the present.

True it is that the B.C. Federated Labor Party occasionally secures the services of a few shining lights to address their meetings, and so assist in moulding the ideals of the poor benighted workers, but they have not yet succeeded in turning them into membership with the party and in this respect they lag far behind their kin organization of Alberta. There is no room for question on this point, the mere mention of a few names being sufficient to decisively award the honors to Alberta. Alex Ross, liberal M.L.A.; Alfred Farmilo, Joseph Adair, Ald. James A. Kinney, Mayor Joseph A. Clarke are names to conjure with, and too, it is confidently expected by the faithful, that ex-Attorney General Cross will eventually add his name to the list.

### A CHANCE TO HELP

Dan MacPherson, arrested last November at Trochu for having on his premises four copies of the burned Western Clarion, is now free. His case was dismissed. This result was not due to any benevolent intervention of the Despots of Ottawa, but to the untiring efforts of the Alberta Provincial Executive of the Socialist Party of Canada. MacPherson was freed on February 24th and the party is faced with a \$300.00 obligation, and you are now called upon to pay it. Send your contributions to J. M. Maguire, Box 785, Edmonton.

## Bloody Friday In Glasgow

In 1905 the streets of Petrograd ran red with blood of the Russian working class.

A mass demonstration had been called and thousands of workers lined up for an orderly procession as a protest against their terrible conditions, and with the intention of presenting to "the Little Father"—the Czar—a petition asking him to act on his behalf.

An orderly procession was quickly turned into a bloody massacre; men women and children being killed when the armed guards fired into the crowd. Thus the demands of the workers were answered with shot and shell; and as the same snow changed from white to scarlet—being dyed with the life-blood of the Russian people—autocracy smiled and was victorious.

Thirteen years have elapsed since Russia's "bloody Sunday" and the perpetrators of same have passed from view being hidden under the debris of their crimes. Gone, aye, and forgotten too, in the joy of the birth of the Soviet Republic.

The scene is changed. Autocracy is looked for in vain in Russia now, we must seek it elsewhere, and lo, in Bonnie Scotland it leers forth in all its hideousness.

(Reprint from the Glasgow Forward.)  
"GLASGOW'S BLOODY FRIDAY."

### Brutal Attack on Defenseless Strikers.

Henceforth 31st January, 1919, will be known in Glasgow as Bloody Friday, and, for the crime of attacking defenseless workers, the citizens will hold the authorities responsible. The police have once more been used as hirelings to bludgeon the workers.

The workers will not forget.

The outrage looks like a prearranged affair by the master class. As arranged on Wednesday, a deputation from the Joint Committee, composed of Shinwell, Kirkwood, Neil Maclean, Hopkins, and other delegates waited on the Lord Provost in the City Chambers to receive the reply from the Prime Minister and the Minister of Labor, in response to his Lordship's own appeal for Government intervention. While the deputation were kept waiting for twenty minutes, and, while there, the police were ordered to draw their batons and forcibly disperse the crowd of strikers who were standing in George Square until the deputation returned.

On hearing the sound of conflict, Shinwell and Kirkwood rushed out to help in restoring order; but instead of listening, the police made an attack on them too, and Kirkwood was felled to the ground. The strikers covered Shinwell successfully, and got him clear away without injury.

Those who appealed for order were also clubbed, as were other strikers who were quietly inclined, as was shown by their defenceless condition.

The bludgeon attack on the strikers in front of the City Chambers was deliberately ordered by the officers, and was unprovoked.

The meeting in front of the City Chambers was quiet and orderly, and was being addressed by members of the Strike Committee until the deputation returned from the interview with the Lord Provost. Shinwell, before the deputation entered the City Chambers appealed to the crowd to be of good behavior, and this appeal was endorsed by other speakers. The audience, which was turned towards the Gladstone statue, on which the speakers were perched,

overflowed into the street fronting the Chambers, and in this avenue the police allowed two motors to run into the crowd, with the result that two men were knocked down and injured. This annoyed the strikers, who appealed to the police to turn the vehicle traffic by another street—a not unreasonable request.

The reply was—a police attack on the strikers, who stood their ground, and the police withdrew after an appeal from the speakers. The mounted police then arrived, and in a display of trick riding, two of them allowed their horses to fall, which caused the crowd to chaff the bulky Tod Sloans. This chaff was an awful violation of the sacred dignity of the police, who apparently lost their reason, and made a mad rush with drawn batons on the defenseless crowd. The infuriated men in uniform struck wherever they saw a head.

Appeals from the speakers for peace fell on the deaf ears of the mounted and foot police, who struck out right and left. The strikers put up the best defense possible with bare fists, but, being unarmed, they were gradually forced back, retreating in order and without panic."

Shinwell spends the afternoon at the Strike Committee rooms organizing; at night he, too, is arrested. Trainload after trainload of troops is rushed into the city; machine guns are placed on the vantage points; signalling from rooftops; soldiers everywhere with bayonets fixed. The week-end passes quietly.

The Daily News special correspondent, an eye-witness writes:—

"The rioting and sporadic outbreaks of hooliganism in Glasgow on Friday were followed by swift Government action to restore order in the city. This has been achieved by a display of overwhelming military force. Some thousands of Scottish and English troops were brought into the city during Friday night, and yesterday morning they were distributed in detachments. The City Chambers, railway stations, and various other places are now strongly guarded by soldiers, with field equipment and wearing steel helmets. Machine guns, coils of barb wire, and other material are located at convenient points. In the course of a long experience of strikes and outbreaks of disorder in industrial disputes I have never seen such extensive preparations for repression and it is obviously the intention of the Government to crush with the least possible delay both the strike and the small movement of revolt which lies behind it."

Autocracy smiles again. The workers subdued by the mailed fist of Capitalism will not forget. Lloyd George stated that Prussianism at home would be treated in the same way as on the Continent and his threat was not long before being in action. Is it Prussianism for the workers to ask for a forty-hour working week and thus enable the men returning from France to get employment? Is it Prussianism to ask for a living wage, while the Master Class are rotting in wealth produced by the workers? These are questions which we would like Lloyd George to answer, although machine guns, barbed wire and steel helmets are surely answer enough. And the enemy?.....German Junkers, no; Kaiser Bill! no;—the unarmed wage-slaves with no Red Guard, only a strike committee.

Capitalism is lurking behind its last defence. Thirteen years in Russia brought the armed forces to join hands with the members of their own class—In these days months will accomplish what it took years to do before 1914. The die is cast. The future belongs to the proletariat.

### EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

I have talked with one General who says that to know what brought on this war, one needs only to remember that all concerned had weapons in their hands.

Disarmament is the most important thing to be achieved. Therefore one hears less about that than about anything else.

The most unpopular thing in the world today is the carrying of arms—about which I could tell some interesting things if the Censor permitted.

The only safety for France, as for the world, is to do away with weapons for human slaughter.—Oswald Garrison Villiard.

### SHALL WE PERMIT THIS?

The Romanoffs have gone. The Hapsburgs have gone. The Hohenzollerns have gone. Dynastic wars have gone forever—no sane man doubts it. But the jingoes urge that there still may be wars of commercial aggression, for which they want to harness up our youth to a huge militaristic machine. Shall we permit it? Or are we done with wars for good?

### LABOR AND CAPITAL

Labor combines into its unions; capital into partnerships, associations corporations, and trusts. A group-struggle is the result, in which the individuals as individuals play no part.

### REVOLUTIONARY IDEAS

When people speak of ideas that revolutionize society, they do but express the fact, that within the old society, the elements of a new one have been created, and that the dissolution of the old ideas keeps even pace with the dissolution of the old conditions of existence.—MARX.

### FORD RAISES WAGES.

Detroit, Mich.—A new minimum wage scale of \$6 a day, a flat increase of \$1 a day, for approximately 28,000 employees throughout the country, has been given by the Ford Motor company. It is stated that 23,000 other employees of the Ford interests already receive \$6 or more a day.

Following this statement comes the announcement that a 200 per cent dividend has been declared by the company.

## A Grateful Country Will Never Forget You!

### A DEAD SOLDIER PACKED IN SAWDUST.

Reprint from Glasgow Forward, January 18.

Private F. Morris enlisted in the British Army 14 years ago. He enlisted under the name of Jones.

He has had 14 years' continuous service with the colours. For the past 3 years and 4 months he has fought for King and Country without a single leave in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Dardanelles.

He was in the 1st Royal Scots, and his regimental number was 28,360.

On the 6th inst. he died at Southampton University War Hospital, Ward 17. His death was said to be from dysentery.

His widow receives the following telegram, the original of which is in my possession now:

5-0 Southampton, T., O.H.M.S. Mrs. Morris, 266 Castle Street. Townhead, Glasgow 168, 6-1-19. Regret Private Jones died this afternoon. Kindly wire your wishes regarding funeral. **Body will be sent free of charge to nearest railway station. All expenses and fees from station to home and cemetery borne by you.**

O.C., University War Hospital, Southampton.

Just read that telegram over again. Read it slowly, so that you miss nothing.

A grateful country will never forget you. Never.

And to show you that a grateful country will never forget you, when the body of Private Morris (enlisted as Jones) arrived in Glasgow, it was in a plain, unvarnished box.

The body was packed in SAWDUST. Sawdust? Yes, Sawdust. It was naked at the back. On the front there was a shroud.

The undertaker (whose name and address I have) was of the opinion that the tears and holes in the skin were the result of rat bites. But an official of the Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' Federation, who saw the body, is not of that opinion. He thinks the abrasions are due to the nails of the box-handles.

On Monday the remains of Private Morris were laid to rest at Lambhill cemetery—Common Burying Ground.

But there was a firing party. Yes, a grateful country will never forget you.

Mrs. Morris had to go to the pawnshop to get 4 shillings and six pence to pay at Maryhill Barracks for the expenses of the firing party.

Reprint from Glasgow Forward, February 1st.

We have received further particulars of the "soldier's case," to which I referred last week. Private John Smith, late of the 17th H.L.I., lies dying at 34 Forth Street, Port Dundas. He is suffering from wounds in the abdomen, and is said to have been waiting for treatment in hospital for the past six months for wounds in the abdomen. He is a Military Medalist—a hero. He lives at 34 Forth Street, Port Dundas.

Go up and look at the "house!"

His wife is being confined. The Doctor is called in to a single room house where the man lies in pain, but unable to speak. The

### MORE FREEDOM

There is only one cure for evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. The remedy is to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is reduced out of chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.—Macaulay

"house" is too small for the Doctor, the soldier, the woman, and the child being born, so during birth the Military Medalist is carried out in a blanket and laid upon the common landing.

The Doctor in distress and indignation goes down to the Glasgow Federation of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors office to see if there is nothing can be done with a punch and a kick against these atrocities. Something surely must be done. The Glasgow Federation, we understand, has been promised through Mr. M'Kenzie an interview with the Minister of Pensions about the "packed in sawdust" case which we exposed a fortnight ago, and the deputation can be trusted to see that official complacency is disturbed about dozens of other home atrocity cases.

### HARD TREATMENT OF VETERAN.

The following, taken from the Khaki Call, shows rather hard treatment on the one hand and a benevolent spirit on the other:

"With two and a half years' service and over a dozen wounds, for which he is still under treatment, a first contingent soldier returning from New York to Toronto was forced by the Canadian custom authorities to pay \$11 duty on the \$18 suit he had just purchased.

"Disgusted by this treatment meted out to a veteran by a government employee, and finding that the soldier was unable to pay, his fellow passengers passed around the hat, collecting \$22. On receipt of this sum the veteran broke down and wept. He had given up his post as a railway engineer at \$130 to enlist in the C.E.F."

Edmonton "Town Topics" supplies us with another case of interest.

These articles contrast well with the report in "Winnipeg Tribune" of President Wilson's reception in England.

### Wilson is Banqueted

The environment of President Wilson's second day in England was quieter than that of the first day. The only ceremonial event was a state banquet in Buckingham Palace, which was notable not only as a spectacle such as probably no other court in Europe can provide the setting for, now that the thrones of Russia, Germany and Austria have disappeared, but from the representative character of the men summoned to meet the head of the American government.

President Wilson escorted Queen Mary into the banquet hall while King George had Mrs. Wilson on his arm.

### Eat from Gold Plate.

The banquet was a scene of magnificent splendor, the gold plate upon which it was served being valued at \$15,000,000.

Our troops in Germany having been instructed to arrest all Bolsheviks, there ensued great debate as to how the Bolshevik was to be known when met with.

Some opined that he was a hairy animal with a red shirt. But an officer explained that there was an even simpler method of making certain. "You will soon know a Bolshevik," he said, "he will likely ask you what you are fighting for."

### WILL THEY DISARM?

We have emerged from a war to end a war with a naval appropriation amounting to \$721,000,000 for building ten battleships and ten scout cruisers. Congress and the American people are in the dark as to the need for this extraordinary appropriation. A mysterious message sent by the President and revealed by Chairman Padgett to the House Committee on Naval Affairs resulted in a unanimous report in favor of the bill, but the words of the message were withheld from indignant Congressmen. They were told by Mr. Padgett, however, that the President was "very earnest and very insistent." The bill as finally passed contains the old Hensley clause providing that the programme may be suspended if a competent instrumentality for international peace is set up. The peace conference, however, has thus far made only vague allusions to possible disarmament, and it is likely, therefore, that our naval programme will be carried through as it stands. Is it intended for the protection of our own coasts or for helping other nations of the league to police the seas? Why should a secret cablegram from our champion of "open covenants" settle the question of our naval policy?—NATION