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THE BOLSHEVIST.

Our Motto: TO-DAY'S NEWS YESTERDAY.

VOL. I.

CAPE TOWN, SATURDAY, 10th MAY. 1919.

NO. I.

CAPITALIST AGITATORS EXPOSED.

SCOTCH JEWS IN GERMAN PAY.

An interesting discovery has been made at Cockaleekie, in the Western Highlands of Scotland. Our correspondent reports that he met a man who is rumoured to have spoken with a certain John M'Haggis, who is believed to have seen certain documents proving conclusively that the Capitalist agitators, whose organ is known as the *Cape Slimes*, are really Scotch Jews from Aberdeen, in the pay of the German financiers who made the war. The documents number about ten thousand, and only photographs of them are said to be in existence, though it is thought that at one time there were actual originals extant. They were in the possession of a well-known forger, but there is no reason to doubt their authenticity.

The documents state amongst other interesting matters that the brilliant editor of the "*Cape Slimes*," Sir P—t—l—d M—k, is a grand-nephew of Karl Marx, the political economist, who lived in Britain, whose nephew settled in Aberdeen. P—t—l—d, at the age of three, was so disgusted with his great uncle's theories, that he vowed to dedicate his life to the services of the capitalist plutocracy, provided that they would pay him an excellent salary and get him a knighthood. His real name is Max Cohen. He has been a faithful slave to his patrons, and has succeeded in gathering round him a staff sufficiently pliant.

The documents also refer to Mr. Lance-Corporal, the great military critic and prophet on the "*Slimes*" who is really a certain Sergius Mac-Trotsky, a cousin of Maximillian Harden, an apostate Jew, who knew Cohen in his native Aberdeen, and W. R. Mosensohn, who combines the roles of art critic and detective, having an unerring sense of smell for Bolshevism even in a landscape painting.

The rival editor, Mr. Verdure, who is a natural son of General Pful, was registered in the Synagogue as Levi M'Shugga. His father is very proud of his leaders in the *Cape Argument*.

It is proved that these faithful servants of the interned profiteering class have actually been paid money to carry on and continue an agitation against the future state of society, and stir up public feeling in the interests of Kaiserism and top-doggery. The documents leave no doubt that they are paid agitators. They have been instructed that War with its panoplies is to be encouraged and boomed because of the rich rewards it brings to their masters, and because it keeps

the minds of the people from straying to their own interests. They are to make the most of any dissensions that may arise, through no fault of theirs, between the English and Dutch; and—most important of all—they are to publish interesting paragraphs about the Bolsheviks. They are plentifully supplied with these choice titbits of information, which are cabled to them within a few hours of their invention.

"RED RUSSIA."

Before reading the thrilling story of my journey through Russia, let me introduce myself. I am George Washington, the son of Baron Munchausen, the famous novelist. I was but lately employed on Reuter's staff, where my abilities rapidly gained me promotion. I am at present employed on the staff of a local daily. The editor of this paper having a suspicion that the news from Russia may not be in accordance with the facts, has commissioned me to travel to Russia and investigate the conditions in that unhappy land. I am writing this at Odol, a little village on the Caspian Sea. By the way, while travelling through Central Europe, I met Generals Botha and Smuts. I met Botha in Poland. He asked me to remember him to the S.A. people, to tell them his knowledge of the Polish language was improving rapidly. He could say the "Lord's Prayer" in Polish, and had addressed the Poles on several occasions on the two-streams policy. Smuts, when I met him, was rather in a hurry. I asked him for information about the Hungarian Government but he was too much in a hurry to reply. He looked very pale. I also spoke to General Coppernut, in charge of the troops on the Southern front. He was very courteous, and confirmed the news, see the *Cape Slimes* of 21st January, that he had recently buried the remains of Maxim Gorky's body, who had been shot twice by the Bolsheviks. I told him that Maxim Gorky was reported to be still alive, but he ridiculed that as a Bolshevik canard. The bones were undoubtedly those of a Russian intellectual. I gained admittance into Petrograd disguised as a neutral Ambassador. I have more tastes in common with those gentlemen than with any other persons. As I went up the Nevsky Prospect I saw a great crowd of Red Guards marching to the Winter Palace. I stopped a worker who was passing by and asked him the cause of the trouble. He told me that the 21st Regiment had been allotted twenty-one capitalists per day for execution, whilst the 29th had been allotted twenty only. The 29th were there-

fore going to Lenin to demand the same number of capitalists as that given to the 21st. The worker told me it was nothing to worry about, only a matter of unequal rations. Later in the day I heard that the Czar had been executed. Details were lacking, but I can supply them if needed. It is undoubtedly true that the Bolshevik regime is collapsing. It is upheld only by a few Norwegian soldiers, who are on the point of deserting. I would advise the Government of South Africa to be extremely careful, as it is the intention of the Soviet Government to send two million men to conquer South Africa under the leadership of Lapitsky, who has but lately returned to Moscow. The Russians have nothing to eat, but realising that the Revolution to be successful must be international, are sending a large portion of their food to Ireland and the Free State. I heard it stated on good authority that the Soviet Government had refused to negotiate with the British Government on account of the disorders within the Empire. The jails are filled with unfortunate members of all classes, who have fallen victims to the terrible tyranny. Lawyers, politicians and journalists are herded together with other low ruffians, who may also refuse to work. The list of atrocities is truly heartrending. I heard to-day an account of a noble, who was given a job on the night-wagons, as he was found incapable of any other work. Picture the agony being undergone by this noble, refined and sensitive soul. This unspeakable tyranny must be overthrown. People are actually forced to work in this land of darkness. To placate the wrath of the people the Bolsheviks are giving them free food, housing and clothing. These devils refuse anything but the truth to be published. I feel like joining the Allied Force, but my duty compels me to write on and on and on. I must exhort the people of Cape Town to hold mass meetings every day to protest against this fearful tyranny, and demand in the name of Justice, Freedom and the fourteen points that the Czar shall not be killed again.

O God, Lord God of thy priests, rise up now and show thyself God.
They cry out, thine elect, thine aspirants to heavenward, whose faith is in flame;
O thou, the Lord God of our tyrants, they call thee their God, by their name.
By thy name that in hell-fire was written, and burned at the point of thy sword,
Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten; thy death is upon thee, O Lord.
And the love-song of earth as thou diest resounds through the wind of her wings—
Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of things.

—SWINBURNE. "Hymn of Man."

CABLES.

RESURRECTION RECORD
BROKEN.

The Agency's Copenhagen correspondent telegraphs that he learned from a very reliable authority that the Czar had been brutally murdered once more. On this occasion he was hanged by his legs, his head being placed in the front of a 16-inch gun, on the discharge of which he was blown to bits!

The Agency's Stockholm correspondent states that Lenin has not left the Kremlin for the last eight days, where he is busy day and night thinking what to do with the Czar, seeing that he has got so used to being killed every other day that he does not mind it any more. It is feared that the Czar's next execution will be the most brutal murder ever cabled by any correspondent.

WHAT NEXT?

The Agency's Amsterdam correspondent states that the entire family of the Czar has been nationalised. The whole world is shocked and bewildered at the latest Bolshevik atrocity.

THE FOOD PROBLEM.

April 1st.—It is reported from Russia that Moscow and Petrograd have just sufficient food to last them until they run short.

"GOD BLESS OUR HOME!"

April 1st.—Mr. Churchfaw in a recent speech stated that with the exception of slight troubles in Ireland, India, Egypt, South Africa and the Clyde the Empire was still held together with the bonds of love.

ANOTHER BIG PUSH.

April 1st.—Owing to the ravages of influenza amongst the Red Guards, it is feared that the Allied troops will be forced to withdraw.

RETREATING ACCORDING TO
PLAN.

Lenin and Trotsky have arrested each other, and keep on fleeing backwards and forwards from Moscow to Petrograd as a result of a leading article in the *Cape Slimes*, which foretells their early defeat.

AN OPPORTUNE ACCIDENT.

Owing to the spread of industrial unrest in Great Britain the cables have again broken down. It is however trusted that as soon as the situation improves the cables will once more be repaired.

FREE AND COMPULSORY
EDUCATION.

Owing to there not being any slums to visit, the Czarewits is forced to go to school, which act the papers describe to be the foulest yet committed on any member of the Russian Imperial family.

THE VOICE OF LABOUR.

Our own Johannesburg correspondent denies the rumour that the well-known Rand Labour Leader, Mr. A. Crawfish, has joined the Bolsheviks. Mr. Crawfish, our correspondent says, is too level-headed for such a step, and he knows that Trade Unionism pays better.

AN ACT OF PROVIDENCE.

We regret to have to announce that the editor of our morning contemporary has been removed to hospital as a result of the non-arrival to-day of any cable containing Bolshevik outrages. This, however, saved the editor of our afternoon contemporary from sharing the same fate, as he was able to ascribe his colleague's illness to "another Bolshevik atrocity."

SERVES THEM RIGHT.

The population of Petrograd has, owing to starvation and Bolshevik rule, been reduced to 14. Thousands are still dying daily in the streets.

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

The Agency's Madrid correspondent states that he interviewed a neutral ambassador who had just arrived from a bioscope where he saw a film called "Bolshevik Russia." He describes the situation in Russia as shocking and desperate. He actually saw the Czarina peeling potatoes, and the Czar's eldest daughter frying onions for Trotsky's dinner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter, with the editor's footnote was blown out through the window in a recent south-easter from the office of the *Ape*, and picked up by us. We reproduce it with our acknowledgements:—

TO THE EDITOR THE APE.

SIR,—My husband is a returned soldier. He was wounded and lost an arm. His late employers, for whom he worked 16 years before enlisting, did not take him back, and he can't get a job anywhere. My rent has been raised recently, from £2 to £3 10/- per month. I would not have written to you but my three little ones are starving. Can you tell me who would help me?—I am,

ENGLISHWOMAN.

[This is where all trouble comes from. Such people as our correspondent are responsible for all the strife going on in the country. She must, once for all, understand, that there is no room for an Englishwoman or Dutchwoman in this country. We must all be South Africans and proud of that. Otherwise we will never make our country a great one. We suppose our correspondent uses always the term "Home" for England, and we wish to severely reprimand her for such an objectionable practice. If the spirit of the true and noble South African patriotism will continue to be lacking in letters to the press, dark days are ahead of us. We regret having no sympathy for our correspondent's temporary inconvenience, seeing that she is not a good South African.—EDITOR, THE APE.]

OUR POLICE COURTS

A case of unusual interest was heard yesterday before the Chief Justice for Snookietonstein. The accused were gas masks, except the Chief Constable, who lived in District Six; and was heard to make disparaging remarks about the mask being too childish. The accused, Sir Smooty Thomas, was a prominent politician, who was accused of using language likely to create great excitement and trouble. The alleged crime was committed in a public place, frequented by lawyers, business men, clerks, also, sometimes, by a few respectable persons. These, however, always sat in the gallery. The crime was committed at a very late hour (one o'clock in the morning, an hour when all except politicians, policemen, and burglars were asleep. The premises on which the alleged crime was committed was open sometimes all night, like most houses of ill (ahem,) entertainment. The words used by accused were so the effect that he, and all belonging to his party were prepared to oppose by force the decision of the house on any trivial matter or other if the decision should be against the interests of the party he was a member of. He prophesied civil war. The prosecutor stated that he was not prepared to call any of the frequenters of the place as witnesses. They were politicians; he need say no more. There was a chorus of approval from the jury. The first witness for the prosecution was A. Z. Berman, the noted Bolshevik (real name supposed to be Tom McPherson). He stated he was sitting in the gallery at the time the accused delivered his speech. He did not go there often, and then only out of a sense of duty to his country. Although deaf he heard accused shriek the words complained of. He was surprised. In his opinion if he had used the words the accused had uttered he would have been deported. He thought they were likely to cause great excitement, and perhaps lead to rioting. He would like to suggest to the judge that accused should be deported for using such anarchical language. After being thanked by the judge for his advice he left the box and the court amongst all present. Joseph Pick, a well-known Spartacist-cum-Syndicalist-cum-Bolshevik was the next witness. In reply to a member of the jury he stated he did not think the fact of his frequenting this notorious house should tell against his evidence. He did not go there sufficiently often for his veracity to be affected. Besides, he never listened to the Ministers. He had spoken to several of his comrades and friends about the speech of the accused. They were very indignant about it, and were holding protest meetings all over the country protesting against the speech. The Chamber of Commerce and Comrades of the Great War had been urged to pass resolutions of condemnation. He also stated that in the country he came from the uttering of such sentiments would be punished by hard labour. He thought this would be too severe on the prisoner, as he looked quite incapable of either mental or physical toil. It was deeply regrettable to find men such as accused taking advantage of the liberty we all enjoyed under the Union Jack. He did not think that the people took much notice of the matter the accused had got excited about. It was generally believed to be mere camouflage got up for the purpose of keeping the people from studying their economic interests and Socialism. But he advocated deportation nevertheless. If this was contrary to the Constitution that need not matter, as an Indemnity Bill could be easily passed. He believed accused came from Ireland, but was not a Sinn Féiner. On the judge inquiring into the meaning of Bolshevism, he referred him to the *Cape Slimes*. On his leaving the court he was attacked by a savage gang of Boy Scouts. There were no witnesses for the defence. The Chief Justice, speaking through his gas mask, then addressed the accused, amidst a dreadful stench and a dead silence, broken only by the sound of fish horns. He stated that not being a spiritualist he could not fathom the notions in the accused's heart which had prompted him to utter those dark and sinister sayings. The accused was not old enough to be in his dotage or youthful enough to enable the jury to consider his crime as a youthful indiscretion. He was forced to come to the conclusion that he was a trifle unbalanced. Taking into consideration the unsettled state of the country, due to the exuberance following the signing of peace he was forced to administer a very severe penalty. The accused was sentenced to sell *THE BOLSHEVIST* for the period of five years without the option of a fine.

Socialism has never been narrowed down to politics. Your parties and groups may serve Socialism, but they never can be Socialism.

Christ says: "Live all of you together, not each of you by himself; live as members of the righteous society which I have come to found upon earth, and then you will be clothed as beautifully as the Eastern lily and fed as surely as the birds."

There is no man in the movement too insignificant to be of service to the cause, and no man so great as to be a leader in Socialism.

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DINGMAN'S DAY
MONOURS.

We learn that a great deal of disappointment exists in the City as a result of the omission of the name of Mr. J. J-gg-r from the Honours' List. As for ourselves, we wish to enter our most emphatic protest against such an injustice. In our opinion he should have been knighted long ago. Surely he has made enough war profits by this time, and he is fully qualified for a knighthood at least. Or are we mistaken? Can any one of our readers enlighten us? Perhaps!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FREEDOM."—You are perfectly right. Under our day the "people" are absolutely free, to do whatever the governing classes wish them to do. We are sorry to hear that you lack boots, but you need not worry too much about that. We have a beautiful climate, and the police will not arrest you for going about barefooted. But our advice to you is not to be seen too near a boot store; it would look suspicious, and might lead to Roeland Street.

"ONE IN DOUBT."—So long as you think as we think we think you are right. It is a fact that Paderewski is a well-known piano-thumper; but he is ambitious, and has now given up the piano and started to "thump" the Bolsheviks.

"DEMOCRAT."—Yes. We think that nationalisation would be a step in the right direction, but we draw the line at the nationalisation of women; though we are firmly convinced that nationalisation would be the only chance for some of the women we see at bazaars and garden parties.

"MACKILLOPISKY."—We do not think there is any truth in the report that De Valera is the great Russian General Doudoitifoucanpossiblyhelisky in disguise, sent to Ireland by the Bolsheviks in Russia for the purpose of stirring up strife amongst the law-abiding and peace-loving Irish, who have always loved the British connection. We admit the Irish have a strange way of showing their love. We think De Valera must be from Egypt, though our sub-editor is strongly of opinion that he is from India or Canada. Perhaps we are all wrong, and he may turn out to be a Nationalist from South Africa.

"BRITISH BULL-DOG."—We do not like your nom-de-plume. We cannot publish your letter, as your nom-de-plume is likely to encourage Nationalist aspirations. Use "Daisy," or any other similar name.

"HERTZOGITE."—See answer to "British Bulldog."

"BOLSHEVIK."—We are not responsible for matter appearing in other journals. We would advise you to call on the editor. Take your guillotine with you and cut off his nose.

"INQUIRER."—The Allies would have won the war anyway, as Mr. G-rge has stated that plans had been made for capturing the entire German Army—horse, foot, guns, aeroplanes, etc.—the day after the Armistice was declared.

"ANXIOUS."—We are quite pleased with Lenin's visit to Hungary. We would, however, like him to visit Moscow and Petrograd. A Workers' Government would have nothing to say to him.

"THIRTY."—Did anyone prophesy the end of the war? Yes, we did. See Copy 125. If this is out of print go to the Library. They may have a copy.

THE COMING ELECTION.

We wish to deny certain rumours that are being circulated locally to the effect that our seasoned and well-experienced candidate, Mr. A. B-tty, has decided to give up what these rumour-mongers call his hobby of contesting every available seat for any honours. Neither is there any truth in the rumour that the voters in Cape Town have decided to alter their usual attitude to him by electing him once for all, and thus deny themselves the pleasure of witnessing his wonderful energy and marvellous hope and confidence in his ultimate victory. As far as we are aware, he strongly objected to the word hobby, as he does not look upon it as a joke at all, for he really means to get there every time.

CONGRATULATORY
MESSAGES.

SIR M—TL-ND P-RK.—Congratulate you on your enterprise. Trust you will do all in your power to maintain high level of veracity of the Cape Town papers. P.S.—What is a Bolshevik?

J.W.J., JUNIOR.—Wish you all success. Trust you will publish soon a series of articles dealing with scandalous low wages paid to girls.

P-TN-YM-RT-N.—Cape Town is indeed lucky in possessing two such ornaments as the BOLSHEVIST and myself. I will be glad to contribute an article on "Men's Fashions under Bolshevism."

J.X.M.—Just the paper needed. Am sending you an article on convict labour on South African farms. I trust you will never come under the influence of reactionary politicians as your contemporaries have done.

A. F. B-T-Y.—Welcome to the ranks of labour. May your motto be the one I have adopted "Venj, Vici, Vinci!" Down with Capitalism! Long live the Socialist Revolution.



ONLOOKER: Don't drop that burden until you have something else to put in its place.

Mankind marches forward, perfecting its strength. Everything that is unattainable for us now will one day be near and clear; but we must work; we must help with all our force those who seek for truth.—TCHERTZOV, "The Cherry Orchard."

And I will punish the world for their evil, and the evil for their iniquity; and I will cause the arrogance of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible.—Isiah.

The Relief Commissions abroad calculate that at least 125,000,000 of destitute peoples of Europe need food and clothing. Providence might stop counting the hairs of the head and see to this matter.

EXPORT OF RATS.

We wish to deny the following story, if it is being told in local commercial circles, that a secret meeting was held by the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. A. Profiteer presiding.

The Chairman explained the object of this important meeting. They had all read the report in the Cape Times and Cape Argus that the price of rats in Russia had gone up to £8 per lb. (hear, hear). They should not allow such an opportunity to pass. What he proposed was to start a rats' export trade, which, he was sure, would prove a boon to the mercantile community. They ought to approach the Government to provide shipping facilities so as to enable them to run it on a large scale (cheers). They must start a campaign in the Press to encourage the breeding of rats in the country.

Mr. Make Snug read a report drawn up by an expert foretelling that the affair would prove a huge success provided, of course, that the general public would not be informed of any future rise in price.

The Chairman promised to instruct the editors of the newspapers accordingly.

Mr. Mitney Partin, O.B.E., dwelt at great length on the subject. There were a lot of excellent points in the proposal. It would, for instance, provide employment for a number of returned soldiers (loud cheers). The Clergy, he continued, should be asked to use their influence with the people to cultivate more mice in their homes (hear, hear).

The Chairman kindly undertook to instruct the Rev. Dr. M—nure to start this campaign.

Mr. B. Parasite, M.L.A., said that it must be explained to the public that what they wanted were genuine rats, and not, for example, leading articles of newspapers, as the latter were quite valueless in Africa (hear, hear).

A strong deputation was then elected to induce the Prime Minister to use his influence with the British Government not to put any obstacles in the way of the Russians sending food to Germany, as otherwise there would be too much food left for the Russians, and the price of rats would come down (approving nods).

The meeting terminated with three cheers for the Bolsheviks.

RANDOM READINGS.

The poor folks go forth to war, to fight and die for the delights, riches and superfluities, and they are falsely called lords and rulers of the habitable world in that land where they have not so much as a single inch that they may call their own.

The world will not be effectually mended by a liberal use of chest notes and red flags.

Mahomet said: "The holder of a monopoly is a sinner and offender. The taker of interest and the giver of it, and the writers of its papers and the witnesses of it, are all equal in crime."

The Church is measured by its own yardstick and found wanting.

If you take a thing because you want it, it is theft; if you take it because you don't want it, it is a joke; and if you take it because you are greedy, then you are a good business man.

BOLSHEVISM IN CAPE
TOWN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOLSHEVIST.

DEAR SIR,—The report of my murder by Bolsheviks, which appeared in your columns a few months ago, is grossly exaggerated. I am very much alive and kicking.—I am, yours truly,

PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

[1. We wish to reprimand our correspondent for rushing into print before ascertaining the true facts.

2. Does our correspondent wish to imply that all the neutral ambassadors are liars?

3. Who is our correspondent? Why should we take his word in preference to Reuter?

4. This correspondence is now closed.—Ed., THE BOLSHEVIST.]

OUR VISITOR.

Mr. Solomon B. Damd, the well-known multi-millionaire, who is at present staying at the Broyal Hotel, was yesterday interviewed by our reporter. Mr. B. Damd was found at 10.30 in the vicinity of Well's Square. He said he was very fond of these old-fashioned houses—it reminded him of home. He was at first rather reluctant to tell the story of his climb to fame and fortune; but eventually he yielded. I heard a story of effort, courage and perseverance such as is common amongst the life-stories of our millionaires. Soon after leaving school he opened a second-hand shop in the East End. It was quite untrue that he had been convicted of receiving stolen goods. Ill-luck had, however, dogged his footsteps throughout life, for shortly afterwards his little shop was burned out. Thrown entirely on his own resources, he went west and opened a bank. Here his luck again failed him, because he was advised to leave the town for the sake of his health. The climate was too hot for him. In 1899 he landed on Africa's shores, and going north settled in Jo'burg. The two thriving industries in those days were I.D.B. and brothel keeping. Here, by dint of hard working (others), perseverance and courage he accumulated a large fortune. When the war broke out he threw himself fiercely into the fight for freedom. All his male employees were sent to the front and their place taken by women. He had spoken at innumerable recruiting meetings and was a special constable. He had intended when the war broke out to offer his services to the American Government, but had decided to place his talents at the disposal of the Botha Government, at any rate until the submarine campaign was over. A large portion of his fortune had been lent to the Government, though he bitterly complained of the failure of the Government to recognise his sacrifice. A beggarly 5 per cent. was too bad. He attributed this meanness to the Labour Members of the Assembly. He would be present at the Victory Ball. He hoped it would be held in fancy dress, as he wished to go either as a Bolshevik or George Washington. Though born in the States, he had reason to believe his father was English. He had never been able to find out. His mother had never told him. He believed she did not know. He had never married. He could not say for certain whether he had any children or not. He was always travelling from place to place.

Amongst the various posts occupied by him he mentioned the following:—Chairman of the Committee for Suppressing the White Slave Traffic, a post he occupied by reason of his great experience; President of the Anti-Bolshevist Society, and Chairman of the Amalgamated General School Committee. He was also a member of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange, Pickwick Club, and Cape Town Chamber of Commerce. He intended to stand as a candidate for Municipal honours in Johannesburg at the next election. He believed his past career would find favour in the eyes of the citizens of Jo'burg. He accused the workers of profiteering, and suggested that a Commission should be appointed to inquire into this matter. He had reason to believe that he would be appointed by the Peace Conference to settle the question of the boundaries between Serbia and Belgium. We may state that our representative found Mr. B. Damd a most genial and unconventional person. The ordinary scruples of most people do not trouble him, and he has an engaging contempt for good manners. It was truly delightful (as a sign of his independence of mind) to hear the sounds he made whilst eating. Our representative left him at a late hour. Mr. B. Damd was full (of emotion) that he could hardly say good night.

NEW BOOKS.

1. "Correspondence." By Baron Reuter. (L.-n-l Ph-II-ps & Co. 1/6.) It is long since we have had the pleasure of reviewing such a fascinating romance as that by the famous Baron Reuter. For sheer invention and bold imagination this should rank with the great literary creations of the world, but most works of invention are founded on facts of some sort, but Reuter seems to have the power of building up an apparently substantial fabric, not from the flimsiest material, but from no material at all. We protest that he has far outpaced his famous fellow-Baron, the bombastic Munchausen. Much credit is due to the attractive and stimulating production that Messrs. L.-n-l Ph-II-ps & Co. have presented to the public.

2. "Me." By His Honour the ——— of the Cape Province. (Government Stationer. 2d.)

S-r Fr-d-r-ck d- W-1 has let us in to many little secrets about himself that we never suspected. He is really (we learn from his book) a very modest man who suffers the greatest pain when he is compelled by his official duties to obtrude his personality. People compel him to make bombastic speeches against his will. He would love to retire to a three-acre farm on the Cape Flats and spend his life reading his daughter's patriotic poetry, and thinking over the enormous sums of his money that he has generously given away to build schools, to make bridges, to support hospitals, and to rescue indigent teachers from starvation. He is fond of giving advice to the poor to enable them to withstand the ravages of epidemics, and being, by nature simple and trustful, he hates diplomacy. He has a passion for patriotism. His book is written in very good English considering that he is a foreigner. It is published at a popular price at the Government expense, and although there may be two opinions on the question, we think it is well worth the modest sum asked for it.

3. Political Sermons. By Rev. M'Mure. (S.P.G.H. 3s. 6d.)

Dr. M'Mure has surpassed himself. We always suspected that his was the only true brand of Christianity—for the well-to-do. He has all but confessed it here. Politics and religion are the same thing. He has demonstrated it clearly; and further, the other man's politics are atheism and heathenism. His method is simple. A certain stock religious phrase sprinkled over a political speech makes a sermon. It is Christianity too of a peculiar brand. Pray for your enemies—to be damned. Thou shalt not kill—except them it is to your interest. There is much vigour and force about the worthy of this disciple of the religion of love; it is something in the manner of Lissauer. The doctor's sermons are published sumptuously by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel of Hate, and they do credit to the author and the publishers.

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was confident everyone present from the Mare to Mr. Bagger was prepared to say the same. (At this juncture all present stood up and sang "God Save the King"). When the Mare had obtained order he called on the soldier to continue his stirring speech, but confine himself to the subject. The hero then stated that having fought for South Africa he would like his fair share of its wealth. He had been discharged three months ago but could find no employment, his wife—. At this stage unfortunately he became inaudible. After refusing to confine himself to the subject he was flung out. The meeting after appointing a committee to devise ways and means of curing industrial unrest, adjourned until after Christmas.

INDUSTRIAL UNREST.
LIVELY MEETING.

A representative meeting of citizens was recently convened by the Mare to discuss the prevalence of industrial unrest and the remedy for it.

The Mare, who presided, stated that the meeting ought to be the most momentous ever held in Cape Town. They had present all the brains of Cape Town (hear, hear), he could with justice say of South Africa (cheers). He wished to point out however one point pregnant with disaster, and that was the changing of the seasons. He wished to credit himself for being the only man in Cape Town, he could also say in South Africa who had observed in the near approach of winter a menace to the peace of the community. If the workers were so rebellious in the hot weather, what would they be like in the cold weather. He shuddered at the prospect. He asked all present to be brief, a remark which was resented by the bulk of those present.

His very truly the Right Reverend the Archdeacon stated that the workers should be encouraged to obtain land and build their own houses on it. The rise in rents was no doubt responsible for some discontent, though he would like to point out the increase in the cost of high living which was seriously inconveniencing the landlords. The cost of petrol had gone up enormously. Mr. Notal There asked the Dean if the landlords consumed petrol to which the Dean replied very wittily (as most of those present thought) that they did not consume it personally but used it in their motor cars in fetching rents, etc.

Mr. Notal There stated that the Right Rev. was a little old-fashioned in his remedy for industrial unrest. He had heard that the workers in Yorkshire and Lancashire, two towns in England, owned three houses each, living in one of them on the rent received from the other two.

Mr. Kidney Partin asked Mr. Notal There who lived in the other two houses. Mr. Notal There asked the Chairman to rule the question out of order, which was done amid cheers.

Mr. Hyam A. One repudiated indignantly the slander that he and others of his class had been born with silver spoons in their mouths. He attributed the unrest to Swedish agitators in the pay of the Seinn Feiners, who spread these canards amongst the workers, and not to the large appetites of the Capitalist class. He called upon the Government to deport these people; if any of them were South Africans they should be denaturalised and sent elsewhere (cheers).

Mr. Dun Downe said the workers were faced with two alternatives—paying interest on land belonging to others or taking an interest in land belonging to themselves. He asked those present to realise the deadly peril with which South African civilization was faced. Stern measures should be taken. He therefore moved that Central Africa be opened up for the benefit of the South African workers who would emigrate there and start communal settlements. (On Mr. Kidney Partin pointing out that if this was done no work would be carried on in South Africa, also that Central Africa was at present occupied, he withdrew the motion.)

Mr. Kidney Partin who spoke with great dignity and who always seems to realise his responsibility to the community asked those present to go to the root of the whole affair. He had often stated in public that fine feathers make fine birds, in other words a man could have self respect only when well-dressed. The worker owing to extravagant habits of luxury and idleness could not afford this. He therefore suggested providing every worker with a new suit every two months. This would settle all unrest besides giving work to returned soldiers (hear, hear).

A man then stood up who said that he was a returned soldier (cheers). He had fought in G.S.W.A., Red Hill and Camps Bay (cheers). He was prepared to do so again (tumult). He

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