# THE INTERNATIONAL.

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## "Let Saints on Earth in Concert Sing."

Again, as the second anniversary of the outbreak of war comes round, the Governor-General calls for a special religious festival to celebrate the occasion. If you won't enlist, you must pay obeisance to the war-god in some fashion. No one is allowed to be neutral. Today it is either capitalism and war or Socialism and humanity. The Church has long ago succumbed to the worship of Moloch. Its parsons have every one gone helter skelter to the side of the capitalist prostituters of humanity. "Let saints on earth in concert sing." This is one of the hymns we are enjoined to use on the day of celebration. Dance, ye sanctimonious ones, at the cannibal feast of the blood of the workers. Close the shops, not to petition mass murder to cease, but to celebrate the day it began. What matters it that more and more sons of the working class are required by the unappeasable monster of war, so long as he gives fat Contracts and Good Biz. Let there be no sackcloth and ashes; for to-day Trade and the Casualty Lists boom together.

The employing class have long since shown their moral bankruptcy. They are too involved in the profit system which breeds war to respond to reason and humanity. But the workers have nothing to gain by war. It is for them to refuse any longer to endorse this orgy of capitalism.

One by one the high flowing pretensions of the ruling class have been exposed in this world slaughter.

They started by calling us to avenge Belgium—for the violation of whose neutrality all the European powers were equally guilty. Today they themselves flagrantly violate Greece, and starve her people to do their will.

They spoke of the rights of small nations; and they have bled Ireland, ruled her by rifle and revenge, and executed her patriots in prison yards.

They spoke of crushing German militarism; and they have subjected hundreds of objectors against militarism to atrocious tortures in the barracks of England worse than the militarism they were called upon to crush.

They spoke of Justice and Liberty. And the Trade Union leaders of the Clyde have been imprisoned and deported for trying to safeguard the workers of England from the greed of their English masters. Why, even in South Africa there are men today who are denied the right to work because they have acted as good Trade Unionists.

at work hatching plots to capture trade and rig up tariff walls for further wars. Their Economic Conferences, their burning and looting of alien shops, their "Consumers Alliances," all prove out of their own mouths that the object and origin of the war is capitalist trade.

Workers! This is a war on behalf of capitalist interests; and a civil war of the world's workers. Capitalist interests do not concern the workers. "The workingclass and the employing class have nothing in common." The same evil that brings poverty and unemployment at home brings wars abroad. While the workers are robbed under the wage-system, and the profits derived from their labour must be invested abroad, so long will there be international quarrels, and armaments to back up trade.

The hour has come in the history of the world when huma-

nity can only be saved from these and still greater barbarities through the workers saving themselves by organising in their various industries under one class conscious banner, one Movement irrespective of race, colour or creed, to substitute the Co-operative Commonwealth for the present planless and anarchic system of production. The Town Hall recruiters may foam at the mouth, but they cannot keep back the working class movement from, sooner or later, pursuing this great aim.

Working men and women: the message of Socialism is today the same as ever: Unite, be loyal to yourselves, stand together, not to provide bloody entertainment and profit for the master class of this or that State, but to dash to pieces the tyrant of modern society, its profit system, its 'Empire-building,' its rattle of swords,—its bankrupt capitalist class run amok,—a society under which you have nothing to lose but your chains; and win for the world your own Co-operative Commonwealth.

#### Printer's Pie.

The Master Printers Association have bones to pick if it is a Municipal Contract, but no body to kick if it is a demand for higher wages.

After negotiating with the South African Typographical up to the point when the Union asked the Secretary of Mines and Industries for a Board of Investigation under the Transvaal Act, they conveniently dissolve into individual masters again, and the Association ceases to become "an employer within the meaning of the Act."

Now, we had thought that Typo men organised to enforce "meaning" to Acts. All Acts of Parliament are so made that they can be waived to the benefit of the master class until there is a power to compel their observance. So it is useless looking to amending Acts.

Further; strange to say, Master Printers have organised mainly to oppose themselves collectively against the men. How is it then that just when they are face to face with the men's demands they can conveniently dissolve into nothingness? It must be the S.A.T.U. that wants amending. Does it not suggest that the Typos should so broaden the basis of their organisation as to include within their chapels all employees of the printing industry, printers assisants, linotypists, nigger boys and journalists? Thus organised, tatch the Master Printers Association then playing these monkey cricks.

### Nationalism and Profits.

Nationality is now second fiddle in all lands. Where it helps Capital it is exalted on a sham throne. Where it hinders, it is shoved aside.

The Helpmakaar Movement was started in South Africa to protect ex rebels from the extravagant claims of looted shopkeepers, who were using the rebellion to sell their dead stocks. De Volkstem instances a case at Vredefort where a shopkeeper sold his claim against certain rebels to the local Helpmakaar Society. The Helpmakaar (which, being interpreted, means 'Mutual Aid') then took proceedings against the ex-rebels for the amount. The total amount demanded from the delinquents showed a good profit on the deal. The letter of demand from the Helpmakaar Society to the ex-rebels, for whose protection said Society was founded, was made out on a printed form in which only the name and address required to be filled in; indicating that this procedure was followed in the generality of cases. A further noteworthy fact was that the forms of demand were printed in English!

The profit system, omnipresent, omnipotent yet awhlle, is the universal slayer, betrayer of all things old and sectional. This is "the subtle alchemist that, with logic absolute, can all the fourand-seventy warring sects confute."

and-s

## Politics and Labour Leaders.

Bob Waterston writes from East London asking a few questions. As they are being very generally asked, let us hear them, and endeavour to clear them up.—
We are after the Truth, so don't let the name of the great Socialist thinker mentioned by Bob scare any one away:—

"I have been reading "Two Pages from Roman History" and I find that De Leon, without any reservations whatsoever, places Plebs Leaders and Labour Leaders on the same footing. The whole position is summed up in the following quotation from the conclusion of his address on Plebs Leaders and Labour Leaders page 29.

"As the Plebs Leader of old was a strategic post of peculiar strength for the patriciate and of mischief for the proletariat, so and for like reasons is the Labour Leader of today nothing but a masked battery, from behind which the capitalist class can encompass what it could not without—the work of enslaving and slowly degrading the workingclass, and, along with that, the work of debasing and ruining the country."

Now you will admit this is a sweeping assertion from such an authority as De Leon and is to my mind illogical when compared with his advocacy of political action.

I have been much troubled in my mind for some time as to whether it would not be better for all sincere workers in the movement to band together in an organisation which will be purely educational, the whole of the funds to be spent on education, which will naturally bear fruit in a strong class conscious band."

Thus far Bob Waterston. The rotten thing about that passage is that the war has proved it to be true, from Arthur Henderson down to Dan Dingwall, Steer, Whiteside and Ware These Labour Leaders have done for the capitalist class what that class dare not do for themselves. They are attacked not only for personal betrayal of trust, but also because they are the natural expression of a wrong spirit in workingclass organisation. They are the boils that break out from a working class movement not yet conscious of its great revolutionary destiny. The Labour Leaders attacked are not only political, but industrial Labour Leaders. In fact it was these that De Leon particularly referred to. Consequently it has no bearing on political action.

That there have been brilliant exceptions in South Africa as elsewhere only indicates that the workingclass is advancing from the Labour Leader stage, who has plenary powers over and on their behalf, to the Socialist Labour stage, when the workers will act intelligently, class consciously and collectively on their own behalf. (Do not think this a dream. Individual folly often has collective wisdom. The smart civil servant, so intellectual in the individual, is supremely stupid in the mass.)

To abjure politics then is not the remedy. That is the ostrich remedy. Poli-

tics means advising the people to adopt a certain course of action. Can you claim to be advisers of the people or "educators" of the workingclass, and yet when occasion comes and the people are asked to register their opinion, and the whole gang of capitalist misleaders turn out to advise them to their undoing,—do not jump into the political arena and present to the people the true revolutionary alternative? Such would be a desertion of the workers, no matter how "educational" the pose might be. Such "educators" would be and are deservedly ignored.

Let us not run away with the idea that theoretical education is the chief need of the workingclass, however desirable that is for them and indispensable for their teachers. That knowledge of the class struggle, which those who are not wage-earners must painfully wrestle for, comes to the wage-earners naturally. Experience teaches the workers. Politics is also an education.

Desert politics, and there will still be Labour Leaders; and in the meantime, no matter how fine his theory, the Socialist is still untested, and therefore unqualified to teach. This "no politics" cry is the same as the religious one: "Lord, lead us not into temptation." The anti-politicians are the nuns and monks of the workingclass movement.

We see the results of "no politics" in South Africa. The Labour Party was a political party. As we have since learnt, it was dreadfully reformist in outlook compired with the S.D.P. of Durban, the S.D.F. of Capetown, and the X.Y.Z. of somewhere else,—all anti-political. But it was called upon to pronounce on the greatest question of the time. Where did it stand on the war, as a great working class issue? While the people ignored the other back-room parties, and allowed them to compound their differences and keep intact their couple of dozen correct because açademic members, the Labour Party was allowed no rest. Gradually the war issue rent it in two. The sheep were parted from the goats. Those who favored the slaughter of the working class were drawn to the bosom of their capitalist masters, where they belong today. The others have marched forward destined to carry the working class movement on towards Socialism. Would you deny the working class that great lesson, because, forsooth, we personally do not want the working class to be 'led into temptation"?

To be in politics is to face vital issues. Bob Waterston, let us remind him, was himself ont of the Labour Party while the great war issue was being fought. The resulf is that no one is sure today where he stands towards it. It is easy out of the world to have revolutionary opinions. The test is to carry them to the warfare of political action. Only then can the working-class know that we are serious.

Mr. Frank Lucas had a Bill before the

Provincial Council the other day designed to prohibit bookies standing to shout the odds on a box higher than one foot something. Below that he was a benefactor. Above it, and he was made a felon. So would anti-politicals legislate for the Movement. To educate the workingclass movement needs a platform as high as possible. The political platform is the highest. If the strong air of political action morally braces the one and makes the other giddy, well and good. Only by such elemental selection can a sound workingclass movement be formed. And the true workingclass movement can never be sold.

But these are only the negative reasons. What is the function of a revolutionary political party of the working class. To this we shall return next week. For an examination of the true function of a revolutionary political party will also dispose of the Labour Leader question.

## More Craft Scabbery.

This is an ugly term. It is raucous, discordant. We wish we were not called upon to use it. But we are forced to use it, or commit the immorality of calling a foul thing by a fair name. Comrade McLean writes to us as follows:—

You know there are troublous times ahead on the Rand, and so do the capitalists. They are preparing for trouble now What time the workers are away fighting in Europe and bust Africa, the Chamber of Mines is trying to use our old friend (and theirs) Peter Whiteside just as they have used him before. That is, as a suitable man to hold the key of the position when the next strike is on.

The Engine Drivers are to be given 23/8 per day provided they sign a contract for five years...

And yet we hear complaints that we say disrespectful words about the Trade Unions as at present organised on craft divisions. The complaint should be that we do not advise and carry on uncompromising warfare on a system of organising which makes the workers an easy prey to the capitalist, lifts a man into a position of being able to barter away the working class, gives him pocket boroughs in the workingclass movement, and tears the proletariat asunder more effectively than all the cannon of the capitalist class. No class conscious Engine Driver should barter : away the working class for an extra one and eight pence. No class conscious Engine Driver should remain in a Union that does. Every mine worker, whether he be Engine Driver or Hammer Boy, should be in the Mine Workers Union.

Economic phenomena are the great criminals, the terrible revolutionists that are upsetting all the human customs and all the foundations of society; we Marxian Socialists are but the heralds of economic phenomena; if like the seabirds that warn the sailors of storms, we announce to the ruling classes the storms which will sweep away their privileges, it is not we who raise the storm.

PAUL LAFARGUE.

### In the Change House.

When human life gets cheaper than steel ropes, then there is no more need for steel ropes. At the Institute of Mechanical Engineers last Saturday the following subject cropped up:

The difficulty, in consequence of the war, of getting very high grade steel for winding ropes was discussed. What is known as the factor of safety is specified as 6, which the Institution considers to be far to high. A special committee was appointed to suggest to the Government a sliding scale for the factor of safety in deep level wincing ropes.

#### Capetown Strike Fund.

A further contribution from Durban Branch of 12/6 to the above fund is hereby acknowledged.

There were growls in the House of Commons last week about the "Waste of War." Not in human life, don't worry. There is plenty of that to waste. But an ironmonger was given an order for tapioca, and the Cunarder Aquitania of 48,000 tons was successively converted into an armed cruiser, a liner, a transport, a hospital ship and a liner again,—converted seven times at £40,000 a time. Theft by conversion? Not a bit of it. Dr. MacNamara, the schoolmaster who orders about the navy, justified it by saying "All war is waste." Good enough. And all those who make it are wasters.

The Post and Telegraphs Union cannot understand why they are refused "re- " cognition" by the Government, Department. Especially as the present Lord Buxton when Postmaster General in England granted that gracious concession. So long as the Post and Teiegraphs men consider themselves a cut above the "common workingclass" they can whistle for recognition. No recognition is of any value that is prayed for. The only recognition that counts is what they force from the Governe ment as employer. Let them fight, they will pretty soon be recognised—with Lee Metfords if they fight alone, with respect if they fight side by side with the rest of the working class. As it is they are slaves in cuffs and collars who dare not have minds of their own.

The volunteers from Rhodesia are having a bitter lesson of what patriotism means. A correspondent writes thus:—

"In the meantime a number of invalided men had been returned to Rhodesia "medically unfit." Many of these compained bitterly of the food and accomodation on the voyage, and on arrival at Salidbury were paid off at the rate of 1/9 per diem, and turned adrift, without civilian clothes, to seek work or starve. This was their position after twelve months service: broken in health, unemployed, discharged but still in uniform, and with two to three pounds ten shillings as their sole capital, on

which to live, until they secured employment. Rations at the police camps were refused, and the men were warned not to go near the Press, and asked to sign a slip indemnifying the B.S.A. Coy. against further liability."

The employers side is "Business as usual." When their dupes have done their whack or gone under, there will be no more lovey lovey talk about "we are all one to-day."

## The Soldier's Warning.

In the mail number of the New York Call appears the story of a Frenchman, Eloi Bordin, who fought in the trenches of Franders for twenty months, and then escaped in sheer despair over the Pyrenees to Spain, thence to America.

He makes no bones of the fact that he deserted. But he did not 'quit' because of cowardice. He played his part with bravery in six different attacks on the German lines in the Champagne district. He was four times disabled—twice by poison gas and twice within a week by shells which buried him under ground.

"I ought to know about war," says Bordin. "From the soldier's standpoint, that is. As to the standpoint of the men who send you into the war, that is altogether another matter. I do not know anything about that. No soldier does. In the French trenches the soldiers were always asking each other, "What are we here for? What are we fighting about?" Nobody could answer.

Soldiers Just Slaves.

"I saw twenty months of trench fighting. At the end of that time a chance offered itself, and I quit. I feel about that quitting exactly as the American slave, in the days before the Civil War, felt when he had managed to run away from his master. Soldiers are slaves. Nothing more. Just slaves.

"I quit my job after I had had plenty of time to become convinced that it was no job for a human being. No man has any right to send other men into the places where I have been, or to do the things I have done. It was right to quit.

"Mud is the soul and the essence of trench life. It is always with you. It gets into everything and everything gets into it.

Mud Is Sickening.

"It is a peculiarly sickening sort of mud. It has things in it that are not in regular mud. All the trench offal, cast aside by a crowded army of men, becomes a part of that foot-deep mud. Old garments, shoes, food, bits of metal, are added to it. The arm or the leg of a man who has had his arm or leg shot off drops into the mud, rots, and itself passes, after days into the condition of mud. There are worms in that mud—maggots.

"The soldier is always soaked in it, bathed in it, pickled in it. It is in his eyes, his hair, his nostrils, his mouth, There is an oil preparation they give you to rub your trousers and boots with, but it is of little avail against that mud. The daily shower comes along, the shell-torn ground becomes slimy, the horrible odor increases, the surrounding billocks drain right down into the trench, and the mud in the bottom of the trench becomes a rotting soup, infinitely horrible, infinitely foul.

ed when the order comes down the line to attack.

For weeks you have been cowering in that infernal ditch, eating there, sleeping there, never standing fully erect, never daring to expose a finger-tip. The edge of that ditch has come to mean to you the limit of the world. Beyond that edge there

is—nothing. Oblivion. The end. Order to Charge.

Now comes the order that you and your fellows are to climb over that dreadful edge and rush for the German trenches.

"That is the moment at which I have seen pititul scenes. Not all that has happened in the European trenches at different times when the attack order comes, will ever be told. And I shall not tell it.

"The men take pictures of their wives and children, letters from home, locks of hair and little keepsakes from their pockets and look at them, kiss them unabashed.

"It may be, the last moment of life. There is never any cheering. The thing is too cold, too murderous. It is the feeling that a man must have just before he is hanged, when his own legs are carrying him up to the gallows.

Patriotism a Lie.

"There is no word that can make war right. The word patriotism does not make it right. That idea of patriotism is a lie. I have shouted for France and I have fought for France, and while I was fighting I did my best, and none accused me of cowardice. But the things France asked me to do for her are wrong. Eternally and always wrong.

"And it any believe that I have presented things wrongly, or that my attitude is exceptional, my answer is this: Go over to the trenches and see for yourself.

You will find things as I have suggested; and you will find, not only the occasional soldiers, but the entire army full of soldiers talking as I do. These thoughts are in every man's mind: I have been of the soldiers, and I know.

"All are asking:
"What are we here for? Why are we killing the Germans? What right has the government to send me here?"

"There is no answer to that question."

## Capetown Culture.

The four walls of a room being rented by four different families is mere Socialist clap trap in the opinion of many listeners at our propaganda meeting. Yet that is exactly what Councillor Hare reported to the City Council, after his investigations in the district of Salt River. Two families in another room, in which were a woman dying with tuberculosis, and another in a very advanced stage of the disease, and to further aid the rent problem and increase the squalor, the passage and kitchen were sublét, as also was the back yard. This the "Argus" report treats as "A shocking State of Affairs." Quite new to them of course, somewhat out of the precincts of the Editorial chair.

You, our City Fathers, save the mark! boast of having made Capetown the New Brighton of South Africa; sweeping to the back the squalor and filth which is in reality the offal remains of human life cast off from the toiling masses who have made your boasted edificies, whose comforts your privileged visitors and not they are allowed to enjoy. 'There is no wealth but life"! said Ruskin. And as the strength of a chain is in its weakest link, so in society is the health and prosperity of a people indicated in its most degraded members.

W.H.H.

## "Chopping off Heads."

In the days immediately following the French Revolution, after the rising capitalist class had wrested all its fruits for themselves by introducing high property qualifications and other reactionary things into the Constitution, there was a Society of Equals led by Babeuf, in Paris — a movement to restore the revolutionary constitution and carry it forward into Communism. Babeuf was the herald of modern Socialists. The secret meetings of the Society were spied upon by agents of the Directory, who entered into their discussions urging the principles of non-resistance.

In those days the only weapon of revolution was the bayonet. And so much was it within the reach of all that the ruling classes did not have that huge advantage that modern armaments give them. Not only that: bayonets were the only possible weapons of revolution, for industry was carried on in small shops both in production and in distribution. In fact, we can now see that the individualistic character of industry made Socialism then impossible. Therefore, the machinations of government spies within the conclaves of conspiring idealists took the form of advocating non-resistance.

Things are reversed to day. Governments are safe from armed risings. No cause can compete with them in producing seventy-fives. Least of all can the prole tarian movement, whose forces being so vast have to be mobilized openly, look to armaments for deliverance.

But if small arms have gone out, large industry has come in. Large industry, this is the weapon of the workingclass movement today. Not only is it the weapon, but it is also the form of the Socialist Commonwealth. It is what makes the Socialist Commonwealth possible. Along the line of industry then are the workers to mobilize. And so mobilizing that while capturing the key of the Capitalist position, while tightening their grip on its tyranny, they also simultanously evolve the form of their industrial republic.

So then it follows, that while the weapons of revolution have revolutionized, the secret tactics have also changed sides. Secrecy is now the resort of the exploiting class against the daylight methods of the working class movement. And not only has secret conspiracy changed sides, but the message of the government spy has reversed its character.

Today the agent provocateur does not urge to non-resistance but to bombs. These are the suggestions that are today designed to ruin the workingclass movement. The counterpart of the dynamitard spy in the Union is the anarchist in the political movement. When the capitalist class fail to side track a class conscious Socialist party into middle class politics, it sends its agents into the meetings to talk about hopping off the heads of the capitalists,

giving the Socialist meetings and Socialist speakers the appearances and personalities of hangmen in butchers aprons with cleavers in their hands, — all designed to make decent people sheer off.

Those who talk about personal violence as a weapon of Socialism are the greatest enemies of the workingclass movement. The wage-earners have the weapon in their hands, the humane weapon of Industrial Unity. Here, in their industries, must they mobilize, in the full countenance of the sun, in the eye of the light.

BERONIA.

#### BRANCH NOTES.

#### JOHANNESBURG

On Sunday night A. B. Dunbar addiessed record audiences both on the Town Hall pitch, where he made play with a heckler who flourished his D.S.M. earned in the fight to maintain his master's rule, and indoors where he purposely eschewed economics, contenting himself with illustrations of the class war. He showed how British shipowners ruled the waves with 60,000 Lascars, how Rothschild owned more of Scotland than the bulk of Scotsmen did, how the war had exposed most modern religion as hypocrisy; and these were the classes who were out to defend weak nationalities—except their own, or except where, as in the case of the Armenian massacres under Lord Rosebery, Rothschild's bonds claimed preference. The law forbids you to overwork or ill-house a mule, but not a two legged ass, who is given a mine room crawling with vermin, and driven to death or mutilation fighting his masters' battles, to be maintained hereafter by street collections—for here we haven't even the workhouse where nine out of every ten Crimean veterans died. He concluded with a lively appeal to the meek and lowly to awaken some class conscious spirit while deprecating anarchist methods. "The International" was sold out again:—and waron-war pamphlets also boomed, especially at the open air meeting.

#### CHILDRENS PICNIC.

School will be going for a picnic next Sunday School will be going for a picnic next Sunday morning to the Zoo Lake. All the little boys and girls of the S.S.S. and children of League members are invited to come. Meet at Comrade Neppe's College, corner of Fox and MacLaren Streets next Sunday at II o'clock. Grown ups may come too, if they bring their own tucker, and help to amuse the children.

#### League's First Amiversary.

The International Socialist League celebrates its first year of existence on the 25th of this month. This also is about the anniversary of the formation of the old War-on-War League. So that it will be a fitting occasion for mutual congratulation among the comrades. The monthly dance on the 23rd inst. will be held as usual. But

the Women Comrades Committee feel that a Social Evening should also be held on Saturday the 26th, No tickets to sell this time. Invitations will be sent out to all comrades within convenient train journey of Johannesburg.

On September 10th we start a new year of "The International.' The year ends with No. 50. (Two Christmas weeks having been omitted). Bravo Comrades.

#### DURBAN.

Our weekly branch meeting was even better attended than usual in spite of the temporary absence of the Chairman, Secretary and Comrade Haynes in Zululand. Comrade Dunning presided and the looked for discussion on the constitution of the I.S.L. had to be held over owing to lively discussion on various aspects of the Branch ac ivities.

Comrade —— gave an address on Sunday evening entitled "The case against Sabotage' Naturally this led to a lively discussion which was still raging at the post office corner when the last tram left for Greyville. The International was distributed by two comrades in considerable numbers before the meeting.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Socialist Sunday School

Children between the ages of 8 and 16 will be welcomed at this school, which meets.

Every Sunday Morning at 11 a.m.

#### at

## Comrade Neppe's, c/o Fox & MacLaren Streets,

(Near the Stock Exchange)

Readers of "The International" who would like their children to acquire the rudiments of the ocialist teaching and outlook are invited to make use of this opportunity. There are two classes, a senior and a junior, and it is expected that with the increase of numbers a further subdivision of classes will take place.

The General Dealer business registered in January 1916, by Littman Raikin, 69. Avenue Road, Fordsburg, was abandoned as from July 1st, 1916.

C. & L. Clingman, Parties Agents, Mercantile Buildings, corner of Commissioner & Simmonds Sts. Johannesburg.

The General Dealer business registered in January 1916, at Nylstroom, by C. Whyte, on tarm De Hoop, No. 1965, Waterberg District, has been transferred to E.S. Tager, and C. Whyte, trading as C. Whyte & Co, as from 19th July, 1916.

C. & L. Clingman, Parties Agents, 25 Mercantile Buildings, corner Commissioner and Simmonds Sts. Johannesburg.

The General Dealer business, Butchery and Kaffir Eating House licence, registered at Boksburg, on 13th July, 1916, by M. Poss, Stand 341, Boksburg, will be transferred to C. Abel, from September 1st, 1916

C. & L. Clingman, Parties Agents, 25 Mercantile Buildings, corner Commissioner & Simmonds Sts. Johannesburg.

Have you subscribed to "The International." 5/- per annum, post free, Box 4179, Jo'burg,

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