Emigrants Sleep Out in Sydney (p. 5)

ONE PENNY

Workers' Dreadnought

PLENTY FOR ALL—POVERTY FOR NONE!

Vol. X. No. 36. November 24, 1923. WEEKLY.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY: OR A DAY OFF FOR ALL PARTIES
[see "THE DONKEY & THE COMMON"]

Equality

He walks the roads with a smile, with purpose bent in each stride;
Each moment is worth his while for the Soul of the Tramp is his guide.
Or silently sticks at the bench with the sleeves of his shirt up-furled,
While he thinks of home and the wench as he hammers the wealth of the world.
Or he sits at the desk and indites a message of Hope to men—
And his Soul's in the thing that he writes, and the Future lives in his pen.
So, through each difficult day and the moonlight's silvery dreams:—
Each man in his wonderful way is Lord of us all, it seems.

She sweats at a sewing machine making the rags of the rich,
And broods o'er the Might-have-Been, and her heart is stabbed with each stitch.
Or she splashes with ribbon and ink, and lives like a gramophone;
Her brain is too busy to think, and her soul is never her own.
Or she plods the lamp-lit streets from night till the dull grey morn,
And she smiles at each oaf that she meets, and wishes she'd never been born.
And so, as the sages might say and inscribe in ponderous reams,
Each woman in her sweet way is Queen of us all, it seems.

And the fruit of the woman and man, born of the slums and slime,
Tho' he be free for a span and his soul is his own for a time—
Cares not for nations or flags nor craves his fellow-man's blood,
While nursing a bundle of rags, or building his castle of mud.

And the maid may dream of the Mother, and the boy of his Man of Might,
'Till the factory's smoke and its smother blots them out in its Night.
Yet whether at work or at play, whilst the star-light of infancy gleams,
Each Child in its innocent way rules over us all, it seems.

A. C. Young.

Our Labour Party : A Conversation

Mrs. A: Oh, we got a Labour Party down our way now. Oh, they done a lot for us.

Mrs. B: What have they done, Mrs. A?

Mrs. A: Built us new houses.

Mrs. B: What do you mean? Built you all new houses? Oh, I shall have to come and live down your way!

Mrs. A: Oh, no, my goodness, Mrs. A. Houses for all of us! Mercy no. They only built just a hundred houses; but I'm living in one of them.

Mrs. B: Oh, I see! You're one of the lucky ones! Are they nice houses, Mrs. A?

Mrs. A: Oh, yes, a great improvement: a bath in the scullery, four nice rooms; 13s. 6d. a week, I pay.

Mrs. B: A lot, isn't it?

Mrs. A: A much better house than I had for 12s.

Mrs. B: Why don't they build some more houses, Mrs. A? A hundred won't do for a place like yours. They say there's 20,000 living there

Mrs. A: More than that, Mrs. B; but you see they can't. It seems there was only that bit of the land to be sold, and, beside, the Government won't give them any more money, so I've heard. It was the Government started *it*, you know, and then they cut it down.

Mrs. B: Why, I thought you said it was the Labour Party?

Mrs. A: Well, I'm sure they did their best for us. It's a good house I'm living in, I know that.

Mrs. B: I'm glad you are satisfied, Mrs. A. What else has the Labour Party done for you?

Mrs. A: They haven't done anything for *me*, Mrs. B; but they done some good for poor people. They've given out much better money on the Guardians, so they say; at least that's what I've heard. Come here, Mrs. C. Look here, doesn't the Labour Guardians pay out more to you than the old ones did.

Mrs. C: They did; but they're cutting it down. The Government says they mustn't pay out so much. They said they've been spending more than they should. So they've cut us all down, and they say they'll be cutting us down again in a week or two.

Mrs. A: A good job too! Look at the rates! Why, do you know, Mrs. B, my rates is 7s. 6d. a week? It's something awful. The Labour Party can't pay out no more than anyone else: it stands to reason: it all comes out of our pockets in the end, whichever way you look at it: you can see that for yourself. It's time the rates *did* come down. I shan't support them again if they don't, I can tell you.

Mrs. B: But you told me they done such a lot for you, Mrs. A.

Mrs. A: Done for me? Indeed they have not, Mrs. B. It's the unemployed they have done for. I never asked a penny of no one, nor my husband neither.

Mrs. C: Done for the unemployed? Why, you said yourself they was cutting us down. "And a good job, too," you said. How do you think people's going to live on it? "A good job too!" We don't have to look to you far no sympathy! You think the unemployed should starve, I suppose; that's your principles! I don't think much of them! As for what bit the unemployed get: well, they fought for it. It wasn't give to them willing. Locking the Guardians up and that and going on hunger marches, tramping their shoe leather off. If the unemployed got anything, it's themselves they got to thank for it, and no-one else! It's them Council employees have to thank the Labour Party. They had their wages brought up wherever the Labour Party got in—and kep' up. They been the ones to benefit.

Mrs. A: Yes, out of other people's pockets. It's us that is working that pays for it every time; you can't get away from that.

Mrs. B: So your Labour Party hasn't done so much for you, after all, Mrs. A.

Mrs. A: Well, no: seemingly they can't pay Peter without robbing Paul.

Mrs. C: Other people had to pay for them houses you are living in: them that haven't got a new house; don't forget that, Mrs. A!

Mrs. B: It's the system they are working under.

Mrs. A: What do you mean, Mrs. C? What else can they do: what else could you do yourself, if you was in their places. Everything costs money and everything has to be paid for.

Mrs. C: Have you only just found that out, Mrs. A? You belong to the Snail's Club, I should think!

Mrs. A: Hold your noise, Mrs. C. I am talking to Mrs. B. I am asking you, Mrs. B, what is the use of running them down when you couldn't do any better? You talk about a system; but what system would you work on? There is only one system to work on: Do your best; and what good can anyone do with trade like it is, I should like to know? Now I ask you, what remedy is there? There is no remedy. So it have always been, and so it will always be. When the trade brightens up the unemployment will be less, but poverty will always be. As for the unemployed, they're an idle, good-for-nothing lot, and that is my opinion.

Mrs. C: I wish your husband would be out of work and then you would learn something, Mrs. Know-all!

Mrs. A: I am talking to Mrs. B; Mrs. B, I am asking you.

Mrs. B: I told you it is the fault of the system.

Mrs. A: You are talking nonsense, Mrs. B. Haven't my husband been a supporter of the Labour Party for twenty years? Haven't he voted for them every time? Haven't they done their best now they got in? And can't we see there is nothing can be done? Whatever they try to do it puts up the rates; and, after all, can we go on paying them? Of course we cannot: they have come down and they have got to come down. I believe in kindness, but I believe in common sense.

Mrs. B: But I told you it is the system.

Mrs. A: Now, I ask you, Mrs. B, what is there they can do? I suppose you say municipalise the trams. Well, there is no trams down here. I suppose you say do it with the buses; but it wouldn't make much difference. There

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is places where they done it to the trams, and the gas, and the electric light, and it don't make any difference to speak of. There is poverty there, just the same: you can't alter it, and you can't help one without taking it from another to give them. Even if you was to take over all the shops, there is the shop-keepers to be thought of. Are they to starve? What would my sister do without her little shop, and her a widow with six children? Do you want her to go to the Workhouse, Mrs. B? Now I am asking you: Is there any sense in it?

Mrs. B: Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. A, that you think there is not enough food in the world for every one? Do you mean to tell me we couldn't grow and raise more food than people could eat?

Mrs. A: No, I do not, Mrs. B. I'm not so ignorant. I know very well there is plenty of food could be got—if it would pay to do it! I know there is milk that is give to the pigs, and I know there is fruit left to rot and fish put back in the sea. I have been brought up in the country, Mrs. C. I know something about it; but it doesn't pay, Mrs. C. There is so much coming in from abroad, it doesn't pay the farmers to grow it.

Mrs. C: Do you think there aren't enough men and materials to build the houses? Do you believe the men out of work couldn't be taught to build houses?

Mrs. A: Indeed, they could, Mrs. C. I would lend a hand myself. Mr. Potter has been in Hungary, and he told me the women are building houses there. Fancy that now! Would you believe it? But I wouldn't be backward: I'd take a hand at it myself. I wouldn't starve with work to be done. I'd soon get something to do if my husband was out of work, I tell you, Mrs. C.

Mrs. C: What's the good of talking to me when I'm out of work myself? Haven't I almost tramped my shoes off? Nothing to be had! Some people is always so clever: they could almost make a pair of trousers out of a pocket handkerchief!

Mrs. A: I'm talking to Mrs. B. There's plenty of work we know to be done, Mrs. B; but who is to pay for it? You can't expect people to lay their money out to make work if it isn't going to pay them. You can't expect 'em to *give* their money away.

Mrs. B: Oh, I'm not concerned with work; I'm concerned with food, and clothes, and houses. I want everyone to have plenty: that's what interests me; plenty for all: that's what I want.

Mrs. A: Don't talk silly, Mrs. B. Things like that can't be had without working: you don't suppose the loaves and fishes is going to grow on the trees! And how is a man going to work to produce them without his wages—or a woman either—don't talk silly!

Mrs. B: What do people want with wages? Wages! Why I want to do away with them!

Mrs. C: Do you think you're going to get the unemployed to do it? I tell you you're not! They won't blackleg! If they can't get a Trade Union wage, they won't work at all. Don't you make any mistake.

Mrs. B: Look here, Mrs. C, you know I don't mean anything to do with blacklegging. Suppose you could have all the food, all the clothes, all the books and pictures and things like that you wanted, free of charge; suppose you could choose your own house, and pay no rent, and go on the railways and trams free of charge, and the same with everything else you wanted—wouldn't that be more good to you than your husband bringing home a Trade Union wage?

Mrs. C: Well, of course.

Mrs. B: Why don't you agitate for it then, instead of wasting your time over what don't matter?

"DREADNOUGHT" £1,000 FUND.

Brought forward, £128 11s. 6d. F. Haughton, £1 10s.; S. N. Ghose, 5s.; C. Cole (proceeds of play), 5s.; W. Peasnell, 1s. 6d.; Collection at Finsbury Park, 2s. 5d.; Bazaar, £11 17s.; H. Hersey, 10s.; P. Hopkins, £5; J. A. Kershaw, 5s. Total for week, £19 15s. 11d. Total, £148 7s. 5d.

Old Morality

Old Morality sat hunched up in the sun, disconsolate.

The country about him teemed with the wealth of husbandry. The porch where he sat was covered with climbing roses, their luxuriant blossoms seeming almost to jostle each other for a place to show themselves. Grapes and ripe plums hung within reach of his hand. The well-kept flower beds were gay with blooms. Pigeons cooed in their cote, peacocks strutted the lawns; on all hands were signs of comfort. Yet Old Morality was disconsolate; his occupation was gone.

"What is the matter, Old Morality?" said a young girl pausing to speak with a gaze of trouble and surprise. A lovely creature she was, still in her middle teens, with long bare legs and sandled feet and a short holland smock embroidered with many gay coloured silks.

Morality shrugged his shoulders and turned away from her; but she laid her hand caressingly on his arm.

"You look so sad: indeed it hurts me. You are the only sad-looking person I have seen for more than a year. Why are you always grieving? I beg you not to!"

She dropped upon the seat beside him and stroked his face.

Then Old Morality smiled: her touch was pleasant. His arm closed round her, but with a startled cry she dashed away.

Old Morality cursed and ground his teeth: "The artful hussey!"

Old Nobility sauntered up. Spats and an eyeglass from which the glass was missing, stays and padding and clothes of a by-gone pattern made him look a curious figure indeed.

"By Jove; what is the row with you, old sport?" he queried.

"I deplore the immorality of the times, my lord," Old Morality replied.

"It's a rotten life!" Nobility observed, pulling up the knees of his trousers before he sat. "An iniquitous shame that men of my class should be simply ignored. The beggars absolutely don't notice us; but as to their immorality, I hadn't observed it. It might be important; by Jove, one might start a crusade! Cough it up, old chap: what's the tale? I see myself winning back popularity at last!"

Morality, skilled in the arts of propaganda, assumed an air of anxious sorrow: "The disintegration of the moral fibre of the working classes has been a long and progressive growth, my lord. It was in the year 1914 I first observed the unmistakeable signs of it. In the first year of the great war committees were formed for the administration of relief to those who were unemployed through the war. I myself approved the relief and the committees, mistakenly, no doubt, as it appears now. There was a clamour for something of the kind and we acceded to it. All sorts of persons got on to those committees. It seemed to give the rabble a taste for intruding into public administration, which was to have serious consequences. Before that there had always been the handicap of the election. Without a strong party machine and liberal funds no one could surmount that. It was fully effective against all pioneers. That was as it should be. It was a sad pity we departed from it. In spite of the guiding hand of the central executive the administration of those mixed committees became woefully lax. A faithful disciple of mine, Mr. Pry, of an East End church, most properly reported to his committees that a woman in receipt of food and coal tickets from the Prince of Wales's Fund, had actually been observed in a state of intoxication in the public street. The experienced administrators upon the committee rightly realised the danger of condoning such conduct in a woman of that class, and having uttered a suitable reproof to the woman, they were on the point of deciding to discontinue her relief.

"One of the newcomers, however, a woman, mark you, which made her attitude the more objectionable, raised an absurd outcry, declaring that the committee had no right to take the food tickets from the woman's children. This person, one of the rabble who were called "Reds" at that time, so threatened the members of the committee with exposure that it was decided to overlook the woman's offence for the time being.

"On another occasion, Mr. Pry, a most zealous administrator, reported to the committee that the Relieving Officer had reported to him that a certain widow, who was receiving food tickets, was said to have a man calling at her house. The question of the woman's morality obviously required investigation. The same interloper as before again intervened, contending that the committee had no right to exercise the customary moral supervision over persons in receipt of relief. Again her insistence and threats of exposure induced the committee to capitulate.

"The same sort of thing was going on all over the country: the morals of the people were being steadily undermined, and they were developing the most absurd, not to say impudent, notion that there should be an equal moral standard for all."

Nobility: "Some of your administrators began to set 'em an example you didn't want 'em to follow; didn't they old cock?"

Morality: "My lord, that was always the case, as you will certainly agree, when you remember that the administration of public affairs was at one time almost wholly confided to members of the aristocracy."

Nobility: "You're right there, old fellow, I own. Of course we had to leave the setting of a proper example to the lower orders to such cranky fellows as the Socialists and Atheists, who didn't understand how to amuse themselves and took a pleasure in making themselves uncomfortable. Those chaps did it well; they were so anxious to avoid being censured for one particular little bit of rebellion, that they tumbled over themselves with anxiety to toe the line in all other respects."

Morality: "For a time that was so; when I saw the position was changing, I tried to safeguard it by the advocacy of such expedients as cheaper divorce."

Nobility: "The devil you did! The divorce courts should have been reserved for people of my class. Your pandering to the lower orders was the beginning of all the mess!"

Morality: "You do me wrong, my lord. With very great respect, I must insist that it was your lack of caution and failure to consult me which led to disaster. Since the governing class was small, and the governed class large, and growing, it was inevitable that individuals from the governed class should occasionally pass into the governing class. It was necessary to ensure that the new recruits should speedily and thoroughly be acclimatised to their new environment. It was my privilege to assist in that desirable task. As the minor duties of Government devolve upon many persons whose humble origin was apparent, it was my policy to surround them with a halo of importance and to weave about them the atmosphere necessary to place any peccadilloes they might commit outside the judgment which applied to the ordinary commonality. You, my lord, I say it with great respect, mistakenly adopted the policy of attacking instead of assimilating the raw new-comers and would-be entrants to the ranks of the Governing classes. In your zeal, you evoked dangerous comparisons between the governing and the governed, and you thereby rendered my task of maintaining a suitable moral standard for the lower orders even more difficult."

"Oh, chuck it, old Jawbones," Nobility muttered with impatience, "I don't want to be bored with a recital of ancient history. Figure out this crusade of ours, or I shall be off!"

At that moment a man and woman, accompanied by a tall youth, and a child of three, came gaily across the lawn. The baby was trying to put a garland of daisies about the neck of a puppy, but the animal eluded him and bounded away whenever his purpose seemed all but accomplished, then waited slyly for him to approach again. All four were enjoying the fun. The woman was knitting some garment of golden silks, the man was carrying painters' sketching

tackle for himself and the woman, and the youth had a bundle of books under his arm.

The elders threw themselves down on a grass-grown bank at the edge of the lawn and settled to their work, whilst the baby began to knock about croquet balls with a miniature mallet and the puppy frisked around him.

Old Morality eyed them with an air of malice. "Detestable creatures," he growled. "They defy all my precepts. They behave as though they were privileged persons above all my laws. They have escaped from my control. They have cast off my influence. I will recapture my power. I will rule over them. I will dominate them. I will go forth like another Jeremiah and terrify them by my preaching. That trio of iniquitous merry-makers shall be the first to hear me."

"I'll be with you, old boy, but I can't start without a bottle of champagne; my throat is so deuced dry. The grape in its natural state never appealed to me, and so few drink the fiz nowadays that I'll have to walk a beastly mile and a half to get to the nearest place where it is. By Jove, if I only had a servant to send. Wait till I get on the stump with you, old boy! I'll soon get a body of admirers to wait on me! They can't resist my intonation. Ah, the audiences I used to address in the good old days.

Old Morality rose and approached the busy party upon the bank with threatening mètre:

"Woe unto ye unhappy sinners," he cried in hollow tones. "Ye are living in iniquity and punishment shall be visited upon ye."

The baby continued his game, but his three elders regarded Morality in surprise.

"It is very funny," the woman said to him, "but please, dear comrade, we want to finish our sketches before the light changes; we have no time to see your acting now."

"Abandoned woman!" Morality cried, and turned to the youth: "Where is thy father O heedless boy? Thy mother is living in sin without him?"

"My father's in Africa, enjoying himself immensely," the boy answered. "I had a letter from him the other day. Please don't be silly," the boy protested.

At that moment Morality threw up his arms with a shout and held up one foot as though it had been shot.

Old Nobility, who was hiding behind a rose bush, had gathered up a handful of little stones and was throwing them at the trio Morality was reproving. He had hit Morality by mistake. With his next aim Nobility struck the puppy, which began to bark furiously, and rushed at Morality. Old Morality at once took to his heels crying out that he had been stoned for his virtue and that a savage dog had been set upon him for his efforts in the cause of public morals.

IMPORTANT!

We urgently suggest that comrades should endeavour to secure new subscribers to the "Workers' Dreadnought" and that they should collect at meetings and from their friends whatever is possible. However small the sum you can collect, it will be welcomed. Send it in stamps or postal orders. The "Dreadnought" is not self-supporting: the editing and managing is unpaid.

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From "Dreadnought" Bookshop, 152, Fleet St., E.C. 4.

A Review of the Struggles of the Catering Trade Employees

By W. McCARTNEY

(Late Vice-President, United Catering Trade Union.)

V.—THE WAITER AND WAITRESS.

The "staff food" is for the waiter and waitress, page boy and chambermaid, housemaid and all the so-called "lower" staff.

The same fraud by agents is perpetrated on the waiter and the rest as well as on the kitchen worker.

In the majority of hotels and restaurants a waiter has to find, at his own expense, an evening dress suit, sometimes a white waistcoat, patent boots, starched shirts, fronts, collars, bows, etc.

After paying the agent for the job, he sometimes finds that he has to *pay* the manager or proprietor also *to be allowed* to work.

The waiter has to trust to the charity of his customers for tips to enable him to live. The proprietor has got his customers waited on free of charge and even pocketed a sum from the waited besides. The waiter has to pay for laundry, agent, and proprietor before starting work, and has to trust to luck whether he gets it all back and a bit on top after he has worked. Many waiters have worked hours and find at the finish of the day's or evening's work that they are out of pocket. What they have done is to obtain profits for the Boss, and pay him for the privilege of being allowed to obtain them.

Many hotels and restaurants have what is called a Trone System. This was originally a Continental importation. This is how it works:

Every waiter has what is called a station, that is, two, three or more tables; he has one or two young lads to help him called "commis" waiters. There is a box on a table or fixed on the wall. Every waiter receiving a tip from his customer is not allowed to keep what has been given to him. He is compelled to wrap it up in paper, write his name or number on it, and place it in this box. Now there is the head waiter, who very rarely does any waiting, there may be superintendents and the manager, they are all "waiting" and watching for a waiter to put the tip in his pocket, then, when caught doing so it is generally the sack for the waiter.

The box or "trone" is generally opened once a week—on Saturday—by the head waiter. No waiter, commis, or glass-washer or pantry-man is present at the opening of the "trone," so the others have got to take for gospel what the head waiter says is in the "trone." More often than not, the total amount of tips put in the "trone" during the week by the waiter is not disclosed.

These waiters absolutely depend on these tips for their living, because the miserable wages paid to them range only from 5s. to 15s. per week—barely covering their travelling and other expenses.

Now comes the sharing out. Who does that? Why, the head waiter, and he comes first with the biggest share, although his name may not be once found in the box. Then comes the superintendent, if there is one, with the next biggest share. Sometimes the manager also has a bit. Then comes the waiter next in rank, with just what the head waiter chooses to give him. After all the waiters come the "commis" waiters, with a very small share. Then the pantryman and one or two porters who may have helped to keep the dining or coffee room clean during the week.

So the proprietor piles up profit from this system of "trone," or charity and generosity of customers. I have known waiters keeping account of what they have placed in the box during the week, reach a total of over £4, and have received from the head waiter the magnicent sum of £1 as the weekly share of the trone.

Even in the height of the "London season" £3 per week from the box is considered by the waiters a large amount to receive from the trone, beside their miserable wages of 5s. to 15s. At some places waiters have even to pay their "commis" boys out of the amount.

Many hotel waiters have to be on duty at breakfast from 7 a.m. till 10 or 11 a.m. Then they lay tables, wash and comb up for luncheon at 12.30 or 1 till 2.30, and are on duty for dinner at 6 or 6.30 till 8 or 9 p.m., and for theatre suppers, etc., till 12 p.m.

The day's work of a waiter in an hotel of ordinary size is as follows: If he sleeps at home, some distance from the hotel, he has to get up, say between 5.30 to 6 a.m., to go on duty at 7 a.m. He works till about 8.30 or 9 without food, then goes down to the staff hall, where the man in charge, called the "usher," dishes him up a staff breakfast. If he cares to give the "usher" a tip he will save him the most tasty morsel; if not, he has got to be content with what has been given him or go without. There is generally no remedy. The usher usually makes a nice little sum weekly and of these poor wage slaves of waiters. Half an hour is allowed for breakfast. Then the waiter goes to work till 12, when the staff hall is again visited for dinner, and after half an hour he goes back again to work till 2.30 or 3 p.m. Then, if it is not his turn on duty, he can go out into the fresh air. He comes back at 5 or 5.30. During the time off duty generally he has gone to get a good feed. Then he must wash and dress, to start work at 6 till 9 p.m. He does not wait for staff supper. If he is not on late duty he can now go and amuse himself till the clock calls him up at 5.30 or 6 next morning.

This is repeated seven times per week, with the exception of what is called half a day off a week. This half-day is generally after luncheon, about 2.30 or 3 p.m. As a matter of fact the waiter only really gets three hours off weekly though it is called a half day, because he is off any day from 3 till about 6 p.m. I have in mind a certain hotel in the West End, where the waiter could not eat his dinner. He sent out for eggs, got them cooked and eat them in his time off duty. At the same hotel the waiter had been on duty from 7 a.m. The "master" had gone out to a party; he arrived home at 4 next morning. The waiter had to stay up to let him in, and to be on duty again next morning at 7 a.m.

Another waiter, a lad, employed at the same hotel, could not eat the staff food so went home, and his mother gave him a good wholesome feed, and he got back late for duty. He told them he had gone home to get some food. This is quite recently.

On Sundays there are no workmen's trains and no early trains. The catering worker who "sleeps out," with his work a long way off, generally has a nice long walk or cycle ride on Sunday mornings. He is already tired before he starts work.

I have previously mentioned "extra waiters" When a manager or head waiter has a big dinner or banquet on he usually 'phones up an agent thus:

"Can you send me half a dozen waiters at 6 p.m. for special dinner?"

Agent: "Very good, sir. What are you paying?"

Head waiter: "Oh, about three or four shillings and tips" (he does not forget to mention the tips). Half a dozen waiters are ordered just as one would order half a dozen plaice or kippers.

"Yes, sir; how much will you pay for the kippers?"

The agent then says: "I want six waiters, smart, for special banquet; good pay, plenty of tips. I want three shillings for the job."

So the agent pockets 18s. for nothing. The waiter has to "wait and see" the forthcoming of these "plenty of tips and good pay."

At many restaurants in the West End, and more so in the City, the waiter has to do a

(Continued at foot of col. 1, p. 5.)

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Vol. X. No. 36. Saturday, Nov. 24th, 1923.

Our View.

WE ADVISE comrades to go to the election meetings to ask the candidates "what they will or can do in Parliament to abolish the capitalist system."

The Election

The question and the answer, especially if followed by pointed supplementary questions, will awaken at least some of the workers who flock to the election meetings to the futility of the whole business.

We advise comrades to sell anti-Parliamentary and Free Communist literature outside all the election meetings, and we invite donations to enable us to publish free literature.

We also advise comrades to hold meetings of their own side by side with the candidates' meetings to expose the futility of the programmes of all the parties.

* * *

THE LABOUR PARTY is valliantly declaring that it means to help agriculture, but its proposals still remain in the vague.

Help for Agriculture

Out comes the Tory Party with a promise of a subsidy of £1 per acre on arable land to any farmer paying not less than 30s. a week to able-bodied adult workers. This vote-catching pledge will doubtless play its part in determining the result of the election. The Labour Party cannot condemn the Government proposal as unsound economics, since it has also been dallying with talk of State subsidies to employers of Labour.

With the Tories demanding State subsidies for private industry and agriculture, and the Labour Party seconding these demands, the outlook grows decidedly interesting, and an enormous inflation of the currency may be predicted. Nevertheless it must be remembered that election promises often prove of fragile substance.

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SIR J JAGADIS BOSE at University College the other night was demonstrating the work of his invention for recording the

Two Extremes

assimilation of plants. The apparatus records the production of carbo-hydrate in the plant to the millionth part of a grain. The throbbing pulse that goes on behind the placid exterior of a tree can be ascertained, and the increase in assimilation caused by infinitesimal traces of certain substances can be detected. More astonishing still, the plant, said the lecturer, can be used to turn on a light in the dark, or to turn it off in the daylight.

Telephotography, and tele-autography which reproduces actual handwriting and drawing, both by means of the telegraph wire and also by wireless, are making great strides. Television, that is to say actual vision at a distance by wireless, is nearly and soon will be an accomplished fact, said M. Edouard Berlin in a paper read before the Royal Society of Arts on November 15th.

Marconi says that before long the sailor in the submarine and the miner working in the bowels of the earth will be kept in communication with their fellows on the surface.

The marvels of science grow but still society has not discovered how to feed its members and keep them free from want.

* * *

THE SPANISH PARLIAMENT is now abolished. The deed has been done by the Directory which took power by force. The abolition is described as a reprisal because the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber approached the King, asking him to convoke Parliament. The Spanish Directory announces that as the Parliament buildings are unlikely to be used again for a long period, if ever, they will use them for whatever purpose they think fit.

The Growth of Dictatorship.

Well might Mussolini, in the course of the ten days' celebrations of the anniversary of his assumption of power in Italy, declare to the Press that Parliamentary institutions are declining. The King and Queen of Italy took part in the Mussolini celebrations. Oh, these paternal royalties!

* * *

WE HAVE MANY TIMES PREDICTED that the next war would be a League of Nations war. To bring the people of Britain and the United States into the last war with any degree of heartiness it was necessary to call it a "War to End War." To produce the same enthusiasm a new veneer of idealism must be created to mask the next war, and the pretext that the war is fought not in defence of British Capitalism but in defence of the League of Nations will be used next time. Viscount Grey of Falloden, one of the craftiest and guiltiest of diplomatists, in his speech at the Guildhall, Bath, has already announced the new war slogan:

The Coming League of Nations War

"Turning to foreign policy Lord Grey said he wished to impress it clearly that things in Europe were going from bad to worse, and were shaping, not perhaps immediately, but very certainly, for a new war. He saw the time getting closer and closer. Unless the French Government could meet us, British public opinion would become so convinced that the interest of Great Britain was to keep outside this welter which was going on that we might try and cut ourselves adrift from the Continent altogether. He thought we should suffer, but France would also suffer. There was one policy in which alone he saw safety, and that was to continue to press what he called the policy of the League of Nations. He hoped never to see this country involved in war again, but if ever it were he would rather it were involved on behalf of the Covenant of the League of Nations than anything else."

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THE SECRET AGREEMENT between Herr Hitler of the Bavarian Racial-National Committee and the Hungarian Racial-National Committee, discovered through the arrest of Dr. Ulain, shows the manner in which the reaction is organising across the frontiers. The agreement specifies the assistance in men, money, munitions, and food to be given on either side.

The Fascist International

* * *

THE PRAGUE ASSIZE COURT acquitted Athanas Nikolev, the assassin of Daskaloff, Bulgarian Minister in Czecho-Slovakia under Stambuliski, Premier in the peasant Government. The murder of Daskaloff took place shortly after the murder of Stambuliski and the overthrow of his Government by the reaction.

White Terrorist Assassins Acquitted

Still more startling was the acquittal in Switzerland of Conradi and Pulunin, who murdered Vorowsky, the Soviet Government's delegate in Lausanne. The jury were not in doubt as to the facts. They were unanimous in declaring that Conradi committed the murder and that Pulunin was his accomplice. Nevertheless a majority of the jury found the prisoners not guilty: it is an amazing contradiction and an invitation to other reactionaries to do likewise without fear—at any rate in Switzerland.

Switzerland has not passed through revolution and counter-revolution; Swiss order has not been disturbed. It is therefore the more remarkable that a Swiss jury should thus overturn judicial precedent in order to protect a pair of reactionary assassins. The strongest possible class and political prejudices alone account for this phenomenon.

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THE RUHR MAGNATES are presenting the world with a striking example of what patriotism means to Big Business. The Ruhr industrialists have all sung: "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles." They have all proclaimed their antagonism to the French, but now that business interests seem to call for commerce with France they have thrown themselves into it with zeal. They are now said to be bringing pressure to bear on the Berlin Government to open more railway lines to communicate with Lorraine and other parts of France.

Patriotism and Big Business

The British authorities of course dislike this prospect, especially as these railways, under French control, would hem in the British Army of Occupation.

* * *

THE HORRIBLE REPORTS of natives being flogged to death in Rhodesia and Kenya, now published, are a reminder of the hypocritical pretences of the late war that the good kind British capitalist desired to save the native races from German cruelty and of the Boer War pretences that the natives were to be saved from Boer cruelty.

"British Justice" and the Natives

British hypocrisy is a by-word in Europe, but as a matter of fact all the Governments of today practice the vice of hypocrisy. The war propaganda of the various belligerents revealed little or nothing to choose between them.

* * *

THE ATTEMPT to form a "National Federation of Trades Councils," which has resulted in the holding of a "second annual conference," in Birmingham, attended by less than a fourth of the Trades Councils, is symptomatic of the growing impatience with Trade Union machinery, which is developing amongst the workers. Unfortunately the attempt to build a new working-class movement through the Trades Councils is doomed to failure, for the very same reason that Trade Unionism fails to emancipate the workers.

The "National Federation of Trades Councils"

The Trades Councils may seem more permeated with rank and file spirit, more open to progressive ideas than the Trades Union Executives, because the Trades Councils are not the close corporations that the Trade Union Executives have long become. The bureaucrats of the Trades Councils are but little bureaucrats, and the membership of the Trades Councils is partially drawn from the rank and file who are still in the workshops. Nevertheless the Trades Councils, which are hardly distinguishable from the local Labour Parties, are part of the machinery of the Trade Unions and Parliamentary political parties, and are almost invariably officered by Trade Union officials and partly manned by them. In the long run the official Labour Party Trade Union organisation has control of them.

Moreover the basis on which the Trades Councils are built is not that which can take control of the industries and services of the community. Being built territorially and mixed with purely political organisations, they are not essentially bodies for action but for passing resolutions. They will always prove impotent.

The Workshop Councils are the key to the situation.

When comrades have exhausted all the wrong methods of organisation, they will eventually arrive at our conclusion.

MR. MUSSOLINI'S STATEMENT to the Italian Senate regarding the ex-Crown Prince of Germany is very interesting. It seems to indicate that the British and Italian Governments may be seeking to place him on the throne of Germany. He said that Britain and Italy are at one on this question, and continued:

Italy, Britain and German Prince

"The request for the banishment is a mistake and simply means another deadlock. He could not leave Germany without still further complicating the situation."

In enumerating the aims of the Italian Government the dictator gave as his fifth point:

"No intervention in Germany's internal affairs, but moral and material support for any German Government which re-establishes order in the Reich and places her on the path of financial reform."

Reading between the lines one sees that Britain and Italy will be disposed to cry "hands off" to France should France seek to prevent the re-establishment of the monarchy in Germany. The hypocrites will protest, as Governments do, that this is interfering in the affairs of Germany. They, on the other hand, will grant *moral and material support* to the ex-Crown Prince in his efforts to obtain dominant power in Germany.

No doubt the Prince is pledging himself up to the hilt to the Governments that will help him to the throne.

One must expect monarchic Governments like the British and Italian to show sympathy with the dethroned royalties of Germany as they ostentatiously do to those of Russia.

The Emigration Scandal

EMIGRANTS SLEEPING OUT IN SYDNEY.

Fred S. Spillman writes:—

Mr. E. H. Farrar, Australian Minister for Labour and Industry, will visit England in January. Farrar has not been elected to the Australian House of Commons, but appointed to the Upper House, a non-elective Chamber. Generally speaking, the members of the Upper House are appointed in return for Party services rendered.

Mr. Farrar is a Labour Party renegade. He is bringing a staff with him to boom emigration. Yet according to the official figures of Farrar's own Department there are nine thousand unemployed registered at the labour bureau. Add these to the non-unionists, and thousands of others who never register, twenty thousand unemployed would be a fair estimate for the State of New South Wales.

Official figures show that in nine months forty blocks of land were made available for applicants, and there were 4,889 applicants for them. In some instances as many as 593 to 877 applicants applied for one block. The Sydney "Daily Telegraph" of August 2nd, 1923 (a capitalist paper), stated in its leader that the men we most needed are those who can be turned into direct producers from the land; but, says the paper, "if we want men for the land, we must provide land for the men. This is where our present immigration system is fatally defective. . . . . Empty spaces yawn on every side, but they have not been made available. Under these circumstances, were a big draft of the most eligible settlers to arrive to-morrow, what should we do with them?'

The tragedy, comrades, is that shiploads of immigrants are continually arriving, and after spending what money they possess, they drift to the soup kitchens and Salvation Army shelters, or sleep in Sydney Domain.

At the annual meeting of the Central Methodist Mission, held in Sydney Town Hall, the Rev. H. C. Foreman said:

"I conceive that there must be something wrong when men who have worn the King's uniform, and fought for their country, have to come for a free bed to a city night refuge."

Mr. Farrar, on the 24th of September, asked a number of Churches to send representatives to come to his office to discuss with them his nomination system. He urged them to nominate persons through their respective Churches in England, to arrange emigration, and asked them to look after those immigrants they bring out, in co-operation with the New Settlers' League.

The New Settlers' League is a kind of Empire League. Its officers meet immigrants and send them to farmers, who are the allies of the League, to jobs at £1 a week. The New Settlers' League stands for child labour on farms, cheap labour, and opposes trade unionism because it advocates a living wage.

Mr. Farrar's Labour Department is continually advertising in the papers: "Farmhands and Labourers available waiting employment." Yet the booklets issued by the immigration authorities declare there is work, at good wages, immediately on arrival here.

In England the Empire League, Dreadnought Lads, Scouts, Salvation Army and others, acting with their friends here, and in conjunction with the Agents-General of Australia, and the staff of Australia House, are endeavouring to popularise immigration here. The officials concerned are highly-paid for their activities, but when the immigrants arrive here they get no consideration. If at any time I should advise anyone to come to Australia, it would be to those who can buy land and have experience of land work. But as matters are at present, I could not give that advice, because there is no land to be got on reasonable terms. The big corporations, with the Banks, have got hold of much of the best land.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. B. Howie writes from Glasgow:—

"The Red Republicans are an enthusiastic band of workers, and do an immense amount of propaganda. I wish there were the same number of Communists with their fighting spirit. What good work could be done for the revolution!

"The result of their campaign in votes, indicates when we will get our emancipation by votes!

"It is a pity they do not see the fallacy of the ballot-box.

"If they would only go upon the straight road for economic power, leave the political field alone, the governors would always be trembling, not knowing their number. When will they learn the only way?

"Bread for all, work for all, no masters—high or low: Communism. Leave the Moderates and Labour Party to fight each other, patch up the rotten capitalist system, only expose them, and keep on the road towards Revolution—it is the only way! I have been asked by friends and comrades what is your policy. I tell them to read the article 'Our Policy,' which appeared in the 'Dreadnought' of September 1st. It would be a good idea to enlarge it and get it in pamphlet form.

"Your article 'What is Socialism?' in the July 14th and 28th issues, would be very good for a pamphlet, but the name ought to be 'What is Communism?'—leave the word Socialism to the movements that have done it harm. I notice the same mistake by Clara Cole in 'The Westminster Windmill' of June 30th and July 14th. It would make another good pamphlet. Our motto ought to be keeping the word Communism to the front all the time. In the issue of October 20th, 'The Putty Users,' and 'The Wage Slaves Past and Present,' October 7th, 1922, Comrades here have told me they would do good propaganda in pamphlet form. The articles 'Lessons for Proletarian Schools' should also be reproduced in book form."

(Continued from p. 3.)

lot of work besides waiting, such as cleaning silver, sweeping carpets, cleaning mirrors and windows, polishing cruets, dusting chairs, etc. All this is shoved on to the waiter to save the expense of a proper staff and to increase profits.

In the City, just behind the Mansion House, catering trade workers can be seen on the rank waiting to be called to a job by any messenger from City restaurants in times of emergency. Even this is better than being bled by agents, although one may stand (like a cab) on the rank for hours, cold and hungry in the winter, weary and thirsty in summer, and never get a call. I have stood there with many others from 7 a.m. till 12.30, eagerly waiting for the job which never came.

Spice

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

Herr Krupp Von Bolen has been released; but who expected anything else?

* * * *

SHAKING HANDS OVER THE WHITE TERROR.

Mr. Lloyd George met Count Apponyi, one of the reactionary statesmen of Hungary, and promised to lecture there in the spring. He said: "During the Peace Conference we stood against each other as foes; now we can shake hands as friends and renew the traditional friendship of the two countries."

Is this also a business transaction?

FROM A CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

Query: Who does the dirty work in the Colony? Is this penalty for failure to obey rules? Or is it more highly paid than other labour? Or is it performed by those who lack efficiency or skill?

Answer: The so-called "dirty work," which usually means cleaning toilets, scrubbing floors, and taking care of stables or hauling offal of various kinds, is done by some of the most competent members of the Colony. They are asked to do the work—not forced to do it. The work has to be done. There is no difficulty in getting someone willing, but many of those who would do the work are tied up with other jobs quite as important. There would be nothing gained in changing them, and there might be some loss of efficiency.

So workers are appointed to do this. They are not offered any inducements and they receive no higher pay. Neither do they receive less than other workers. In fact, pay has nothing to do with it. Such work is regarded as sanitation work, which it is, and is entirely as necessary as the work of the physician.

Query: What incentive have members to stay in the Colony? If they cannot make wages, and if they cannot accumulate anything, and if there are some discomforts, what benefits do they receive that keeps them there?

Answer: Again we have the old question of incentive. If the parents were to keep books on the children, they would be appalled by the expense, and it would not take very long for them to decide that it is a losing proposition. Few parents ever get anything back from their children. Frequently the boy who has cost thousands of dollars in rearing and education is a total loss. He is worthless. He is lazy. He is a waster. He may even be worse. He may be a source of growing expense.

Yet parents take this risk, continue to rear families. There is an urge that they cannot explain. It is so in the Colony. There is an urge to build a community which offers more than other communities. There is the desire to achieve something, to make the Colony a success. The desire to make profits is soon lost sight of. The desire to accumulate is changed into a social concept. The Colony is a social accumulation, safer than individual savings. The discomforts are lost sight of. Always man has willingly given up ease and plenty and voluntarily elected a life of privation, even danger, to carry out an ideal. The Llano colonists are idealists, very practical ones, yet with that vision which is given only to the idealist. This is the only explanation we can give of why people are willing to work as the colonists do. In the last analysis they are well off, in most respects better off, even materially, than most workers are, but the real reason is the satisfaction of spirit.—From the "Llano Colonist."

John Scurr's Defence

Under the auspices of the Unemployed Workers' Organisation, Mr. John Scurr, ex-Mayor of Poplar, addressed a meeting of the Unemployed in Poplar Town Hall on Tuesday, 13th inst.

The Chairman, Father Groser (St. Michael's Church) said he wanted them to listen to Mr. Scurr carefully and not interrupt, because that afternoon they were going to try to get at the truth, and if they acted fair and square they would arrive at the truth.

Mr. Scurr said: "I noticed outside that this meeting is announced as John Scurr on his defence. Well, I am not here on any question of defence—I have nothing to defend and nothing to attack."

"Now, I suppose the thing that is passing in your minds is the thing that has been passing through a great many minds, that is, what happened a month or two back when the demonstration took place at the Board of Guardians. There have been a good many people having a considerable amount to say concerning that, and they have also been very careful to throw a large number of bricks at various individuals. We will go over the incidents as they happened. A deputation asked to be received: that deputation came in and it put its case. First of all, its case concerned what I might call the general policy of the Board, asking for certain increases in relief, and secondly, particular items, regarding individual cases, and the deputation put its case quite reasonably.

"The Chairman of the Board replied to the deputation that the question regarding general policy could not be entertained by the Board, as contrary to being able to increase any relief, the Board had been compelled to reduce its estimates by £28,000, and a reduction in the scale of relief had to be made accordingly. The individual cases, he said, would be investigated.

"The Board adjourned.

"I was sitting talking to one or two of my colleagues. The information was brought upstairs that there was a dispute downstairs, and on inquiry it was found that the doors, etc., were locked.

"Certain discussion took place between those who came to represent you and members of the Board of Guardians—sometimes the discussion was heated—as it would be in circumstances of that kind.

"Then the police arrived outside.

"The question was bandied about all over the place as to whether the police would enter the building. It was said they would not enter the building without a written authority, which could be given by any individual member of the Board.

"Some time went on.

"At last a member of the Party said he was tired of sitting there and wanted to go home, and if the only way was to have the police in he said we ought to authorise the entry of the police.

"There was no discussion on that motion; that motion was never put, because before it could be put, and before any discussion could take place, two or three ran up from downstairs saying: 'The police are already in,' and we could hear the knocking on the doors downstairs.

"So far as I am concerned, and so far as the Party are concerned, there was never any written authorisation.

"There was a written authorisation given by an individual. [Cries of "Name."] That is not my business; if you ask me if I did it, I tell you NO.

"Now then, that happens to be the actual facts of the whole case, without trying to represent either one side or another. Those of you who were there will know this is so.

"I did not see what was happening downstairs. I did not go down there; I only know what transpired in the Board Room in front of me, and I have said what happened there. I only want to say this, however: that when force is used for a certain specific purpose, by whoever it is used, it must be accepted that people are going to resist by force as well. I want to be quite clear on that.

"I think most of you have known me throughout most of my public life, and so far as I am concerned, I have always been opposed to the use of force under any circumstances or conditions, and I still am. I believe in arguing out a question; I believe in discussing questions. I don't think I am such a wonderful person that everything I say or do is right, neither do I think that with other people everything they say or do is right, but it is by discussion between us that we are able to arrive at working agreements or at a course of action which is beneficial to the mass. But at the same time, whenever you get the exercise of force, it will always be opposed by force—force begets force. Now that is so far as that question is concerned.

"I go on a bit further with regard to other things. I hold, as I always have held, that the assistance which is given to the unemployed man and the unemployed woman should not be a charge on a locality at all; it should be a national charge, it should be in every sense of the word a national obligation. A place like this cannot afford to undertake the responsibility of the proper and complete maintenance of those who are in need of it. It is absolutely impossible. There are limits to everything, and we believe we have reached a limit. . . .

"I think the unemployed all over the country have been much too quiet. I want you to organise, and without going into any of your differences at all—I don't want to tread on any ground which it is not my province to tread on—we cannot (just the same as the Poplar Board of Guardians cannot) take the responsibility of the maintenance of the whole of the unemployed, if in any individual district the unemployed carry the burden of the others.

"I would not mind putting the rates up ten shillings in the pound or another twenty shillings in the pound if the whole burden fell on the manufacturers, but if we had kept the rates up and not reduced them by 7½d. in the pound by effecting a saving of £28,000, it would have fallen on people who at the present time are only earning 35s. to 50s. per week, and putting from 3d. to 7d. on their rates was more than they could bear. Therefore we went very carefully into the whole scale; we spent a very large number of hours over it, considering it from every point of view; and speaking for every man that sat on that Committee, it would not have been possible not to reduce the scale. You know what the scale is, and I think if you examine it, you will see you would have been faced with the same problem yourselves, I don't think you would have one very differently yourselves. Now that is the whole position between us. . . .

Question.—A lot of talk is going about that Mr. Scurr and two or three more of the Guardians could have stopped the batoning of the men at North Street that night. I should like to know if that is true.

Answer (all answers are by Scurr).—The only thing I can tell you is that I was sitting in the chair and heard nothing at all, but the noise at the doors downstairs. I know that Mrs. Scurr said, "There is no need of any batoning," and the inspector assured us that no one would be hurt at all.

Question (Soderberg).—Can Mr. Scurr inform us on what authority the police entered the building—who gave them the authority?

Answer.—I am only going to answer questions from Poplar or Bow and Bromley. (A number of voices: "Then I will put the question.")

Soderberg.—I have been a resident of Bow and Bromley for eighteen months.

Answer.—I understand that the questioner does live in Bow and Bromley. The question is, who gave the police authority to enter the building? I don't know.

Another Questioner.—I have to disagree, as you said you knew the man, but would mention no name.

Answer.—If I said that, I was wrong. I have heard plenty of remarks, and even names mentioned, and if I knew who it was I would tell you quite frankly, but not knowing, I say NO.

Questioner.—Mr. Watts said it was he, and he would do so again on another occasion.

Answer.—If Mr. Watts took any responsibility on himself he stands by what he said. That Mr. Watts will of course himself justify.

Question.—I should like to ask who was the mover of the resolution?

Answer.—It was moved by Mr. Watts, and seconded by Mrs. Scurr.

Question.—The speaker said in his remarks he has always been opposed to force. Seeing he was a J.P., was it in his power to prevent the batoning of the men?

Answer.—No. I have no power of the kind. The only power a J.P. has in London is to sign vaccination certificates.

Question.—Has all sense of humanity vanished from the Labour and Socialist Party, seeing that there were three J.P.'s and a clerical gentleman there?

Answer.—So far as they are concerned, I can only speak for one who raised her voice all the time. (Voices: "When it was too late.") I want to say that the Party, as a Party, did not decide the issue at all. The police had entered the building. On the question of force being authorised, after the motion was moved and seconded, and before it could be discussed, they came running up from downstairs saying the police were in, and we could hear the police on the doors. Someone had authorised their entry.

Question.—I should like to know why the Rev. Langton, as a minister of the Church, did not stop the batoning of a man named Robinson, instead of saying it served him right?

Answer.—You must ask Mr. Langton himself that question.

Questioner.—He has put it to you that there was force used. We went there at the invitation of one of the Guardians, Mr. George Lansbury, to use that force. When the Board of Guardians were locked in on the previous occasion, Mr. Lansbury said it was silly to lock them in for a little while and let them go. Why didn't we go more often, he said; then the people the other end would know we were doing something. I think myself we were there at the invitation of Mr. George Lansbury.

Answer.—It is no good putting questions to me regarding individuals.

Question.—You say you were upstairs and saw and heard nothing. Do you mean to tell me that you did not hear the moaning and screaming down below?

Answer.—All I heard was the breaking of the doors downstairs. When I came down I was very much astonished to see the forms on the staircase, as I had heard very little noise.

Question.—You say for thirty years you have been prominent in the Labour movement. I should like to ask your opinion on the reduction of rates, and the subject of clothing?

Answer.—We went as far as we could go with the limited amount at our disposal, and we had to reduce the scale.

Mrs. Parker.—I live in Bow and happened to be on the deputation. We appealed to George Lansbury and the rest to go out and stop the batoning. Which is worse, being locked in or calling the police in?

Answer.—I didn't see you asking George Lansbury to go out. (Voices: "Then you must be blind.") I said to the lady that I didn't see her, but she might have done so. I didn't see everything.

Question.—I should like to ask Mr. Scurr if it was a coincidence that the hose-pipes and one or two other things should be missing on that particular night?

Answer.—I know nothing of hose-pipes.

Voice.—I am going to say here and now I am blaming George Lansbury for the batoning. When George Lansbury said "You want to lock us in for a week, and not one night," we asked him for rations, and he said "You will have to fill up forms for the rations." If you had come to us a week or two beforehand and explained that a reduction had to take place, this event might not have happened.

Question.—Is it not a fact that the cause of the reduction in relief was pressure from the Ratepayers' Association?

Answer.—No. It was not brought about at all by the Ratepayers' Association. We had to put 7½d. on, and we felt that the householders could not afford it.

Question.—In answering a question relative to the batoning of the men in the hall, Mr. Scurr said he only heard the banging on the doors. Is it possible that he has confused the batoning on the skulls of the men with the banging of the doors?

Question.—Was the batoning the outcome of the Communist movement, because we had broken away from the N.U.W.C.M.?

Answer.—No. I didn't know you had broken away till afterwards.

Question.—Seeing that there are members and non-members of the Unemployed Organisation in this hall, I should like to ask if the reduction in relief resulted from the batoning incident?

Answer.—No. It was already decided, and made no difference.

Question.—By whose order was the band destroyed, and the banner?

Answer.—I don't know anything about it at all. I thought it was broken up in the scrimmage.

Question.—You had the option of stopping this batoning?

Answer.—No. Once the police or military authorities take charge, there is no stopping them at all.

Mummery.—Seeing that Labour took over power in Poplar in 1919, and laid down a policy which they were able to maintain until 1923, tell us what pressure is being brought to bear on them to cause a deviation from that policy?

Answer.—The pressure comes from people outside who are earning such miserable wages that they are unable to pay any more in rates.

Question.—Mr. Scurr has stated that when the police have orders to come in, and entry is barred, they have no option but to draw their truncheons and force an entry. They never asked the unemployed to let them in, but simply got authority from someone and smashed their way in. Mr. Scurr could not be so blind as not to see the man who was batoned down in the boardroom or outside the door, and I believe if Mr. Scurr wants to be honest himself, he has got to admit that he knew the police were batoning down the unemployed, and that he would have have enough influence to go outside and stop the batoning.

Answer.—I have only to say what I said in my speech. My wife asked and appealed to the inspector when he came that there should be no batoning. (Voice: "It was all over then.") We were up in the boardroom, not downstairs, and no one could interfere.

Question.—You have been speaking of people working for low wages. What about the salaries paid to the Trade Union officials, of which the Labour Party consists?

Answer.—The question of the salaries of Trade Union officials, secretaries, etc., concerns them only.

Lessons for Young Proletarians

GEORGE STEPHENSON.—II.

When in 1801 George Stephenson went to Black Callerton to become brakesman at the Dolly Pit, he took lodgings at a small farm and became engaged to the servant there, Fanny Henderson. In 1802 he married and set up house-keeping at Willington Quay, where he occupied one room in a small two-storied cottage.

At the Dolly Pit Stephenson's wages had amounted to £1 15s. to £2 per week. To prepare a home for his marriage, he earned money by making and mending shoes. When he got his sweetheart's shoes to mend he carried them about all Sunday in his pocket and kept taking them out to exclaim what a good job he had made of them. He also took to mending clocks and even cut out the pitmen's clothes. "Geordie Steevie's cut" was famous long after his death.

From childhood he had been fond of athletic sports and excelled at throwing hammers, lifting weights, leaping and running: he learnt to ride the old pit horses. One day a workmate challenged him to leap from one high wall to another with a deep gap eleven feet wide between. To his dismay George accepted the challenge and leapt without fear, though the feat might have cost him his life. Stephenson was never a fighter, but when challenged by a notorious bully and pugilist on one occasion, Stephenson easily proved the victor.

After working at Callerton two years Stephenson was engaged to take charge of the engine at Willington Ballast Hill, about six miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne. The ballast was thrown out of the ship's holds into wagons which were drawn up to the summit of the Ballast Hill, where their contents were emptied on to the hill of ballast. In the evenings after the day's work with the engine was done, George used to go to cast ballast out of the ship's holds in order to earn more money.

During this time, in spite of his many labours, George was trying his hand at original inventions. Amongst other things he tried to discover a means of securing perpetual motion. He constructed a wooden wheel, the periphery of which was furnished with glass tubes filled with quick-silver; as the wheel rotated, the quick-silver poured itself down into the lower tubes, to keep up a self-acting motion. The motion did not prove to be perpetual. Stephenson often lamented the time he had been obliged to waste for lack of access to books. Often he thought he had invented something by laborious effort, only to find that it was already known to others.

On October 16th, 1803, George Stephenson's son, Robert, was born, and in 1804 the boy's mother died of consumption.

Shortly afterwards George was asked to go to Montrose, in Scotland, to superintend the working of one of Boulton and Watt's engines.

Leaving his boy in the care of a neighbour, he tramped on foot to Montrose. Whilst there he introduced a simple, but effective, invention, which added to the efficiency of the engine and minimised wear and tear. Having saved £28 whilst working at Montrose, he tramped back to his home. On arrival he found that his father had been seriously scalded by steam at his work, and had thereby lost his eyesight. George was obliged to provide £15 to meet his father's debts.

George now got work as brakesman at Westmore Pit. Britain was at war, and Lord Castlereagh had carried a Militia Act, under which George Stephenson was drawn, either to be a soldier, or to find a substitute. To furnish a substitute he was obliged to pay away all that was left of his savings, as well as to borrow £6.

Prices were high and the struggle for existence exceedingly keen. Stephenson's sister Ann emigrated to Australia with her husband, and George would have gone to, but failed to raise the needful money. Thus hard was the struggle of a workman who helped to make the fortunes of many rich men. In later life he told a friend: "You know the road from my house at the Westmore Pit to Killingworth. I remember once when I went along that road I wept bitterly, for I knew not where my lot in life would be cast."

In 1808 Stephenson introduced an improvement into the winding apparatus at West Moor Pit, and in 1810 put to rights a new pumping engine at Killingworth, which had baffled all the local engineers.

George took the engine to pieces, and made a number of alterations in it. He was completely successful, and was paid £10 for his work—a grossly inadequate sum in view of the value of the work to his employer.

George, who was growing famous as an engine doctor, was now appointed engineman at High Pit during the sinking of the pit, which lasted a year. In 1812 he was made chief engine-wright to the collieries of the "Grand Allies," of which High Pit was one, at a salary of £100 a year. A pony was placed at his disposal, that he might ride from colliery to colliery about his work. Later on, when he was given an old gig, he was shy of using it, fearing that people would think he had grown proud.

During this period Stephenson worked at arithmetic in his spare time, with the aid of John Wigham, a farmer's son, who taught him to draw plans and sections.

Stephenson determined that his boy, Robert, should have the educational advantages he lacked, and as he had now to keep his parents, and the cost of living continued excessive, he fell back on his old habit of spare-time work at shoe making and so on. In this way he saved 100 guineas. Gold being then more costly than its face value in silver, he sold his guineas for 26 shillings apiece to the Jews who went about buying gold coins. The proceeds Stephenson lent out at interest. He had learnt from his masters that money-lending is more profitable than the most highly-skilled labour.

When Robert was twelve his father sent him to Mr. Bruce's school, in Percy Street, Newcastle, riding on a donkey, and wearing a homely grey suit cut out by his father.

Father and son now studied together. Robert used to visit the library of the Literary and Philosophical Institute and bring books home to his father; but the most valuable books could not be removed, so the boy had to read and study, and bring away descriptions and drawings made by himself for his father's information.

Once when Robert and his father were studying electricity, Robert put his reading to the test by giving electric shocks to farmer Wigham's cows, by means of a kite, half a mile of copper wire he had bought at a brazier's shop in Newcastle, and a few feet of silk cord.

Stephenson was at that time living in a one-roomed cottage; but he gradually added to it, and built with his own hands three other rooms. This cottage was a curiosity shop of models and contrivances. The garden door was fastened by an ingenious mechanism that no one but Stephenson could undo. In the garden, of whose vegetables he was very proud, was a scarecrow which moved its arms with the wind.

Stephenson attached an alarum to the clock of the watchman who called the pitmen in the morning. He made the baby's cradles self-rocking by connecting them with the smoke-jack. He contrived a lamp that would burn under water, and by immersing it in the fishpond at night, caught quantities of fish which rushed towards the flame.

During Robert's school holidays George insisted that they should make a sun-dial, and with the assistance of Ferguson's Astronomy, they did it, though their knowledge of mathematics and astronomy was put to a hard test thereby.

During this period Stephenson made a winding engine to draw coals out of the High Pit, a pumping engine for Long Benton colliery, and a self-acting incline, by which the full coal waggons descending drew the empty wagons up the slope. Stephenson was asked by the manager of the colliery to see where improvements could be effected by substituting machinery for horse and man power. He soon reduced the number of horses required for one pit from 100 to 15.

Already George Stephenson was busying himself with the locomotive engine.

(To be continued.)

THE VAGARIES OF AN INTERNATIONALIST.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, at a film luncheon at the Hotel Victoria, was a fellow orator of the Prince of Wales. Mr. MacDonald said one reason why he had not been a greater patron of the film was that he was "sick and tired" of the foreign film. He wanted to know why films shown here should not reflect our own standards of artistic and moral values.

With "I.L.P. Socialism" and British "standards of taste and morals," what are we coming to?

* * * *

AUTHOR versus DEALER.

Conrad manuscripts realised £22,000 in a New York sale-room the other day, but who got the money—author or dealer?

* * * *

HEARD IN THE 'BUS.

"Are you going to vote? No—I ain't going to vote: voting never did you any good: Government never did you any good: they'd take the blood front y'r 'eart!"

"The Dreadnought" may be obtained from Oliver Morgan, 22, Main Street, Sirhowy, for Tredegar and district.

The Same Old Game

Free Trade versus Protection. Your grandfathers were gulled into believing that that fight was their fight, fellow workers.

But you ought to have learnt better, the more so as all the political parties, even the Labour Party, will accept Protection under the name of Colonial Preference, because the Imperial Conference has voted for it.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the film dinner was showing which way the wind will blow, if and suppose he gets into power. He said he doesn't go to the pictures very often because he is "sick and tired" of foreign films and wants them British made.

Take that with a grain of salt, fellow worker; would you go to the picture house if you had £3 a week and a good deal more beside? Not likely, fellow worker; you would develop a taste for the theatre and the promenade concerts under the baton of Sir Henry Wood.

The election is a farce as far as you are concerned, fellow workers; though it is a very serious business for the professional politicians.

"The same old L.G." said the poster of a Sunday newspaper; yes, yes, fellow workers, the same old L.G., the same old weather-cock; the same old company of mountebanks, with hardly a new recruit to vary the monotony: Austin with the eye-glass, though he is not quite an insider, he will be soon; Winston with the lisp and the pose; Asquith with the wife; and all the rest; Baldwin with the pipe is the newest of the lot, and a pallid puppet he is without even the usual dash of colour. Old Omar might have said the potter had produced him during a spasm of national, or shall we say political, economy.

But let us not talk in riddles: plain language is the duty of the Searchlight.

A newspaper poster shows the Welsh Wizard setting forth, as it says, on "THE GREAT CAMPAIGN."

The great campaign—for what?

Why, to get into power of course; but they describe the campaign otherwise.

The Unemployed have starved and suffered through the months that have grown into years, and now the politicians are making a stunt of them.

Baldwin declares he is going to bring in Protection to help them: the Liberals are going to help them with Free Trade. It was a Liberal Government, by the way, which put on a number of existing duties usually called after an ex-Liberal, the McKenna duties.

The Labour Party is going to help the unemployed by providing work or maintenance; but the maintenance is not to be at Trade Union rates, because Mr. MacDonald has said that is impossible.

The Labour Party is also promising the Capital Levy, which it declares will help the small income-tax payer and please the "rank and file bankers."

All the parties promise to help you, fellow workers, whether you are employed, or unemployed; but the promises to you are vague and general. There is nothing definite about them.

The promises to the employers on the other hand are concrete. The Tories say to the manufacturer: Your profits shall be secured by a protective import duty.

The Labour Party says to the manufacturer: We shall give you a State subsidy to develop your industry.

The Labour Party says to the farmer: We shall give you State credit facilities. It sounds a bit vague.

The Tories reply by offering the farmer what the Labour Party offered to the manufacturer—a State subsidy, in this case £1 an acre.

Why are the promises to the workers vague and flimsy whilst the promises to the employers are concrete and definite?

Because the Capitalist System is an employer's system; therefore the employers can be helped without doing violence to the system.

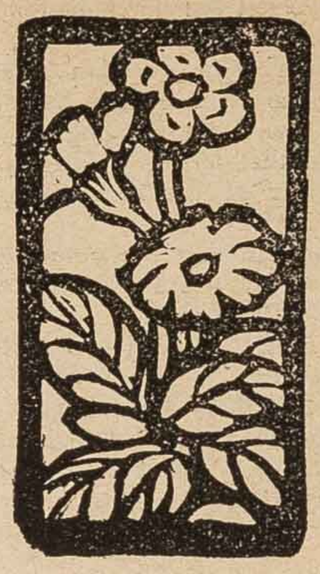
The workers cannot be helped effectively without overturning the capitalist system.

That will only be done by the workers themselves.

When you set up the Workers' Council to take control of production, distribution and transport, you will be masters of the situation, fellow workers.

Free Communism alone can get the workers out of the present mess.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.



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W. McCARTNEY, 26, Pasley Road, Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.17, is starting a group of the Communist Workers' Movement. Those desirous of joining should communicate with him.

SYLVIA PANKHURST is booking provincial lecturing engagements.—Apply for dates to "Dreadnought" office, 152, Fleet Street.

To get the address of a good DENTIST apply to the undersigned, who discovered him through the "Dreadnought," and wants to pass on his discovery to other comrades. You will all need a dentist SOME DAY, so write a postcard NOW to R. Scott, Wayside, Capel, Surrey.

FOR SALE.—Engineer's Taper Guage, £1; Radius Guage, 7s. 6d. (Starrett's). Proceeds for "Dreadnought" Fund.

WANTED.—Second-hand copies: "How the War Came," by Lord Loreburn; "Economics for the General Reader" (Clay); "Brass Check" (Upton Sinclair), cheap edition; "Ancient Lowly" (Osborn Ward).

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