

Workers'



Breadnought

PRODUCTION FOR USE, NOT PROFIT.

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WEEKLY.

A Review of the Struggles of the Catering Trade Employees

By W. McCARTNEY

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

III.—THE KITCHEN WORKER (Continued).

Kitchen workers are often obliged to work with insufficient light and bad utensils. I know places where the cook's first thing in the morning is to grab the stew pans and saucepans, and as there are not enough to go round there may

manager or chef will accept no reasonable explanation, so probably you lose your job.

Even among workers in the catering trade a class cleavage is insisted upon. See the kitchen staff at meals in any West End hotel or res-

come to the cook's assistant—at the bottom.

Turning from the cook's table, we see the scullery man—not with a table, like the cooks, with all the best of food on it. No! he can eat his "staff food" (previously described) where and how he can, so if he can eat it at all he eats it all among the dirty washing-up tables, dirty pots laying everywhere about the scullery. Perhaps he sits on an old box, with his "staff meal" on his knees. Sometimes the kitchen porters clean one of the dirty tables, put some newspaper on it, get some old boxes, etc., and try to take their "staff food" in some sort of comfort and decency, but they must not dare to sit with the cooks, because they are "so inferior" to the cooks.

As to the time of meals: if you start at 8.30 or 9 a.m., generally without breakfast, you go to the cook who has the staff food at 3 p.m., and that, more often than not, is the first you are allowed to eat from 9 in the morning. Anything the kitchen porters may have had in the meantime is what they have either TAKEN or had given to them by a sympathetic cook. They now go out (sometimes) till 5 p.m. without tea, then work till 9, 10, 11 and sometimes 12, and during that time, about 9 or 9.30, they have another splendid feed—a "staff supper." So we find that kitchen porters and assistants, who have worked in dark, dirty, often underground kitchens, with all the vile smells, terrible heat, for 12 to 14 hours a day on two "staff meals"—and these are MEN. The cooks are men, too—but what a difference! Look at their luncheon or dinner table. For the sauce cook some nice special dish, soup and entree, probably chicken, duck, etc. For the roast cook a dish of nicely carved slices of good roast beef or mutton chops or cutlets. The pastry cook brings to the table a special fruit tart or pie; if summer, a special ice, and so on. A kitchen porter makes and takes to the table the coffee for the cooks. Then out come the cigarettes or pipes; and that is how the cooks live.

But even the cooks find cause for complaint. A great many object to this "class distinction" and many are the acts of kindness offered by them to the "common kitchen worker," because the cooks realise that after all they themselves are only workers, working in the same evil conditions, subject to the same brutal and tyrannical treatment, with a sop thrown in, in the shape of better food, to make them think they are better than these "common porters." Besides, the chef and manager know quite well that if the food was not allowed to the cooks, they, being in possession, have plenty of opportunity to help themselves to just what they like, and away would go the profits. Some places even count the potatoes for the staff, and also the slices of bread, the ounces of margarine, and the ounces of tea (so-called).

Gradually in the kitchen there has grown up a feeling of common comradeship between the "common porter" and the "superior cook" in spite of the management's endeavours to create a "class distinction."

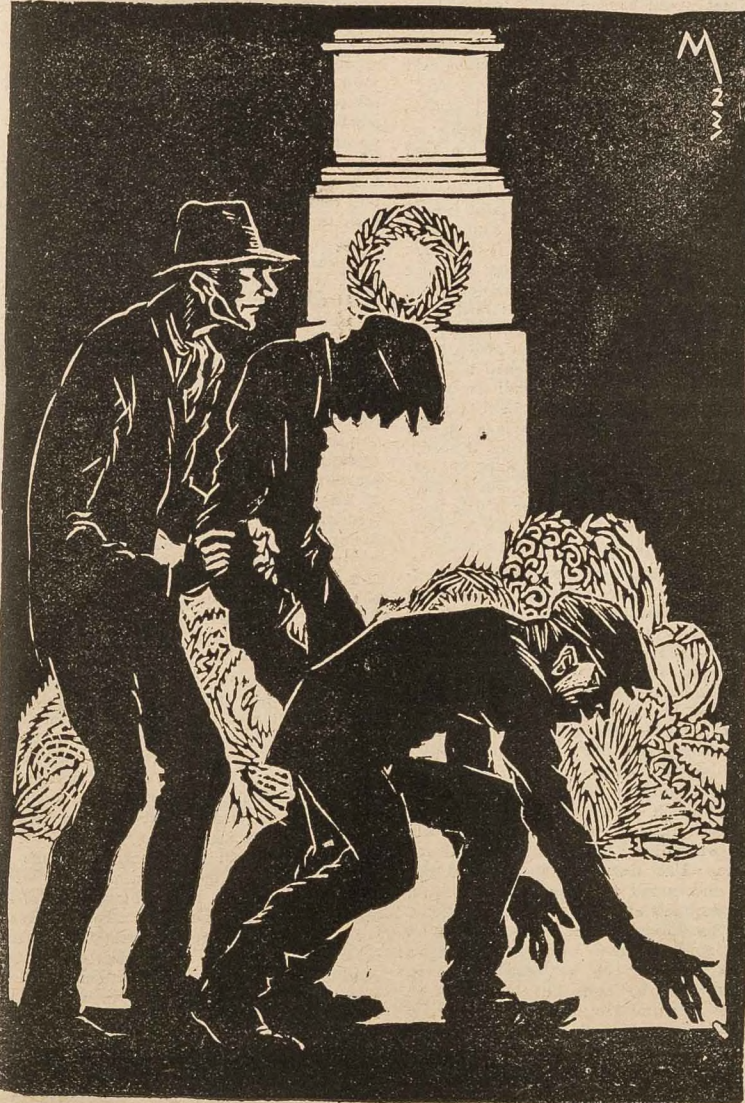
Bad as they are, the conditions of the West End hotel kitchen worker are not, in a good many cases, as bad as in the City of London. Generally speaking, breakfast is unknown. "Lunch," or "dinner," at about 3 p.m. is the only meal of the day. Sometimes, somewhere in the City restaurant kitchen, you MAY get some tea (so-called) and a slice or two of bread and margarine or dripping—and that is seldom!

Generally in the City you work from about 8 a.m. till 6 or 7 p.m., with just one meal per day.

That is what they call "Wages and FOOD."

Let us look at the wages of the kitchen worker, and the tricks they play with the worker

THEY WHO DID NOT DIE!



We ask for bread and you give us a bone.

be none left for you. In order to get your stuff cooked, you get hold of apple tins, etc. Then, owing to insufficient cooking stoves and ovens, you have got to wait till other cooks have finished, which may mean that you are late with your part on the day's menu. The

restaurant. Here is a table nicely laid: silver dishes, cutlery, cruet, snow-white table cloth and all the rest. At the head of the table sits the chef of the kitchen, next to him comes the second or sauce cook, then the pastry cook, and so on, down each side of the table, till you

by the very clever manipulation of these wares. Suppose the man wanted is a kitchen porter. In these days of wage reductions, kitchen porters are very cheap, and owing to the great unemployment very plentiful. So the chef can say: "I will give you 15s. or £1 per week and food."

The worker takes the job. If he has not been used to this kind of food, he soon begins to feel ill, and has to buy food outside. He has already paid the agent, and is anxiously waiting pay day, which he finds out is every Friday.

Even here the "class distinction" again operates: cooks first, porters after. Our newly-engaged worker goes up for his wages, and this is what he finds. We will take the £1 as his money wage. He started on Monday. The books are made up to Thursday night, pay-day Friday, wages divided into seven days—that is about 2s. 10d. a day. Never a word was said of it on his engagement, but now he is quietly and blandly told that three days' pay is kept back until he leaves. So they present him with one day's pay, and even out of this they stop the Health and Unemployment insurance. The worker goes home at night with not quite 2s. wages in his pocket. This is no isolated case. In some places they keep back the whole of the first week's wage, until one has paid for the job, say 10s. and 2s. 6d. booking fee. It costs him, at the least, 6d. per day to buy food. He has worked from Monday till Friday, and gets 2s.

Even worse cases could be mentioned. Many clubs in the West End pay their staff monthly, and it is often a hard struggle to exist during the first month. Many find that on pay-day their month's wages are already claimed, by landlord, repaying loans, keeping back riding fare for next month, and now he has got the same struggle next month, and every month after. There is no hope of better conditions.

Out of the miserable wages paid it is the rule in some City restaurants to fine the worker for being a few minutes late. A flunkey with a book looks at you as you come in, and looks at the clock. When Friday or Saturday comes, you find one shilling has been stopped from your wages for being late during the week.

If you break a dish, plate or cup, or anything, your name is taken, and you find your wages are short by a shilling or two. There is no thought of the rush and excitement of the work—working like mad, shouting like mad, perspiring terribly during the rush. That is what you are PAID for. You must not break the plates, dishes, etc.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on Education under Capitalism

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

The other day I heard Mr. Charles Leland (better known as Hans Breitman) speak on the teaching of the "minor arts" (we won't trouble for the present as to what they are), and he told us he was engaged in carrying out a plan (in America) by which ALL children should be taught these arts and so gain an interest in handicrafts which he thought, and I heartily agree with him, would be a great gain to the art and consequently to the happiness of people generally. Mr. Leland said that he had been engaged in this work of educating children's hands for many years, and he expected success to follow his efforts, a success which would mean, if it were worth speaking of, that the interest in sound workmanship, combined with beauty, would become general, and that a demand for such work would follow and compel the manufacturers to get such work turned out.

But such success is impossible even supposing that hundreds of persons were following Mr. Charles Leland's laudable example. It would indeed be possible enough, nay it would be certain, if the capitalists, the "manufacturers," were the servants of society as they sometimes profess to be; but who shall force such a prodigious change upon them as success, even in such a minor matter as this would indicate, so long as they are the masters of society, which is their real position? For Mr. Leland's scheme means, if it were logically carried out, i.e., if it were successful, the substitution of handicraft for "manufacturing" in all the wares of which art

or beauty forms a part and which admit of being done by handicraft, in short to take us back to the Middle Ages as far as these wares are concerned. But it is clear that the wares so produced will, if the labour on them is decently paid, cost so much more than the manufactured wares which they are intended to supplant, that only rich people with a whim for art will be able to buy them; they will not be produced in any great quantity, and if there should be a passing fashion for them, the "manufacturers" would immediately imitate them by machinery and "organised labour," and cheapen them out of existence; or if indeed the whim of rich people for the genuine article still went on, another process of cheapening would be resorted to; wholesale dealers in such articles would exploit the unfortunate handicraftsmen (or women, whose cheap work would certainly be largely used for such wares). They would take advantage of the competition for the most miserable livelihood between people in dire necessity to produce "cheap art" for the swelling of their own purses; and if the thing grew it would be a favourite form of exploitation, as it would require little capital and little managerial capacity, and would have a dash of philanthropy and "practical remedy" about it, which would help to make such sweating an honourable as well as pleasant occupation. Cheap art indeed—and nasty! But in all probability the fashion for such articles would be limited and transitory, and all that would happen to the persons educated into a capacity for and a pleasure in refined handicraft would be that they would have to be used up in the mere mechanical drudgery of commercial production.

But it is not the matter of art that I wish to illustrate by the mention of this feeble attempt of Mr. Leland and others (for the kind of utility is common enough). It is rather the relation of our capitalistic system to general education. For just as the capitalist would at once capture this education in craftsmanship, suck out what little advantage there is in it, and then throw it away, so they do with all other education. A superstition still remains from the times when "education" was a rarity that it is a means for earning a superior livelihood; but as soon as it has ceased to be a rarity, competition takes care that education shall not raise wages, that general education shall be worth nothing, and that special education shall be worth just no more than a tolerable return on the money and time spent in acquiring it; and, mind you, such special education must be very carefully directed towards the one aim of commercial success in the speciality, or it will miss, and be thrown into the mass of general education which earns nothing.

As to the pleasure to be derived from education by hard working men, a bookish man is apt to think that the almighty capitalist can hardly take that away from his slaves if he has really learned to enjoy reading and to understand books, and that whatever happens he must have an hour in a day (or if it were only half an hour) to indulge himself in this pleasure. But then does the average hard-working man (of any grade) really acquire this capacity by means of the short period of education which he is painfully dragged through? I doubt it. Though even our mechanical school system cannot crush out a natural bent towards literature (with all the pleasures of thought and imagination which that work means), yet certainly its dull round will hardly implant such a taste in anyone's mind; and as for the *caput mortuum*, the dead mass of mere information which the worker comes away with when his "education" is over, he will and must soon forget this when he finds out that it is of little use to him and gives him no pleasure.

I must say in passing that on the few occasions that I have been inside a Board School, I have been much depressed by the mechanical drill that was too obviously being applied there to all the varying capacity and moods. My heart sank before Mr. McChoakum-child and his method, and I thought how much luckier I was to have been born well enough off to be sent to a school where I was taught nothing, but learned archaeology and romance on the Wiltshire Downs. And then suppose the worker to be really edu-

cated, to have acquired both the information and the taste for reading which Mr. McChoakum-child's dole will allow him under the most favourable circumstances, how will this treasure of knowledge and sympathy accord with his daily life? Will it not make his dull task seem duller? Will it not increase the suffering of the workshop or factory to him? And if so, must he not rather strive to forget than strive to remember? Will not nature force him to that? I cannot help thinking that as a rule it must be so, unless he has joined the ranks of the discontented, in which case he will gain something of pleasure from mere bitterness and railing if he is not a Socialist; and how much more than that some of our readers know well, if he is one.

Now if I am told that this is *a priori* reasoning, I am prepared to fortify it by my own observation. I have often been told by working men (Socialists and others) that they cannot read books; are too tired with the day's work to do so, and the like. Also amongst my middle-class acquaintances, who believe that they work hard, I meet with men who clearly do not read books, and therefore, I suppose, cannot; and I move in each case in a circle that has decided literary tendencies. So that other persons' experiences will, I am sure, lead them to conclusions on this point not more favourable than mine.

Then there is the enormous mass of printed paper which is not books or literature, since I suppose a faculty once acquired produces a habit and must be exercised, even when it is the mechanical one of reading prints. The quality of this joint product of paper-maker, compositor and sub-editor, confirms my *a priori* reasoning remarkably, for no adventure in this kind of wares has any chance of success if it has more than the merest suspicion of a flavour of literature or thoughtfulness, as we have often been told when the prospects of the *Commonweal* have been under discussion. I will not say that the worse a periodical is, the better chance it has of success, but that if it intends to succeed it must appeal to habits that are as much akin to reasonable aims of education as is the twiddling of a bit of string by a fidgety person.

I believe, indeed, it is thought by some that this habit of the consumption of newspapers is the first step in education. Good! The second step, I take it, will be the cessation of that habit. All this betokens that the end towards which our sham society directs the means, "education," is the one end to which all its "social" dealings are directed to the sustaining and easy working of its usurpation of true society. People are "educated" to become workmen, or employers of workmen, or the hangers-on of employers, they are not educated to become men. With this aim in view the conditions under which true education can go on are impossible. For the first and most necessary of them are leisure and deliberation; and leisure is a thing which the modern slave-holder will by no means grant to his slave as long as he grants him rations; when the leisure begins the rations end. Constant toil is the only terms on which they are to be had. Capitalism will not allow us the leisure either for education or the use of it. Slave labour and true education are irreconcilable foes, for the latter means the continuous and duly balanced development of our faculties, whether in the school, the workshop, or the field, and how can that co-exist with the continuous, hopeless, mechanical drudgery of the man who, whatever he produces, will have all taken from him that exceeds a bare subsistence. In short, our present education outside it uses to our enemies, the masters of society, is good for one thing, the creation of discontent. I doubt it will serve us in no other way.—(*The Commonweal*, June 20th, 1888.)

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.

Letters from Germany

Monday, October 22nd, the harbour was closed to all traffic. Skirmishes with the Noskes* started right away; the sacking of food shops was frequent. Regular street battles started on Tuesday, when a number of revolutionists entrenched themselves in a densely populated suburb, Barmbeck. By felling trees, digging trenches and building barricades, they were able to withstand the attacking forces for two days. The Government forces were unable to use their armoured cars, and had to send for reinforcements. With the help of a large number of marines the entrenchments were stormed. The Communists—as the revolutionists were called—retired to Bergedorf, on the Hamburg-Berlin line, where renewed fighting took place. From there, the retiring forces were able to get to the woods, dispose of their weapons, return to the city, or look for other fields of activity.

The losses of the people in the above described battles were small, as they fought behind regular entrenchments and were well armed. They were veteran soldiers of the late war and must have learned much from their war lords.

In another suburb—Eimsbüttel—a number of workers took possession of the police station. When the reactionary forces tried to retake the place, they were received by a number of sharpshooters from the adjoining roofs. Even women and old men took part in the shooting. The "Noskes" revenged themselves by shooting at every passer-by.

The losses of soldiers and police in these battles were large. In one police precinct alone there were 22 funerals.

Suspected people are now being arrested. The number of prisoners is above 500. The Extraordinary Court is already in session.

The reactionaries will not hesitate to kill or imprison every worker who took part in the late revolt. The defeat of the so-called legal forces was so severe that many innocent people will be made to suffer, in order to defer others from taking part in future uprisings. Already the death sentence has been passed in one case. The prisoner in question had been found in possession of a gun and disarming an officer of the law. The condemned man was so much ill-treated by the police in prison, that he lost an eye.

It does not matter how many death sentences are passed, so long as misery and starvation are rampant in the country the workers will rise and fight for better conditions, until they sweep away everything which hinders the natural development of a free society.

*Noske, a member of the Social-Democratic Party, is the founder of the semi-military Security Police, called Noskes, from the word Sicherheits Polizei.

†According to the "Fremdenblatt," a pro-capitalist paper, of October 27th, 1923.

Unemployed Workers Organisation.

Glasgow sends an alarming report describing disturbances at a Labour Party meeting held in the City Hall. The disturbance, which finally terminated the meeting, was the result of reference being made to the U.W.O. and attempts on the part of the speakers to whitewash the Poplar Board of Guardians. George Lansbury was booked to speak, and a number of "Reds" (as they were called) were there. Their object was to ask for an explanation of the incident of September 26th (when the organised unemployed were batoned at the request of the Poplar Board of Guardians).

Hannington Howled Down.
George Lansbury failed to arrive, but was duly deputised by Comrade Hannington, National Organiser, N.U.W.C.M.

Instead of Comrade Hannington getting on with his business, i.e., trying to organise the unemployed, he at once started to attack the

U.W.O. and condemn them for going to the Poplar Board of Guardians.

He then made an attempt to whitewash the action of the Poplar Labour Guardians, but did not succeed, as disturbances and interjections terminated his speech and also the meeting.

Comrade Hannington, as National Organiser of unemployed men, should remember that unemployed men, whether in the U.W.O. or N.U.W.C.M. or unorganised, are members of the working class, and an injury to one is an injury to all.

It is a most disgraceful thing that he should try to apologise for the culprits of the baton raid, while members of his class, unemployed men, are still lying ill in St. Andrew's Hospital, suffering as the result of injuries received on the night of September 26th.

D.C.M.'s Greet John Scurr.

The U.W.O. has not forgotten September 26, 1923. On November 2nd, Mr. John Scurr, Mayor of Poplar (the note writer), addressed, or tried to address a meeting of ex-servicemen regarding pensions, in the Poplar Town Hall. Arriving late, he walked ceremoniously on to the platform, expecting the usual applause. Suddenly from the floor of the hall a voice rang out: "Unemployed ex-servicemen, attention!" Immediately a hundred or so members of the U.W.O. stood smartly up, each displaying a row of war medals.

I confess I was as much surprised as John Scurr on seeing the three D.C.M.'s and the number of military medals which were being worn by some of the "cowardly, idle unemployed."

This little scene seemed to have made it clear that the unemployed, after all, were only just members of the working-class, and men who had fought for an ungrateful country. The unemployed were not strange animals, but just human beings.

Comrade J. Pearson (Area Secretary, who displayed two rows of medals) pointed out to John Scurr that, besides being "lazy, indolent, menacing individuals," we were ex-servicemen also, and as men and human beings, we demand the right to live (without the baton).

After a series of interjections and interruptions, which nearly caused the meeting to be closed, John Scurr faithfully promised he would come to the U.W.O. and explain his action of September 26th.

This little piece of strategy succeeded in quietening the meeting somewhat, but nevertheless we have sent him an invitation, and we sincerely hope he will keep his word and accept. *Mass Meeting in Edmonton.*

The U.W.O. has arranged a monster mass meeting at Edmonton Town Hall for November 11th (Armistice Day). It is not a meeting in honour of our "Glorious Dead," but for our starving living heroes.

Remembrance Day

Nevertheless the working class have some glorious deeds to pay homage to on November 11th. The Chicago Martyrs, the advocates of the eight-hour day, were murdered by the capitalist class of America on November 11th, 1887. Just recently, November 11th, 1919, the Central crime was committed.

The I.W.W. hall was raided by the American Legion. Comrades were taken out, shot and lynched, and finally the hall was burned to the ground. One, Wesley Everett, was brutally ill-treated, tortured, taken from his cell, hung from a bridge, and finally riddled with bullets. This atrocious crime was committed by landlords and business men themselves, on the day of November 11th, 1919.

November 11th is Remembrance Day. The working classes should remember that we are still at war, the class war. Our comrades are still being murdered and imprisoned in every country throughout the world.

U.W.O. Committee Called Before the Board.

The whole of the Poplar committee of the U.W.O. was called before a special Board of Guardians meeting on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 1st. This was the ticket meeting day of the organisation, but the branch carried on.

The committee was asked by the Board a

number of questions. After some discussion the men were told to go.

Sentenced to Laindon

Later it was found that two of our members had been asked to go to Laindon Farm slave colony. Members of the U.W.O. strongly object to go to Laindon and become slaves. If the Poplar Guardians stood by their principles and paid the much talked of £4 minimum wage, we of the U.W.O. would only be too pleased to go there and do some useful work; but alas! the wage for a long week's work is one ounce of tobacco. The committee of Laindon (who are members of the Poplar Board of Guardians) are endeavouring to make £2,000 profits on the sale of the goods produced during the next six months, as compared with £1,700 profits the preceding six months.

Guardians Dock Soldiers' Pensions

A comrade who was sent to Laindon was in receipt of 7s. 6d. a week war pension. After working hard for a week in the cookhouse, instead of receiving wages or tobacco, he had to forfeit 5s. of his pension, as the Farm Committee had only allowed him 2s. 6d.

This treatment of working-class comrades is not going to be tolerated by the U.W.O. We strongly object to any of our members being sent to Laindon.

Try the Boot on the Other Leg

Would George Lansbury or John Scurr like their sons to be sent there, or would they like to live there themselves? No, they would rebel against it the same as we are doing, if they had any fight in them.

Perhaps this refusal on the part of the U.W.O. will be another excuse for the "Labour Reds" to have the organised unemployed batoned again.

This victimisation may develop into something very startling in the very near future. The U.W.O. have learned lessons from their past defeats, lessons which may prove very useful when being attacked by the Labour Party again.

Edmonton reports progress, and, taken on the whole, the U.W.O. has prospered wonderfully in spite of adverse conditions and circumstances.

Never have we been as strong as we are today, and never so menacing. We have succeeded in arousing a large number of unemployed from their slums and slumber, and by the united efforts and the solidarity of the working class, we, the slaves and sons of slaves, will yet win free.

J. T. BELLAMY,

Area Organiser, U.W.O.

A PROLETARIAN SCHOOL PARTY.

St. Mungo Hall, Glasgow, thronged with children, a few of whom are children of an older growth. They dance round the room in concentric rings, holding hands and singing. In the centre of all is a little man in grey, who now and then blows a little whistle, to which no-one pays immediate attention, for everyone is too happy and free to care very much about order or time.

Songs in unison, fairsome reels and other old dances and games follow in succession; sometimes the little elderly man in grey plays his fiddle, sometimes he moves about amongst the joyous throng. At every pause the boys and girls set up impromptu games of their own, the younger ones crawling over the floor on all fours and practising splits and somersaults.

Presently the little man in grey starts a solo in a tuneless, moving voice; but the youngsters break in upon him; they will not let him sing more than a phrase or two alone.

Someone asks: "Do the children understand Tom Anderson's songs: can they see the irony, or do they take them seriously?"

A little girl seems to answer the question. She mounts the platform and recites with much vigour the tale of how the workers of Glasgow were batoned down when they went to struggle for bread and freedom in George's Square.

In one of the side rooms a little boy of nine years, as small as many a child of five, plays old Scotch airs on his violin with a masterly assurance. His tiny, firm-knit face is clad in rough workaday clothes, his earnest face is lit with a strange enthusiastic fire.

counsel representatives of industry, and particularly of the Trade Union and Co-operative organisations.

"One of the objects of this conference would be to consult with the League of Nations, and advocate its reconstruction, so that it might cease to be a cloak for the decisions of the victorious Powers and become a real Association of all Nations, with a revised and democratic constitution. The League would become an international body charged with the duty of world economic organisation, by co-ordinating the supplies, manufacturing facilities, transport, and purchasing powers of the different nations."

In the first place it is not at all clear that the Labour Party would unanimously agree to the first proposition, the renunciation of all claims to reparations; but let that pass.

The proposals are pure and simple capitalist proposals: there is nothing Socialist about them. Note especially that to "give extensive credits for the re-opening of foreign trade." This was initiated by the Lloyd George Government, though doubtless on a lesser scale than that desired by the I.L.P. The proposal is to subsidise certain capitalist groups at the expense of the entire community. "International control of raw materials" is a dangerous proposal: it would simply mean control by the Big Powers, and would increase the difficulties of the smaller nations. The control organisation would be used against any country which might go Red.

In any event such proposed palliatives must fail to establish peace and plenty. In Communism lies our only hope. Communism, remember, entails the abolition of money, banking, and the entire capitalist system of finance and trade. Communism means the abolition of the private property system and production for use, not profit. It means the production of abundance to supply the needs of all without payment or rationing.

BRITISH POLITICIANS long had the international reputation of bearing the palm for hypocrisy. The Yankee variety has, if anything, out-distanced them in this respect. The law represents the voice of the people. Behind it and supporting it is a divine sanction," says President Coolidge, and meanwhile a pretty little piece of jobbery has been carried on by the U.S. Government in relation to a loan of six million dollars by American bankers to the Government of unfortunate little San Salvador. When questioned on the subject, the U.S. Government spokesman said: "The United States Government has entered into no commitments whatever concerning the loan, and gave no guarantee of any kind to stand behind it."

Yet the American "Nation," a good Liberal paper, has been able to publish a confidential circular disclosing the fact that the U.S. Government acted as an intermediary in the business and that with the concurrence of the U.S. Secretary of State the revenues of San Salvador are to be administered by a Collector-General nominated by the bankers. Says the circular: "The Government [of San Salvador] at no time receives any of the money pledged for the benefit of the bondholders, but the bondholders collect this money themselves."

The U.S. Government agreed that any disputes concerning the loan should be adjudicated by the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court or some other Federal judge. The bankers' circular adds: "It is simply unthinkable that, after a Federal judge has decided any dispute between the bondholders and the Salvador Government, the U.S. Government should not take the necessary steps to sustain such decision. There is a precedent in a dispute between Costa Rica and Panama in which a warship was sent to carry out the verdict of the arbitrators."

This is how they do things in the land of Uncle Sam, whose influence some of our I.L.P. brethren believe would be such a tremendous aid to peace and reconstruction if only they would join the League of Nations!

"Labour and the Prince"

So runs a "Daily Herald" headline, but can you imagine Keir Hardie acting as pall bearer to a Tory premier, side by side with the Prince of Wales, fellow worker?

Keir Hardie was the bogey man in that prince's nursery, years ago, fellow worker, but to-day it is you, fellow worker, who are the real bogey to the grown-up Prince and his parents—necessary as you are to the comfort of the great.

Can you imagine the Poplar Unemployed taking dinner at Buckingham Palace or at Downing Street? We think not, fellow worker, unless it were in the servants' hall.

A general election is expected presently, fellow worker. Then you will be told that your chance has come. All the Parliamentary parties will come out promising to save you. "Tariff reform means work for all" the Tories will say. "Free Trade means cheap food and a big loaf" the Liberals will tell you; whilst the Labour Party will promise work, wages, and houses. The poor little C.P.G.B. will say: "Vote for the Labour Party to prove it is no good." Some others will be heard pleading for your votes, but telling you that they will not be able to do anything for you when they get inside.

You will vote for whom you please, we know. Some of you will grow excited about the election and spend all your leisure hours giving out election literature, which you know very well, fellow worker, contains many promises which will never be kept.

After the stir of the election you will return to your daily round; the wages and doles will still be falling, though coal must be bought in winter, the rent and the gas bill will be harder to meet than before, the winter clothes pawned in the summer will be unredeemed.

The Prince will still be going his tours through the country, the Members of Parliament you have elected will be making their speeches in Westminster.

On your shoulders will rest the burden of labour and poverty. Will you leave it still to the black-coated gentlemen to manage your affairs? Or will you form your workers' councils?

When the middle classes desired a share in the management of the country and the aristocracy refused them, the middle classes stopped supplies; they refused to pay their money in taxes.

The real supplies are not money, but the things money will buy. When you, fellow worker, decide that you have borne the burden of poverty and labour too long—you will stop supplies.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

THE TRUE STORY of the police strike riot in Melbourne will not be known here till the mails bring Left Wing news, for the capitalist press telegrams are unreliable in such matters. The capitalist press asserts that the riot was caused by hooligans, who simply took advantage of the fact that the police were on strike to engage in violent robbery. It is significant, however, that the tramway and railway men threaten to strike in sympathy with the police and that the Government stopped all trams and trains because of the riot, and that the Government has taken such tremendous steps to preserve its authority as seem altogether unnecessary for dealing with a mere irresponsible outbreak by thieves. The State Government is said by "The Times" to have practically handed the police control of the Melbourne metropolitan area to a Citizens' Safety Committee, of which Lieut.-General Sir John Monash is chairman, and which is organising a force of special constables. Later news in the "Daily Telegraph" states that "The Military and naval authorities are practically in control of Melbourne. Armed guards protect banks, Government offices, post offices, and other public buildings with machine guns, and a large reserve of military and naval forces are being held in readiness in the barracks."

If this is merely a case of looting then Australian poverty must be hideously acute. It seems to us much more like a concerted popular revolt.

SOCIALISTS, COMMUNISTS, ANARCHISTS—all who desire the end of the private property system—have long worked and waited for the masses to rise against the system which oppresses them. When the masses rise, however, they rise not according to programme or time table. Consequently those who have urged the rising often fail to understand it, and instead of halting it when it comes as the harvest for which they have sown, the miracle for which they have longed, they regard the fulfilment of their hopes as the plaguey action of some individuals backed by the crazy thought-

lessness of a mob that must be repressed.

Thus the Poplar Labour Guardians are unable to appreciate the unselfishness amongst the unemployed of Poplar, and in Glasgow the Labour Councillors fail to understand the poor women with shawls over their heads, and broken boots, who bitterly jeer at their plea for milk for necessitous mothers and babies, declaring that such municipal charity is not enough.

Yet as we hope to see the end of the capitalist system, with its wavery, its charity and its doles, we must look with eagerness for the poor and oppressed to rise in revolt against their present humble and dependent status.

Here and there and with growing coherence the masses begin to rise against their exploitation: will you give them the empty husks of the capital levy and State subsidies to capitalists when they come for the bread of life?

LIST OF LITERATURE.

- LEON TROTZKI: The Bolsheviks and World Peace. 5s.
S. WINSTEN: Chaias (Poems). 3s. 6d.
C. H. BRETHERTON: Rhyme and Reason. 4s.
HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON: The Far Eastern Republic of Siberia. 6s.
GERHARDT HAUPTMANN: The Sunken Bell. 3s. 6d.
JACK LONDON: The Iron Heel, 2s. The God of his Fathers (second hand), 9d.
C. K. STREIT: Where Iron is there is the Fatherland. 2s. 6d.
W. J. TURNER: Landscape of Cythera. 3s. 6d.
SIDNEY OSBORNE: The Saar Question. 8s.
BISHOP BROWN: Communism and Christianity. 1s.
PIO BAROJA: The Quest. 6s.

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

The German Workers

What is the matter with the German workers? All revolutionary workers of the world ask this question! The German workers are organised in the greatest unions and political parties in the world of labour. They passed through a revolution in 1918, and have had several uprisings since. They had the first successful general strike in 1920, to force a reactionary clique to retire from the Government, although the clique had the strongest armed force in the country under its command.

The outside observer does not know that the German worker was not a thinking factor in all these movements; but only a pawn in the hands of political fakirs, who control all his movements, to ensure their positions in the Government of the country.

Since the invasion of the French in the Ruhr district, the condition of the worker has changed for the worse. Instead of the semi-starvation they have endured whilst in regular employment since the war, great numbers of workers are now unemployed, and are compelled to live on the pittance doled out to them by the Government. This assistance is not enough to buy bread at the present high prices! The sudden depreciation of the mark during the last couple of months is the reason why the buying power of a week's wage is always considerably less at the end of the week than at the beginning. A rise of 50 to 150 per cent. is a usual occurrence, exciting the workers to wild strikes and peaceful demonstrations pleading for help from the authorities. The sacking of food-shops is a daily occurrence, even in small towns. Individual and organised looting of fields in the country, even forcing the farmers to contribute towards the support of the unemployed, is the order of the day.

The restlessness of the workers and their spontaneous uprisings since August last, compelled the Government to ask the Reichstag for the passing of a new Act of permanent martial law. This is worse than an ordinary declaration of martial law: it is a regular authorisation of the Central Government to use all means to keep the starving workers in leash. The leaders of the great Labour Unions are unable to control the situation in favour of the workers, as they themselves are under the domination of the Social Democratic politicians in Berlin. Numbers of spontaneous strikes have broken out in all parts of the country. Street fights have taken place in several cities, but nowhere have they reached such dimensions as in Hamburg.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

SCIENCE AND SANCTITY, a study in the scientific approach to unity by Victor Brandford. Lephay House and Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.

A pleasant terra cotta coloured wrapper with a label of attractive design, printed in three colours, raised pleasurable expectations of what might be contained in a package from Lephay House. A book sufficiently well produced by printer and binder revealed, however, a grievous lack on the part of the author. What this book is all about we are unable to inform the reader: the only concrete thing we are able to discover is that Mr. Brandford approves of the boy scouts.

ESPERANTO AND LABOUR, issued by the British League of Esperantist Socialists. 2d.

SHAKER CELIBACY AND SALACITY. Psychologically interpreted by Theodore Schroeder, 14 W. 12th Street, New York City.

PHALLIC WORSHIP TO A SECULARISED SEX. Theodore Schroeder.

PRENATAL PSYCHISMS AND MYSTICAL PANTHEISM, by Theodore Schroeder.

A UNIQUE HEATHEN, by Nancy E. Sankey-Jones, Cos Cob, Conn., U.S.A.

This pamphlet explains the work of Theodore Schroeder. We take from it the following extract, summarising Schroeder's theories in his own words:

"Sexual shame and fear based upon irregularities of conduct or upon condemned desire, and the accompanying resultant moral self-reproaches, create the need for a super-moral compensation. This feeling of inferiority is the essence of the religionist's humility. Over the emotional conflict resulting from sex there ultimately comes a morbid inhibition against even a consciousness of normal eroticism. As the resultant shame and feeling of inferiority increase, the need for denying sex, for masks and compensatory feelings of exaltation, also increases. With the growing erotic morbidity also comes an increased capacity for psycho-sexual coelacies, and their accompanying phantasies. As grows the need for a super-moral neutralizer of the morbid fear and shame, the ecstasy and phantasy are more enthusiastically ascribed to something super-human. By thus identifying themselves with the super-physical, or transcendental, or whatever they may call this higher stuff, these afflicted ones exalt themselves above their more healthy minded and sexually more normal-living neighbours. The intensity of their zeal and fanaticism is the exact measure of the moral shame and fear which it conceals, and out of which the religious phantasm was created. So comes the need for religion, out of our emotional conflict over sex. While their sexual lives furnish the occasion for self-reproach, the fear and the shame. Thus it also supplies a mask and an emotional neutralizer for these depressions, by creating that mystical (psycho-erotic) experience, and by compelling its intellectualisation in terms of religion or metaphysics."

The author of the pamphlet comments:

"So Theodore Schroeder supplies the medical and psychologic journals with evidence that this 'psychologic eroticism' is the true essence of all that properly belongs to the very essence of religion. With such an explanation for the acceptability and valuation of the religion of personal experience, 'What need is there,' he asks, 'for denying or disproving its metaphysical and theological dogmas?' Will Mr. Schroeder's 'erogenetic interpretation of religion' be more illuminating and effective toward helping people to outgrow the emotional need for religion, than the direct attack upon its dogmas? Not until it is popularized. But will it even then? We cannot know until his work is completed and the historian of the future makes up the record."

THE GREAT MADNESS. Scott Nearing. The Rand School, New York.

IS INDIA A CONQUERED COUNTRY? Sunshine Publishing House, Bombay

Parliamentarism and the "Dreadnought"

As everyone who is a serious reader of the "Dreadnought" knows, this is an uncompromisingly anti-Parliamentary paper. We advocate the Soviets, not Parliament.

The editor of this paper was invited by Mr. John Maclean, of the Scottish Workers' Republican Party, to address two meetings in Glasgow on the subject of the Poplar baton charge on the Unemployed. The invitation was accepted and the speaker was given a perfectly free hand to express her views on all questions, which she did, including her opinion that participation in Parliamentary and local government elections is inconsistent with the Communist position.

The S.W.R.P. is not yet an anti-Parliamentary Party, but it is so far in advance of the Third International Communists as to refuse to co-operate with the Labour Party. The S.W.R.P. contains many in its ranks who are moving towards the anti-Parliamentary position, and the editor of this paper made a strong bid to bring them all the way, explaining at length the fallacies of Parliamentarism, and urging that the conflict between the Unemployed and the Poplar Labour Guardians was the inevitable result of Labour Party participation in municipal government under Capitalism.

Nevertheless, Mr. Guy Aldred, who twice recently stood as an anti-Parliamentary candidate for Parliament, published a leaflet containing the following words and other matter to the same effect:

"How can the person who urges you to boycott the ballot-box also advise you to vote Red Labour? What does she mean by this change of front?"

The inference contained in these words is altogether untrue. The promoters of the leaflet who were present at the City Hall meeting on November 2nd and heard Sylvia Pankhurst speak were aware that the leaflet was untrue. Why did they allow it to be distributed on November 4th?

Read **EIRE** The Irish Nation
Weekly Review of Irish Republican Opinion
PRICE TWOPENCE
On Sale Saturdays

PROLET CULT.

A monthly magazine for boys and girls, edited by Tom Anderson and published by the Proletarian Bookstall, 59, Shuttle Street, Glasgow.
ONE PENNY.

ENGINEER, married, experienced in I. C., Steam and General Machine Repairs, seeks employment or will undertake auto or mechanical repairs; 17 years experience States and Canada; 2 years proprietor of machine-equipped garage; estimates on reconditioning. — Box 76.

THE "ONE BIG UNION BULLETIN"

(Canada's Foremost Labour Paper).
The One Big Union seeks to organise the workers on class lines. Read about it.
Eugene Sue's marvellous story: "The Mysteries of the People," or "History of a Proletarian Family Across the Ages," now running in serial form. 10/- per year; 5/- six months.
Mehs Buildings, 54 Adelaide Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

FOR SALE.—Bound Volume of "The Commonwealth," No. 4, 1888, Official Journal of the Socialist League, edited by William Morris. Very rare. Good condition. What offers? — Box 76.

HEAD READING, by an expert phrenologist.—Proceeds to "Workers' Dreadnought." — Apply, II., Box 20.

GRAND DANCE! GRAND DANCE!

of the
BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB,

POPLAR TOWN HALL,

Newby Place,

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15th,

7-10.30 p.m.

JAZZ BAND! JAZZ BAND!

Balloons. Streamers. Confetti. Several Prizes.

Hon. Sec., Mrs. Parker.

"DREADNOUGHT" £1,000 FUND.

Brought forward, £115 8s. 4d.; W. Knight Trigg, 5s.; Mrs. Emson, £10; Thom De Witte, 2s. 6d.; collection at Glasgow, £2 2s. 6d. Total for week, £12 10s. Total, £125 18s. 4d.

Multiplied by Thirteen

If every reader of the "Workers' Dreadnought" who takes one copy of the paper weekly would take thirteen copies — we supply thirteen copies for ninepence—either to sell or to give away, we should no longer be obliged to appeal for funds. Our financial anxiety would disappear, and our sphere of usefulness would be vastly increased.

To sell thirteen copies of a paper to one's friends, or to strangers, every week, requires very little effort; yet the propaganda value of that effort may be far greater than the seller can imagine. Who knows what spark of initiative may be ignited by the timely word conveyed by one of those chance sales?

A comrade with a bundle of "Dreadnoughts" discovered one day that she had lost her purse. Between her and her home was an eightpenny bus fare. At first she thought she would have to walk, and thereby miss an important engagement; but suddenly remembering her bundle of "Dreadnoughts," she unwrapped her parcel and offered them for sale to the passers-by. In ten minutes she had sold more than enough copies to pay her fare home. One of those to whom she sold the paper subsequently took out an annual subscription for the "Workers' Dreadnought."

The Comrade who thus became a street paper-seller in an emergency now sells a quire of papers in the street every week.

Will you assist us to make the "Dreadnought" self-supporting by increasing its circulation?

A comrade writes:—

"When you told me in the office last Monday that if every 'Dreadnought' reader would sell ninepennyworth of papers each week the 'Dreadnought' financial basis would be assured, I made up my mind that I, for one, would do my part. I should not feel I were a genuine supporter of the paper if I did not respond to that suggestion. Please send me half a quire a week."

"Workers' Dreadnought" Bazaar & Reunion

Memorial Buildings,
Roscoe Street, E.C.
Bunhill Row, Old Street.

Saturday, November 17th,

3 p.m.—10 p.m.

PROGRAMME

STALLS

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS	CLOTHING
FARM PRODUCE	SECOND-HAND CLOTHES
GROCERIES	CROCKERY
FRUIT AND FLOWERS	LUCKY TUB
FANCY GOODS	PICTURES
	SWEETS AND CAKES

SIDE SHOWS AND GAMES

CHARACTER READING FROM PALM AND HEAD.
DART THROWING AND OTHER GAMES.
EXHIBITION OF CURIOS. CARDS. THE PEA POT, Etc., Etc.
MUSIC. RECITATIONS. SPEECHES.

Lightning Portraits by F. S. MANNER

ENTERTAINMENTS

LITTLE DOT.	POPPY BELGY.
RAGS AND TATTERS.	TWO COMEDIANS.
MRS. THACKERAY.	AND OTHERS.

MR. RICHARDSON AT THE PIANO
JAZZ BAND.

Admission by Programme: THREEPENCE

Germinal

ASK for No 2.
at your
Newsagent.



A Complete
play by Toller.
Stories
by Marsden,
Gorky, Grant,
and others.

32 Pages—Sixpence

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT, meetings to explain the policy of this movement, can be arranged on application to the Secretary, 152, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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 Paper Gauge, E7; Radius Gauge, 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).

A SALE OF WORK is being arranged in aid of the "WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT," in the Memorial Buildings, Roscoe Street, Bunhill-row, on Saturday, November 17th, from 3 to 10 p.m.

Comrades are asked to send contributions in money and kind to 152, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

All useful and ornamental articles acceptable: Clothes, groceries, fruit, vegetables, books, fancy goods, etc., etc. Those who cannot afford to give anything themselves should collect as much as they can from their friends. One comrade has promised to collect £10 worth of goods. Who will do the same?

To the readers of

THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT.

All you have to do is to cut this coupon out and write your name and address in ink and send it to the "Workers' Dreadnought" Office, 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4., when you get 24 coupons.

Name:

Address:

WATCH THE "DREADNOUGHT"

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

A blue mark in this space indicates that your subscription is now due.

The high cost of production of the paper necessitates prompt payment.

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