

The Wolverhampton Worker

The Organ of the Wolverhampton Trades and Labour Council

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THE NEED FOR AN EDUCATED DEMOCRACY.

By H. J. HUTCHINS.

Industry is not life, but a means towards it.

Probably at no other period in the history of our country was the need for a more highly-educated and enlightened democracy more manifest than at the present time. When we consider to what a large extent both the welfare and the destiny of the nation are moulded through the part played by the present-day public opinion, it behoves all who have the best interests of the country at heart to endeavour to ascertain the foundations and fundamental principles which underlie and govern our social, industrial, and political systems.

Whilst we may justly pride ourselves on our modern schools and universities, as such, yet up to a few years ago the ignorance shown by the "man in the street" on nearly all matters which affect the social well-being was not only alarming, but appalling, and although the stirring times through which the people of this country have been—and are even now—passing have somewhat tended to rouse them from their apathy and indifference, yet it will not be until the people generally have shown a strong and more earnest desire to get below the mere surface of these industrial problems that we shall be able to solve the many urgent and pressing questions of our day. Although we cannot by any means disparage the influence of the Press on education, yet we must not forget to cultivate the habit of reading between the lines. An uneducated man is apt to be merely hypnotised by anything he sees in print.

Even as it is true that the character of a nation is reflected by the laws upon its statute books, to the same extent will those laws be sound, equitable, and just when its people are educated to reason and think out for themselves the questions which make these same laws either necessary or beneficial. We must also be made to realise that many of the anomalies which exist to-day in the life of the nation are the result of the lack of education in the years that are past, and the least that we can do is to see that we profit by the experience gained.

Though for the time being we may have to be content with the amelioration of these disadvantages, yet we can by gradual education create an opinion that will eventually be strong enough to oust them from our national life. And though one may recognise that the present social and industrial system is not all we can desire—nor can it be said that we are even responsible for it—yet the conditions which our system has brought about are too well rooted to be immediately overthrown by the spasmodic and passionate outbursts of individuals, however sincere these individuals may be. The reform of these conditions calls above everything else for knowledge, critical faculty, and sound leadership, and it is only when the democracy has become more educated and enlightened that it will be able to discern the true leader, who must needs be a thinker, and one who has taken every opportunity to improve his knowledge in whatever kind of social work he is engaged. The social revolution must come by stages, the present Capitalistic State gradually giving place to the Co-operative commonwealth, with all its possibilities.

Need for Education.

The need of better education in the industrial world, both practical and technical, cannot be over-estimated even so far as it will enable us to turn to the best account our natural resources and advantages, and so maintain our position in the markets of the world.

This, of course, should only be a means to an end, for to assume that the wealth of a country can be measured by the

amount of goods produced or the productivity of its workers, will at once be admitted to be only half a truth. In order to obtain something like a true conception of any particular country's wealth it is very necessary to look behind or beyond the actual "finished goods." In fact, it is quite possible for production to exceed consumption, and yet (under certain conditions, many of which obtain at the present time) the producers may be far from wealthy; and there is also a stage when goods may be too cheap.

That co-operation, together with specialisation in industry, has been mainly responsible for an enormously increased output, goes without saying, and it seems that all material progress in the future is bound to come about on those lines.

But what does need emphasis is that the appreciative power of the workers not only needs safeguarding, but requires cultivating, in order that they may live fuller lives and become more than mere cogs in the wheels of industry. That specialisation is economical in many forms of manufacture cannot be denied; but it is also true that, apart from safeguards, moral and social, it has a strong tendency to produce narrowness in the worker.

Where a man is engaged for long hours minding an almost automatic machine which requires little or no skill or initiative on the worker's part, it is quite obvious that unless he has opportunity given for the development of his mind, he will soon become little more than a machine himself, or will occupy himself with frivolous things or even worse.

In like manner will the worker whose occupation is of a purely mental character be bound to suffer from the lack of that physical exercise which is indispensable to a healthy life. To cheapen the production of books and increase their output will be false economy unless the worker is provided with a corresponding increase in the leisure available for literary pursuits.

The more that specialisation is developed the more does it seem to emphasise the fact that work of a necessarily compulsory character should be looked upon only as a means to an end—namely, the enjoyment of life in the fullest possible sense—and not, as at present is the case in the great majority of instances, the end itself. One can imagine something of the joy which the great master painters derived from their work, even long before such work was completed. Stepping back from the canvas, each survey would give further impetus to their efforts. In the same way did the old-time craftsman glory in the product of his labour, a fact borne out by the beautiful carving to be seen in many of our churches and cathedrals, much of which is almost stamped with the individuality of the worker.

The Specialisation Evil.

Not so in industry where specialisation and sub-division of labour is highly developed. It is hard to see what real pleasure a man can get out of his work when he is operating a machine which turns out nothing but screws from one week-end to the other. Any trait of originality or inventiveness in the worker's character is apt to be destroyed by the constantly repeated task, and it is a question whether the monotony of such work is not more tiring than the physical exertion which the machine has replaced. Of course, there is something to be said for the social advantages which the workers under large-scale production may derive from close contact with each other; but at present much of this is nullified owing to the crowded and insanitary con-

(Continued on next page.)

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This is the sort of thing that has been going on now for years, and will still continue so long as working men look only at one side of present-day economics. The getting of full value for your labour is one thing and the paying of full value only for your necessities of life is another. This latter is very much bound up in the country's production and distribution, and how many working men ignore this matter altogether—result as above. Workers are the active partners in this great question, and why should they not share the full benefits of its workings? The only movement that has yet attempted, and most successfully, to tackle this matter, is the Co-operative movement. This is purely a working-class movement, which every worker ought to join. Capital and an organisation is already in existence in this town.

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**TAKE A NOTE OF OUR
ADVERTISERS.**

(Continued from previous page.)

ditions under which they have to live, often close by the works the chimneys of which are periodically (thanks to by-laws!) pouring forth clouds of smoke and soot. In this connection town planning is an important present-day problem which needs to be undertaken, that is, if the workers are to receive any real or lasting benefit from increased production.

But possibly the worst side of specialisation is the temporary displacement of workers owing to the introduction of new labour-saving machinery, which, under present conditions, is run for individual profit rather than for the benefit of the whole community. Changes in fashion or taste and improved methods of production may, and often do, mean the scrapping of expensive plant and machinery; these can be replaced out of the increased production; but the literal scrapping of human lives, many of whom have been rendered more dependent by the cramping character of their work, is a state of affairs which no educated nation can afford to allow. Nor is it necessary or economical, and these conditions will cease to obtain so soon as the workers—once having seen the vision—have for their ideal the nobility of labour and the all-round betterment of humanity.

These will be some of the channels through which the aspirations of an awakened and educated democracy will express themselves.

WHERE IS THE REMEDY?

WAGES AND THE RISING COST OF LIVING

The issue of the Blue Book on the cost of living has come as a huge surprise to many people, and newspapers generally may be included in this category. It was well known among those who took a sympathetic interest in the question that the cost of living had enormously increased of late, but the rise in prices had been so carefully planned that it was done gradually and almost imperceptibly, a little percentage increase this year on certain articles and a rise on other articles next year, and so on. But it was very well known among Labour men generally that the increased cost of a mere existence had risen to a far greater extent than was generally admitted.

It was the policy of the traders generally to belittle the increase as much as possible, so as to allay the growing uneasiness among workers. But the issue of the official figures has been in the nature of a bombshell, and when the meaning of these figures has had time to permeate the labouring classes the result will be—what?

Will it be a series of strikes, and will the Government which has brought these facts and figures to light use the military forces of the country to put the strikers down? Or will the proposal of the London Society of Compositors, that there be a general advance of wages of 5s. per week "all round," have sympathetic treatment by the Government?

And, supposing the 5s. advance was conceded, the same old game would still go on—the food merchant would still go on increasing the price of food stuffs; the landlord would continue adding 6d. or 1s. per week to the rents of his cottages and houses; the makers of other goods would not by any means be left behind and would do ditto; and in five or ten years' time the position would be just the same as it is today.

I do not believe for a moment that the trader or manufacturer or the railway company or mine-owner will be content with his present rate of dividend or interest, but will add a little or much as it suits him. I once heard of a genuine case in point:

A landlord bought a large plot of land on the outskirts of a large city and built a number of good-class houses and cottages, and let them at so much rental per week. The dwellers in these houses were employed in the adjoining city, and travelled by train to and from their employment. By and by these workmen approached the railway company for a reduction in the price of the weekly railway ticket. As the railway company wished to popularise this line of railway and obtain more passengers the directors reduced the price of the weekly ticket by one shilling. As soon as the landlords heard of this concession they simply raised the rents of these houses and cottages by one shilling per week, and there you are! And the other traders in this suburb, not to be left behind in the race for wealth, added to the price of their commodities. So the last condition of these suburbanites was worse than the first. And thus the game goes on!

What is the real remedy? Is it a minimum wage which will rise in proportion to any increased cost of existence or is it Socialism? It is not a bit of use shutting one's eyes to the plain facts—they have to be met.—"OUVRIER."

TRADE UNION WEEK.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL LABOUR CAMPAIGN.

The Trades Council's second special effort to strengthen Trade Unionism in Wolverhampton was highly successful. Nearly all the affiliated branches have reported substantial increases in their membership. This, however, was by no means the only result, and we rejoice to learn that the local stalwarts are greatly encouraged by the increased enthusiasm of the members previously enrolled. Many of these have "come out of their shells," cast aside their former apparent indifference to the call for work, and have thrown themselves with refreshing vigour into the task of strengthening their respective branches.

One of these new workers informed us that before attending the mission-week meetings he had only been a member for the sake of sick and unemployment benefit, and had never fully understood what Trade Unionism really stands for, but it had now "come upon him like a revelation" and had made a world of difference to his outlook upon life.

The attendances at the various meetings were in most instances larger than on the former occasion, and, what is better still, they "received the message" with greater eagerness.

The speakers, too, were more numerous and varied, several coming from long distances to lend a helping hand. The exposure of sweating conditions revealed during the series of Black Country strikes in the early part of the summer had evidently aroused their sense of justice and sympathy to an extent that is never likely to be forgotten. They were all glad to know that the victories then achieved are being safeguarded by closer organisation. They urged that this should be followed up by another great effort to lift the minimum wage to at least 25s. per week, and expressed surprise that the Corporation had adopted so low a standard as 24s., compared with the higher minima established by other municipalities.

We refrain from attempting to describe the merits of the various speakers; all gave of their best, but in consequence of the great pressure of Trade Union work elsewhere, most of them were unable to be with us for more than a day or two. We feel compelled, however, to make special mention of the speeches of Mr. A. Boden, who stayed all the week. Although delivered amidst the noise and distractions of the open-air, his addresses were fully equal to many of the best indoor lectures we have heard, and they had a marked influence upon the audience in every case.

Mr. Boden explained that Trade Unionism had necessarily ceased to be narrow and local in its activities. These could no longer be restricted to a single workshop, mine, or factory, or to any particular district, and the workers would be beaten nowadays unless they organised on national lines, which included political action. Employers had become highly organised, both on the industrial field and in Parliament, and the workers' only chance of maintaining and improving their position laid in the direction of still stronger organisation. Disappointment was bound to follow if they neglected to strengthen their representation in Parliament. The railwaymen and the miners had found that their great disputes with their employers were taken to Parliament whether they liked it or not, and the settlements were unsatisfactory because of the present overwhelming preponderance of non-Labour M.P.s. All this could be changed if trade unionists realised the full possibilities of enlightened organisation. These lessons went right home and will bear their fruit in due season.

Our prospective Labour Candidate, Mr. A. G. Walkden, spoken at several of the meetings and had a very cordial reception in every instance. He had come fresh from the Trade Union Congress and was enthusiastic in his description of the progress of the movement. He pointed out that the Congress had made an important new departure in resolving upon a national effort to organise the agricultural labourers and to spend a substantial sum of money from its funds for that purpose. This step, proposed by the R.C.A., was being taken because the Congress recognised that the low wages obtaining amongst rural workers, as a consequence of their unorganised state, had a detrimental effect upon all other workers.

The Parliamentary Committee had been instructed to press the Government to accord them an early interview for the discussion of proposals for the nationalisation of monopolies, and it had been arranged that he (Mr. Walkden) would put forward the case of the railways. In his opinion the highest point was reached by the Congress when touching upon the question of international friendship amongst the organised workers of the world. The aims of Trade Unionism were not merely local and national but international. The formation of political funds had been urged upon all the Unions to enable them to take their part in increasing the number of Labour men at Westminster. When they had done that they would have reached the time when sweating, bad housing, excessive hours of labour, and undeserved poverty would be abolished, and this country might once more be called "Merrie England."

It was a great week, and the Trades Council desires us to express its hearty and sincere

The meeting held in the Empire Palace on Sunday afternoon, September 14, formed a fitting finale to the week's mission. The management of the Empire, as usual, did everything possible to secure the comfort of the audience, and in saying this it may not be out of place to remark that some of the workers who attend our Sunday meetings would do well to try and secure the comfort of one another. Our meetings are serious affairs, and not smoking concerts; the audiences consist of ladies as well as gents, and it is not in the best taste to insist on smoking during the delivery of speeches. It is not fair to the speakers, and it may be decidedly unpleasant for the ladies.

The Empire meeting was very successful, although the attendance was not so numerous as at some previous gatherings. Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P. for Stockport, who has rendered yeoman service for the railwaymen, "topped the bill," as they say of the halls, and all through the speeches delivered maintained a high level. Mr. Walkden, the prospective Labour candidate for Wolverhampton West, presided, and was very cordially received. He alluded to the absence of accommodation for public meetings on week-days, and said that the Labour cause was a sacred cause, expressing as it did in a material sense the very essence of the Lord's prayer.

Mr. A. Boden confirmed the good impression which he had already created at earlier meetings by a well-thought-out speech in which he clearly made out the case justifying the existence of trade unions and justifying the organisation of all workers. He moved the following resolution: "That this meeting, being convinced that working men and women can only obtain substantial improvements in their present unsatisfactory conditions of existence by their own united efforts, hereby calls upon all outside the ranks of trade unionists to enrol themselves at once to take an active part in strengthening their respective organisations, and thus help forward the realisations of the national and international ideas of the Labour movement."

Miss Brown, of the Women's Labour League, who followed, was in excellent form, and although there was from one or two quarters a desire to heckle her, she proved quite equal to the occasion, and made out by argument and illustration a very strong case for the inclusion of women workers in the ranks of organised Labour.

Then came Mr. Wardle, in support of the resolution. Mr. Wardle, M.P., is perhaps not an orator, but when he couples on to a point he is there, and this he proved at the Empire, despite repeated interruptions. His plea was for organisation, and he declared that trade unions had brought many legislative benefits to the workers. "The movement," he said, "is blowing a gale, and let those who think they can stop it look out." He described the movement as logical, well-reasoned, and founded on experience, and said it was amazing it had not made even more marvellous strides. If working men and women but realised its power, and upon what sure foundation they were building, it would not be long before the movement had seized hold not of two or three millions, but of 14 or 15 millions. Wages, Mr. Wardle said, were supposed to be the measure of work, and he asked if those present were satisfied with their present rate of reward. If so, they were very modest in their demands. To have a better life they must have better wages. Replying to an interruption as to the increased cost of living, Mr. Wardle said it was no argument to keep wages low because prices were increasing. The latter was an entirely different problem altogether, and if asked how to deal with it, he would say, "Do away with 'profiteering' altogether." Work was not life, and life ought not to be all work. The question of the hours of labour must take a greater significance than it had done in the past, and he hoped they would see an eight-hours day all round. After dealing with the work of the railwaymen's unions, Mr. Wardle referred to the recent disaster at Aisgill. He said it was still occupying public attention, and for the reason that a Board of Trade inquiry was being held, an inquest had still to be held, and the whole matter was *sub judice*, it was not possible from the public or the private point of view for anybody to say really much about it. He wanted, however, to say this: that in his opinion the whole question of the railways was of immense importance to the people of this country. It was a proved fact beyond all denial that the railways were safe where they were the property of the nation, and where no profit entered into the question. (Hear, hear.) In the mad rush for profit and dividends, in the mad rush for economy and the saving of a few ha'pence in these days, public life and safety seemed to be of small account. If it be so, it was the greatest indictment of the workers of this country that could possibly be made. For it was the people who were to blame. At this time they held the power in the hollow of their hand, and they could use it as they would for the benefit of themselves and for others. If in the past the people had been content to use this power for others, it was the people's fault—not theirs. (Applause.)

ON BEING TEMPERATE.

By W. S. NASH.

Much is to be said on this subject, but, perhaps, the best advice was given by St. Paul:—"Be temperate in all things"—be temperate in what you eat or drink, in your actions, and in your speech.

To-day people are becoming sceptical to all forms of advice because the advice given generally savours of the impossible. Very often it is given by those who are in a position to follow it themselves and with unconscious irony they go round trotting out their "sound advice" on every possible occasion to others not so fortunate.

To the man earning £1 a week it must seem to be the height of folly to advise him to be temperate in all things. "Do not over-eat!" If he has a family he is more likely to under-eat. "Do not over-dress!" Well, we know the clothing factories and boot factories are working overtime. The way these "lower orders" waste their money is positively shocking. And so one is led to exclaim that, sound as the advice of the saint appears, to the average man it is impossible to carry it out.

But, after all, is it impossible? Confucius tells us that nothing is impossible; it is only that men's minds are not made up. And one is led to the conclusion that the ancients knew what they were talking about. Let men make up their minds to do things properly and they will soon make it possible for all to follow the advice of St. Paul and "Be temperate in all things."

Still there are some things we may be temperate in even under the present system. We need not eat too much, or drink too much. Thousands earn their living doing hard, laborious work. Always sweating, they are led to drink too much because they are forced to do too much. And we very often find other people who eat too much, in itself as great an evil as too much drink, pointing out the faults of those who drink too much. These people look through a dark glass.

In attempting to cast out the mote from their brother's eye they fail to detect the beam in their own! They often come of that class of people who say too much, and don't practise what they preach. Members of Parliament, parsons, and lecturers very often suffer from this complaint.

Under the present system the working class, manual workers and brain workers, are often compelled to do too much. If they don't do it then by the consequent loss of salary or wages they are deprived of a sufficiency of food and clothing. Therefore, if they do not consent to be intemperate in one direction, they are denied the opportunity of being temperate in another. And of all the evils of intemperance, perhaps the intemperance of overwork is among the greatest. Through it are caused the evils of neurasthenia, nervous breakdowns, insanity, and by running down the system to such a low pitch it is laid open to all other diseases which may come along—consumption, typhoid, etc.—on account of the powers of resistance having been undermined by overwork.

All these things, which the old-fashioned religionist attributes to the will of God, are really the outcome of the neglect of mankind to carry out God's laws. Mankind says and does too much in many ways, and fails to do enough in other directions. That is the root cause of ill health. In other words, mankind makes its own hell on earth, while at the same time it has just as good an opportunity to make its own heaven. Gold is worshipped, not God; evil, not good.

The plagues and diseases are often the result of inattention to sanitary matters, so if mankind wishes to be healthy, the remedy is in their own hands. Let their lives be so governed that they will not have to eat too much, drink too much, say too much, or do too much. Then God's will will be done, instead of as at present the will of God. But God's will can only be done through the medium of mankind's will. The present system will have to be unrooted if God's will is to be

THE INNER MAN.

By LEO HENRY.

When the oppressed, having overcome the spirit of stagnant melancholy and forgetting for the moment the empty cupboard and unemployed stomach, consider how many sermons are evaporated at the thousands of pulpits and street corners each Sabbath, they invariably ask themselves many questions which seldom reach the understanding of those who administer to the spiritual welfare of the nation. To be honest, merciful, and of a loving disposition is preached Sabbath after Sabbath by those who do not understand the commercial world; to place much emphasis on rites, ceremonies, and their own particular denomination, at the same time while they know it is impossible to be good, neglecting to fight the causes which hold the souls of men in bondage. The conclusion the poverty-stricken soul generally arrives at is that the so-called Church pictures him as the most sinful of men. Down at the heels because he is sinful, or unsuccessful because he never tried. For soul-saving the slum is invariably approached, and not the West End dens. The material side of life is neglected by many spiritual advisers, while their particular attitude toward the worker is similar to that of the Levite to the traveller.

* * *

The people in the West End live in as much degradation as the poor, and the same cause is at the root of the evil, the only difference being that one class has sufficient to live upon and the other is deprived even of the elementary right. A moment's thought after perusing a list of advertisements for clerks, agents, and managers will convince the most sceptic mind that thousands of men sleeping in nice roomy houses spend their life in disease-breeding atmospheres—practising sharp tricks, exercising tactful methods in getting people to buy what will supply no need whatever, and in almost every sense being as dishonest as possible, but evading the clutches of the law at all times—nothing less than damning the soul. The Capitalist and the Worker breathe the same "commercialised degrading air." Both are contaminated, and influence the soul for evil.

* * *

Imagine two gardeners attempting to produce fine rose trees in a swamp. Even granted that both have ample supply of manure and fertiliser the conditions would kill the trees; but only one has these materials—he is the rich man—and his tree dies. The poor man's tree also dies. The same in human life. Men are attempting to develop noble characters and irreproachable lives, pure souls and happy thoughts, amid a swamp reeking with the filth of poverty, the wretchedness of commercial vice. The battle to the strong and the weak to the wall. The wealthy, with every possible modern advantage, living in apparent luxury, and with ample leisure, fail to produce anything like an ideal life. The workers, poor, without any real pleasure, leisure, or even freedom, do not live the life they desire. Why?

* * *

Both rich and poor are planted in the swamp of modern conditions, no soul-saving process will cure the swamp. It must be plain to all thinkers that the pure, upright, and loving soul seldom exists in fact. When will the churches realise that it is the swamp that requires attention? To-day, with all our boasted civilisation and so-called Christian England, criminals are being bred, trained, and condemned at a much greater pace than the Church saves souls. Can any sane believer in Christ contend that the material life should be ignored? Christ Himself paid much more attention to the material life than any minister I have read or heard of. Where is the minister who will preach a straight, plain sermon from the text "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon?" Where is the parson who can literally prove that it is possible to have such a condition of things that there would be no need for thought of the morrow? The parsons may brand me as a Socialist if they like—they would be correct. Socialism is often condemned because it is an ("impossible") ideal state where poverty, harassing troubles, and crime could not exist. Socialists are branded as dreamers. Columbus was first a dreamer!!

* * *

But bright and ennobling thoughts are now moving the workers with hope, and they are inspired towards a future that shall give their children life and happiness beyond the conception of the "wildest" dreams. Woe to ye who tell us our souls must first be saved before our chains may be loosed from our ankles! Imagine a saved man applying for a position in the commercial world where tact, energy, ambition (otherwise covetousness) were essential. And these are exactly the conditions which breed selfishness and vice.

* * *

If we want fine roses we plant the trees in the best environment. If we want a fine, happy race of men, women, and joyful children, who will honour God and love their brethren, let us live and work for the day when poverty and exploitation shall be spoken of as we speak of the ancient Britons—only in history. Let it be easier to do right and harder to do wrong.

THE WORKERS.

What the Various People's Movements are Doing.

P.S.A. NOTES.

I make no apology for the brevity of my notes this month, because, as I am "on holiday bent," I have sent my "copy" to the local editor very much earlier than usual—long before the date of the P.S.A. Federation's annual meeting—therefore I can only express the hope that, as a result of Mr. Horne's visit, many new members will be added to the P.S.A. movement in Wolverhampton, as well as new P.S.A.s to the Federation.

There was, I believe, at one time a very progressive afternoon class held in connection with Queen-street Congregational Church. It would be welcome news to hear of another effort being made in this direction. Surely in such a numerous assembly there are many enthusiasts who would gladly take up the work. Mr. Thompson's address to P.S.A.-ers on the occasion of the "Livingstone Centenary" meeting in the Agricultural Hall was greatly enjoyed by the members of the various classes, and I am sure that the delegates of the various classes would be pleased to have the opportunity of meeting representatives from Queen-street at the

Resolutions were passed thanking the various speakers who attended the recent meetings during the Trade Union Mission Week, and one protesting against the attitude of the police in Dublin and Cornwall. Strong appeals were made by several speakers in favour of arming all persons who came out on strike with a view to retaliation.

A racy and forcible address was delivered by Mr. J. McCallum, of the Insurance Tax Resisters Defence Association, on the necessity for "smashing" the Insurance Act. Point by point in the existing scheme was ably dealt with, and at the conclusion a voluntary scheme, proposed by the Association the speaker represents, was outlined.

At the conclusion of the business, Mr. Shingler, representing the Works Committee of the Star Engineering Co., presented to the president of the Council (Mr. J. Whittaker) and to the secretary (Mr. H. Bagley) an umbrella each, suitably engraved, as a memento of their efforts in connection with the recent appeal for funds to replace the tools lost by the workmen at the recent fire at the Star works.

In making the presentation the speaker pointed to the splendid response by the public to the secretary's appeal, and congratulated both the officials of the Council on the result. Each of the recipients responded.



—From the Labour Leader.

THE EVIL OF LAND MONOPOLY.

One of the causes of poverty is the Land Monopoly. Great Britain is not our country. It is the property of the landlords and we—the people—are only lodgers. The Labour Party wants the people themselves to own the land.

delegate meetings of the Federation. May it be soon.

The long-looked-forward-to Brotherhood commenced its activities on September 7, and a large and enthusiastic gathering was held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Darlington-street. His Worship the Mayor (a vice-president of the Brotherhood) presided, and was supported on the platform by the President (Mr. R. B. W. MacKelvie) and the Rev. J. Davison Brown. The Mayor said the Brotherhood movement stood for the moral, social, and religious uplifting of men, and wished the meeting a success. Rev. J. Davison Brown gave a telling and effective address, giving his greetings and benediction to the gathering. Mr. Walter Morgan rendered two solos, "As the hart desires" and "It is Enough," both of which were highly appreciated by the large audience. Messages of goodwill and greeting were received from several bodies, and also an encouraging and fraternal message of goodwill from the Rev. E. W. Winstanley, D.D.

I must express my pleasure at the happy beginning and the hope that it will ere long become a great force for good in the town. F. J. T.

TRADES COUNCIL NOTES.

At the September meeting of the Trades Council a resolution of sympathy with the relatives of the late Harry Quelch was reverently passed, several delegates paying tribute to the memory of the deceased comrade.

Letters were read from the National Union of Clerks (Wolverhampton Branch) asking for a deputation to attend their next meeting with a view to affiliation; from the Locksmiths' Society, for the same purpose; and from the Electrical Trades Union notifying their intention of joining.

Mr. J. Icke, one of the Council's representatives on the Board of Guardians, was next presented by the president, on behalf of the Council, with an armchair, as a token of esteem, on the occasion of his recent marriage. Mr. Icke, who is treasurer of the various bodies connected with the Trades Council, was wished all the blessings possible, and the hope of all was expressed by the chairman when he said "long may he live to enjoy the gift."

Three presentations in one night—certainly unique.

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

A meeting under the auspices of the National Union of Clerks was held in the Labour Assembly Rooms on Tuesday, September 9.

Mr. A. Weaver, R.C.A., presided.

Mr. H. H. Elvin, General Secretary of the N.U.C., in a very able address explained the objects of the N.U.C. He referred to the position of clerks in Wolverhampton, where he believed juniors were started at 4s. per week, and instanced the recent successes of his Executive, who had established scales in the London County Council up to £156 per annum, and in another case, a large engineering firm in South Wales, £180 per annum.

As a result of the meeting the local branch has been reorganised. Officials elected are: President, Mr. F. H. Fern; financial secretary, Mr. A. Smart; hon. secretary, H. Roberts, The Crofts, Penn.

If Wolverhampton clerks are quite satisfied with their conditions, will they please say so; if not, will they join the N.U.C. at once?

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

By MARION PHILLIPS, D.Sc.

(General Secretary, Women's Labour League).

No. 1.—HELP FOR THE BABIES.

On three afternoons in the week, if you go along a certain little street in North Kensington, you will see a cluster of mothers and babies, some in arms and some still toddling, making their way to a modest shop front. Over the window are the words "Baby Clinic." Inside there are doctor and nurse, with medicines and bandages and cod-liver oil and anything else which doctors know of for making sick babies whole again and keeping whole ones well.

Whenever I hear women declaring that their place is at home, and that it is better for them to stay there minding their babies than to fly about after politics, I think of those mothers and babies. For the Baby Clinic was founded by women in politics, and it shows very clearly how women are needed there.

For just think of what happens in all our great towns to-day. Everyone knows mothers whose babies have died, and how in a hot summer, for instance, in every poor street there are numbers of ailing little ones. But it is not until women join their own experience to a knowledge of politics, i.e., of the state of the nation as a whole and how it is being governed, that they realise quite how terrible—how pitiable—are the lives of the mothers of to-day.

Think of the grief and sorrow of the mothers you know whose babies suffer and die. Then realise that of every thousand families into which a baby is born, at least 120 suffer that loss before the baby is one year old. Or, to put it in other words, one in eight of the babies born dies during the first year of life.

Eight mothers take the burden of childbirth upon them. Out of every eight, one loses the child she suffers so much to bring into the world. Even those babies who survive for the first year die in large numbers before they are five years old, the death-rate of children under five being about five-times as great as that of any other age group.

These terrible facts have to be studied with knowledge so that their causes may be found out and dealt with. Already, largely by the efforts of women, laws have been passed which give local authorities powers—though they don't always use their powers—to prevent many of these deaths. Good housing can do much, good wages perhaps more, and good doctoring is a crying need. I want to deal here with this last need.

The experience of mothers shows that for the working woman good doctoring is not at hand. The working woman cannot afford to call in a private doctor for the baby unless it is seriously ill. She cannot have the doctor for small ailments or for general advice in order to prevent baby being ill at all. Nor can she go to hospital unless in cases of very definite and serious illness, partly because of the long time it takes and partly because there is no opportunity there for quiet advice to be given and small ailments explained as well as treated. Nor can the mother get skilled attention given to her baby for dressings, syringing, etc., which may be wanted daily.

It was a working-women's political organisation which saw the way out and set up the Baby Clinic. Now comes the time for working women everywhere to follow this example. In every town let them be seeing to it that the Municipal Council does this work of looking after the babies and providing Medical Treatment Centres for the mothers to take them to. Such steps can only be taken by political means.

We need money from Parliament to help in establishing them, and men and women on the municipal bodies who will try and get them set up. Who will do that but Labour men and women?

So directly women start thinking about the babies—and everyone will agree that it is their business to do that—they come up against political affairs. To help the babies, they must come out of their homes and help in getting the right kind of members of Parliament and the right kind of municipal councillors.

Every mother watching a little restless baby tossing in his bed, wondering what is wrong with him, calculating whether the family income will stand a doctor's fee this week, fearing that by to-morrow restlessness will be high fever and the little life in danger, should begin to realise that her duties are wider than the home alone provides. She must think of all the other mothers, watching and fearing as she is doing, and, joining with them, take political weapons in her hands and keep the grief of losing children from the homes of working women.

THE COMING DAY.

Up! Oh, brothers! for the day is nigh:
The field needs workers and the moments fly.
Arise! Oh, sisters! There is work to do:
The future saviour of mankind is you!

Hark! Oh, sleepers! Hear you not the cry
Of enslaved millions 'neath each nation's sky?

—ALFRED D. CRIDGE, in *The Public*.

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Wolverhampton Worker.

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Inquiries as to advertisements should be addressed to the Advertising Manager, at the office of this paper.

OCTOBER, 1913.

MORE UNREST.

Events indicating a strong growth in Labour Unrest continue to occur in all parts of the Kingdom, and the awakening of the workers is undoubtedly going on apace. We regard this as the most hopeful and healthy sign of the times, since nothing could be worse than apathetic disregard of industrial and social arrangements under which the poor become poorer while the rich grow still richer. The steady increase in the cost of living and the spread of information regarding industrial and political facts have undoubtedly been the main causes of the great upheaval that has made "Labour unrest" the subject of anxious discussion in all circles of society, and has given such rapid acceleration to the activities of Trade Unionism. Many capitalists are unable to dissemble their fear of this great movement among the workers, and are making futile efforts to stem its progress. Those who control the London Traffic Combine were so foolishly incensed at the sight of the Trade Union badges on the coats of their employees that they prohibited the wearing of these innocent emblems. But human nature is such a splendid thing that it will fight more readily and passionately for a sentiment or a "right" than for any material object, and the London 'busmen immediately gave their monopolistic employers to understand that they would strike to a man unless the new order was withdrawn. They wisely pushed the matter a point further (attack being the most effective method of defence) and insisted that, not only should they be free to wear their Trade Union badges without molestation,

place of the old unsatisfactory machinery for dealing with their grievances. The employers, realising that they were playing with fire, got the Board of Trade Conciliator to help them to climb down, and the men secured a victory on every point.

A sterner struggle is going on at Dublin where the employers are making a deliberate attempt to crush Trade Unionism in the old brutal fashion that was so common in England during the middle of the last century. However, all Trade Unionists throughout the Kingdom have been aroused by the callous tyranny of the Dublin employers, and the locked-out workers are being accorded generous assistance on a scale that must ultimately give them the victory. The Trade Union Congress Committee has pledged itself to raise £5,000, and the Co-operative Wholesale Society has arranged to send a cargo of food stuffs of that value to Dublin for the starving workers and their families. The *Daily Citizen* has instituted a national subscription list, and money is pouring in from all quarters. It is unlikely that the employers would have carried matters to the pitch they have now reached if they had not met with sympathy and assistance from the governing authorities at Dublin Castle. The latter not only attempted to prohibit public meetings, but used the Royal Irish Constabulary to break up peaceful gatherings of citizens. This unconstitutional work was carried out with such brutality that it is to become the subject of a special inquiry. The principal leader of the workers was arrested, and the armed forces of the Crown continue to be used on the side of the employers. Whilst all this has been going on in Dublin Sir Edward Carson and his Tory friends have been allowed to preach sedition, and to organise for open rebellion in the North of Ireland. It is not surprising that Trade Unionists should display passionate resentment at this "fish and fowl" treatment on the part of the responsible Authorities.

THE REALITIES OF WAR.

A little book just published by Messrs. Hutchinson at 1/-, entitled "The Human Slaughterhouse," translated from the writings of a German schoolmaster who was dismissed in consequence of his anti-Conscriptionist principles, reveals with awful vividness the realities of actual warfare. A description of the sensations experienced in a cavalry charge resisted by modern engines of destruction constitutes one of the most impressive passages in the book:

"What has happened? Where have horse and rider vanished? Where is my sword? We are not even charging men. Machines are trained on us. Why, we are only charging machines. And the machine triumphs deep into our very flesh. And the machine is draining the life-blood from our veins. . . . Those who have been hit are already lying mown down in swathes behind us, and are writhing on their wounds. And yet others are racing up behind us in their hundreds—young, healthy human flesh for the machines to butcher."

A still more impressive passage is one that portrays the scene following the explosion of a mined terrain, over which the "enemy" had been tempted to rush by the abandonment of a battery in an open field.

"The earth has opened her mouth . . . lightnings, crashes, and thunderings, and the heaven splits in twain and falls down in flame. . . . There rises a noise of screams and yells, an uproar so unnaturally wild and unrestrained, that we cringe up closer to one another . . . and, trembling, we see that our faces, our uniforms, have red, wet stains, and distinctly recognise shreds of flesh on the cloth . . . fragments of flesh with the uniform still adhering to them. . . . Outside, there are lying arms, legs, heads, trunks . . . they are howling into the night; the whole regiment is lying mangled on the ground there, a lump of humanity crying to Heaven. . . ."

Such is modern warfare. . . . The greatest movement for its prevention is the International Labour Movement, which proclaims the solidarity of the workers of the world, and insists that the nations should live in fraternal harmony rather than in dangerous and destructive enmity. Against that movement are the international financiers and the organised armament manufacturers, who find money for the Tory Conscriptionist campaign in England, and who have aptly

JOTTINGS.

A short time ago I was reading a *Wolverhampton Directory* published in 1851, wherein it was stated the plague had scarcely ever been known to be in this place, but the smallpox often, for that is a sign of the wholesomeness of the air.

I mention this as it appears to me to be typical of the attitude of some Tory and Liberal town councillors and their supporters upon the Housing question.

Some few months ago, as all my readers are aware, this question was very prominent, resulting in a great agitation regarding increased rents.

Have you ever realised that the presence of slums in a town is a menace to the whole of the inhabitants, whether living in slums or not?

Decent housing conditions are imperative for the well-being of the community, slums being a splendid haven for any epidemic which may be passing.

The Town Council have powers to sweep all slum property away, and, what is more important, replace it with decent cottages at rentals which in many cases would be below those paid for slum houses.

So long, however, as you send property owners or their representatives to represent you on the Town Council these powers will never be put into operation.

Now, you working men, use your common-sense and ask yourselves who are likely to represent you most faithfully—property owners or tenants similar to yourselves.

Of course, I quite realise that according to some people, principally of Liberal persuasion, *à la* correspondence in a local paper, there are no slums; and if there are, the people enjoy living in them.

A great deal of noise has been raised because Mr. Walkden—who is not such a stranger to the town as some people imagine—passed some severe strictures upon the slums, the abject misery of many of the inhabitants, and finally upon the Town Council.

Although the Town Council may not be primarily responsible for the slums, they became responsible by taking up a negative position by not putting into operation the Housing and Town Planning Act.

Regarding Mr. Walkden's remarks, I will use some stronger terms than he did. I am a native of the town, and received an eye-opener when acting as an enumerator during the last census in a slum district, and thereby obtained official particulars impossible to get otherwise.

The conditions existing in many of these places are vile, and what is really required is that a huge bonfire should be made of them. Mark you, I say the places; I do not blame the occupants, as indeed most of them are not only cleanly, but clearly endeavour to make the best of a bad job.

If, as some Liberal councillors assert, some other towns are in a worse condition, then I say, "God help them!" But that is no reason why the inhabitants of Wolverhampton should tolerate these conditions.

The Labour Party stand for decent housing conditions at cheap rentals, and if you desire any improvements in housing conditions, cast your vote for Labour candidates for the Town Council.

Most of my readers have heard of the Dublin and Cornwall police playfulness with batons. Well, have you ever thought the same may take place in Wolverhampton?

I do not wish to cast any reflection upon the local police, as most of this batoning has been performed by imported police. They are imported for the reason that strangers would not have the same sympathy as the local police, who, of course, would know many local inhabitants.

The controlling power of the police, from the Chief Constable downwards, is the Watch Committee, and they are elected from town councillors.

It is up to the working men of this or any other town to have a say in the controlling of police, whether imported or not, and the only way to do it is to return men to the Town Council who are put forward and financed by working men.

Regarding the forthcoming municipal elections, for goodness sake think matters out for yourselves and take no notice of opinions voiced in capitalistic newspapers.

Capitalistic newspapers, no matter however sympathetic, dare not place matters in their columns from a working man's point of view and for the real benefit of working men.

If they did, they would immediately have a big drop in their revenue due to loss of adver-

LOCAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

By "THE CHIEL."

*A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An', faith, he'll prent' em.*

—BURNS.

The "Worker."

The popularity of the WORKER is still growing. There is no doubt now that it has supplied a want which has been felt for a considerable time. One of our distributors told me that being short of copies one day he missed a man whom he knew to be a very strong Conservative. Shortly afterwards he met this gentleman who straight away complained that he had not received his WORKER. "What do you want it for?" asked the distributor, "You don't believe in it." "Never mind what I believe in it," was the answer, "I read it, and I want it." And if he keeps on reading it his support for Labour is assured. Many such incidents could be quoted. There has been a large demand also for copies for other divisions than the West, but I must point out that the organisation does not extend beyond the West Division, and therefore our distributors do not touch those areas. But if anyone who desires a copy would call at the Assembly Rooms he would be willingly supplied. I would remind all friends also, that the WORKER will be sent by post for one shilling per annum to any address. This is merely to cover postage, wrappers, and labour; otherwise no charge is made.

Town Council in a Hurry.

What is the matter now? The last meeting of the Wolverhampton Town Council lasted only eighteen minutes. What is the reason for this sudden acceleration of business? A little bird has whispered that it is owing to the keen eye the WORKER is keeping on the proceedings that the city fathers rushed through the business of increasing on a wholesale scale the salaries of the officials. At any rate they didn't bother to say much. A strong stand was made by Councillor Sharrocks when he moved that the matter be referred back, not so much against the increases, but as a protest against the treatment of the men in regard to their minimum wage. There was no seconder. I have received a letter from Councillor Hickin in which he says:—

I can assure you it was a cause of deep regret to me that I could not attend the Council meeting on Monday and assist Councillor Sharrocks in the protest against the maladministration of the "Minimum Wage." I have been feeling very much run down in health and am feeling very near the verge of a breakdown. I have consulted a doctor who has warned me against attempting too much. I have been unable to attend to my work for three weeks. Everyone will sympathise with Councillor Hickin in his indisposition. But isn't it an illustration of the need for more Labour representatives. Meanwhile I must congratulate Councillor Sharrocks on the stand he made on the question. A list of the increased salaries appears in this issue.

More Progress.

At the risk of being accused of casting a slur on the town I draw attention to the scandalous circumstances attending the sudden death of a man in Princess-street the other day. The man was seen to fall in the street. No doctor was called but a police officer is said to have satisfied himself that the man was dead. And then the extraordinary procedure was adopted of allowing the body to lie on the pavement nearly an hour before it was removed, only partially covered. At any less progressive town than Wolverhampton the carcass of a dog would not have been allowed to remain in a main thoroughfare half the time. At the inquest the extraordinary fact that the town has no public house was disclosed. There's progress for you! They could not even think of removing the body to any of the enclosed yards near by, but must needs leave the gruesome sight open to the gaze of every passer-by. Would this have happened in the case of any of our worthy aldermen do you think? But, of course, Wolverhampton is a progressive place.

A New Use for the Schoolboy.

The complaint is often heard that the curriculum of our elementary schools is too-crowded, and that the scholars have no time to assimilate half the subjects they are taught, with the consequence that when the child leaves school it has a smattering of many subjects, hopelessly jumbled, and a thorough knowledge of none. But it has come to my ears that there is a worthy member of the cloth in our town whose superior judgment is simply superb. He is a Church of England vicar, and his interest in the welfare of his parish, and especially of the young, is tremendous. He apparently goes "out of his way" to make it convenient to take the Scripture lesson at the day school as often as he thinks fit. He tells the scholars some pretty things: "Honesty is the Best Policy," "Charity is Kind," "He that will not Work, neither let him eat," and so on. He invariably arrives at the school on his bicycle. Lesson over, he instructs the master to see that his cycle is made spic-and-span—all the mud which has congregated must be removed and vaseline applied. A boy is appointed to execute the task. Considerable time is required to be spent upon it—the job is not completed by dinner-time, in fact. There being no hot water fixture at the school, the lad has to go off home with his hands covered with the oily-black coating contracted.

On returning, the experience is resumed. Now this parson preaches about the labourer being worthy his hire and yet I am informed, these poor kiddies never receive a copper piece for this unpleasant work. If he strongly believes in the efficacy of this sort of "technical instruction," I would suggest he might do worse than endeavour to get it added to the curriculum—with proper provision for obtaining cleanliness withal! Until that course is adopted I am inclined to believe that neither the vicar nor anyone else has the right to impose this kind of task on the scholars, and the Education Committee might have something to say about it. I happen to know the names of the school, the vicar, and the scholar, and if I hear of it occurring again I shall certainly take steps to have the matter brought before the committee.

Sweating!

One incident which has come to my notice illustrates the need for Trade Union revivals. After a Trade Union meeting on Snow Hill one of the speakers went round getting members for the Trade Unions, and he was fairly successful. Two young men who joined up gave their ages as 23 years. Their occupation was connected with the galvanizing industry—dipping, I think it was. Their wages they gave as 10s. and 13s. respectively, and they are employed at a place not a hundred miles from the centre of the town. One of them, I understand, is married. This is in what they call "Christian England." No doubt the employers find their way to church or chapel on Sundays with a smug feeling of satisfaction that they are doing their duty as Christians, and no doubt also their fellow worshippers are in the habit of pointing them out as examples to be followed if one is to follow the straight path of virtue. What I should like to say about it is that these are the facts we are trying to get hold of. We have the names of these employers; we have the workers' names. There has been trouble before at these particular works, but apparently the lesson has not been learned. Well, just look out for further developments.

A Popular Class.

I have had forwarded to me the programme for the ensuing quarter of the People's Class which meets in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. It is certainly an attractive programme and should provide some interesting hours for its members. The speakers include such well-known gentlemen as Mr. G. R. Thorne, M.P., the Rev. J. A. Shaw, Councillor T. A. Henn, Mr. J. Finlayson, Mr. Frank J. Tustin, etc., etc. It is the only class of its kind in the town, absolutely unsectarian, self-supported, and beyond being tenants of the Y.M.C.A., is not identified with that body in any way. The class is leaving there at the close of the year, and will have to seek new headquarters, as the "Y.M.C.A. Brotherhood" will naturally want the Lecture Hall for their meetings. The People's Class has been going steadily for over twenty years, and have done good work through the medium of their various funds, as well as in the P.S.A. Federation itself. Four of its members have filled the Presidential chair of the P.S.A. Federation, viz., Alderman G. R. Thorne, M.P., Mr. Alfred McConnell, Mr. F. G. Plant, B.A., and Mr. Frank J. Tustin, which is, I believe a record for any one class. It is a thoroughly democratic body, as a glance of the names on the programme will indicate, and I am sure if the work of the class were more widely known, many more members would be enrolled. If any of my readers are feeling in want of a tonic some Sunday, I could recommend nothing better than a visit to the People's Class. The times of meeting are from three to four o'clock.

The Municipal Baths.

I have had complaints made to me by members of swimming clubs as to the way in which clubs are treated by the Parks and Baths Committee. Whereas in other places (Birmingham, for example) no charge is made for galas and swimming sports, there is rather a stiff figure imposed in Wolverhampton. In the matter of polo matches complaint is also made that the charge in Wolverhampton is nearly three times as much as in Birmingham. I agree with my swimming club friends that the committee might consider them a little in this matter. Considering the importance which is attached to a knowledge of natation nowadays, it is desirable that every encouragement should be given to those who are out to foster it. By the way, there is a notice in the baths to the effect that "smoking is strictly prohibited." But it was not the Chairman of the Parks and Baths Committee who was seen to be smoking a cigar—and a good one, too, judging by its aroma—all through the proceedings at a certain gala held in the baths?

How they do it "Down Under."

One of my readers has forwarded me a letter he has received from a friend in Perth, Western Australia, in which occurs the paragraph quoted below. I need not make any comment on it; it speaks for itself:—

We have just had a general election and the Liberals have a majority of one, so we shall have another election shortly. There are two parties here—Labour and Liberal. Each

State has a Parliament of its own in addition to which each State elects a certain number of members to sit in the Commonwealth Parliament at Melbourne. The State members get £300 a year and the Commonwealth £600 a year, so you see the worker has a chance here. The last Government was Labour, and their opponents said: "What do they know about finance?" Yet when they took office there was a deficit of £600,000, and when they went out they left a surplus of nearly £3,000,000.

What the I.L.P. Wants.

I have received from the publishers, the National Labour Press, a copy of a new pamphlet, "What the I.L.P. Wants," written by Mr. A. Fenner Brockway, the editor of the Labour Leader. It deals in a concise and interesting manner with the programme of the Independent Labour Party. It also sums up the records of the Liberal and Tory parties, and, side by side, puts the I.L.P. remedy in a most effective manner. This is quite a new departure in pamphlets, being illustrated by three excellently executed cartoons and a photograph of the author. It is one of the best descriptive pamphlets it has been my pleasure to read, and I can heartily recommend it to my readers. It is published at one penny.

OFFICIALS' SALARIES.

WHOLESALE INCREASES BY TOWN COUNCIL

WHILE MEN ASK IN VAIN.

Though there seems to be considerable objection on the part of the Wolverhampton Town Council to pay their employees the solemnly-promised minimum of 4s. per day, they could not be quick enough in granting increases of salaries in wholesale fashion to their officials. At the last meeting of the Council, which only lasted eighteen minutes, and at which other business was transacted, the following increases were granted:—

	Per annum.
Mr. C. H. Pilkington, chief clerk, Borough Accountant's Department.	From £145 to £160
Mr. G. Redfern, second clerk, Borough Accountant's Dept.	From £115 to £125
Mr. A. Griffiths, chief clerk, Borough Surveyor's Department	From £130 to £140
Mr. A. Reading, Sewers Supt., Borough Surveyor's Dept.	From £156 to £166
Mr. G. A. Wakelam, Manager of the Cold Stores	From £160 to £175
Mr. W. Beeston, Librarian	From £175 to £190
Mr. J. Peers, Chief Inspector of Nuisances	From £250 to £275
Mr. W. Felstead, Superintendent of Parks	From £120 to £135
Mr. E. Hemmings, chief clerk, Tramways Department	From £125 to £135
Mr. F. Slater, Chief Assistant, Water Engineer's Department	From £145 to £156
Mr. G. F. Allwood, Chief Inspector of Weights and Measures	From £250 to £275

*To include work of checking gas lamps. †To include overtime. ‡Maximum.

That the salary of Mr. B. H. Preston, Secretary to the Education Committee, be varied; that he be paid the sum of £25 for the month of September, and thereafter at the rate of £275 per annum.

That the salary of Mr. J. Varley, Accountant Clerk to the Education Committee, be varied; that he be paid the sum of £29 3s. 4d. for the month of September, and thereafter at the rate of £325 per annum.

That the salary of Dr. Badger, Medical Officer of Health to the Education Committee, be varied; that he be paid the sum of £29 for the month of September, and thereafter at the rate of £325 per annum.

The Mayor thought all the proposed advances were well-deserved.

Councillor Sharrocks proposed that the matter be referred back. Whenever labourers in the employ of the Corporation were given an advance, he said, any privileges, advantages, or little perquisites they had were taken away. He had, he said, received a postcard from two men employed at the Barnhurst who, when they stayed away for two hours on Bank Holiday, the money for that time was stopped. He protested against such an action, hence his amendment.

There was no seconder, and the Mayor's resolution was carried, Councillor Sharrocks alone dissenting.

We do not so much object to the increases granted to these officials, many of whom have certainly proved their worth; indeed we consider that the salaries in question are not particularly out of the way, and are certainly a moderate aspiration for men in the public service. But we do say that if the Council can deal with the matter of these increases so expeditiously, they ought in common justice to have dealt with the wages of their men in a more business-like manner, instead of taking over twelve months in finding such an unsatisfactory solution as they have done on the minimum wage question.

MY HOPES.

My hopes are, that men who are toiling and grieving,
Will make this fair earth like the heaven they believe in.
My religion is love—'tis the noblest and purest;
And my temple the universe—widest and surest;
I worship my God through His works, which are fair,
And the joy of my thoughts is perpetual prayer.
Did God set his fountains of light in the skies
That man should look up with the tears in his eyes?
Did God make this earth so abundant and fair
That man should look down with a groan of despair?
Did God fill the world with harmonious life
That man should go forth with destruction and strife?
Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave
That man should exist as a tyrant and slave?
Away with so hopeless, so joyless a creed,
For the soul that believes it is darken'd indeed,
—CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

By Our TELEPHONE OPERATOR.

III.—HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR.

W.W.: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Are you there?
Mr. DICKINSON: Yes. Who is it?
W.W.: The Labour monthly.
Mr. D.: Oh, yes. What do you want?
W.W.: Just a word over the lightning Council meeting.
Mr. D.: Ha, ha, you are funny.
W.W.: Well, you know, it only lasted 19 minutes, and the Council voted £300 increase of salary to the officials, or at the rate of £16 a minute.
Mr. D.: Well, what about that? Aren't they worth it?
W.W.: No doubt. But I wish to refer to another item of increases—that of the Corporation employees' 24s. minimum.
Mr. D.: Yes.
W.W.: Well, do you know that it took 12 months' agitation to get the Council to deal with the matter, and then it was a Labour man that fought it through, and the Council passed it to date from June, this year, and the men have not received it yet. Might I ask if you will do the same trick with the salaries of the officials?
Mr. D. (indignantly): No, certainly not!
W.W.: May I ask if you will stop the perquisites attached to the different officials' salaries?
Mr. D.: No, of course we shan't.
W.W.: Well, I want to know why you stopped harvest money, potatoe money, haulage, straw, etc., from the men, who have too little already, and have not paid them the minimum wage, either.
Mr. D.: Really, sir, I can't say.
W.W.: What! Do you mean to say you, the chairman of the Corporation farm, and the Mayor, cannot answer that question?
Mr. D.: Well, er—er—
W.W.: Or is it that you won't?
Mr. D.: Sir!!
W.W.: Now, look here, Mr. Mayor, the farm made £4,000 profit last year by the energies of the workers, and you passed £50 to the new Farm Bailiff without any question, and it is surely bad grace not to pay the men who produce the profit a share of it.
Mr. D.: They can't have it; we can't afford it. Further, are they worth it?
W.W.: Nonsense, sir, there is a good margin of profit, and we have sufficient business ability to recognise that the men are not inefficient.
Mr. D.: Perhaps not, but they are old.
W.W.: Nonsense, sir, there are men who have given 20 years' service, and to deny them their rights is not fair dealing by them, and they give a good day's work now in return for the money they get, or else how could the farm be run at a profit?
Mr. D.: Oh, yes!
W.W.: Now, look here, Mr. Dickinson. We have heard that if the Corporation men receive the increased wage as passed by the Council other farmers whose land adjoins the Corporation farm would have to pay their men the same. Is that why they have not received it?
Mr. D.: Oh, really, I can't say!
W.W.: Well, Mr. Mayor, that is quite unfair. These men already do not receive sufficient to keep them decently, nor will the 24s. be enough, either, and we think they should be given what they are entitled to, and we demand it at once. Hello!
Mr. D.: Hello!
W.W.: And, further, we shall go so far as to call a town's meeting over the matter, possibly a strike, too, and secure justice for the men, and remember you, in your official capacity, are more responsible than any other member of the Council. Hello!
Mr. D. (faintly): Hello!
W.W.: Further, when the time to return you to the Council comes again, these things will be remembered and quoted. We intend to see that Labour is represented strongly on the Council, and that which is the workers' right shall be secured. Ring off, please. Ting-a-ling.

GASWORKERS' UNION.

Since the last meeting of the above union memorials have been sent to the organiser to lay before the master carters a demand for a minimum wage of 24s. for a 54-hour week for all carters in the district. A demand has also been sent forward on behalf of the brewery draymen of a graduated scale of wages, from 25s. to 30s. per week. That these demands are justified will be admitted when it is pointed out that at the present time some of these men are only receiving 18s. per week.

The agitation for the Corporation men still goes on. The minimum wage of 24s. has just been granted to five more of the street sweepers, and the two flag-men have been raised from 24s. to 27s. Other memorials have been put in which it is hoped will be satisfactorily attended to.

On September 7, the secretary and Messrs. H. Jackson, W. Wilkes, and E. Lawley, journeyed to Essington, where a fine organising meeting was held. The secretary in his communication waxes almost poetic in his nautical description of the ride out, but we will content ourselves with recording that at the close of a good meeting twelve new members were added to the roll.

The branch are proud of the fact that during the quarter ended September 6, 193 new members were made, which is believed to be a record for any branch of the society in the district.

THE EDITOR'S POST BAG

[We do not identify ourselves with opinions expressed in this column, which is open to our readers for the discussion of matters of interest. Correspondents are asked to be brief as the space at our disposal is limited. Name and address must be enclosed when correspondents use a *nom-de-plume*.—Ed.]

BRITONS WHO ARE SLAVES.

To the Editor, "Wolverhampton Worker."

Sir.—I should like to say a few words about the minimum wage question. I have been at work over twenty-three years, and I have been to the office about the 22s. for six days' work. We have been working seven days a week for the 22s. On a Sunday we clean the boilers and flues out. There were fourteen of us labourers who had to do this, all for 22s. a week, at a Bar and Sheet Ironworks. We have seen the masters and they told me to give my notice in as I was the oldest hand, and now they have paid me up and told me to get another job. This after serving them for nearly twenty-four years. They are masters and we are slaves.—Yours truly,
A BROKEN WORKER.

WHY NOT MUNICIPAL PLAYING FIELDS?

To the Editor, "Wolverhampton Worker."

Sir.—May I, through the columns of your valuable paper, make an appeal for the provision of a municipal playing ground in our town.

I do this in view of the fact that we have so many clubs playing football who have a difficulty in finding playing grounds, and many clubs have no ground at all to play on.

I have been in Nottingham and have seen the municipal playing ground on the "Forest," where there is room for half-a-dozen teams to play at one time and also a dressing-room, for which there is a small charge.

In the summer the "Forest" is converted to cricket and tennis, and I believe it would be of advantage to our town to provide one of our own grounds and satisfy the demand of both Thursday and Saturday clubs, as well as providing a further source of help in improving the public health and a profitable source of income to our town.—Yours, etc.,
THURSDAY FOOTBALLER.

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

To the Editor, "Wolverhampton Worker."

Sir.—An interesting incident has come to my notice which might contain a moral. Two small lads from the Stafford-street region had entered Lichfield-street with a peculiar intention. Both knew the spot at which they eventually tarried quite well. Many are the hours they have spent therein. Few people were passing at the time the boys sped into the "pleasure garden" at the side of the Municipal Art Gallery.

The fountain in the centre of the ground contained water, and they had put their heads together to indulge in a rarity—a wholesome dip into pure water. Their "rags" were deposited near at hand, and into the basin the couple waded.

Sad to relate, they had bargained without the guardian of the law. When a vigilant man-in-blue suddenly arrived on the scene the smaller of the twain dashed away to safer quarters without a stitch to cover his nudity! But the bigger boy remained to dress, while the policeman stood by. The officer, so I have heard, was so much amused that he allowed the lad to complete his "toilet," and then gather up his companion's "togs" and fly off scot free.

Now, supposing this interesting "breach" had found expression in the police court, what would the worthy "beaks" have said, I wonder? Would they have consigned the boys to a reformatory, or would they have thought in a higher groove? Would they have advised the Council to institute free access to the public baths for such hopeless unfortunates as these, or would they have strongly advocated the adoption of a bath for every house?

Cleanliness is next to godliness, we are told. Improve the housing accommodation in the respect mentioned, and more of the latter will consequently come out of it.—Yours, etc.,
T.Y.P.O.

THE REV. J. A. SHAW.

To the Editor, "Wolverhampton Worker."

Sir.—I should like to address a few candid but friendly words to your Labour readers and to the Trade Unionists of Wolverhampton.

Some things I may suggest will no doubt cause surprise, possibly annoyance, but if that is so, the fault is theirs, not mine. There is a time when straight speaking is absolutely necessary, and this is one; and without breaking any confidences I may say to all those who profess to respect the Rev. J. A. Shaw, and to admire his work, that if they wish to prove their sincerity, and to show in some way slight gratitude for the magnificent and self-sacrificing work he has done for them during seven hard and self-refusing years in Wolverhampton, now is the time!

For years he has been at your beck and call; nay, without being sought for he has eagerly come out time after time to help to fight your battles, you workers, refusing tempting offers and opportunities for his own gain and advancement, preferring rather to fight for the "bottom dogs."

He has incurred the open hatred and the secret enmity of the rich and the powerful—for you! He is fighting a hard, uphill fight at a cost you little dream of, and about which you seem to care little; and what are you doing for him?

It is true you often praise him; you cheer him at meetings and pay him the compliment of working him hard on every conceivable opportunity, but what real, solid, steady, practical support are you giving him in return for his service?

Do you know that no man can go on without support and help, continuous and thoughtful? Do you ever wonder what you would miss, what a friend you would lose if Mr. Shaw's services were withdrawn from Wolverhampton, and his voice no longer moved you to enthusiasm?

"Come, now, let us reason together." Do you value his work and appreciate his great worth and his love for humanity? Then, for your own sake, prove it now, quickly! Rally round him, and let him know that he has not lived in Wolverhampton, giving us the best of himself for seven or eight years, without waking a great and warm response in the hearts of the workers here, and inspiring a determination to give in return what measure of help each one can supply.

If you want his ability and his sincerity and the great influence these mean to you, you must PROVE IT NOW, AT ONCE, not merely by TALK, but by ACTIONS.

Now, you practical men and women, get to it!

A nod's as good as a wink, etc.—Yours, fraternally,

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

AN ENGRAVING SCANDAL.

Conditions in a Wolverhampton Firm Exposed.

A CASE FOR THE UNION.

We have received the following remarkable letter from one of our readers.

"There is a small, yet not unimportant, body of workers existing in this town employed as photo-engravers, etc., at a certain local process establishment. Just a few sidelights will reveal a shocking state of affairs even in this highly-skilled trade. The different departments are made up as follows:

	Journey-	Appren-
	men.	tices.
Colour Etching Department ...	3	3
Line Etching ..	1	1
Tone Etching ..	1	3
Artists' ..	2	3
Operating ..	2	1
Printing (on metal) ..	1	1
Proving ..	2	2
Mounting ..	1	1
Copperplate ..	1	0
Wood and Copper ..	0	2
Total—	14 men;	17 boys and actual apprentices.



—From the Labour Leader.

THE ATLAS OF INDUSTRY.

The Land Monopoly is not the only cause of poverty. The need to nationalise the mines is just as urgent. All industry depends upon the toil of the miner, and he should be guaranteed the best and safest conditions possible, but so long as the mines are left in the hands of the monopolists the profit of the coalowner will be considered before the life of the collier.

THE WORLD MAKER.

I am Discontent.
I am the Foe of Things as They Are.
The Fighter for Things as They Ought to be.
It was my unrest with Chaos that brought about the ordered Universe.

And my presence in the brain of the Anthropoid Ape was the beginning of Human Progress. Through the ages I have burned in the hearts of men, driving them ever forward to better things.

I have been the inspiration of poets, the Urge of warriors, the Impulse of Statesmen, and the Ardour of martyrs.

Greed and Tyranny and Sloth and Privileges have ever reviled me, for they held me in fear, knowing me for their inevitable doom.

Kingdoms and Empires have risen and fallen because of me, deserts have blossomed for me. Creeds and religions have come and gone for my sake.

I am the spirit of Invention, of Achievement, of Reform.

I am the lover of True Order, but the hater of Established Evil and Vested Injustice.

I am the flame in which the Dross of things is consumed, that the Pure Metal may remain. I make the Thinkers think and the Dreamers dream.

I am Doubt, I am Change, I am Progress.
I am Discontent.
—BRISBANE WORKER.

"As a rule the apprentices get from 8s. to 12s. during their indentured apprenticeship. When they leave that state and become reliable workmen they have flung at them the princely salary of 25s. to 30s. weekly for a 50-hours week! Of course, there are one or two workers receiving something approaching that which they earn, but the bulk of the employees are grossly underpaid. Surely it is nothing but pure deception to get boys to serve long apprenticeships and then at the expiration of this period to offer them a casual labourer's wage.

"This is a skilled trade, generally admitted to be at the top of the printing industry. Needless to say, these particular workers are absolutely unorganised.

"Where is the Amalgamated Society of Lithographic Artists, Designers, Engravers, and Process Workers? What are they going to do to help these skilled workers who are being exploited in this manner. Is it fair to the process trade generally that any firm should be permitted to engage so much youthful labour and so allow and give scope to undercut in the process industry?"

"ROWDY."

"'TIS BUT ANOTHER."

By AMY WILLIAMS.

Furtively they glance at each other, and frown at each other, the twenty people trying to possess their souls in patience in the waiting-room of the panel doctor.

There is no conversation amongst the crowd in this waiting-room. It is the end of the day, and perhaps they are too tired to talk, but a slight rustle breaks the stillness as a girl of about twenty years of age picks up a three-months' old paper from a small table in the corner of the room. She perceives the date of the paper with disappointment and wonders why the papers on the table are all so old. Has the doctor not received any papers for the last few months? Has he not finished reading them? Or, she flushes at the thought, perhaps he considers anything good enough for the "Insurance lot"! She offers a paper to her mother, but the mother's brain is occupied in trying to decide how she shall provide dinners for six on the morrow out of 4½d., and the girl puts down the paper, and begins wondering what sort of a mixture the doctor will prescribe for her cough, and whether he will consider it serious enough to warrant advice.

They settle down to another long silence, which is ultimately broken by the opening of the surgery door, and a man with a bandage over his eyes comes from the doctor's room into the waiting-room and gropes his way to the outside door. The one smartly-dressed woman in the room takes his place, and the surgery door is again closed, not, however, before the waiters have heard the doctor's greeting, "How do you do, Mrs. —?" You should have come to the front door, and not have waited with that Insurance crowd!"

The girl with the cough, as she heard the words, clenched her fist, but the older ones did not seem to notice; perhaps they have become inured to insult, and, of course—they want their medicine.

The door opens again. The smartly-dressed woman bids the doctor a smiling "Good-bye," and the girl with the cough is hurried in. As she holds the door open for her mother to enter, one notices a ring on the third finger of her left hand—one member of that family of six will, sooner or later, be striving to solve economic problems of her own in a little nook of her own. Well—it is her choice.

A very short examination.

"How long has she had the cough?"

"Two months," responds the mother, "and I thought you might prescribe a mixture for her." She makes the suggestion as falteringly as though she were asking a tremendous favour.

"The cough makes her feel very ill sometimes," she continues, feeling she has not made much impression upon the doctor, who is busily writing.

"Sanatorium case," he ejaculates, without looking up. "Apply to the Insurance Committee—might do some good—she is very thin—dangerous to delay."

"But—but—"

The mother's lips quiver as she tries to speak, and she points to the ring upon the girl's finger. The doctor looks in the direction in which she is pointing, and shakes his head as he grasps her meaning.

"Acute case," he mutters.

The girl, who has been listening to both with a growing horror in her eyes, makes a strong effort to collect herself and her lips move. The look in her eyes changes to one of despairing appeal, and she leans forward towards the doctor as the words come—"married—next month—"

With the tears now streaming down her face, the girl's mother rises and totters over to the girl, oblivious to the doctor's presence, remembering only that her daughter's heart was being wrung.

"Jenny—my Jenny!"

But there are others waiting outside. The doctor offers them a paper.

"A prescription to go on with, and, my good woman, your daughter should be thankful that she is insured, and will be eligible to receive sanatorium benefit."

He opens the door for them, more from habit than from any hidden feelings of pity. But the mother looks up at him gratefully through her tears, then takes her daughter's arm, and, supporting each other, they, too, like the man with the bandage over his eyes, grope their way to the door, and—

"Next, please!"

WORKERS! Buy Your Own Daily Paper:

½d. The Daily Citizen. ½d.

The Champion of Labour.

SEEN FROM A SINKSTONE.

By FRANCIS HAWKES.

It is my destiny to be engaged in domestic work, and I go about my lady's house preparing for her "at home" day.

The window of the housemaid's pantry commands a fine view of a dreary back yard, with a bird's-eye peep of the road beyond and the approach to the front door. I look up occasionally from my task of polishing the silver and washing the delicate egg-shell china. An errand boy arrives with a basket of cakes, fearfully and wonderfully made, and I leave off to unpack the confections whose cost is not covered by half-a-guinea. As I arrange them on the dainty cake stand Dawson, the gardener, goes to and fro carrying pots of gorgeous azaleas to brighten the dull corners of the drawing-room.

A shuffling step goes past the window, and a woman appears at the back door, a strange travesty of humanity, pock-marked and drink-sodden, a fringe of rags where the hem of her skirt should be; she is selling laces, and is furtively on the look-out for anything that can be transmuted into copper coin. A prompt word from Dawson sends her shuffling down the yard again, as he comes in to deposit a great handful of Nephites roses on the table, with some remark about them being enough to fill the silver vases, coupled with another utterance about "them there Suffragettes setting fire to another mansion."

A brief and good-humoured discussion follows, and a sudden keenness of vision flashes into his usually listless countenance, as he ends with a sudden outburst, "Well, this 'ere state of things has gone on long enough; there's summat wrong somewhere, that's certain. Men have made a sorry muddle of some things, and if women think they can better 'em by getting the vote, why let 'em go in and get it, and I'm with 'em! Eighteen shillings a week to keep a man and his wife and five children on is enough to make any feller think. . . ." Here his voice trailed off into silence as he went out to fetch another handful of roses.

As I deposit the last vase of blossoms in the dainty drawing-room the swish of trailing silken skirts is heard, and the wearer thereof comes to take a look round before visitors arrive. The humming of a motor is heard, and as the occupant steps out I get a glimpse of a radiant creature in chiffons, beplumed with many ostrich feathers, and carrying a silver-collared Blenheim Spaniel. Thus they arrive; and as the afternoon proceeds one catches stray scraps of conversation, re the outrageous doings of the Suffragettes—"mad creatures who ought all to be caught and hung" there was one in the drawing-room at that moment carrying in the cakes—how awful had they but have known it!—the defeat of one good lady's husband at a by-election, owing largely to the work of the abominable Labour Party. So the chink of silver and teacups goes on.

By-and-by, the visitors begin to depart, and my work takes me to the kitchen once more. The early summer evening is closing in with stormy rain, and driving clouds darken the sky. Shuffling footsteps come up the yard once more; this time it is an old man—perhaps 60 years of age—delivering parcels; he asks me if I can see some of the addresses—"his sight is failing a bit, and he must get them all taken out before dark." His coat is dripping wet, his boots with a gaping slit in each toe, and as I look at his bent old shoulders and trembling hands, I feel a sudden ache in my throat and a passionate uprising against the social order that has made such a condition of things even possible. There is a diamond bracelet on a dressing-table upstairs, the value of which would keep that old man in peace and comfort for a year or more, and for one brief, wild moment I comprehend fully the feeling that incites Suffragettes (and others) to determined deeds of lawlessness.

How long shall these things be? And who shall suggest a remedy? Yet not by violence should such conditions, mayhap, be altered; but by a finer and greater social consciousness, which recognises every man as a brother, and realises that the truest greatness is with him who serves most.

TAKE A NOTE OF OUR ADVERTISERS.

Mention "The Wolverhampton Worker."

TAKE A NOTE OF OUR ADVERTISERS.

BROTHERHOOD & SOCIALISM.

BY A DEMOCRAT.

In the Brotherhood column of The Daily Citizen a few weeks ago, attention was drawn to an "abusive attack on the Brotherhoods" by a Mr. Richard H. Glover, in which that gentleman charged the movement with being "strongly Socialistic," and its meetings as being devoted to exhibitions of political clowning by Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., and speeches by Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

The latter portion of the indictment is really not worth debating. We could do with a few more in the Brotherhood movement of the same stamp as these two popular M.P.'s, and, judging by the enthusiastic welcome accorded to them by members of P.S.A.'s and Brotherhoods throughout the country, Mr. Glover's criticism appears—to put it mildly—to be very wide of the mark. I would commend to all who share the opinion of this critic the noble words of Bishop Gore, from an outspoken speech delivered in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on February 1, 1912. He said:—

"Do you say Jesus was not a social reformer? What did He do? He founded the Church—the Brotherhood. If you say to me: "I don't want to go mixing up with your dirty politics; I want to follow pure religion," I say, "Go and do it; that is the most revolutionary thing you can do; that is what turned the world upside down." (The italics are mine).

Dr. Gore speaks strongly, yet, can anyone deny the truth of his words. I am with those entirely who declare that party politics should be kept out of the Brotherhood movement—but that is no reason why matters concerning the common welfare of the people should be ignored. The Brotherhood movement is world-wide, and much greater than any political party. It stands for the moral as well as for the material welfare of the people, and its ideal is, therefore, in advance of "bread-and-butter" Socialism. It realises that the Prophets and Christ came to establish "a kingdom of righteousness on earth"—not only the salvation of the individual, but the salvation of society also. I remember reading, some years ago, of a well-known minister, when preaching in one of the Anglican Churches of London, saying:—"Christianity has been tried for over nineteen centuries; perhaps it is about time to give the religion of Jesus a trial." By the religion of Jesus he meant all that He taught His disciples to do—not believe; and I suppose we shall all agree that if the Apostles and those around them did not know the meaning of Christ's teaching, then that meaning has been lost to the world for ever. We hear a great deal about "revivals" nowadays, but the revival needed, and the only revival that will save this or any other country is the revival of the communistic, collective spirit of the early church—the collective thought of the strong for the weak.

As Dr. Gore points out, that early church was a "Brotherhood." It was also a co-operative institution, bound together by love, and there was no private property. Therefore, I, for one, do not see what it is in Christianity that forbids the transfer of individual possessions into property of the community, the change of competition into co-operation, the substitution of the principle of love for that of selfishness. On the contrary, consistent evangelical principles lead inevitably to Socialism—or, if you prefer another definition—collective ownership. If the Apostles were wrong in all this, then I must confess that the teaching of Christ is a problem I cannot understand.

But they are right—and one need go no further than a perusal of the Lord's Prayer, which is recited with unflinching regularity in all our churches and chapels to-day—as evidence in support of these principles. For no one can say "Our Father who art in heaven" unless he has first said "Our brethren who are on the earth." Therefore, if the Brotherhoods are true to their Master how can they be anything else but "strongly socialistic"? If we, for a moment, try to apply the law of Brotherhood to our present conditions it is evident that they cannot stand the test. According to that law, all monopolies must go; all class distinctions must go; and war must be no more. We are to love our neighbour as ourselves; to work for his interests as our own; to educate his children as we would like our own to be educated, and to feel his wrongs as wrongs done to us. We are to do to him as we would have him do to us were our places changed; and this is the law and the prophets which tells us that if our brother is poor we are to labour for his release from the grinding, harassing toil that shuts out from him the higher opportunities of life.

If, then, it is just as imperative to love our neighbour as ourselves as to love God, surely what we have to show to our fellow-Christians is not that we want them to adopt some new strange form of Christianity; but that we want them to be faithful to the old; not to give up their faith—but to hold it in all its fulness; not to be unorthodox, but to be really orthodox—orthodox as well about this duty to their neighbour, which St. John (the most profoundly spiritual of all the Bible writers) declares to

come before the duty to God: because he says:—"For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" (1st Epistle of John, chap. iv., v. 20).

In the early history of the world, and in the most vigorous days of that race from whom we inherit our religion, the rulers looked direct to the divine power for the laws which regulated their economic system, and these were framed in that spirit of Brotherhood which is to-day called Socialism. The Old Testament teems with information in support of this statement; and there is also abundant evidence in the New Testament to convince every professing Christian that the teaching of Jesus and modern Socialistic ideas can be fully harmonised.

Where then, is the consistency of any Christian who, in face of the words:—"OUR Father," sneers at the efforts of the Socialists to establish the universal brotherhood of man? If Brotherhood be a mockery and Socialism an "empty dream," then it is about time that the Lord's Prayer was erased from the services of the Christian churches. The "Encyclopædia Britannica," which I suppose will be accepted as a competent authority, says:—"The ethics of Socialism are identical with the ethics of Christianity."

The question of Socialism has been the leading topic at Church Congresses and other religious conferences all over the country for many years past, and to forbid the exposition of this subject in the Brotherhood movement (as many suggest) does not strike one as being the right attitude to adopt by any earnest "seekers after truth."

If religion is the vitalising force I believe it to be—it is bound to play a great part in the industrial, social, and political life of the community in the future. A religion that does not enter into everything is not worth calling a religion, and the sooner it ceases to exist the better. The religion of the Master is one that will not only give its entire support to any proposed legislation (irrespective of party) for the benefit of the masses, but one that will, in season and out of season, urge upon our legislators the need of a juster social order. The question then, of social service, from the Christian Socialists' standpoint, should be emphasised from every Brotherhood platform. Good results only can come of such work.

Many centuries ago an itinerant Jewish preacher taught the people of a land called Syria that love was more powerful than anger; that moral worth was greater than material wealth; that humanity was more than nationality; that patriotism meant the "world for God." When His countrymen realised that the beautiful ideals of their new reformer were intended to be realities and not "dreams"—they crucified Him.

"Men counted Him a dreamer? Dreams Are but the light of clearer skies— Too dazzling for our naked eyes. And when we catch their flashing beams We turn aside and call them 'dreams.' Oh! trust me every thought that yet In greatness rose and sorrow set, That time to ripening glory nursed Was called an idle dream at first." —ERNEST JONES.

"HERALD" LEAGUE NOTES.

During the short time the Daily Herald League has been in existence in Wolverhampton it has made sufficient stir against the combination of "loranorder" to justify its existence. It is certain that something more than the ordinary, stereotyped methods of the average, orthodox party politician is needed to awaken the interest of the workers and to endeavour to get them in the fighting line against the privilege and snobbery of the parasites who prey upon them.

If the worker (either by hand or brain) only realised the power that lies in him he would snap the chains that bind him. Such occurrences as the murders by policemen in Dublin at the behest of the moneybags of that city would become impossible.

You workers must come along, organise, and think for yourselves. You can work out your own salvation just as soon as you want to. You hold the power to do it in your own hands. Remember that you have nothing to lose but your chains, and you have all the world to gain.

Are you satisfied to remain as you are? If not, come along and help in the fight against the present iniquitous and pernicious system. Help to found a system of society wherein you shall have the right to live and not the right to starve; wherein you shall have just as much as you need, and no one shall have more than they need; wherein your children shall have all that is best in life to enable them to become a credit to the nation with a full knowledge of their responsibilities as citizens.

We of the Herald League are out to foster that spirit of discontent which is already showing signs of coming to the forefront of current events. Come along and help us and help yourselves by so doing. Meetings every Sunday, Labour Assembly Rooms, at 11 a.m.

W.W.

POT SHOTS.

By "MARKSMAN."

Latest Rumours.

That the editor of THE WORKER has been offered a permanent job on a "Daily" with a large circulation.

The editor denies the soft impeachment, and begs to state that he would not leave THE WORKER on any consideration.

It is rumoured that the member for Wolverhampton West is presenting a reproduction of the painting recently presented to the House of Commons to every resident in Monmore Green. Denied officially.

We hear that several Councillors are annoyed at recent remarks in our journal.

We don't wish to offend any of them. We only give advice, and it is the truth that hurts.

That the Tories are moving their headquarters to Queen Square so as to outdo their rivals, the Labour Party, whose large rooms have attracted a great deal of attention.

The Liberal dovescotes are once more fluttering with excitement over the land tax.

No need. Nothing short of national ownership will satisfy us.

Local milkmen are disturbed over the prospects of a Municipal milk supply.

Well! They would have more security at any rate, and the public pure milk—and cheaper.

Facts.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." The Labour Party want a few in Wolverhampton.

"Three score years and ten is the allotted span of man's life."

What need for Old Age Pensions at seventy? Why not at sixty?

It costs 10s. per adult in Wolverhampton workhouse per week, and 5s. per child per week. Total for an average family of five persons, 35s.

Yet the average wage through the country is £1 per week.

Is it too much to ask for 35s. OUTSIDE instead of INSIDE, and so save the need for workhouses.

Workers, you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain.

Kindly remember that when you draw part of your earnings next Saturday.

Don't think you have received too much in wages weekly, when you leave the masters 10 per cent. and 20 per cent. in dividends.

Combination is the soul of business. When the worker recognises his own power he will send 500 Labour members to Parliament.

Workers, what do you get your living by? Labour, is it not?

What do you get paid for on Saturday? Labour, is it not?

Then why not vote Labour?

Everybody's doing it. What? Reading and digesting THE WOLVERHAMPTON WORKER.

A GREAT SOCIALIST.

THE LATE MR. HARRY QUELCH.

The Socialist movement in Great Britain has lost a strenuous fighter in Mr. Harry Quelch, who died on Wednesday, September 17. Mr. Quelch gave the best years of his life to Labour and Socialist agitation; writing, speaking, and organising. He was for many years editor of Justice and chairman of the London Trades Council. Born at Hungerford in 1858, he came to London when 14 years of age, and in the school of hard experience learnt the conditions of working-class life. During the Labour upheaval at the London Docks in 1889 he organised the South Side Labour Protection League, of which he was secretary for three years. A well-known figure in the international movement, he has been a delegate to every International Socialist Congress since 1889. During the Stuttgart Conference he referred to the The Hague Congress as "The Thieves' Supper," and was in consequence expelled from Germany by the Wurtemberg Government. He made various attempts to enter Parliament, standing as candidate at Reading, Dewsbury, Southampton, and Northampton, but was too much the Marxist and rigid doctrinaire to command wide support among British workmen. Mr. Quelch was a man of very real ability who held to his course with grim determination. He yielded no inch to the anarchism which showed itself among a section of his party. We are not at this moment concerned with his political methods and tactics, which in our opinion were frequently wrong. We only remember that he gave 30 years' unsparring service to the workers' cause, and died in harness, worn out before his time.—The Daily Citizen.

Mike (going down a ladder): "Hould on, Pat. Don't yez come on the ladder till O'im down. It's ould and cracked." Pat (getting on): "Arra, be aisy. It would sarve th' boss right to have to buy a new one."

"Bill: "I loves yer, Sal, an' I've just come to ask yer to fix up the wedding." Sal: "What! Have yer lost yer job?"

ROBBERS AND THIEVES.

THOSE TERRIBLE SOCIALISTS!—BUT THEY SCORE EVERY TIME.

DISTRIBUTING "THE WORKER."

(Enter Comrades Tom and Ben, whistling "England, Arise." Ella and Celia follow them, and all four carry bundles of WOLVERHAMPTON WORKERS.)

Celia: Wonder what sort of people live here? The houses look pretty tumble-down and dirty.

Tom: I've heard queer things about this quarter. We may have our hands full before we get through.

Celia: I've got mine full now. What I want is to empty them. Push a WORKER under that door. It will do 'em good.

(They steadily circulate WORKERS.)

Ella: I'm awfully thirsty. I'll knock at this door and ask for a glass of water. I can hand out a WORKER for thanks. (Her knock brings a care-worn woman.) May I ask you for a drink of water? I am very thirsty.

Mrs. Flynn: Sure. Won't you come in?

Ella: No, thank you; we're in a hurry. Won't you have a paper? (The woman hesitates.) Yes, have one. They are free. We are not selling them. We are Socialists.

Mrs. Flynn steps back as if afraid.

Ben: Don't be afraid. We're not dangerous. We have no knives nor tomahawks nor pistols.

Ella (with a smile disarming opposition): Do you own this house?

Mrs. Flynn: No, indeed, we rent it, and the rent is enough to kill us.

Ella: Your rent is high? And your landlord is good to you, easy with you when you are out of work?

Mrs. Flynn (eyes flashing): Easy with us, is it? Why, my son John's been on strike for two months, and we've been hardly able to keep alive. And what do you think? That hyena of a landlord he comes along, and he says, says he: "I shall have to raise your rent sixpence a week." My four children are starving, too. Two of 'em are in that factory, one ill and working half time, and the kiddie is selling papers and runnin' errands after school. And then he comes along and scrapes the margarine off our bread!

Ben: Don't blame him too much, mother. You are worse than we Socialists! It's not the man, you know; it's the system. He is in it like us all, and he has to keep kicking or get kicked.

Mrs. Flynn: Should he kick a weak widow and ailing, half-starved children, then?

Ben: They have to kick who they can, and he knows better than to kick a big bug, because they come back savage, you know. He has nothing against you or the children, but he has to scrape all the fat he can. Poor, lean families are the biggest fat yielders, because they never keep any for themselves. They are used to tipping all the lot up.

Ella: How do you like your kiddies to slave all their young lives away, while the children in the West End may all go to school until they are grown up, and always have an easy time?

Mrs. Flynn (fists clenched): My children is as good as them children is. It makes me so mad I could fight!

Ella: It is just such things as these that turn us all into Socialists. We hate such injustice and wrong, and that's why we go around distributing these papers, so that people may see how they are trodden on and plundered and wronged.

Mrs. Flynn: I was told to keep away from Socialists, and have nothing to do with such awful creatures. I was told they believed in takin' away the homes and property of innocent people. I was told they believed in dividin' up!

(A run-down man, coming along.)

Run-down Man: That's what they do. They believe in dividin' up. They're a lot of thieves and robbers, and they ought to be stood up against a wall and shot, the whole gang of them.

Tom: Dividing up? What have you got to divide up?

Run-down Man: Divide up? You impudent duffer, I'll divide up your head into forty-two pieces in about a minute.

Tom: Go slow, my good man, go slow. I don't want my head divided up. I need it to think with, if you don't. How much have you got in the bank?

Run-down Man: None of your blame business!

Tom: Sure it isn't. Your reply means that you have nothing. Do you own your own home?

Run-down Man: None of your damned business.

Tom: Your answer means that you don't own it. I'll bet a dollar you haven't got a home.

A Bystander: You're right there, pal. His name is Bill Wilson. He used to have a home, but he got out of work and lost it. He's boarding in that old slum over there.

Celia: Haven't you got a job, sir?

Run-down Man: No. I've tried to get one lots of times, but I'm out of work the most of the time, and I'm as poor as hell.

Ben: Well, then, my good fellow, if the Socialists should try to steal your property and divide it up, they wouldn't carry a lot away, would they?

(The crowd laughs.)

Run-down Man: You Socialists 'll never get it to divide up, I'll let you know. To hell with the Socialists!

Ben: To where with them?

Run-down Man: To hell with them, I say!

Celia: No, thank you; we haven't time to accept your invitation to go home with you. We're in a hurry. We must hand around all these papers.

(They hand around the papers to the crowd.)

A Bystander: Papers, Socialist papers? Curse them! They're trying to make us believe that there are classes in conflict.

Ella: There aren't any classes, you say?

Bystander: That's just what I said. Didn't you hear me? We all belong to the same class, and our interests are the same.

Ben: Say, old chap, what about that big house across there? Who dwells there?

Bystander: That's the owner of the works.

Ben: Is he a pal of yours?

(Crowd laughs.)

Ben (continues): When was the last time he invited you over to his house to dinner?

Bystander: Invited us to dinner? Why, he wouldn't as much as trouble himself to wipe his feet on us. And his folks were once as poor as a church mouse!

Ella: Oh, then, you don't belong to his class? He doesn't invite you over to his place, eh? Doesn't ask you to motor with him? Doesn't move in your kind of society? Doesn't feel as though he belonged to your set?

Bystander: I should say not! And yet, how did he get what he has? He stole it from us poor devils. He made his pile out of our hides, out of our sweat and blood. He's a thief, a robber, a plunderer, a tyrant! I'd like to crush the life out of him. (He illustrates the process with clenched fingers and teeth, and outstanding veins.)

Ella: Then, there are classes, after all? And you don't belong to his class? And he doesn't belong to yours? He's an employer, and you are only a labourer, eh? He's a master, while you are nothing but a slave? He's a wealthy snob, while you are only a poor, common devil.

Bystander: You call us slaves? That's just the right word.

Ben: Well, then, my dear fellow, if there are slaves, then there must, of course, be classes; so you have proved what you started out to disprove.

Tom: By the way, to what political party does that wealthy chap belong?

Bystander: He's a Liberal. He subscribes to temperance and keeps a wine cellar. He backs all the churches and chapels, but he don't go there on Sundays—motoring to golf courses is more in his line. He don't sit under no parson. Where he attends he is the boss. He opens their bazaars, heads subscription lists, and mighty glad they are to get him on the bills.

Ben: Are you a voter?

Bystander: You bet your life I am. Do you take me for a foreigner or a woman? Do I look particularly ignorant?

Ben: No, not especially.

Bystander: I've been a Liberal years and should like to see anybody try to turn me over. What are you all laughing at?

Ben: It's funny, that's all. What would you think of a slave who hated chains and spoke up for slavery? Who would like to be free and yet voted for the bosses always?

Bystander: That's rather rough, and I ought to land you one, but I won't. If you're right I have been rotten wrong all my life, but I guess I am too old to change over.

Tom: Say, comrades, here's a beggar coming along. He looks as if he'd never voted for himself. (Addressing him): Are you a voter, old chap?

Beggar: I was till I was knocked off the list.

Tom: Why were you taken off?

Beggar: 'Cause I could not pay the rate, of course.

Tom: Were you a Liberal?

Beggar: No blessed fear. I voted Tory. An' I never backed a loser in my life. In our ward we always snowed the Liberals under.

Tom: If you always backed a winner, where's your winnings?

Beggar: Why, I never paid a single sub. at the club, and at election time we had smokes and drinks galore and many a good feed. And a garden party for just turning up and cheering.

Celia: No wonder you are poor. It serves you right for voting for those who kick you. It wouldn't matter much about kicking you men who vote for 'em and ask for it, but they kick us women who can't vote, and the children who don't know how. You voted for Tariff Reform and more work, and you're begging. He voted for Free Trade and continued prosperity, and you've both drawn double blanks. Where the prosperity is in this Tory-Liberal street I can't see.

Mrs. Flynn: Divil a bit. There isn't one on this here street that has a speaking acquaintance with Prosperity. We're all rotten poor.

Tom: Are there any Socialists on this street?

Another Bystander: I should say not. We wouldn't disgrace ourselves. No Socialism for us! We're respectable, anyway. We are that!

Ben: Yes, indeed, this is a highly-respectable street—full of beautiful shanties. The dwellers on it will not be Socialists, but they will be beggars, and they vote every time for slums and sweatshops. You certainly are a choice lot of mugs.

Celia: Yes, the workers are blinder than bats. They don't know half as much as a jackass. They let the big robbers use them for mats, and they lick the very iron heels that are grinding them into the dust. But let us hurry on. We've got a lot more papers yet.

Mrs. Flynn: Say, leave some papers here every month, will you? I'm going to look into your papers. I kind o' like your talk. I believe you're right.

Ella: Good for you, Mrs. Flynn, good for you. We surely won't forget you, will we comrades? (Chorus—You bet we won't.)

Mrs. Flynn: Well, good-bye. Be sure to come again.

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WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

A Conference will be held in the Labour Assembly Rooms, Queen Square, on Saturday, September 27th, at 3-30 p.m. Subject: "The Medical Care of Children." Speaker: Dr. ETHEL BENTHAM.

All interested in Social Service are cordially invited to be present.

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