

tion, nor would any believer in the value of family prayers insist on having them as usual if the house were in flames.

Trade Unionism is a means to an end. It has been of immense benefit, but to make it an end in itself, to regard its machinery and regulations as if they were sacred, is to misapprehend and misuse it. I stress this because it is important that there should be understanding of the point and a lesson learned for the future.

When the strike began this morning all who saw the matter in its true perspective regarded themselves as being subject in all things to the orders of the General Council. I myself am ready to do anything which the General Council want done; to refrain from doing anything, no matter how good and useful it might seem to me, if they say it is to be left undone. There are many who do not share this view.

After long and, as it seemed to me, needless discussion, Mellor and I went back to our committee shortly before eleven to ask for a peremptory order from the General Council—in virtue of the complete powers given to it—that every one required for the production of the *British Worker* as an official strike news sheet should be authorised—if not instructed—to get to work.

Now at length we seem to have the way clear before us; I can go to bed with an easier mind than I had two hours ago.

SECOND DAY

May 5th.—The Cabinet newspaper is out. I heard that at five o'clock this morning. I was roused from sleep by a bell. I thought it was an alarm clock somewhere in the house. It sounded a second time, a third. Then a tap at my door.

“Some one wants to see you.”

The man from below had gone to the door.

I shrugged on a dressing-gown, shuffled sleepily into slippers. At the door was a fat young man. He held out to me a copy of the *British Gazette*, No. 1.