



Edited by Jim Larkin.

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TWOPENCE

THE MAN FROM THE WEST!

We have been sojourning in the Wild West—Sligo, to wit—for a few hours, invited to come through at the earnest invitation of Alderman John Lynch. We were intrigued somewhat as to the actual conditions prevailing in that city of unrest. Eleven years had passed since we last foregathered with the chiefs, who we organised in the year 1911. Those of our readers, who remember the stormy days of organisation, will recall the vivid incidents connected with the founding of the Sligo Branch of the Transport Union—the day when the cuckoos who now foul the nest of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union were unknown and unmasked. Foran had not learnt, in those early years, how to place £7,500 in a safe, nor had he learned how to explain the way to the satisfaction of a high-souled patriot and judge—how to dispose of £7,500. After some years training from the Spectacle O'Brien he has learnt, not only to explain how to dispose of £7,500, without paying the penalty, but they are so well trained in the Higher Finance they can escape stealing, on their own admission, £9,000. See what training and opportunity can do for an earnest student. Foran was not in the Senate then in 1911. He was playing that illegal game of House every night, and twice on Sundays. He was not backing winners or giving tips. He had not made the acquaintance then of his friend—Senator Parkinson.

In Sligo, in those days, there lived one, Garvey, a stevedore, in fact, "The Stevedore" who carried on a most successful business of exploitation. If you wanted a job on Sligo quays you had to be well in with Garvey, that is, you had to be in a continuous state of semi-drunkness. You had to patronise Garvey's shebeen; you had to owe Garvey money for drink before you got a job at ship or shed. When you did work a ship, Garvey received the money and paid you what he thought sufficient to keep you in a chronic state of hunger for food and in a semi-comatose condition from drink. We organised a Branch of the Union, and in less than a week Garvey was exposed and out of business. The workers on the quays of Sligo were given the opportunity to work for themselves—not getting work to pay drink bills. When a boat was discharged the full tonnage, as arranged to be paid for discharging or loading, was paid to the men without deduction. The first boat worked under this new plan of direct labour so surprised the men that they refused to take the money believing a mistake had been made. John Lynch was appointed by the men, and later

accepted by the employers, as unpaid Manager for the men. The years rolled on and Garvey, who had run away to America, returned, subdued and repentant. He begged the men he had exploited and robbed ruthlessly in the heyday of his power to assist him. Some of the men, including Ald. Lynch, got Garvey a job in the Corporation; later they got him a job on the Port Dredger. His sons were allowed to join the Union, but all the time the evil mind of this creature was working. He was helpless to do any man an injury of himself, but the selfish, soulless, ones always have others of their like willing to assist, and now the scab of 1911-'12-'13—Garvey—and his brood of scabs have the principal scab-herders and organisers working hand in hand.

The Transport Union officials and a lady attached to their intelligence department are combined with Garvey of Sligo to smash the men's solidarity; to destroy the system of direct labour on the quays of Sligo, and to bring back the system of private extortion and the Garvey system of debauchery and exploitation. The principal of the filibusters is our old friend, Shamus O'Brien, nee, James Fitzmaurice, sometime miner in Butte, Montana, U.S.A., and other points West. This Haro of the evil eye, the weak head and the unlimited appetite for whiskey is the Chief of Staff. Michael McCarthy, the greatest porter-shark that ever rubbed his waistcoat buttons against a bar, is Shamus' assistant, and another famous Rapparee, one, Maurice O'Regan, assisted by a Lady who talks esoteric philosophy between drinks and cigarette smoking. She has studied "The Veda," but that is another story.

We said in opening we went to Sligo—arrived at two o'clock—were notified to be ready to speak at meeting at 7.30—Town Hall. After a meal—made for rendezvous—few people outside Town Hall—fewer still going into the Bazaar, held by the "Sinn Féin Party." By 7.30 a large group had gathered—Alderman John Lynch opened the meeting, and after a few preliminary remarks, called on this imperturbable one to address the meeting. Some moments elapsed, then a voice like the Bull of Bashan roared out an obscene ejaculation and, lo and behold, Shamus O'Brien dashed into space; shouting and roaring behind him, shoving him into prominence, the Garvey clan, and behind the Garvey scabs a gentleman of mild manner and exterior—a Mr. Hunt, and a few respectable members of the Distributive Workers' Union, who lacked not the hate, to wound, but feared to strike. And what an exhibition we enjoyed, my comrades! We played the

old campaign stunt of inviting the superior intellect to the platform. He was as diffident as a new bridegroom—approaching his coming fate. Finally, with shouting and pushing; reminding one of the cattle drovers urging a recalcitrant beast into a pen, Shamus, the bould organiser at £6 per week and expenses, ascended the steps, vociferating words that nobody could understand.

We tried to calm him, suggesting he had something to say and he should take his time and say it. He explained he was a simple miner and could not dare to contend with this imperturbable one. We sympathised with him, and all the time he was surrounded by a group of Civic Guards who guarded him like their one ewe lamb. Finally, after a few moments and spurred on by a perfect lady who kept smoking cigarettes in the intervals of her vocal outpourings, he called on his half-drunken army of scabs, some ten in number, with the famous appeal that has made history—"Connachtinen, follow me, a Connachtman. Never mind listening to this stranger." And the Bould Shamus, supported on flanks and rear by Civic Guards and led by the Garvey clan of scabs, proceeded to the post office where he tried to deliver himself of a few gutter phrases. Some, who had heard Larkin was in the town, stood for a moment, and then left Shamus in the care of the scabs of 1911-'12 and '13 and joined the thousand who listened, with every courtesy, while we gave them a brief retrospect of the past years and outlined the purposes of the future.

At 10.30, after speaking for some two and a half hours, and challenging refutation and requesting anyone in the audience to submit any questions that might be pertinent to our purpose and remarks uttered, we were hospitably entertained by a most gracious and intelligent group of women and men in the Town Hall. We got tea, solid food and spiritual comfort, for I can assure my readers that the men and women who gave me greeting and who called themselves Republicans, were an inspiration.

Mentally alert, those who I spoke with at some length, like Professor Gaffney, Friend Carty, and Brown—the former Manager of the Sligo Gas Works, who was victimised for standing by the men on strike and, as usual, deserted by them—and the man, Dolan, and many others; but the best man among them all—she with the will to do, the irrepressible one—Miss Bohan, who does not jazz.

After the meeting and greeting, we decided to adjourn to our hotel, "The Harp and the Shamrock," and when we

(Continued on Column 2, Page 4)

THE "INDEPENDENT" SAYS IT.

This, from the "Irish Independent" of 3rd inst. —

"Purporting to reply to Sir John Irwin, the Government has issued a statement which seeks, by means that are not worthy or commendable, to confuse the issue. Taking the year 1919-20, it says the expenditure for the whole of Ireland was £29,221,000, or nearly twice Sir John Irwin's figure. If Sir John's figure of £15,500,000 referred to the expenditure for the entire country there might be some point in this observation. The statement points out that £8,240,925 of the estimated expenditure for the current year is non-recurrent, and that with its disappearance the Saorstát expenditure should present a very favourable appearance. Of the expenditure in 1919-20 no less than £9,000,000 was a temporary charge which has already disappeared.

Striking out the temporary charges in 1919-20, and the non-recurrent items in 1924-25, we find that the expenditure would stand thus: All Ireland, £20,157,000 in 1919-20; Free State, £28,605,348 in 1924-25. Seventy per cent. of the 1919-20 cost would give £14,110,000, so that current expenditure is more than double the figure for the year selected by the Government itself for the purpose of confuting the supposed errors of Sir John Irwin.

"Should the British scale of outlay be selected as a standard by the Irish Government? From every platform, Nationalist and Sinn Féin, we were reminded in pre-Treaty days that the cost of administration under the British regime was woefully extravagant, and that under an Irish Government it could and would be substantially reduced. The multitude of departments was a constant subject of sarcasm and obloquy. We were told that they could be co-ordinated and that the number could be diminished. Have any of these promises been fulfilled? To-day there are, in fact, more departments than ever before in the country. Some of them, wholly unnecessary, are maintained without any regard for the afflicted and harassed taxpayers. A revised scale of Civil Service salaries has been formulated. Yet the unnecessary departments remain untouched, while the salaries of the higher officials do not come within the terms of the revision. We should like to see a thorough overhauling of departments and a checkup upon the growth of bureaucracy. Why should the Government departments of the Free State require a staff of 22,269 when 25,192 officials sufficed for all Ireland?"

Fortunately it is not election week, or the electors might regard the "Independent" as being in opposition to the "will of the people," as understood in Merrion Street.

The "Independent" wants to have its cake and eat it. "Bureaucracy," as the paper calls it, is dear at any price, but at the cost at which it functions in the Free State it is prohibitive. The alternative to the present financial policy of the Government will mean almost a reversal of the terms signed in London in December, 1921, which gave Civil Servants, Judges, R.I.C. and others the option of retirement at unusually handsome pensions and pledged the "Nation" to commitments which have not yet been even touched.

In view of the underground activities, resulting in the acceptance of the Treaty and the promises held out to the followers of Collins and Griffith, it is difficult to see how, with their present hungry following, the Cosgrave Government will be able to improve the situation.

A break-down on the Boundary question will relieve the Government's anxiety for some time in the matter of "Ireland's share of (Britain's) National Debt," but the question of the adverse trade balance, in itself constitutes a problem that will strain Merrion Street. Politicians of the calibre of Cosgrave, O'Higgins and MacNeill and

McGilligan are obviously incapable of tackling a big problem in a masterly way. Even on points of constitutional procedure it is found necessary to send highly-paid officials to study at London headquarters.

Tinkering with such matters as egg-packing without taking steps to increase egg production is typical of Government policy. There is no attempt to get down to rock-bottom anywhere. To provide cheap labour to meet the demand of the grab-all is the keynote of Government activities. Road men, old age pensioners, school teachers, anyone possible of being fleeced suffer that officialdom may live in luxury, and the general interests of the people are being neglected.

The "Independent" may blow hot at election times and cold in the interim, but even at so much a line the leader writers in Carlisle Buildings have their work cut out for them to convince the public Cosgraveism is chaos.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground.
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Who was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed Who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch to Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave to the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiads?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song?
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also Prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you gave to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make bright the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?
EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE PRISONERS.

Since our last issue the Government has released a handful of political prisoners. At the present rate of discharge the next elections will be on before the prisons are cleared. If really won't do, Mr. O'H. After the heart-to-heart talk at the Cumann na nGaedheal Conference last week it should be borne in mind that it doesn't pay to run up against the majority of the electors, particularly when they are all out after the Parnell Square traitors. As we have said before "Ole Bill don't cut no ice," and the evil trinity are in consequence due for the bird.

The wage system succeeded serfdom and slavery, not as a victory won by the workers, but as a change made by the masters and because the wage system was found to be more profitable to the masters than either serfdom or slavery. (W. T. Mills.)

SIX UNIONMEN JAILED FOR PICKETING IN TRADE DISPUTE.

The pickets who were arrested last week by the D.M.P. outside the Carleton Cinema and the Queen's Theatre were sentenced last week. Although both actions were exactly similar in all essentials the sentences delivered were totally different, and for many reasons require examination.

Taking the case of the pickets who were arrested outside the Carleton Cinema first, we will point out some peculiarities of the case. This case first came up for trial two weeks ago, and adjourned until last week. At the primary hearing it was admitted by the Court that the dispute between the pickets and the management of the Carleton Cinema was a Trade Dispute, and that the only point to be decided was whether the picket had used intimidatory methods. But when the adjourned hearing took place the case had changed altogether, and the judge decided that there was no Trade Dispute—that intimidatory methods had been used, and he accordingly sentenced the pickets to Fourteen Days imprisonment despite the appeal of the defending counsel that the term might be made a month and a day, to allow an appeal to be entered.

The pickets arrested outside the Queen's Theatre were also found guilty of picketing premises where no trade dispute existed, but were only bound over for twelve months on their personal bail of £5.

In the case of the Queen's pickets, two separate trials were necessary, as the pickets had been arrested on three different nights, but two lots had been tried together. When the second trial came on the result was already decided by the result of the previous conviction, but the judge apparently considered that he should decide as to what sentence was suitable, and would have sent the pickets to prison had not the State solicitor intervened and said that he did not desire imprisonment and would be satisfied if the prisoners were bound over, and the judge took his advice.

The imprisonment of the six unionmen for picketing raises an issue which concerns every trades unionist in this country, and if no action is taken it will turn out to be the first step towards throttling the activities of the trades unions, when strikes and disputes arise. In both trials the judges showed their class bias, and the judge in the last case showed that he was more than willing to accommodate the Employers' Federation and the Transport Union. However, the question is not settled yet, and may be re-opened in the near future when a different result may eventuate.

CHALLENGE MATCH.

BENDIGO (Sel.) v. BROOKLYN (Sel.)
AT
RUTLAND AVENUE
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7th, at 1 p.m.

Bendigo Selection will be as follows:—
Goal—Robinson (Bendigo).
Backs—J. McLoughlin (St. Catherine's), Hall (Bendigo).
Halves—Connolly (Jacobs), H. Leddy (late Chesterfield Capt.), Bayne (Jacobs).
Forwards—Farrell (St. James's Gate), D. Delaney (Inchicore United), P. Duncan (St. James's Gate), J. Maslson (Bendigo), P. Smith (Jacobs).
Subs.—H. Whelan, J. Kelly, G. Giles.

THE FLIGHT OF O'HIGGINS.

The withdrawal of Cosgrave from active participation in public affairs, at the request of persons who shall be nameless, and the taking up of his duties by O'Higgins promises amusing developments before long. "Mr. Cosgrave's health does not permit him to carry on his shoulders the burden of office without a rest," says the press; but those in the know are a good deal wiser.

O'Higgins takes on the burden of extra office under inauspicious circumstances. Personally he is as popular with Cumann na nGaedheal as a bag of snakes, and for the reason that he is bound to offend that party because of his ultra-imperialistic views, which, at the moment are not regarded as "good election stuff," his leadership is likely to be unfruitful for that party.

A couple of weeks ago the Rathmines Cumann na nGaedheal passed a resolution denouncing the armistice celebrations in Dublin and declaring that the moment had arrived for a junction of forces between the "Irregular" Republicans and the "Constitutional" Republicans. On top of the secession of the McGrath group this resolution is symptomatic of a state of feeling, and when, in addition, we have references from friends of Mulcahy, T.D., to the need for a new party, it is clear that Free Stateism is in the melting pot.

O'Higgins, being Uncle Tim's nephew, has a constitutional regard for Red, White and Blue. The service of the O'Higgins family to the cause of "Civilization, Christianity and Small Nationalities" is chronic, and he is so well favoured in circles that draw their inspiration from that source that, sooner or later he is bound to follow in the footsteps of the gentleman whose deputy he is.

Free Stateism exists on the myth that destroyed Redmondism. The "no far distant date" gentlemen of our day are rallied to the standard of Cumann na nGaedheal.

THE NATIONAL JOB HUNT.

The County Convention of Cumann na nGaedheal, which was held last Sunday in Cavan, was an edifying sight and an inspiring example to would-be deliverers of their native land. The only unanimous complaint appeared to be a howl for jobs. The National Party, through their organ "The Nation," have revealed their grievance against the Government Party as being merely a question of jobs, and this, the latest convention, is a further revelation of the hunt going on, not only within the ranks of the Nationalist Party, but also within the ranks of the Government Party. These revelations are not exactly surprising.

We have said in previous issues that the famous "Mutiny" was also part of the general hunt for jobs, and as the agitation has seemingly failed in the Army, the "Mutineers" are giving their attention to the problem of disturbing the Government's position in the Cumann na nGaedheal ranks. The battle for jobs is on, and it must be a difficult problem for Cosgrave and his partners to keep the balance steady between the "Mutineers" and the protégés of Plunkett House. Perhaps such a battle is the explanation for his trip to France. Who knows?

PORK BUTCHERS' SECTION.

Proposed by J. Bradley, seconded by W. McDonnell:—

"That we, the members of the Pork Butchers' Section Committee, express our deepest sympathy with C. O'Doherty and family, in their sad bereavement, due to the death of his brother, and that this meeting adjourns as a mark of respect." Carried.

NEEDS MUST WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES.

About a week ago, when the case of the pickets was sub-judice, Unity Hall was raided by the forces placed at the disposal of Peeler Bill (alias "Ole Bill").

It will be fresh in our readers' minds that Senator Douglas assured the meeting of employers at the Shelbourne Hotel that the Government had promised the I.T. & G.W.U. all the police and military required to deal with the "menace of Larkinism." If our readers have recovered from the laughter caused by the "walk into my parlour" manoeuvre, by which the Masonic-Free-State-Parnell Square alliance exposed themselves, we would now inform them that their merriment has caused deep pain in Government circles.

The attentions of the C.I.D., acting on Government orders, are the surest evidence of the Government's apprehensions and of the stability of the Workers' Union of Ireland. It was not foreseen by the "if it cost as much more" Labour Party, nor by the Merrion Street incubus, that a Labour organisation, independent of control by Government and Masonry, would ever threaten the fabric of "our" jerry-built Government. The fait accompli is therefore staggering beyond words.

We cannot but be amused at the situation now developing in the country. On the one hand we have Mr. Tobin and the world's champion (soap) boxer, Mr. Milroy, predicting the downfall of the State because his friends are denied the sweets of office. On the other is the spectacle of Ascendancy, glutted with job loot, threatening "national" bankruptcy of their "god-given rights" are interfered with. Between the two "our" Executive Ministers are in a cleft stick and from all accounts, the splinters are making themselves felt.

How Mr. Blythe will raise another loan is his trouble. We are of opinion that the shortage of cash will render impossible, for some time to come, any rapprochement with the "National" Group, and therefore, the Free State Government will recede immeasurably in the estimation of the "New Patriotism." To raise the needed funds Mr. Blythe is, it is said, once again casting his eyes towards James's Gate and other strongholds of nationalism. We have been informed in the matter that there is little prospect of further investment of capital by the I.T. & G.W.U., owing to "financial stringency," and we are likewise advised that the I.N.T.O. are not favourably disposed this time, they being at variance with what is known as "the will of the people" as expressed in the historic "10 per cent. cut."

The extent to which Ascendancyism will support a new financial adventure will depend on the nature and extent of the security advanced.

A general "clean-up" of the purely British elements within the Government at the demand of the Milroy-Tobin group is not to be thought of in the circumstances, and it would now seem that there is no alternative to cutting the painter that still links, however imperceptibly, the "Mutineer" organisation and the Government. Of course, if all came to all, a coalition might eventuate capable of carrying on for a while longer; but the "mutineer" group are unlikely to overlook the fact that sooner or later they will have to fall back on the suffrages of the common people, who are not taking kindly to Government from Molesworth Street.

In politics it is rash to predict far ahead, as, frequently, factors change position without apparent regard to existing circumstances. Everything points, at the moment, to an accumulation of trouble for the Government, and the blind stamped to crush the W.U.I., engineered from Molesworth Street and Government Buildings, and aided and abetted

NOT A CABINET MINISTER.

Parliamentary Question of Alfred Byrne, T.D. for Tuesday, 2nd December, 1924.

To ask the Minister for Finance if he is aware that Mrs. Mary White, 5 room, B. Block, Benburb Street, Dublin, has been awarded the sum of fifty-five pounds for the loss of her eldest son, Patrick White, aged 19 years, who was shot dead in North King Street on June 29th, 1923, and ten pounds for injuries to her eldest daughter who was shot in the leg on June 28th, 1922; that her daughter was a teacher of Irish dancing and has been unable to follow that occupation consequently has been deprived of her means of living as a result of the injuries received, and if he will take steps to have the awards in these cases reconsidered.

Reply:

The application of Mrs. Mary White in respect of the death of her son was fully investigated by the Compensation (Personal Injuries) Committee who came to the conclusion that there was no dependency of the applicant upon the deceased. The amount awarded, Fifty-five Pounds, was sufficient to cover any out-of-pocket expenses incurred.

In regard to the application of Miss White, I have nothing to add to the reply given to the question asked by the Deputy on the 26th March inst. relative to the case.

3rd December, 1924.

The Editor,
"Irish Worker."

Dear Sir,

The above is a reply to a question in the Dail with reference to the case of my son who was shot dead during the hostilities of 1922/1923, and to the case of my daughter injured during the same time. My son, at the time of his death, was on a visit to Steeven's Hospital to see his sister, injured a few days previous. He regularly contributed to the support of his mother and his nine brothers and sisters, and the fact that I am only casually employed is proof of how necessary his wages were to the upkeep of the family. In spite of this, the Minister for Finance declares "that there was no dependency of the applicant upon the deceased," which is a gross mis-statement.

Out of the award of Sixty-Five Pounds I had to pay in legal expenses the sum of Fifteen Guineas, which left as compensation for the loss of my son and the injuries to my daughter—which have prevented her from carrying on her business since—the sum of Forty-nine Pounds, Five Shillings. At the present moment I am out of work, as I have been before, and your readers can see for themselves the difference it would mean to the family if my son were still living and able to work. I suppose, being an ordinary worker, I am not considered entitled to adequate compensation. If I were a Government Minister the case would have been different.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES WHITE.

by the Parnell Square Gang, is evidence of existing panic.

In the final accounting the electors will decide the issue. This is a fact which not even the pressure of Masonry, masquerading as the Employers' Federation, or otherwise, can make the pseudo-patriots of Cumann na nGaedheal forget. It is a delicate situation—and we are amused.

"An Injury to one is the concern of All."

IRISH WORKER

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PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

THE TRANSPORT UNION'S ORDERS

The Irish Transport and General Workers Union have issued orders to all their members working in the publichouses in Dublin or supplying goods to any publichouse to stay in and do their work, and to supply the publichouse, that is, all members supplying goods to publichouses are to deliver these goods regardless of the pickets. A special deputation attended at Messrs. Jacobs Biscuit Factory and told all members of the Transport Union that they were to deliver biscuits at any publichouse to which they might be sent, or to any place where a dispute may be in progress. The grocers' porters, who are members of the Transport Union, have been instructed by officials to obey all orders given by their employers. This order is given in conjunction with the Employers' Federation.

AND OUR ORDER.

All members of the Workers' Union are forbidden by the Executive Committee to deliver goods at any publichouse where a dispute is in progress. The orders of the pickets are to be carried out. No member of this Union is to enter any house which is being picketed. If any member wishes to obtain a drink, let him do so in a trade union house. Don't drink in scab houses.

All grocers porters, who are members of this Union, have been ordered to only perform their own work.

Any member found disobeying these orders will be instantly expelled from this Union.

The Workers' Union is heart and soul with the assistants in this fight. We are going to aid them in this struggle in every way possible. Remember—"Each for all, and all for each."

WATCH OUT.

In the case of the Queen's Theatre, Pearse Street, we are in negotiation with the owners. We are waiting developments.

Wait for instructions.

Watch the opening of the Tivoli Theatre.

This Union is in front, behind and on the flanks of our comrades, the Grocers' Assistants in their struggle.

Any member of this Union found patronising or assisting the gang of exploiters who masquerade under the name of the Licensed Grocers and Vintners Protection Association, of whom Mr. Martin Byrne is Secretary, a member of the Employers' Federation, will be dealt with.

"An injury to one is the concern of all."

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

(Continued from Column 3, Page 1)

entered into the diningroom, he and behold you, Shamus and his staff were sitting at the table, taking a little strengthening fluid and throwing junks of philosophy at each other. The cigarette lady was holding Shamus in thrall. It was weird. The perfect lady was quoting "The Veda," and Shamus was falling back on the spirits for support. We could not bear the strain, to see the bold Haro Shamus writing under the vampish influences of the lady, whose name may have been Louie Maurice, who slings a mean gun, O'Regan by name—who is second or third in command—sat speechless gazing with astonishment at the gramophone utterances of the siren. At 2 a.m. the lady was still emitting—noisy, if not intelligently—estoric and other philosophy for the mental development of Shamus. The lady said she received messages from the spirit, Shamus outbids for trumps. He admitted he was in daily communication with Mahomet. Such is the manner and such the type of creatures who spend the hard-earned money of the members of the Transport Union, as Shamus said after this meeting everybody will say: "I am in alliance with the government and employers." Well, Shamus, ask your master and paymaster—The Spectacle—ask Garvey, the scab of 1911-'12-'13 fame, ask the employers' Federation, ask the scabs who went into Inchicore Works to take the place of men on strike, ask the officials of the Irish Transport Union from Belfast to Cork, from Sligo to Dublin—who are in collusion with the Employers' Federation, Shipping Federation and the Garveys in each town and seaport. All these officials now, with no exception, are acting as strike-breakers and stool pigeons.

SOME RECORD!

May, 1924.—Gas Workers' strike. I.T. & G.W.U. Executive call out workers and then refuse them dispute pay.

June, 1924.—Marino strike. Captain Maek's scabs mobilised with free cards issued from Parnell Square to take the place of W. U. of I. members. O.B.U. starts its campaign of scabbery.

June, 1924. Raid by military and police and C.I.D. on Liberty Hall, two armoured cars in attendance, at the instigation of Wm. O'Brien. Charge against 45 members arrested is thrown out of Court, but men are sentenced to a month's imprisonment each.

August, 1924.—Municipal strike. I.T. and G.W.U. Executive declines to appear before City Commissioners to present case of I.T. and G.W.U. members, believing, on the say-so of Cosgrave, that the Government would break the strike, as in the case of the Gas strike, the I.T. and G.W.U. Executive run away.

September, 1924.—Fish Markets strike. Blacklegs (I.T. and G.W.U.) appear on scene, under police protection, but retire promptly.

November, 1924.—Cinema strikes. C.I.D., I.T. and G.W.U. scabs and police combine to bring the Cinema Workers to heel. O'Brien visits Dublin Castle to interview the police commissioner. Sequel: Pickets sent to jail.

November, 1924.—Dublin Docks dispute. Employers' Federation, Freemasons' Government, and I.T. and G.W.U. come out into the open. Senator Douglas lets the cat out of the bag, and states that Government forces will protect the forces of scabbery.

"AN OWER TRUE TALE."

The following letter was addressed to Mr. O'Toole, Secretary of the Railway Section of the I.T. & G.W.U. Owing to a mistake upon the part of the messenger we were enabled to get a copy of this letter.

The writer boasts of his having assisted the G.S.W.R. during the Inchicore strike, and now, when he is given the sack, he appeals to his friend Mr. O'Toole of the Transport Union for aid and reinstatement.

Mr. O'Toole,

I.T.G.W. Union,
28th Nov., 1924.

I went into Inchicore during the strike, there is a man lives next door to me who was sacked through me as I had to charged him with assault, he was bound over for 12 months, through being convicted, he was sacked, he now will have his laugh at me.

I am married with three children and I think it very bad after upholding the G.S.W.R. during the trouble.

P. WALSH,

48 Upr. Bridge St.,
Dublin.

JOE McGRATH OR THE COMMISSIONERS.

WHO TOLD THE TRUTH?

Joe McGrath, in the witness box this week, said that when he was manager of the Insurance Department of the I.T. and G.W.U. the accounts were in perfect order. But does Joe remember the escapade of Johnston and his outburst in the dock; and yet the funds were in order. Joe also said that he audited the Insurance accounts and presented a report. But the Commissioners of the National Insurance say that the accounts of the Insurance Department of the I.T. and G.W.U. have never been audited since the year 1918. Who is telling the truth—Joe McGrath or the Commissioners? We would have liked to have an opportunity of questioning Joe in the witness box, and we can assure him that our questions would not be so simplified and easy of reply as the ones put to him this week. We will refer to Joe again.

THE TONTINE SOCIETY.

In our advertising columns appears an announcement calling a meeting of Union members interested in a Tontine Society. As there has been many inquiries made lately about this question, the opportunity should be availed of to obtain details and full information of the proposed Society. There is little need to enlarge upon the benefits accruing to members from such a Society, those who have been members previously know its worth. A big attendance is expected on Sunday.

The Strike is on at the Cariton Cinema, O'Connell Street.

The Strike is on at the Corinthian Cinema, Eden Quay.

The Strike is on at the Tivoli Theatre, Burgh Quay.

The Tivoli Company is re-organised under a new name, the game being that the new company has no dispute with this Union. Wait and see.

UNIONMEN! NO SCAB BEER.

The Irish National Union of Grocers and Vintners Assistants have taken up the challenge of the publicans, who, in answer to the demands made upon them by their assistants, issued orders for a general lock-out. A general strike is now in progress in Dublin affecting all publichouses which have not acceded to the terms laid down by the assistants.

Various statements by the parties in dispute have appeared in the daily press dealing with this dispute. The employers have deliberately avoided the points at issue and tried to confuse the public by bringing in irrelevant matters.

Dealing with the strike the Assistants' Union say that the employers have misrepresented the demands of the employees. For some months now the publicans have been throwing the senior hand on the streets and filling their places with boys who are being-unnecessarily exploited and forced to work long hours for paltry wages. These boys live-in, and in the majority of houses are treated as pariahs; their food is of the poorest kind and it is often served to them as if they were beasts instead of human beings. One of the demands made upon the employers is that all apprentices must be members of the Assistants' Union, and the reason for this demand is that the employees believe that the Union is the proper body to regulate the supply and demand of labour in the trade, and through which men and boys should be employed. In answer to this the employers make a reply, characteristic of the trade which makes money out of the degradation of fellow human beings, stating that the Union only wants the apprentices employed through their servants in order to obtain the fee of £50 payable by each apprentice; a statement which hardly needs a denial and a transaction which that worthy body, the Publicans' Association, would never think of doing. And continuing their howl, the employers say that another reason they cannot allow the apprentices to join the Union is due to the fact that they (the publicans) have been entrusted with the moral welfare of these young lads and that they could not risk having their morals contaminated by allowing them to join the Union. This is a nice reply, a very nice reply. But since the strike commenced over 400 apprentices have been thrown out on the streets by these benevolent guardians, the publicans. Realising the plight that these boys and young men would be reduced to if forced to walk the streets for any length of time which they would be as the majority of them have no relatives in the city—the Union has made arrangements to furnish them with their travelling expenses to their homes, and this arrangement has already been availed of by many apprentices.

The publicans state that they declared a lock-out because the employees refused to keep the 1920 Agreement. The assistants admit that they have broken the 1920 Agreement, but they say that they are fully justified in doing so. The employees' wages are notoriously low, whilst the profit in the trade is higher than ever before and these two facts they say are their justification for refusal to abide by the agreement.

The facts of the strike are as follows, according to information supplied by the Grocers' Assistants' Union. In the city 490 houses are affected and 800 men are on strike. 200 houses have granted the demands and are accordingly carrying on as usual. Between 500 and 600 assistants are still working in trades union houses

throughout the city. 87 houses are not affected by the strike as they employ no assistants. The strikers say that they have fully considered their action and are determined to win out. They have resources which will enable them to carry on for some six months if necessary.

In this fight all trades unionists will feel sympathetic to the strikers. The latter request trades unionists to boycott all scab publichouses. Three points they wish emphasised:—(1) This is a fight to obtain a living wage. (2) The employers have stated that apprentices would have their morals contaminated by joining a trades union, thus slandering all trades unions and trades unionists, whilst (3) the employers have deliberately refused these same apprentices food and shelter and put them out on the street. And the order to all members of the Workers' Union is **No Scabbery**.

AUSTRALIAN SEAMEN WINNING OUT.

The Australian Shipping Strike is becoming a grave menace, according to the ship-owners. Fremantle, which is the first Australian port of call for British shipping, which unloads the mails there for overland transmission to different portions of the Commonwealth, is a stronghold for the strikers, who are attending very efficiently to any scabs who appear on the scene. Ships are neither allowed to dock or depart and the port is in a state of chaos. Cargo boats, liners and mail steamers are tied up tight and the Fremantle Harbour Trust has made public its inability to arrange for the pilotage or berthage of vessels.

The strike commenced on November 20th. The main issue is the question of overtime on ships, which the Seamen's Union is trying to abolish. The Union is also determined to stop the companies recruiting their seamen through a scab labour bureau which the ex-soldiers have set up, after the example of their partners in scabbery in Ireland—Captain Mack and his bould boys.

UNDER THE UNION JACK.

An English magistrate in India has decided that a white man is at full liberty to pull a native by his ears or kick him round the street. In fact he is of the opinion that such treatment is rather beneficial to the native and tends to make him more energetic and efficient.

In South Africa a white man was sentenced to three weeks imprisonment for whipping a little native boy to death.

In China the captain of a gun boat was praised for shooting down the leaders of a trades union in cold blood.

And all these happenings have taken place under the English flag.

In India the Viceroy has announced that all prisoners at present confined for participating in armed rebellion will be retained until the terrorists (as he terms them) surrender their weapons and cease activities. This policy is the same as that followed out in this country when hostages were taken out in all motor tenders. India is in a continual turmoil, and judging by the reports coming through uprisings are taking place, not only in India and Egypt, but in every part of the Empire where the native population has not been crushed out of existence. British Imperialism is being attacked on all sides, and perhaps in the near future it may receive a jolt which will seriously disturb its balance and even make it top-heavy. Who knows?

BRIGHT PARS.

Constable 1913 giving evidence re Queen's Theatre picketing:—“I arrested two placards,” who said the D.M.P. were not displaying their accustomed bravery.

Our old friend Cackle was up again, this time the Bill was for printing and the amount, £74, claimed by Roe Bros., Dundalk, has surely good reason to remember little Cackle; and there are quite a number of trades-people there who are anxious just to have one look at him.

Passes for the Corinthian Theatre were distributed amongst the employees in Messrs. Jacobs' Biscuit Factory—150 we are informed. What's the big idea. Are the Management of the Corinthian trying to kid the public into the belief that they are still doing good business in spite of the strike. In the words of the poet—“It can't be did.”

We had a visit from Mr. Midgley, the defeated candidate for Imperial Parliamentary honours in West Belfast, who delivered a lecture in the I.T. & G.W.U. Hall, 74 Thomas Street, on Sunday last. He was described in the “Lice of Labour” as the greatest exponent of Socialism in this country, and the same organ informs us that Father Lawrence, Church Street, will deliver a lecture in the same Hall on next Sunday.

Still at their old game—riding two horses.

We have just been told, but we can hardly believe, that in these days of staunch loyalty, that a member of the Irish (?) Transport and Government Workers' Union was observed entering a Black Pub in the vicinity of Mary Street for his usual drink of Old Man.

The picture showing in the Corinthian Theatre this week is appropriately named “You Are in Danger”; and in the Carlton last week “Lawful Larceny.” We suggest a good one for the ensuing week for both those houses—“The Kelly Gang.”

VOTE OF CONDOLENCE.

Crumlin Branch,
Spawell Cottages, Templeogue,
December 2nd, 1924.

The Editor,
“Irish Worker.”

Dear Comrade,

At the weekly Committee meeting of the above Branch a vote of condolence was passed to the relatives of the late Patrick Mooney, Crumlin Lodge, in their recent sad bereavement.

The meeting was adjourned as a mark of respect.

Fraternally yours,

H. McCARTHY, Sec.

Of course we try to believe that it is only the weak and the wasters who come to grief and are being killed off in favour of the sharks and wolves; but we soon find out that even that consolation is denied us. It is not only the weak and the wasters who are “unfit” and are therefore condemned to disappear. Our present industrial civilisation inevitable kills off the best as well as the worst. It murders the artists, the saints, the lovers of their kind still more implacably than the idle and improvident, the drunkard and the vicious. That's the truth—the awful truth. If you doubt it, ask yourself which the millionaire is inclined to help—the drunkard or the saint, the vicious dope-fiend or the man of genius who despises him and his golden calf? The rich man often helps the worthless with his gold, the genius never; that's the truth. The best and weakest are the unfit.—(FRANK HARRIS.)

WORKERS' SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

The Concert on Sunday night last was one of the best we have had so far, and, as on every other occasion since these concerts started, the Hall was packed to overflowing, which speaks well for the energy displayed by the Sports and Amusements Committee in obtaining talent, most of whom would prove an attraction in any theatre in Dublin. We desire to particularly mention the act of O'Hara and Little Mike which was positively the Star act of the evening. Little Mike is an artist of real merit and his dancing was worthy of the vociferous applause which he received. He was ably assisted by O'Hara, the combination making the best act we have seen in some considerable time. Another item which is worthy of mention was the act of Little Miss Sims, a child of tender years the possessor of a remarkably sweet voice, who rendered, in a masterly manner for a child, "The Lisp of a Baby's Prayer." W. Lawlor also contributed a pleasing item, his step-dancing evoking well-merited applause. Mr. Presley sang a couple of numbers in a well-modulated baritone voice which was also well received. Those old-time favourites, Michael and Chris, who have only to be heard to be appreciated, kept the audience amused by their singing and acting. The other items on the programme were:—Selection of Irish Airs by the Band, the Sims Trio of Dancers, the Misses Kelly and Boland Duet, Mr. Farrell, Piccolo Solo; Miss Heron, Horn-pipe; Misses Lynch and Sheppard, Song and Dance; the Shamrock Troupe of Dancers; Miss Rochford, Song.

The arrangements were in the very capable hands of Mr. Rodney Walsh. A particularly attractive programme has been arranged for next Sunday, including such well-known artistes as the Murtagh Trio of Dancers; Miss Toner, Pianist; Miss Sheppard and Partner, Songs and Dances; and Miss Brennan and her troupe of Dancers, and others. Miss Brennan though only 13 years old, is the holder of no less than 72 medals for Dancing, so our readers would be well advised to make sure of obtaining a good seat.

STILL RISING.

Reductions in wages are usually asked for on the grounds that if wages are reduced prices will automatically be lowered. Since the peak year of 1920 wages have been lowered time after time. Practically every decrease demanded by the employing class has been enforced, and even this year several decreases were obtained by the employers, and yet the cost of living is going higher and higher.

During the period from April to October, 1924 there was an increase of 8.2 per cent. in the retail price of food, 2.0 per cent. in clothing, 1.1 per cent. in fuel and light, and 4.1 per cent. in "sundries," and these separate increases result in a total increase in the cost of living figure at 5½ per cent. And that is the reason why there should be no more "cuts," but rather an effort should be made to obtain some "rises."

The real religion of the best among us is made of two parts; the first is our duty to ourselves and is summed up in complete self-development; the second is all in the duty we owe to others, to help everyone born and especially the best to the utmost of our ability.—(FRANK HARRIS).

In Memoriam

Liam Mellows. Rory O'Connor.
Dick Barrett. Joe McKeivey.

Executed December 8th, 1922.

So sad a tale is yours, our martyred four,
That we would fain forget such things
could be,
And hide the page that tells for evermore
The shameful crime—and its futility.

Many a moon has risen, waned and died
Above that land, beloved of your souls,
Since death for you flung prison portals wide
And on your brows act radiant aureoles.

Young, warm with life, with faith and courage
rare,
From earth's worn paths you marched into
the night,
Left Her a gallant memory and a prayer,
And on Her path of woe a trail of light.

Far now from hate and feud serene you dwell,
Yet not remote from Ireland's love and
ruth;
Sacred and marked She'll hold the day you
fell
For Her dear honour and God's changeless
Truth.

MAEVE CAVANAGH MACDOWELL.

"I WOULD BUILD A CITY."

By FRANK HARRIS.

IF I were the master of London or Paris or New York I would build a city to delight the soul; beautiful houses all different and all healthy. Why, I'd have a children's park that would be a paradise for the evening, where payingstones should gather themselves into big rockeries to mirage mountains for the tots, and there should be sandy beaches and lakelets for the girl children to play by.

I would have a comic street too that would be a delight to all of us—a really comic street where the chimneys would lean over the caves and listen to what went on below; where lamp posts, instead of being ranged stupidly at equal distances (they measure them to be exact) should be distributed about like lilies pensively reflecting on the light they shed in dark places; here one should stand in the middle of the street with head bent over as if the neck were too weak to bear the weight of life, and there one should lean against the wall weak-kneed as if drunk, with a flickering gleam to mimic the intelligence floating in a drunkard's eyes.

And the sidewalk. It should surely wander into the road at places and return when you least expected it; and the houses should all have character; here a marble house should lean against a frame shack as if for support as in real life. Oh, oh! I should build a city of wonders.

HEARD IN THE COURTS.

During the hearing of the case of the pickets arrested in the Dublin Cinema strike, the following was heard in the Police Court:—

Policeman (answering telephone)—
"Hello! What do you want?"

Answer—(Not overheard).

Policeman—"Who? Foran? Who is Foran?"

Answer—(Not overheard).

Policeman—"Senator Foran. Yes, sir. Well, they haven't been sentenced yet. If you ring up in half an hour so, I'll let you know."

We don't mind adding that the betting was ten to one on the Government favourite—"Conviction."

ONCE AGAIN JOHNSON, T.D., RESCUES MCGILLIGAN.

What is McGilligan paid for doing? The Department of which he is chief is one of the over-stuffed ones of which the "Irish Independent" complains. Yet the Minister comes forward with the plea that he has not a sufficient number of clerks to compile statistics.

McGilligan is not quick enough. Last week, in reply to a query in the Dail, he stated the reason unemployment statistics were not published was that they were being misconstrued. A different excuse every time. McGilligan's Department, according to the "Irish Independent," has plenty of time and staff to publish false statistics. We refer our readers to an extract from that paper in another column, with reference to the economic position in the Free State.

The occasion that prompted McGilligan's latest evasion was a request for "a return of the number of employees and their wages in the six protected industries." Mr. McG. regretted he could not give the figures "without additional staff." Yet he was able to state that "forestalling on the eve of the operation of the new duties caused an absolute loss to soap and candle manufacturers." Without any statistics from Mr. Gilligan's Department let us add to the list of articles "forestalled" that of boots.

As we have mentioned before, McGilligan is fearful that his statistics may be misconstrued. His department, in the opinion of the Murphy organ, is not overburdened with a like scruple. They do something in that line on their own. The fear of being misconstrued is epidemic in the Dail just now, and Johnson, T.D., is tortured in his soul. Felix J. "said he would prefer to see the request postponed for three months. He took it the object of the motion was to prove tariffs had been useless"—(vide "Independent").

How the playboys of Merrion Street give the game away on themselves. Let us suppose the result of the motion went to prove that tariffs were useless at present. What should follow? Scrap the present tariff policy, of course. But Johnson—patriot—apparently wants tariffs at any price, or, as he himself would say, "even if it cost as much more."

If the playactor of Abbey Street was out for facts he would have made a motion in the Dail "that the Minister for Industry and Commerce be empowered to compile statistics relating to all industries affected by the recent Tariff Act, from the date of passing thereof to 31st December, 1924." There should be no difficulty in increasing McGilligan's staff, if necessary, from the 2,000 additional recruits to the Civil Service drafted in since our country was reduced from 32 counties to 26.

CROCODILE SYMPATHY.

A problem that may possibly arise for the Free State Government before many weeks have passed is the refusal of reservists (Irishmen) in the British Army resident in the Free State, to obey mobilisation orders for Egypt.

In view of the statement in the Dail that the Free State Government cannot accept responsibility for the war on Egypt it will be interesting to see their attitude in the morning said reservists when

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent.)

New York, Nov. 14th

Armistice Day again showed that the multitude will not eternally respond to the promptings of the war makers. Reason is again enthroned and all the art of "patriotic" organisations, publicity experts and the newspapers could not enthuse the hundred odd millions into meditating on the Third Crusade to save the holy places, or to weep for the heroic crusaders now pushing up the daisies—or is it the poppies?

The Cosgrave efforts to give Ireland its first Armistice Day was featured by the capitalist papers with great glee and some of the editorial writers will soon move Bill into the first rank, Statesman class, close up to Mons. Thiers and Bismarck.

Can there be, at this day, a single ex-service man in Ireland who does not realise that he was merely used by the capitalists of Britain in a long planned struggle to break up a rival capitalist Empire that had captured most of the British trade markets?

The success of the Russian Revolution was due to the soldiers who realised the Czar's Government was merely sending them to their death for no particular reason. They simply decided to shoot their officers, returned home, and later assisted in establishing the Workers' Government, which divided up the Russian land, giving farms to every ex-soldier who wanted land.

Irish ex-service men could serve their interests best by resolving to do all possible to establish a Workers' Republic in Ireland.

Judge Goff.

The death of the Hon. Justice Goff removes a man, one of the few, who did not allow success in life to blind him to the fact that he sprang from the Irish working class and that he owed much to this class. The son of starving Connacht peasants, he landed in New York half a century ago, seeking the usual jobs open to unskilled labourers. Later in life he studied law after his day's labour, passed the bar examinations and developed into one of the most brilliant lawyers in America. He assisted on this side the agrarian struggle in Ireland and was an active member of the Clan-na-Gael. In those days it was a revolutionary organisation and had not become a breeding place or incubator for ambitious American politicians. It was a working-class organisation—consequently a power. Urged chiefly by Goff, these labourers and workers decided to outfit a ship and rescue Boyle O'Reilly and other Fenians from the Australian penal settlement. The "Catalpa," a schooner, was purchased at Frisco, and Captain Anthony, an old American fisherman, was put in sole charge. He shipped a crew of Phillipino natives and took on supplies for a long whaling expedition in the Pacific. Wise in his generation, and probably knowing the weaknesses of the bourgeoisie type, this Yankee skipper was obdurate and refused to allow the scribblers of the Darral type to go with him. In fact he didn't have a single Irishman on his articles. To make a long story short, he bravely sailed up New York harbour a few months later with a full cargo of Fenian prisoners, while the British Fleet was churning up two oceans looking for him. Then he went back to his fishing off the Newfoundland banks.

In those days the common workers controlled the Irish movement and did practical work, such as financing the ex-National Teacher Joseph P. Holland, to build the first submarine. Later development of Holland's undersea craft, used for the purpose its working-class backers intended, has crippled the old Empire for all time, also given a new carpet to the English Channel.

Evolution has been at work and out of the Clan was later born the Irish leaders

of the saloon-keeper alderman type, who created Tammany. Then the O'Higgins or cheap lawyer era began and the Cohalans had their day, delivering the Irish vote to the highest bidder. And in very recent days this type, while the boys were out on the hillsides in Ireland, started the conversations with Lloyd George, later advising acceptance of the "Treaty" which resulted from their misguided interference.

Goff kept his hands clean. He bore no responsibility for the Irish blood that has been shed as a result of the "Treaty."

Years ago he fought the corrupt police Czars of New York and jailed many of them. He broke the power of Tammany in its early days and made an outcast of Boss Croker; in fact he was the only man who humbled the great Tammany Chief who now sleeps in Glasnevin, near that other peerless leader—our own Dan—who received nothing less than a Round Tower for a tomb, the cost borne, of course, by the unthinking herd—the priests and people of Ireland," as his biographers have it.

Another Judge.

Justice Ford, a colleague of the late Judge Goff, and also Irish born, is adjudicating in the disposition of the Russian cathedral and other valuable ecclesiastical property in this city. Of course those awful Bolschies claim it. The patriarchs and archbishops appointed by the unspokeable Rasputin and his affinity, the lately deceased and much lamented Czarina, are in possession, and their lawyers are playing up to American prejudices in a regular Tim Healy manner.

Justice Ford took offence at this sort of pleading and stated emphatically from the bench:—

"My hat does not blow off whenever the word Soviet is used. The present Government of Russia is one of the most interesting experiments ever attempted and instead of this senseless abuse by wholesale, we ought to study it carefully and scientifically and see whether there are not some lessons in it for us."

The case has not been decided, but we fear the Bolshevists will get this last American stronghold of Czarist Russia. Let us hope they turn it into a soup kitchen, a hospice for portion of the six million starving and unemployed American workers that the rule of Wall Street has created, as if to be one of the first signs of winter.

Whatleyism.

The coming week is being set aside for "Education Week," and all the school-children, particularly those of foreign birth or parentage, will be led out to salute Wall Street's "Star Spangled Banana"—as the kids call it—and to sing the patriotic airs that are instilled early so as to displace reason when capitalism decrees another war, and decides to hurl millions of working men against each other, after first supplying rifles and bayonets to plunge into the other's heart or warm stomach. National Anthems are essential as supplying the proper frame of mind in which a worker can deliberately murder a fellow worker. Uniforms and flags are also necessary, not forgetting the brass bands. All sets of combatants in the world war were sent sheep-like into the trenches by these agencies.

Our masters know our psychology well, and for centuries have supplied the flags, uniforms and anthems that supplied a cause or reason for we—the workers of the world—murdering each other so that our respective masters or rulers or kings might grow richer and fatter and be more secure.

Every child in American schools will next week commit to memory, write dozens of times on their exercise books, and take home on nicely coloured cards to stick up on the wall, these homely truths that Wall Street desires instilled into the growing mind—"The Red Flag means death, destruction, poverty, starvation, disease, and a sad

dictatorship." Another slogan is "Stand out revolutionary radicalism."

Isn't it time the Minister for Education, Eoin MacNeill, the erstwhile r-r-revolutionist, conferred with Cosgrave and Craig regarding the necessity of such slogans being put in the Free State and the other Free State's copybooks, so that the growing children of Ireland won't have any illusions about that terrible red flag which seems like enveloping the whole world in our own generation. MacNeill's predecessor, Archbishop Whately, had all the Irish children memorize "How glad I am to be a happy English child."

As a suggestion for the Minister of Education we offer—"I am a little citizen of the Saorstát, which is a Free Republic, and I won't join Jim Larkin's Union, or sing the 'Red Flag,' because it is a mortal sin." If every child in Ireland could be "doped" in this way, what a great nation we would have in twenty years time! Our own factories and trusts, a big merchant marine, a navy, army and air fleet, two hundred more banks, a crop of millionaires and all those other essentials that a capitalist State requires in the twentieth century of the Christian era, or the third year of the Saorstát, or the seventh year of the Russian Workers' Republic, according to your particular revision of the Calendar.

Another Unknown Soldier.

Japan has fallen into line, and while the black-shirted Britishers were trooping into Westminster Abbey last week to honour the Unknown Grave, and the French, Americans and Italians were doing a similar thing, the Japanese honoured their unknown who committed "hari-kari" on the steps of the American Consulate in Tokio, when America flung defiance at the yellow imperialists, by excluding Japanese immigration.

In Gaelic Ireland the injured could inflict a terrible punishment on his aggressor, by fasting to death at the entrance to his dun. In Japan national or racial dignity calls for "hari-kari," the name of this particular type of self-killing—by slashing the stomach open on the doorstep. This case three months ago stirred all Japan. It affected the American Ambassador, Woods, so much that he resigned and came home. The Japanese Dail immediately voted more warships, airplanes and submarines, and every non-com. put a marshal's baton in his knapsack, or as the pre-putteytes said—"tightened up the last gaiter-batton."

And to make more inevitable the coming clash between American and Japanese capitalism for domination of the Pacific, an elaborate shrine, costing millions of yen, is being erected over the grave of the unknown hari-karaite, to which Japan each year will journey with lowered colours and muffled drums.

The holocaust started by a shot of the Serbian student in 1914, will be equalled by the projected clash between the yellow and white races, brought so much nearer by this suicide, unless the workers of the world shake off their chains in the meantime.

Mexico.

Cables from Mexico City have not given the inside details of the shooting in the Mexican Chamber yesterday of two of the leaders sent up by the working-class. Deputy Luis Morones, who will recover, is the Jim Larkin of Mexico and has devoted his life to the uplifting of his class. Two weeks ago he organised the huge demonstration of workers that paraded to the new Russian Consulate to witness the raising of the Red Flag, and to give a proper salute to the ambassador from the Workers' Republic. The assembled thousands sang the "Red Flag" in Mexican, which anthem of the world, by the way, was

written by an Irish worker, J. Connell, who is now in London. Morones typifies the seizures of land and their loss of power to the dispossessed class, and this cowardly shot was their only method of protest. Despite their guns and their assassinations nothing now can stop the onward surge of the working class of the world.

The Soldiers' Song.

New York's papers have featured column cables regarding the recent competition in the Dublin for a new national anthem, and also the wise words of the Pensioner and his side-kick, Lennox Robinson, who acted as the judges.

The millions of Irish here and in Australia and the Argentine have taken Peadar Kearney's rousing song and made it their anthem. New Zealand and Australia jailed Irish during the war period for singing this anthem!

Peadar is merely a Dublin worker, a carpenter, consequently "intellectuals" of the Pensioner's school could hardly endorse it. Doubtless it is lacking in "art" or maybe it is the grammar? The Pensioner might elucidate its flaws for the information of the benighted working class. We are all willing to learn this higher "art."

An attempt was made here a year ago to popularize Madame's funeral dirge, but the "Soldier's Song" is still the favourite finale at Republican gatherings. And why should it not remain till we all know the significance of the "Internationale" or Jim Connell's "Red Flag"?

THE BOUNDARY GAME.

A few weeks ago we advised our readers to keep their eyes on "General" John McNeill and his activities in the Boundary matter. The daily press are concealing the facts, even as they avoid all references to the damaging admissions in Macready's book as to the mutual arrangements to shell the Four Courts.

It used to be a grievance of the late Arthur Griffith that Ireland was closed from the world by a paper wall. Since that, the fortifications of reaction have been so strengthened inside the country as to effectively prevent the Irish people from coming into contact with the facts of their own national life, and the bought "Freeman" and the Murphy organ are the chief architects.

Anyone acquainted with the personnel of the Free State Government will be aware that, whoever else they may be prepared to fight, it certainly will not be the British Government.

If, therefore, it comes to a "show down," the Cosgrave Government will vacate the position and leave it to the electors to shoulder the burden. The "Daily Mail," supporter of the Free State Government as long as there remained a prospect of smashing the Republican idea, has lost a lot of the enthusiasm heretofore forthcoming, and, in a recent issue forecasts a development that is bound, sooner or later, to make the chief plank in the Cumann na nGaedheal election platform.

It cannot be made clearer than it is at present that the Boundary issue complicates the situation arising out of the present administrative difficulties before the Government. Briefly, the problem is to get rid of the "Mutineer" menace which threatens the economic stability of the "State" to the extent that it antagonises the promoters of large financial schemes in which the Government is interested. How to dispose of the Milroy group without drawing off that portion of the electorate that place

their faith in him and his associates is a matter awaiting a solution.

The result of present developments may be that the Government will, on the pretext of the Boundary issue, precipitate a General Election. It has looked for a long time past as if this would be the natural ending, and despite the denials of McNeill as to the intentions alleged by the "Daily Mail," it may be so. It is unfortunate for the Government that they are not furnished with a document on the lines of the Zinovieff forgery, which would ease the difficulties of an appeal to the people, but with a Publicity Department such as "ours" we cannot contemplate defeat.

When Eoin McNeill has written finis to his activities there will be a considerable accumulation of problems for his successors to clear off. Perhaps he is doing his best under the influences of a training in which fact and fiction are problematic quantities.

**Bailiú-Cumann
Céinníoc um Arianar**

Progressive Assurance Collecting Society.

Why not do our own Insurance?
There is still much Insurance
money going to England; why not

STOP THE LEAK
and insure with us.

HEAD OFFICE—3 Westmoreland St.
Chairman—Cú Uladh.

**WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.
COAL SECTION.**

At the weekly meeting of the Committee of the above Section on 27th November, the following resolution was passed:—

"That this Committee tenders its deepest sympathy to Comrade Joseph Dunne in the sad bereavement of his wife, and also to Comrades Kearns in the sad bereavement of their brother."

**WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND
NOTICE**

The usual monthly meeting of the North County Dublin District Committee of the above Union will be held in Unity Hall, on 7th December at 3 p.m. sharp.

By Order,
M. NOLAN, Sec.

**WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.
Head Office: Unity Hall, Dublin.
TO ALL DUBLIN BRANCH
SECRETARIES.**

The levy of sixpence per member, unanimously agreed to at the Mass Meeting of Dublin Branch members, held in the Mansion House on Sunday 23rd November, was considered by the Executive Committee on Monday night. The Committee decided that this levy should be a voluntary one and that members be notified accordingly. The levy expires on the 21st December. The proceeds of this levy must be kept in a separate account.

By Order,
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Pro. Tem.

**WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND
Unity Hall, Dublin.**

BUY A BOND

in the
"FREEDOM FUND"

And help to achieve Real Freedom

One Pound subscription may be paid in a lump sum or by instalments of any Branch of the Union. All bonds are redeemable in five years from date of issue.

**WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND
Unity Hall, Dublin.**

ANNUAL XMAS DRAW, 1924

- 1st Prize, £25. 2nd Prize, £20.
- 3rd Prize, £15.
- 4th Prize, £10. 5th Prize, £5.
- And 25 Prizes of £1.

TICKETS 3d

Draw will take place on 20th December 1924. Prizes will be paid at Unity Hall on December 22nd, 1924.

Each ticket purchased will be a receipt for 3d. subscription to the "Good and Welfare" Fund of this Union.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

CHALLENGE MATCH

FOR SET OF GOLD MEDALS.
BENDIGO (Selected)

v.
BROOKLYN (Selected)

To be played at
RUTLAND AVE. DOLPHIN'S BARN
SUNDAY, 7th DECEMBER, 1924.

At One o'clock p.m.

ADMISSION 1s. and 3d.

Workers' Union of Ireland

IMPORTANT

A MEETING

WILL BE HELD

IN UNITY HALL

On Sunday, 7th Dec., at 12 Noon
FOR THE PURPOSE OF FORMING

A TONTINE SOCIETY

All members interested are invited to attend

Printed by "The Gaelic Press," 21 Upper Biffey Street, Dublin, for the Proprietor, and published by him at "Unity Hall," Dublin.



Edited by Jlm Larkin.

No. 74. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1924

TWOPENCE

XMAS GREETING.

We have been requested by one who must be obeyed to extend a Xmas greeting to our readers, their families, friends, and to all good and true men and women, and the younger nation—the children of the workers; a greeting and a wish that they and their care may enjoy a happy, plentiful Xmas and a New Year filled with joy and contentment, and that all good things be showered upon them in abundance. We do sincerely wish that this Xmas will bring a full measure of happiness to each and all. We hope that the New Year will mean a New Year of understanding, peace and good cheer. That the workers will turn over a new leaf; that all the mistakes of the past will be remembered and taken as a warning; that the many sins of commission and omission will be repented of and guarded against; that men shall realise their responsibilities to their class and the fellow-workers; that the old spirit of unionism, of Comradship, will live amongst each and all of us; that each man and boy in this Union at least will live by principle and truth; that each man and boy will make a pledge that in the coming year they will do no act that will bring discredit on their name nor bring a feeling of shame for some discreditable act against a fellow-unionman—Each for all and all for each.

To our women we can only give them great thanks. If our men had been as staunch and true as our women we would have done even greater things than the magnificent things we did accomplish during the past troubled year.

We did not catch much salmon we admit during the year that is slowly dying out. We did, thanks to our faithful ones, drown a lot of worms—poisonous worms. There is much to be done in the New Year. "A stout heart for a stiff brae." We wish you all of the best of good cheer in the days that are drawing near. We wish you a full measure of joy and happiness. We wish that no shadow of sorrow or misfortune cross your path. We wish that you be worthy of the task before you. All the best for you and yours.

POOR FELLOW!

Ex-Alderman O'Reilly is in a chronic state of disagreement with Ole Bill. Thursday morning last he informed our delegate at the Cattle Market that Ole Bill was no good. He knows. We wonder if the ex-Alderman is feeling bad at O'Brien's action in refusing him the use of the O.B.U. motor-bike and sidecar. It is too bad after so many years of sterling loyalty to make him walk like other citizens.

TO OUR COMRADES OF THE WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND FROM THE GROCERS' ASSISTANTS' STRIKE COMMITTEE.

COMRADES—

Our first duty on emerging from the successful contest which we waged for better conditions and independent action is to thank our fellow workers in the Workers' Union of Ireland for the active and moral support extended to us during our period of trial.

Men do not enter lightly or carelessly into struggles of this kind, neither did we.

But there are times in the lives of Unions, as there are in the lives of individuals, when the strong, bold step must be taken, and it is just then that good and tried and determined colleagues are needed most.

Honour and Principle compelled us to take that step and when we looked for co-operation and support from you and your colleagues we did not look in vain

To your magnificent response must be attributed the successful work of our Pickets throughout the City and the quick and sharp conclusion to which the strike was brought.

Contrasted with previous strikes in which we were engaged, the one fact stands out—that Labour well led and properly instructed can defeat all the influences of tyranny.

The settlement which we have just concluded places us beyond the reach of slavery. All the demeaning clauses arising out of previous negotiations have gone by the board. We are now masters of our own lives when our day's work is over.

Again we thank you, and through you, all others who co-operated with us, and may the future see us marching solidly to the triumph of Labour resurgent.

Signed on behalf of

Strike Committee,

P. McDONALD,

Secretary.

COMRADES ALL—

"An Injury to One is the Concern of All."

THE SAME OLD STORY.

The Cork Employers, in general meeting assembled, have handed out more advice to the Government as to how the country should be run. Economy, and still more economy, is the catch-cri. Seriously, they do not think it would be possible for the Government to dismiss the horde of patriots who are now enjoying the reward of virtue. We learn on reliable authority that qualifying examinations are being held in many Government offices—affecting only junior temporary clerks and typists, of course—the results of which will give the Government an opportunity of getting rid of a large number of them. The examinations are so difficult that it is expected there will be dismissals on a large scale following the publication of the results. We hazard a guess that if an examination were held to determine the competency of the highly-paid officials, who were smuggled into the Customs and Excise Departments last year, revelations would follow.

There can be no economy in public services until the huge pensions list has been completely revised and the many highly-paid ornaments in the Civil Service are removed. When that comes, who will be king of Ireland?

We have read many fulsome, lying articles in our brief life, but the piffle that has appeared in all the capitalist's papers with reference to the too long-delayed passing of the most vile and corrupt scoundrel that has ever disgraced the name of organised labour—Sammy Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labour.

This creature who for thirty-nine years, along with the corrupt group who form the Executive of that vile thing that sells the labour of its members through what is rightly called Business Agents. During the Great (?) War—the Great Murder, the right term—this creature Gompers, from the early months of the war was a tool well paid of the armaments group of profiteers. Gompers was responsible along with his corrupt machine for the bloody saturation of jailing and lynching of men and the outraging of women. He was a bloody-minded, debauched scoundrel.

Such are the type of labour leaders the capitalist press honours. Such are the type we are cursed with in this country of late years. Miniatures of the Gopper type.

URGENT.

Any person who witnessed the attack by Thomas Murphy on a Lady within the office of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, York Street, on Monday night, December 15th, about 9 o'clock, please communicate with this office.

A MODEL REPUBLIC AND THE WORKERS.

For many months nearly 20,000 Filipino sugar workers have been on strike in Hawaii. These working men rose in revolt against the American sugar barons, among whom is to be found United States Governor Farrington of the islands. The working and living conditions of the Filipino wage slaves on the sugar plantations are too deplorable; too gruesome to face description.

As soon as these brave Filipino workers declared their strike they were immediately subjected to all the vicious blessings, to all the lessons in the purest of Model Republics. First of all, they were evicted. Secondly, scabs were brought in in great numbers. Thirdly, the courts were brought into play against them. Last and worst, the entire military power of the U. S. Government in the islands was mobilized against them. The workmen were jailed, clubbed and hounded.

Recently matters took a more serious turn. Failing in their attempt to drive the Filipino strikers into submission, the American capitalists openly resorted to unrestrained violence against the workmen. Pablo Manlapit, the leader of the strikers, in discussing the brutal attack made by the armed gunmen of the United States Government on the Filipino strikers, has declared that the dead and wounded workmen were shot in the backs. The hospitals in the neighbourhood of Liuhe, Hawaii, have, since mid-September, been crowded with defenceless strikers who were wounded by the strike-breaking military forces of the United States Government.

AUSTRALIAN DOCKERS WIN STRIKE.

SCAB EX-SERVICE MEN'S BUREAU DISSOLVED.

The Australian Dockers' Strike is settled, and the main issue in the strike has been decided in favour of the men. This issue involved the Sydney Free Labour Bureau, which corresponded to the Ex-Servicemen's Organisation, with headquarters in 35 North Great George's Street. In Australia compulsory arbitration is in force and in many courts it has been decided that union labour shall be given first preference and second preference shall go to ex-servicemen. The Free Labour Bureau was in existence previous to that decision and was composed solely of scabs who were being used by the employers as tools in their attempt to break the Waterside Workers' Federation. When the order of preference was decided, the Bureau was dissolved and reformed again with membership confined to ex-servicemen, the employers hoping in this way to gradually force all union men on the "dole." However, the Waterside Workers' Federation realising that attack is the best method of defence, took action and refused to work with men from the Ex-Servicemen's Bureau and demanded that all ships be manned by men from the Union Bureau.

We have reported the course of the strike in these columns week by week and there is no need to repeat the news. The Ex-Servicemen's Bureau was the main issue, but during the progress of the strike other subsidiary issues crept in, among them being the question of overtime.

The strike is now settled and the main article in the settlement is the dissolution of the Ex-Servicemen's Bureau, and thus a scab supply depot, which was set up after the unsuccessful strike of 1917, is finally destroyed.

Men are enlisted for the labour that kills; let them be enlisted for the labour that feeds; and let the captains of the latter be held as much gentlemen as the former.—Ruskin.

THE IUN AND THE SAXON AGAIN. WITH IRELAND IN BETWEEN.

Marshall Harris, General Manager of the Dublin United Tramway Company, giving evidence before the Committee charged with the examination of the many proposed electricity schemes for Dublin, said that he was only interested in the question from the point of view of the large consumer and was not concerned as to the requirements of the small user.

As Harris is a shareholder in one of the companies attempting to monopolise the Dublin electricity supply, he would hardly be interested in any but big consumers, such as the Tramway, Guinnesses, distilleries, etc.—his friends.

We hear that the real issue at stake in this squabble over electric power is merely an extension of the commercial fight between England and Germany, which led to the World War. German and English finance capitalists are bending their energies to the task of obtaining monopoly of the production of electricity from water power. The Germans are represented by Messrs. Siemens, whilst the English financiers include many well-known "leaders of industry."

The investigation by the Committee is directed not so much as to the merits of the Shannon or the Liffey, but to the amount of finance behind the different undertakings. Some fine morning we'll wake up to find another national property corralled by a group of financiers, who already own all other natural resources. And yet we are a "Free Country"—Cosgrave says so; he knows.

THE RUSSIAN MODE.

The following poem by the Russian Worker, Demian Bedny, appeared in the Moscow "Pravda," the official Soviet daily, at the time the London Conference was sitting and drawing up plans for the enforcement of the Dawes plan on the German workers.

THEIR JUBILEE.

Kings and Tsars of finance, with dastard glee
Commemorate their jubilee.
Behold the handiwork of Rockfellers, Krupps
and Morgans—
A huge sum-total underscored with blood
Of myriad widows, cripples, invalids and
orphans,
And Corpses by the load.
Bills in their left hand, knives in their right,
they hold
And plotting schemes kept from the public
ken.
These bandits dream of robberies untold
While preaching good will to men.
At London the world's bankers hold high
revel,
While MacDonald and his social-traitor
rabble;
Shirring with Versailles's holy unction,
Laud the fat plutocrats without compunction
With servile eulogy.
Well, what of that? The day's but ten
years nearer
When both the talker and the hearer
Will dangle from a common gallows tree.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

HEAD OFFICE—UNITY HALL.

All sellers of tickets are warned that blocks and money must be sent in by the 19th inst. If you have not yet sent in your blocks and money, do so immediately, or the tickets may be too late for the drawing which will take place in Unity Hall on Sunday night (21st inst.) immediately after the Concert. Complete list of winners will appear in next week's issue.

AN INSULT AND A CRIME TO THE WOMEN OF THE RACE.

When the first man was hanged for a criminal offence on the authority of the Free State Government, a cry of protest was raised in every county of the Twenty-six counties, and even in the other politically divided counties of this land. Capital punishment has never at any period been acknowledged by its defenders as anything but an unfortunate expedient, enforced in the hope that its terrible callousness would deter other criminals or intending criminals from committing criminal actions; punishable by death, in the future. To the majority of people capital punishment has always been abhorrent, and even the most brutal criminal has been the object of a certain amount of public pity.

When the first sentence of death was passed in this Free State, the general public were greatly surprised, but still believed that the unfortunate man would have his sentence commuted, or, if that course was not adopted, that a reprieve would be granted him even at the last moment. But these surmises proved false, and when the announcement was made that a human being, made in the likeness of God, had been hanged by the neck, a gasp of horror went up from the people of this land, despite the fact that their public conscience had lost all sense of feeling by the succession of brutalities perpetrated during the last few years in Ireland. But just as one lie leads to another, in such a manner does one horror, one brutality, lead to others until the climax, the great horror is consummated—the hanging of a woman who has been sentenced to death for murder.

We are not concerned with the crime, the responsible person, or the underlying cause. Our object is to protest against this act of barbarism. Even in England, where the death penalty is paid almost every week, a cry of horror went up when a woman was executed this year, after a lapse of a quarter of a century since the previous hanging of a woman. Many women have been sentenced to death in the interval, but always has a reprieve been granted; and surely Ireland, the much-lauded "land of Saints and Scholars," is not going to take this final step backwards into the age of barbarism. Even though our hands, as a nation, are red with blood guilt, let us not commit this unforgivable crime against our mothers of the race. Let us not hang a woman.

WORKERS' DRAMATIC CLASS.

Arrangements have now been made to form a Dramatic Class among those interested in this form of art. There is great need for a medium through which the art of the labour movement may be expressed. Those who would wish to join in this project will kindly communicate with the Secretary, Dramatic Class, at this office.

'PHONE 771.

FARRELLS
Funeral and Carriage
ESTABLISHMENT

66 Marlboro Street, Dublin

TRADE UNION HOUSE.

THE GROCERS' ASSISTANTS WIN OUT.

THE BEGINNING OF A YEAR OF PROGRESS.

The Grocers' Assistants have won their strike, as we predicted at the commencement of the struggle. They deserved to win, if only for the manner in which they conducted the fight, and as we said in previous issues, the strike should be an example for all Union men and women in Ireland of how a strike should be carried on.

Many causes tended to a victory for the workers, and they, on their part, could hardly, if at all, have chosen a more strategical period, from their point of view, for a crisis of this nature. The first condition to operate in their favour was the season. This time of the year is generally availed of by most people to indulge in a debauch of eating and drinking, and if of one more than the other, it is drinking. The greater part of this drink is not consumed, like in other periods, in publichouses, but is taken at home or in other places from bottles. At the moment of writing the assistants in every public house in Dublin are working at top pressure bottling drink in time for the Christmas rush. If the strike had continued for another week, the publicans of this city would have suffered an irrecoverable loss, and if the strike had even run on for another two or three days, they would have missed large profits on the sale of bottled goods, as the time would have been too short to prepare for the orders.

And last, but not least, the ranks of the publicans were split and disrupted. Publicans profits have never at any previous period been so enormous, and many of the employers had no objection to paying a higher rate of wages or improving the conditions; and yet again others were not prepared to refuse the demands and thereby suffer a decrease in the profits through a strike. Such were the principal forces operating on behalf of the assistants.

The strike was won from the point of view of morale; a week before it commenced, it was actually half-won on the day the assistants struck work, because half the number of assistants involved never left work, as their employers signed the agreement at the first demand.

The Assistants' Union is perfectly satisfied with the result of the strike, and claim that they have won 75% of the demands. They are fully aware of the fact that had the strike occurred at any other period of the year they would have met with a more determined resistance. They are not labouring under any delusion that the publicans granted the demands from any feeling of decency or fairness, and realise quite clearly that the only motive behind the publicans' surrender was the fear that the Christmas trade might be lost.

The greatest difference between the strike just passed and the strike of 1920 is that in the latter the public were unsympathetic to the men, but during the latest struggle the public were entirely on the side of the assistants. The Assistants' Union attributes this change in public opinion to the fact that the "labour leaders" who were in power in 1920 are now passed on to that misty land—the Land of Discovered Frauds—and that a new feeling of Unionism is abroad.

The next goal to be achieved is the 48 hour week and decent conditions of work, and the assistants have decided that the near future will see the achievement won.

We wish them luck in this their next fight, just as we wished them luck in the struggle gone past, and we give them comradely thanks for the fine lead they have set for Irish Labour during the coming year—which, we believe, will be a year of progress greater than any year in the annals of the Irish Labour Movement but one—1913—the Year of Great Happenings and Greater Men.

"EXPERIENCE TEACHETH FOOLS."

WHAT ARE THE GRAND CANAL MEN ?

"Experience teacheth fools, and he is a great one that will not learn by it," the old proverb states; but whoever first framed such a thought in words did not make known the amount of experience required, a fact which would be of great assistance to us in dealing with the case of the employees of the Grand Canal Company, who are still carrying cards of the Transport Union. During the months now past many of these men elected to remain with the Gang in 35 Parnell-Square, and as a result of their action they have been added to that long list of men who have been sold in the open market to their exploiters.

Last week we were informed that a strike would eventuate in the Grand Canal Co., due to the demand of the Company for a reduction in wages. Next we were informed that a conference would take place, and then we were informed that no strike would occur as the men had accepted the reduction.

Reverting to our quotation, in which reference is made to the amount of experience required to teach a fool, we are not as yet aware of the proper appellation to place upon these men, but by their course of action during the next few weeks we will be enabled to decide the problem. Let us therefore close with another proverb on experience:—"Once bitten, twice shy."

EXIT PUDDIN'-HEAD ROBBINS.

Monday morning last two of our delegates had business at a County Dublin quarry. Arriving on the job they discovered a strange-looking biped navigating round the premises, and on enquiry found it was no other than "Puddin'-Head, the man who answers to Euclid's definition of a point—"position (£5 a week) but no magnitude." At sight of our men he put on his trouser-clips, but after another glance took them off again, a tribute to the hypnotic effect of live delegates.

"Puddin'-Head" then opened his bleeding heart to the assembled quarry men, but it would appear, from all the sympathy he got, that the quarrying job had turned their hearts to stone. Not a tear was shed.

It was the unanimous opinion of the men that "Ole Bill's" pet Billikin would be more suitably employed holding up the walls of 35 Parnell Square than remaining in County Dublin, and, with that hint, a streak of dust was noticed travelling in the direction of the city, and everyone says it must have been Robbins.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

OPERATIVE BUTCHERS' PORTERS AND VANMEN'S SECTION.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE AND CITIZENS

The above sections have decided to work the following hours during Xmas week:—
 Monday 8 to 4.30 p.m.
 Tuesday 8 to 6 p.m.
 Wednesday 8 to 8.30 p.m.
 Saturday 8 to 11 a.m.

We hope the public will make their arrangements accordingly.

FRANK CLUSKEY, SEC.,
 Operative Butchers' Sec.
 MICHAEL GREENE, SEC.,
 Porters and Vanmen's Sec

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

NO. 1 BRANCH COMMITTEE

Proposed by R. Tancred, seconded by P. Kinsella.—

"That we, the members of No. 1 Branch Committee, pass a vote of Condolence to Thos. Noonan in his sad bereavement, due to the death of his father."

RUSSIA AND RUSSIAN CONDITIONS AS JOHN BROMLEY SAW THEM.

The Delegates from the British Trades Congress who were invited to visit Russia and "see for themselves," have returned, and below we publish, for our readers' benefit, some views expressed by John Bromley, M.P., President, A.S.L.E. & F., one of the Delegates, on Russia and Russian Conditions.

"In making our plans," he said, "we decided to take with us our own interpreters, Englishmen who knew the Russian language, and lived for years in the country before the revolution. This enabled us to make enquiries anywhere and from anyone in their own tongue, and have their answers interpreted into English without passing through any other channel than our own.

"Well, we set off from Victoria at 2 o'clock on Friday, November 7th, had the usual wearying continental journey. We were not troubled to open our bags at Customs anywhere; we passed through Poland during the night and entered Lithuania the following day.

"At Kovno, the capital, we were met by the Vice-Chairman and one or two members of the Lithuanian Diet, and leading Trade Unionists, who had quite a long chat with us through their English-speaking members.

"They expressed nothing but the most friendly feelings towards Soviet Russia, but said they had no intention of joining the Soviet Union as they had thrown off autocracy and the great landlords, and were a Peoples' Republic with universal suffrage (men and women) and had the future in their own hands. They did say, however, that the International Capitalists were endeavouring to get a grip on their country, and they would have to watch developments very closely for some time.

"Passing through Lithuania, we found it to be quite an agricultural country, but evidently not very well cultivated or drained; and, outside the towns, the people on the lands seemed poor and ragged. The houses, even in the towns, were made chiefly of wood.

"In Latvia, we found similar conditions, but the country people, especially the children, were even more ragged, and as far as clothes were concerned, more dirty; in fact, all the way to Riga the country gave every sign of poverty.

"At Riga we had over an hour to wait, and found an apparently thriving town, with evidence of a measure of prosperity, although there were many poor people about.

"Here we changed trains to the coaches which were to take us right through to Moscow. Leaving at 11 o'clock at night we slept through the rest of Latvia, or nearly so, for shortly after breakfast we arrived at the frontier of great, mysterious Russia, the country whose long history under the Czars teemed with superstition, fable and folklore, with bitter oppression, heroic sacrifice, snow, famine, and all the other things of which we had read and heard, which gave to Russian history a tinge of mystery and sadness.

Here we stopped for a short time; so we all got out and viewed the triumphal arch which spans the railway on the frontier line. Inside the line, on both sides of the railway, were strips of land decorated with small, newly-planted, fir trees, laid-out gardens, red flags and festoons, and the guard house and other buildings.

So we saw for the first time soldiers of the new red army of Soviet Russia;

"An Injury to one is the concern of All."

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—Twopence—and may be had of any newsagent or newsboy. Ask for it, and see that you get it.

MESSRS. GOULDING AND THE TRANSPORT UNION—PARTNERS.

Some weeks ago we had some trouble with Messrs. Goulding's, Chemical Manufacturers. During the tense trouble, the officials of the Irish Transport Union in Dublin and their dupes assisted Messrs. Goulding in every conceivable way. These officials haunted the plant day and night, and yet at the same time this so-called Union and its officials were pretending to support the Chemical Workers, members of the Cork Branch of the Transport Union who were locked out by Messrs. Goulding in Cork because they refused to accept a six-shilling a week reduction. This is the manner and methods used by these corrupt creatures to betray the workers. After being out four weeks the men locked out in Cork were advised—or to be correct—were coerced into accepting a reduction of three shillings a week, a reduction that had been agreed on by the Transport Union of Seabs four months ago.

This week we have another reduction forced on the Grand Canal workers by the same tricky methods. The workers on the Grand Canal were allowed to come out and then, after a pretence of support been given them, driven back at a reduction. In Sligo the same method; and in addition thereto, men given free drink so that they might be induced to accept conditions arranged by their betrayers and continue to support them in their nefarious intrigues with the employers.

This week, Comrade Vernard, the discredited Orangeman from Portadown, threatened to close down the Queen's Theatre—that is, over the 'phone. One of their scabs is going to take the place of a man locked out in the Tivoli Theatre.

Remember, the strike still continues in the Carlton, Corinthian and Tivoli Theatres. No unionman or woman, or their children will patronise these Theatres where unionmen and women have been victimised.

Remember, seven men and boys were sent to gaol by the management of the Carlton Picture Theatre. There is a dispute, a strike on at the Carlton, despite the biased illegal ruling of a magistrate or judge.

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Urgent

Mr James Larkin

*Workers Union of Ireland,
Unity Hall*

Dublin



Gómaíle Ceannraí Dáite Cillemanncáin.

I T & G W U

Wicklow

Wick Jim

*A line to invite you to our
big rally here on Sunday next
that, if you are not afraid to come
you thought you'd start a branch
of your crowd here but we soon
showed you ^{what} we Wicklow boys
would do to your bloody wallpops.
We'll be to you either if you gave us the
chance or rather say to get you
kicked into the river than anything.
So come down if you havent a yellow
stake through you and start one yourself
and Jim your brother wont know you when
millards are done with you. Ill get it
all done in a few pints. Now come on and off
Jim Larkin*

We make no comment on the dispute between the close allies—police and Transport Union officials—of Wicklow Town, except to say that for the past few months certain gentlemen, holding official positions in the Irish Transport Union in danger of losing their cushy jobs, have been carrying on a blackguardly campaign that was proved in a case some time back when certain scallywags were supplied with cheap porter ad lib and then instigated to attack two officials of the Workers' Union of Ireland.

—a most brutal and unprovoked attack.

The drunken tools who were charged with the offence were made the goats for the satisfaction of the gentlemen who organised the attack. Since that period we have been amused by the receipt of numerous letters of the type we print above. We publish the photo-cut of this cowardly, blackguardly production as a specimen of the type of mind behind the organised rowdism and scabbery carried on in Wicklow.

THE RULERS OF OUR LAND

The Rulers of Our Land, their guests, cats, drinks, toasts, and sings. Pay homage! Oh! yes, simple-minded ones. These be your Gods.

THE GUESTS.

The President, His Excellency the Governor-General, Mr. Hayes, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice O'Connor, The Minister for Justice, Mr. Seddall, The Rt. Hon. Mr. Molony, Mr. Gamble, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice O'Shaughnessy, the Chief Justice, Mr. Richards, the Rt. Hon. Lord Glenavy, the Minister for Finance, Mr. MacDermott, the Rt. Hon. the Provost, T.C.D., Mr. Warren, the President, College Physicians, Mr. P. J. Brady, President Col. Surgeons, Mr. Keller, Mr. Justice Wylie, Sir George Roche, the Minister for Agriculture, Mr. Justice Johnston, Mr. J. Healy, Mr. W. Henry Registrar Lunacy, Registrar College Physicians, Accountant-General, A.D.C. to H. E. the Governor-General, Mr. Fottrell, Mr. Commissioner Hogan, Mr. J. Henry, Mr. Wakely, Mr. Gill, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Ellerker, Mr. Battley, Mr. O'Connor, Registrar Col. Surgeons, Mr. Hall, Mr. A. H. S. Orpen, President Hibernian Academy, Mr. Thompson, the Attorney-General, K.C.; Mr. Dyas, Mr. Carrigan, K.C.; Dr. Hewson, Mr. Quirke, Mr. Orr, President, Architects, Mr. Fry, Mr. Justice Murnaghan, Master Macnamara, Mr. E. Moore, Mr. Sterling, President Civil Engineers, Mr. Rooney, Mr. MacLoughlin, Mr. Seales, Mr. Concannon, Mr. Edwards, President Chamber of Commerce, Judge Dromgoble, Mr. Gordon Bradley, Mr. Blood, K.C.; Master Denning, the Registrar of Deeds, Mr. A. E. Bradley, Mr. Horan, K.C.; the Chief State Solicitor, the Associate, Secretary of Land Commission, Mr. Halpin, Mr. Blair White, Mr. Justice Fitzgibbon, Sir John O'Connell, the President Univ. College, Mr. C. St. G. Orpen, Mr. Justice Meredith, Mr. Walsh.

MENU.

HORS D'OEUVRES—Oysters.
SOUPS—Puree of Game.
FISH—Fried Fillet of Sole, Anchovy Sauce.
ENTREE—Sweetbreads Financiere.
JOINT—Saddle of Mutton. Sloke. Vegetables and Potatoes.
ROAST—Grilled Snipe on Toast.
SWEET—Orange Charlotte.
SAVOURY—Grilled Mushrooms.
ICES—Iced Pudding, Ginger Sauce.
DESSERT—Pine Apple, Grapes, Bananas, Almonds, Raisins.
COFFEE.

TOASTS.

The King, His Excellency the Governor-General and Prosperity to the Irish Free State, the Learned Professions, Our Guests.

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

Song—"The Garden of Your Heart"—Dorel—Mr. John Gill.
The Prologue from "Pagliacci"—Leoncavallo—Mr. T. W. Hall.
Duet—"Sylvia"—Sargent—Messrs. Gill and Hall.
Songs—(a) "Ships that Pass in the Night"; Stevenson; (b) "Break! Break!"—Walthew—Mr. Wesley Guard.
Song—"Sigh no more, Ladies"—Aikin—Mr. John Gill.
Songs—(a) "Kashmiri Song"—Woodforde-Finden; (b) "Less than the dust"—Mr. T. W. Hall.
Song—"Eleanore"—Coleridge-Taylor—Mr. Wesley Guard.
Accompanist—Dr. George H. P. Hewson.

SIMPLY FRIGHTFUL.

THE LETTERS OF OLE BILL (NO. 3).

Dear Kumrades,—The approach of the grate and memorable feest of Christmas fills me with jenerous thavts and a dezire ov good will to my fello men. "Wring out the false, wring in the troo," sez the immortal pome, and to that i adds, Amen.

I was sittin in my room last noo year's eve. The kloek struck twelve. The isikles was hanging on the windo and the cat was purrin at the fire. What a kontrast! Inside the room the wormth of the blazin fire and the flames lickin the bars seemed to say, "Hoam Sweet Hoam," and outside the wind whistlin and the moon lookin-down and the stars so britely shinin, ekced the sweet refrane. I was thinkin of all the misery in the world, of the widders and pore orlans, there homes all broken up and nowhere to go. And i said, is it possibel there is skoundrels that would rob a widdler. And as the thawt ran throo my mind the Noo Yeet bells rang out.

I doant know how it is but the sound of Noo Yeer bells touches me at the hart's kore and makes me think over the yeer that is gone for ever into the mists of the past. I kant help it, but it makes me call back to mind the events that is gone—

"For memury is the only freend

That greef can call its own."

That's what the song sez.

It seams a long time ago since i herd the Nol Yeer bells and when i thinks ov all the frends that has helped me in the last yeer to wipe out the grate meniss, i sez, and i challenges kontradiktion, that it was a grate and memoriable yeer.

When Noo Yeer's nite comes rownd agen i will sit up to listen to the bells, and when the peels ring out, i will think of my frends. And i will think espeshully ov the great lawyurs that has stood by me, ov Sargent Hannah and Marttin Macguire. Every honest man has grate respect for a good lawyur and i think no man alive could find such grate men. I believe lawyurs is born not made, and that is how i always feels when my lerned kounsels stands up to defend me. It is grate, "Possession is nine points of the law," sez the proverb, but i sez self-pussession is the hole ten, and Sargent Hannah would skare about 15 in a fare kompetition. I always likes the way he stands up to cross-egsamine a kriminal. First of all he wipes his mouth with his hand and gives his wig a shift with the other. Then he gives himself a shake and you see his gown swingin'. It must be terribal on a kriminal. But i like him best when he gets angry and starts shakin his finger, and when he puts his head sidewise and looks away from the prize-gunner at the bar. When we gets a workers' republik i will make mr. Hannah Lord Cheaf-Justis.

The grate feest of Christmas and Noo Yeer fills a man with a wild desire for good rezolutions. I havvent made up my mind what my next Noo Yeer rezolutions will be but i think a korse of lektures on the religious aspekt of the labor movement would be a grate idee. I must konfess that until i was pursooed by the grate meniss i did not see what grate advantage their wos in havin the clergie on the rite side. But now that i has seen the lite i will do all i kan to make ammends for the past. I has a picture of Karrell Marx in my liberrary at hoam and i will burn it on Noo Yeer's day. The last yeer has shown me that a man can not be a christyan and a good labor man unless he can justifie hisself before the grate legal and moral authorities. If the Law wos not on the side of rite and agenst every soort of meniss whot

chance would their be for the likes of me? And if the grate moral authorities did not stand behind the tremendous fabrick of the law how would their be any livin for supportors of law and order? Me and my kolleagues is ov the same oppinion and we made a good start by a graaf lekture on labor and the hoam.

It would be a fine idee also to start a temperance sektion in the union partikularly on akkont of the grate moral strane on my fello wurklers in the cause. It makes me sad to think that their is not enuff moral curage in some of my fello wurklers to stand up too the strane of thare dooties. I sent a duzen of our best dellegites to the hay markit the uther mornin and in about an hour they came back under the greevious infloense. I remonstrated with them and told them i was ashamed of them and they used offul langwidge. I think a good lekture on the bad effect of allkohol and the bad egssample it shows to the wurklers would have a grate effect.

All these things is very important and i would not like to start them until i got the advise of Tom Johnson. We call Tom Johnson Littel old Corsica because he reminds us ov Napoleon. Did you ever see the pictoores ov Napoleon with his hand stuck in his cote and the uther behind him. That is what Tom Johnson is like. We also think it was a tremendous sakrifise for him to leeve his native land and come over to Ireland to save the people. Think ov what he would have done if he had been in Ramsey Mackdonald's place when the Boundary question was rased. What would he have sed? I kan imagine I kan heer him. "Skrap the Constichoosion—the Treaty is broke." Unless bluddy England rekognises the rites of Ireland i will ask Tom Johnson to go to England and organise the country so that the English people will have the spirit of freedom this is drivin the Irish people forward. It will be an offul sakrifise for him to give up the kause ov freedom for Ireland, but i am sure in the interests of humanity he will offer his life in eksplation.

Wishin you a happy Christmas and Noo Yeer,

Yours faightfully,

OLE BILL.

NO DEVELOPMENT.

The situation in regard to the strikes in which members of the Workers' Union are involved has not changed. The Corinthian Cinema, the Carlton Cinema, the Tivoli Theatre and Messrs. Devine and Murphy of the Fish Market are still "plague spots" and must not come in contact with any unionmen or women. Regarding the Tivoli, it is expected that things in general will liven up next week when the "new" company will attempt to open the Theatre with the help of scabs. But we are also interested in that matter and—"Watch our smoke."

THE OFFICIAL UNEMPLOYED.

The Editor, "Irish Worker."

Dear Sir,—There are some strange happenings lately in connection with the Unemployed which some of your readers may, perhaps, be able to give me some enlightenment on. Is it a fact that one of the Rank and File wanted to call a meeting unofficially? Why did Mr. Stewart resign as Treasurer of the Council?

ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

QUEEN'S THEATRE

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Monday, 22nd December, 1924

ANNUAL XMAS PANTOMIME



HARRY BURNS Presents

PUSS IN BOOTS

Star Cast, including
Sisters Reeve

RUSSIAN CONDITIONS.

Continued from Column 3, Page 3

big, hefty young fellows in khaki uniforms and cloth helmets. They all wore great coats, which enveloped them from neck to heels, the only embellishments on their uniforms being a few green, purple or red cloth facings, and this applied to officers and men alike. We could not help noticing the difference between these warm, serviceable uniforms and the ornate splendour of the uniforms of the soldiers of the small new states through which we passed, which appeared to have dressed their troops for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. This simplicity in the Soviet uniform appears to be general, for later in Moscow, we met their great cavalry General, Budienny, who defeated Wrangel and Denekin, and he wore a plain khaki uniform with a little green braid facing round the tunic buttons.

Arriving in Sebez, across the Russian frontier, we were conducted to the Workers' Hall and Club, a large wooden building, where the workers and peasants meet for social intercourse, debates, dances and amateur dramatic performances. This is quite a feature everywhere in Russia, and the delight of the people is very great, for no meetings were permitted under the old regime, and people could only congregate to be dispersed by the police.

There is no doubt that the people of Russia are well fed, clothed, and cared for. They appear to revel in their new freedom and to be quite happy.

The Unions not only protect their members, but encourage them to do good work. They are wiping out the drunkard and the slacker. They have promoted Union Clubs in which drinking or drink is prohibited.

They have promoted and encouraged classes in Physical Culture, Singing, and the Dramatic Arts. They have developed the spirit of good-fellowship amongst men, women and children.

The Soviets have dis-established the church. Religion is quite free. The churches are open, and people can teach religion there and in their homes. The Soviet is even repairing many of the old churches to preserve them, and is not charging anything to the worshippers.

Vodka is abolished, the Soviet even blowing up many of the distilleries. Russia is staple, and can now live.

We have visited a prison and talked with the convicts. They all work in workshops, men and women. They can talk and smoke, and they wear their own clothes without any convict marks thereon. One wonderfully humane thing is that they are all called by their own names, and not by numbers, as in the English prisons. There is a co-operative shop in the prison at which the prisoners can buy luxuries of all kinds, except drink, with money earned by themselves, or sent in by friends.

The Royal Palace has not been looted. All remains as when the Royal party fled. The chairs and beds are covered with material to preserve them, and all the works of art are there for the eyes of the common people. The Russians are not entirely vandals and every person is entitled to examine and enjoy the beauty expressed in every form of Art.

"The Red Flag flies everywhere."

IN THE U.S.A.

(From our Correspondent).

New York, Nov. 27th.

This is Thanksgiving Day, the American festival and time of family re-unions which is observed in a greater degree than Xmas. Americans guzzle themselves on turkey known as the "national" bird, pumpkin pie, of the gourd family and related to the vegetable marrow of Irish gardens, and on imported or home-brewed liquors, according to class.

Tradition and the shanachies tell that the Pilgrim Fathers, composed of persecuted Protestants, came here from Catholic Europe via Rotterdam and Plymouth to search for a place where they would be free to practise their religion. They landed on the fourth Thursday in November, as the poetess states "on the stern and rock-ribbed coast of Maine," which, as a matter of fact, is as flat as the "Velvet Strand" at Portmarnock, and fell on their knees to give thanks, thus creating what later became this great American feast day.

These good pilgrims played an important part in the development of capitalism in the new world.

Their religious tolerance was early revealed in the persecution and imprisonment of Quakers and Catholics who later landed in the New England colony, also in search of a place where religion could be practised freely.

Their strict belief in the Bible and its record of persons being "possessed by the devil" caused them to burn at the stake many of their women folk on the grounds that they were "witches." An early novelist of this Puritan stock—Hawthorne—has left a sort of Brinsley McNamara picture of the life, prejudices, and passions of these Puritans, whose notorious "Blue Laws," enforcing a Scotch-like Sabbath and prohibiting everything except church-going, are still incorporated in the basic laws of many of the New England States and sometimes invoked.

Of course, like modern Christian crusaders, they ruthlessly shot the original inhabitants and stole their lands on which to make farms and erect churches to the glory of God.

These early days saw an influx of all sorts of adventurers, fugitives from justice, and convicts transported from many European countries, many of whom "reformed" and laid the foundation stone of capitalist America.

About fifty years ago, the need of a native aristocratic class was craved intensely by women of the shoneen type. They had riches but no family tree such as your blue-blooded Britisher can show, or no coat of arms which so many good Irish "Republicans" display framed in the parlour, to prove their descent from Irish royal stock, moryah. Consequently this American "blue blood" claimed their forbears came over on the good ship "Mayflower" which brought the Pilgrims.

Just as the number who fought under Connolly and Pearse in the Post Office has grown into a vast army, so also must this wooden brig, the "Mayflower," have been about four times the size of the biggest transatlantic liner the Germans built.

American aristocracy is growing at a terrific rate. The newer aspirants claim they are descended from members of the

crew, from the lowly sailors, from the first mate, the second mate, and the captain. The famous ship must have carried a crew of at least two thousand, if we judge by those recently admitted to the American De Brett.

If working class writers could devote the necessary time to research work they could trace many of this newer breed of aristocrats to convicts, transported here for crimes ranging from sheep stealing to murder. Similarly, some of Dublin's best families, and our landed aristocracy, have origins that would be interesting to trace.

Egypt.

The tone of the editorials in American papers is strictly pro-British because the United States has two or three Egypts of her own "not yet fit for self-government"; or, in other words, not yet bled white by Wall Street.

Very few Americans realise that England's seizure of the Soudan will ultimately hit American capitalism very hard. The Lancashire mill towns have depended on the cotton grown in the Southern States. The cotton farmers demand more for raw cotton each year; consequently the Rylands and other Manchester capitalists see their profits shrinking unless a substitute for American cotton can be obtained. For years tests have been made in every part of the Empire, and only in the Nile basin could the proper type of cotton be produced. The river was dammed under Kitchener's regime and the water diverted to the cotton growing areas. Egyptian farming communities and towns lower down the Nile suffered so that Ryland's cotton could be properly watered. The whole settlement of the Egyptian "problem" revolved around the control of the Nile watershed. It would now seem that the unemployment in Lancashire, with its rumblings of revolution, and the higher price of American raw cotton has forced the English capitalists into a determination to produce enough cotton in the Soudan, even if it means that Egypt must be turned again into a desert and its peoples made into wanderers like the Irish of the past famine years.

A year ago the American State department quarreled with Downing Street regarding the refusal of the British shipping agents in Egypt to permit American ships to carry the million and a half bales of Egyptian cotton purchased by American mills. England has insisted on delivering the cotton in British bottoms so as to help to kill any attempts to build up an American marine. A compromise was effected by which American ships are permitted to carry half of the cotton purchased by American mills in Egypt.

This wider development of the Nile cotton growing areas, foreshadowed by the seizure of the Soudan, will react on the American cotton growing sections, transferring the pangs of hunger from Rochdale or Manchester to the "poor whites" of Texas and Louisiana.

Such is the cycle in which capitalism works, and let us hope our Republican friends will see that this move in Egypt is not altogether the crushing out of a small nation by a big Empire, but merely a move by a few Lancashire capitalists and the British bankers to increase their profits and keep within the Empire some millions of pounds paid out yearly to cotton operators of the U.S.A. Baldwin's government is acting as British Capital demands. "If a small nation stands in

the way of your profits, wipe out the small nation." It is these few capitalists and not the British people that must be blamed for the rapine in Cleopatra's land.

And like a wheel within a wheel our Republican friends, if they look close, can see this same struggle of Manchester capitalists against Egyptians for more profits going on in Dublin between masters who want more profits and men who must sell themselves for bread, because they want to live in their own land. And many of these men fought in the field for a Republic.

Traders versus Farmers.

In Los Angeles, California, is being staged the Egyptian fight in miniature. The river which irrigated the farming and fruit growing sections has been dammed to provide a reservoir for the town water supply. The farmers, faced with failure of their crops, opened the sluice gates and again diverted the water into the irrigation ditches.

The Chamber of Commerce led the fight against the farmers, using the newspapers to stir up bitterness by spreading the type of rumours unloosed by the "Independent" when workers are on strike. At the moment of writing armed farmers are in possession of miles of the aqueduct conveying the water to the city and the Chamber of Commerce heads state they will not negotiate or make any arrangement to ration the river to the farmers while they display such a belligerent attitude. They demand the farmers must first go home and act like gentlemen then they will talk matters over. The United States military have also been requisitioned by the Chamber of Commerce.

The Capitalists' Law Courts.

Further proof that the capitalist groups or trusts in this free Republic control the law courts police, and other agencies is shown by the recent Federal inquiry into the outbreaks in the West Virginia coal mining area.

Federal Judge McClintoc last week ordered the arrest of the Logan County Judge, the Sheriff, and the County Prosecutor. These puppets are in the pay of the colliery owners and have been arresting, prosecuting and inflicting heavy sentences on the miners and the union officials, because they asked for a living wage for those engaged in the most hazardous of occupations.

The notorious Don Chafin, gun-man-in-chief for the associated mine owners, who led his gunmen to the smash up of the union halls and meeting places on the plea that they were drinking and gambling resorts, has been sentenced to two years imprisonment for being a bootlegger and owner of several "speak easies."

Unions and Scabs.

Like in Ireland we have certain aristocratic unions that keep very much to themselves and oppose any resort to strikes. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is the most respectable of the American unions, and one of the most powerful if they could be prevailed upon to use their power. Its officials get salaries such as Cathal O'Shannon arranged for the Cosgraves and O'Higgins. It has its own banks and some time ago used its accumulated funds to buy coal mines. The following report, presented to the session of the American Federation of Labour, shows what these

flirtations or marriages of labour unions to capitalism leads to:—

"Your committee finds that a strike has been in effect at four mines of the Coal River collieries in West Virginia since April 1 of this year, due to the failure of this company to renew its wage agreement with the United Mine Workers of America. We find further that the officers of the United Mine Workers have made repeated but fruitless efforts to reach a settlement with Warren S. Stone, Chairman of the Board of Directors of this corporation, which assumes responsibility for its labour policy. We find also that this coal company has served eviction notices upon the union men who are on strike and has resorted to the employment of strike-breakers."

This Warren S. Stone is the over-paid President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the four mines are owned by the same Brotherhood.

The Convention of the American Federation of Labour took the report as read. Discussion was blocked because most of the union leaders here are like Stone, owning houses and motor cars and holding down several jobs.

The same weakness of union leaders has been revealed in Ireland of recent years and it forced the birth of the Workers' Union so that the rank and file, the membership, and not a few paid officials should direct the Union activities.

It has been the same in England, and this human weakness of leaders, who one time worked at the bench or with pick and shovel, caused them to forget their class to such an extent that they put on silk stockings and velvet knee-breeches, and also tried to alter their pronunciation a bias.

Both America and England needs a similar Workers' Union so that the official machine and officialdom shall be smashed, unionism purified, and those who forgot their duties cast out for all time.

Can their be one member of any of the unions functioning in Ireland that does not see that this dry rot gets into unionism when the officials settle down in a well paid job determined, like Stone or Gampers, to hold on while life lasts.

Our Irish union men showed similar weakness as those who put on the velvet breeches in London. They swallowed the bait of an Seanad and implemented the Treaty in a determined way.

Those Bolsheviks.

The harrowing case of the poor Russian nobleman who is now forced to play the piano in a Dublin cinema is duplicated many times over in this strong-hearted city.

Immediately after the Russian Revolution the distressful ones began to arrive and the mansions of the "Forty Hundred" (our exclusive set) were opened wide and every house of them soon had a Prince or Princess or Archduke to grace the table and tell of hairbreadth escapes from the awful bolsies who actually wanted to make them work. But the months passed and society bodies soon tired of the noble guests.

Many of them are now scabbing on the waitresses and cooks in hotels. Some of Wrangel's generals and artillery experts are carrying around oil barrels in refineries or unloading bricks on new construction jobs.

A former officer of the Czarist Imperial Guards is earning a living washing automobiles at night in a public garage.

Washing dishes in the kitchen of a

fashionable hotel is a former chief prosecutor of the highest court in Russia, a recognised authority on the criminal law of pre-war Russia. His last job was a factory one, but he found it was too heavy.

A former military Colonel and a doctor of medicine are among the Russians who lately applied for membership in the painters' union. Each had served a short American apprenticeship. Neither can speak English. The Colonel convinced his examiners that he knew how to paint but the doctor was not so successful.

A young officer who fought under Baron Wrangel, is a wage-earner in a biscuit factory. His wife works in a perfumery house and further bolsters the family income by boarding two other fellow-exile Russians.

It will be the same in Ireland some day when the workers and farmers realise their power and as the Abbey play has it: "those that are down will be up, and those that are up will be down."

Under a Workers' Republic, every able-bodied adult will be required to do some constructive work before they receive any of the nation's common store of food.

THE DUBLIN HAYMARKET.

THE "WORKERS' ARMY" GETS "ABOUT TURN."

On last Tuesday morning W.U. of I. delegates visited the Hay Market and found the recipients of O.B.D.F. (Ole Bill's Dependent Fund) trying to justify their hire. The gathering included Gilbert Lynch (the White Hope), Burke (Scab Motor Organiser), O'Brien (Carters' Delegate—if only he had any carters), Gannon (ex C.I.D. tout), "Soda-water" Keavy, McKenna (the clerk who got notice to quit from O'Brien), Harry Lauder O'Reilly (ex-Ald.), Vennard (the Portadown boy with the Orange flavour), "Baby" Ridgeway, McGrath (the man with the detachable ribs), Kelly ("Thirsty from Kingstown") and Connell (the Sanitary Sponge).

Dear reader, it was a distinguished gathering. You might have thought a crowd like that would have been able to hold up a common or garden hay market, but, not on your life. Directly No. 1 Branch Armoured Tank was seen coming round the corner, the "Dough" boys of Parnell Square rolled up their tents and dispersed in various directions. The net result of the morning's activities was an addition to I.T. & G.W. Union funds of 1/- (an average of 1d. per head of each of the conscripted delegates). Such was the outcome of the great drive.

We can't say if the gallant Field Marshal is satisfied with the operations being carried out by his army, but think the possibility of increasing the now depleted revenue of the I.T. & G.W.U. would be better served if his delegates came out into the open as a "Comedy Troupe." As "delegates" they are not delivering the goods. Why not get them to "make up" like the gents who go round town with collection boxes, their faces smothered in paint and dressed like harlequins. Tinkle! Tinkle! Clang! Clang!—Here comes the O.B.U.—This way the Opera Bouffe Union—Make way!—Tinkle! Tinkle!—Clang! Clang!—Come along! Pay up!—Here comes the O.B.U.!

OUR "C. I. D."

Last week we published some interesting correspondence dealing with the internal workings of 35 Parnell Square. When some more of the "Gunmen" are threatened with "the gate" we will again provide amusement and enlightenment for our readers.

BRIGHT PARS.

An enterprising newspaper correspondent invaded the sanctity of our esteemed President's private apartments in his hotel at Nice, when the following conversation is alleged to have taken place:—

Interviewer—Have I the great honour of addressing the President of Ireland, Mr. Cosgrave?

President—Well—er—yes—that is—no—well, I mean—well, confidentially, I am travelling in fra dig.

* * *

Our friends of the Irish Transport and Government Workers' Union, we are told, will shortly be looking for a Tontine Secretary as the one they have now is showing signs of (tee)total collapse, after the handling he got from a few working women living in the neighbourhood of York Street.

* * *

A lot of the employees of the O.B.U. who offered their services to the W.U.I. with the proviso that they would get a job, and whose kind offer was refused, are getting kicked out of their present job after Xmas. They must have anticipated this.

* * *

That great Statesman, Everett, T.D., received a nasty knock on the nut down in Wicklow on Monday last and one of the Warriors from 35, Joe Metcalfe, was rendered hors de combat on the same occasion; and, would you believe it?—this at the hands of the Civic Guard. Evidently the Guards in Wicklow have not yet received orders from 35 Parnell Square and Castle.

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Special Childrens Concert

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