

THE IRISH WORKER

AN T-0IBRIDĒ SAODLAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1924

TWOPENCE

:: OUR RESOLUTION, 1924 ::

We have been thinking "Did our work during 1923 satisfy?" Well, to be candid with our readers we have to admit, "No!" Most unsatisfactory we say, and our critics were even more outspoken though not as truthful. We find we attempted too much. We had earned a rest, and when the goal gates opened in January of 1923 we should have done like other released prisoners, gone a-holidaying, or retired, with the excuse that we were worn out and had to recuperate. Unfortunately for our own comfort and for the peace of mind and economic security of a clique of self-seeking, unscrupulous grafters, here and abroad, and to the annoyance and discomfort of more than one government, we found ourselves up against the gods of things that are, so perforce we had to get busy.

Coming out of Sing Sing we were met by our good friend Jerry O'Leary with the suggestion that we should go up to his friend's place in the Adirondack Mountains and recuperate. Nothing doing, we told him our first and last thought was Home. Then we were invited to go a sea voyage. "Fine," we said, "where to?" The Gulf and Mexican ports through the Canal to Frisco. "No! Sea voyage. Yes! Course north-east by east we are willing to steer." Nothing doing, no passports. Though the Free (?) Republic of the United States had 110 million people, an army and navy in addition to an army of sleuths, sluggers and stoolpigeons employed and directed by the real owners of the United States (the Finance Capitalists and industrial magnates), we were a danger. The American Government refused to allow us to depart, yet they had issued no less than three deportation warrants for our special benefit.

We then approached His Majesty's Consul at New York and suggested we were desirous of seeing the Wicklow Hills showing up from the sea and the sweep of Dublin Bay. We were informed that we were not desirable and no passport could be issued to an undesirable subject.

We then turned our attention to propaganda work, organised the "Ulster Defence Alliance," toured the States as far north as Massachusetts, and as far west as Chicago, Illinois. We had a most interesting tour. In Providence, Rhode Island, we were refused permission to speak and not allowed to stay in the city. All the sleuths and uniformed and nonuniformed sluggers were mobilized to stop our meeting. We were debarred from speaking by the powers that thought themselves all important. We had to submit, but we returned within a fortnight and held an overflow meeting in Worcester, Massachusetts, with this difference, instead of the police and city authorities daring to outrage the American Constitution, the Dark Forces refused us the hall engaged for the meeting. Amongst the most

active of our enemies was the chief official of the Hibernians.—We returned a week later and in a theatre two doors from the hall we had been refused access to, we addressed another overflow meeting and told a few unwelcome truths.

After a pilgrimage up and down the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and New York we had a call to cross the Canadian border. We entered Montreal under arrest, were detained in an immigration station for four hours, and without even a trial deported across the line—though a British Subject (by law)! into the United States, notwithstanding the Government of that Free (?) Republic had issued three different deportation warrants against your scribe. We appealed against our deportation from Canadian territory, appeal being denied as an order had been issued against our entry into Canada in 1915.

In an interview with the Welshman, Davies, Minister for Labour at Washington, we demanded permission to leave the Dear Old United States. Davies was quite pleasant—"There is nothing against you," said he. We then took up the matter with the perfect person, Hughes, Secretary of State, no passport; later we informed both Hughes and Davies that we would give them good and sufficient reasons for our departure if we were not allowed to sail. We held two other meetings after our ultimatum, and lo, and behold you, we were picked up by a regiment of the New York Bomb-Squad and rushed off to Ellis Island and the following day found ourselves discussing matters affecting the Empire with Mr. Armstrong, His Majesty's Consul-General, who told us he was an Irishman! His father had been Deputy-Lieutenant for County Cavan. Of course we knew Armstrong better than he knew himself. We were informed in that delightful manner that only His Majesty's Consuls can assume, that we were to get a passport and all was right as right could be. We were still kept under guard, however, and the next day, Saturday, April 21st, we were homeward bound in the S.S. Majestic.

We arrived in Westland Row, Dublin, on April 30th, and since then life has been one long sweet song. We found the country torn with fratricidal strife. The Stag and the Stool-pigeon, male and female, polluted public life by their presence, an armed despotism ruled ruthlessly. Murder was rampant, Terrorism paid for and directed by "England's garrison," rioted in the people's midst. The law of the jungle sought its victims and mercilessly carried out its dark decrees. Creatures that in earlier days were fearful to intrude themselves into public life were corrupting the very well-springs of life within the nation. The place-hunter and the time server usurped every

office of profit. A nation bankrupt in manners and morals; words had no meaning or application. The sycophant who held His Majesty's commission would bleat of his adherence to Republican principles over the grave of a Pearse, or attend a military Mass in memory of a revolutionary mass-leader, such as Connolly, and then within the hour unctuously sign the death warrant of a Republican soldier. Hysteria and Hate were the only voices heard throughout the Land. Criticism was silenced.

To differ with or voice dissent against any Doctrine meant denunciation at least. A dozen would-be Mussolinis stood on the high places and issued their edicts. Lay theologians were as plentiful as mushrooms and just as dependable. The press of the country was the hired prostitute, as always, of the finance-capitalists, Foreign and Native, who were still carrying on their nefarious system of profiteering and sucking the economic life blood of the country like bloated leeches. The literary expression of the country was for sale to the highest bidder regardless of principle. Men who, in other days, had held the Flame of Liberty alight had become hucksters in the market place selling their soul, their power of expression and poetry of phrase for a meal ticket. The American dollar had brought the virus of commercialism into the Temple of Truth, and the flame of wrath, that in the dead gone years had shamed into silence the apologists of wrongdoing or seared the soul of the oppressor with a phrase, had smouldered and almost died out. When the poets of a nation become business men seeking safety, ease of body, peace of mind and a balance at the bank, matters are in a parlous condition, and still we have not plumbed the depths.

The class in Ireland who had in all ages, under all forms of native and foreign oppression kept the torch of liberty alight, faint maybe at times, yet still alight, the Irish Working Class, they too, misled by a compromising, selfish, self-seeking group of place and fortune hunters masquerading as Labour Leaders had slunk into a slough of despond without hope in themselves confidence in their will-o'-the-wisp leaders or job trust Bosses. They had become pawns in the hands of the faction leaders who used them recklessly for their own ends and having used them cast them aside when the game had become a stalemate. Mens' liberty and lives were used like dice by reckless gamblers. The women and children of these workers were, of course, as ever, the real sufferers. The best of the race were paying forfeit for their belief in the eternal principles of liberty and their loyalty to the sacred dead. A few faithful ones still had the courage to endure and preach the word.

We felt that the essential thing was to

CAW ! CAW !

save the remnant for to-morrow's struggle. We dared to speak as we felt called upon. We demanded in tones that were heard—"Peace!" We went further and dared to say what many thought and none dare give voice to—"Throw aside the military tools and use other means to achieve victory." We were denounced by both sides, proving we were right then, and now our position is proved to have been the correct one, and if advantage had been taken of the suggestion when made we would not have to remember the sufferings endured by those who fought with their will power against the ordered forces of tyranny. We would not have to regret the death of two of the best and bravest. We would not have to face the fact that many of the men and women who endured to the limit will never enjoy life in their full physical powers again, and we would have many more amongst us free to work for their principles and maybe all would be body free.

We said in June what we believed ought to be said. We say now we were justified and time will further strengthen and approve of our position in June, 1923.

Then when the organised employing class and bloodless leeches of finance capitalists who had been fattening upon the body of the nation made their frontal attack on the leaderless and betrayed workers we, against our better judgment but because of our class loyalty, went in to fight with the already defeated workers who had been sold openly and betrayed shamelessly by the creatures who had used them as stepping stones to positions of economic security and political jobs. We went into the fight with our hands metaphorically tied behind our backs. The creatures who were officially charged with responsibility had already shirked the guns of the army they were supposed to lead and direct. If ever we felt justified in life's activities it was in this last struggle to maintain conditions too easily won and so shamelessly sold to the employing class by a clique of unscrupulous, hypocritical traffickers in the 'soul sacrifices of men and the human energy, power and loyalty to the principles of unionism of their own class.

We draw our readers attention to a phase of this betrayal on another page. We pause to say this our determination and resolve: "So long as life vibrates through this, our frame, we will never compromise with one of these infamous creatures who have trafficked in the phrases written and the sacrifices made in life and death of a comrade whose work some of these creatures utilised in life, and now blaspheme his name in death.

We faced and overthrew a set of creatures who had the Labour Movement of this country garrotted in 1907 and onward. They were an objectionable group but the victims of environment. These creatures who have seduced and betrayed like Castle-reagh, sold their class for a price and are determined to carry out the deal again and again if permitted. Our Resolution, 1924—"No Compromise"—Truth, Moral Honesty, Class Solidarity will win and the Irish Working Class, often misled and betrayed, will again realise their responsibility and close their ranks and march breast forward, an Intelligent, Disciplined Army of Workers.

FROM OLD NEW YORK.

298 E. B'way,
New York City.
Dec. 14th, 1923.

Mr. James Larkin,
17 Gardiner's Place,
Dublin.

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will please find an order for ten (10) dollars. Please use three (3) dollars for my subscription to the "Irish Worker" and the remainder will procure some food for little kiddies who are hungry.

Very truly,
ANNIE L. PRENDERGAST.

The latest issue of the "Irish Statesman"—Organ of Colonial Ascendancy—contains words of ponderous advice from old mother Carrion-Crow to her Free State fledglings. That they are heeded is proved by their utterance, for Carrion-Crow does not foul her own nest, and that they will have the result of preventing the untutored fledglings from perpetrating themselves still further in the old nest is most likely.

The art of governance is as old as human distrust and about as venal. Young nations are not born with it, but as a rule, acquire it from the power whose dominance they have escaped or conciliated.

Free Stateism, natural outgrowth of Empire, born in blood and nurtured at the fountain-head of British militarism, has not had the time to snatch from blood-spilling to learn the art, and now, in the first real pause in the 'civil' conflict, is looking around to discover how best to secure definite mastery of the situation.

The decision of official Republicanism, early in the year, to close the war on the military side, was an awkward one for the Free State. Nevertheless, the tacit alliance between Masonry, Free Stateism, Press and a Hierarchy which forgot principle in the satisfaction of preaching the comfortable doctrine of "the will of the people" despite the lesson of old "deliver Him to us,

His blood be upon us and on our children," postponed the day of reckoning. To still further postpone it is the purpose and object of the combined forces of re-action in the country to-day and nothing is being left undone to secure the result.

The "Irish Statesman," voicing the prejudices of Free Stateism, Official Protestantism, Malcolm Lyonism and the overflowing soul of the National University professoriat, and—very unofficially—the views of our 'Labour' Uriah Heeps, from Deputy Johnson and Senators Foran and Farren down to Wm. O'Brien and Senator Duffy (the roadman who didn't get the 'cut'), points the way to safety. With an appearance of easy tolerance but, at times, ill-concealed anxiety the article writer spills himself at length. The advice tendered to the Free State Government is to "release the prisoners" for the reason that "it is difficult to understand what useful purpose it is hoped to achieve by the refusal of a general amnesty." No matter of principle is involved; it is just a case of expediency. To cover up the trail of his intent the writer passes some pious remarks as to "our troubles nowadays being the work of bands who, though they might find it expedient to use the name of the Republic as a cloak for their crimes, care as little for it as they do for the Free State. But, sometimes the mask slips. . . . These men will have to be released sooner or later, and it is better they should be set free now that they stand revealed in their true light as reckless and criminal gamblers. . . . The same old tune as was whistled by Redmond and Dillon two years after the 'historic' hand-shake with Carson & Co. on the 'floor of the House, and which apparently still carries all its potency to charm the national renegade.

Again: "the steady refusal of the country to be stampeded by the hunger-strike shows that something more than mere emotionalism lies behind the general desire that the government . . . should close the score . . . and release the prisoners." So the desire to release the prisoners is a general one, and still the government intend to hold some of them; not too bad for a "will of the people" government.

The actual reason why the country was not "stampeded"—another verbal legacy from the days of thirty-two-county-imperialism—is that official Republicanism was either under lock and key or disorganised, and the greatest potential fighting force in the country—the Labour movement—the only one capable of dealing with the situation,

was throttled by place-nunters and grafters.

The final sentence in the article constitutes a 'gospel in brief.' "The best cure for extremism is to bring its devotees hard up against realities, which cannot be done so long as barbed wire and steel bars leave them free to cherish their illusions of an Ireland which, if it ever existed outside their imagination, is to-day as fantastic a creation as the flying island of Laputa."

At this point, except for a brief reference or two, we leave "The Irish Statesman."

What are the "realities" which prevent the visualisation of the "fantastic creation," (i.e., a Republic, capitalist or worker)? Briefly they are:—

1. England's military power.
2. The mortgaging to England of Ireland's credit to establish the Free State (66 2-3%) Dominion, by military force.
3. The committal, body and soul, of the leaders of Free Stateism to the Ascendancy in return for services rendered when it became clear that the Free State could not function if the Ascendancy party stood clear.
4. The capitalist-Labour alliance.

Paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 are now past history; number 4 is history in the making. At this point there steps on to the stage, the brazen traitors of the Labour movement, some of whom have already sold their souls and the Cause for a seat with the Jamesons and Glenavys, the Mayos and the disciples of long hair and poetry; the remainder are still living in expectation of the hoped-for day when the "going" will be good for them too.

The net result of the pernicious activities of the labour 'leaders' may, for the sake of clearness be set out in the form of an account; the average worker can strike the balance for himself.

On the one side are such items as Senatorships to Foran, O'Farrell, Farren and Duffy, and the influence which these positions carry in the creation of jobs. On the other, the shutting down of Strikes in Dublin, Waterford and elsewhere, the diverting of Trades Union Funds by the I.N.T.O. (£15,000) and the I.T.G.W.U. (£10,000), into the coffers of the government which forced a wage-reduction on the teachers and dockers of Ireland and has unloaded a potential army of demobilised blacklegs on the unfortunate roadworkers.

Further there is the cunning scheme worked by the Abbey St. gang to settle rail disputes: The rail workers will yet wake up, but to find that they have been sold into bondage. Other classes of workers, agricultural, building, engineering, baking and postal, and so on right through the list will, before long, find themselves in receipt of wages below the 1914 standard and bound hand and foot to Conciliation and Arbitration Boards, established to settle, compulsorily, disputes, between employers and employed to their disadvantage. To make it perfectly clear what has yet to come, let the workers think of some of the treacheries committed against them in the past few months; dockers, roadmen, agricultural workers, civil servants, drapers' assistants, teachers and old age pensioners had the 'cut.' Whose turn is it next?

If you wish to know, enquire at 32 Lower Abbey Street.

A WORD WITH YOU

Did any reader buy a ticket from books 40,525 to 40,646, or from 40,877 to 40,910. These 16 books were given to a young man who said his name was John Martin and that he worked in Williams & Woods, for sale, and no return has been made to date. We would be glad to receive any information touching upon this matter.—(Ed.)

NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

One must admire audacity, and in all our experience of life we have failed, up to date, to experience such audacity, in word, as exemplified in the New Year's messages printed in the most audacious paper any country has ever been cursed with.

See "Independent," Tuesday, January 1st, 1924. What a galaxy of hypocrites, claim-jumpers and audacious ones. £40,000-a-year-Tim, as some one called him the best educated blackguard in Europe—our vice-Regent, the King's voice, our Governor General. Secah! "The country has, I think (note—I think), good grounds for congratulation on the progress so far made towards peace"—and justice. £40,000 a year is a fairly good reason, Tim: we can congratulate the country that has the audacity to pay you that much; it must be a mad-house.

Then, Kevin, of Catholic Truth Society fame. "Prosperity is the production of hard work": prosperity for whom? Ask Pierpoint, he knows. Then the military genius—General Mulcahy—with his Napoleonic dictum: "the earth is man's foundation stone. He derives his sustenance therefrom." Isn't that a beautiful thought? We asked for bread and "Kilhard" gave us head-stones. And then entereth Blythe, an earnest one. "But the country has suffered no irreparable damage"; no, brother, we still have Ernest Blythe. That we have lost our spiritual values, have become a byword and reproach to all the peoples of the earth, matters not. And four graves in Mountjoy contain four men, and that those four, dead in the flesh, still live and speak in our only hope, and they will be heard.

Dunraven croaketh: "nevermore will I be able to go abroad."—and whine. Something to be thankful for. We hope to see you and your class go to work, Dark-Raven, before 1925 dawns. We pass by Esmonde—life is too short to waste time on that political weathercock; but the Earl of Mayo must speak his little piece: "my confidence in our ministers remains unabated." We pass to the £6,000 a year Servant of God. Quoth the good bishop—or provost, or something or other—Bernardi must be a Scotch-Frenchman; by all appearances he is prosperous; we must quote this learned wight—a spasm or twain more: "We shall be foolish, indeed, if we throw away our chance of happiness and peace, as a Free State within the British Empire, by indulging in vain dreams of an ideal Republic, the establishment of which would mean the impoverishment of Ireland by the departure of many good Irishmen who are now doing their best to serve their native country."

Poor Pearse, Connolly and Comrades; you died so that a creature like this Bernardi might reflect, in his bigoted and asinine phrases, on your ideals and sacrifices.

And then the blunt Shanks pushes his face through space and utters his silly platitudes; he thinks he is in the Bankruptcy Court. We leave the two real playboys to enter in the last scene—dim lights for Winnie, who has been extinguished. Winston believes good days are in store for Ireland: We—Winston and Leicester—believe good times are in store for England when she relegates the Churchills to that obscurity that they richly deserve. "You can fool a nation part of the time, some of the nation all the time, but you cannot fool all the nation all the time." And you have acted the audacious fool too long. Curtain; Winnie & Co. Death-head Hamar Greenwood, knight, sends his greetings to his pupils. Hamar, you were only an amateur at the game; these lads we are blessed with could give you and your Black-and-Tans ten in a hundred and leave you standing. We have proved in the persons who make up the Free State Government Irish products are best at your game, Hamar. It is only

fitting that you, Sir Hamar, should pay your respects to your pupils, who made true the old Norse prophecy, in our day:

Brothers shall fight and fell each other,
And sisters' sons shall kinship stain;
Axe-time, sword-time, shields are Sundered;
Wind-time, wolf-time, ere the world falls,
Nor ever shall men each other spare.

Speed the day when they too will get the reward in the measure of their iniquity, that you got. It will be a happy year for Ireland and her people when that day shines on us.

D. M. P.

We see by the papers, the truthful capitalist press of this city, that owing to misdirected zeal on the part of some government official a demand was made on the members of the D.M.P. for a reduction in wages. Mr. ex-Brigadier General—British Army—Murphy, Commissioner of the D.M.P. says "It is all wrong lads, a mistake. They didn't mean it." Later on, however, when the figures are properly manipulated you will be cajoled into accepting. We suggest, brothers, that you will be manhandled into accepting when the machinery is properly oiled for the task. Don't trust in the law, that way means reduction. Remember boys, who are the law makers. Where is McElligott and some of the boys with guts and intelligence. We suggest a Policeman's Union is in order and a necessity. Why not? Will the D.M.P. and the Civic Guard lads, who talked this matter over recently with us, not get busy. A Union, lads, will save reductions and victimization. Think it over. You forget you are members of the Working Class at times. Now you realise that your interest is our interest. Workers of the World, Unité! Even a Policeman has a stomach to feed, rent to pay, clothes to wear, and a soul to save.

ON THE DOLE.

The King's youngest son, Prince George, has reached his twenty-first year. He will now receive an annuity of £10,000 a year. When he gets spliced this sum will be increased to £15,000.

When Henry was on the "gap,"
He didn't care a rap,
He tightened his belt and he said "oh, yes,
In another five weeks I'll get it, I guess,"
So he borrowed a "Sporting Pink"
And what saw he, do you think?
A horse that was owned by Lord Hobbled-hoy

Was a cert, such a cert
That it gave him much joy;
But he hadn't a quid to spare,
Not even so much as a bob,
His pockets he felt with a sigh of despair,
His fingers they passed
Twixt his hat and his hair.
Then he thought of the Labour Buroo
And he thought of other things too—
Homes fit for heroes, the "gap" and the "dole,"

The high price of grub
And the high price of coal.
Then he thought of the king's youngest son,
Of the lad who was just twenty-one,
With ten thousand a year
And a rise when he's wed,
Fifteen thousand for two
Whether up or in bed.
What a life for a man and his wife—
No wonder they stick to their jobs.
Then he thought of the Bolshevik crew
Who'd rob the poor Prince of his screw,
Who'd send the poor devil
To work for his grub
Whilst his wife played at home
With his shirt in a tub,
And he shuddered with fear at the thought.

J.M.

Letters to the Editor

Sydney, November 17th, 1923

"Irish Worker,"
17 Gardiner's Place, Dublin.

Dear Conrade—Received your very interesting and lengthy letter. I showed it to Glynn. Neither he nor Moore received the letters that you mention, so you can guess that censorship still prevails somewhere in spite of the world made perfectly safe for democracy. I have sent you (they were posted over a week ago) a copy of the "Daily Telegraph" and a sheet of the "Daily Mail," Sydney, with an account of the police strike and shop-breaking in Melbourne. I tried to get some of the Melbourne papers here, but they were sold out. However, you can be assured that the accounts telegraphed across to Sydney are just as complete and accurate as those that appeared in the Melbourne dailies. It was—and is—the most sensational strike in the history of this land of dopey slaves and meek, petty bourgeoisie. You, of course, witnessed the great 1917 strike in New South Wales with its policy of "arms folded" and "passive resistance." Though involving the whole of the unions of this state it passed off without any incident greatly perturbing the predatory class, but it is not too much to say that had it led off with a demonstration in Sydney similar to what has just taken place in Melbourne it would have developed into an "all in" fight. In my last letter I stated that anything in the nature of conflict was abhorrent to the slave class in this country. I merely voiced the general opinion, but the master-class has just had the shock of its life. They thought (and were justified in thinking) that the slaves were completely cowed into submission, but lo and behold, a strike took place above all places in the ranks of the Boss's own armed guard and immediately there followed a wild night of sack and pillage in which 400 shops were broken into and looted and damage, estimated at from £500,000 to £1,000,000 done. It will give you an idea when the export of films, depicting the riots and parades of scab constabulary, Light Horse and marines, has been prohibited, and the Boss's Chief Trusty, Sir John Monash, who established a regular army headquarters in Melbourne Town Hall, has given out a most obviously mendacious statement that the damage was only £10,000. That would mean on an average only £25 a shop, and this, mark you, with big department stores, jewellers' shops, fur and silk shops and a big gun shop cleaned out in Melbourne's leading business block. Fur hats were piled up in the street or blowing about and from 4.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m., while the crowd had full rein, not a policeman was in sight—they were well scared. The strike was over the matter of pensions and the use of plain-clothes spies. According to the Leader of the Victorian Labour Party 1010 police walked out. Loud and bitter lamentations that the "underworld" had broken loose from the Christ-like and gentle bourgeoisie, but as a matter of fact a large section of the "underworld" promptly rushed into the scab uniform. Hundreds of the best known crooks and bludgers in Melbourne enlisted under false names and armed with authority, uniform and a baton, went out to slug, rob, and waylay in the most glaring fashion. To stun a man, throw him into a doorway and go through his pockets was "law and order," and the trouble is not over yet, by any means. Perhaps the strikers will be beaten and pushed out. That will merely be a much-needed education to some of them as propaganda in that quarter has been sadly neglected. There will surely be more trouble with those that have taken their places when the government makes an attempt to reduce the liberal pay on which

(Continued on Column 1, Page 6)

"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.

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We are not responsible for views or opinions expressed in Special Articles.

APPEAL FROM SENATOR FORAN— INJUNCTION PRESIDENT.

We print below a circular letter of appeal issued by the Injunction Executive of the Irish Transport Union. We draw our readers' attention to the denunciation of the Capitalist Free State Government contained therein. Every charge made against the Government and set down in this appeal is true and borne out by the recorded facts during the Waterford Civil War, and the record is not as complete as it might be drawn.

We know, readers, you will find a verdict of guilt on the evidence produced, and rightly so. There are hundreds of victims of this Class War in the County Waterford. Militarism of the most brutal form was allowed to run riot. Farmers were allowed to outdo Hamar Greenwood's "Sweet Assassins." Yes, the workers of County Waterford have had a second dose of class warfare. Have they learnt their lesson? Will they ever learn a lesson in that area and will they, even at this hour, judge the guilty according to the evidence in their possession? If the Government are guilty of the charges brought against them by Foran, O'Brien, Ryan and their clique, what must be the measure of condemnation of this General President Foran and the arch-intriguer O'Brien. Foran accepts a Senatorship from this despicable Government, who, according to Foran, used the armed forces of the State against the unarmed members of the Union who paid him and O'Brien £8 per week while these poor harassed workers were getting from 10/- to 15/- per week Strike and Lock-out pay. Foran was made a Senator by that self-same Employers' Government. Furthermore, one of the Employers' organisations, the Federation of Small Owners, passed a resolution congratulating Mr. General President Foran on his elevation to the Senate. Foran is now a colleague of Senator Keane who organised and led the attack on the workers of Waterford, and Foran and O'Brien allowed thousands of pounds of Union Funds to be illegally spent on Parliamentary Election work that should have gone to maintain the women and children of the Waterford City and County Strikers. And now Foran has the audacity to appeal to the Branch members to subscribe and forward their subscriptions to him and his Injunction clique to disburse. No, brother members, pause! The victims of the Great Betrayal in Waterford and other parts of the country have to be sustained, must be sustained, and let those in Waterford form their own County Committee and let every member of the Union worthy of the traditions of the Union send their subscriptions to such a County Committee. Not a cent for Senator Foran and his clique to try and save their face with and with which they may screen their conduct during the Class War in the country during 1923. Every penny we can scrape together must

be subscribed for the women and children of the men betrayed. Senator Foran can send £15 per month out of his unearned £30 per month as a start. The other £8 and £6 a week gentlemen can send their quota (and see them doing it). Get busy boys. In Waterford a responsible Victimization Committee must be formed at once. In the meantime remember you are entitled to victimization pay.

Your comrade,

JIM LARKIN.

To the Secy of each Branch.

Re County Waterford Farm Dispute.

A Chara,—We desire to appeal to the members of your Branch for financial assistance to help in relieving those of our Co. Waterford farm workers who are unemployed as a result of the big fight which opened in that County in the beginning of last May, and continued over six months to the 1st December.

These men put up a splendid fight right through the conflict, and not a single one of them fell out of the ranks. But they were not able to achieve victory because they were up against a very strong combination in the organised farmers, who were backed by other employers of the Merchant Class, especially those in Dungarvan who locked out all the town workers for refusing to handle the farmers' goods. In addition, the farmers were given the full and active assistance of the **Armed Forces of the State**. Furthermore, the farmers' "gun and torch" men exercised a terror over those of their colleagues who were inclined to be reasonable, and thus kept them from settling with their men.

The harvest season passed over without settlement, and the farmers got through the busy operations without their men and, in consequence, a very large number of the latter will be unemployed all through the Winter months. The Union gave them every assistance, paying full Dispute Benefit for over six months (amounting to over £10,000), notwithstanding that the dockers and other very large sections of our members were involved at the same time. No levies were asked from the members to meet this large expenditure but, now that the dispute is closed, we think our members ought to come to the assistance of those who are still out.

Many of your members will remember, especially those of them who read the "Voice of Labour," the terrible treatment that has been meted out to these men by the farmers' "masked terrorists." Numbers of them had their houses burned over their heads and, being thus deprived of their homes, their families had to be distributed amongst men who are very little better off than themselves. Many of them were dragged out on the roadside during curfew hours, brutally beaten and threatened with shooting. Other forms of intimidation and terrorism were also used. On all sides, it has been recognised that a great stand has been made by these men; and, as their struggle has a certain effect on the workers all over Ireland, it is felt that the members of the Union should be given an opportunity of assisting them in their present plight. The farmers in the County have spared no effort, and have secured the support of the Government Forces against them, and they have endured enormous financial losses themselves in order to starve the men into submission, and break their faith in themselves and their Union.

In our opinion, the members realising all that has happened in this County, will subscribe as liberally as their means will allow. It is not an unusual thing, when any section of the Union is involved, to accept support from other sections of the Union; but, in this case, the strike has been so long and bitter that there is very little hope that more than 30% or 40% of the men will be able to secure employment, and in this very severe time, the sufferings of those

men will be awful to contemplate. Unless your members take up this matter at once, and take whatever steps they possibly can to raise funds, hundreds of staunch comrades and their helpless children will have to suffer the unspeakable tortures of absolute destitution.

We want you, therefore, to summon a general meeting of your members at once, and read this circular to them. Having done this, arrangements should be made to carry out the collection of a voluntary subscription from each member for those victims of the Co. Waterford Strike. Of course, the members should only be asked to subscribe whatever amount their means can afford, but we would ask that, on account of it being Christmas, it should be made as generous as possible. We trust that the response to this appeal will show to the bosses, who are gloating over the sufferings of the Co. Waterford men, that these men are not forgotten by their organised comrades.

All contributions should be sent direct to Head Office, marked—"Waterford Fund, C/O Head Office, Dublin."

Yours fraternally,

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union

Per THOMAS FORAN,

FP/LK.

General President.

DOES AMERICA SUPPORT THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN IRELAND?

The following is taken from the "Irish World" of Dec. 15th, the official organ of the Irish Republican Movement in America.

Irish Republican Prisoners' Dependents' Fund. 51st Instalment Acknowledged.

Editor, The Irish World:

The following cablegram was received December 8 by Hon. Owen W. Bohan, national treasurer of the Irish Republican Soldiers' and Prisoners' Dependents' Fund, acknowledging the 51st instalment:

Dublin, Ireland.

Hon. Owen W. Bohan,

New York City:

Received eleven hundred forty-seven pounds two shillings and eleven hundred forty-six pence.

(Signed) BARRY.

Sincerely Yours,

MICHAEL A. KELLY,
National Secretary.

52nd Instalment Sent.

Editor, The Irish World.

The 52nd instalment of \$5,000 was forwarded on December 6 by Hon. Owen W. Bohan, national treasurer of the Irish Republican Soldiers' and Prisoners' Dependents' Fund, through the Irving National Bank, New York City, to Madam O'Rahilly, Mansion House, Dublin, Ireland.

Sincerely yours,

M. A. KELLY,
National Secretary.

53rd Instalment.

Editor, The Irish World.

The 53rd instalment of \$5,000 was forwarded on December 10 by Hon. Owen W. Bohan, national treasurer of the Irish Republican Soldiers' and Prisoners' Dependents' Fund, through the Irving National Bank, New York, to Madam O'Rahilly, Mansion House, Dublin, Ireland. (The sending of three instalments of \$5,000 within a week was made possible by the receipt of \$10,000 from Father Yorke, San Francisco.)

Sincerely yours,

M. A. KELLY,

National Secretary.

Acknowledged to date \$205,858.88 (£45,585 6s. 2d.). Also acknowledged \$15,262.93 (£3,370 7s. 2d.). Total to date \$221,119.81 (£48,955 13s. 4d.), in addition to \$111,000 (£24,511 13s. 4d.) for Political Fund, all remitted to Ireland during the last three months.

JAMES CONNOLLY

AND HIS EPOCH.

I.—PRELUDE.

PURPOSE OF THESE ARTICLES.—Estimates of Connolly's importance—contrasting his advent and departure, the years around 1870 and 1916, Ireland and the Continent.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Tennyson.—"Morte d'Arthur."

In the following pages I shall attempt not merely an account of the life of James Connolly, but an estimate of the extent to which his life affected his surroundings, and of how far his environment affected his life. I hope to essay the difficult task of correctly gauging the relation of Connolly to his epoch. In order to do this whilst preserving a sense of proportion, it behoves me to aim at describing the general trend of human affairs such as are relevant to my history. Therefore I may not do more than sketch in the briefest manner each important incident in Connolly's career and of Connolly's times. I shall try to be comprehensive rather than meticulous.

* * *

"The greatest man of the age"; such is the estimate of him around whose life this story is woven, uttered by James Larkin at the O'Connell Street meeting in commemoration of Connolly held one afternoon in May, 1923. None came closer to Connolly than Larkin, and few Irishmen understood the men of that age better.

In October, 1916, so soon after the Rising, Robert Lynd wrote these words at the conclusion of his preface to Connolly's masterpiece—"Labour in Ireland":

"Syndicalist, incendiary, agitator, call him what you will, it still remains true that his was the most vital democratic mind in the Ireland of his day." At that time ninety per cent. of Irishmen thought either little or not at all of Connolly and the rest who had passed in Easter Week.

The fact that Sinn Fein to-day is asking itself in vexed uneasiness whether it is following Connolly or not, and that other fact, that every section of the distinctively proletarian movement in Ireland claims rightly or wrongly that it bears his tradition, and professes sincerely or insincerely to regard Connolly as its mentor, show, amongst other things, that the estimates of Lynd and Larkin, whether accurate or exaggerated, are at least in the region of truth.

Nearly every name in Ireland was borne once and for a long time by a "cinel" of free men, and nearly every town and village stands on a site of fathomless antiquity. The name "Ua Congaile" was in early Irish historical times that given to an Ulster clan of leading influence. Sir John Davies, one of the legal luminaries who arranged the details of the theft of the land of Ulster from the free clans about 1610 A.D. writes of the County of Monaghan: "For the whole county consisting of three or four names only, viz., M'Mahon, M'Rena, M'Cube and O'Connolly." And even in 1870 there remained Connolly families in Ulster, for on June 5th of that year, the family of a poor tenant—farmers of that name, living near the venerable town of Clones, Co. Monaghan, increased its membership through the arrival of James, our hero.

Quiet and unheralded his advent, his departure to the sound of death-throes of Empires, and attracting the startled gaze of many even in an age of chaotic confusion. In May, 1916, Connolly was shot dead in cold blood after the Cabinet of the greatest Empire which the world has ever seen had

consulted anxiously of the portent of his last light.

His dear body lies in Kilmainham jail, wherein is even now* confined by H. M. Government of the Irish Free State, the living body of his daughter, Mrs. Nora Connolly O'Brien.

1870—1916, both dates falling during periods of mighty upheaval. Not only in Ireland, but also throughout the Empire and the world, 1870 was in some large degree the forerunner of 1916.

Let us recall the upheavals of the period around 1870. Fenianism, styled by P. H. Pearse "the noblest and most terrible manifestation of this unconquered nation" had conspired, struggled, and had been crushed. As a militant force it had for the moment failed, as a "manifestation" it had a profound moral effect, the influence of which becomes visible in this insurgent generation. So much for Ireland. On the Continent the strife was even more severe and portentous.

In the "backward" countries the bourgeoisie struggled with the feudal aristocracy for the possession of economic power. Here and there the proletariat rose under leaders usually of bourgeois mentality who knowingly or unconsciously used the strength of the lowest classes to effect the bourgeois revolution. The masses fought, their own gains were few, but they established political systems, usually Republics, which allowed the bourgeoisie scope to extend capitalist commercialism and bring all Europe to similar social-economic conditions.

All Europe but Russia, Russia alone in 1870 remained with a dominant feudality and a subject bourgeoisie.

Italy was the shining example of what I mean. There the followers of Mazzini and Garibaldi rose, weakened the royalty and nobility, consolidated the new nation, won some slight improvements in their life, but allowed the capitalists to assume economic control. Political control followed inevitably. Of the Italian proletariat we may say that the last state of that man was worse than the first! As to the "advanced" countries. There were wars and rumours of wars between the several capitalist governments.

The virile new commercialism of Germany had produced Von Bismark, who, by war and intrigue and judicious politics brought the German capitalists to a position second in power to that of their English rivals. All done so deliberately and methodically that the English Government, i.e., the Executive Committee of English Capitalism, did nothing in 1870 when the Franco-Prussian war began. Some English leaders favoured the Emperor of the French and his "cause," some others, Bismark and his. Puzzled and slightly alarmed they watched French industrialism surrender to the newest Empire.

Just then came the least noticed and soonest quietened outbreak in the series, and yet the one which, socially, was most dramatic and most significant. This was the short lived Commune of Paris, 1872, an attempt to establish a Workers' Regime in that city, the success of which, it was hoped, would stimulate like attempts throughout France. Both German and French imperialists joined hands, and led by Thiers, drowned the infant revolution in the blood of its parents, the workers of Paris and surrounding districts. Thousands were slain. Rifles being too slow, the new machine-guns mowed down the human harvest.

When they speak to you of the "aristos" slain between 1789 and 1793 in the frenzy of the revolt of the slaves, it is well to think of the slaughter of thousands and tens of thousands of French Communards in 1872!

Such, in three classes, were the struggles which broke the surface of society in the epoch during which Connolly was born.

In the year 1916 Ireland had reached the lowest point in the scale of her national

strength. Economic drains had bled her white and the drug of bourgeois, compromising, Imperialist Nationalism had weakened her heart and dimmed her consciousness. In Britain and Europe generally, wage slavery was unchallenged and capitalism had reached its zenith. The whole world lay in its view. To change the metaphor, the commercial net had spread everywhere. Financial rivalries had culminated at last in the World War, and the workers of Europe slaughtered each other to save their masters' investments.

The interval between 1870 and 1916 saw the preparation for the epoch which we shall study, the epoch during which Connolly died ere it had run its course. Between '70 and '16 the forces were shaping in Ireland which were to have as their resultant the triumphant reassertion of Irish Nationality and the struggle of the working class for supremacy. In Europe, although the masses in 1916 were never so enslaved, class sub-consciousness was growing steadily and only the awakening had to come to produce consciousness from sub-consciousness. In 1916, men who understood the lessons of history were preparing the World Revolution. Lenin and a small roomful of Russians and Germans were conversing together at an hotel at Zimmerwald, in Switzerland, and Bela Kun lay watching, an Austrian prisoner in a Russian camp for war-captives. 1916 was the darkest hour before the dawn. Lenin and his friends at Zimmerwald had not ten thousand true followers in all Europe. Had they attempted to address a meeting from the hotel windows, hardly a soul would have glanced up at them. And Bela Kun had not even the power to demand an extra blanket to shield him from the Russian winds at night. Yet these few were right in their judgment. **They knew that capitalism was compassing its own downfall.**

In 1917 about 0.05% of the Russian workers, banded in the Communist Bolshevik Party, led the Russian proletariat to create the embryo of the first Workers' Republic. The capitalists, as well as the workers of the world, now listened eagerly for Lenin's last word.

1918—19 saw the repudiation of the Empire by Ireland, the declaration of her sovereign rights, the advanced social programme of the first Dail, and forthwith her people began to work their way towards National Independence in every sphere, and the classless Co-operative Commonwealth.

* * *

The dawn-light has burst through the night's darkness. To-day, in the morning of the Revolution, the night winds still blow. The dawn is ever cold at first, but let us be patient. The sun of the Revolution completed will dispel the winds and give us warmth.

* * *

Let us remember the fact that to bring about this great contrast between conditions just prior to 1870 and those just after 1916; no man did more or did it more successfully than James Connolly.

* * *

In this sketch we intend to deal with those things of most concern to Connolly. Therefore we should commence with a review in necessary detail of the state of the Irish people in 1870. But to do this without explaining the previous historical evolution of that people would be unintelligible. To such an explanation we now proceed.

*At the time of writing.

Leaguers! Don't forget Next Sunday's Meeting in Trades' Hall, at 8 p.m.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 3)

they have been recruited. Melbourne, just now, is an armed camp and Irish history is being repeated by the formation of a special force (numbering 750) with blue coats and khaki trousers.

New South Wales is faced with the possibility of another election soon. Hershovici who is said to have been one of the Russian delegates at Lausanne is here to raise contributions to the loan for reconstruction work in Russia. The position in Europe grows more and more menacing for the master-class every day, don't you think. The French capitalist class has set the plough in the furrow from which there is no turning back and which leads to new Imperialist wars and the destruction of the capitalist system—or perhaps the destruction of the working-class if it does not heed.

With best wishes.

Yours fraternally,

D. HEALY.

Dec. 29th, 1923.

Dear Comrade—I was very much surprised to see my name in the list of lucky ones in the Draw. Will you keep the 10/- and put it to some good cause.

With fraternal greetings,

WINIFRED HORRABIN,

Daingean,

Offaly,

31/12/23.

A Chara,

Your letter to hand 31st. Sorry I was late for Draw although I posted the tickets early, but I suppose on account of the Xmas rush in post my letter was delayed. However the ticket holders would not take back their money and I am gladly returning same to you to be devoted to the poor prisoners' interests.

Yours sincerely,

SHEILA KANE.

The Editor,

The "Irish Worker."

A Chara—Apropos of your note on the enterprise of Vancouver Municipality in regard to coal, you may be interested to hear that prior to August, 1914, Messrs. Heiton & Co., Dublin, worked on a profit of 3d. per ton. To-day the profit is nearer to 10/-. During the War it amounted to as much as 25/- for certain classes of coal; and the firm, in addition to paying enormous sums in Excess Profits, was able to purchase expensive plant—lorries, cranes, etc.—without recourse to capital. Why is it that when Mr. Hewat advocates a return to pre-War wages he is not asked to return to pre-War profits and at the same time to disgorge the thousands of pounds which he amassed from the workingmen of Dublin during the period of scarcity?

At present the price paid for coal by the poor who purchase by the bag is 12/- per ton more than that paid by those who buy by the ton. And, of course, those who pay the higher price get the worst coal.

With good wishes for your work in the New Year.

Mise, le meas,

MICEAL.

A CORRECTION.

In our last issue in the article on Scotland, under the caption "Ireland and the Outside World," the sentence: "In Ayrshire is the coalfield which supplies the shipbuilding enterprises of Belfast and the Clyde and the steel works of Lancashire." This should have read "and the steel works of Lanarkshire." The printer was at fault.

VOLUNTARY LEVY.

LIST OF COLLECTORS' BOOKS OUTSTANDING AT 31st DECEMBER, 1923.

OLD ISSUE.

10, M. Shanahan, British Petroleum Co.; 20, — Nolan, Sutton, Co. Dublin; 23, J. Stone and J. Byrne; 30, P. Verdon, Corporation Works, Stanley St.; 38, J. Edwards, Midland Railway Carters; 39, W. Tuohy; 40, M. Brennan; 46, P. Clarke, O'Rourke's Bakery; 49, W. Walshe, Kennedy's Carters; 57, J. Traynor, Globe Express; 58, E. Pearson, Mail Yard; 62, E. Pearson, Mail Yard; 85, C. Fox, David Allen & Co.; 86, H. Fitzsimons, 8 Blessington Place; 103, J. Beggs, Sheridan's Coal Bank; 117, J. Kelly, Thwaites' Mineral Water Co.; (?), Dunne & Kelly; 120, T. O'Brien; 127, Banba Hall; 128, Banba Hall; 129, Banba Hall; 130, Banba Hall; 131, Banba Hall; 132, Banba Hall; 139, Book Missing; 142, A. Donnelly, Cantrell & Co.; 145, V. Walsh, Keith's Mineral Water Co.; 147, J. Murphy, Farriers; 148, J. Kelly, Thwaites' Mineral Water Co.; 150, J. Mahony, Mail Yard; 151, P. MacAuley, Cley's & Co.; 156, G. Carroll & Quaine; 157, P. Quail, Eason & Sons; 158, J. Lynn, Window Cleaners; 159, M. Watson, Dunlop & Co.; 164, J. Dempsey, Bristol Co.; 173, — Raul, North City Mills; 175, P. Kavanagh; 179, — Hanks, Richardson's, Tara St.; 188, C. Byrne, S. N. Robinson; 194, T. Dunne, 17 Findlater Place; 200, — Donnelly, B. Stone; 201, — Downes, Gas Co.; 202 (?); 203 No. 3 Branch, Thomas St.; 205, do.; 206, do.; 207, do.; 211, do.; 213, do.; 215, J. Walsh, Ryan, Ormond Quay; 229, J. Byrne; 261, P. Duddy, Dublin G.S.S.Co.; 263, T. Carrick, Monson Robinson & Co.; 264, No. 3 Branch, Thomas Street; 266, do.; 269, do.; 271, do.; 275, do.; 282, E. Lawlor; 289, C. Murphy; 292, No. 2 Branch (P. McGovern), Emmet Hall, Inchicore; 296, J. McManus, do.; 309, E. Crystal, British & Irish Co.; 318, M. Wynne; 322, J. Ball, London North Western Railway Co.; 336, Missing; 340, H. Dall, Winstanley's Boot Co.; 344, T. Foley, City of Dublin; 347, P. Confrey, No. 2 Branch, Inchicore; 349, J. Nolan, Educational Co., Talbot St.; 366, W. Walsh, Society of Fishmongers; 382, M. J. O'Brien, British & Irish and D.S.E.R. Co.; 388, Missing; 391, M. Donnelly; 396, B. McCann, British & Irish; 397, T. Foley, City of Dublin; 408, J. McCabe; 411, P. Farrelly, Mid. Railway of England Carters; 421, P. Hannon; 422, P. Mulvaney, Burns Line; 425, J. Corcoran; 429, J. M. O'Brien, British & Irish; 437, J. Hartnett, No. 2 Branch, Inchicore.

NEW ISSUE.

37, H. Murray; 42, Miss Gough; 64, W. Lynch; 65, W. Lynch; 68, P. Condon; 69, P. Condon; 90, W. Wynne; 95, J. Maguire; 108, J. McManus; 148, J. Walshe; 120, J. Campion, No. 2 Branch; 124, — McEvoy; 130, J. Gray; 134, P. Pollard; 140, (?) ; 141, (?) ; 142, (?) ; 143, (?) .

PLAYING THE GAME.

It is now more than seven years since 1916, and in the interval, thanks to the misdirected activities of the "get-on-with-the-work" clique, we have secured to ourselves a measure of "freedom" second only in comprehensiveness and purpose to the late Penal Laws. By virtue of it "we" have, perforce, taken our place in the family-in-law of nations known as the British Empire, and have, in consequence thereof, since done our part in suppressing, wherever they appeared, the forces of Bolshevism, revolution and "will-o'-the-peopleism." "We" have had the cooperation of our brothers-in-law on the other side of the Anglo-Irish sea in putting away and keeping under lock and key the Joseph Dowlings and others who, owing to "geographical propinquity," we could not put away ourselves. In that portion of England known as Ulster we have had manifestations of the fervour of imperial brotherhood in the suppression there of those same forces that have sought to undermine the structure of "nationhood" in the South.

Those who do not appreciate the burdens and responsibilities of Empire may find a difficulty in understanding why it is necessary for the safety of the country to keep—say—

Joseph Dowling in Portland Prison, but consideration of the ethics of the game will furnish a satisfactory answer.

The tale of the glorious fight for freedom has its parallel in that of the old lady who wanted to get home to eat her blackberries but was prevented by the contrariness of her pig. It would appear the old lady wanted to travel a route the pig had no regard for, but the pig—whose identity is not so hidden as you might think—had the misfortune to have views of its own.

The first difficulty arose through the old lady not allowing the unfortunate porcine to know what was in her mind and also because the pig was obstinate enough to have a mind and will of its own. Things went well enough, so runs the story, till the pair encountered the first stile, and there the animal sat down. Tradition has it that the figures 1—7—8—2 were the pig's unlucky numbers, and by some mischance they were engraved on the stile.

All efforts, cajolery and threats, to get the pig moving were unavailing, and in desperation the old dame called on her friend "Dog," whom the neighbour's knew as "Printer's Ink." "Dog" could not manage much more than his mistress, so there was nothing for it but to invoke "Big-Stick." "Stick, Stick," implored the old dame, "beat Dog; Dog won't bite pig; pig won't go over stile, and I can't get home to eat my blackberries." "Big-Stick" was a powerful fellow but no friend of the old lady: he used to say that "she was all right, but, alas, was not saved." You know from that that he lived in the suburbs and that he had an accent. "Big-Stick" has a lot of money invested in things, but for all that he could not do much for the old woman. "I think," he said, looking across the sea, "there is only one way out, and that is to ask my old friend 'Fire' to help a little. Well, that is just what happened. 'Fire' came over by the first mail boat and what he didn't do isn't worth writing about. The pig was got home in a dilapidated state, but he was got home, anyway. When he was properly locked up, the old lady said: "I don't know how to thank you friend 'Fire' for all you have done"— "Don't mench," says 'Fire,' "you'll find it all in the bill.

In due course the bill came along, and if the poor old lady didn't get the shock of her life, I'm a pinch of snuff. It would appear as if "Fire" wanted her to pay for what she considered a mere neighbourly act. "Aren't we all the same family," she says in her reply to him. "We are," he says, "but you don't expect me to pay for your steak and onions; not 'arf." That was very serious because it meant taking the crust of bread out of the old lady's mouth if she had to pay the bill. "I won't pay nothin'," says she. "Then I'll see what little brother 'Six-Counties' has got to say about it," says "Fire." "You wouldn't be so cruel to your own flesh and blood," says the poor old woman. "Wouldn't I," says he, "wait and see."

The end of it was that "Six-Counties" got in on the little game and said that if the old lady did not pay up to the saviour of her little patch of heaven she would not get from him what was due her, "anyhow, I have got a little collection of pigs of my own from the same litter as your little grunter and I'll keep them safe and snug till the clouds roll by." "Worse and worse," said the old lady, "you might ask Mr. 'Fire' to hand over the little fellow in Portland pen, anyway." "Nary a one," says "Six-Counties," "a pig in the hand is worth two in the bush; perhaps friend 'Fire' will see about giving him to you when you pays your little bill." "Ochone!" says the old lady, "I'm worse than dead, what can I do at all?" "Take my advice," says "Six-Counties," "and don't talk about it to anyone; the less some people knows about their own business the better for you."

And that is the tale of the poor old woman.

HEAD OFFICE NOTES.

By No. 35.

The gift of official I.T.G.W.U. 1924 Calendars to the Blind Asylum is much appreciated by the inmates. The writer has been informed by several that they make excellent insoles.

* * *

Head Office Staff do not see why they should be called upon to make contributions towards strike funds. They claim that their wages are barely sufficient to maintain their social status, and that they sometimes find it difficult to save the price of admission to the Abbey Theatre.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that "Jazz" is about to enter a monastery.

* * *

The project to provide spittoons for the non-Senatorial members of the I.T.G.W.U. "Executive" has been abandoned in deference to the wishes of Senator Foran.

* * *

The "Executive" will unveil at Head Office, on Friday next, a mural tablet to those members of the staff who fought and bled for us in the great Civil War. Names of the heroes will be inscribed at the expense of the "Executive" on receipt of death certificate and contribution card showing member to be not more than eight weeks in arrears one clear week before death.

ONLY A SING SING BLENDS COMEDY SO WITH TRAGEDY.

Ossining, N.Y., Dec. 12.—(Special).—Three men lived forty-five minutes longer to-night because in a building adjoining their cells a musical comedy was being given. When the last note of the comedy had died out the lives of three condemned convicts passed out also at five minute intervals.

The comedy was "Oh, Lady, Lady," put on by the prison's welfare league, all its players being convicts.

The tragedy characters were Abraham Breker of the Bronx and George Hacker of Binghamton, wife slayers, and Harry Santanelli, who killed a man.

They were to have died at 11 o'clock, but all the electric power of the prison's plant was needed for the footlights and border lights in the comedy.

So the three men had to wait until the curtain was rung down and the current for the comedy was switched to its tragic death house duties.

* * *

In our issue of December 22nd we spoke of Sing Sing Prison and the death house contained therein. In view of our talk on that Home of Rest the above par will be of interest.

A HYMN.

Respectfully dedicated to the Senate of Oireachtas Eireann and to those members of An Dail who may care to chant it.

Brothers, faithful and deserving,
Now the second rank you fill,
Purchased by your faultless serving,
Leading to a higher still.

Thus from rank to rank ascending,
Mounts the Masons' path of love;
Bright its earthly course, and ending
In the glorious Lodge above.

(From Hymns—Lodge 249.)

Irish Worker and Irish Worker League

XMAS DRAW

for Dependents of prisoners in Free State and Six County Area prisons and internment camps took place under the supervision of a Committee of ex-Internees in Trades Hall, Capel St., Dublin, on Thursday night, December 20th, 1923, at 9 o'clock, in the presence of some hundreds of ticket-holders. The Editor, assisted by a number of comrades, carried out the detail work connected therewith, and made a preliminary announcement as to the arrangements and management of funds accruing from Draw.

The first ticket was drawn at 9.20 and final prize number at 1.30. Below we set out complete list of prize-winners. A full report of Draw and audited statement of income and expenditure will appear in next week's "Irish Worker."

We thank all who assisted our hurried effort, and though we cannot wish you all a Merry Xmas, we sincerely wish you a peaceful, enjoyable and comfortable Xmas and a New and a Happy Year.

RESULT OF DRAW

Prize	Value £ s. d.	Winning Ticket	Name and Address of Winner.
1st	50 0 0	39587	M. K. O'Connor, St. Clare's Convent, Harold's Cross, Dublin
2nd	10 0 0	33936	P. J. Lyons, 141 Townsend Street, Dublin.
3rd	5 0 0	15231	Lillie McCarthy, S. C. Road, Dublin.
4th	1 0 0	35609	P. Patterson, Tannerhatty, Clonmel.
5th	1 0 0	16118	P. Coody, (?)
6th	1 0 0	32753	No name or address.
7th	1 0 0	43305	Patrick Moore, 28 Lower Ernie Street, Dublin.
8th	1 0 0	33964	F. Sutton, 9 St. Mary's Terrace, Dublin.
9th	1 0 0	6192	Katie O'Neill, 6 Summerhill Place, Dublin.
10th	1 0 0	38625	Mrs. Downy, 4 Ballymount, Clondalkin.
11th	1 0 0	37338	J. P. Hayes, 3 Rathmines Road, Dublin.
12th	1 0 0	19484	Thomsa McCarthy, Knockbrone, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry
13th	1 0 0	30543	Ellen McIntyre, Seavorage Hotel, Esplanade, Bray.
14th	1 0 0	39341	James Burdock, 95 Bride Street, Dublin.
15th	1 0 0	656	C. Hannón, 117 Parnell Street, Dublin.
16th	1 0 0	3048	D. S., Belfast. Address illegible.
17th	1 0 0	37145	Mrs. McMahon, 48 Dominick Lane, Dublin.
18th	1 0 0	1050	J. Corcoran, 4 Erin Cottages, Dublin.
19th	1 0 0	15897	Annie Jordan, 12 Church Place, North Wall.
20th	1 0 0	1295	F. O'Corry, 72 Lower Mount Street, Dublin.
21st	1 0 0	6187	John Jones, 141 Upper Abbey Street.
22nd	1 0 0	41116	Mary McKerney, 57 Wilbraham Street, Preston, Lanes.
23rd	1 0 0	39627	T. Ruddy, 58 Sheriff Street, Dublin.
24th	0 10 0	37747	E. Healy, Healy's Road, Cobh.
25th	0 10 0	18547	Patrick Lohan, Lisquell, Mountbellew, Co Galway.
26th	0 10 0	15343	P. Tracey, 36 Upper Mercer Street, Dublin,
27th	0 10 0	10893	N. Duggan, Cappa, Kilrush, Co. Clare.
28th	0 10 0	43138	N. Callaghan, 3 Upper Gloucester Street, Dublin.
29th	0 10 0	37689	Mrs. Nolan, 28 Harbour View, Cobh.
30th	0 10 0	37678	T. F. Greene, 18 The Beach, Cobh.
31st	0 10 0	20637	Eugene Meaney, Castledermot Road, Tullow.
32nd	0 10 0	903	P. Nolan, Cuffie Street, Dublin.
33rd	0 10 0	31705	Mrs. Nolan, 2 Bride Street, "E" Block, Dublin.
34th	0 10 0	24401	George O'Gara, Rhode, Edenderry, Offaly.
35th	0 10 0	1498	Mrs. Waters, 44 Lower Dominick Street, Dublin.
36th	0 10 0	41848	P. McClean, D.S.E.R., Dublin.
37th	0 10 0	16595	B. Murphy, Shell-Mex, Dublin.
38th	0 10 0	3908	Mr. J. Short, 47 Sutton Street, Belfast.
39th	0 10 0	33394	J. Dempsey, 196 McCaffrey Estate, Dublin.
40th	0 10 0	33321	Mr. Wesbe, 7 Cottage Place, N. C. Road.
41st	0 10 0	3845	Mrs. Darragh, Hardinge Street, Belfast.
42nd	0 10 0	40338	L. Fletcher, 15 Pitt Street, Mexboro', England.
43rd	0 10 0	33185	Kathleen Blackburn, Dispensary House, Grand Canal St., Dublin.
44th	0 10 0	29664	Miss L'Estrange, Mullingar.
45th	0 10 0	33254	Esther Doyle, 17 Middle Mountjoy Street.
46th	0 10 0	5174	P. Hennessey, Pella Road, Kilrush.
47th	0 10 0	39548	Thomas Hunt, 48 Talbot Street.
48th	0 10 0	90	C. Ryder, Emmet Hall, Inchicore.
49th	0 10 0	39458	Mary Duffy, 51 Marlboro' Road, Donnybrook.
50th	0 10 0	3183	Thomas Mullen, 19 Kildare Street, Belfast.
51st	0 10 0	16119	J. Kelly. (No address.)
52nd	0 10 0	3480	Mrs. McKeown, 44 Foundry Street, Belfast.
53rd	0 10 0	5323	No name nor address. c/o A. N. Watts, 16 Covent Garden, London
54th	0 10 0	33961	Joseph Clarke, 17 North Clarence Street, Dublin.

(Continued on Column 2, page 8)

Rhymes for the Times

WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON.

(Translated from the Erse.)

Lloyd George to Carson:

Carson! Carson! to Hell with the Pope,
Griffith ain't bad and I'm all right,
Hold your houl and we'll cook their goose;
Ulster is right and Ulster will bluff.

Bonar Law to Griffith:

Griffith! Griffith! Scotch the Repubs;
Up old, 1872—
Do you need a hand?
We've got the guns
And we've got the money too.

Bonar Law to Cosgrave:

Willie! Willie! you've done the trick;
The Repubs are done, the Empire safe;
United we stand, divided we fall;
All together, sink or swim.

Johnson to Cosgrave:

Cosgrave! Cosgrave! talk to O'Higgins,
O'Higgins won't let out the "mugs";
The "mugs" won't sign the screed,
And we'll never have no peace no more.

All together:

Hell! Oh, Hell! who's to pay?
Who pays for bloody war?
"They who fight, they must pay."
"That's not us. Ha! Ha!"

THOUGHTS ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF
A DEAD FRIEND.

This face that's pictured here, that warmly
smiled

Or set in animated seriousness,
Is mould'ring dank within the coffin chill
Ten feet beneath the earth, decaying fast
In putrid ghastliness; the hand that but
One month ago grasped mine that writes
so strong

And warm, though even then vitality
Was transitory, is now so clammy, raw
And carrion, I'd shrink from touching it!

Oh! thus to-morrow shall be my own head
And hands, and thus to-morrow shall be all
Mankind, for slimy creatures and for worms
The food, themselves condemned at length
to rot.

Yet that which served you once, for which
we cared,

To the small needs of which we ministered
Of yore in fellowship, but last of all
With tender reverence and joyful grief,
Which now commences to disintegrate
To myriad particles of many forms,
Was merely part of this e'er changing world,
Doomed, restless—like as all material things,
For other purposes less dignified
To pass.

But 'twas not you that died,
you live

In some existence inconceivable.
All must be well with you and me and all
Mankind, and all be understood at length
After we break life's prison bars in mortal
Anguish, except for those who drown their
souls

In much depravity. For so it is,
Or else the Essence of the Universe
Did evil when it called us from the void,
And cruelty its chiefest attribute
Must be! A thought unthinkable!

This known, no longer do I shudder as
I meditative gaze on your reflex,
But rather wait impatiently.

EXILE.

Printed by THE GAELIC PRESS, 21 Upper
Liffey St., Dublin, for the Proprietor
and published by him at 17 Gardiner's
Place Dublin.

RESULT OF DRAW---Continued.

55th	0 10 0	4503	Mrs. S. Knaggs, 241 Duke Street, Barrow-on-Furness.
56th	0 10 0	59778	T. Dawson, 20 Temple Street, Dublin.
57th	0 10 0	37536	F. Gray (?), 103 North Main Street Cork.
58th	0 10 0	31127	W. Horrabin, 100 Grosvenor Road, London S.W.
59th	0 10 0	38593	Annie O'Carroll, Lower Kevin Street, Dublin.
60th	0 10 0	39698	Mrs. M. Smyth, 23 Aldboro' Square, Portland Row.
61st	0 10 0	34438	T. J. Quinn, 56 Blackhall Place, Dublin.
62nd	0 10 0	32051	J. Henderson, 65 Parnell Street, Dublin.
63rd	0 10 0	42979	Mrs. B. Davidson, 45 Cobden Street, Dundee.
64th	0 10 0	33013	D. McCormack, 19 Lower Liffey Street, Dublin.
65th	0 10 0	4949	Misc Nellie Lacey, Boley, Ballyculhane, Wexford.
66th	0 10 0	21755	George Caliph, 100 Lower Gardiner Street, Dublin.
67th	0 10 0	21312	Miss Litchfield, 13 Redmond's Hill, Dublin.
68th	0 10 0	40971	No name nor address. c/o Patk. Carroll, 4 Byford Row, Castleford, Yorks.
69th	0 10 0	21041	Mrs. Walsh, 131 Cork Street, Dublin.
70th	0 10 0	43687	No name nor address.
71st	0 10 0	37539	Mr. A. Taylor, Lancaster Quay, Cork.
72nd	0 10 0	24399	Richard Coffey, Ballinabrocky, Kinnegad.
73rd	0 10 0	36653	Thomas Cromin, 13 Finglas Road, Dublin.

COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS : PRIZES.

1st	10 0 0	374	P. Doody, 66 Jervis Street, Dublin.
2nd	0 10 0	14564	T. Brady, Dublin Union.
3rd	0 10 0	5577	O'Brien Mental Hospital, Mullingar.
4th	0 10 0	33121	Kelly, 111 Lower Gardiner Street.
5th	0 10 0	28743	Mrs. Cosgrave, Spittal Street, Tipperary.
6th	0 10 0	605	Richard Fields, 5 Barnett's Court, off Sandwith Tce., Dublin.
7th	0 10 0	40249	No name nor address.
8th	0 10 0	39622	P. Lennon, Church Road.
9th	0 10 0	9361	M. Connor, I.T. & G.W.U., Peter Street, Drogheda.
10th	0 10 0	3377	J. McWade, Sulton St., Belfast.
11th	0 10 0	40469	Name illegible, c/o Shelly, Castletown, Mountrath.

Seller of First Prize Ticket—Mrs. Shields (c/o Sean Murray).

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

1923 RECEIPTS.		1923 DISBURSEMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
27th Dec.		27th Dec.	
To Sale of Tickets	343 17 0	By Prize Money	131 0 0
.. Subscriptions:		.. Printing	41 16 9
Mrs. Teresa McMahon	1 0 0	.. Typing Circulars	4 12 0
Mrs. McDonald, Dundee	0 10 0	.. Advertising	3 0 0
Doctor Fleury	0 10 0	.. Stationery	1 14 0
Miss McKerney	0 5 0	.. Postage	15 0 4
Mr. Sean Cummins	0 5 0	.. Commission on sale	
S. Saktavala	0 5 0	of Tickets	6 9 0
Mr. Eamon MacAlpine	0 5 0	.. Refund to Mr. C. Ring	0 2 0
Mr. J. P. Kelly	0 3 6		72 14 1
Mr. N. Byrne	0 3 0		
Mr. M. Carroll	0 2 0		
Mr. Patrick Nolan	0 2 0		
	3 10 6		
	347 7 6		
		31st Dec.	
		Balance to Credit	143 13 5
			347 7 6

THE

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AN T-OIBRÍDE SAOULAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

No. 27. NEW SERIES.

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12th, 1924

TWOPENCE

HYPOCRITES, HUMBUGS AND THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

What an innocent child the "Freeman's" Journal is. In the issue for Tuesday the 8th appears a paragraph to the effect that the members of the Transport Union employed by the Port and Docks Board had voted to accept a cut of 3/- per week, and the paragraph ends quite ingeniously by saying that the figures of the ballot were not published.

Why should the figures be published? Why should they even take a ballot? Exactly five days before the ballot Paddy Nolan, delegate for No. 1 Branch of the Transport Union, and George Spain, Lord! knows what for the Transport Union accepted the "cut" of 3/- per week on behalf of the men employed by the Board. This is proven by the official report of the meeting of the Finance Committee of the Board from which report we take the following paragraph:—

"Conference re reduction of wages with representatives of Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Mr. Spain and Mr. Nolan attended on behalf of Transport Union, and after a very full discussion of position it was agreed that Committee recommend the Board to be satisfied for the present with a reduction of 3/- per week to operate as from Monday next, 7th January, 1924.

It was further decided that as regards certain special cases the Transport Union to give reasons why these should not be similarly dealt with for Committee's further consideration.

Harbour Master to make special report as to Berthing Masters, Crews, Harbour Police, etc., to come up separately for consideration."

So you see a ballot was unnecessary, and the following day at the regular Board Meeting Mr. Alderman General Treasurer William O'Brien, tailor, did not even sneeze when the Board voted to reduce the wages of the men who pay him £8 per week to look after their interests.

But we are not yet finished with this paragraph. It also says that the Transport Union is to give reasons why the other special cases should not be dealt with in a like manner. These special cases referred to are crane men, store-keepers, watchmen, etc., and their wages were also due for a cut and Mr. Nolan also kindly agreed to allow the Board to put its plans into action. Mr. O'Brien knew this and he also knows that the wages of stationary engine-drivers employed by Public Boards is fixed at £4 5s. per week, yet the stationary engine-drivers employed by the Board of which he is a member only receive £2 per week. Is this

scabbery, and does Mr. O'Brien know of it, and has he called the Transport members, employed by the Board, out on strike until these men are paid the trades union rate of wages. He knows of it alright and he also knows that before long the other Public Boards in Ireland will refuse to pay their engine-drivers the trades union rate of wages, following the precedent set by the Port and Docks Board.

The builders' labourers in Dublin are paid 58 6 per week. There are men employed by the Port and Docks Board who are doing the work of builders' labourers and they are paid 38/- per week. The "One Big Union" certainly does protect its members and it has certainly ousted scabbery in Ireland, and none have worked harder than General Treasurer O'Brien. Ah! a moment, don't think we mean that he has worked hard to oust scabbery, no, we mean he has worked hard to protect the members of the Union and of course as charity begins at home he naturally protected himself first and as a result he has £9 6s. in wages per week.

We will leave Mr. O'Brien and return to the ballot. The ballot was taken on Monday the 7th, but the result was not made public until Tuesday night, and even then Mr. Foran could not give the figures. This is an old game. It has been played fairly often of late and also in the more remote past. The reason why Mr. Foran did not make known the figures was because he thought that there was no necessity to as Mr. Nolan had already definitely settled the question to his (Mr. Foran) and Mr. Barry's satisfaction.

The reason for taking the ballot was for window dressing purposes, in order that Mr. Foran, excuse me, Senator Foran might afterwards exclaim "the men accepted the cut of their own free will." Oh, yes, they accepted it. It is easy to make a mistake when counting votes. The Port and Docks men accepted the cut, aye, and the dockers accepted the cut, and the farm labourers in Waterford accepted the cut, and the coal porters accepted it, and the drug packers accepted it, and the Dublin seamen and firemen accepted it, and the County Dublin roadmen accepted it, and the Belfast seamen and firemen employed by the Head Line accepted it, and Mr. Foran accepted the Senatorship, and well he deserved it. He should have been made Governor General he has served his masters so well, and then Mr. O'Brien could have been made a Senator in return for work on the Port and Docks Board.

And now that Senator Foran and Mr. O'Brien have reduced wages 25% to 50%, they are going to try and reduce the cost of living. Their official mouthpiece, the paper mentioned above, has started to prove that the cost of living is excessive. Well, if Senator Foran is as successful in reducing the cost of living as he has been in reducing the wages of his members we won't have long to wait.

Perhaps some of our readers are wondering why the "Freeman's Journal" is getting

on the track of the profiteers, we can answer their queries. During the last two years the daily press of this country has never ceased shouting about the high wages paid, and that not only was trade being ruined but that there could not be a reduction in the cost of living until the wages were reduced. The officials of the Transport Union and the Leaders of the Labour Party also mouthed this lying statement, and by continual pressure, betrayals and other means they have managed to reduce the wages on an average 40%, and now they have to prove that the cost of living will come down also, so that when they have reduced it about 25%, they will be able to return to the old game of wage reductions and gradually, by this means, reduce wages to the pre-war level. But as the cost of living never lowers (if it lowers at all, which we are in-doubt about) until the wages are lowered it will mean that when the wages finally reach pre-war level the cost of living will still be 40% to 50% above pre-war standard.

It is a very wise game the employers are playing in conjunction with the alleged labour leaders. When their plans are completed the employers will be making even more profits than they are doing now because it will only cost them the same money for production as it did pre-war but they will be selling those products at a price 50% above pre-war level. And that is why the workers of this land must get on the job immediately. They must form some definite plan of action which will enable them to lower the cost of living without resorting to wage reductions.

The first step in this direction must be the refusal to accept any more reductions in wages. Any labour leader who advises the acceptance of a reduction immediately declares his enmity to the working class. He must be watched and at the first opportunity deprived of all power to do harm, and the game knocked on the head. This is only the first step. There is a meeting in the Mansion House, Dublin, on to-morrow night (this article is being written on Tuesday) for the purpose of evolving ways and means to reduce the cost of living. What they may arrive at we do not yet know. We hope to be able to get a report of the meeting in this issue. But without knowing the decision of this meeting we state our principle:—No More Reductions!

To members of the Transport Union we commend the following verse written by a Liverpool comrade:—

Oh! Yes we have got One Big Union,
We have got One Big Union to-day.
We've got jobs for fakirs, damp squibs and undertakers,
Oh! We've got a nice array.
We've some old fashioned boot-lickers,
For the quids, we've got some stickers.
Oh! Yes we've got One Big Union,
But it wants renovating to-day.

SUGAR BEET AND OTHER THINGS.

The problem of implementing the Treaty now having been solved, the moment seems to have arrived for attending to the facts of life. Having cut down Old Age Pensions, teachers' wages and the wages of all who had any wages to cut, in order to establish an army and civil service on the most approved style of gorgousness, it is permissible that whatever balance of revenue is left in the national exchequer should be devoted to doing something useful. What is to be done with the army, pending the commencement of another world war is something to worry about. Having secured our own freedom there is nothing more to fight for, and we can now spend our energies fighting for other people's, but until somebody obliges us by putting a match to the structure of our highly inflammable "civilisation" there is nothing for our army to do but "form fours," and for its blossoming Wellingtons but to "parley vous" with papa Petain or stroll along the Boulevard des Italiens making eyes at the girls. Get away, you boys!

A modern army costs as much to maintain as the Departments of Education, Agriculture, Fisheries and Industries combined. It is also the greatest unemployment agency in the world. When there is nothing doing in Education, Agriculture, Fisheries or Industry—join the army. You see the ultimate wisdom of things, don't yer. If you are short of a loaf, become a loafer. The army contributes to the social scheme besides, so that the cost of the institution, on the spiritual side, is worth it. Did you happen to be outside the Metropole the other night? And did you see the collection of brains that went in under the crimson canopy, and—admit it—isn't it worth paying for? And didn't the "General" himself look fine leaning on the arm of the Minister of Marine, and he speculating whether there is a hereafter, and if so, are there any "irregulars" there. Y-e-e-e-s!

Having forfeited their souls by indulgence in the higher things of life, let it now be suggested to our Cabinet Ministers to do something for their departments. Can the Minister for Education see his way to keep the standard of teaching at least as high as it was prior to the "Treaty." Can the Minister for Industry and Commerce find an alternative to reducing the standard of living as proof of his ability to "improve" both. And is it within the power of the Minister for Agriculture, not so much to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, as to grow other things where only grass grew before.

The state of agriculture all over the country would almost shame a backwoodsman in undeveloped territory. The average Irish farmer knows as little about his business, almost, as an Executive Minister. Beyond such crops as oats, barley, potatoes, turnips and cabbage he is innocent beyond compare. Cauliflowers, onions, parsnips, beet (table and sugar), peas, beans, etc., are curiosities, and only the city man, speaking generally, consumes them. It is time for the minister in charge of the agriculture job, to purchase a supply of fungicide and distribute it generously round his department, and, possibly, to inject a little of the same into himself to assist him in clearing the decks for action.

Of all the crops not grown generally, or to any extent in Ireland, sugar beet is the one deserving most, perhaps, the attention of the Department of Agriculture, for the reason that sugar is one of the most extensively consumed of all articles and is one of the main articles of import which can, without any difficulty, be produced here.

The question of sugar-beet production in Ireland has been threshed out so often that it may now be regarded as a Silly-season topic or an excuse to enable some of our lesser theoreticians to advertise their existence, but, for all that, a little apprecia-

tion of facts, a little determination, a little real patriotism and a little intelligence should go a long way towards solving a big industrial problem.

The attempt in England to establish the sugar-beet industry has been successful within the limits allowed by government, and plans are now being made to increase the area under the crop from 15,000 to 500,000 acres looking very much like a business proposition. But for the late war it is probable that nothing would have been done to start beet growing in England; it has been started, however, and the German will, within a few years, have to find a market for his sugar in lieu of the English one.

Whether it be left for the Briton to start beet factories here just as he has tobacco and cigarette factories remains to be seen. It depends. Perhaps when the Free State Government has succeeded in making of this country a cheap labour depot such as the late Griffith advertised it to be in 1913 we shall see completed the conquest of Ireland. In the meantime do not disturb the slumbers of Government.

DUBLIN TRADES' COUNCIL AND LABOUR PARTY.

The adjourned meeting of the Council was held on Thursday, January 3rd, the President (Mr. Edward Tucker) in the Chair. Mr. P. T. Daly reported on the provision made for the Blind by the Public Health Committee. He read the report from the Committee and explained that after the Committee had made the necessary arrangements for the carrying out of the work some of the persons who were credited with being the economists of the citizens struck the moneys out of the estimates. This year they were taking care that nothing of the kind would take place. Mr. J. J. Farrelly said that the scheme outlined by Councillor Daly was a very fine one. The people who would prevent help being extended to the poor blind were anything but economists. They were only making the lot of the poor unsighted harder than it could be without saving anything (hear, hear).

Mr. R. F. Blackburne said that he had had the opportunity of reading the report a long time ago. The report was very good as far as it went, but a lot more could be done in the matter, and a lot more should be done. He had had a good deal to do with the unsighted poor, and he would recommend that the Committee should consider the difference between the blind who were born blind and the persons who were so afflicted later in life.

Mr. Hart was of the opinion that the main object that any persons dealing with the subject of the blind should keep before them was the necessity of keeping the minds of the afflicted from dwelling on their affliction. They should add to their sustenance. A scheme was proposed some time ago to provide one penny per member per year for the purpose from each trades unionist in these countries. If that were done it would be a big assistance to the Blind Persons Committee (hear, hear).

COST OF LIVING.

Mr. E. P. Hart in a lengthy speech dealt with the question of the profiteering which had been going on in Ireland for some time past. The peculiar thing about the position was that the employers wanted to reduce their wages at the same time that they were increasing the charges on the food stuffs that were necessary for the support of their families (hear, hear). They had a flying start and the worker whose income was being depleted was supposed to keep them going (hear, hear). They were to supply the luxuries to the people who had and the hardships were to starve as usual. The profiteering that was going on in Dublin was such a

thing as would not be tolerated by any other government (applause). The profiteering that was going on was such a thing as would not be tried on in any town in Britain. On a visit to England lately he had the opportunity of comparing the prices charged in restaurants there and the prices charged here. Prices in Dublin were at least double. As well there was no attempt made to cater for the working class. They made many attempts to deal with the question, but in his opinion they should concentrate on the wages question (applause). In England they were selling Irish produce at ten, twenty and thirty per cent. less than in the country of origin. In any well-governed community it would be only the surplus food stuffs that would be allowed to be exported (hear, hear). Take the case of house rent, the workers were paying no attention to the matter. It was becoming—nay, it had become—a terrible scandal. Then take the case of clothing—the same thing applied. A man whom the speaker knew had found it an economy to go over to the other side of the Channel and purchase clothing for himself and his family, and after paying expenses he was money in pocket. That was a peculiar thing. Sailors sailing from Dublin found that they could buy Irish butter, eggs, bacon, mutton, beef and vegetables cheaper in the maritime cities in Britain. That showed what was wrong and it should be stopped (applause).

Mr. Dermot Stewart said the position was unique. He could support the incidents that had been quoted by the former speaker. He was over in England and he found that he could purchase Irish agricultural produce at an average of 25% under the prices charged in Ireland, and in some cases 50% less than Dublin. Irish linen goods were sold at considerably less than the prices charged here. In his trade the prices charged for clothing were practically standing. The blame for the high prices were always put on what the employer called the high wages paid the operatives. It was the rotten system that the employers conducted their business on that was responsible. Recently a case was brought before him where, by the introduction of a new system the costs of the establishment would have been reduced by 50%. Did the employer do that? Not at all! He first appealed to the patriotism of the workers to get them to reduce the wage. The worker agreed to a reduction. The employer then sent all his orders to Leeds. The goods were ready-to-wear and he was informed that they came in with a label or tape inscribed "made in Ireland." So that while they had lost the country of Shane and Aodh Ruadh, they had evidently added Yorkshire to the map of Ireland (laughter). They would have to follow the lead given to the movement by the Irish Tailors some time ago—they would have to picket the houses of these—he was going to say scoundrels—but he would call them these gentlemen, which was going very near it (laughter). They would have to boycott; they would have to fight not for shadows but for something tangible—something to make their country a place for their people to live in (loud applause).

Mr. J. J. Farrelly said that he had been in the country lately and he had been examining the conditions of production. Bacon was being sold at 11½d. per pound. Eggs were being sold at something over 1s. Cows were down to just pre-war prices. Milk could be had for 1s. per gallon. In Dublin they knew the prices charged for these commodities. The biggest swindle was the milk. The children were dying off like flies because they could not get the milk to nourish them (applause). They could fight these extortioners by buying condensed milk and leaving the other stuff with the milkmen. Cattle were being held for an increase in the market price; they were not satisfied if they did not make at least £5 per beast profit. They had a Bill

(Continued on Column 3, Page 4)

Irish Worker League Notes

A New Year is always famous for the resolutions which are made in its honour and which are never kept. The beginning of a year seems to be a "close" season for resolutions, although there is always a superabundance of them hovering in the air, very, very few of them are captured and made use of. It is almost a basic fact of New Year resolutions that they will not be kept, and not only disregarded but the resolver usually indulges more freely in his particular form of vice, be it drink, tobacco, late rising or indifference to things he should take a vital interest in. To make a New Year resolution about anything under the sun is a sure sign that the word "failure" is knocking around, and only awaiting an opportunity to make itself busy. In this aspect of the New Year the Irish Worker League has kicked off with the right foot. It has made no New Year resolutions, unless it is considered a resolution to resolve that no resolutions shall be made.

At the inception of the League we set out a definite line of policy and action which was to be followed and adhered to. That policy still holds good and is still adhered to. We may have grown a little slack at Christmas but this was only natural. However, as soon as the Merry Season had passed the revival set in and we are now getting into our full stride again.

Our first reunion in this year of grace 1924 was held in the Trades' Hall, Capel Street, on the night of Sunday 6th January. The meeting was called with the intention of laying before the members a programme of action for co-operative effort and to make the necessary plans and arrangements in connection with this programme. Jim Larkin left for England last week leaving word to call this meeting. The meeting was called but unfortunately he found it impossible to return in time. Luckily Peter Larkin was in Dublin and agreed to fill the breach.

The attendance was great and the spirit fine. Peter Larkin delivered a talk on "the Australian Labour Movement and its bearing on the situation in Irish Labour to-day." He brought the audience right through every phase of the Labour struggle in Australia, through half a century of fighting, organising and educating, from the time when such a thing as a union was unknown "Down Under" until the day when Labour ruled in four states out of five and held sway in the Federal Parliament, and then he proceeded to tell about the decline, of the defeats the betrayals, the treachery and the falling away until at the present day Labour controls only one state where she used to control four.

He told of the great fighting men in the mines, the bush and the ships, of the struggles they endured and their admiration for the men who fought in the city of Dublin in '13. We heard of strikes in the mines of Broken Hill which lasted eighteen months, and how the women of that town threatened to throw the men out of house and home if they dared to go back without winning the strike, and whether the men were afraid of the women or not remains a secret, but they stayed out and they won the strike and bettered their conditions 200%. We found out that Australia has the best conditions of work in the whole world, and that although their wages are often 50% and 100% more than those paid in this country the cost of living was 25% to 50% lower. He proved by the conditions actually in existence that high wages do not necessarily entail a high cost of living figure and that the policy of decreasing wages to decrease the cost of living was a wrong policy, and not only wrong but when mouthed by a Trade Union Leader it became a vicious lie told in the interest of the employing class and a downright betrayal of the workers.

He recounted stories of the Australian Labour Movement that do not find their way

into print, but are important because they show us the struggles of Labour in a new and different light. He told how the policy of "Go slow on the job" worked under the Southern Cross, and what happened to scabs and false leaders in that country. He showed how the development of the Australian and the Irish Labour Movement was analogous. How in both countries the militants fought the "Great Fight" and won, how they formed the organisations in spite of tremendous opposition, how the unions grew in numbers and strength and the back stairs artists came in and wriggled and twisted until they controlled these great fighting machines and were able to use them for their own advancement and the advancement of their friends and relations.

After two hours talk he drew to a close with the advice to stick together, spread the gospel of "Brotherhood" and "Service," to push the "Irish Worker" into every home in Dublin and to expand the League until it embraces every class-conscious worker in Ireland.

P. T. Daly then spoke and briefly sketched the growth of the canker which is gnawing at the heart of Irish Labour at present and how those who attempted to prevent such a growth were ostracised and hounded down.

The Chairman then closed the meeting as the hour was late, and warned the members to be on the watch out for the next meeting which would probably be held in a week or so.

The League intends to continue these weekly meetings as soon as a suitable hall is secured, and in this manner the members will be brought together more often, and, as association breeds ideas, and ideas produce action, these meetings will have good results.

These notes must close now as space is not as abundant in this paper as politicians are in this country.

MOSCOW LABOUR COURTS.

In the Moscow Provincial Court two chambers deal exclusively with labour affairs. The sessions open at ten in the morning, and the courts often sit till very late at night, sometimes even to four or five the following morning. The court works in three shifts; fifty cases or more being dealt with per day. The court is quite frankly on the side of the workers; it guards jealously the rights conferred on them by the labour legislation of the government. This is the more important in view of the fact that many of the Russian workers have been accustomed for so many years to receive only repression and wrongs from the Tsarist Government, and have not yet grasped the full meaning of the new proletarian state. Thus, sometimes it happens that a worker comes to the court with a certain complaint. Having disposed of that, the court inquires: "Have you had such and such days off?" "No."

"Have you received compensation for working on your holidays?" "No."
"Have you been provided with such and such special clothing?" "No."

The worker now learns for the first time that he is entitled to all this, and the court helps him to obtain his due.

When a worker is dismissed without the allowances to which he is entitled, and without the necessary documents, he will often go time after time to the employer without receiving satisfaction. When, however, he appeals to the court, not only is the employer compelled to carry out his duties, but he is prosecuted for breaking the laws.

When will the Government force the profiteers to lower the price of commodities? When the people are so thin that any of them could fall thro' a flute and not strike a note.

MR. THOMAS

THE RAILWAY "SALESMAN."

England seems to be faced with the prospect, bright, gloomy or otherwise, of a general strike of all engine drivers and firemen on the railroads. The National Wages Board has declared an award which includes some very drastic changes in the present conditions of the men working on the railways. Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, on receiving the award immediately accepted it without consulting the men whose servant he is supposed to be. He also informed the other Unions whose members are railway workers that he had no intention of allowing his Union to go on strike to support those railway workers who might refuse to accept the award. He declared that the N.U.R. was unanimous in its acceptance of the award. Yet, the Belfast Branch, the Bray Branch, and the Old Oak Common Branch of the N.U.R. not only refused to condone Mr. Thomas' acceptance but went further and declared that they considered it time that the N.U.R. got busy and put in a demand for an increase of wages. But of course Mr. Thomas does not mind little things like that. The N.U.R. is his Union, in fact it is well known that the Union was specially formed for the purpose of providing Mr. Thomas with his present job and the £1,000 per year he receives for holding it down. Mr. Thomas also receives £100 per year as M.P., and he is the Parliamentary Secretary to the Labour Party and he hardly does that for nothing. He has at least four jobs and receives four salaries; he is always complaining of the hard lot of the unemployed and trying to find them work. We suggest that he should vacate three of his jobs and the salaries attached and allow some of the unemployed, whose sufferings have turned him grey, to take them. He is a good Union man alright, and perhaps it has only slipped his memory that there is such a union principle as "one man one job." and that scabs are not welcome even in the House of Parliament, the Home of Rest for Mental Incurables.

On the other hand the engine-drivers and firemen have refused to accept the award at the general ballot taken during the last fortnight. Mr. Bromley, General Secretary of this Union, is quite astounded at this unforeseen result, but nevertheless he hastens to assure the Press that he is confident of being able to avert the threatened strike. How? may we inquire. By a conference ending in a compromise? We think so. Mr. Bromley says that no one wishes to have a strike, least of all Mr. Bromley, we presume. Mr. Bromley greatly admires Mr. Thomas, he considers him the Trades' Union Leader par excellence and always endeavours to comport himself in accordance with the rules laid down in "Comportment for Trades' Union Leaders," by Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P. in collaboration with Rt. Hon. Havelock Wilson, O.B.E. This book is widely read in the Trades' Union world, an American edition has been printed and also an Irish edition which has been revised to suit Irish conditions by Senator Foran assisted by Alderman William O'Brien. We can safely recommend it to any reader who intends entering the ancient and honourable profession of Labour Leader.

Regarding the rank and file of the N.U.R. we think it is about time they kicked. They have been sold that often that a second-hand coat is a new and shining garment compared with them. We suggest that they should release Mr. Thomas from his arduous duties and let him settle down and write a book on "Salesmen's Profits" or the "Game of Double-Cross." We feel sure Mr. Bromley could ably assist him and therefore the engine-drivers, should gently but firmly sever their connection with that honourable

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Surely it must be clear to the mere observer that the crux of the problem of the high cost of living has been aided and abetted by the ruthless and brutal protection of the labour exploiters of this country, by the alleged statesmen who have lied on all fronts to preserve this country in the sister-in-law of nations known as the British H-Empire. Did they not, by the aid of the forces of the State and with the aid of the brazen treachery of the self-appointed leaders of the workers, force the men in the transport trade of this country to accept a reduction in wages when these same workers had the foreign shipping ring beaten to its knees. The vile, lying press, the instrument used in deceiving the people of this country, is again busy trying to make the purchasers believe that something should be done and suggests a commission into the high cost of living. Their stunt is the game of tweedledee and tweedledum, of make believe. Let the people of this country not be fooled any longer. Take it away—it stinks. And the alleged leaders of labour, who are obeying the dictate of their masters' phonograph and acquiescing in reductions of wages behind the backs of those whose money they have taken and are taking. But they are deceiving no one but themselves. "Ole Bill" and his gang understand only too well the reason why they dare not face the people they have basely betrayed and delivered over to the enemies of labour. It is not strange that they are getting alarmed at the rot setting in. Compelled to acknowledge the disease they have spread in the organisations of labour they now try to cover their cowardice and double dealing by issuing manifestoes, signed by the "Injunction President—Senator Foran," blaming the Government. Well, Judas of old sold not his God for thirty pieces of silver, he sold himself, and neither can the cause of the people be sold by vile place-hunters or cowardly reprobates. Liars and charlatans are doomed to failure. For a period here and there they may succeed but permanent stabilisation is impossible.

Two roads are open to the people of this land—either chaos and ruin or peace and security. In making the choice the people must decide to continue with the fratricidal strife, hatred, division, insecurity and misery symbolised by the machinations of the alleged statesmen and their willing tools, or be prepared to strike the road of solidarity of labour. That is, line up with one and another for the benefit of all. Already the start has been made, the Irish Worker League has set the pace and the best are gathering together for the struggle against the iniquities that are being perpetrated in our midst.

SHIPYARD TREACHERY

We wish to tell an old story. Many of our readers may be familiar with it but recapitulation will do no harm and we want our readers to have the full facts of the case in view of the developments that have happened since.

Sixteen months ago the workers in the shipyards of Dublin were locked out because they refused to accept the starvation wages offered by the Dublin Dockyard Co. and the Dublin Shipbuilding Co. Many conferences were held but all to no use. Then in the autumn of last year we were informed that Messrs. Vickers, of Barrow-in-Furness, had bought the dockyard. Immediately joy abounded in the hearts of the Dublin unemployed at the prospect of getting work again. But they were doomed to disappointment. Vickers announced that they would not open the yard until the Dublin shipyard workers agreed to take the reduced rate of wages. This rate is the same as that paid on the Clyde, but Vickers forgot to mention that the cost of living on the Clyde is 40% cheaper than in Dublin. The workers refused Vickers' offer, and proceeded to form a Joint Board of all the Unions whose men were locked out. The Transport Union was represented on this Board but the representatives very rarely attended.

A fortnight ago a conference was held in the Ministry of Commerce between this Joint Board and a Mr. Barr, who is the Dublin manager for Vickers. He submitted such degrading proposals that the men were forced to refuse them. The Transport delegates were present at this conference and were party to the refusal of the Vickers terms.

In the meanwhile the Transport Union had a dispute with the Dublin Trawling Co. and in connection with this dispute a conference was held in Parnell Square between "Senator Foran and the representative of the Company. The shipyard workers were greatly surprised to find that this representative was no other than Mr. Barr of the firm of Vickers, and concluded that the Dublin Trawling Co. is not the only company in Dublin controlled by Vickers. However, the conference between Mr. Barr and "Senator" Foran was fruitful and the dispute was settled, and then they went on to discuss the shipyard dispute. Mr. Barr informed "Senator" Foran that Vickers were prepared to commence building a bridge in Co. Waterford if they could get the shipyard opened on their own terms. Senator Foran jumped at this idea, probably in the hope that it would go to relieve the distress in that county caused by his betrayal of the strike and that by that means his treachery would be covered up. While engaged in this conference "Senator" Foran knew that the Joint Board had submitted their proposals and that they were under consideration and that in engaging in this conference with Mr. Barr he was over-riding the Joint Board on which the representatives of the Transport Union sat. The members of the Joint Board would like to know what Trade Unionism is coming to in this country when one man can go behind the backs of the representatives of 10 trades and open negotiations on his own.

At the present time there are Transport members signing on in the Dockyard for employment at the rate of 35/- per week. This is the rate the other men are refusing to accept and the Transport men are acting as scabs in accepting this wage.

The Joint Board have come to the conclusion that it is about time that the trickery, double dealing and collusion with employers of "Senator" Foran and his friends was shown up. Trade Unionism used to have some meaning in this town, but during the last few years it has come to mean anything from selling strikes to accepting Senatorships. It is about time it reverted to its old and primary meaning.

HO, MR. POLICEMAN

Ho! Mr. Policeman, you who really think you are a public benefactor. Just a word with you!

Can you answer us this?

If you can, and still remain what you are, you are a rogue, and we'll have nothing further to do with you.

If you have never considered what we are going to ask you, now is your chance. No one knows better than you that pleading ignorance cuts no ice.

In the first place, you say you serve the people; and who are the people?

Allow us to inform you, Mr. Kop, you serve the people "Nothing," except of course smacks on the head.

The people are that huge mass that have had everything pinched from them already, so do not need anyone to look after that which they haven't got.

Then whom do you guard—and what are you looking after?

On your beat you can't help seeing the misery of the people of this town, who are living in hovels that pigs would be ashamed to live in, and are eating food or rather muck that any decent dog wouldn't sniff at.

This is the lot of the people, the workers, who have worked untiringly to make this country an orchard, abounding with all the luscious fruits one can think of, and you, Bobbie, are on guard in this orchard keeping the people starving, and if they ask for the veriest taste of the things they produce, you shoot them.

You are a tool in the hands of the biggest gang of thieves and murderers that has ever been known, and what do you get for your trouble?

Nothing but the curses of the people, whom you keep oppressed, and the kicks from your masters when you ask for something more than husks. SEE your brother policemen in Melbourne, who were recently shot down because they refused to allow their herclers to take more away from the little they got.

Fellow! you come from the workers, you are of the workers.

Your children are looking for jobs they can't get; are you going to help murder them by starvation or worse?

We are sick of our continual misery and we hope you are.

We want your help. We need it now. It is your hope as well as ours to gaul these thieves.

You must organise with us. Line up in the big stunt to down the robbers of human life.

Forward into one union and one solid front for the Workers' Commonwealth.

(From a South African Labour paper, "The International.")

TRADES COUNCIL NOTES

(Continued from Page 2.)

sent on to the alleged Government to deal with this scandal, but in the interest of the class from which their units sprung nothing was done and nothing would be done until the workers took the matter in their own hands and told this gang to clear out and put men of their own class in power (applause).

Mr. Verdon cited instances of profiteering which had come under his personal observation. He stated that he was down in the Food Market at Xmas time. He saw cabbages sold at 25s. per load and other vegetables at about the same rate. Turkeys were sold at 8d. per lb. in the market and they were sold half-an-hour afterwards at 2s. 6d. Coal was sold to the poor at an increase of 100 per cent. for purchasing in small lots.

On the motion of Mr. Hart, seconded by Mr. Kennedy, it was decided to send a deputation to the Ministry asking to put the Bill prepared by the Dublin Corporation into operation.

JAMES CONNOLLY AND HIS EPOCH.

CHAPTER II.

THE HISTORICAL EVOLUTION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THEIR CONDITIONS ABOUT 1870.

In the case of every people in the world whose history has been traced sufficiently far back, we find a communistic fundament to its social structure.

Primaeval man, struggling to win a livelihood from the plentiful but undeveloped store of earthly materials, and always fearful of becoming the food of other creatures, survived and prospered only by combining in a co-operative communal manner. Living having become more easy and good things more abundant, our ancestors tended to forget communism and to quarrel over the fruits of labour.

Aggressive individualism, born of selfishness and nothing other than selfishness, leads to subordination and exploitation, and so to the evolution of classes of society.

Again, men multiplied. Growing tired of their original homes, where, mayhap, lack of forethought and ignorance had led to destruction of animal and vegetable products, or to their being consumed and used without provision for renewal of the stock, our ancestors wandered.

We must always think of the earliest men as nomad. Their economics were those of a herd of cattle, which browses ever moving. They had not yet acquired much knowledge of agriculture, and even less of the other industries. And so, pouring into new localities from opposing directions, races, tribes and bands fought together for territory. Hence, for protection and offence, the rise of military leaders, and the evolution of the Feudal System. Feudalism was based primarily on military power, and consequent enslavement in varying degrees of the masses to an aristocratic class, who laid claim to ownership of the land. Nevertheless, the economy of Feudalism remained a natural one, i.e., all production was for use, even though the Lord exacted his tribute.

Feudalism failed to supply man's growing needs. Only a brute animal can rest satisfied. Every human creature is striving to satisfy some craving. One thing got, we seek another. That is a fact of our essentially spiritual nature, even when demonstrated in our desire for material things.

Under cover of the parasitic monster of feudal aristocracy grew the artificer and trader "bourgeoisie" or bourgeois class. The ownership of the means of production was their aim, and when most of these means fell into their power they began to challenge the nobility.

Eventually, after a struggle, their economic strength became predominant, and Capitalism superseded Feudalism. The power of the bourgeoisie to exploit the creative ability of the masses lies in the fact that it owns the agents of production, the tools; mines, machines, factories, railways, docks. Having this power it creates a system wherein all production is organised by individual capitalists and groups of capitalists for their own profit, not primarily for public use. Money finance was necessary to the bourgeoisie. It was not necessary to Feudalism, and hardly used at all, except in the economy of the State, and even in State transactions money was used more often as a species of tally than as a medium of exchange, and payments by services or in kind were much in vogue.

Out of profit, or the product of the workers over and above the cost of their hire, the capitalists increase their accumulated wealth, and the possession of such wealth leads to their still greater aggrandizement. Economic supremacy gives them control of education, the alleged "organs of public opinion," the legislatures and administrative institutions. The mental, social, intellectual and even

spiritual lives of the inferior classes are controlled and regulated by the higher classes as the result, direct or indirect, of their superior economic power.

Under Communism, the State is the instrument of the whole people. It is less needed and therefore much more loosely constructed than when Feudalism is the social order. The feudal society produced a more centralized and more intricate State machine which was the instrument of the nobility. Capitalism leads to greater centralization of government, and infinite intricacies throughout the State, which is in reality the executive and administrative organ of bourgeois dictatorship.

An elementary, but unbiassed and careful study of history verifies the truth of the above assertions.

Now our knowledge of Irish history has, during the last century, increased in rapid progression. Gaelicism, at death's door, commenced to recover early in the middle portion of the last century. Even at the time when Ireland's past seemed smothered, and her native culture no more, men like O'Donovan, Petrie, O'Curry and later Kuno Meyer and the writers in the "Revue Celtique" were tabulating a mass of wonderful records. To-day, Ireland has broken through the "paper wall" of the Empire, and the world learns that she is one of the most venerable pioneers of true art, literature and science in the world. From writings, whose sources are right back in the era of the very dawn of Christendom, we learn that the story of an Irish race, living an ordered life, begins many centuries before Christ. The story continues down to the age which saw the commencement of European feudalism, and remains unbroken and authentic.

Now, right from the last few centuries before Christ, Ireland's life was basically communist. As her history becomes more detailed, as we see her rise to eminence in every noble accomplishment, she remains organised into a number of co-operative commonwealths known as tuatha or clans. In this she is remarkably unique. Alone of European nations she was communist not just in primitive times, but even when she was known in distant Angouleme in Southern France as "that very wealthy country in which there were twelve cities, with wide bishoprics, and a king, and which had its own language and Latin letters;" and when the very State Papers of the Norman-Anglo invaders proclaimed her "none other but a very Paradise, delicious of all pleasure to respect and regard of any other land in the world."

Her isolation from Europe prevented the operation of the causes which on the continent led to the change from Communism to Feudalism. If space permitted, we might notice that Ireland's politico-social system, whilst fundamentally communal and democratic, contained certain features which were inconsistent with the general idea and were evidences of incipient, or rather embryonic, Feudalism. But these features were not very marked, and interfered in no substantial manner with the very real economic liberty and power of the people. There were no landlords. The economic social unit, the tuath, held its land as the common property of its members. The tuatha joined as provinces, and the provincial organisations were connected according to the needs of the nation; the State was little required and therefore not strongly constituted.

In the tuath, every "fine"—a kind of family unit, of about sixteen persons—produced what it needed, as far as possible, from its land. The craftsmen and artificers were organised by the clan to supply the industrial needs of the "cinel,"* and received their share of the agricultural surplus. Besides, there was considerable leisure for home industries for each fine. Unable hereunder to explain the whole system, because lengthy and detailed explanation would be beyond the scope of this narrative, I merely

ask the reader to believe that the cinel was a small co-operative unit, producing what it needed for use systematically, and that on the basis of the free cinel was built a loosely centralized State. So much for Ireland until 1169. Under conditions resultant from her economic democracy, she reached at times, notably in the 6th, 7th and 8th centuries, the highest level of culture in Europe, as L. R. Green, the great English historian, avers, when describing the effects of the collapse of the Western Roman Empire.

1 Chronicle of Ademar, monk of Angouleme, written before 1031. Vide A. S. Green: "Making of Ireland," p.1.

2 State Pap. II, iii, 31. Vide idem.

* Cinel. Name given to the aggregate of persons inhabiting a tuath. The tuath was the territory allotted to a cinel, although sometimes used in the same sense as cinel.

EXILE.

HUSH!

The Plunkett House organ writes: "Endurance of suffering proves nothing more than the capacity to endure"; and then goes on: "if the endurance of suffering proves the righteousness of a cause, then the millions who endured . . . the European War were all fighting for just causes, whether they were Russians, Germans . . . French . . . or English."

Now you understand why Mr. Gorey is against paying for education. Suppose the workers were to make the discovery implicit in above statement, what would the "mugs" to use Mr. O'Higgins' word, do? Here is the answer. They would, for one thing, put it beyond the power of any group of men to make them smother conscience and yield to the pressure of economic conscription. They would make it impossible for any government to, first of all, seduce them into fighting their brothers, against whom they have no quarrel, and then, when the dirty work is done, throw them into the street unprovided for.

But to follow up that haunting phrase. "Endurance of suffering proves nothing more than the capacity to endure." What think ye of it, Tone, Emmet, Mitchel, Davitt, Clarke, Connolly and the rest? Evidently you were only so many pounds of bone, muscle, nerve and sinew in process of undergoing a physical strain. That was all!

The Plunkett House organ has secured the service of a Peter Bell:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

* * *

Writing rubbish proves nothing more than the capacity to write rubbish.

MR. THOMAS

(Continued from page 3)

gentleman. If our suggestions are not carried out we feel sure that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bromley will have acquired still more experience, before this month is out, in the art of salesmanship and union "management." Not only will the rank and file of the N.U.R. be doing a kindness to Mr. Thomas, but they will also make a great sacrifice for the cause of Labour, and we further suggest that they would be making even a greater sacrifice and one that would be profoundly appreciated by the rank and file of English Labour if they took Mr. Thomas by the back of the neck and laid him down to rest on a railway track when the London Express is due. It might dirty the tracks, but it is better to have dirty tracks than dirty unions.

"Freeman" solves the high cost of living: "Live without eating."

BOXING

GREAT FISTIC DISPLAY.

Gunner Cosgrave v. Stonewall Johnson.

‘Transport Bill Cup’ goes to the Government Nominee.

Lovers of sport had a night out on Wednesday last, when the eagerly looked for bout between Gunner Cosgrave and Stonewall Johnson eventuated at the Aquarium, Stephen's Green. Most readers of the 'I.W.' are at home with the main features of the event, but so as to refresh the minds of all and sundry, a brief recapitulation is here given.

Up to December last it was the popular belief that the 'Transport Bill Cup' was the property of the holder (Stonewall Johnson), and there did not appear to be any challenger in the field with serious pretensions. A surprise was sprung on the sporting world by the publication on St. Stephen's Day, in the Irish Oifighuil of James's Street, of a letter from Gunner Cosgrave, claiming the trophy by right of a challenge in writing to Johnson's manager early in September. Our informant has learned from a private source, that beyond a refusal to consider the claim, owing to the challenge not being issued within a reasonable time, Johnson did not intend to take any action. Supporters of the Gunner declined to accept Johnson's decision and threatened legal proceedings, and in various quarters influences were put to work, with the result that on the morning of the 29th ult. Stonewall's manager agreed to put matters to the usual mode of decision.

Though the fight was timed for eight o'clock, there were evidences, as early as 5.30, that the affair was going to be a big one from the point of view of attendance. Starting from the top of Grafton Street the queue of patrons stretched along South King Street, down William Street, Wicklow Street, along Nassau Street, Merrion Square and Northumberland Road, as far as the Pembroke Fire escape and beyond. Offers of money showed a decided leaning towards Johnson, though it was apparent that the Gunner had serious backing too. At half past seven all seats and standing room inside the Aquarium were occupied, and it is estimated that, at least, 30,000 people were turned away. Amongst well-known figures at the ringside were Senators Foran, O'Farrell, Duffy and Farren, and Deputies O'Connell, Gorey, and Alderman O'Brien and Cathal O'Shannon were observed in the front "Special Reserved." The Government was represented by the Minister for Defence and the Ministers for Education and Agriculture. The absence of Senator Yeats, whose sporting record is so well known, caused some disappointment, but it is believed that his winning of the Nobel Peace Prize debars him from attending events of the kind.

Sharp on eight o'clock Gunner Cosgrave stepped into the ring, the audience rising to its feet and cheering wildly. With a good-humoured smile, and looking perfectly cool, the Gunner took off his dressing gown and handed it to one of his seconds. Hardly had the cheering subsided when Stonewall Johnson entered. It was clear from the outset that the money was on him. When he disrobed and displayed the athletic figure now familiar in two continents and as well known in the world of sport as is Norma Talmadge in the screen world, a rustle as of notes changing hands and the snapping of rubber bands seemed to indicate a flutter in the world of finance.

Though Johnson looked the more fit of the two, Gunner Cosgrave impressed one as a very serious proposition. He has greatly improved since his last time "out," due probably to the thorough preparation he has undergone at Royal Hospital, Kil-

mainham, which is now his permanent training quarters, much to the chagrin of those who wish to have it made the home of the Dail.

The preliminaries having been gone through and "seconds out" given, the champions faced each other. It was clear from the outset that Johnson intended to set his ring-craft against his opponents greater speed and inveigle him into an unlooked for decision. Some smart footwork by Stonewall and a well staged attack succeeded in making the Gunner give ground. A smart, but ineffectual attempt to recover gave Stonewall his chance and he released a shot to the Gunner's salary-plexus, missing by a quarter inch. Sensing an advantage the Gunner unbuttoned a smart "wage-cut" which took Stonewall unawares, detaching a few inches of outer scale. The bell rang, and the first round was over.

Second Round:—Matters were pretty even for the first minute but Gunner Cosgrave then took the initiative. A succession of fast and very powerful punches succeeded in getting Stonewall well going in the locomotive department, but a check came in a second or two and it looked as if the Gunner would be on the booking list for a sleeping saloon. With a minute to go Stonewall pressed and handed out what he apparently calculated a strong enough dose of morphia but it was countered, and the Abbey Street one found himself taking on a 'Teacher's Speshul' with Aurora Borealis attached. At this point the bell went.

In the interval preceding the third round serious commotion occurred in parts of the auditorium, due to a dispute between two groups as to whether the 'Transport Bill Cup' was a perpetual challenge cup or the property of the holder. The referee gave it as the decision of no less a person than the King's representative that it was the personal property of the holder but could be put up by him whenever he so desired, in fact the contest could be made an annual event.

Third Round:—From the outset the pace was terrific. Johnson seemed to invite attack, but was always "there" when the van called. The Gunner seemed momentarily perplexed more than once but finally got in a nasty and unexpected jab in the upper storey of Stonewall's refreshment buffet and cost-of-living department. Stung and surprised Stonewall tried rushing tactics and succeeded, on the stroke of the bell, in ornamenting the Gunner's headlights with a dado of crepe amid cries from the audience of "Send him back to Blighty."

Fourth Round:—The superior craft of Britain's only hope was clearly manifested in this round. Again and again the speed and power of the Gunner fell short of the longer acquaintance with the sport of Empire of Stonewall Johnson. Nevertheless the Gunner succeeded in embarrassing the Lancashire Laddie not a little and eventually took a sample of his Burgundy amid outbursts of oaths of allegiance from all sections of the audience.

Fifth Round:—It looked as if the fight would last up to the twenty rounds, but the end came suddenly in this one. Stonewall seemed to be working for a lead and things looked promising. Smart footwork by both men kept them out of the danger zone for a while, but whether owing to a disorderly member of the audience shouting "release the" or to the fact that Alderman O'Brien laughed, is not certain, but Stonewall Johnson missed a swing to the Gunner's signal-box, and before he could recover, received a packet of insomnia cure which sent him to by-by for the full count.

It is rumoured that Stonewall Johnson has received an invitation to training headquarters in Suffolk Street for his next battle with the Castledermot jehu.

DEBASING ART

Mr. F. Richards, of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, at University College on Saturday, addressing the Educational Handwork Section of the Conference of Educational Associations on "Art and the Man in the Street," remarked that "Wall spaces and house fronts are being rented and bought up by companies with no civic pride, who dose the public with sauces and superlatives.

"The serpent is raising its head even in Parliament-street. Look from the Houses of Parliament towards the Cenotaph and you have a background of the Cenotaph an advertisement for candles.

"Worst of all are the dazzle signs. This is a type of advertisement more objectionable than anything that has come down the ages. To-day you see parents taking their children to learn their first letters in brilliant words of sauces, whiskies and soap.

"Now we are told that we must advertise Shakespeare. Alas, poor Shakespeare! Why not the 'Moonlight Sonata' from a loud speaker in Piccadilly-circus on a foggy night?

"If you ask ten men in the street what they thought about art, nine would say, 'I leave that to the missus,' and the tenth would answer, 'I am too busy to bother about it.'"

Yes, Mr. Richards, this advertising business don't leave any room for the lover of Art. Why, we know of a shop that has its windows packed with canned goods and over the door is displayed a sign notifying the public that this shop is licensed to sell poison. But speaking of art, you come over to Dublin where the artistic mind is not yet destroyed and you will find that even in the art of robbing widows and orphans of the few pounds of mortality benefit due to them on the death of their bread-winners they make Senators of the artful dodgers and supply them with other artists who keep the funeral business flourishing, gentlemen who live by the art of killing for coin. Yes, even the men who wield the brushes in the health interest of the community uphold the idea of art. Two of them were heard in discussion the other day on the relative methods of a new man just started in the Cleansing Department of the Corporation. The following conversation was overheard:—"Say, Bill, what do you think of the new chap?" "Well, brushing straight ahead or up and down he is alright, but you watch him when it comes to brushing round a corner and you will find that he is lacking in the master strokes. He'll get proficient in time."

We could go on enumerating on the artistic mentality of the nice folk here, even in the art of government, and prove that the graft artists of the White House in the land of the Wooden Nutmeg and the Fagins of Downing Street are mere children in comparison with the pure-souled geniuses we have here. So come amongst us.

JIM LARKIN

AT THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

On Tuesday, January 8th, the opening day of the English Parliament, Jim Larkin visited the House and had tea with George Lansbury, the man who told King George to keep his finger out of the political pie, and a group of other M.P.'s amongst whom were the Scottish members who were expelled from the last Parliament because they refused to allow Parliament to pass the Banbury Bill for the starvation of Working Class children.

RUSSIA'S FRONT DOOR

CHAPTER I.

By C. O'SULLIVAN.

Morning breaks for us in Soviet Russia with a distant millwheel slowly turning and a few men trudging in lonely fields. Such inevitable parts of a European hinterland evoke interminable queries now, for we have gone many miles from the last boundary of the last Baltic Republic, and these men are the first we meet of their 150,000,000 kin. Soviet Russia—what mean its high politics to them? How has the change affected their outlook and their lot?

Each minute we are to learn. The train moves well with its fuel of wood over a wide gauge, and the clatter it makes through forests of young birch gives a comfortable suggestion of speed. All windows are flung open, the cold deterring no curiosity. Some of us modest investigators, some with their baggage full of samples, other couriers of the State, yet others revolutionaries. But to all the prospect is intangible enough. There is a new policy before the State, and capital is quick to take advantages. The distance engenders anxieties, wonderments, exultations, according as one's mission is.

At Shebetch, first halt over the border, the bagman, advance agent of foreign commerce, provides several hundred people with an entertainment as he exhibits his wares to the Soviet Customs, and runs the gauntlet of comments of the inhabitants. "What a pity we have to admit such as he!" "Communism has not entered his heart or head!" The bagman smiles and offers chocolates. He has learned salesmanship.

Already, though it is not yet real winter, the peasant people are donning their shubas (coats of sewn skins). The whole railwayside gradually fills with curious peasants. All travellers have detained. Railway officials walk the platform at their ease. There is plenty of time, for the engine of the train, which, of the several in the yard, is the only one to have steam up, has to shunt, not trucks on to the train, but the whole train on to occasional trucks. Nearby in cold and scintillating novelty stand four new locomotives, their tenders half filled with coal slag which they carried from their birth place in Essen. These engines, which for us are the first visible corroboration of the reconstruction policy, are among the last of 700 which Germany and Sweden have delivered since January. This information is imparted by the engineer in charge—rather with pride, for he says he has brought all of them into Russia.

While the engineer talks of reconstruction, children, clad warmly enough, come around, and one begs a pencil. He is plaintively importunate. At school there are not enough for all, he says. Keen memories are stirred in one of the party, himself a Russian, and he surrenders a costly silver pencil, with instructions for use. The boy furtively withdraws with his prize, but a soldier of the Red Army pulls him back and approaches. "Please don't give any more costly things like that away in that fashion," he says in German, which here seems the second official language.

"But the boy was needy," explains the donor.

"We are all needy," answers the soldier. "But, in the first place, it is wrong to give to beggars. It creates a bad psychology, prepares the ground for bribegiving and bribetaking." He turned on his heel, beckoning us to follow. On the station wall we read:

**The Taker of Bribes is the Enemy of the People
He Destroys the Fruits of the Revolution
Give him up to the Authorities.**

Seeing our discomfort, the soldier said: "It is like this: The boy will not use the

pencil. Whatever pencils there are at school he will get his chance of using, anyhow. But this he will sell. Someone will buy it because it is silver. Now apart from the stimulation of bribetaking, it starts in him, and others the speculation which we have fighting since the beginning of the revolution. Speculation, no matter how little, conflicts with our campaigns for communal activity and co-operation."

Thus at the front doors of the Soviets we were coached against indiscriminate philanthropy: "If you want to give goods and money there are special funds and organisations."

For some months a special bureau has existed for the general political supervision of lines of communication and transport, and this supervision has been little other than the detection of smuggling, bribery, embezzlement and illicit practices within the State. I learned that this is part of a revolutionary organisation that has been set up following the suspension of the old Cheka or Extraordinary Commission, and it is composed of a small percentage of agents who have come through the revolutionary test and have been proved staunch Communists.

So far among the mass of peasants on the western border has the anti-smuggling, anti-speculation propaganda gone, that a few days before our arrival a smuggler was caught and killed in the struggle with his peasant captors. "Smugglers and bribers are the only persons we have in prison in this district," said the soldier.

The Red Army soldiers on railway duty, with their long khaki or grey cassock-lengthed greatcoats, and peaked cloth head gear bearing the red star and crossed hammer and sickle of the Soviets, were all eager to talk. All wanted to know the conditions in Europe. How much did this kind of worker get, and that, and what did it cost him to live? Was there any sign of revolution in Germany? What had happened after the mine war in America and the strike on the African Rand. Everybody had a fire of questions, and all were pressed irrespective of our professions, which they always ask as a preliminary basis for measuring our answers. Then we became questioners: "If war had come over the Straits, what would have happened then?"

"It would have been bad," they said. "We would have fought, although now war will not allow the Soviets to build the country. But we would have fought. We have done it for five years, on sometimes ten fronts."

Little by little the mind of new Russia unfolded. Any collision with a law or custom released a flood of explanation. The most foreign thing was an official byelaw with its string of penalties. Whenever appeared a warning not to spit or smoke there was also an accompanying lecture. Coloured posters were displayed regarding health. "The child's right is care of its health. If it takes ill, go to a doctor."

Moscow station, reached from Riga, has declined to the appearance of a railway goods shed, though modern buildings house the other termini in the city. Here our baggage becomes the next medium of contact with the Soviets. No weighing scales is conveniently available, but the station chief declares our belongings exceed the allowance of 2 poods (72 lbs.) per person. We argue. He is adamant. Hard by, an official of the Moscow Soviet tries to get through with excess baggage on the score of being an official. "No privileges for personalities here," says the porter, echoing the famous reply of a Red Guard to Trotsky when he tried to enter the Kremlin without a pass. "Besides," calls out the station chief, his social consciousness coming to his aid, "the treasury needs money!" Contributions are duly made to the treasury to the amount of 6 old millions (about 1,6 then).

At the station front stand a score of droshkies. Across the street all shopfronts stand open. Each street corner has a fruit stall, food kiosk or unattached vendor of bootlaces and studs. On the platform we consult the dark uniformed member of the Railway Political Commission, and he tells us:

"Yes, the droshky driver charges you according as you travel. Most of the time he has been on the street for hire notwithstanding the revolution. His service was not in a serious way ever nationalised. First we prohibited charges for service, but could not control that. Later we compromised on a nominal charge and he got rations from the State. Gradually he has been allowed to increase his fare, until now he can charge whatever he can get."

A powerful car carries us to an hotel through busy streets that are slowly being lifted by the Municipal Soviet from five years, disrepair and inattention. Every shop along the route is open, half-stocked at best, illustrating the renaissance of the private trading class and the bourgeoisie generally. There is an air of languid business everywhere, and the streets have their beggars. Then, by the hotel window, march half a thousand Russian Communist Youth, singing that chorus that has a hint of warning:

Molodaya Gvadia, Kibotohi i Christianych!
(We are the young guard of the workers and peasants).

The room attendant informs me, unsolicitedly: "They go to the Kremlin to receive in trust the revolutionary control of the Fleet."

In quick succession follow the experiences of the new life—too quick to classify truly. Night comes, and with half-lit streets that tone this tumultuous picture. After the winter sun goes out, from under the city's gilded domes come terrible cries of aged bells. Chimes these never were, surely. Sounds of the heavy bells are shattered by a clatter of lighter clangs. Barbarous, bitter, imperative things that might have been sweet music to some Czar. Now they mock the stranger. And the stranger feels challenged, and vows to learn all.

CHAPTER II.

LAND.

After five years of Communist Revolutionary deeds and propagandist activity, how far has the change affected the peasantry, who are eighty per cent. of the population?

Communal production is the aim of those who brought the revolution of 1917. The results, measured by the theory, fall far short of the objective, but when all the circumstances of the fierce struggle for mastery are considered it is not to be wondered that the transition is only now energetically and consciously being entered on.

Before the revolution one half of the land of all Russia was in the hands of one-sixth of the landowners. This meant long stayed appetites that demanded individual appeal. The old communal ownership also had already seriously declined. At this stage universal collective social production was impossible, so the proletarian dictators, having expropriated all land ownership, divided all tillage and pastures amongst the people. The greatest estates were cut up—not only land, but also machinery and cattle were distributed.

At the fifth anniversary celebration of the Soviets in November, I heard Clara Zetkin, the aged German Communist, deal with one side of the land question. "When the land was first divided up in Russia," she said, "an attempt was made to organise great agricultural estates, great complexes of land that had not as yet been distributed. The peasantry became an active force for the revolution during that period. But that

did not assimilate the peasants. Although they were fighting for the revolution they were not reconciled to its full economic side. The immediate land hunger was satisfied, but the hunger for the products of industries grew, and owing to the revolutionary conditions, the struggle against native and foreign capitalism, there came a complete breakdown of industry and the Soviet Republic was not able to give the farmers the town products they needed. So, the farmer learned of communism from its, for him, ugliest side. All his products above what sufficed for his family's subsistence were taken from him to maintain the proletarian army and to feed the town population. The skilled labor of the towns was absorbed in the army and the expropriated bourgeois mismanaged the factories which they lately owned but which they had to be put in charge of. Manufacture was therefore pitifully low. In these circumstances the farmer became antagonistic to communism. In order to keep the peasantry as adherents to the revolution, the Republic was forced to apply a natural tax law—(a single tax made with a levy of grain)—and to abolish the relentless requisition system which had taken all surplus products. This law has not only settled the question of a tax in natural products, but also how much land must be farmed, and kindred problems.

In the controversy that arose over the feeding of the town, the peasant forced his argument by a reduction of output. He raised enough crops to feed his stock (if any) and his family. I learned from an administrator in the agricultural department that productivity, quantitatively and qualitatively, fell 30% in 1920 as compared with 1916. Not only was the culture of foods seriously decreased, but technical cultures (cotton, flax, etc.) fell still more. This was the worst situation that confronted the Soviet power. This, coming on top of the Allied interventions and counter-revolutionary attacks, precipitated the new economic policy. And all reserves having been eaten up, when the periodical drought came, there came also famine.

To-day the right of private property in land stands abrogated still despite numerous domestic concessions. But the peasant's non-cooperation has produced a certain temporary right to the undisturbed use of his land. A man's ability to work his holding determines its continued occupancy, and, generally speaking, his area is not subject to periodical redistribution (where it may have been before and during the revolution). For certain offences against the State he may be deprived of the use of it. There are districts where the land is held in common and readjusted between the inhabitants every year or three years, but these are on the decrease.

Now agriculture is visibly recovering notwithstanding the great drought and the famine which sinks off the Russian fields via cannibalism in Samara. Technical cultures increase. The white peasantry has been encouraged by a system of equalisation of prices established by the government, and by the imposition of a single tax in grain made each harvest time. As a result of all this, the urban people are returning to the towns and cities whence they had fled when the villages ceased to supply food. Thus labour supply for the manufactures increases.

But every step made in Russia toward extrication from a difficulty produces a new problem affecting the progress towards the objective. The new problems of the land consist in these: Individual tendency engenders a sense of proprietorship which contradicts the basis idea of the new State and which therefore tends to widen the difference between the theorists and their ultimate plan. This in its turn renders more difficult the industrialisation of agriculture.

The peasant has won an important con-

cession. Will he next win the right of private ownership from the Soviets (assuming he becomes politically minded enough to seek it)? It must be noted here that his last revolt was directed, not against the socialisation of the land, but against surrendering his products for no material return; and the result of this was a political move by the Soviets—(undisturbed tenancy)—which answered indirectly with a concession. In the intervening time the famine made everybody kin who survived, and fear of reducing his output (and consequently surplus to meet bad seasons) will deter the farmer from employing the "down tools" policy for some time should he ever have sufficient grievance. Additionally Russia has a great belly that must be fed. The farmer, with the encouragement of a single products tax for encouragement, is now willing to feed it. He knows that his products now will bring money that has value as money, and that the rising manufactures in the towns promise him the extra things that help in the make-up of his civilisation. As yet there is neither evidence nor promise of a struggle by the peasantry for private ownership of their land. But that, of course, does not mean that the problem of keeping the land for the State is forever dissipated.

Then how is the peasant mind going to be deflected by the Soviets from that bias of the private right which undisturbed occupancy of the land gives or threatens to give it? The economics and politics of the business dovetail here. "The land must be industrialised. To get the best returns we must head for mass production," say the Sovietists. They have begun this pitilessly. Outside one village in the Ukraine I saw the Soviet machine barge its way crudely through the boundary lines of old farms, moving with the applied theories of a few against the habits of a million. It was a machine in every sense—a huge American tractor plough. They brought it to the village and told the husbandmen of its great powers. The peasants here—every village has learned on some front or other the powers of great machines in war—were not like the doubting Thomas who wanted to be shown. They knew it would sweep their boundaries to oblivion. With much tugging at the heart they consented. The machine walked over the earth and spat earth where neat guide lines had been. The peasants, seeing the wonder of labour saved, were appreciative, but erected guide lines again. I smiled. The engineer, a Ukrainian emigrant not long returned from the American middle west, laughed. "No, boy," he cautioned, "that's nothing. Next year I'll be round this way again and we'll all go through the same panto. And I'll do all their harvesting with a machine too. If they again put up their marks and want their yields separated then I'll have the last word. I'll tell them that if they won't agree to the grain being kept in bulk for next seeding or for transport to market, that they'll have the labour of separating it themselves and carrying it from place to place. They don't like work any more than anyone else, and if they get to the harvesting stage unconvinced of the wisdom of averaging their returns according to land, they'll be won over at the end of the work. It has succeeded in a few places where they won't listen to mere statements."

There is only one check upon the speed of this deed propaganda—the lack of sufficient modern agricultural machinery. The machine propaganda is, of course, intensively supplemented by "literature" and school training and general Soviet and Communist speechmaking throughout the villages.

(To be continued.)

To imagine that the Press of this country is interested in exposing the profiteers is about as absurd as finding a Hottentot marooned on an iceberg.

CORRECTION: VOLUNTARY LEVY.

With reference to Collection Book No. 191 issued to T. Dunne, 17 Findlater Place, and published in last week's issue of the "Irish Worker" as still outstanding, we are informed that Comrade Dunne handed in this book together with the cash collected. We regret the error which was due to an oversight.

LEGION OF NATIONAL ARMY EX-OFFICERS AND MEN

A General Meeting of the above organisation will be held in the Round Room, Mansion House, on the 14th day of January, 1924, at 7.15 p.m. sharp. Important business will be dealt with. Delegates from every Government Department are requested to attend.

(Signed), W. J. FITZGERALD,
General Secretary.

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Edited by JIM LARKIN

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1924

TWOPENCE

ORGANISED SCABS?

There was a meeting held in the Mansion House on Monday night of alleged demobilized officers and men of the National Army. We have had a long report submitted to us for publication. If the report which was supplied by an ex-army sergeant of the National Army be correct, it is full time that every self-respecting man who was in the National Army and now demobilized, and those still in the service, repudiated this so-called Legion of National Army ex-Officers and Men. According to the report supplied this Legion is an organisation of Free Labourers who are prepared to undertake any dirty job at any price. A composite resolution was moved from the chair. The first clause was to the effect—That this meeting of ex-Army Officers and Men pledges their allegiance to the Government of Saorstát Éireann, and then other clauses embodying their appeals for jobs. A motion to delete the first clause of resolution was moved and seconded and supported from the floor. The Chairman and Secretary refused to permit the amendment to be put to meeting and declared their own resolution carried unanimously. A number of the men retired in disgust. This is the gist of the report supplied to us.

We want an explanation from the gentleman who waited on us, a Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald, General Secretary of this Legion of Free Labourers. He was very earnest on that occasion in assuring us that this organisation of ex-army men was not organised in any spirit of antagonism to Trade or Labour Unions, and would not permit themselves to be so used. Yet we find that this same ex-Sergeant Major of the National Army, Fitzgerald, boasting that they had a guarantee from the firm of Players, Tobacco Manufacturers, that they would give preference to ex-army men, and that 50 out of every hundred men to be employed by Vickers Maxim when they, Vickers, re-opened the Dockyard, would be engaged from their organisation. Why not 100 per cent. Why does not Fitzgerald, Sullivan & Co. supply all the labour necessary. They should get in touch with the other ultra-patriot, Senator Moran. If we know the ordinary rank and file men who were in the National Army, they will not allow themselves to be made the dupes of these gentlemen who only want them to pull the nuts out of the fire for themselves to enjoy.

To all ex-army men we would say: Now that you are back in civilian life, play the man. Get into your Unions. Don't scab. Don't you see the idea—to use your needs to injure your fellow-man—to use one section of the working class against the other. If you fought for a country, see to it that you get a decent livelihood in it. It would be a shameful thing to be said that you are the only demobilized army in the world, that upon return to civilian life organised to act the part of scabs and allowed themselves to be used to cut down wages and reduce conditions.

Men of the rank and file, take warning—remember your own class—don't be misled. You have seen the results of a Civil War in this country, fought on the military plane. As bitter, as hateful and as wasteful as that war was and is, how much more destruction would a Civil War on the Industrial Field mean to you and yours. You are of the working class. It is your class that always suffers. You have seen millions of pounds paid in compensation to property-holders for damage and destruction of their properties. They would not defend their properties, they risked your limbs and lives to defend them, and your families had to suffer misery and privation. Now, when they feel their properties are secure, they are clamouring for money compensation. And you! who defended their properties, can go to Hell and starve—your families starve. Unemployment stares you in the face. Their properties are safe—your stomachs are clamouring for food. Your wives and children or your aged parents are suffering from want and privation. They could pay you—not very generously, we admit—to kill your fellows; now that their properties are secure you can go to Hell! When you are hungry and desperate they will offer you another man's job at half the wages they paid your fellow-citizens. Already the Government was asked to swear allegiance to in the Mansion House has used the power you gave them to cut down wages 20 per cent. This Government of Bayonets—your bayonets—are abusing your power, for all power lies in your class. Without you Governments are nothing. This Government that organised that meeting in the Mansion House—through its agents—are deliberately and with intent organising you against your own class and in the interests of the Freemason finance oligarchy who rule and control this country. Don't be duped. Stand by your own class. Don't become a byword and a reproach. Demand respect. Demand work. Demand union rates of wages—union hours.

CROSS SECTION OF DUBLIN LIFE.

SCENE.—Room, centre of Dublin, within forty yards of the most palatial churches in Dublin and almost under the shadow of two cathedrals. Furniture within room consists of three makeshifts for beds and a few odds and ends. In one corner lies a girl dying from consumption—young in years—yet a wife. Close by stands her husband, almost a lad in years, with tired eyes and emaciated frame. He has just been released from an internment camp where he spent some sixteen months. Return to Freedom (?) No Work, no money, not a greeting except from the dying wife who insists on coming out of the Allan Ryan Hospital to die in his arms. The girl's father lies in a cot close to. He has been badly injured within the past week. The poor mother, another tubercular case, sits by. The rest of the family—fill in the picture. One girl, who would be a beauty if cleaned, clothed and in a human setting,

Giving Them The Once Over

I felt called upon to cross to England last week to talk about men and events with some of my old time comrades. The men whose affairs concerned me much are the lads incarcerated in Peterhead, Portland and Dartmoor gaols. I spent a very interesting time. It was good to see and speak with real Labour M.P's. What a change. Sitting among the Clyde Brigade in the smoke-room of the House of Commons brought back memories of hours spent in that same room with Hardie, Grayson, Lansbury and others; of a night when Grayson, Walker and I arranged a demonstration—during a sitting of the House—as a protest against the shooting on the Falls Road, Belfast—1907; of the night when J. E. Redmond pawned Ireland's honour; of a night watching Geo. Wyndham pacing the terrace, bracing himself to leave this earthly sphere—the next day's paper reported his sudden demise. Well, he is dead, what matter how he died. Some intriguing memories—but to our story. We were lobbying—as they say in America—putting the lads on record. The Scotch Brigade are pledged to support a demand for the release of the Irish lads, whose only crime "They Loved Ireland" and who now lie forgotten in Peterhead gaol. And I did not forget the man Dowling. I was in a difficulty. Some of these lads I know of—others are unknown to me by name. I have sought in all directions, from every source, information as to their names, home addresses and full particulars of the incidents which led to their arrest and conviction. I got the particulars of Dowling's case from Bob Monteith in America. If any reader can supply me with any data relative to the above lads, or their relatives, I would be obliged. I want to press this matter home at an early date. A Mass Demonstration will be held in Glasgow, London, and possibly in cities in England and Scotland, to support the demand for their early release. Copies of papers giving news, story of their arrest, trial and conviction will be extremely useful. I would also like particulars of any urgent cases of dependents of the men incarcerated in Free State prisons, Six-Counties prisons or internment camps, in addition to the men in British prisons. I want to supply information to the Committee charged with the disbursement of the proceeds of Xmas Draw. There is a matter of £150 in bank and I would it were in the homes of the dependents at the earliest possible moment.

has just returned from work. She maintains the family. She will follow her sister in a few years, and that family who were foolish enough to provide men to fight for Irish Freedom will be wiped out. But thank God the Shoneens who would not fight for the most sacred thing in life will still live and enjoy life in Rathmines, and the Dark Brethren will still control the fives of the common people.

TRAVEL REMINISCENCES

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Having lived and travelled considerably in the South American Republics of Argentina, Chile, Bolivia and Peru, it has occurred to me that the following few brief observations are about the Argentine Republic, wherein I lived and worked some seven years in all, may prove of interest to readers. At the outset I wish to stress the point that I have no axe whatever to grind in endeavouring to give a mere pen-picture of a country which to most Irishmen is yet, I believe, almost a terra incognita. I am neither a tool of the capitalists nor a paid emigration agent; merely a worker and a wage-earner born minus the proverbial "silver spoon in my mouth," and whose path in life has been beset with more than the ordinary share of trials and difficulties in the struggle for bread and the amenities of civilized life.

Reared within sight of the lordly Shannon, the country of Brian Boru and Desmond's ruined halls, of Sarsfield and Smith O'Brien, of the gentle Gerald Griffin and Aubrey de Vere, of Hogan, the bard of Thomond, and the gifted unhappy Mangan the author of "Dark Rosaleen"; how oft when as a schoolboy I gazed far off to where the white-winged ships went by I longed to stow away on one of those old wind-jammers and sail o'er unknown seas to those strange romantic lands of which I had read in the pages of books of adventure and travel by land and sea.

Like thousands of impressionable youths my boyish imagination was fired with tales of the sea, romance and adventure, so that I felt like some knight of old who donned armour to battle for his lady love or set out to secure some fair captive damsel held in captivity in some donjon tower.

Fate decreed that I should arrive at the age of 23 ere I could indulge my passion for roving. I spent five years at the Cape after the close of the Boer War of 1899-1902, that charming, then old-world, unconventional Dutch-English settlement, once a half-way trading station on the old sea route to the East Indies and the Chinese seas, discovered by the intrepid Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama.

During a residence of about five years therein I availed of the opportunity of visiting Rhodesia and the Victoria-Falls, also Natal, including its pretty capital Durban, on the Indian Ocean, returning by sea to Cape Town. At Johannesburg I had a glimpse of the now famous Indian agitator and Swarajist, Gandhi, as he emerged from a court of justice where he had been pleading on behalf of a numerous group of his oppressed fellow-countrymen resident in Natal, employed mainly as merchants and others as coolies on the large-sugar and cotton plantations along the hot, humid coast belt.

Sundering my connection with the Cape State railways I returned to Ireland in 1908, and worked about two years between Dublin and London, sailing in June, 1911, from Liverpool for Buenos Aires.

The narrative of my trials and sufferings during my wanderings in quest of El Dorado in those fruitful lands of ease and plenty would fill volumes. Suffice to say it was oft a weary and painful pilgrimage over a road strewn with thorns, the recapitulation of which only awakes unpleasant and disagreeable memories. But with patience and stoical serenity I bore all "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," ever mindful of the goal which lay ahead, and dreaming like another Jason of mythology to return some day bearing homeward the Golden Fleece.

In December, 1922, I returned to Buenos Aires after an absence of about six years in Peru and Bolivia. The contrast of this fine city on the river Plate with what it was in 1916 and pre-war days was painful to a

well-wisher of the country. For the first time in its history its beautiful Opera House was almost deserted and was being run at a loss.

The fact that conditions in the Argentine are by no means good at the present time, except to the man brought up on the soil, accustomed to rough fare and hard toil, and possessed of small capital, does not deter numerous European immigrants from flocking into the country. Almost every steamer arriving at the port of Buenos Aires carries a fair number of third-class passengers—Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians and some Near Eastern peoples. Business may be depressed out there, employment hard to obtain, wages and salaries reduced, cost of living and house rents almost doubled, but still the lessened stream of immigration flows towards the shores of the still very thinly-populated Argentine prairies. Many, it seems, throwing patriotism to the winds and tired of the terrible struggle for existence in their own war-torn, capitalist oppressed European countries, flee across the seas hugging the cherished hope to their breasts that at least better prospects, if not exactly the favours of Fortune, await them in the New World. Oft it is but a vain dream and a delusion as time so frequently proves.

The bulk of emigrants to South America are of the rough, tawny-visaged, sturdy, often illiterate type of Latin agricultural labouring and small farming class, with a sprinkling of mechanics and artisans, usually accompanied by their equally strong and broad-set wives and children, who sprawl, gossip and drowse all day on the decks of liners, and on balmy, starlit nights dance and sing after dinner as the ship churts her way through tropical seas.

Four hundred years ago their ancestors crossed those same seas with eyes greedy for gold. Now they voyage forth not in quest of gold and adventure, like the Spanish Conquistadores, nor to rob pagan temples or terrorise and enslave the natives in the mines, but to work on the land and on sugar plantations, to nurture the coffee plant, to rear bananas, to build towns, to construct railways, to toil in the jungles, or to sit in the saddle and round up sheep and cattle on the pampas.

Such are the type of men that the Argentine, Peru and Brazil need and welcome, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," men who can live on rough fare and do laborious toil, men whom she can exploit in developing her virgin lands and in edifying the structure of her national wealth and aggrandisement.

For upwards of three years cattle breeders have been hard hit by the drop in prices of fat cattle for cold storage killing. Steers which formerly fetched £25 and upwards now only realise about £8 a head. Due to this depreciation in prices, which is attributed to the exploitation of the North American and English Cold Storage Companies, cattle owners find themselves to-day with a surplus of fat cattle on their lands and are disposing of animals at ridiculous figures in order to thin out their large herds. Their profits are consequently meagre. Yet they hang on grimly hoping for the turn of the tide in the form of improved prices and better market demand, chiefly in Great Britain. The packing houses owned and controlled mainly by American and British capital have been subjected to a fire of bitter abuse and criticism by the press and public alike, cattle breeders being loudest in their censures. They are charged with earning excessive profits and combining to injure the main industry and chief source of revenue of the Republic. Special legislative ordinances were quickly rushed through Congress to check and control the avarice of the alleged exploiters of the nation's oldest industry. The Government have now purchased outright some of the biggest freezing plants with the intention of operating same under State direction, hoping by this means to

regulate prices, level down exorbitant profits and thus reduce the cost of meat to the actual consumer. It constitutes an experiment in Socialistic government which will be watched with interest.

Formerly the buying of the steers and the sale of the meat, both frozen and chilled, was under the absolute control of big American and English capitalized concerns, who dictated prices. To-day very few transactions on a large scale take place. Thus land values have considerably decreased. In the Provinces of Entre Rios, Santa Fé and Corrientes, the former mainly a cattle-rearing territory, land can now be bought for half the price of what it would fetch say four years ago. It is affirmed that there are many owners of land, especially in Entre Rios province, who would only be too glad to sell their holdings and the stock carried thereon for comparatively little ready money. As the saying is, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," the opinion is held that as a result of actual conditions, no more favourable opportunity to acquire land in the Argentine than at present is likely to present itself.

At the aristocratic popular seaside resort of Mar del Plata last summer the absence of rich "estancieros" and their families was much commented upon. Their places, it seems, were largely taken by newly rich manufacturers, small factory owners and others, who apparently had money to lavish in ostentatious display and the erection of ornate Swiss chalets. They were conspicuous along the boulevards of the Rambla and at the swell Casinos, or gambling houses, where large sums are annually staked and lost. Not only spendthrift, blasé youths and seasoned gamblers but even well-bred ladies of rank and fashion are known to frequent these gaming tables, lured thereto by the fickle goddess of fortune. Aside from the Casino at Mar del Plata there is another legalised resort at Colonia on the Uruguayan side of the river Plate, greatly frequented by week-end excursionist trippers who make the crossing by steamers of the Mihanovich line.

It is said that one at least of the large railway companies complains of loss in connection with its transport of cattle to the markets of Buenos Aires. Freights have been cut to a minimum. In order to recoup itself it has under consideration a proposal to acquire land on its line of route which, when divided into plots, will be offered to selected colonists on special terms. Land will be devoted to agriculture solely, not cattle raising. Payments for plots will be extended over a period of several years and all facilities afforded to settlers for the successful working of same. Doubtless most of the intending colonists will be chosen from the ranks of English or Scotch rural labourers and ex-servicemen at home, and from those already residing in the Argentine.

As one strolls beneath the old Spanish arches of the mile-long Paseo de Julio, not far from the dock basins, one may hear a very babel of strange tongues, strange casts of features and raiment. Hereabouts new arrivals crowd round cheap hotels, restaurants and drinking shops. At night sailors from ships add to the crowd, and one can hear above the music of ladies' stringed orchestras, the semi-barbarous wild songs of love and war floating out on the still night air.

And in the crowded, narrow, Spanish colonial laid out streets blocked with automobiles, carts, "coches" and passing trams, as one elbows his way along the narrow, terribly-congested pavements through slow-moving, half-Eastern, excitable crowds of pedestrians, occasionally a group of new arrivals are seen lumbering along staring open-mouthed at the strange and bewildering sights of the New World out of solemp, anxious eyes. Men, women, and even babes in their mothers' arms, dark-haired and fair-haired, of Latin and Teutonic stock.

(To be Continued)

KEEP TO THE LEFT

By C. O'SULLIVAN.

On Kremlin's spires, at an inaccessible height, in gold and bronze, stands the Imperial Eagle in stark isolation. The workers have been too busy holding power to remove it, but they have raised other symbols, and now neighbouring spires shake blood-red banners to the wind, and on all walls is the sign of the Crossed Hammer and Sickle. A tradition of bloody talons has clung to the eagle, so that it was not hard to merely change the symbolism.

"It does not suffice, however," say the Sovietists, "to raise the idea of the workers' power in terms that they understand. How shall we really maintain that power. The world revolution has not come. Capitalism has not fallen, and while it exists outside it will give us as little quarter as it can. While that condition lasts Russia must utilise her own resources as fully as possible. To do this in her present disorganisation she must make concessions to capital. And temporarily within her own state industry she must provide that very incentive to production that the capitalist state offers in the way of subdivisions of wages, bonuses, remunerative promotions for increased skill. To recoup her loss of skilled men through the European War and the wars of revolutionary struggle, to repay for the sabotage of machinery and production by the bourgeois counter-revolutionaries, she must make temporary concessions. That is the way to settle one problem. Then arises another. It is, while following this plan, to still "keep to the left." That is the talk one hears most in Russia to-day in the political centres.

Actually Russia has become under "NEP" a land of State capitalism. It is a new form of capitalism, however. Instead of the State being in the minority and private enterprise in the majority as we know it, in Russia is the state of the workers power in the majority and private enterprise in the minority. Of course even to this condition of things there is still a vague opposition within Russia, but it is not effective. Some "leftists" as well as bourgeoisie say "Even though at the beginning you control 85% of the trade and all the key industries, economic processes will gradually shift the real wealth into the hands of private enterprise. It will give sufficient wealth to capitalism to enable it to entrench its particular influences in the country. In spite of the fact that the Communist Party controls most activities and all assemblies now, even within the Party Right-ism must develop as a reflex of the increasing grasp that private enterprise naturally gets on real wealth."

Though in the talk of "Soviet Power" these things are often discounted in Russia, it is significant enough that about one-third of the entire energy of the State through all channels is being now thrown in the direction of counteracting conservative tendencies, for the purpose of keeping the State to the Left.

On the eve of the Fifth Anniversary of the Revolution I was admitted to the Kremlin for the final meeting of the Russian Communist Youth. Sverdlov Hall wherein they met—named after one of the first leaders of the Soviets—was once the Old Bailey of Moscow. Merely a party assembly this, yet its members were surveying the whole course of State affairs, schooling themselves for propaganda work in the workshops, factories and fields, in the army and navy. Leaders of the State co-operated with them for their encouragement. Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, was speaking, reviewing in a general way the world's educational systems. With Lunacharsky she had made certain recommendations on the educational policy. The proposals were unceremoniously rejected by the conference because they did not give the trade unions full enough play.

JOHN SIMMONS PASSES ON.

One of the best of the old school of Trade Unionists, John Simmons, Secretary of the Dublin Trades' Council for many years, was laid to rest in Glasnevin Cemetery to-day. This man Simmons was unique among the tribe of Union Officials who formed the old school of so-called Union Leaders. He never used his position for his own aggrandisement nor to find well-paid jobs for his friends.

P. T. Daly, Secretary; E. Tucker, President of the Dublin Trades' Council; John Farrelly, a fellow-craftsman; J. J. Clarke, D. Dodd, H. Keegan, C. Kelly, Geo. Leahy, and many other old friends attended at the graveside.

"Dein traicear ar a n-anam."

At evening in the Bolshie (Great) Theatre the stage that is nightly given to opera or ballet held the presidium or Committee of the Youth Congress. The Youth (16 to 25 years of age) from all Russia in the body of the theatre whiled their time with revolutionary litanies, songs of the Ukraine which had given Russia her music, songs of Siberia, old songs given the phrases of to-day. Then came a hush. Followed from three thousand throats in the parterre and the five encircling tiers of gilded boxes, the song of the revolutionary dead. Came then the really significant function. An officer from the Red Fleet announced the wish of his comrades that the Youth should join in the "Revolutionary Control of the Fleet." One warship had already been renamed "The Young Communist."

All his words were not out when the lusty youth upsprang with a deep and prolonged baying that the Russians call a cheer. "The International" played one verse through by the massed bands, could hardly reach the ear through their cry. Momentarily afterwards came the greeting shouted in heavy monosyllables: "Da-zdravst-zoochet-Kras-ni Flot." ("Long Live the Red Fleet.")

Then the turn of the Youth: "The Fleet delegates shall join the Presidium." And again that primitive roar.

Followed the (to us) strange spectacle of a Fleet Commander, young, trim, in a notoriously unpretentious garb, haranguing the rising generation. "This was a business affair.

"Comrades," he said, "you must send every year to the Fleet new blood from your party. Only thus can we be sure of keeping the Red Fleet revolutionary."

Twenty times came a new speaker. First was Trotsky, talking an hour of the world situation from Trotsky's angle. He weaved a long spell, then broke it with: "Science and revolution; Working-class and Communism; with these shall the workers win."

Then Boudini, master of the Cavalry School, picturesque of caste and passionate of speech. He retired after five minutes. Followed him the gentle-moined Bucharin, Marxian theoretician, editor of Pravda. Next Lunacharsky. "Comrades, of course you are young," he said. "You are young and liable to err." The quiet reference to their rejection of his Thesis in the forenoon spills laughter from the five tiers of boxes.

So passed a remarkable evening. Nearly four hours of such evocative demonstration would be chaotic surfeit in the West. In Russia it is as some exhaustless exulting. Every speaker received from the audience questions on little slips of paper, not half of which was there time to answer. "The workers like power here" said a man at my elbow. Here was the whole machine of the State deferring to the revolutionary bent of the proletarian youth. It is a separate psychological study in itself, this keeping to the Left.

ONE BIG UNION

For just over two years I have been a member of a union which can claim the distinction of being the most modern and up-to-date apparatus yet devised. None of your Grand National Plasterors' Laborers' Us-for-Uss outfit about our union. We're the real gorgonzola and make no mistake about it.

Pshaw! Your Boilermakers' and Tin-smiths', your Artificial Teeth Enamellers and Polony-Varnishers' Unions are out of date. They won't work. They've got the hives, pay in and draw nothing. Why don't you get a move on?

Ours is the real "it." "The One Big." Without prejudice to race, colour or creed, man or woman, boy or girl, we organise the lot. Are you a maker of whisky-vats or dolly-tubs, what matters it? Were your parents Protestants, or do you go to Mass?—doesn't matter. Are you a Calythumbian or a Presbyterian—Vivicit-Retianit?—what odds? Are you a mechanic or a navy's assistant? Do you work with your head, your feet or your hands, or all three? Do you expect to go to heaven when you die or do you not? Did you serve a seven years' apprenticeship or ever been in quod? Makes no diff. Ours is the real-together-never-mine-the-weather all in One Big.

Of course we have our safeguards. We don't want our Union over-run by a lot of undesirables. We take measures to avoid the rush. Granted that a person passes the test which, as I said before, is not the usual one of race, colour, creed or sex, membership is fairly probable.

How do we run it? Do we have an Executive Board and Officers? Of course we have. The Board is elected on a democratic basis, in fact the usual democratic manner, whereby the candidate with the biggest supply of dope has the likeliest chance of succeeding. The dope is usually of a political colour, although different candidates may use different colours. Sometimes candidates give their dope a religious flavour and succeed, sometimes it doesn't come off. Many members of our Union won't vote for people who parade their religion for a purpose. They argue that so long as membership of the Union does not entail a religious test neither should the holding of an official position, but all the members are not so logical.

What benefits do we pay? Well, as a rule we don't pay funeral expenses, although if a member dies on the rocks (mety-4-ickally speaking) the Union will supply a coffin (unvarnished). Yes, we look after the sick, we have the Union hospital, of course we don't do any pampering, we don't want the whole membership on the sick list.

The old hands are well looked after, we have a nice system of communal homes where our old members, no longer fit for the outside struggle, can find a haven. We allow them a pint of beer per annum, usually about Xmas time.

No, very few of the office-bearers ever become inmates, although accidents have been known to occur, and accident-benefits are a special feature in our union.

We make no allowance for strike-pay, but out-of-work pay is granted, the amount being determined by the aforementioned Board, elected by the free membership on a democratic basis. Let the grant be what it may, we have the distinction of treating everyone the same.

As stated before, we are the real, genuine, unpolluted, and authentic "One Big." Whether the member comes in moleskin or overalls, collar or muffler, trousers or shooting-jacket, we don't care if he has a cap or a velvet, a watch or a pawn-ticket, whether he or she speaks with an impediment or a middle-class accent, he can come in spats or his bare feet, it is all the same, first come, first served, and each one gets the

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'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.

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Blaming it on the Dog.

From the day when old Henry Adam put the blame on the fairest one to excuse his lapse from righteousness, there has been a tendency in human nature to find a scapegoat in a compromising situation.

It comes of being a reasoning even if not a reasonable being. Perhaps it may not be an ennobling trait but it is a useful one, on occasion, and a well exercised one, by all accounts.

Are you a saviour of the toil-worn masses—a battle-scarred (excuse us, a battle-scarred) veteran in the proletarian lists—a give-your-life-for-the-workers sort of chap? And has your existence been blasted by the insidious activities of organised capitalism and the, no less, insidious activities of the enemy within the ranks? Then you undoubtedly are a Labour Leader and you have an inherent right to 'blame it on the dog' when the sun forgets to shine.

Are the workers badly paid? G-r-r-r! down with capitalism. Have the employers handed out a wage-cut? B-r-r-r-r! Then the wolf within the fold has buried his fangs in the unshorn lambkin. Have the electorate given the order of the walkened plank to the chosen one? Sh-r-r-r-r! then the sun of righteousness has dazzled the eyes of the little ones. Has.....? Then..... Has.....? Then....., and so ad infinitum.

In all the various situations that have arisen in our time to embarrass the 'great ones' of the Labour movement none have been the result of the defects of leadership of the proletarian Ludendorffs—not on your tin-type!—and two and two, not being four, must, of necessity, be something else; in other words, the Ludendorffs not being to blame, somebody else must, either the common Fritzes or the enemy generals. Heads we win, tails you lose.

It's a great game, as long as it lasts, but whether as a profession or as a form of amusement, at the expense of the 'Have-nots,' it must be played with care. To judge by the apparent instability of the labour barometer it is going to rain soon, and the signs point to its being followed by a sharp and lasting frost. If you would let up the blind now and look down the street you will see Senators Double X and Mountain Dew massaging the creases out of their Burberrys, owing, as you may hear them say, "to the leaky condition of the atmosphere." Senator Fishplate agrees with Deputy Stick-o'-chalk that there is nothing in the sum of human experiences to compare with a stiff spell of frost, though, in all truth, "the rain is wicked." These exchanges of ideas are not the final stages of a train of thought but the prelude to the general putting-on of Burberrys, mufflers, chest-preservers and alibis. Reader, your mind is now prepared for the worst; open your copy of the 'Voice of Labour,' keeping your index finger pressed firmly in the

(Continued on Column 3, Page 5)



JIMMY THOMAS, M.P., P.C., O.B.E., placin

RAILWAY STRIKE

We reprint below the Swan Song of Bromley and the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Enginedrivers' and Firemen's Union. This gentleman Bromley who, in the old days when a Fireman on the Cheshire Lines Railway was a militant Union Man and a loud-mouthed propagandist for the Newer Unionism, is to-day an echo of Thomas and Cramp. With this qualification Bromley has not got the audacity of Privy Councillor Jimmy. Sully the history of the Triple Alliance betrayal should be a warning to the rank and file. Don't go out to get consideration. Go out to get your full demands, and incidentally get rid of any official who tries to play you false. Give your officials orders. See that they obey. Don't be fearful of Jimmy Thomas's intriguing or Cramp's pusillanimity. The rank and file of the N.U.R. and the Railway Clerks are getting fed-up with their Statesmen. The tide is with you, ride in on it and you will get consideration and full recognition, and what is more important, reward the link of solidarity, not only between Railway Workers, but all sections of Transport Workers. Courage brothers, You have nothing to lose but your Leaders, and there are plenty of refuse destructors. Determination, Solidarity, Class Loyalty will reduce that 120 mileage to 100, and will mean, not a reduction, but an acceptance of your demand for better conditions.

9, ARKWRIGHT ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.3.

January 14th, 1924

FELLOW MEMBERS,—The official date and hour for the cessation of work by all Members of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen has been sent to all Branch Secretaries. Please make yourself acquainted with it so that the stoppage of work may be simultaneous throughout the country.

REMEMBER that if the suggestions of the National Wages Board are put into operation the Locomotives only will lose:—

1. Firemen on mileage trains, from 9s. to 18s. per week immediately.
Drivers on mileage trains, from 11s. 3d. to 22s. 6d. per week immediately.
NOTE.—This will also cause hundreds of men now engaged on disposal of mileage engines to become redundant, and their consequent reduction in grade and wages. Cleaners will be displaced by reduced Firemen, and forced into unemployment, and the promotion of all will be stagnated.
2. Drivers who have not yet received their maximum, and who are not regularly employed on train working, will lose their advance to the maximum, 6s. per week on the bare week, without counting overtime or night duty.
3. Drivers and Firemen will lose their Guaranteed Day for Sunday Duty, and only be sure of four hours' pay for a Sunday turn of Duty, whilst the hours of a Sunday turn of duty after midnight will not be paid for at Sunday rate.
4. Cleaners will only have a guarantee of two hours for a Sunday turn of duty.
Out of nearly 700,000 railwaymen, the Locomotive men only will lose wages and conditions of service, others being only affected by the loss of Sunday Guaranteed Day.

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vicinity of your olfactory nerve, to steady yourself.

Now, you've got it. . . . we would again remind our readers of Mr. Cosgrave's undertaking at the conclusion of the docks dispute, that more far-reaching steps would be taken by the Government to set up machinery for enquiring into and regulating the cost of living before demanding any further sacrifices on the part of the workers. . . . That's putting it over on the Government, isn't it, bigosh! Even if the readers of the 'Voice' have not the strength to think, anyhow they have stomachs to fill and belts to tighten, so we will provide them with mental sustenance to strengthen them against the next "sacrifice" of their bacon.

FIRST THOUGHT:

Who advised the dockers to put their trust in the Government and accept the cut?

"I," says Tom Foran,
"With a little roarin',
I killed cock robin."

SECOND THOUGHT:

Who, though protesting against wage-cuts, have recommended the workers to accept the Government road-scheme, thereby setting a headline for further "sacrifices"?

"I," says the aforesaid,
"With Johnson, 'Bill' and
Mortished,
I did the deed."

To once more quote the 'Voice of Labour'—
"Huckstering methods, inefficient management and dishonest trading are characters of Irish capitalism. . . . and the prerogative of 'eight-pound-a-weekers.' That last bit is ours.

By your leave, reader, we will now introduce you to the 'Voice's' Professor of Natural History. He has taken as his subject, for your information, "Selfishness in Man and Insect." Listen to it. "Anyone who opens a wasp's nest and takes note of the big wasp grubs . . . will notice often a drop of fluid standing near the mouth. . . . It is the duty of the nurse-wasp to remove the drop, as our nurses wipe our little noses. . . . But the wasp-nurses take actual physical pleasure and profit from the performance . . . as they are extremely eager for this salivary solution, the taste of which is sugary."

Here's our version of it:—
"Anyone who opens a Trades' Union nest . . . will notice a bucket of eight-pound a-week drops near the mouth. It is the duty of the official wasps to remove these drops, as our nurses wipe our little noses. . . . But the official wasps take actual pleasure and profit from the performance . . . as they are extremely eager for this solution, the taste of which is sugary. . . . There you are! Ain't it wonderful?"

Down with capitalism! To be sure! But let us get back a wee bit. Did not the I.T.G.W.U. "Executive" make an advance of £14,000 to the Rathdown Council, a very large proportion of which goes, of necessity to the roadworkers in the Rathdown area. And is not this Council one of the bodies which comes under the Government wage-cut scheme, which Senator Foran recommend to the workers. Talk about feeding dogs with their own tails! It's not in it with feeding roadworkers' with wage-cuts out of their own Trade Union funds, and then blaming it on the Merrion Street kennel. Let us laugh. Blaming it on the dog; Bow-wow!

To change the tune. Report has it that the 'Labour Party' is putting forward a candidate in County Dublin for the forthcoming Dail election. When the roadmen and the agricultural workers—whose turn is just here for the wage-cut—have recorded their vote and elected the Johnson-O'Brien-Farren nominee, a great victory will have been achieved for the unrivalled combination of Cosgravism— "if-it-costs-as-much-more-Johnsonism," deal-drastrically-with-the-Irregulars-O'Brienism," and Senator Foranism, and the country will be saved. Bow-wow!



Wreath on the Corpse of Labour Solidarity.

F LOCOMOTIVEMEN.

- Locomotivemen will—
- (1) Lose wages heavily.
 - (2) Suffer classification.
 - (3) Suffer reduction, redundancy and Dismissal.
 - (4) All Firemen will in future not be paid the quarter of an hour per day which they have so far received for booking off.

REMEMBER the National Wages Board is not an Arbitration Court. Its "finding" is not an "Award," and therefore is not compulsory on either the Companies or the men. The public should know this.

REMEMBER that the Companies refuse to consider the modification of this "suggestion" of the Board, which cases so heavily on the men who are working the heaviest, fastest, and longest distance trains.

LOCOMOTIVEMEN! You have decided by a ballot vote majority of 23,919 not to accept these serious reductions. The Companies are glutted with public money. Strike at the appointed hour. If you meekly submit, look out for

Do not ask grades outside the Loco Department to strike with you. Better they remain at work. They will not attack on your wages, of which the Companies told you the present is only a forerunner.

ACKLE you, nor work with blacklegs who try to take your engines. They will not receive Strike Benefit in the same

AL Locomotivemen, not members of our Union, who strike with you will receive Strike Benefit in the same

REMEMBER that in 1918 an unofficial strike of LOCOMOTIVEMEN ONLY closed up the G.W.R. and L. AND S.W.R. and large sections of several other companies, before we could prevail on the men to resume duty; That in

1921 LOCOMOTIVEMEN ONLY closed the G.N.R. of Ireland, when reductions were threatened, and the men won.

What can you do now in defence of your hard-earned conditions of service, with the Union solidly behind you, supported by its financial resources and its 60,000 members?

We have appealed to the Companies to ease this burden to the Locomotivemen, and they refuse to re-consider it any way.

They refuse even to discuss your request that drivers and firemen should know definitely when they are promoted, though they are employed as such for years, so we presume that under this "finding" more men can be kept from maximum.

They are still working men longer than nine hours, thus extending the last "finding" we accepted. What will do if this one operates?

STRIKE AND WIN CONSIDERATION.

Yours fraternally,
J. CORDREY,
S. GARRISON,
J. WALKER,
B. H. JENKINS,

O. W. SKINNER,
J. C. BRANSON,
J. T. LONG,
R. T. MACKERETH,

R. H. JONES,
D. G. SMITH,
E. EDMONDS,
D. S. HUMPHREYS.

J. BROMLEY, General Secretary.

JAMES CONNOLLY

AND HIS EPOCH.

CHAPTER II.

The Historical Evolution of the Irish People and their condition about 1870.

SUMMARY LAST WEEK.

The bases of Communism, Feudalism and Capitalism—the Function of the State—Cult of Gaelicism has restored knowledge of Ancient Ireland—Federation of Co-operative State-ships—Unique Conservation of Communist Society, and why.

THIS WEEK.—Irruption of Anglo-Norman Feudalism—First Phase—the Pale—Absorption of Normans and failure to feudalize Irish—Contrast Saxon—Second Phase, Imperialism and Conquest—costly struggle—reasons for Irish subjection—Third Phase, the Gaelic Proletariat—alien land thieves—depression of the Planters—the alien bourgeoisie and its struggle with the English Government.

From 1169 dates the period of the Norman-English irruption. Against the organization above outlined was opposed that of the invader, who was feudal.

The first phase sees the feudal invader during the 12th to the 16th centuries fail to win anything but a foothold in Ireland. The Dublin Government and the feudal system prevailed only in a small area. Usually the "English Pale" maintained its presence in Ireland by paying "blackrent" or tribute to the Leinster clans. The invaders were like a sore in the body politic of Eire. At times it would break out and weaken that body, but in the end the body would render it innocuous. The reason why the sore did not kill was because the body had no vital part. The Normans conquered England by defeating the then ruling Saxon nobles. The less strongly organized Saxon theyns and earls went down before the barons and Duke of Normandy. What happened to the English, generally speaking, was a change of masters. Truly, the Norman masters were soon seen to be more really masters than the undeveloped nobility of the Saxons. The Saxon system contained much of the pre-feudal institutions. So that after the king and the earls had been subdued, we find popular risings, national in semblance, social in reality. Because there was no political organization left to support them, these risings always failed. The only one which was notable was that which took place in East Anglia and that was formidable.

- (a) because of a mighty leader, Hereward;
- (b) because East Anglia, being half-Danish and therefore with something of a decentralized communist society, was not so disorganized when the nobles had been beaten;
- (c) because the struggle occurred in the natural defences of the Fen country.

Now Ireland, politically, socially, and militarily was hydra-headed. In point of fact the central authority ceased to function properly, for certain reasons, after the time of the last Ard-Righ, Edward Bruce, in the early years of the 14th century. Later on, during the second phase to which I shall refer below, most even of the provincial governments disintegrated. But the State of Eire was not top-heavy, but rather built from the bottom.

The second phase, curiously enough, begins in the 16th century, just when the bourgeoisie were subverting the feudal nobility in England. That already declining nobility had destroyed its own organisms by its intestinal wars of the late fifteenth century. Seeking to extend its commerce, the new semi-ruling class, the merchants and master tradesmen inaugurated Imperialism, and so the infant capitalism of England

phenomenally begot the British Empire. The first attack was on Ireland.

Careful study of the records of the period shows that the conquest of Ireland (which is the second phase mentioned) was the most strenuous effort of the English ruling class from that day until 1914, excluding, perhaps, the Napoleonic wars. Millions of pounds were expended. A shilling of those days was as valuable as a pound or two pounds to-day, so that the cost of the campaigns and imposition of the resulting "settlement" must be expressed in terms of modern currency in nine figures. Bagenal, Moles and Essex, Cromwell, Ireton and Moore, the die of the English generals, and the first armies of England were engaged.

Walsingham, Suffolk and Cecil's brains, and even Elizabeth's wit were employed in ruthless manner, outlined in P. S. O'Hegarty's "The Indestructible Nation—1," in order to disintegrate the people's resistance. English sea-power, preventing the importation of Continentally-manufactured explosives, was probably the strongest weapon. In any case, 1650 saw the Government of England triumphant for the first time in every tuath of Inisfail, and the social system of Ireland rooted up. How it happened is not so materially important, though were the telling of it relevant, it were interesting bearing. No tale of villiany is uninteresting! Besides, this story would show not merely the calculated evil of the imperialists of that era, but also the harm that came to Eire because of the fact that the executive authority or chieftaincy, were of one section of the nation, of a semi-aristocratic class. Their status was defined in the laws not by a hereditary rule simply, nor purely from democratic vote, but on a basis compromising between the two principles. A developing class-instinct in these chieftains aided the conquest in a manner which became apparent when we carefully peruse the records of the times.

So much for the conquest.

Now for phase the third, **the Irish a subject class**—conquered. The clans were broken, the basis of all freedom, i.e., economic freedom was gone. It was the very resistance to slavery that had compelled the conquerors to make that slavery doubly harsh. The powers of conquest had ended in extermination and rapine. Only thus could the land be wrested from the free clans. Queen Elizabeth's court poet, Spenser, himself an owner of stolen land in Ireland, was moved to write thus about Munster:—

"The end will be very short . . . for, although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor be slain by the souldiour, yet this being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint they would quickly consume themselves, and devour one another. The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exemplified in these late wars in Munster: . . . a most rich and plentiful country; full of corne and cattle . . . Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they come creeping forth upon their lands, for their legges could not beare them; ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, yea, and one another soon after . . . that in short space there were none almost left; and a most populous and plentiful country left suddenly void of man and beast . . . in the southern province what was not wasted was planted by English and other alien tenants, e.g., at Bandon, Co. Cork. It was impossible to plant all Munster or even most of Munster, and so the Irish crept back from Connacht, whither they had oftenmost fled at Cromwell's decree, or from the mountain crevices, returning as wage-slaves, beaten hirelings of the new landlords.

Connacht was not effectively planted, neither, to any great extent, was Leinster. Why this was so would require a page or two of attempted explanation. But Ulster,

the most refractory province, was planted as thoroughly as could be done. Only the mountainous parts, e.g., Donegal, were left, and that because they were the least delectable.

Says Connolly in "Labour in Irish History":—"During the closing years of the seventeenth century, all the eighteenth, and the greater part of the nineteenth, the Irish people were the lowest helots in Europe, socially and politically."

"In them the Irish Gael sank out of sight, and in his place the middle class politicians, capitalists, and ecclesiastics laboured to produce a hybrid Irishman, assimilating a foreign social system, a foreign speech, and a foreign character."

The Gaels became either tenants-at-will of the "Undertakers"—i.e., those who "undertook" to settle Ireland—or labourers. The undertakers were of the worst type of adventurers, amongst them the ancestors of the present Marquis of Lansdowne and Senator the Earl of Kerry, a physician named Sir William Petty, who made his fortune in Cromwell's godly days by selling Irish children into slavery to the West-Indian sugar growers. They were all-powerful. Hence the oppression of the Irish rural proletariat was the most severe in history, unless we compare it to the slavery of the negroes. The greater landlords were generally absentees, and rents left the country during the nineteenth century to the value of well over £1,000,000,000, an economic drain more than the land could bear.

But what was the fate of the colonists? The Munster and Leinster planters either rose to become landlords, or, more usually, became weaker in their tenure of the soil. The low price of the Gaelic labourer and the high rents of the Gaelic sub-tenants not only anguished the old population, but were the means of lowering the bulk of the new peasantry. The Catholic Gaelic labourer had been compelled to toil with the lowest of wages and the worst of conditions. At first the planted districts had been divided into lots, each of several thousand acres, and individuals, companies and societies "undertook" to colonize them. It was intended that the Papist barbarians should be completely eradicated, but undertakers occasionally succumbed to offers on the part of Irish farmers to pay high rents. After a generation or two, Irish exiles, or natives who had hidden resources of wealth, came into the market prepared to rent their old homes at any figure demanded, and were often accepted despite the Penal Laws which made all Catholics outlaws. In any case, rents rose until some of the holdings became uneconomic, and sons of Protestant farmers joined the ranks of the wage-slaves. They found these wage-slaves living like beasts, and were themselves lowered to the same conditions. Soon there was one level in every one of these provinces outside of the North, and that level below that of subsistence!

Even in the planted East of Ulster the standard sank. There were two circumstances which prevented so sudden and complete a lowering of conditions as occurred elsewhere amongst the colonists, and these were:—

- (a) that the Catholics had been more completely and thoroughly forced to flee to the mountains of the North-West; and
- (b) that a custom of tenant-right was current, probably derived from Scotland whence most of the settlers came, and which provided against rack-renting.

It is curious to notice, however, that it was in the "border" counties of Down, Monaghan, Fermanagh, Armagh and Cavan that agrarian disturbances did ultimately become serious. In these counties circumstance (a) was not so apparent, and neither was (b) since the Scots were more numerous in Antrim and less numerous as one went

DOINGS IN THE STATES

By Our Correspondent.

New York, Dec. 29th, 1923.

THE "EXTERNAL" LOAN.

Efforts by Judge Cohalan, Lindsay Crawford, who, "by gracious permission of His Britannic Majesty" acts as "trade agent" of the Free State, and others, to interest Wall Street financiers in the flotation of an Irish External Loan have been fruitless.

Wall Street, the heart of American capitalism, declines to spoon-feed any more new born states. It lost heavily backing a last bond issue of the much lamented Czarist Government. It backed the Dantzig "corridor" government, also the Poles to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars.

The much blazoned success of the "internal" loan subscribed in Ireland was the bait. But American capital won't bite. Financial papers point out that the British Empire is still a going concern, and that London capitalists should provide the "air-gear" for British Statesmen of the Keir O'Higgins and Bill Cosgrave type. As insurance under-writers would say they "decline the risk."

POLITICAL PRISONERS.

After seven weary years the jail gates of this great country supposed to be the haven of the politically oppressed of all nations, have been opened to war-time offenders or "conscientious objectors" as you call them on your side.

Germany, England and other participant nations years ago released those of their people who objected to slitting the throat or stomach of a fellow worker on the plea that it would make the world "safe for democracy." This land of liberty was the last. But there remain in jails over one hundred prisoners who offended against the war-begotten laws of their own States. Each State has a sort of Dail with similar powers to jail, or even flog. Larkin was jailed by New York State under a "criminal anarchy" law devised after a maniac named Colgoz assassinated President McKinley. He—Jim—was the first one these statutes were requisitioned against.

RUSSIAN RECOGNITION NEAR.

American capitalists realise Soviet Russia cannot be overthrown. They hunger to exploit the vast mineral deposits of that country and want Russia recognised.

Every Senator and Congressman that visits Russia comes back either a "red" or at least a pink advocate of Sovietism. Secretary Hughes of the Department of State, something like your Dail Minister of Foreign Affairs, objects on the ground that the American C.I.D. or Oriel House Department has proof that Trotsky wants to foment class war here and hoist the red flag over the halls of Congress early in the New Year.

Cartoons in the dailies show Secretary Hughes leaping out of bed as the red-robed Santa Claus drops down the chimney, and muttering "Another Red."

Recognition of Russia is not far off when capitalist cartoonists can ridicule Hughes' fear of the revolution.

THE BREED OF THE BISHOP.

Supreme Court Justice Dan Cohalan whom Sean Casey might have introduced into his play as a foreign trained specialist accompanying in an aeroplane the doctor rushing to the aid of the sick woman Cathlin of the many lovers and the three and a half green fields, is about to fade out of the picture unless Cosgrave can give him a lawyer's job in a country of hungry lawyers and briefless barristers.

When Larkin reached this country in 1914 with credentials from Tom Clarke and

the Republican Brotherhood, Cohalan and Devoy, who controlled the Irish machine, welcomed him. Support was withdrawn upon Jim refusing to be led around on a string and speaking to order. The same happened with Liam Mellows, and later "Dev," whose prestige was sought to build up the Cohalan machine and "Dev's" refusal to play Cohalan's cards in the American political game caused the famous "split" that hastened the Judge's downfall.

Cohalan's brother has been retired from public life by a recent land-slide in New York politics, and the Judge reading the writing on the wall last week announced his resignation to manage Senator Reed's campaign for President. This Senator informed the press he had not retained the great jurist and did not mean to, and did not want him.

It will be remembered that Cohalan campaigned in Clare, also against Rutledge in Mayo during recent elections to the Twenty-Six County Parliament, as he retreated bitterly the slight offered him by Larkin, Mellows and De Valera.

He backed the wrong horse in both constituencies and now retires from politics a broken man who once visioned very high office in the American scheme of things.

He is of the same family as the Cork Bishop that refused burial to one of Ireland's recent martyrs. As Art used to say:— Leopards cannot change their spots, or Cohalans their conceit.

ANOTHER IRISH DRAMATIST.

Patrick Joseph McEvoy, whose career is somewhat like McGill's, the realist novelist of Donegal, has reached Broadway with a play or comedy called the "Potters," which promises a successful run.

Irishmen are creating the American drama, and Irishmen or Dublinmen like J. M. Kerrigan and Dudley Diggs are putting it over.

The founder of the new American Dramatic School, Eugene O'Neill, was born near Newry; sailed and tramped, starved and sweated on the highways of the oceans and continents, turned playwright three years ago, and soon had the distinction to have three successful plays running in New York at once. He has since been translated into French, German and Russian. His heroes are generally the underpaid wage slave, which fact makes his success remarkable.

The bestowal of the Nobel Prize on Senator Yeats is regarded here as a kind of a joke, Sean Casey's Abbey productions being regarded by the workers as of a much higher order than the "mist does be on the bog" stuff of the aged pensioner.

IS AFGHANISTAN NEXT ?

Accredited correspondents for American papers are now established in Moscow and their recent cables indicate trouble is feared in Afghanistan. The British are removing the families of their officers and other non-combatants from this zone and massing troops. Russian interests also are at stake in this quarter.

THE LABOUR MINISTRY.

The editorial writers are somewhat at sea in their interpretations of events in Britain. To the average well-fed American plutocrat, socialist and anarchist and bolshevist means one and the same kind of animal. They are so educated that McLean and J.H. Thomas stood for the same thing. Tom Johnson, if his election bills reached this type of American, would be put by them in the Nicholas Lenin or Liebknecht class. Even the "Vice of Labour" editor, who this continent regards as marrying into a nice job in a jobbers' land, would be classed with Chitcherin or Bela Kun by the editor interpreting the situation in Britain for American readers.

As we go to press we regret to hear of the passing of the good wife of the Lord Mayor, Laurence O'Neill.

In life the Lady Mayoress was an unassuming, charitable woman. She had been an invalid for the past two years.

We tender our sincere condolences to the Lord Mayor in his affliction. "Dein troicear ar a h-amam."

THE FINNISH DIET.

It may be of interest to readers to know that a rumour is current just now that certain interested parties have recently secured control of all the available premises at Howth Pier which are generally used in connection with the curing of Dublin Bay herrings. Ostensibly secured for use as curing stations the real reason would appear to be to prevent the premises being used for such a purpose by possible competitors.

Rumour hath it that in future is expected that a certain quantity only of the herrings caught will be sold fresh while all the remainder will be cast back into the sea.

And thereby hangs a tale of how the profiteers arrange supplies and manage to keep up the price of fish in cities and towns.

LIAM ESSE.

JAMES CONNOLLY

(Continued from page 6)

inland or South. The English Government has always been ready to bleed the Ulster planter, but it has often taken care to bleed him a little less than his fellows elsewhere in Ireland, as part of a deliberate policy. More will be said of the North-East further on when the affairs of that area are under review.

Industry in Ireland was generally ruined by the wars of conquest in the 17th century. The woollen trade revived, relic of a former and profitable enterprise. It was mainly a cottage industry, though some manufacture was in being after the conquest, in the power of capitalists of the new order. This staple industry, noted throughout Europe for centuries, was ruined quite openly when it was noticed to be a rival to that of England. The English Government carefully smashed all the old native crafts, as part of the policy of subjection and exploitation. From the new foreign landlords branched a new bourgeoisie. This new bourgeoisie either built up its own commerce afresh, or assumed control of the remnants of the ancient prosperity of the Gael, so ably and truthfully described by Mrs. Green in "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing." But the English bourgeois class in England, through the English Government, carefully checked, impeded, or nullified the activities of the new "Irish" captains of industry. The production of any commodity which competed with an English article was remorselessly prevented. The many navigation acts, designed to foster the English shipping, purposely drove Irish vessels off the seas. The Colonial Policy of the first phase of English Imperialism was carried to its extreme limit in Ireland, the policy which lost the American colonies. Even though of British origin, the "Irish" capitalists were crushed.

Not that we should weep for their fate. They passed the burden every time to the Irish proletariat. Wages, housing, everything that effects life, were regulated by the bosses of Dublin, Cork, Waterford or Galway as though the workers had no physical or mental needs of any kind.

Just at that time came the Western European Industrial Revolution, at the end of the 18th, and early in the 19th century.

(To be continued.)

CLASS

By C. O'SULLIVAN.

For a long time the worst insult one worker in Russia could inflict upon another was to call him "bourgeois." The years of war-communism 1917 to mid 1921, when, under war necessities ideas relating to that of the property right were given no quarter—to call one a Bourgeois was tantamount to calling him a counter-revolutionary.

To-day, when the critical necessity of restoring production operates to the full, has come an indifference to the use of the word. The term might not now excite passion but the tendency marked by that terminology to departmentalise society along the lines of class, has grown definitely.

"Money, money, you fat bourgeois!" cried a worker in Petrograd one day within my hearing, thrusting a Red Army education fund box at a passing merchant; though this kind of approach was a rare thing even in Petrograd. The merchant protested that he was a worker like most everybody else, but made his contribution and went on.

In five years the class division is the conception most deeply rooted in the popular mind. Though it is not complete, it is the sole measurable accomplishment in the field of ideas. In approaching to study the Russian mind one must be aware of this. There are many of the Bolsheviks who admit that this revolution in the ideas of the million is not strong enough to safeguard the Soviet system from natural decline and death, and hence the whole framework of the State in education is designed broadly to consolidate the idea of class and make it a permanent base. This is being driven relentlessly through the mentality of the people.

What is "proletarian" and what is "bourgeois"? It does not follow that because one talks in terms of class that the terms convey in themselves to everybody as identical a meaning as do the words "table" and "chair." In the economic field everyone finds it easy to grasp: "Proletariat" is taken to mean those who do manual toil in the service of others, and generally those who work for wages in whatever field; "Bourgeoisie" those for whom others work. There is no difficulty in this when it is a matter of saying that only those who work for wages shall vote—they are the proletariat, then.

It is much harder to discover what is "proletarian" and what is "bourgeois." This concerns state of mind, ideas, outlook. Those in one group in Russian society cannot by an exercise of the will or the purse dissipate the new habit of thought when everything has been surrounded with it. But not even those who have had the best access to education have been able to determine how far these terms shall govern in the intellectual field of music, graphic art, drama, ballet, and literature. Upon this score there have been in the last five years as fierce, though not as bloody, struggles as for the possession of economic and political power.

The confusion has not been great in the graphic arts, because in the general excitement and struggle everything done was as an illustration of a polemic, and was pressed into the service of the main idea. It will be greater in the coming years in this field, when the artist has more undisturbed time to work.

It has been otherwise in music. Old tunes were innovated, the rich folk melodies that came of the peasantry's struggles swept every music-hall song from mind, the dirge of the 1905 revolution became the funeral song of State, the eric old music of the newly-text'd "Za Vlast Sovietov" (For the Power of the Soviets) provided time-beats for every march, and a musician wrote a

Marseillaise. Chaliapine from his pinnacle of song became a Communist; Glazounov wrote tunes for the revolution, but they and their contemporaries did not lose the impulse to sing and write of older themes. Hence the opera-art form that is four centuries old—continued with little interruption, partly because these contained beauties which the moment permitted no time to either substitute or seriously improve, partly because the "Leftists" were not sure how "bourgeois" they were themselves. Now the opera runs as in pre-revolutionary days except that most of the theatres that house it (as with the other kinds of theatre) are conducted as co-operative institutions. It has extensive repertoires, produced always on a scale that equals (and sometimes excels) Western presentations. Under the New Economic Policy production becomes more of a business, for the State cannot subsidise it much as of yore. To-day one may hear "Boris Godunov" "The Golden Cuck" of Rimsky Korsakoff, "Prince Igor" of Borodine, a change of programme each night, with four hours of the magnificent satire in ballet—"Don Quixote"—on Wednesdays. "Parsifal," "Carmen," and "Rigoletto" are others. All this at the "Bolshie (Grand) Theatre" chief protegee of the State. The silent ballet production has become an admirable means of satire.

Of the artistic expressions, spoken drama has been most contested for following the propaganda of class division. This was inevitable, because of all the arts this was the most impressive and direct in its effect upon the mass. The dramatic stage could convey anything. The big city theatres that were nationalised played experimentally at first. Claudel's "Avenger," a play of the French Commune in which the final note is one of redemption of the vanquished through a mother's symbolic offering of her new-born child, earned the opposition of education Commissar Lunatcharsky under whose dept. all such things came for review. Then Bucharin, Marxian theoretician and newspaper editor, openly attacked Lunatcharsky. Both wanted "proletarian drama." In all controversies, however much both wanted to achieve also an art impression, the one (Bucharin) was pushed to an avowal of art as a means of propaganda, the other to the conception of "pure art" that believes it avoids propaganda. But to-day Lunatcharsky, Trotsky and Bucharin are united in praise of a French drama "The Night" which I saw staged in Petrograd. In "The Night," after successive revolutionary defeats and incidental family sufferings and losses, a grandmother says that "they have taken all, but still remains" the grandchild. Shakespeare, Shaw and Poushkin are played often still. Generally the dramatic theatre is given up to new plays in which the theme has a mass revolutionary significance.

Within the literary fields are schools of revolutionary expression too numerous, uncoordinated and overlapping to follow. In this the poet is farthest ahead, the prosewriter appearing not to have confidence enough or clarification enough to know how to direct the sustained effort required for a novel. Journalism has absorbed all the prosewriters, and there is no press yet but the Communist press, of one degree or another. Poetry endlessly acclaims the machine as the expression of the modern idea and mass movement. Its epics are the epics of the revolution, the mass and the machine. Futurism has its full fling, and vers libre made rhyme an antique except for song. The proletarian idea has begotten a very impressive mass recital of poems that sometimes have musical accompaniments: These are the "declamations." I have heard 50 performers in one production. They tell me they vision productions with hundreds, perhaps thousands. The proletarian idea has begotten a new ballet in which the pirouette is eliminated because it is not an artistic development of the folk expression.

ONE BIG UNION

(Continued from Page 3.)

same in proportion to the number of his or her dependents.

We have the biggest membership of any union in our district. We are the only union that caters for all trades. We have a greater variety than any organisation outside of the Burroo. We are the "One Big." Entrance Free. No Fees. Sick, Out-of-work and other benefits on application. No man or woman—Ah! would you, you miserable bunch of soap-savers, get back there Police! Officer! Keep them back! Don't rush like that you crowd of greasy mouchers! What'd you take us for? D'you take us for philanthropists? Queue up and get your marriage lines ready.

J.M.

JAMES CONNOLLY LABOUR COLLEGE

The Editor, "Irish Worker."

6 St. Ignatius' Avenue,
Druimcondra,
Dublin.

3rd January, 1924.

A Chara,

The James Connolly Labour College was founded in 1919 as a memorial through which the principles and teachings of James Connolly would be perpetuated.

During the brief period in which the College functioned as a workers' educational institution a considerable amount of useful work was accomplished. The classes were well attended and students displayed an enthusiasm which fully justified the expectations of the original founders.

Unfortunately, the activities of the College came to an end as a result of the Black and Tan terror and the subsequent political happenings. It is now proposed that the College be re-started and, accordingly, a small committee, some of whom belonged to the original committee, have come together and have decided to call a general delegate conference of all those interested, in order to re-commence activities.

All particulars in connection with above College may be had on application to above address.

Fraternally yours,

SEAN MCLOUGHLIN,
Secretary (pro tem.)

Usual Weekly Meeting of Irish Worker
League, Trades' Hall, Capel Street, Sunday
Night. Come! Bring a Recruit.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1924

TWOPENCE

I AM NOT LEAVING THE COUNTRY

I have been in the Courts of Justice, Dublin. Well, not present in person, but represented by Counsel. It is funny—the Judge he is called—the Master of the Rolls—his name Charles O'Connor. I am told by the papers that the gentlemen of the "Injunction Executive"—Messrs. O'Brien, Foran, Kennedy and McCarthy, the fourth dimensional gentlemen, that is they are decent, courageous, honest and truthful—applied to have the Case dismissed, some days back because I had in the legal parlance committed contempt of Court. So my old friend, James O'Connor, Solicitor-General—or general Solicitor to the Transport Union—"Injunction Executive"—set out in legal phraseology, and therefore the case ought to be dismissed. I thought the fourth dimensional gentlemen had been shouting aloud for an opportunity to prove they had not withheld seven thousand five hundred pounds, they had not submitted false Statement of Accounts, they had not used the money of the members illegally and without the authority of the members, they had not distributed Rules alleged to be the Rules passed by the members of the Union, they had not robbed widows of their mortality monies due on the death of their husbands. We thought these pure, high-minded gentlemen desired an opportunity to tell the world how pure, honest and trustworthy they were—and are—and lo and behold you! they come into the Courts of Justice and by a legal manoeuvre try to get the opportunity they had been clamouring for (moryah!) denied, and I am to be ordered, on their application to the Master of the Rolls, to be boiled in oil or taken and hung at early dawn without an opportunity of making an appeal. I am surprised at a good sportsman like "Fighting Foran"—one does not expect much from the Queen's Jubilee protégé. Foran is a gentleman (?) and a Senator (?). It is not cricket—doncher know—and these, fourth dimensional gentlemen give the "game away." They are sorry, but all the Books, Records and Documents concerning the Union matters were unfortunately seized and destroyed in the Revolution of 1916, and so—and to protect themselves they make oath and say that if they were not burned or destroyed in 1916 they must have been burned or destroyed in 1921. Is that not a sad condition to be in. And to prove that the Documents from 1914 to 1918 were destroyed or burned, John O'Neill maketh deposition and saith:—That I sent him written instructions in 1913 to destroy all Books. Poor Johnson, now I know why he was sore and disappointed that he was the only thief and liar that got penal servitude.

Mr. Maguire, K.C. or B.L., told the Judge he was instructed to say Mr. Larkin was leaving Ireland, the hé (Larkin) had applied for a passport to Germany. This statement should prove how close the connection is between the Government and O'Brien,

Foran, etc. Some one in the Government must be uneasy. Eh, what! And the Judge very impartially said: If that is so Mr. Larkin must be abandoning the case. Very fair deduction. And Martin's hired scribes on the "Telegraph" issue Stop Press and special poster—Larkin Leaving Ireland?

In the affidavit of Foran (Senator) on the Discovery of Documents, in which he and the Queen's Jubilee protégé join and say all Documents, Books, etc., were destroyed in 1916, or if not, then in 1921, a rather singular item appears. Thomas Foran (Senator) takes oath and saith: That he (Foran) has in his possession a letter from James Larkin to his wife, dated some time in 1915. This letter was not destroyed in 1916 nor in 1921. The honourable Senator can explain—and will.

LENIN IS DEAD

In the death of Lenin the revolutionary movement has lost its greatest thinker and the workers of Russia have lost their greatest leader.

It is no exaggeration to say that Lenin exercised an almost uncanny influence over the broad masses of the workers and peasants of Russia, and that no revolutionary leader was ever so universally loved and admired. So great was Lenin's influence that although he was removed from public life for over a year by an illness that at times rendered him almost an imbecile, his very existence, despite the fact that for long stretches he was unconscious of what was happening around him, was an immense factor not only in Russia but throughout the world. And now, at the end of a period of time which would have reduced almost any other revolutionary leader to, at best, an affectionate memory, his death comes with a shock of real loss to the world proletariat.

Below average height, compact and stockily built, Lenin was the incarnation of energy. His intense aliveness was evidenced in the set of his shoulders, the sharp, jerky gestures of his arms, the quick twist of his head, and, above all, in his eyes. One would guess from his eyes and his high cheek-bones that he was Asiatic, rather than European in origin, but the statements that his face betrayed what is loosely called an "oriental craftiness" are as false as most of the other statements about him that have appeared in the capitalist press.

On the contrary, Lenin had a face that immediately inspired confidence. The rugged, lined face of the thinker was softened by the humorous, tolerant twitch that lurked at the corners of his mouth—a twitch that frequently broke into a smile that lit up his whole face.

But it was his eyes that held the observer's attention. Remarkably clear, they seemed to dance and sparkle with energy. He had a trick of closing one eye and, cocking his head on one side, staring straight into one's face with the other. In this way he seemed as if he was able to read the thoughts passing through one's mind, and when he asked a question it was as if he already knew the answer and was but waiting confirmation of his knowledge. It is a conceit of the bourgeois press to speak of Lenin as either something more or something less than human, but any honest observer looking into that alive, rugged, humourous face must have been struck with its intense humanness, its swiftly changing expressions, its alertness, and its readiness to break into infectious laughter. And looking into Lenin's face it was easy to understand his power to inspire love, admiration and obedience. Few men would dare to fail Lenin and fewer still would attempt to deceive him. Not through fear of his wrath at failure, but through shame at falling below his expectations.

Although Lenin was the acknowledged leader—one would almost write master—of the revolution, there was nothing of the aloofness, the superiority of the so-called great man about him. He wore no air of greatness, no affectation of authority. He was easily approachable and a ready listener to what one had to say, and painstakingly patient in explaining his position.

Now he lies dead in Moscow. The world's capitalist press scarcely troubles to restrain its glee and continues to pour its lies of vituperation upon his memory and his work, but history will some day place a true valuation on Lenin, and on that day it may well be written—as the Russian Communist Party now writes—his grave is the cradle of proletarian freedom.

RAMSAY'S CABINET.

We have little to say of the so-called British Labour Cabinet. The "Daily News" (London) has said a mouthful. We print the mouthful below.

"Experience alone can prove the real strength of the new Ministry, but on paper it is certainly a promising combination, which should dissipate, if anything can, the absurd fears entertained of Labour's capacity either to form a respectable Government or to carry through a constitutional policy."

We do, however, congratulate the Torycum-Liberal party managers. They could not have selected a better Cabinet themselves, with one exception. And for this respectable conglomerate of has-beens—and would-be—women and men have given their liberties and lives.

EDUCATION

INTERVIEW.

By C. O'SULLIVAN.

The struggle around the theatre and the school for mastery has followed the struggle for possession of the economic life of the country. Broadly speaking, once the State power was really secured to the Soviets of Workers and Peasants the mere possession of these agencies of culture was never disturbed. Within the revolutionary field, however, there proceeded for some time a conflict for the right to inculcate tendencies. This has produced its own outgrowths, reflexes of the revolutionary surge and the early radical social change. There are workers' and peasants' theatres everywhere, and in Moscow you can find all forms and cults of presentation from the naked political play or film or a paradisaical production of opera or ballet.

Lunatcharsky, whose department covered almost the whole sphere of education and stage production up to the coming of the new Economic Policy, says of the cultural side: "The reconstruction of the social-economic front has a left-wing process. The same has to be said regarding the sphere of ideology, and perhaps in a high degree. The Commissariat for Public Instruction from the beginning has considered it important first to take care and to attain the old culture, second to draw in near to the proletariat in the functioning of the new culture. This applies to both theatres and schools."

One day in the old Palace of the Kremlin, in the spacious and ornate throneroom of the Czarina where whispered intrigue once found their last word, Lunatcharsky told me of the cultural tasks ahead of the Soviets: "In the course of the next 30 years our cultural work will consist in teaching the peasants and workers how to read and write—to explain to the peasant what makes the machine move and why it is better to use a plough than fingers. In the next 30 years we shall work for the primary accumulation of Russian culture and insinuate into the conscience of the masses the general principles concerning the role of man in nature."

Explaining the preparation of the worker for production and political action, he said: "We try to concentrate our attention in the way of schools and pedagogy in the mills and factories from the centre where, quite unwillingly, the school serves in a great percentage the middle class. We must confess that this process advances slowly, because there are houses in the centre of the town fit for being used as schools, and there are none outside the centre."

"The second measure in the question of the schools is that we give a great advantage with the other. In the working centres, especially in Petrograd and Moscow in the schools of the first or primary degree, and in the lower classes of the schools of the second degree, the proletarian and farming element forms the greater half of the pupils."

Of "Fabric Schools," the Commissar said they have created a great number. These schools are for adults of mills and factories. At the present time very often young proletarians entered these schools without any previous knowledge, without ever having entered an elementary school. In future they would receive only adults that had been at school, and the schools would be stronger and more effective. Adults from 14 to 16 and 17 years were received and given a 3 or 4 years' course of general knowledge and general education, especially professional. Such schools in the Republic included in December nearly 30,000 out of the 50,000 registered for such instruction. There were 524 school houses. The lesser Republics of the Federative Republic had 20,000 such pupils.

Discussing organisational differences between the Russian and the Western systems, Lunatcharsky said that every university had

a labor faculty. This faculty is a high school where workers who have recommendations from their factory committees or professional associations (trade unions) are received at ages from 18 to 30 years. During two or three years they are prepared to enter the university. There are to-day 30,000 such pupils. In 1922, 3,500 students of the Labor Faculty entered university life, and every year after this there will be a procession of 8,000 men and women from the Faculty to the University. Thus are workers prepared for the more important posts in the industrial and cultural life of the State.

Of course, there are also many separate schools of the Communist Party, though I believe these and the others must sooner or later be merged. "There are party schools of the first degree," said Lunatcharsky, "where enter also illiterate Communists, because such ones exist. In those schools are given general knowledge, a knowledge of scientific education, Marxism, the program of the party, the history of Communism, political economy, the history of the revolution, etc., in a light form. In the schools of the second degree—we have one such in every government—there is a rather serious course that lasts half a year or a whole year, for more advanced members. This system is crowned by four universities of the party: Sverdlov and Zinoviev universities especially for Russians, and the Universities of the Oriental and the Occidental people for the foreigners. These party schools include about 20,000 young men and women, and the universities about 5,000. Every year we let out in this way from 1,500 to 2,000 men and women thoroughly theoretically ready for State labor."

The Commissar was not unwilling to talk of the struggle for tendencies which might still be observed. "There is only one cause for the struggle between Communists themselves," he said. "Some defend the nine years' school of two degrees and others want to confirm the seven years' schooling with the end that at 15 years of age the professional or technical education may begin. Of course this question is important only for the minority of the children, because the general state of the schools in Russia is very difficult and even the four years' elementary education is possible for only half of all our children. Nearly 50 per cent. of the village children cannot be included in the school even yet." "Regarding the conflict of our Communist tendencies—there certainly exists a struggle with the retrograde teachers for the one labor school. This is, however, more a matter of an underhand opposition, for theoretically, our victory was obtained long ago. As a fact, this opposition is rather void, and if the country were not so poor, if it was not so difficult to arrange the labor school we should have had the whole system in a more satisfactory state."

Chojimsky, director of the Moscow Communist University of the Oriental Peoples, explained for me the conduct of his institution. "Here," he said, "we have Communists and non-Communists sent from our parties in 56 Russian and general Asian nationalities and maintained by their parties and governments who contribute food, clothes, or money. There are three years' of study. Each year's course is organized in relation to one fundamental subject. The first year's fundamental subject is economic geography, taught in relation to the countries where the students belong and to which they will return. The other subjects—natural science, in connection with physical geography, chemistry, physics and biology—are co-ordinated with that. The second year's fundamental is the static and dynamics of capitalist economy. The third year's is dialectic materialism or historic materialism."

"Now," he added, "we are giving reality to what we so long dreamed. During the revolution and the civil war we had to concentrate on making agitators. Now, in

comparative peace, we must turn to general education. We must develop our people with the Marxian outlook on life, especially now that under 'NEP' the old bourgeois psychology is trying to develop. For greater success in the studies we are developing self-activity and seminary work."

"To inculcate Marxian," said Groida, manager of the University who was present, "we have a network of party schools entirely covering Russia, a system beside which the old bourgeois schooling is a plaything."

CHRISTIANITY ! !

Dean Inge, London's gloomy Dean, has been talking like a professor of "national" economics. Nearly all the "Red" leaders in Russia, he says, are of unsound mind, most of them alcoholic and diseased, and many of them addicted to drugs, and "I think it really is an epidemic disease, a contagious form of moral insanity. If, as I believe, this poison (Sovietism) is contagious, it is justifiable to kill the infected like mad dogs, unless we prefer the more expensive and less safe way of imprisonment."

It reminds one of the late Father Bernard Vaughan's dictum, "the duty of the moment is to kill Germans," and Lord French's and the late Oliver Cromwell's opinions of "poisonous insects" and "nits" respectively.

We like the phrase "unless we prefer the more expensive and less safe way." So Christlike, don't you think?

The Dean concludes; "we cannot allow fanatical minorities to conspire against the community." Where did we hear that noise before? The matter cannot be allowed to end there, for if the practise of executing our leading drunks, drug fiends and other statesmen were to become fashionable, how many by-elections would be necessary to fill the seats vacated by the latest accessions to the company of the elect. It's awful to think about. Why, the Repubs. would be a majority in the Dail before you could say bip-bip. Mr. Minister for External Affairs, please don't take any notice of this Dean.

GALLAGHER AND MR. SHEAN.

Oh! Senator Foran. Oh! Senator Foran, I hear the breeze is vertical to-day, And that your pal Glenavy Has put you in the gravy, And that one can't breed gee-gees on dry hay. Oh! Senator Foran; Oh! Henry Dubb, Ninepence, now, not sixpence, is the sub., And if it rains, it's wet And you know what you will get, But the Senator is in cotton-wool for aye.

Oh! Deputy Johnson, Oh! Deputy Johnson, The grocer says you can't beat eggs for tea. But eggs are not the "ham," If you meet them in the jam And they're travelling at the speed of 303; So! Deputy Johnson; So! Bill O'B., When the rooster's wife works overtime (Hee! Hee!) And the boys go tramp, tramp, tramp And the dole-cut's on a ramp, It is time to leave the one bright spot— for ye.

Oh! Alderman Bill; Oh! Alderman Bill, Is it true the 'V(oice)' editor has a brain, And if he fell a height And spilled the contents quite, You'd gather the whole outfit on a pin; Oh! Alderman Bill O'B., Oh! Archie H., What will happen if you're ever out of work. You will have to find a home Where wage cuts are unknown And baneful agitators never lurk.

50 out of every hundred infantry men in the French army are unable to read or write. Almost perfect soldiers. Eh, what!

A SAND-HOG AT WORK

BY ONE OF THEM.

I don't know whether my job is the hardest one in the world, but if anyone else has a harder one, he can keep it for himself. I became a sand-hog first because work was slack at the docks and my wife and kids were in a bad way. Though I tried all sorts of places for something to do it was no good, and so I had to put my name down on the 'waiting' list at the office where the sand-hogs were taken on.

It was lucky—for me—that some fellow had got enough of it and had taken his leave, and that was how I had only two days to wait before I found myself with the rest of a shift going down a caisson to do my bit digging a tunnel under one of the world's big rivers. I had often heard that work in caissons was very hard on the heart and that a lot of care was necessary to escape some of the maladies common to those whose work was done under greater air pressure than you get on the earth's surface. It is all true, and worse. Since my first job I have done tunnel work in various places, America included, and have found that 'huskies' and niggers stand the strain better than anyone else, but nobody can stand it more than a few years—the tunnelling end of it anyhow.

Digging a tunnel under a river is a job and a half. If you know anything about it you won't see anything particular in it. Owing to the fact that the bed of a river and the soil for a great distance beneath, wherever it is not rock, is in a state of plastic mud, when not semi-fluid, it cannot be tunneled out as a coalminer tunnels under the earth, because even if one shovelful is taken out more stuff runs in to take its place. This is why compressed air has to be used when boring tunnels under rivers, to keep the mud from running in on the job. The pressure of air necessary for any particular job depends on the depth at which the tunnel is to be sunk and the nature of the soil at that depth. Where the soil is like thick mud a greater pressure is needed than where it is stiffer, and the nearer the bottom of the river the tunnel, the more pressure also.

The first thing that happens to you when you have been outfitted for the job is to be sent down a lift or caisson to the depth at which you will have to work. You are then admitted into an air chamber where the air is gradually compressed to the required density. This has to be done slowly to avoid trouble, for if it were done quickly the consequences would be serious. Even at the rate of compression usual, a new hand cannot help getting 'windy.' The feeling of compression, of a weight pulling you down, and the sense of suffocation are a fair test of nerves, and very few face it with a smile.

When the pressure is right a door in the lift or caisson opens and you enter the first portion of the tunnel. The tunnel consists of a round steel cylinder made up of sections which have to be bolted together by the mechanics on the job as each section of steel cylinder is pushed into position. At the head of the cylinder is the shield which bores through the soil, admitting the displaced earth to the inside of the tunnel in the same way as a gimlet or brace and bit churns the wood and pushes it out of the way. The shield is worked by hydraulic power and moves forward each time a distance equal to the depth of a section. When the shield is moving forward the pressure of air in the tunnel is reduced to allow the mud or clay to enter. When it stops the pressure is increased to keep it from entering.

The length of time a man can stay in the tunnel depends on the pressure of air. A pressure of about 20 pounds allows him about four hours at a stretch, then a half-hour's rest and a further three and a half hours' work. Between twenty and thirty

pounds pressure the scale is three hours in and three hours out. Under very high pressure forty-five to fifty pounds, a man can only work three-quarters of an hour; he then gets five hours out, and after that does another three-quarters of an hour. That finishes the day's work.

So severe is the strain of working in these dense atmospheres that special bonuses are paid to the men, the rate of pay depending on the pressure. The strongest of men cannot last very long at it, so whatever is earned it is well sweated out.

Great care has to be taken when coming out into the outer air to avoid injury. If a man were to be allowed to come out without the usual precautions he would suffer permanent injury. Air bubbles would find their way into parts of the system where they would cause severe pain and lasting after-effects. Sometimes accidents happen and men come out and get attacks of the 'bends' and 'squirming Willies.' But once bitten twice shy. Being relieved of the results of compression takes a different length of time for each pressure. Pressure of twenty-four pounds takes about sixteen minutes; pressure of fifty pounds takes about fifty minutes.

The atmosphere of the tunnel and the high speed at which the men have to work have a very bad effect on them in every way. The small space in which the work has to be done and the fact that not a single second can be lost produces serious nervous strain and the discomfort of mud underfoot and semi-liquid packing leaking down from the roof, together with the possibility that some day the 'roof' will blow out, makes things feel anything but right. It is not a job for a chicken-heart—A job for Sand-hogs—Men.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE NOTES.

The League was again in session on Sunday night (Jan. 13th), in Trades' Hall—packed house despite the weather. Mr. Blackburn officiated as Chairman and Jim Larkin as Speaker. He gave a brief outline of his visit to England and the reason of his journeying. He recalled to our minds that, although the greater portion of the political prisoners in Free State prisons had been liberated and that those still in confinement were absorbing the attention of their organisations outside, the political prisoners confined in English and Scotch gaols for the same offence as those prisoners confined in the Free State, were totally and selfishly forgotten. Not only were the men forgotten, but their women and children were neglected by those charged to look after their interests. And his mission to England had been made on behalf of those men who were serving terms of imprisonment varying from five to ten years' penal servitude. Realising the possibilities of the political situation in England he had approached his old comrades now known as the Scottish Wing of the English Labour Party, and they had wholeheartedly offered their help; and he consequently returned satisfied with his mission.

Continuing he informed us that the League was about to rent the large room in the Trades' Hall and use it as a permanent headquarters.

Regarding the constitution of the League, he said there was really no necessity for drawing up one, because the constitution and aims of the League was the same as the constitution and aims of the Transport Union when it first saw the light in 1909. Their principles were the same to-day as they were fifteen years ago, and needed no renovating. After some other remarks he drew to a close.

Arrangements are in hand to rent the Trades' Hall. When they are completed the handymen of the League can turn to with mops and soap and make a good job of it. Till then we must abide in patience.

NOTES FROM THE U.S.A.

From our own Correspondent.

New York, Jan. 5th, 1924.

Irish Republican Movement in United States.

The Irish-American movement as a whole has relapsed into its old apathy and indifference. The blessing of the infamous Collins-Griffith-Lloyd George "articles of agreement" and the late Harry Boland and the Irish-American leaders two years ago started the collapse of the greatest Irish movement America had known. Although no regular Free State organisation was born here, the huge membership of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic has crumbled. Internal strife and undignified manoeuvring by paid officials and office holders further weakened the remnants of a great organisation. A succession of speakers brought from Ireland, the latest of which is the widow of Tom Clarke, has failed to put new life into it, if we except the collections of very large sums of money for the children and dependents of the prisoners held without trial or given cause, and this money is donated by the poorest among working class Irish, the one class that always remained steadfast to the calls of Caithlin. But even now there is a slackening of effort and enthusiasm because of the large amount of salaries drawn by the paid American officials of our Irish organisation.

The American Attitude.

The ordinary American is not a deep thinker. He considers the Irish question as settled in quite a munificent way by Old Mother England. The editorial writers and the withdrawal of the army of American correspondents from Dublin has been the cause. During their stay in Dublin the correspondents cabled many columns of matter and did justice to every but the labour point of view. Now they are in the Ruhr, or Berlin, or Moscow, or Paris, using the same fine-tooth-comb-methods of news gathering. Ireland is now off the map excepting for an occasional paragraph, mostly official, supplied by the "Irish Times" to the London cable agencies.

Housing Conditions—New York City.

A State Commission and a daily newspaper have turned the searchlight upon the horrid conditions under which workers are housed in the great city of New York. Senator Bulfin in some of his American rambles, not yet done up in book form, stressed that the ground space being so valuable on the small island on which New York is built, that the Yankees figuring the air was much cheaper conceived the idea of building skyscrapers up into the clouds. A newspaper reporter, following Jack London's method in "People of the Abyss," engaged rooms in the Ghetto and other overcrowded slums, and showed that families live in one room apartments, that immorality is thereby increased, that rents have increased two hundred per cent. although wages have come down.

The cost of resting in a slum dwelling has gone up.

MILITARISM — EMPIRISM.

Two hundred thousand African natives are to be taken into the French army and navy each year. What effect will this two hundred thousand blacks have on the French nation in a generation. There is no prejudice in France—no legal or social bar against race mixture.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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JUSTICE !

Michael Maher, Secretary of the Ferbane Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, pleaded guilty to embezzlement of the funds of the Union, to the amount of £69, at the Birr Quarter Sessions, monies which he had collected as subscriptions from the members. An appeal was made that he should be allowed out under the First Offenders' Act, on the grounds that he had a wife and eight children to support. Judge Fleming held he would not be doing his duty if he imposed a less sentence than twelve months' imprisonment. And so Maher goes to gaol. His wife and eight children may starve—and his children have to suffer for the sins of the father.

And what of the well-paid officials of the Union who are charged to supervise the activities of Branch Officials. How could Maher or any other Secretary of a small branch such as Ferbane embezzle £69 when the income of such a branch amounts to some £50 odd pounds in a year. A few weeks ago a Branch Secretary in Kilkenny was sued for not renouncing subscriptions, etc., for five years. In one year in the Dublin area, seven secretaries and shop stewards embezzled all the monies of the Union. One of these subordinate officials, working in a Branch Office within a stone's throw of the Head Office, pleaded guilty to having £470 in one year. He was given a suspended sentence and allowed to rejoin the National Army and was to appear before the Court last December. He re-joined the National Army, but made no appearance since and made no attempt to repay the stolen money. And the well-paid officials still are well-paid for supervising the funds, and Michael Maher goes to gaol for twelve months and his wife and eight children may starve. And Johnson is doing three years in Maryborough gaol for embezzling £3,000 of the insurance payments to the poor members, sick and maternity payments. And Johnson's wife and children are practically starving. And Johnson said, leaving the dock after sentence—"There are others who should be here with me, and time will discover them."

A subordinate official of No. 3 Branch, it is alleged, took £57 odd of the funds this year. He has never been called to account. Maybe there are reasons why, which will transpire next month. A secretary in Swords, it is alleged, pleaded guilty to taking the funds of the Union. He is in business and an active supporter of the Labour Party (Irish), and he did not go to gaol for twelve months, and his wife and children are not starving. We want to be understood. We say it is not these foolish, unscrupulous (maybe) victims of a corrupt oligarchy who should go to prison, but the responsibility should rest on those who have conspired to control the Funds and properties of the Union.



LENIN speaking to the enthusiastic crowds outside the Kremlin, Moscow, 1917.

LENIN IS DEAD.

Lenin is dead, the prophet who made his prophecy a reality.
The greatest mind, the most heroic soul of the twentieth century.
A mind that delivered one hundred and sixty million souls from semi-barbarism.
A mind that focussed the ideas of a hundred centuries.
A man who walked in darkness for forty years.
A man who faced death unafraid for half a century.
A man who knew not the meaning of selfishness.
A man whose name was, is, and will be for ever.
A sword of flame in the heart and mind of the intelligent working class of the Universe.
A man whose name will be an inspiration, for all time, to the oppressed.
A man whose name is a menace to tyrants.
A man whose name means hope to the children of men.
A man whose name was worth a million bayonets to the harassed workers and peasants of his native land.
A man whose name will rally the proletarian forces of the world to the final struggle and victory.
Lenin dead will hail you, comrade, as the greatest living force in the Universe.

THE UNION CASE

Motion for Discovery of Documents,
Tuesday, 22nd January.

REPORT.

Mr. Brown, K.C., moved that the Court order Mr. Larkin to strike out his defence and statement of claim and to dismiss action of Larkin v. I.T.G.W.U. in the second case for want of prosecution.

The Master of the Rolls stated that Mr. Brown's clients were in fault and criticised their action in instituting this Motion. Stated he would reserve his decision as regards Costs in both Cases and would proceed to deal with the Discovery of Documents now.

With reference to Sheppard's Affidavit, Mr. Conner, K.C., maintained that the

opposition should be directed to file a further affidavit particularising the documents referred to in Mr. Larkin's affidavit as being procurable.

Unfiled Affidavit of Foran, O'Brien, Kennedy and McCarthy put in. Rolls directed that same should be filed. This affidavit stated that up to the year 1918, there was no distinction between the Minute Books and Accounts of the Union and those of No. 1 Branch; that in effect the Committee of No. 1 Branch was the Executive of the Union.

O'Neill's Affidavit stated that he burned all the Books, Records, and Documents of the Union in existence up to 1913 on receiving instructions from James Larkin to do so when the latter was arrested in 1913.

Defalcation of Funds in Approved Section. Rolls stated that a separate case or action should have been made against the approved Section over this matter.

Master of the Rolls stated that Mr. Conner, K.C., was dealing with the matter most reasonably as he always did, but that Mr. Conner made a mistake in not inspecting the documents, etc., available at present. An inspection of these documents would have disclosed exactly what documents were missing or destroyed and then Mr. Conner could have come along to the Court with an affidavit specifying what documents were actually missing relevant to the case.

Foran's Affidavit. Denied conversation referred to in Mr. Larkin's affidavit as regards the Books, etc., being in the Safe, but not procurable as Mr. O'Brien was away in the country and had the keys of the Safe with him.

James Smith's Affidavit. Stated he never at any time inspected or accompanied James Larkin in the Strong Room or Safe. The only conversation he had ever had with Mr. Larkin on this matter was one day when Mr. Larkin saw the door of the Strong Room open he suggested to Smith that the door should be kept closed.

Brown, K.C., moved that the trial be listed for hearing on the 6th February as the action had been pending for a long time. Mr. Maguire, K.C., also urged that the trial take place on that date as he had information to the effect that Mr. Larkin had applied for a Passport to Germany and that this was only another move to delay the hearing of the trial.

Mr. Wood's, K.C., Statement. Explained difficulties placed in the way of his client in getting access to the Books, etc.—Master of the Rolls asked could not Mr. Larkin get the Bank Pass Books or a Banker's Certificate as to the Accounts. Woods stated that obstacles would be placed in the way of his client. Mr. Brown, K.C., here interrupted that Larkin was not General Secretary, as Justice Powell's order did not restore him as such. Mr. Woods and Brown had a heated discussion on this point which ended on the Rolls informing them that the point had nothing to do with him. Woods maintained that the opposition had not denied that the Books, etc., were brought back to the Union in six sacks.

As a concession to Mr. Conner, K.C., the Master of the Rolls consented to fixing the 13th February as the date for hearing. Conner and Woods requested that the time would be too short. Rolls stated that a good deal of time had been wasted and adhered to his ruling. Woods stated that it would be inconvenient for Mr. Larkin to be present on the 13th and the 20th would be a more convenient date, and if his Lordship fixed the date for the 20th he could guarantee that Mr. Larkin would be present on that date. The Master of the Rolls refused to depart from his previous ruling, observing that Mr. Larkin would have to make it his business to be present on the 13th February.



THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

As expressed by the Junta of Sixty-one, supported by the unbaptised Free Staters, so-called Labour, Farmers and Independent T.D.s.

* * * * *

Star Chamber Acts---Incarceration of untried prisoners---Unemployment (arranged with Employing class)---Starvation in Donegal and Connemara---Profiteering in Food, Clothing---Housing (organised monopolies)---Company promoting---Militarism---Judicial Place-hunting; all these and other blessings enjoyed by the Mugs.

JAMES CONNOLLY AND HIS EPOCH.

CHAPTER II.

The Historical Evolution of the Irish People and their Condition about 1870. (continued).

SUMMARY, PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—Communism, Feudalism, Capitalism and Why—The Function of the State—Cult of Gaelicism restores knowledge of Ancient Ireland—Federation of Co-operative Commonwealths—Unique Conservation of Communist Society and Why—Eruption of Norman—English Feudalism—First Phase—The Pale—Absorption of Normans, and Failure to Feudalise Irish—Contrast Saxons—Second Phase—Imperialism and Conquest—Costly Struggle—Reasons for Irish Subjection—Third Phase—The Gaelic Proletariat—Alien Land Thieves—Depression of Planters—The Alien Bourgeoisie and its Struggle with the English Government—Economic Repression.

Then came the Western European Industrial Revolution of the end of the 18th and early in the 19th century. In England, the Government, being the agent of the possessing classes, stimulated the application of science to manufacture and commerce. Ireland was purposely ignored. Railways, for instance, were laid down years after England had hers finished, and were laid down not to suit the economic needs of Ireland, but the military plans of the British Army of Occupation. (For a detailed account of the economic consequences of Imperial Government to Ireland, see "The Economic Case for Irish Independence," by Darrell Figgis, T.D., an Irish Protestant of alien* extraction, economist, poet, novelist, and, until the Treaty of 1921, a supporter of Irish Independence.)

Exploitation, repression, famine, ignorance, such was the enforced lot of the Irish people for two hundred years before Connolly was born. The heartrending tale is best told by Seamus himself in "Labour in Irish History," and by a Protestant clergyman's son, John Mitchell, Ulsterman and revolutionary literateur, author of "The History of Ireland from the Siege of Limerick to the Present Day." The late forties of the 19th century saw the climax of the sequence of events. Those years witnessed the final collapse of the overburdened agriculture of Ireland, and what Spenser had told of Munster six or seven generations before was now reproduced on the wider stage of all Ireland.

Rackrenting had driven the Irish rural population to this condition, viz.:—that whilst growing cereals and breeding cattle to be sold to pay the rent, the human producers consumed the potato as their staple food. Their purposes in the Imperial scheme of things were:

- (1) to provide mansions, shooting-boxes, and other means whereby the parasitic aristocracy of England might disport itself at its pleasure on the rare occasions when ennui compelled it to seek diversion in the enchanting Western Isle;
- (2) to pay rent to finance the London season and the Monte Carlo casinos;
- (3) to export food to be consumed in industrial Britain;
- (4) to provide an annual surplus of taxation for the Empire State—vide Report of the Commission on Financial Relations between Gt. Britain and Ireland published in 1896, which admitted that Ireland had been severely overtaxed ever since the Union;

*The term alien is not used disparagingly. Nationality is an accident of birth. Many "Sean-Galls" have been more loyal to Grainne Uí Maille than the majority of the Gaels.

- (5) to allow for the creation of sinecure salaried appointments in Government Departments and in the well-subsidized "National" Church; and
- (6) to fill the ranks of H. M. Armed Forces.

* * *

For two centuries the bulk of the nation struggled, often in vain, to lift itself above the starvation line. Fluctuations in the harvest meant life or death. Even in the 18th century one famine alone had carried off half a million broken-hearted slaves.

About '45 the failure of the potato crop involved a social crisis. A trifle of ameliorative legislation would have permitted of a recovery, but instead, the screw was tightened. Physical standards and capital resources were lowered. Disease attacked men and beasts.

At this time the masses were showing unmistakable signs of revolt. Chartism and Owenism in England alarmed the Government. In Ireland, bourgeois misleaders like O'Connell were losing ground, and one or two dangerous agitators were inciting to revolution and even negotiating and fraternizing with the said English Chartists!

The Government, therefore, used the famine deliberately, shrewdly, diabolically, to drive the Gaelic population from the land, Coercion Acts and free emigration were two specifics for the cure of the famine disease. The cure worked wonders.

Meanwhile the National Movement failed to resist effectively. And why? Because its leadership was in the hands of men who, for the most part, accepted Capitalism, who were not real social revolutionaries, who, therefore, mishandled the situation. Only two men, Mitchell and Lalor, boldly rejected the humbug of "all classes and creeds," and only that pair could press for forceful strategy in the struggle. When at last the flag was raised, its upholders spoke of "National Independence" and shied at "Economic Independence." The mass of the people were not fully roused, and even then the insurgent leaders—Mitchell and Lalor—being in custody—never once made up their minds to fight.

"So all the bright dreaming we cherished
Went down in disaster and woe."

* * *

The famine death-roll reached close on two millions in a population of eight and a half millions! Ireland was a waste land strewn with corpses whence all that could were fleeing. It became necessary to dig spacious pits in every town and village to receive the remains of the starved and diseased. To know in detail what happened, to appreciate the ghoulish barbarism of the machinery of Imperial administration, one should read Father Thomas Burke's recollections—vide his "Lectures in Refutation of Froude"—as well as the writings of Connolly and Mitchell already noted.

From those who attempt to excuse the aristocracy and the Government, let me demand explanation of the following irrefutable facts:—

- (a) During the famine years Ireland exported corn and cattle to a greater extent than ever before, i.e., an increasing quantity of food left the country when the producers were actually starving for want of it.
- (b) In the civilized 19th century, about the year 1845, a famine broke out in an agricultural country and lasted for four years, increasing all the while in vehemence. The wealthy Government of the Empire, then and for a long time previously at peace, as far as such a State can ever be at peace, did not arrest its progress.
- (c) Since 1846, and right to the date of the 1911 census, Ireland's population has decreased regularly. She is the only example in the world of a white man's country where the population has diminished continually during the whole of the last seventy years.

I assert calmly that the Great Famine in Ireland is the most horrible event in modern European History. Proportionately, it meant ten times more to Ireland than the Great War itself did to England in its toll of human lives.

One Irishman, woman or child died in every five from the consequences of the famine.

One Englishman died for every fifty of his fellows during the Great War.

Even the calamitous South Russian famine, although involving a larger population and area, was not so long-lived, even if as intense as that of the forties in Ireland.

* * *

When agriculture collapsed, the industries which supplied the farmers and peasants collapsed also, i.e., those of them which yet survived.

The rot spread. The population statistics given below are the indicators of the pulse-beats of Irish "Prosperity."

* * *

We have travelled thus far to 1870, the year of the commencement of one epoch. We are still experiencing the aftermath of the Great Famine. The Imperial policy progresses leisurely and surely.

Now for a review of the state of the Irish Race whilst Seamusin sleeps trustfully in his cradle at the door of the white cabin on the Monaghan hill-slope.

EXILE.

POPULATION STATISTICS.

1801—Ireland, 5,216,329; Gt. Britain and Ireland, 15,808,322—Ireland 33% of the whole. 1891—Ireland, 4,706,162; Gt. Britain and Ireland, 37,740,283. Ireland 12.49% only.

Ireland—1821—6,802,000.	1831—
7,767,000.	1841—8,175,124.
6,552,000.	1861—5,799,000.
4,390,000.	1911—

N.B.—The Dutch are the most prolific race in Europe. The Irish are the second most prolific.

For a long time before 1841 the density of the population in Ireland exceeded the average for Gt. Britain. In 1911 Gt. Britain was about four times as densely populated as Ireland.

GOV. SMITH PARDONS LAST WAR OFFENDER.

Winitsky, Convicted of Anarchy with Larkin, is Freed as 'Sufficiently Punished.'

ALBANY, NEW YORK, Jan. 7th—Governor Smith to-day pardoned Harry Winitsky, who, with James Larkin and several others, was convicted in 1920 of criminal anarchy and sentenced to not less than five years nor more than ten years. Last year the Governor freed Larkin and all others convicted of this crime except Winitsky.

Winitsky was behind prison-bars until May 5th, 1922, when he was released on-bail pending his appeal to the appellate court. That court later unanimously affirmed his conviction.

In a memorandum accompanying the pardon the Governor said he would have pardoned Winitsky last year had it not been for the fact that his appeal was then pending.

"I am satisfied that Winitsky has been sufficiently punished for the crime which he committed, and I have accordingly granted him a pardon," the Governor wrote.

Prison doors now have been opened by Governor Smith for every person convicted in this State during the war of criminal anarchy.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

For every 100 dollars invested in 1844 in New York Chemical Bank, the holders have received 8,000 dollars. A 100 dollar share is now worth 5,400 dollars. This is better than working.

TRAVEL REMINISCENCES

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

(Continued from last week's issue)

The natives look upon them as "green-horns," and there are many "enganchadores" or contractors of labour for farm work and domestic service, who are not above taking advantage of their ignorance and try to exploit or swindle them out of what little money they may have brought with them.

Immigrants on disembarking at the port are gratuitously lodged for five days in the "Hotel de Immigrantes," which, with its vast bedrooms, dining-rooms and halls, can lodge up to 4,000 people a day. Baggage, tools and furniture of emigrants are passed in free of customs duties. The Government give cinematograph lectures regarding the agricultural and industrial conditions of the various regions outside, and furnish free rail or steamer transport to any point in the country where the new arrival wishes to go.

In connection with the question of immigration, a Buenos Aires weekly, which is largely read amongst the Irish-Argentine population, says that it is a patriotic duty to encourage more and more people of the right sort to come out, and the only way to encourage them is to let them have a way of living. There are still State lands unsold, and it would be a good thing if these were surveyed and offered at low prices to the proper class of man. Of late there has been a suicidal tendency to place obstacles in the way of the immigrants, but it is time that this narrow and foolish policy should be changed for the old time one of cordial friendship. Roads, railways, ports and immigration mean increased prosperity and the aggrandisement of the Fatherland.

A Mr. Shaw, M.Inst.C.E., some 25 years resident in the Argentine, stated in a letter to the press that there is no reason to suppose that an agricultural colony established under the system of the Californian law, entailing an outlay of four millions paper, and efficiently administered, would not eventually prosper, but any attempt to do so by means of a Joint-Stock Company would be a poor business.

Possibly the crises in the cattle industry may turn out to be a blessing in disguise, and bring down the value of land and rents to what they can produce in money. This means probably a fall of 50%, or at least 25%.

All over the Argentine there is a general outcry against the methods of working of foreign capitalized Corporations, especially the large meat-packing Companies, who are accused of paying low prices for cattle and reaping excessive profits.

The Italians are numerically the largest colonizers and land cultivators in the Argentine. Others of them annually migrate for harvesting work and return to Italy with their savings on completion of the cutting. The usual tract of land given to Italian colonists in the grain belt is 500 hectareas, or 1,200 acres. It is customary for the father of a family and often the mother and children to work on the land, and by using suitable agricultural implements they are able to actually work the whole 1,200 acres.

The grain belt is a perfect plain, devoid of trees, and not requiring irrigation. It has an abundant rainfall. There are no bushes of any kind or other obstacles, so the plough goes over the land with very little exertion.

There is no reason why other colonists taking up land in this grain belt and working it as the Italian families do, should not succeed. It is hard to realise that a family can actually work 1,200 acres without outside help.

Prices vary from £6 an acre upwards, all in accordance with distances to distributing

markets/Buenos Aires, Rosario and Bahia Blanca. The further removed from those ports the cheaper the land. The districts in question are well served by railways.

Government land is sold direct or let under a purchase system. In the latter case very few special requirements are to be complied with, and ample time is given by the Government for this purpose.

A brick house of three rooms must be constructed on site; land has to be measured by a qualified surveyor, fenced in, and some 200 or so of trees planted, if none already exist on the ground. A minimum number of cattle and sheep must be kept. In certain districts no water is often available: in such cases the government authorities insist on wells being provided by the settlers before the title deeds to the land are granted. Water is always found near the surface by boring.

The mountainous part of Patagonia, alongside the Andean ranges, is suitable for cattle breeding and rearing of sheep. In this zone the government has for disposal large tracts of land adapted to live stock. Communications in this region are, however, said to be yet unsatisfactory. Large numbers of Scotch, and I believe Irish, are settled in this somewhat remote and thinly populated district.

There are a number of government colonies, that is to say, districts, which have been surveyed, partitioned off by the authorities themselves into town lots, agricultural lots, etc. In such cases banks, proper warehouses, stores and schools quickly spring up in a few years with the influx of settlers on the land.

In these cases of land colonies the settler takes the land on the concession system for a two years' period, after the expiration of which they have completed the fencing it in, the planting of trees, erection of dwelling-house, etc.; when, after an examination by a Government Inspector, the title deed is granted at a very small figure per acre, or hectarea.

As mentioned, lots comprise 250 acres of land each; only one lot is given to each individual or family.

"TROPICAL TRAMP."

THE CAPITALISTS TEN COMMANDMENTS

(And One Special).

I. Thou shalt have no other Master but me.

II. Thou shalt not make for thyself any comfort nor the likeness of anything to thine own interest, neither on earth, under the earth, nor at any job thou works at; Thou shalt bow down to me and worship me, for I am thy Master and I will show thee no mercy, but will try to make thee keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of thy Master in vain, lest I sack thee at a minute's notice.

IV. Remember thou must work six days; with all thy might and all thy strength, and do all that I want thee to do; but on the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work but rest in Church and recruit thyself and be ready for Monday morning.

V. Honour thy Master, his Steward, and his Deputies, that thy days be not too long, for I shall not require thee when thou art too old to do a full day's work; and never forget that the Workhouse is always ready to receive thee or any of thy family or class.

VI. Thou shalt not join any trades-union, as it breeds rebels and is a danger to my best interests.

VII. Thou shalt always speak well of me though I oppress thee, knowing as I do, what is best for thee; and thou shalt be content if I find thee plenty of work and pay thee just what is enough to keep thee from starving.

VIII. Thou shalt starve thyself and thy wife and children too, if it is in my own

interest, and thou must think only of me, and not of thyself or thine.

IX. Thou shalt not arrange meetings to consider thine own interests as I require thee to keep in ignorance all the days of thy miserable life.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy Master's money, nor his food, nor his wines, nor his motor-car, nor any other luxury that is his; nor shall thou complain about anything at all, because I want to reign over thee, and tyrannize thee, and keep thee in bondage.

XI. Be quiet and eat dirt and thou shalt have a most beautiful time when thou art dead. This I promise thee! Amen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

7 Keppel Street,

Barrow-in-Furness.

Dear Comrade,

Your letter received with enclosures. Things are fairly slack over this side. I see they are demobilising the "Slave State" Army. I notice that three, of a group of five whom I knew, have returned to the larger army of the unemployed in this fair town.

So you have had dealings with Mr. Barr. His brother, George Barr, is here in Vickers and a nice man (?) he is.

There has been a slight decrease in unemployment in this town due to the fact that Vickers have secured some work and that the strike of the Boilermakers has collapsed. The last-named are commencing to feel the pinch already, they have such good conditions in the shipyards. Barrow is famous for its production of warships, munitions and submarines, but now that these implements of civilisation are laid on the shelf (for the present) it has turned its attention to passenger and cargo vessels.

The men employed in the shipyards are not able to make an existence wage never mind a living wage. One squad of riveters received £2 19s. for a week of seven days, including Sunday piece work. Mr. Barr (our Mr. Barr) says that this is caused by the men being unable to work like they did in pre-war days, and consequently they lack a sufficiency of food. But the real root of the trouble is the low wages paid for these jobs and the conditions under which they are performed.

Vickers own the whole of Walney Island which is a large island protecting Barrow from the sea. They built houses, or rather Workmen's Dwellings, on this island. You must be an employee of Messrs. Vickers before you can occupy one of these "dwellings." When the tenant is actually working for Vickers and not merely retained, the rent of his home is deducted from his wages, regardless of the quantity of the latter. It often occurs that after deducting the rent they find they have also deducted the wages. Owing to the unemployment these rents are greatly in arrears. When a tenant receives work they deduct a fortnight's rent each week to help him pay off his arrears of rent.

The men are mostly unorganised, their sole concern is a job and they have forgotten there is such a thing as a trade union.

It is said that hunger makes rebels, but as far as this town is concerned it only makes belly-crawlers for jobs.

Whether it is Vickers Ltd., Dublin, or Vickers Ltd., Barrow, or Vickers Ltd., anywhere, they will carry out their policy of oppression and starvation so long as the workers are content to produce profits for this Octopus. If the workers can organise for the Boss and fight his wars and pile up his profits, why the hell! can't they organise for themselves and write "Fimis" to the whole structure of Capitalism.

Organise, Organise, Organise is the slogan and the policy for the workers until they succeed in controlling this planet and all its wealth and products.

Yours fraternally,
CHARLES HENRY

A PASSING CLOUD

From the "Evening Telegraph."

"Mr. Hogan said he thought that was an extract from a speech."

ALD. BYRNE: Is it from the King's speech? The Deputy-Speaker (O'Waille) was understood to reply in the affirmative.

ALD. BYRNE: Why don't you say it is from the King's speech?

MR. HOGAN: I don't know if the Deputy is lecturing me or Mr. Johnson.

ALD. BYRNE: I am not lecturing anyone, but if it is from the King's speech, why not say it?

MR. HOGAN: It is from the King's speech.

When hypocrites fall out honest men come by their own.

* * *

The item of cross-talk given above refers to the fact that the British Government intends to guarantee repayment of principal and interest on bonds issued by the Free State Government under the Land Act. Not very clear, is it? Here is a little light in a dark place.

Q.—Why is it necessary for the British Government to guarantee Free State Bonds?

A.—Because Free State credit is un sound, and outside of Ireland—and inside too—purchasers of the Bonds would be few and far between if British guarantees were not forthcoming.

Q.—Why has it become inevitable to look for British guarantees?

A.—Because England holds Ireland's notes, of hands for the huge purchase of munitions, uniforms, etc., which the Policy of War on the Republic necessitated. England's economic strangle-hold on the country is actually stronger now than at any time since 1916. Blythe knows. Further proof of this

is the process of industrial conquest now in operation:—as examples—Reckitt's Blue Factory, Saggot Polish Co., Wills, Players, Clarke's tobacco factories, Vickers (Dublin Dockyard Co.), etc. These facts explain why the prisoners are being kept in. As long as the people have the prisoners to think about they will neglect other things.

FROM THE CROW'S NEST.

Oft have I watched across the tropic sea,
The twilight, faithful servant of the day
Come to the east and with his master's key,
Relieve the stars and open up the way.

Oft have I seen, when all the stars were gone,
The kindly sun in royal robes arise
From off his throne, the golden seat of dawn,
And lead the day with valor to the skies.

Oft have I seen, with glorious crimson shield
The wounded sun retreating to the west,
Unwilling that the dying day should yield
To queenly night who came with silver crest.

And when the day was dead, and he had
passed
To other skies to lead some new born day
The servant twilight, faithful to the last
Came back and lit the stars along the way.

JAMES MACAULINE.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Owing to overwork President Cosgrave's Chaplain has obtained leave of absence for a month.

* * *

The success of the "General Mulcahy March" has encouraged Col. Fritz Brase to embark on the production of a number of

other national works. He is engaged at present on a "Catholic Truth Two-Step" dedicated to Mr. Kevin O'Higgins and later he hopes to publish a number of orchestral suites descriptive of National achievement. The movements of the "Terror" suite—inscribed to Mr. Eoin MacNeill—will number five; they are:

- (1) Four for One.
- (2) The Glass-house.
- (3) Oriel Jazz.
- (4) A Webley-night.

At the request of a very distinguished body Col. Brase has consented to add a fifth movement, the title is:

- (5) Pogrom "avec autorité."

THE FIGHTING FOUR.

Fighting Foran tells the Mugs in New-bridge, Kildare—"No Reductions."

"We will fight," Foran, O'Brien and H. C. Doherty tell the workers of Roscrea, Tipp. Foran, O'Brien and H. C. will fight any reduction in wages.

Mr. Morrissey, T.D., and Mr. Doherty, organiser (job holder), privately inform local officials of Union, Tipperary—"This fighting is all wrong. The road workers and labourers in the County Tipperary had better take what offers"—for the Government told them so.

BOXING.

Welcome News for Dublin Enthusiasts.

Mr. Jim Murphy has arranged to run a series of Boxing Tournaments during the winter months. The first will take place at Rotunda, Dublin, on Saturday afternoon, February 2nd, when the well-known Roscommon boxer, Laurence Ward, will oppose Joe Parr, the promising Lancashire welter who has two victories over Jack Delaney in Dublin. A great 15 round return contest between Billy Gilmore (Belfast), Irish Lightweight Champion and Holder of Gold Belt, and Tommy Moloney (Dublin), who put up such a sensational 20 3-minute round contest against Gilmore in Belt Final. A 15 round challenge match between Jack McCusker (Belfast) and Jack Delaney (Dublin). A 6 round bout between P. Cronon (Dublin) and M. H. McConnell (Dublin). Also an open Bantam competition for beautiful Silver Cup.

Entries close January 26th with Jim Murphy, 12 Henrietta St., Dublin.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Owing to the interest aroused by the Crime Wave and its causes in this country, we submit the following questions to our readers for answer and their conclusions.

To the competitor who, in our opinion, submits the best paper we will award £1; to the two next best, book prizes. All papers must be in before February 20th. Decision March 1st.

1. What is alcohol?
2. What are ardent spirits, and how are they obtained from fermented liquids?
3. Show that ale and porter cannot properly be called a food.
4. How much nourishment is contained in (a) Brandy, in (b) Port Wine, in (c) Beer?
5. What experiments have been made showing the effects of alcohol on the muscles of animals?
6. Why does a drunken person reel and fall?
7. How do you account for the experiments mentioned showing that man can better bear the strain of great and prolonged muscular exertion without alcohol, and why then does a man feel less tired after taking a stimulant?
8. What effect has alcohol on the nerves, and are they affected if it is only taken in small quantities?
9. How does alcohol affect mental power?
10. Why is it that moderate drinkers so often become drunkards?
11. Show how the blood is made poor and unhealthy and otherwise injured by the use of alcohol.
12. Explain the condition of a drunkard's heart.
13. Explain the effect of alcohol on the salivary glands, gastric juice, and pylorus.
14. How does alcohol affect the inhibitory nerves, and how does the heart suffer in consequence?
15. How much extra labour is imposed on the heart by the drinking of (a) two pints of porter, (b) half a pint of brandy?
16. How much is the temperature of the body raised by taking alcohol, and why do people fancy that it warms?
17. In the intense cold of the Arctic Regions what kinds of food are found the best heat givers, and what effect has alcohol?
18. How is the liver affected by alcohol?
19. What injury is done to the kidneys by alcohol?
20. How are the lungs affected by alcohol?
21. Does Total Abstinence tend to shorten life or the reverse, and what is the experience of Insurance Societies?
22. What does the Registrar General of Insurance Societies say as to the death rate, and what is the result of comparisons between the death rate:—(a) Clergymen and Brewers; (b) Farmers and Publicans; (c) Farm Labourers and Public House Servants.
23. Quote authorities. Sum-up.
24. THE VERDICT.—Is alcohol guilty or not guilty of being a cause of crime, weakness, disease and death?
25. THE REMEDY OR REMEDIES.

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