



Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 67. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1924

TWOPENCE

WE STAND WITH THE DEAD!

THEY SHALL BE REMEMBERED.

It is the boast of the race that the dead can do no wrong; that all errors—of omission or commission—in life are forgiven and forgotten when the grave closes over the sinner. How much more, then, should we give praise to those who in life lived true to principle and died faithful to the cause they pledged their service to in life. The many are all too willing to shout and cheer for a cause—or the leaders of a cause—that seems to mean success. The populace are, in the mass, an uncertain and unreliable quantity. They are always on the side which they, in their foolishness, think is the winning side, proving the truism that the majority are always wrong. It is the intelligent minority who are always right, and it is the intelligent, self-sacrificing minority who, all down the ages, have made for progress and forced enlightenment on the mass. Some superficial thinker has said of our noble dead, "They went out to battle and always failed." Pause for a moment and test this foolish lying phrase. "They went out to battle and always failed"—Yes. They may have failed according to the false standards accepted by the apologists of let things remain as they are for ever and ever, amen—accepted by the cowardly, selfish crew who sit in banking houses and the financial centres of industrial life—accepted by the wavering unthinking mass. But "facts are chieftains that wanna ding," and life itself gives the lie to the cowardly and selfish, and places the crown of glory and eternal truth on the memory of the faithful and the few, who, in all ages and in all climes, lived for truth and progress, and died with a smile in their eyes and a laugh in their hearts; because they had been signalled out from among the mediocrities in society to die; that the truth might live. Not the least among the chosen few, who down the ages and in age-long struggle for Right and Justice, will be recorded the names of those who worked in life and sacrificed in death. The faithful sons and daughters of our land will pay honour to-day, October 29th, 1924. The land that gave them will take them to her breast. That kindly Irish earth will hold them in close embrace, and for a thousand years their name and fame will live in the minds and hearts of every true man and woman. "And here's their memory, may it live to give us guiding light—To cheer our thoughts of liberty and teach us to unite. In every ill be Ireland's still, though sad as their's your fate. And true men like you men" as those who gave their lives to the cause that knows no failure.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF PATRICK CASSIDY?

Patrick Cassidy was a humble workman. He was employed by the citizens of Dublin to do a useful service which called for his labour in assisting with some twenty other humble workmen in repairing the pipe system which conveys water from Roundwood to Dublin. During the past week, Patrick Cassidy was engaged in Cookstown area of Wicklow County. It was found necessary to remove one section of metal pipe and substitute a new section. In the process of lowering this new section of pipe, weighing some three tons, and with the electric cleaner insertion pipe, weighing in all some four tons, the supervising engineers thought it advisable to disregard the need for adequate gear to lower the pipe and cleanser, and they arranged to erect two temporary trestles made of deal bolted together which they placed on each side of the cutting. The strata where the pipe rested is running gravel; sods were placed, trestles rested thereon, and across the two trestles was laid a steel H beam some twenty feet long, 9" x 4". When the pipe was swung clear of the ground the weight caused one of the sides of the cutting to fall in, thus straining and twisting the steel beam which buckled into a V shape, carrying away part of the shoring, and the pipe crushed Patrick Cassidy, causing his death some few hours after being extricated. The operation of lowering the pipe was carried on in the dark of a wet night. Though there was shears on the ground capable of lifting with safety ten tons, they were not used. A coroner and jury was impanelled, consisting of twelve publicans. The Deputy Coroner, Dr. Murphy, was more concerned with getting to a verdict than carrying out his duties of fully investigating the circumstances and cause of the death of Patrick Cassidy. The twelve christian gentlemen, who were sworn to investigate the cause of death, were in too great a hurry to get back to the licensed premises to give an hour or two to visit the spot where the accident occurred and investigate the conditions and cause that led to Patrick Cassidy's death. A deputation waited on the Commissioner charged with the administration of the affairs of this city and made complaint as to the death of one of the workmen of the citizens. Commissioner O'Dwyer, Mr. Murphy, Town Clerk, and Mr. Rice, Law Adviser, quick to express their willingness to assist in getting the truth of this fatal accident, they suggested the Board of Trade should be charged to investigate all matters

concerning and leading up to the death of Patrick Cassidy. The deputation were promised every facility. A further complaint was made that the accommodation for the workmen engaged on this cleansing and repairing job was a scandal. Three members of the deputation visited one of the rest-houses wherein some of these unfortunate workmen lived and slept. This rest-house was formerly used as a pig-sty. Some nine straw pallasses were laid on the floor of the sty, and these humble workmen, in the year of our Lord, 1924, were compelled to sleep and exist under conditions that, if the people of Dublin seen the place, something would happen. A pig-sty for nine men. Death for one man.

QUEER HAPPENINGS IN THE ELECTIONS.

No results have come through for the English General Election at the time of writing, although by this hour it has already been definitely decided what the future British Government will be—Labour or Conservative.

This is the first general Election in which the class issue has been of public interest. The Conservative Party have used the cries of class rule and class warfare for their full worth, and the Labour Party, instead of taking up the challenge of the class issue, have, through their spokesmen, Thomas, Snowden and MacDonald himself, evaded the question and attempted to place the fight on another basis. What success they have achieved is as yet unknown.

During the campaign certain happenings, which are queer to say the least of it, occurred. T. P. O'Connor, one of craftiest politicians in the House, takes MacDonald's place in Aberavon and speaks on behalf of the Labour candidate. O'Connor supporting Labour! Then we have the spectacle of Jerry McVeagh as Labour candidate for Sunderland. Jerry McVeagh, a director of the Dublin Alliance and Gas Consumers Co., and one of the men responsible, through his directorship, for the gas strike of this year. McVeagh a Labour man!

Next comes Charles Diamond, editor of the "Catholic Herald," one of the most anti-Labour papers in England; and Diamond denies that he is a socialist, and, we hint, a Labour man. We know Diamond and Diamond's paper, and neither should be allowed into an honest Labour meeting, never mind be allowed to carry Labour's banner in an election—and Diamond is a Labour man!

Such are some of the queer happenings, and we expect that many more will be discovered when the results are known, and till then we must en-bide our time.

CLEANING UP DUBLIN.

The Workers' Union of Ireland is making steady progress. Though there is not much outward activity to catch the eye, still the internal work is going ahead. No further branches have been established except in Wicklow town, all attention being devoted to the tightening of the bonds of organisation in Dublin city. Dublin has ever been the stronghold of real unionism, and Dublin must continue in that position.

The remains of the Transport Union in Dublin are being cleaned up. Along the whole of Dublin's quays the Transport Union can only muster seventeen members, and though this number is proportionately larger in the uptown districts, the Transport membership still is only a negligible quantity and carries no power in labour circles. The whole attention of the Workers' Union at present is being devoted to gathering in the slackers. When this work is accomplished, things will hum through the country.

WHERE, OH! WHERE IS THE FISHING CO. GONE?

We have not heard any further news about the American fishing company which was the main topic of conversation some days past. Perhaps Fionn Lynch's "prospectus" had not a salutary effect on the young infant. The Fishermen's Association has decided to stand aloof and not lend aid as an organisation to the development work of the company. This attitude led to the resignation of the secretary.

In these columns some weeks ago we suggested that this association should interest itself on behalf of the Dublin men at present victimised by the Banks. Evidently these fellow-fishermen are to be treated in the same manner as the foreign company. Well, perhaps in days to come these victimised men will remember who stood by them in their hour of need and who stood aloof.

HOUSES AT MARINO. WHY THE DELAY?

During the Marino dispute there was much talk about the housing conditions in Dublin and how the dispute was acting as a barrier to the further building of houses for the working class. Not only was the present contract at Marino held up, but a further contract of some 700 houses was unable to be put in hands as a result of the dispute.

The strike has now been settled some two months and not an effort has been made to start the new contract, which was to give work to 1,000 men and finally provide the Dublin workers with some much-needed houses. Why the delay, may we ask. During the strike the Commissioners were quite perturbed about the plight of Dublin houseless ones, but now—the story has changed. We might suggest, but would not like to, as it would cast a serious reflection on the characters of these honourable gentlemen that the new contract was only mentioned in order to further prejudice the position of the men on strike, and that now as the strike is over, the contract is consigned to the region of the lost.

But whilst the homes at Marino are being built why not provide alternative accommodation. Could not some of the many barracks through the city be used, a plan which Cosgrave announced as

being part of the Government housing scheme. Could not even the North Dublin Union, with its 1,000 rooms, be opened up as a temporary abiding place for those in dire need of accommodation. Also, why not use the Royal Hospital at Kilmannham for the same purpose, now the Dail (save the mark) no longer contemplate removing its belongings to that vicinity. And yet again, why not insist that the many large empty houses in the Merrion Square be opened up and made use of. But, of course, we hardly expect Cosgrave to take such a line as that. It savours of Bolshevism, which is an unsavoury meal for Cosgrave and his friends.

But while this philandering is going on about the new contract, working class men and women are living in squalid and unhealthy surroundings awaiting the completion of the Marino Housing Scheme, while at Marino the number of men employed is not as large as it might be and the work is not being pushed ahead in order to facilitate the intending tenants. Now with the winter coming on it is of utmost importance that the work be finished promptly before the bad weather prohibits building operations. Of course, in saying that we know we are leaving ourselves open to a sneer by Murphy's Rag that these statements would have been more appropriate during the strike, which we, of course, were solely responsible for. Well, sneers are cheap and if they are all the bombs ever hurled at us we will be thankful. We have placed the blame for the Marino strike where it belongs ere this, and have no intention of repeating ourselves. As to Murphy's Rag, we notice that since the Marino strike, the word "housing" is not finding such a prominent place in its columns. Perhaps it has no news value, or should it read propaganda value. We leave it to our readers. But casting aside this joecular strain, we reiterate that the demand for housing accommodation in Dublin is serious, and that it is time the Commissioners withdrew their attention from the problem of reducing wages and fixed it on the larger problem of decent houses.

SUGAR BEET.

In Cork's fair county at present there is much interest being displayed in the sugar beet industry. Great factories are to be established in that county and the enterprise is to assume dimensions on a national scale. The line of talk handed out by the people responsible is hardly exceeded by the trumpet-blowing of the American Fishing Company, and the supposed capital is equally as large, or nearly so.

This industry of extracting sugar from the beet root is one greatly suited to a country possessing a climate and soil like Ireland, and if this country had business men interested in the country, instead of being interested in cross-channel stocks and shares, Ireland would now be one of the leading countries in the sugar beet industry. However, "better late than never" is a good axiom for our Government; but before we bend our intellect to the problem of criticising the scheme, we fain would wait until the scheme becomes something other than a scheme and more substantial. Politicians and promises wander hand in hand along the rosy path that leads to £1,700 per year, and 'tis best to separate these fast friends before taking either seriously: an idea we intend to follow in this instance.

HUNGER'S TRAIL.

It has been suggested to us that we should spend an hour or two some Friday morning in the neighbourhood of the Unemployed Bureau in Gardiner Street, and afterwards describe our impressions in these columns. We are assured that never a Friday passes but some unfortunate member of the long queue, which forms in Gardiner Street on that day, faints from lack of food—not frail, puny little people, but men who, were they well fed, would be perfect physical specimens of the race, but now, whose strength, through lack of that ruler of mankind, Food, has descended to that of the babes and helpless children.

Some day in the immediate future we intend to carry out that suggestion, and when we do we will also refer to the treatment meted out to unemployed men and women by the clerks inside the building who are paid servants of those who receive the dole.

COUNTY NOTES.

County Dublin is still in the van of the Workers' Union of Ireland. Both North and South County Dublin have definitely finished with the Transport Junta and are firm adherents of the Workers' Union.

The North County men received a visit last Sunday from "Captain" Robbins, who has now become Whelan. But the "Captain's" visit was as successful as his previous one to Sligo.

In the South County, the Worker's Union is also firm on its feet. On Monday of last week it was rumoured that all the Transport gunmen would assemble at Crumlin where a new building job was due to open. When the delegates of the W.U.I. heard this they naturally visited the place, in order to entertain the gentlemen, but to their surprise, when they arrived on the scene, no gunmen appeared, a happening which is very common in union circles these days.

There is only one certain way of getting the "Irish Worker" every week, and that is by becoming a subscriber. For 10/- we will send a copy every week for one year to any known part of the earth; for 5/- we will send it for half that period, and for 2/6 we will send it for one quarter. Fill in this coupon.

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Which advocates the common ownership of Ireland, its natural resources and industries, by the common people of Ireland. Entrance Fee, One Shilling. Subscription, threepence per week. Fill in this form and send it to—

The Secretary,
Irish Worker League,
Unity Hall, Marlboro' Street,
Dublin.

I desire to become a member of the Irish Worker League, and enclose One Shilling Entrance Fee.

Name
Address

Letters to the Editor

11 Brighton Street,
Belfast.

Dear Jim—You have certainly thrown a scare into the remnants of the Transport Union here in this city, for in the vernacular the man you sent here has put the "wind up them." I certainly never saw such activity amongst the officials here as there has been this last week or so and consternation reigns. I did not know anything of your brother Peter's visit to this town until I was summoned to a meeting on Thursday night and to my horror who did I see on the platform but Cathal O'Shannon and the "Red" Heron. Some of the boys were discussing Peter's visit and I gleaned the information from them that Peter had a meeting a day or so previous in Dock Street and that four or five hundred wanted to get cards and badges of the Workers' Union of Ireland, but that he decided not to issue any just then. It seems that the Transport gang were fearful of what might occur and were protected by 100 Specials and an armoured car.

But the Special meeting, Jim. Well, it would be impossible to describe it. The only person who got a hearing was some fellow—a Docker I believe—who told the Sec. just how things were with the rank and file and stated that he saw present a couple of hundred men who wanted to join the Workers' Union of Ireland and accused McMullan of knowing the rotten condition of the I.T. & G.W.U. and keeping the men in the dark. The Sec. promised to investigate any charges and to prosecute the E.C. in Dublin for illegally spending monies belonging to the Belfast Branch. O'Shannon and Heron were not allowed to speak as there was a continual flow of questions put to them, such as "What became of the £7,500?" "Who appointed O'Shannon to the Political Secretary's job." "How much do you get a week?" etc., etc., and the meeting eventually broke up in a riot, and sad to relate, that tried, true and trusted friend of "Ole Bill's", Mr. Maginn, the dock delegate, sustained a broken leg in the melee and is now confined to hospital. Of course there were several other casualties—bloody noses, etc.—and as far as I could see it was a complete rout of the few supporters of the I.T. & G.W.U.

Will you be good enough to let me know Peter's address, as I understand he is still in town and I am anxious to get in touch with him, as I have been approached by a number of the workers in Isaac Andrews & Co., and Hughes and Dixon's Mills as to the necessity of forming a branch of the W.U.I. here. The men are very sore over the way they were let down in the recent strike and in spite of what the gang say, the truth is that their wages have been reduced 21/- in two cuts, and I don't believe there are five members who stuck to the Transport, but all went over to the Amalgamated, who recently secured a 2/- rise, in which the five Transport men participated.

It's real funny just to observe the antics of the so-called Independent Labour Party here. You know our friend McMullan is a member and also that worthy twister, Frank McGrath, who is actively canvassing the dockers for votes for "Midguly," that mouth who is trying to gull the poor unfortunate workers here and get them to return him as an M.P. for West Belfast, thereby obtaining another salary to add to his income which accrues from his numerous jobs. After the reception his own people in Sandy Row and Shankill Road gave him (which was very hot to say the least of it) he is very wrath and decries the fact that he is denied the right of free speech everywhere except on the Falls Road, and the poor, deluded saps fall for this stuff of his and listen to him. His banner above his Committee Rooms bears the motto: "The

West's Awake"; but he dare not go near his own kind on Sandy Row or Shankill Road, as they are all wise to him there.

I wish you would write a good article in your next issue just pointing out these things to the poor misguided workers here and showing him the proper line to take as things are very complicated and much more so by the invasion of the Republicans, and Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington says she and her Party stand for a Workers' Republic, not in so many words, but that her Party stands for the Republic that Padriac Pearse and James Connolly died for, which means the same thing. I want to remind you again to send along Peter's address here as it is important that I should have a talk with him.

Fraternally yours,
M. G. J.

Box 850,
Timmins, Ont.,
Canada.
10/14/24.

Editor of "Irish Worker,"
Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.,
Dublin, Ireland.

Dear Friend and Fellow Workers,

At our recent conference held in Timmins, Ontario, some copies of the "Irish Worker" came to me with the reproduction of the pictures of the San Pedro Horror. And I cannot express in words how the delegates and membership of this district appreciate this act of Class Loyalty. Enclosed you will find a resolution passed unanimously by the delegates assembled on Oct. 11th 1924. With best wishes to you and all those struggling for the freedom of the world from wage slavery.

I remain as ever,

For Industrial Freedom,
JOE KENNEDY,
Branch Secretary.

Metal & Coal Mine Workers Industrial Unions
Nos. 210 and 220

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD,
318 N. Wyoming Street, Butte, Montana.

Copy of Resolution adopted by Conference of the Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union No. 210-220 of the I.W.W., Oct. 11th, 1924.

Whereas the "Irish Worker" published in Dublin, Ireland, has in the past published the facts in regards to the persecution of members of the Industrial Workers of the World in the United States of America.

Be it resolved that we send our fraternal greetings to our fellow workers in Ireland and congratulate them on their splendid fight against the Demon Capitalism, and that they further their efforts on the Industrial field with the ultimate aim in view of setting up a Workers' Commonwealth.

Signed, Chairman, Card No. X169836.
Signed, Recording Secretary, Card No. X165272.

JOE KENNEDY,
Branch Secretary.

HE THAT GOETH BEFORE.

Egan of Cork, one time Labour T.C., has been adopted as a Cumann na nGaedheal candidate. This Egan was one of the "Labour" members (the others were Ole Bill and Felix) who formed part of that committee which drew up Ireland's claim for self-determination and forwarded it to Woodrow Wilson. Egan appears to have a little, very little, decency left in thus proclaiming himself an exponent of the tenets of the Cumann na nGaedheal, but the other two gents are still trying to hide under the label of Labour while carrying out the programme of the party which Egan has joined. Perhaps Egan "has gone before to prepare the way."

THE TIVOLI PROGRAMME.

"SCABS."

By M. USHER.

On Wednesday night approximately 42 people entered the first house of the Tivoli Variety Theatre, Burgh Quay, Dublin, and 20 was the number of the audience in the second house. The explanation is a strike.

Last week a stage hand was dismissed. He was a member of the Workers' Union. The Union approached Mr. Jones, the Manager of the Tivoli, and enquired as to his reasons for the dismissal. The Manager stated that the man was dismissed because the management intended to reduce the staff, and that four to six men would be also dismissed within the next week or so. Mr. Jones went on to say that he would expect the men who were retained to perform the work usually attended to by those dismissed. This method of working could not be allowed by the Union. The same amount of work required attention; a certain number of men were required to perform such an amount of work, and no reduction in this number would be tolerated. Thus was Mr. Jones informed and requested to fill the vacancy. Mr. Jones refused. Accordingly all members of the workers' Union ceased work. The Workers' Union embraces all hands employed behind the stage and also four cleaners. The Transport Union caters for all those working in the front of the house and these remained at work. The work of the stage hands is being done by these scabs, aided by the artists and the management. The four cleaners being on strike; other means had to be found to clean the house, and in this crisis the Assistant-Manager and Secretary found their true vocation in life as a wielder of a scrubbing-brush and a bucket of dirty water. Their usefulness has also extended to the performance of the sanitary work and cleaning, and such other pleasant jobs.

We believe Mr. Jones has already learnt his lesson. He will learn it a little better ere long.

A picket is on duty outside the theatre and have proved to be a greater attraction than the programme presented inside.

Judging by the audiences present at the performance on Wednesday night there is little need to warn our readers to remember that a strike is in progress and consequently other places of enjoyment must be sought.

HENDERSON AND THE ENGLISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

EVADING THE ISSUE.

The latest move on behalf of the Irishmen imprisoned in English and Scotch gaols is the issuing of a manifesto by the Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain charging the Labour Government with having ignored the decision of the Trades Union Congress, which urged the release of all such prisoners.

The manifesto has been issued in Manchester and special attention is being paid to the constituencies of Plating (Manchester) and Burnley, where Clynnes and Henderson are seeking re-election.

Henderson, of course, had reiterated his powerlessness to interfere on behalf of those prisoners, who, he says, are under the jurisdiction of the Northern Government. We have dealt with this statement before, so there is no need for us to examine it once more. It suffices to say that the Ulster Government is the servant of the British Government and as such they must act.

Laws were made to protect the interests of those classes who had got power by superiority of force, fraud, or luck.—THRASYMACHUS.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

THE ELECTIONS IN "ULSTER"

The flimsiest excuse in favour of abstention from the polling booth yet put forward has come from the supporters of Free Stateism in "Ulster." It has been stated that the only effective means of declaring opposition to the present state of affairs and of lessening the evils of partition is by a boycott of the polling booths and by waiting for the operation of a plebiscite.

A point that arises in considering the matter of a plebiscite is that it cannot be taken unless authorised by the Six County Government, and it is clear that the Government that refused to appoint a Boundary Commissioner will likewise decline to carry through a plebiscite. Where, then, will be the champions of abstention?

No one knows better than Cosgrave and his henchmen that the prospect of a plebiscite in "Ulster" is the most remote development of the political situation there. Yet the electorate are being advised by the ultra-"constitutionalists," who represent Free Stateism in the "North," to reject the only means remaining to them of declaring their position.

With Cosgrave willing to abide by the decision of a Boundary Commission, two of whose members, the Chairman and the "Ulster" representative, are nominees of the British Government, the betrayal of the Nationalists in "Ulster" is complete. By having, through his supporters, washed his hands of the elections there and by inviting those in the "North" who put their trust in Cumann na nGaedheal, to depend on a plebiscite that will never be carried through, Cosgrave and Co. have created a situation for Nationalists in the Six County area that cannot easily be remedied.

Of course, the Cosgrave game is, in the first instance, to damage his opponents of the Republican Party, by bringing about a defeat of the latter's candidates in the elections. That, at this juncture, seems to be the beginning and the end of Cosgraveism.

If they should be defeated, the opening of the flood-gates of Free State propaganda, ably backed by the eloquence of some of our still Imperialist Hierarchy, will follow. Unfortunately for the future prospects of Free Stateism the leaders of that cult have burned their boats. If Cosgrave (and O'Higgins) had refrained from guaranteeing acceptance of the findings of the Boundary Commission (made to order in England) they would still have a line of defence to fall back on. That they have given guarantees to honour the decision of the Boundary Commission is sentence of damnation for them and their party, and the final evidence of their treachery to the Nation.

With the Boundary question disposed of (?) it will not be long till the British Government make their demand on the

Free State for settlement of the matter of "Ireland's share of (England's) National Debt." Then we shall see the full fruits of Cosgraveism and the awakening of the Nation.

THE THING WITH TWO NAMES.

Captain Robbins has evidently decided that such a name is not consistent with his position in life, so he has changed his cognomen to Whelan and as such has succeeded Gurra Byrne as Commander-in-Chief of the Dublin County area (North). Jealousy must be rampant in the ranks, as Robbins-Whelan now boasts of his success in having the "Gunmen" sacked.

The Scab-supplying organisation has now extended its activities to County Dublin, and farmers are receiving full supplies.

Robbins-Whelan lately paid a visit to Sligo, but finding that the walls in that town are not conducive to bill-sticking he has retired to other quarters and acquired another name.

THE WORTHY ONES.

Our old comrade, Sean O'Casey, dropped in to say hello to us in the old days before the war. He assures us we are wrong about E.—George Russell. We gently insinuated that the untruthful paragraph and the lying statement as to our having called the Inchicore workers out on strike has not been corrected up to our going to press.

People who boast about their willingness to live by truth should so live and not lie. Some people believe Sean does not portray life as we know in Dublin in his play "The Shadow of a Gunman." What we think is one of the best plays that has been produced during the past ten years is "Juno and the Paycock." Some day we will get an hour's leisure and play awhile in fields of delight, and then we will write of another Dublin genius who bought a Freedom Bond, because he still believes in Freedom—that is from an Abbey standpoint. But Sean will travel back to our straight and narrow road. They all come back—the worthy ones. When will Sean Casey give us a play with an economic background—say, another "Mixed Marriages."

BEER CLUBS.

During the debate in the Talk House in Merrion Street on the Liquor Bill, mention was made of drinking in Clubs, but of course no names were mentioned and no hindrance was placed upon the continuation of this form of graft. A Club with a license is a public house with the lid off. There is a certain club on the North side of the city, within one hundred yards of Mountjoy Square, which is supplied twice per week with two lorry loads of Guinness's porter. And this Club is open every night till 11 and 12 p.m., and at the week-end the closing hour is 3 a.m. Of course, there is a police station within half-a-mile of the Club, but that does not bother the Club habitués.

When these imbibers emerge at 3 a.m. in the morning, hell is let loose upon the quiet streets, and only beasts, brute beasts, could act and speak in the manner these Club members carry on. These scenes are not occasional but are as regular as the sun, and again we repeat there is a police station in the close vicinity. We wonder did Major Cooper have any thought of such clubs as this when he made his eloquent plea for the man who wished to take a drink with his meals or when he was playing cards. We wonder!

I could wish a cry for education might arise from the toilers, as the cry for bread went up in the 'forties.—(Karl Pearson).

GENERAL ELECTION IN ENGLAND.

THE BOGUS COMMUNIST LETTER.

By JACOB.

Whether Ramsay MacDonald is tired of the worries of office and is not anxious to have his Party returned as the Government Party, or is principally concerned with purging the Labour movement of "extremist" elements, whatever the cost, remains to be seen. The insistence of the Premier on the authenticity of the Russian letter raises suspicions as to the bona-fides of his protestations, particularly in view of the sceptical attitude of many of his Ministers, who, it is clear, were not consulted concerning the "revelation." For a Labour Premier to out-manceuvre Conservative and Liberal publicity agents is one thing, but to blow up his own Party in the process is another. In the case of the Russian letter, which few people believe to be genuine, there is nothing to show whence it emanated, and the haste with which MacDonald has rushed into print betrays a lack of that caution which he has raised to the level of an art.

If MacDonald had contented himself with publishing the bogus letter and had demanded from the Russian Government an explanation or repudiation, the "honour" of his Party would have been saved, but the continued and persistent attitude of belief in its genuineness which he has expressed, raises doubts as to his motives in raising the matter.

Notwithstanding the bombshell, it looks as though Labour will emerge from the Elections with a large Party. It will probably be found that, in other departments, the dividend holder in McVitie and Price's will repeat, from time to time, the hamstringing of the Labour movement, for his own bourgeois ends.

Whatever the result of the Elections, progressive elements in England will need to deal, before long, with the activities of the biscuit-tin Premier.

SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERTS.

The First Workers' Concert advertised in our columns last week came off on Sunday night. Although the arrangements were made most hurriedly and the different turns were impromptu, the evening was made very enjoyable for those present.

The Hall was full and every artist was given an enthusiastic reception. The performance of the No. 1 Fife and Drum Band was very good, the audience greatly appreciating it.

These concerts will be a regular weekly feature of Union activities. With the continued experience it is hoped that they will in time come to hold an unrivalled position in the Dublin entertainment world.

The Concert for next Sunday will commence promptly at 8 p.m. The programme will be full of quality and brimful of quantity.

STRIKES AND RUMOURS OF STRIKES.

The strikes at Pim's, Sth. Gt. George's St., and Johnston's Shirt Factory, Parliament St., are still on. No developments have occurred in either situation, except that we hear the number of scabs in Johnston's factory is considerably reduced. There were some 20 people working in Johnston's last week, but since then 9 of these women and girls have left and departed to other regions.

During the week a certain transaction took place between these two christian firms, which, for certain reasons, we cannot detail in these columns. However, it will not escape further notice.

O why, and for what are we waiting?
While our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of heaven
A wasted life goes by? (W. Morris).

ULSTER—IRISH ULCER

By ANDY BENNETT.

The week before last we in Belfast were paid a surprise visit by Peter Larkin and two other members of the Workers' Union of Ireland. The object appeared to be the surveying of the situation in this Foreign Land of Ulster. At the moment of writing I am not aware whether they still remain in this land of christian sympathies, where the ethics of religion are propagated with concrete blocks, kidney stones and bullets from the deadly "45," a "Bible" which every Special, and they be many, carries openly upon his person as a notification that any would-be soothsayer who attempted to bring the people back to sanity and unity would be treated according to Law—Law made and distributed by the Ulster Unionists with the aid of subsidies from Great Britain. I wonder did they recognise that the Specials were fit to meet the finest troops in Europe—physically; but mentally, from the viewpoint of intelligence, they would not be fit to contend with a six year old scholar.

I wonder did they travel Shankill and Sandy Row districts while any political meetings were in progress. Did they listen to the stalwarts of the Northern Labour Party mouthing platitudes, the very contradiction of the class struggle which organised labour through the ages has propagated.

Did they notice on the platform in the Shankill district that McMullin, the £6 a week secretary of the now almost defunct Transport Union, was conspicuous by his absence, and if they did notice, did they wonder at his non-appearance and the reason why. I will relate the reason. This McMullin, once a wood-butcher and now the chosen of the self-elected clique led by O'Brien, dare not come into that district, although born and reared there. He had told the men in that area who worked in the mills of Andrews & Co. and other employers, that they would be supported to the last shot in the lockers of that once fighting Union, the I.T.G.W.U. He lied to them in boastful moments and prophesied the great fight the Union would make for them against wage reductions; yet these men were forced to accept a reduction of twenty-one shillings in two cuts of fifteen shillings and six shillings. These misguided workmen and women of the Shankill and Sandy Row districts have now turned on this boaster. Their minds have oft been poisoned by the vicious lies of the Unionist Press, but on more than one occasion, when honestly advised and courageously led, have forgotten their hatreds against their class brothers of the Falls Road and made history for the Labour movement as in the year 1907. I believe them wrong in their political outlook, but what of those like McMullin & Co. of the Northern Partition Labour Party who took the money of these workers and failed at the vital moment to tell the truth, which, no doubt, is the reason why the nominee of that Party, Harry Midgley, the man of many jobs, was hunted out and refused the right of free speech by these men of the working class, like his predecessor, Walker, one time Labour candidate who, at the eleventh hour, in order to catch votes even at the price of honesty, proclaimed himself a labour man, an anti-Papist and an anti-Home Ruler.

I wonder did Larkin and his friends find out that the working men and women who read and think for themselves recognise that this so-called Northern Labour Party is neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring, but a vile and vicious clique of careerists and job-hunters.

While Midgley was sorely oppressed—mentally!—by not being able to get a hearing in the Shankill area, his bosom pal and platform colleague, McMullin, had notified the police authorities that a Larkin was to address a meeting on Wednesday, 15th, at noon time, and that he, McMullin, was liable

to be badly handled by the real Union element—the Old Guard of 1907—and asked that police protection be granted him. Over 100 special constables and an armoured car were supplied, and drove to the vicinity waiting for Larkin to appear. But Larkin had already spoken at a meeting on the previous Tuesday afternoon, just to show the Northern Government that every labour man was not like the McMullins, the Midgleys and the other creatures who have attempted to make a foreign land of Ulster by agreeing to the right of England to raise a Boundary question, a Boundary which no Irishman of any religious persuasion would even waste time discussing; a Boundary that would keep from the rest of Ireland the home truths propagated by Jiminy Hope, Harry Neilson, Henry Joy McCracken, Fintan Lalor, Jim Connolly, Tone and others who made world history in the struggle for real freedom for the people of this land of Ireland, not like the shoneens of this alleged labour party "whose minds are fixed on pelf and place," and who have become associates of those double-headed monsters we see in visions known as professional politicians dressed in the garb of men, who poison the atmosphere of the political quagmire of Westminster by their jibberings about the ills of humanity.

Further, I would like to know did they listen to the Republican meetings addressed by Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington and others on the Falls Road, and did they hear the proclamation issued or given word to by Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington to the effect that the Republican Party was out for the kind of Republic that James Connolly and Patrick Pearse died to attain, for others to enjoy—a Workers' Republic. I wonder if he did listen to it did he believe it, seeing that a question was handed to the speaker stating "That the workers of West Belfast would like to know whether the W.U.I. or the I.T.G.W.U. held the key to the situation in Dublin. What did they think of the reply. "The Republican platform was a political platform and therefore questions concerning unions could not be answered, but the speaker would like to meet those interested and discuss the question in private with them." I wonder do they agree with the writer who claims to be a Workers' Republican and a union man since Larkin raised the banner of unity in Belfast in 1907, that to be a believer in the ideal of a world federation of workers republics, that it is impossible to work for that ideal on a platform where the speakers, although inviting questions, when asked a question of the most vital importance to the workers in that area, reply that the question would be answered in private. I ask "Why this whispering? Why this dodging? How is it possible for any political party under any brand, be they Unionist, be they Republican, Free State, or be they Labour in accordance with economic science, reach that point of vantage, a majority, without an economic basis?" Any intelligent worker with the most meagre knowledge of political science knows that Orange Hugh O'Neill, M.P.; Dawson Bates, M.P.; James Craig, M.P., and Carson of the Unionist Party are not vilifiers, liars and fabricators for fun. They are Unionists and opponents of everything that spells progress because, believing as they do that Ulster capitalists will have greater facilities for the exploiting of the people of the North and a greater market for their goods whilst Ulster is part of the British Empire, than if it were a province of a free country. And believing this they pay tribute to their god, the only god they recognise, the god of Mammon—Rent, Interest and Profit, the same as their blood brothers in the South, the clique that masquerades under the name of Cumann na nGaedheal. We recognise the intelligence of these men and women's property (though conscious of their brute selfishness). We ap-

preciate them also for their class loyalty, but we cannot and will not tolerate or stand by people who neither have class intelligence or class knowledge, who do not know what they are talking about or how to attain it. Every man and woman in this country, or any other country, be they honest to themselves and not afraid of the truth even should the heavens fall, must recognise that these perverters of the truth, poisoners of the well of knowledge, upholders of the bloodiest empire that has ever been known—labelled Unionist, partitionists, Northern labour men, Cumann na nGaedheal or any other label—fear and dread only one thing, the organising of the dispossessed, the real Nationalists of this country from every viewpoint, into an all embracing union, a union whose ideal aims at the ownership of all things requisite for the production of the necessities of life. A union, grown wise through the struggle and striving of the dispossessed in the past, which, while aiming at the ideal, will still carry on the every-day struggle, claiming a little more of the good things produced where possible, never realising what it has gained in the every-day struggle without a fight to the limit of its power. Sometimes advancing, oftentimes forced to retreat, but always able, on account of its ideal being based upon facts gleaned from the struggle of the past and its knowledge of the present, to follow the straight road to the goal, and making those who say they are out for unity and freedom realise that the only freedom that can make this country truly free is Economic Freedom, and recognise that in the last analysis that this kind of labour unionism must win out. From the industrial organisation must develop the requisite knowledge for the bringing into being of a political party which will be the reflex of the industrial organisation. One interdependent on the other. One taking its sustenance from the other. One, as it were, spearhead, the other the shaft of the weapon of real liberty.

I hope that in the travels of these men through the confines of the North that their very presence will help to germinate the seeds of sanity, reason, understanding and unity that were planted in that memorable year of 1907, the first for a century when workmen, although of different religious persuasions, marched as class brothers shoulder to shoulder and by their class solidarity shook the very fabric of the British Empire more so than the German guns from 1914 to 1918. There was reason abroad that year in this land of Ulster where there is hatred now, suspicion, lying and fear to live the truth. Here now, the all powerful mass, male and female, industrial and agricultural of the working class are divided into cliques and factions and by their very divisions are so weakened that the less intelligent among them have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, to the depths of being purchased as hired assassins, stool pigeons and union spies in what is left of the once powerful unions now sunk in the depths by the trickery and deceit of political perverts like the Northern Labour Party. But even though the Belfast workers are sunk in misery and degraded to the depths of slavery, mental and moral, there are still many left in this City of Suspicion and Mental Darkness who will nurture and attend to the tree, the Plant of Unity and Real Unionism which Belfast gave to Ireland, yea, and to England and Scotland in that year of manhood—1907.

The habit of setting up separate class standards as to what is an adequate kind of life is so engrained in the minds of men to-day that it is the commonest thing to hear rich men denouncing as extravagant and unreasonable any claim by working men to many things which the employer class would find an intolerable deprivation in having to go without themselves.—F. HENDERSON.

THE BATTLE OF ST. MICHAN'S ST.

(Continued from last week.)

The new arrival, I observed, was below medium height. His hair was grey, streaked in many places with white. For some time after entering the room he paced alone up and down, his companion having seated himself at a desk in the corner furthest from the door. I noticed a habit he had, whenever he paused in his walk of raising himself on his toes slowly, as if trying to calculate his height to a nicety. On such occasions he would clasp his hands behind his back, throw out his chest and draw in his chin. It was all done with such conscious solemnity that I more than once imperilled my position on the window sill in endeavouring to stifle my feelings.

During the pacing process the man with the beard talked incessantly and with an air of great excitement. His friend seemed to interrupt him once or twice, for I could see his lips moving, though the subject of their conversation I had no means of knowing, as hardly the tone of their voices even penetrated the window. I was getting tired of watching the dumb show when I observed that something like a climax had been reached within. The man, whom on earlier acquaintance, Holmes had referred to as "Archie's friend," stood up gesticulating, plunged his hand into the inner pocket of his coat and took out from amongst other papers a small piece, rectangular in shape. The other man, who was then at the far end of the room, stepped forward quickly, almost snapped it out of his hand and read it. I determined to delay no further in learning whatever it was, was the subject of the exciting conversation.

Fortune had it that the night breeze was still blowing in fitful gusts and I calculated it might be possible to prise the window up sufficiently with the light jenny I was carrying, without drawing attention to myself. During the attempt, which was successful, I kept my eyes on the actors within, but they did not notice that anything untoward was happening within their reach.

I could now hear fragments of the talk. The voice I had heard the night I played the good Samaritan came to me first. . . . nothing but . . . gang of bloodsuckers . . . Paying them . . . nothing . . . Don't . . . the Fish Market . . . threatening . . . if I . . . He then took a notebook out of his pocket and, after turning over some leaves, commenced to compare the contents with the piece of paper on the desk. . . . clear . . . blackmail," he went on, "take steps . . . once and for all."

What further would have been said was interrupted by a loud crash of glass followed by a thud. A moment later a second crash, and before I could collect myself the two had rushed for the door. I noticed their ghastly pallor as they opened it and peered out. A momentary pause and they stepped out on the landing, closing the door behind them.

It was a matter of seconds to push up the window, dislodge the screen and enter the room. Hastily I collected the notebook and scrap of paper they had left on the desk, and stuffing them, along with a sheaf of correspondence lying on one side of the desk, into my pocket, I retreated as I had come. Ten minutes later I was home again and to my surprise found Holmes seated before the fire, smoking contentedly.

"Expect there will be a big bill for glass higher up the street, Watson," he said as I sat down after taking the purloined correspondence out of my pocket. "I was sorry to have to startle you, but I had reason to believe quick action was wanted just now. It is an unusual thing, I have discovered, for the premises higher up to be deserted, but undoubtedly the usual habits are not there to-night. An intelligent youngster I picked up yesterday kept me informed as to the movements in the

ere to-night, and I gathered from him that a stranger entered the stable shortly after you went in. The enquiring youth discovered that the stranger did not remain in the stable, for on entering it himself a minute later he found it empty. My informant also told me that there was only one room lighted in the rear of the house and I at once drew the obvious conclusion.

"I hope you had time enough to make yourself acquainted with whatever was afoot before my young assistant put a half-brick through each of the windows. I was fearful that some of the usual residents should return early and precipitate matters, so, to give you an opportunity of examining the inside of the house, I thought it necessary to draw our friends away from the lighted room."

As Holmes ended, he reached over and took up the miscellaneous collection I had put on the table. He fastened instantly on the scrap of paper and read it over. In a slovenly and uneven hand was written:

"Along the line the signal ran,

Ole Bill expects that every man

This day will do his duty."

For some time Holmes was lost in thought and then he asked me for an account of what had happened. Before I had finished he was again examining the scrap of paper and occasionally referring to the notebook. At the end of a few minutes he looked up laughing, and handing me the slip of paper, said, "Watson, when I see men supposed to be possessed of sense resorting to cipher to carry on their petty correspondence, I long for the sight of an intelligent criminal.

"This versified parody," he went on, "when translated into its true meaning, seems to be no more than a threat to a person, whom, I think, we both have met, to 'Pay up or get out.' The notebook makes it clear that this is one of five ciphers in which the owner carried on portion of his correspondence, and from the piece of paper you will gather that the cipher message consists of five words. If you will examine the paper you will notice four letters having one dot under or over them in different lines. By reference to the cipher code these letters resolve themselves into 'a', 'p' and 'y,' which, I take it, means the word 'pay,' though there is a superfluous 'p' which, however, accounts for itself later in the second word 'up.' The dot groupings in the other words are unmistakable, and there is no doubt that the message that excites our bewhiskered acquaintance is none other than

"Pay up or get out."

"Who Ole Bill is I have learned from reading a contemporary weekly, and if you were so wise (or unwise) Watson as to leave the window open after making your exit from the room to-night, you have provided our intriguing friends with still another problem to worry over.

"I have been running over the facts as we know them, from the time our friends lay on the doorstep to the present moment, and consider it likely that developments will come along without any delay. To-night's meeting is obviously one of the principals in the business, and the fact that it was not desired the visitor should be seen entering by the front door is worthy of note. The absence to-night of the usual residents from the house is also a fact to be remembered.

"The reference to the Fish Market by 'Archie's friend' bears out a construction I have been putting on recent happenings. So as not to miss the possible excitement I intend getting up early in the morning, Watson, and if you would care to develop an appetite for breakfast I would be glad to have your company for an hour or two. Good-night!"

"Whither in the morning, Holmes," I asked as he was leaving the room. He turned round smiling. "The Fish Market, Watson."

(Concluded next week.)

OLE BILL WINS USUAL VICTORY— ONCE AGAIN.

Our prophesy to the Tullamore men involved in the strike has come true. The strike has been settled, the men being forced to accept a reduction and the usual victory is achieved by the Death Battalions of Ole Bill. We would like to enumerate the full list of these victories, but their number forbids, through lack of space. We have only one paper and other items require attention.

The men in Tullamore have been on strike for some three months. When the strike first commenced there were as many as four organisers sent to Tullamore to blow the loud trumpet, and even the Scab Band journeyed to Tullamore, an incident which found space in our columns some time past. £60,000 were behind the strikers, and the whole strength of the O.B.U., and we are quite prepared to believe that these two heavy weapons are still behind the men, but the reduction is with the men, a happening which is very common with those unfortunates who rely upon the Death Battalions of Field-Marshal Ole Bill.

FRENCH RECOGNITION.

Recognition of the Soviet Government of Russia by France is imminent. This overture on the part of France marks the end of a long campaign by that country against the system of government now in force in Russia. France was the prime mover in all the anti-Bolshevik invasions by those paid traitors, Wrangel, Denekine, Yudenitch and others. Helped by other countries like England, Italy, America and Japan, she financed and inspired the Polish attack upon the Soviet Republic. At the present moment part of the Russian Black Sea Fleet is held in Marseilles, and only some few weeks ago the Russian Government protested against the auctioning of their ships.

France has now apparently decided to adopt a different and more respectful attitude. The international attack by these capitalist countries has now crumpled to pieces, outwardly at least. England has recognised Russia; Japan is negotiating, and now France follows their example. The one remaining member of the Ring is still holding out—U.S.A. She can continue to hold out because, unlike her one-time allies, she is not dependent upon her importation of raw materials and the exportation of manufactured articles, and accordingly the American Ban is still in force against all things Russian. However, in time that also must break down, when the economic pressure becomes too great. Of course, now that Russia has secured recognition by three of the biggest industrial countries in the world, it is not of such great importance, (although it is to be desired) that diplomatic relations be resumed with U.S.A. The three countries named will be quite able to supply all the machinery and manufactured articles required by Russia to enable her to develop her own resources to the point when she is able to manufacture the machinery and other manufactured articles required by the Russian people.

Right faith of man is not intended to give repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next; but that he should look stoutly into this world, trusting that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good will come of it hereafter.—JOHN RUSKIN.

Be not uneasy, discouraged or out of humour because practice falls short of present in some particulars. If you happen to be beaten, come on again.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

New York, Oct. 17th.

The Zeppelin.

New York received a thrill as the big dirigible, flaunting the German flag, eased up after a five thousand mile trip and gaily flirted with the skyscrapers after circling the city a few times.

It is significant to note that the trip was timed to coincide with the flotation of the big American loan under the Dawes plan, and that it was oversubscribed by millions a few minutes after Wall Street had opened the market. American investors appears to have strong faith in the powers of the younger Stinnes to bleed the German working class and to keep the "Red" peril out of Germany.

That "Revolution."

One of the biggest Wall Street concerns, Harriman & Co., have concluded a deal with the Workers' Government of Russia for mining concessions in Georgia, the price being thirty-eight million dollars, which those Bolsheviks will use to good purpose.

Georgia is that Federated Soviet Republic south of Russia where Murphy's "Independent" fought a big anti-Bolshevist revolution four weeks ago on their main news pages. The League of Nations also helped while Desmond was attending the sessions, by featuring the appeal from the "Georgian Patriots" and assuring them that the League would give all help possible.

This great "revolution" consisted of the cutting of the main line railway connecting with Russia, and the cutting of the big pipe line carrying the oil from the Soviet oil fields to big refineries in Russia, and as Dick Mulcahy might say, the patriots seized a single police barracks. Then the Red Army, the Workers' Army, got a wireless message and their airplanes, tanks, artillery and cavalry began to move at the double. The deluded Georgian aristocrats and militarists, financed by France and England, simply had to fly for the mountains, where there wasn't enough grass for a goat, let alone these two hundred counter-revolutionists which the "Independent" magnified into a vast army that was rapidly overthrowing Russia.

Georgia is richer in minerals than any country of similar area. Manganese, which is used in making steel, comes from there. Germany, France and England have tried for three years to get control of this manganese supply. The "revolution" was part of their game, a last despairing effort. Now the Americans have butted in, offered the best price, obtained the mines, and have agreed to give so much of the valuable mineral to Russia yearly.

This deal also gives America a monopoly of steel production, and France, England and Germany can be forced to pay higher prices for steel, or the manganese if they wish to manufacture it.

Child Labour.

An effort is being made to insert an amendment to the American Constitution making it illegal to employ children under sixteen at any work. Revelations were made that children as young as seven or eight were working in cotton mills ten hours per day, also in many other kinds of factories. Common humanity and the high illiterate rate of native born children, particularly in the South, demanded national regulation of this evil and of the greed of hungry capitalists.

It is painful to record that the Catholic magazines and quarterlies are all attacking this attempt to safeguard children of tender years and to give to them the schooling they need. It is called by all the fancy names used by casuists and theologians, but boiled down it means the theologians are fighting this reform because it is "Bolshevism."

Cardinal Curley, of Boston, is taking the lead in the fight.

Similarly we notice the Jesuit organ "America" is featuring articles that La Fallette believes in certain socialist doctrines, that the Church opposes socialism, therefore the faithful must not vote for La Fallette. The same La Fallette would not be accepted as a member by the most "yellow" socialist locals. He isn't radical enough for the I.T. & G.W.U. or the Dail Labour Party, and why the most sensitive theologians should lose sleep over him is hard to figure out. Both Cardinal Manning and Pope Leo were much "redder" than this capitalist product, La Fallette, and they would evidently have a hard time now if their lots were cast among the present school of Catholic theologians in America.

China.

The French and English diplomats in Canton supported the Merchants' Volunteer Corps, and although Dr. Sun Yat Sen sliced off the head of the Chinese lieutenant-colonel who organised these Fascisti, he was later forced, by Allied pressure, to agree to the delivery of one-third of the rifles and ammunition aboard the ships sent by the Powers to arm these Chinese merchants and cockroach capitalists. He, Dr. Sun, was to retain two-thirds of the cargo he seized. But the Canton trades unions stopped work on Wednesday last and paraded down the quays while the gun-running ship was being unloaded, and held a meeting protesting against any arms going to the shopkeepers. As several of the latter carried revolvers, and the workers were unarmed, a fight took place and eighteen Chinese trades unionists, and two policemen were killed by these Chinese gentry. The following day hell was let loose in Canton and most of the shops and houses owned by the Fascisti were burned. Cables reaching New York to-day state that about one thousand were killed, mostly members of this Merchants' Volunteer Corps, and that the workers, flying red flags, are in possession of the city of Canton. Seven million dollars worth of buildings went up in flames.

These little items showing how the proletarian worm will turn should be kept in mind by Kevin O'Higgins and others of the lawyer tribe, who seem to think that a Fascisti experiment could be tried in Ireland. And the workers, too, must realise that any attempt to create an Irish Ku Klux Klan or Fascisti must be nipped in the bud, even if the Chinese example must be copied.

Better Be Born a Horse.

We take this editorial on "Unemployment" from a miners' paper:—

"In mechanics they call it lost motion. In business they call it slackness, and in economics they call it unemployment."

"Unemployment is a social sin committed by the whole of society against innocent victims."

"The able-bodied worker willing and anxious to work but denied the opportunity to do so is a challenge to the intelligence of mankind."

"We feed the plough horse during the winter. We give hay and bran to the dry cow, and we kick the unemployed worker out on the street to beg, steal or starve."

"Men compel others to cease work and nature compels the workers to eat. Thus the laws of society conflict with the laws of nature, and there is hell to pay."

The sign at the factory gate or mine shaft, "Closed on account of slack business" is a confession of moral and mental bankruptcy of modern society. For why should work be slack at the very time when the people are suffering the most for lack of the products of labour?

Savage people often suffer from failure of crops and the disappearance of game. Modern man is the only savage who will starve his kin because they produce too much to eat.

"We are for unemployment insurance payable by the employing class, for the same reason that we do not suffer a horse-owner to turn his animal out on the street the minute they are no longer needed."

"Hot Air" Desmond.

Bishop Noli, Premier of Albania, who summed up Desmond Fitzgerald's speech on "Disarmament of the Powers" at the League of Nations session in Geneva as "hot air," is now taking a hand in the Balkan intrigues. He went to Italy from Geneva and got a loan of twelve million lira from Italy, conditional on him helping Italian diplomacy in the Balkans and Near East. As he is an inveterate foe of both England and France, he has promised to play the Italian game as far as lies in his power and he is as yet one of the unreckoned forces. As he very aptly summarised the face of the Free State sending a big delegation to Geneva, at a cost of many hundreds of pounds; efforts should be made to apply his label to Desmond Fitzgerald. Could not our Republican writers always refer in their journals to "Hot Air" Fitzgerald. The name should stick, because it was this Bishop Noli, Premier of Albania, that first christened the child Desmond who innocently went to Geneva to preach to the Powers on "Disarmament." Let the "Irish Worker" at least respect this learned bishop and use the name he bestowed on the Fitzgerald in the Geneva baptism.

THE SAME IMPERIALISTIC METHODS IN INDIA AS IN IRELAND.

The methods that were applied to Ireland in 1918 by the British Government are now being tried out in India. Latest news reports convey the news that wholesale arrests are being made and that special powers are being availed of. Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India, is determined to crush the Terrorists, who are carrying on a policy of murder and the planning of further murders. In reading these newspaper accounts one is strongly reminded of the attitude adopted by the "Independent" and other sheets towards the actions of Lord French and Greenwood in the years '18 and '19, when the I.R.A. were commencing their campaign. These papers did not approve of the Government's action, but neither could they approve of the doings of the "Terrorists," and they quite realised that strong action was necessary in order that law and order might be enforced. The papers in India are taking up the same line of drivel, and we suppose that should the Indian I.R.A. be as successful as their forerunners in Ireland, the Indian "Independents" will probably turn about and applaud these Terrorists as the "Irish Independent" did in this country.

We in Ireland should have much sympathy with our fellow-slaves in India. We are both experiencing the benefits bestowed on subject races by the benign rule of Mother England. Irishmen have long prided themselves on their seven hundred years' fight against English troops, but India has also a fine record of resistance to the British Empire, every generation performing its duty and building up the record.

India is in a more fortunate position than Ireland. One of her neighbours is Soviet Russia, who is prepared to help any country or people trying to break out of the British Empire. And it is Russia who is being blamed for the present outbreak. Unhappily for Ireland during the Black and Tan period, such help was not possible on the part of Russia, who was fully occupied in defending herself. We also believe that even had she offered help certain groups would have refused it rather than have any truck with Bolsheviks and Reds, and these groups, which are still in existence, are still of the same opinion.

A BIG SUBJECT.

Very Rev. Dr. Coffey, returning thanks, said that the point to which Dr. Coffey had called attention was a very serious one. It was generally known as the problem of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence. That was a very big subject and one that needed study. He hoped it would be studied in this country, and from the right point of view. Anyone who studied the subject impartially would, he thought, come to the conclusion that it was not nature's resources that were failing in the production of human food, clothing, and housing, but that there was something wrong with the arrangement of society for the production, distribution, and exchange of wealth. In other words, that the poverty, unemployment, and misery that existed all over the world was due to some mistakes, something wrong in the human arrangement and adjustments. He hoped the subject would get the right study in this country (applause).—(Catholic Truth Conference).

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Members are requested to note that the following is a list of the firms who employ members of the Saddlers' Section of the above Union:—

- ✓Patterson, Georges Quay.
- Box & Co., Dame Street.
- T. J. Callaghan, Dame Street.
- Farrelly & Sons, Hawkins Street.
- Harris & Sons, City Quay.
- Hughes, Parnell Street.
- Hussey, Thomas Street.
- Morgan, Kevin Street.
- Murray, Dame Street.
- Morton, Sandwith Street.
- O'Donoghue & Co., Wood Quay.
- T. Smith & Sons, Marlboro' Street.
- J. Wilson & Co., Capel Street.
- Clares, Corporation Street.
- Dublin Corporation.
- Dublin Tramways Co.
- Messrs. A. Guinness, Son & Co. Brewery.
- Heiton, Coal Merchants.
- Wallis & Sons, Carriers.
- Boland's, Grand Canal Street.
- Richardson's, Carriers.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

CORPORATION SECTION.

The following resolution was passed by the Corporation Section Committee at its last meeting:—

"We, the members of the Corporation Section Committee, tender to the widow and relatives of the late Patrick Cassidy (Waterworks Dept.) our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement, and adjourn this meeting as a mark of respect to the memory of our deceased comrade."

Proposed by P. Carroll, seconded by L. Kearns.

Copy of this resolution to be sent to widow of our deceased comrade and published in the "Irish Worker."

PATK. CARROLL,

Section Secretary.

T. SWEETMAN,

Section Chairman.

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness have perished from the earth.—(R. G. Ingersoll).

PIM'S PERFORMERS.

The strike at Pim Bros. is now entering on its tenth week, and still this noble firm keeps its motor workers on the streets. Scabbery reigns supreme at Pims. Leo and Joe Cobbe, 64 Manor Street (sons of T. Cobbe, night overseer in the Dublin Corporation), Denis McDonald, 57 Harty Place, off Lr. Clanbrassil St. (Hon. Gen. Sec., Plottolders Union), — Foley (Packer), Rathfarnham, are among the honourable ones rendering Messrs. Pim signal service in their efforts to defeat the members of the W.U.I.

Michael Reilly (Hackney Owner), Thorn-castle Street, Ringsend, has not yet ceased his nefarious work, carting for this firm. This creature is destined to reach the scrap-heap when the "Blood-money" has vanished. Ringsend members, remember this Scab.

Pim's shop stewards, G. Carroll and B. Hilton (commission mediums), are also helping vigorously the strike breakers at 42 York Street.

"Look Out"! The rope is shortening for scabs. All Pim's motors manned by Scabs!

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

SHOP STEWARDS' SECTION.

A general meeting of all Shop Stewards for all Branches will be held on the 4th November.

Business important and urgent.

A vote of condolence has been passed by this Section with the relatives of our late comrade, Patrick Cassidy, who was killed on the 23rd inst. at Roundwood in the discharge of his duties.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

FREEDOM FUND.

Those members who have fully subscribed One Pound to this Fund, either by full payment or by weekly instalments may obtain their Certificates at Unity Hall any week-day between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., or on Sundays from 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.

A Special Executive Meeting will be held in "Unity Hall" on Monday, 3rd November, 1924, at 8 o'clock p.m.

It is of the utmost importance that all Executive Members should be in attendance.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

ACCIDENTS

All members of this Union who meet with accidents in the course of their employment must report same within twenty-four hours, either by themselves, through relatives or through representatives, to this Union.

Any member who accepts compensation under Workmen's Compensation Act, Employers' Liability Act or Common-Law without first acquainting this Union, will be dealt with.

Any and every member of the Union witnessing an accident to any fellow-member or in any place he may be employed, must immediately report same to some officer of the Union or at the office of the Union, the full details and names of the witnesses. This is important.

Freedom has to be won afresh every morning.—(Edward Carpenter).

THINK THESE OVER.

So long as they can they will keep the worker up in the clouds, away from old Mother Earth, away from the material facts, away from real relations of the two classes of society.—(Ernest Jones).

Ah, come, cast off all fooling, for this we know; That the dawn and the day are coming, and forth the banners go!! —(William Morris).

The guilty thieves of Europe, the real sources of all deadly war in it are the capitalists—that is to say, those who live by percentages on the labour of others. —(John Ruskin).

Slavery of the many for the comfort and enjoyment of the few. That is all man has attained to, so far, in the evolution of society.—(Henry George).

Seamstress in the hovel, women in the mill, Low indeed ye grovel, tame ye are and still.

Up in mighty Unions, striving for the right, Sing ye songs of valour, nerve us for the fight. —(John Glasse).

Come then, cast off all fooling, and put by ease and rest, For the cause alone is worthy, till the good days bring the best. —(William Morris).

The working class have no country. What they have not got you cannot take from them.—(Karl Marx).

Though the cause of Evil prosper, Yet 'tis truth alone is strong; Though her portion be the scaffold, And on the throne be wrong. —(J. R. Lowell).

IOLSCOIL NA h-EIREANN.

(The University of the Gael).

Session—1924-25.

Courses in the following subjects begin this month—October:— Logic, Ethics, General Metaphysics, Psychology, Natural Theology, History, Irish Art, Irish Music.

All Courses are free of charge.

Intending students should communicate with Brian O'Faodghain, 23 Suffolk Street (1st Floor).

Workers' Union of Ireland

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

DUBLIN.

BUY A BOND

IN THE

FREEDOM FUND

ONE POUND DOWN

or by weekly instalments at any Branch, or direct from Head Office.

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 68. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1924

TWOPENCE

OPEN LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TRANSPORT UNION

Brothers of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union,

We again submit to you a request to consider your attitude. You are an ever-diminishing number—dupes of a corrupt, ambitious, money-seeking, porter-swelling group. These few individuals, without character or scruples, are using you as scabs, openly in some cases, i.e., Inchicore, Marino, the Fish Markets, Pim Brothers, etc.

The Foran-O'Brien-Kennedy clique, with their hired gunmen—who dare not carry a gun though getting six pounds a week for their reputation as bad men and killers—can do nothing but breed dissension and send you to take the places of men, your former comrades, on whom Foran-O'Brien-Kennedy wish you to scab.

They are spending thousands of pounds of your hard-earned money to defend themselves from being sent to gaol for robbing you. They have your properties lying idle, such as Liberty Hall, and Emmett Hall, which I bought for your use and enjoyment. They have admitted they took your money and never accounted for it; I say to the amount of £54,000. You have seen one of these corrupt, unscrupulous, porter-swilling rats, Cathal O'Shannon, sued for £28 for liquid refreshments. He owes hundreds of pounds credit got in your name. He was given by O'Brien hundreds of pounds of your money without your authority or knowledge—£300 in one day.

Don't you see why these political grafters, stool pigeons, alleged gunmen, and corrupt, porter-swilling bow-seys hang on to Foran and O'Brien, in the words of that vile job-holder, Burke, "while there is a quid in the safe, I am going to get my share." Fire the bunch; take charge; open up your Halls, join with your old comrades, get together, boys, or if you fail to heed, fail to recognise facts, you will wake up to realise you are not only dupes—but ask Billy Fairclough, one of our oldest comrades. Well, what is the good of calling over the last of old times—members who were led astray, but who have had to return to the camp. No soreness, no recrimination. Come along up to Unity Hall, same old pals, same old spirit. Get busy altogether. Each for all and all for each as in the old

days. Solidarity, Humanism, Honesty, Truth—and No Scabbing.

Your old-time comrade,

JIM LARKIN.

CHALLENGE TO GORDON CAMPBELL —POLITICAL JOB HOLDER,

In our last issue we printed a brief story of the killing of one Patrick Cassidy. We print below the brutal reply of one of the job-holding Dark Brothers who runs the Employers' Bureau, known as the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, Mr. Gordon Campbell. He does not think there is any necessity for an inquiry. We wonder who told him to speak his little piece. Well, like father, like son—a job, a job! When the poor lackey McGrath was Minister of Labour, moryah! this Mr. Gordon Campbell ran the Employers' Bureau. Now McGilligan's Mary Anne is called the Minister, though he has not the intelligence to be a curate! And Gordon Campbell runs Mr. Gilligan's (Mary Anne).

And Campbell thinks an enquiry into the killing of Patrick Cassidy, who proves our contention that the killing of a common workman is of no moment. Therefore the Christian gentleman has got to abuse his office, earn his salary, screen the incapable and the callous, screen the Deputy Coroner, screen the action of the group of publicans who deliberately violated their oath. And we challenge Mr. Gordon Campbell and those who employ him in, deliberately and with intent, refusing to exercise the powers and duties of the office he holds by political favour, to deter the widow from just and legal rights, to deter the union of which Patrick Cassidy was a member from preventing such killings in future; from exposing the gross incapacity, negligence and callousness of those entrusted with carrying out the operation which resulted in the death of Patrick Cassidy and the injury unto death of our fellow-worker, McGowan. That Gordon Campbell, McGilligan, Minister, are abusing their authority in denying this Union an enquiry, and this denial is based on three several grounds. First, Orders or suggestions from their political bosses; second, because of political bias; third, because they desire to screen their friends, or their friends' friends. We wrote Gordon Campbell, the Minister, McGilligan, to answer this challenge, anywhere, any time. But answer it they will. The Dark Brethren will not control here for ever.

THE HOVERING SHADOW IN THOMAS STREET.

The workers employed by the Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society of Thomas Street, Dublin, were once members of the Transport Union, but like many others they fell away. When the Workers' Union entered the field three of the non-union men joined up, but the remainder continued outside a Union. Then one day a meeting was called, to which the men were invited, and at which the Secretary spoke. He informed them that one of their largest shareholders, a William O'Brien (no connection, he says), had a strong objection to non-unionists, and that unless all employees immediately joined up with the Transport Union, a new staff would have to be acquired. Every employee, except the three members of the Workers' Union, took out cards in the Transport Union. Time went on and another meeting was called, which was again addressed by the Secretary.

He reviewed the situation in detail and finally said that he was most unwillingly forced to reduce their wages by five shillings per week, and he knew that the majority of the men would raise no objection to the reduction as they were all aware that he had done his best for them in times past. Of course he realised that the price of commodities had gone up, but nevertheless he had no option but to enforce the reduction. Although all the men would accept the cut he was afraid that certain employees would not be amenable. Walshe, the Transport shop steward, then arose and moved that the reduction be accepted. It was, the shadow of one of the largest shareholders still hovering over the meeting. But the end of the tale is not yet; it may be next week, when we will report further.

"TRINITY."

BLIND JUSTICE—CAN SEE WITH ONE EYE.

A gent driving a motor car without a licence, no identification plate, no lights, on the wrong side of the road and refusing to stop when called upon in the busy thoroughfare of Talbot Street is Fined £2 5s.

A woman neglects to register a nurse-child—Six months imprisonment.

Our comment—JUSTICE.

SOVIET RUSSIA WORKING HARD TO
AID PEASANT.

By STANLEY HIGH.

(The writer of this story was sent to Russia by "The Christian Science Monitor" for the purpose of describing the conditions in that country as they appeared to him. We reprint his story because Ireland, like Russia, is mostly populated by what are called the peasants, and it is for their benefit we are presenting the story. One thing we would remind our readers. This article is not written by one who has the least sympathy with Soviet Russia. He is merely an observer and only relates his impressions, which, of course, are based on a background of belief in private property, a thing which is obsolete in Russia. The emphasis in the article are ours.—Ed. "I.W.")

* * *

In the economic difficulties of life in Russia: the high cost of living, inadequate housing, low wages and unemployment, one finds many of the elements that make for unrest and counter-revolution. And yet, despite the rumours that circulate beyond the borders, there is very little unrest of a serious nature. The unrest that is found in Russia, moreover, seeks, for the most part, to better conditions by reforms within the Government rather than by the overthrow of that Government.

There is a good deal of refugee-hope built up on the possibility of a peasants' revolt. The Soviets insist that they have restored agriculture, with the exception of live stock, to 80 per cent. of its pre-war strength. But from many points of view the peasants are in worse condition than before the war. They have their land, but they have no certain source of income. Their surplus has, frequently, been confiscated to feed the workers, and yet when they have gone to buy they have found that the products from the workers' factories have not always reflected this supply of cheap grain. But, in spite of these difficulties, it would require the hope born of despair to believe that a peasants' revolt is imminent in Russia.

PEASANTS NOT ARTICULATE.

There are several reasons why such a revolt is not likely. In general, of course, revolutions have almost been lost or won in the cities—as they have almost always begun there. Then, again, the peasants, by virtue of their isolation, are not articulate and are more or less indifferent to politics. And, finally, the peasants of Russia, those who concern themselves with politics find that the Government is as concerned as they to better conditions. There is a considerable degree of local village autonomy. The papers are filled with peasants' complaints, with letters from all sections of the country reciting the difficulties of the farmers. The party congresses devote more time, probably, to peasant problems than to any other question. A department of the Government is devoted to the single task of helping to meet these difficulties. In Moscow a great—and thoroughly practical—peasants' house makes it easier for farmers to come to the centre of authority and present their cases where they will be heard. The peasants believe in the sincerity of these efforts on their behalf. They have seen evidences, already, of improving conditions as a result of governmental interest. They conclude that conditions will continue to improve and they work with the Government because of that conviction.

The Government, however, takes no chances on the possibility of peasant sedition—or secession of any kind. Every village has its Communist Committee. These Communists serve, in that community, as the representatives of the Central Authority of Moscow. They serve, also, as the propaganda agents of the party. As they keep

an ever-watchful eye for counter-revolutionists, so they carry on an incessant campaign to swing the peasants to an acceptance of the Communist point of view. These village Communists are the bulwark of the national government. How important a part they play in the Soviet organization is indicated by the fact that following the reports of crop failure in certain districts during this past summer, several thousand Communists were sent from the cities into the affected territories to strengthen the morale of the people and to prevent the spread of unrest.

BASIS FOR DEMOCRACY.

The Local Soviet organization in the village as in the factory is the theoretical basis for democracy. Actually, at present, there is very little democracy in the system, save for the members of the Communist Party themselves. And Communist democracy remains democratic, in any particular group, only so long as it functions in accord with the dictates of the authorities higher up. Thus, every factory and every village group has its elections. Any citizen may vote. But the local committee of control—the Yacheka or Cell—proposes a slate of acceptable candidates. From that list of candidates the election is made. There is no fighting the system. I heard of one peasant meeting where the Communist slate was thrown out and a peasant proposed slate elected. But I did not hear whether or no the election stood the test of later official investigation. In the election of house committees in Moscow—the house committees perform the offices of owner for the Moscow Soviet—one would risk the privilege of floor space to oppose the slate offered by the Communists. Summary measures would be employed elsewhere, doubtless, if any serious opposition arose.

The vast majority of the people of Russia are held in line, in submission might be a more accurate expression, by the dictatorship of the proletariat enforced through the activities of the 600,000 members of the Communist Party. The Communists, themselves, are held in line by the most intense party loyalty and by a party discipline that is more rigid than that existing in most army organizations.

PARTY STANDARDS HIGH.

The party standards are of the highest. Deflections, of even a minor character, are punished with the utmost severity. It is safe to say that a Communist offender is dealt with much more severely than an ordinary law breaker. Drunkenness, or dissipations of any sort, are not tolerated. The party leaders, despite the border rumours, live in the greatest simplicity. Their salaries are a mere living wage. There is some graft, but scant mercy is shown if the grafter is caught. Thus, when the manager of one of Russia's banks, a man high in the councils of the party, was accused recently of extravagant living and of misuse of Government funds he was sentenced to six years in prison—although the only charge that was proved against him was that of breaking down the unwritten Communist code by his rich living.

There is a frequent "cleansing" from the party of those who are considered unfit for its responsibilities. A short time ago some 70,000 Communists were expelled from the party on the ground that they were failing to meet, properly, the responsibilities of party membership. Just how many of these expelled members were put out of the organisation because they were disillusioned with the possibilities of the Soviet régime, it is impossible to say. The size of the party itself, however, has been considerably increased since the passing of Lenin as a result of an intensive drive for members.

REDS DEVOTED TO IDEAL.

That there have been and are divisions within the party it is impossible to deny.

The Trotsky controversy last winter, when the Soviet army chief took issue on the question of economic administration with the group that now controls the party organization, was the first openly discussed break in the ranks. And it could hardly be called a break since Trotsky willingly submitted to his defeat for the sake of party unity. How far the controversy extended, however, is indicated by the fact that, in the recent cleansing of the universities, students were expelled on no other grounds than that they had stood for the Trotsky viewpoint in the discussion.

The rank and file of the Communists stand ready at any time to make any sacrifice for the party. It is in this singleness of purpose and devotion to the Communist ideal—an ideal which is associated with world emancipation from all oppression—that the source of strength of the present Russian Government is found.

THE TIVOLI'S NIGHT OUT.

The Tivoli Theatre, Dublin, is now closed down completely as a result of the strike called by the Workers' Union. The Manager—Jones—contrived to keep his theatre open until the end of last week, aided by some scab artistes and members of the wage-reducing union. But even that small support failed him this week and darkness reigns in each night where laughter was supreme before. But this "show" will hardly have a long "run."

One point we would like to refer to. Manager Jones refused to receive the delegates of the Workers' Union on the grounds that no Union were allowed into the Theatre, but Manager Jones forgot that "Delegate" Matthew Usher, of the Transport "Junta," is a frequent visitor at the playhouse, and has the equal of a "free pass." But then there is much dissimilarity between the W.U.I. and the I.T.W.U.—the difference between scab-destroying and scab-stippling, and Manager Jones is quite aware of this difference, but unhappily for his "show," the Workers' Union is living up to its name of "scab-destroyer," but the I.T.W.U. has failed on the job and so the scabs are lacking.

BOXING.

With the idea of providing entertainment during the winter evenings, and in order that those interested in the sport may be provided with an opportunity of participating in it, some members of the Union have arranged to form a Boxing Club within the Union. In conjunction with the club a weekly Boxing Tournament will be run, at which both amateur and professional matches will be staged. At these tournaments the best talent procurable will appear and prizes will be offered, each week. In time it is hoped to enlarge the club so as to embrace all branches of sport, both indoor and outdoor, but this will only be possible with the steady support of the members interested. This is merely a preliminary notice. A more detailed announcement will appear in these columns towards the end of the month.

STRIKES.

No change has occurred in the strike at the Fish Market, Pims, or Johnston's Shirt Factory. Johnston's and Pim's are seemingly determined to allow the disputes to continue, but perhaps a change of mind may arrive.

A fresh development may take place any hour in the Fish Strike, and till then we must a discreet pen.

THURSDAY'S LESSON—DISCIPLINE.

Last Thursday over 20,000 Dublin workers, men and women, sacrificed a half-day's wages and jeopardised their jobs in order that honour and respect might be paid to those who gave their all for this nation.

When it became known that the re-arrangement of the bodies would take place on Thursday and that the occasion would be marked by a public funeral, the Workers' Union immediately decided to institute a General Cessation of work on that day from one o'clock in order that the members might be given an opportunity of paying their proper respects to the Dead. This decision was indefinitely arrived at on the Sunday previous, although the official invitation did not arrive until Tuesday night. The arrival of the invitation was merely a formality. This invitation was, we understand, sent out to every union in Dublin, and of these only two responded—the Union catering for the Grocers and Vintners assistants and the Workers' Union. The Municipal Workers' Union decided that if their members wished to knock off they were at liberty to do so, but the Union would take no official part in the stoppage. The remainder of the Unions sang dumb.

Thursday, it will be remembered, was marked by a continuous downpour of rain, and even the most optimistic were doubtful as to the success of the stoppage and the turn out for the funeral. But when the time arrived it was found that the stoppage was complete, so far as it lay in the power of the Workers' Union to make it so; the Grocer's Union likewise playing its part. In other jobs, although there was no stoppage neither was there any work, except in isolated cases.

At 1.30 p.m., the time set for the "fall-in," the rain was coming down in torrents and only some five hundred men were assembled in Beresford Place. Although the Union was disappointed, still it was recognised that it was impossible for men, the majority of whom were without overcoats, to turn out in such rain, and it was also found that many men who would have endured the rain could not arrive in time for the "fall-in," owing to the distance they had to travel from their work.

The body of men finally moved off, and as it moved through the streets, men stepped out and joined the ranks. These additions became more frequent as the column marched through the lines of spectators viewing the funeral, and when an opportunity of estimating the numbers arrived, as on Essex Quay, it was found that the five hundred had grown to four thousand, a number which exceeded the most hopeful estimate, even for a fine day, because it is well known that the majority of people have little liking for marching in processions and prefer to act the part of spectators.

The march passed off without incident, the members of the Workers' Union proving themselves worthy additions to the marching ranks. That evening the funeral was described in the evening papers at some length. But these papers, recognising what the stoppage of work implied, completely ignored it, and the morning papers followed their example, lest the people throughout the country might learn of the action of the Union and the discipline maintained within its ranks.

Many people, even sympathisers, are under the impression that the stoppage was inspired by political motives. May we correct them. Among those bodies interred that day were the bodies of

working men, members of the old Transport Union, comrades of the members of the Workers' Union; and was not respect and honour due to them, even though this nation had never demanded a sacrifice from them, and that they had willingly made it? There is one other point. Will not the discipline displayed that day be a lesson to the employers of this country. If such a response can be attained on an appeal to the working men to respect their dead comrades, what would be the response to an appeal to protect the lives of their women and children when their existence is threatened by the greed of the master class of this country, as expressed through reducing of wages, adulteration of food, and the formation of rings and trusts to control the necessities of life. In short, what was the moral worth of Thursday's response? And to find a suitable answer inquire at any Chamber of Commerce, Federation of Employers, or better still at Merrion Street. They know the answer—and fear it.

BIG BUSINESS AND DIVERS MATTERS.

"Cool Cal" has been elected President of the United States by an overwhelming majority. "Cool Cal" in America, and "Silent Stan," the man with the Pipe, in England. Coolidge, renowned because he broke the Boston Police Strike by instituting a reign of ruthless force against the strikers, and Baldwin, a director of some of the biggest Trusts in England. Conservatives both—Big Business.

John Davis, lawyer, and La Follette, lawyer, the other candidates for the Presidency, have also records. Davis, when American ambassador in London, acquired such a love for George Guelf and the British Lion that it was found necessary to recall him—for other reasons. La Follette is a blow-hard, a progressive, a radical, who doesn't believe in the abolition of private property and only wishes to secure a fair day's pay for a fair day's work for the workers. He is typified in Ireland by Tom Johnson—"the National Note of Interrogation"—in the Dail.

There were other candidates in the field, but of course no mention can be found of them in the press. They were Communists—Reds, not respectable. Eugene Debs, who has been a candidate every previous year and who stood as a Socialist, received 4,000,000 votes at his last election. These votes will now be divided between La Follette and William Foster, the Communist candidate this year, whose name was not mentioned in the press. But even though Foster never received a vote, it is worthy of note that he was even allowed to stand in that Republic of the Free where Union men are given jail sentences of twenty years and Communists were regarded as something best not spoken of.

Between Baldwin in England, Coolidge in U.S.A., Mussolini in Italy, Marx in Germany, Herriot in France, and Little Willie here in Our Own Home Town the Poor Old World is in a bad state, and in a few days we are going to celebrate the war that was fought to end wars, to secure world democracy and the rights of small nationalities, by wearing Flanders poppies made in sweating dens at a penny per dozen.

God Save Our King. He did his bit in Flanders—in a motor car; and Teddy Wales fell off a horse in Flanders fields, where 10,000,000 lie. Whilst George and his Teddy lay wreaths on Cenotaphs, open Exhibitions and spend some £2,000,000 per year of the peoples' money, and the new army of 1,800,000 unemployed draw the "dole" and buy Flanders Poppies and wear their boots out marching to commemoration services.

"You can fool 'all the people—how long, Oh Lord?"

NATIONAL AGREEMENTS.

We see that Scab Suppliers, Ltd., have said that a national wage reduction has been agreed to by the chemical workers and their bosses, Goulding & Co. The reduction is said to be six shillings per week. This reduction was forced upon the Wicklow Manure workers some six months past, whilst only three shillings were taken off the Dublin workers, and some weeks ago the second cut of three shillings was enforced in Dublin. The Dublin manure workers, ignorant of the fact that the reduction had been accepted by their Wicklow brethren, who took the advice of Ole Bill, objected to the cut. But when they approached their Union they were told that there could be no discussion about the reduction, because it had already been accepted in Wicklow. So this is the National Agreement, a fact which we referred to previously in our columns. This game of playing different groups of workers against each other in the manner in which all the reductions were forced upon the workers.

When the first talk of reductions was heard after the war, the "union" leaders immediately went on record in favour of "cuts" in order that prices might be reduced, acting on that policy they allowed the workers to be attacked in sections, beaten, and finally the whole labour movement was driven below pre-war standard. And the bosses are satisfied and so are the friends—the "Labour Leaders." But food prices are still 70% above pre-war level, whilst wages are at the pre-war level or below it; and profits and dividends are higher than ever they were in pre-war times, which is a very satisfactory state of affairs to the "Bosses" and maybe to the "Leaders" of labour also.

WORKERS' SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

The usual Sunday Night Concert took place in Unity Hall, which was again filled to overflowing, so much so, in fact, that the Amusement Committee find it necessary to exclude in the future all children from the Hall on Sundays and to arrange that the children will have a concert all their own on Thursday nights. This we believe to be a very good idea, as to carry on with the Hall so uncomfortably crowded mars the pleasure of the night and makes it necessary to turn away people who have travelled a considerable distance to attend. This plan however, of having Thursday for the children and Sunday for the grown-ups will help some to relieve the crush and make things more pleasant all round.

It would be impossible to pick out any particular item on the programme for special comment, but we would like to point out the extraordinary talent displayed by some of the juvenile artistes, some of whom, with a little training, could take their place with the best in the country for singing and dancing. Another item which was very much enjoyed by the audience was the rendering of a couple of songs by C. Hadpin, in a wonderfully clear tenor voice, a natural tenor which is very rare nowadays. So also was Joe Tracey's contribution to the programme very much enjoyed and we hope to hear more of Joe in the future. And our friend the comedian is worthy of a few words of appreciation for his efforts, and during his time on the stage he kept the audience in roars of laughter. And as for the two pianists, their tickling of the dominos was a real treat in itself, and one of them, at the earnest request of a portion of the audience, sang in a wonderfully fine baritone voice that ever popular ballad "The Heart Bowed Down."

Next Sunday we intend having another such concert and we would like to give those who would like to get a comfortable seat a little tip—"Come early and avoid the rush."

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

THE ELECTIONS IN SOUTH CITY AND ELSEWHERE.

Within a week or so the electorate in South Dublin City will again have an opportunity of proving themselves. Since the last election in which the business interests, allied with the foreign elements in the city, threw in their lot with the then supporters of Free State policy, sufficient has happened to open the eyes of those, mainly workers, who returned the Free State candidates last time.

The time has passed when the Cosgrave-O'Higgins Party can promise, with expectation of fulfilment, amelioration to any section or class in the community, not excluding the hangers-on who constitute the backbone of Cosgraveism. Evidence of this is forthcoming in the resignations of the McGrath-Milroy Group from the Dail, on the instructions, it would appear, of the heads of the Secret so-called I.R.A. That it has been decided to cut adrift from the secret military organisation which, till recently, was the most powerful subterranean influence in Irish politics, proves that Cosgraveism cannot placate the leaders of that faction. The Tobin ultimatum early in the year shook Cosgraveism so badly that there was no alternative but to cut out the cancer, and now it has been done. The strength and weakness of the McGrath-Tobin faction was their demand that the Government should be subject to their direction.

If the supporters of Free Stateism were a homogeneous body, Cumann na nGaedheal might have been able to carry on for a considerable period, but the fact that the Banks, the Stock Broking fraternity, the Ascendancy Party and the business elements generally in the country were in control of the country's destinies made impossible anything savouring of compromise with the self-appointed, secret Mussolini group. Hence their exit.

The intrigues of anti-national and anti-social forces are matters of importance to the workers, and for this reason they should open their eyes to the situation presented by the coming elections. South Dublin City provides an opportunity to test the consciousness of the working class.

As between the policies before the electors the choice is limited to Free Stateism and the policy opposed to it. Whatever the convictions of the workers may be on some matters, there cannot but be unanimity of opinion as to Free Stateism. It stands, and has stood, since its inception, for hostility to the workers. When the gage of battle was thrown down, at the instigation of Lloyd George and Churchill, Collins and Griffith had an opportunity to unite the country, but they, Griffith in particular, took on themselves in preference the making of a holocaust to prove how well they could observe a contract made, as they themselves admitted, under duress. The "war to end war", as the hypocrites of Britain called the late world war, had its counterpart in Ireland, and Griffith, Collins, Cosgrave and

the rest of the bloody-minded political hucksters, made war that they and their ilk might live in peace, whatever the consequences to the common people, and the catch-cry they raised of "the will of the people" succeeded in luring the people to their undoing.

That the workers may have no misunderstanding as to the crime committed against them, let us bring our minds back to the period immediately following the attack on the Four Courts. At that time the Free State Army was an inconsiderable and ineffective unit. Though shelled out of the Four Courts, the Republican Headquarters, the opposition to Free State troops, all over the country, instead of lessening increased until it was apparent that nothing short of a large and well-equipped force would ever succeed in subduing the I.R.A. This was the moment chosen by Collins and Griffith—the latter of whom must rank, for all time, as one of the most bitter anti-labour reactionaries Ireland has ever produced—for the launching of the "hunger-conscription" policy. Aably seconded by the vicious capitalist "Irish" press, the Collins-Griffith Government issued manifesto after manifesto calling on the young men of Ireland to rally to the support of "The Cause."—Notices were circulated to Irish employers calling on them to "release" their workers for service with the "National" Army, which still chose to call itself, for the purpose of fooling the "mugs," the I.R.A. Boat loads of rifles, ammunition, field guns and military equipment were unloaded at Irish ports, and Irish dockers, fooled and misled by the traitor "Irish Labour Party," unloaded the paraphernalia of war intended for the destruction of their fellow-countrymen.

Let the Dockers of Dublin remember the treachery perpetrated on them by the Johnson-O'Brien-Foran Gang, in league with the man Griffith and all his fellow-conspirators. Let them remember it on election day by recording their vote in favour of the Party that stands opposed to the Cosgrave thing. But let us go back for a moment.

When the conspiracy to entrap the manhood of the country into war on their fellow Irishmen was launched, hunger and unemployment stalked the land. Yet, there was conscience enough among the masses of unemployed to render the appeal for recruits less successful than the needs of the moment necessitated. Forthwith the campaign of hunger-conscription commenced and the bosses of Ascendancy and the so-called Nationalists who hoped to make a good thing out of the war, sacked their workers wholesale. Like wage slaves in any other country, many of the victims of starvation in Ireland crawled to the Recruiting Offices. **Let them remember their degradation now, and on election day record their vote against the traitors who forced them to swallow their manhood and put on the green-dyed khaki of England. Let them remember they fought for the Churchills, the Lloyd Georges and the Birkenheads; that they made it possible for Galloper Smith to say: "The Treaty has given us an army of Irishmen in whose hands the destinies of Ireland are safe. England is saved the cost and destruction incident to a campaign in Ireland."**

There is always time for an honest man to admit his mistake and to make amends for the wrong he has done. Amongst the workers of Dublin are many who thought they, at least, were not doing any great wrong to their fellow workers in taking up arms for the Collins-Griffith reactionaries. Yet, by that act, they entrenched for a time as foul a group of political tricksters as has ever disgraced a country, and have added to the imperishable roll of Irish patriots, slaughtered lest the Republican idea might survive, the names of Childers, Mellows, O'Connor, McKelvey, Barrett, Lemass and the rest of those who, in these tragic years, have "died for their country."

(This article will be continued in next issue.)

WE ARE MAKING GOOD.

The report in the "Irish Independent" of the banquet at Costume Barracks, Athlone, at which "our" President and army spreadeagled themselves, so to speak, was apparently intended to be the first stroke in the election campaign. The atmosphere of the banquet hall does not seem to lend itself to the clear expression of ideas, and to that extent the various speeches are not helpful to Free State electioneers. A few extracts from the "feast of wisdom and the flow of soul" reveal the after-dinner mood of our "statesmen," and their impressions in the roseate aftermath of a good "tuck in."

Part of "President" Cosgrave's contribution was to the effect that "if we have not made good up to this, we are making good." After that the anthem was, we opine—"We're here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here."

Lapsing into light vein the "President" went on: "the State protected, ministered and did everything it was meet should be done for the good of the people." To all soreheads, Die-hards and disgruntled folk this will be received as final and convincing intimation that the blessings of reduced old age pensions, the 50 bob wage, the cut in teachers' salaries, etc., etc., have descended, definitely and finally, on the heads of a devoted people.

On occasion the harp of fact was struck mightily, and once it gave off the following melody: "I do not want to talk politics

I always feel, in the presence of General Officers of the Army, that they are taking a strategic position to see where I may possibly step out of the political line and give them an opportunity of saying later: 'Well, we did no worse than you did.'"

(Sounds so cheery) Proves to demonstration that the relations between Army and Government have all along been of a mutually appreciative nature. Of which, if we have further need of evidence, the recent resignations from the Dail and General Tobin's expression of opinion that "Cosgrave is not to be relied on" are the ultimate proof.

General O'Duffy, replying to the toast, said: ". . . On a previous similar occasion, when they had nobody present but officers, they were not afraid to sing their national songs—to sing 'The Felons of Our Land.'" Brave fellows.

Howsomever, when everything is considered, "President" Cosgrave said one pregnant thing. "We are making good." The "Independent" laid no stress on any of the contained words, but we do not mind wagering a small sum that what "our" President said was "We are making good," which, when you come to think about it, is not so far removed from the truth.

A CORRECTION.

In the article entitled "John Quinn," by Norman Smyth, which appeared in the "Irish Worker" for 27th September, the line which read "He looked too much to the Romanists for his inspiration" should have read, "He looked too much to the romanticists for his inspiration." The error has an important bearing on the article and accordingly we tender suitable apologies.

PORT COMMITTEE.

Proposed by J. Hanratty.

Seconded by M. Whitty.

"That we tender to C. Farrell, a member of No. 1 Branch Band, a vote of condolence on his sad bereavement."

Passed in silence, all members standing. The meeting was adjourned as a mark of respect.

To be published in the "Irish Worker."

BUY A POPPY.

Oh, Paddy dear and did you hear the news
that's going round,
The Celtic Cross will sure be raised on
Triprity's sacred ground.
No more the shamrock we must wear, its
colour can't be seen.
For we've got to wear the Poppy now
around by College Green.

If you search the pages of history there you
will find that Irishmen never were behind.
With their bayonets by their side they
oft times turned the tide

In every land even the land of their birth,
where the Union Jack flies they have kept
the parasite and his tools in power to the
destruction of those they helped to defeat,
as well as themselves. On the 11th of
November there will be commemorated the
alleged peace of the great Blood Gut
in Europe, throughout the Empire, and
we, as loyal Britishers, must pay our quota
of respect to Johnnie Bull for his licking of
the terrible Hun, this vile Hun who taught
the Black and Tans how to deal with the
Irish people, who in turn taught the Green
and Tans how to deal with their blood
brothers, who, again, gave a few points to
the fearless sons of Granauil, the Ulster
Specials, in burning houses, bombing children,
flogging their victims and hanging a few
now and again, just-for the sake of keeping
the rope works busy for fear the workers
therein would be unemployed and be forced
to accept the benefits of the Empire by
queuing up for the dole. While waiting for
their hand-out the chattering of their teeth
playing that delightful tune "Britons never
Never Shall be Slaves," and the wind of
their stomachs moaning "God Save The
King." We surely are a thankful people,
for if it was not for the brave Irish soldiers
who went out to stop bullets for a few paltry
coppers per day, we would now be suffering
from the tyranny of the terrible Hun to such
an extent that there would be children
without boots, women—mothers of families—
without well-filled purses, unemployed men,
no song and music heard on all sides, but
the music that only a few short days ago
accompanied the steady tramp of the marching
thousands behind the bodies of those who
were shot in the grey of the morning because
they would not fight in foreign fields for a
few paltry coppers per day; because they
would not desert their women folk and
children to save and preserve this land
of Kathleen-ni-Houlihan for the glories of
Empire. Surely they got their just desserts—
a few pellets of lead, a blanket made in a
sweated den, for a few months their bodies
kept within the precincts of these stately
homes of Empire—"the gaol"—and then
a public funeral and six feet of Irish earth;
while if they had denied the mothers who
bore them, forgotten the teachings of their
rebel fathers, joined up at the call of Empire
and stopped a bullet on the fields of Flanders
while fighting the terrible Huns, their relatives
would know they were not forgotten, because
on the 11th November Poppies will be sold
in the City of Dublin for profit for the
sweating-den owners of Birmingham and
other industrial hells called Cities, just to
show we surely are a thankful people, all
who still believe that the Hun was worse
than the Black and Tan, worse than the
Ulster Specials, worse than the Midnight
Murderers, worse than the Gaol Executioners
who got their price for preserving the Empire,
will not forget the dead who died in Europe so
that their widows, their children and their
comrades may eke out a lingering death
from semi-starvation.

PLEASE BUY A POPPY.

WORKERS' CONCERTS.

Sunday Night Concerts are held each
week in Unity Hall. The performance
is first-class, of great variety.

THE CHANGE IN ENGLAND.

The good people think they have fulfilled
the prophecies,
But they have only just changed the holders
of offices;
Where MAC sat before now B's comfortably
seated,
One humbug's victorious, the other's defeated.
Each honourable trickster gets just what
he asketh
And the people their usual soft-solder
and taxes. * * *

The latest news from London, where the
King lives, is to the effect that the advertise-
ment placard for McVitty & Co. (Biscuit
Manufacturers) MacDonald has resigned the
administrative councils of George Windsor,
alias Wettin. Baldwin is now about to take
up the cudgels which were so ably wielded
by MacDonald, the man from the land of
Wild Duff, in the interests of the Empire.
Under the MacDonald régime the most
wonderful pacifist reforms have been carried
through. All the soldiers of the Empire who,
for generations, had been in India educating
by the bayonet, bullet and bomb and other
English Christian missiles, had been with-
drawn from that ancient land; gaols were
emptied of the more unreciprocative Indians
who refused to be civilized by the methods
of previous Governments; wholesale robbery,
the wealth of the land produced by the Indian
masses was stopped; in fact everything that
was possible to bring India to a free and
happy land where there was no poverty,
no organised Governmental prostitution,
no political murders, in fact no crime of any
kind was brought about by India being placed
under the control of Indians to work out
their own emancipation in accordance with
their economic, political and social outlook.

Even the Islands in the South Seas are
no longer the happy hunting grounds of the
cheap labour exploiter, where Lord Lever-
hulme used to garner large profits by having
his tools force the natives to bring in the
copra from which cocoa-nut oil is extracted,
to make the fancy soaps to wash the parasitic
bodies of the idle rich. The white
Australians, that is to say the offspring of
those Durham miners, Glasgow weavers
transported in '54 as criminals, along with
the foul products of the English gaols and
the political Irish prisoners of '48 were handed
over the land of the "Southern Cross" in
commemoration of the Diggers' revolt at
the Eureka stockade, where their forefathers
made a stand to make Australia a Republic
under the Blue Flag with Five Silver Stars,
on conditions that the Australian aboriginal
would be given free land or would be given
back any part of the continent he chose to
live in, instead of being made boot-lifters
by the big ranch-owners, and their women
the playthings of the degenerate whites.

South Africa was made the Elysium
of the sons of Ham. Nearer home all British
soldiers were taken out of Ireland and Ireland
was made truly Irish by the Lord Mayors
and the Lord Glenavys, Dukes of Portland,
Earls of Meath, and other wealth destroyers
been sent to work; no more money or no
recognition was given to Jimmy Craig to
keep the hired assassins in food, clothing
and shelter, so that they would be physically
fit to murder and rob (at the discretion of
the exploiters of Northern Ireland) anyone
or everyone who attempted to frustrate them
in their damnable work of destruction;
all Irish prisoners in gaols, tried and untried,
were released and compensated in full;
in the Free State compensation was paid
to all the victims of the Black and Tans;
Dublin Castle and the paid spies along with
Tim Healy and the other representatives
of the British Empire were given over into
a home for the training of selfish children.
In England itself surely was made the land
of the Poet and John Ball's prophecies of a
land free of masters was brought about;
houses were built in millions, doss-houses,
the communions of the unemployed and

starving outcast, were blown to smithereens;
Suicide and death from starvation was
unknown; the national hymn of "Britons
Never Shall Be Slaves" no more was lisped
by all wee children, in glorification of the
MacDonald régime; in fact he and his
cohorts went so far in bringing about a
World made safe for Democracy, it turned
all the voters' brains, the guarantee of food,
clothing and shelter for all who performed a
useful function was too much for them and
they went and voted the Tories back into
power.

And so ended the magnificent work of
the "Blind Leaders" of the Blind in the
land of cant, humbug and hypocrisy.

DE PROFUNDIS.

The Cry of Black Brother of the North.

(For the Bulletin).

Equal in Christ! And yet I walk afraid
In secret places lest a hand be laid
Upon my neck, and ye compel my ways.
I, who have owned this earth, this sky,
this sea,
Have so much earth and air allotted me,
Made to walk humble all my shadowed
days,
Wear tawdry clothes, eat of the meanest
fare,
With Freedom gone and heart filled with
despair!

Torn from my side, my weeping children
die.

My old men in the jungle hidden lie;
Hunted and manacled my young men go
And come no more. In misery and woe
My women for their sins are doomed to
death.

Thou art not punished, thou the guilty
one!

Let the law take the thing thou gavest
breath!

What matters a black mother—half-caste
son?

Stone, stone the pair—they have no part
in thee—

And God, thy God, is deaf eternally!

You promised bread, but gave me stones
to eat.

You hang the leg-irons o'er the bleeding
feet;

Revolver fire makes aged limbs obey
And thin shanks hurry on the hated way.
You crack the whip! The pearl ship on
the sea—

Where black men work and others draw
their pay—

Is witness of our helplessness, misery.
Dive deep, dive long, or else no food to-
day!

Water, free water, does not run in ships,
That gather shell. Laugh at his parched
lips!

Like a lone cedar on the hills I stand;
My leaves torn off have littered all the
sand:

My shoots transplanted in their anguish
die;

My boughs are naked to the pitiless sky.

Hew at the roots! Cut at the heart of
me!

Dumb, bound and helpless, who will say
ye nay?

Pass by, pass by—scribe, priest and
pharisee—

Kneel at the corners of the street and
pray.

Or watch me curiously as here I die—
Only a black man, a poor nigger I!

Queenland. "Black Bonnet."

THE BATTLE OF ST. MICHAEL'S STREET.

(Continued from last week.)

Half past six the following morning and two men might have been observed slouching along Bolton Street. A distance of perhaps fifty yards separated them and to the casual passer-by they presented the appearance of labourers on their way to work. The first was distinguished from the other by his greater height and in his dress by a heavy knitted jersey, which he wore beneath his coat. A short clay pipe hung pendulously from his mouth. The second of the two had his coat buttoned up to his chin, but above the upturned collar a soiled red muffler protruded. Both crossed the road where North King Street intersects and pursued their way along Green Street. A minute or so later and the smaller of them halted at the corner of St. Michael's Street, and, having looked carelessly in all directions, withdrew into the gateway of the Vegetable Market. The taller man had swung to the left on entering Little Mary Street and, skirting the Market, stationed himself at the end of St. Michael's Street opening on Chancery Street—better known to the older residents as Pill Lane.

At intervals along St. Michael's Street police in groups of twos and threes were posted, which, at that early hour, betokened that something unusual was afoot. The street was well filled with people, and it was noticeable that the men, in the main, kept to themselves in groups of five and six. The women, most of them evidently fish dealers, kept up a fire of remarks which increased in intensity as particular individuals passed by. The general tenor of the conversation was denunciation of "Scabs" and various methods of dealing with them. Sometimes a man would break away from a group and hurry to either end of the street, but every time he would return apparently unsatisfied. Now and again a boy driving a donkey car, or a man or woman in charge of a horse vehicle, would turn up the street and halt near one or other of the doors of the Fish Market. And still the air of suppressed excitement grew.

From where I was standing, my coat buttoned up to the chin, I could observe Holmes from time to time as he sauntered to and fro. He was still smoking the cutty pipe and taking, apparently, a languid interest in the proceedings. Once he disappeared from view for at least two minutes and then he emerged again into sight. Suddenly, without warning, pandemonium broke out. Yells rent the air. "There he is!"—"There he is!"—"Kill the robber!"—"Kick his head off!"

From every quarter the crowd rushed in the direction of Chancery Street, police, women and men inextricably mixed, jostled one another rushing for a sight of the quarry. About twenty yards from the end of the street parties of men belabouring each other with sticks and fists held up the further advance. At length a small party detached itself and rushed towards the footpath, with cries of "Get out to —!"—"What are yeh up to, gettin' us into this row for." The subject of the remarks, who was crouched in a small delivery van, had her back turned to me, and at the first glance I wondered what particular offence the woman had committed. A second look and I was shocked to find that the "woman" was no other than our friend the All Highest, leader of the revolution, disguised as a dealer. For a few seconds he cowered and his terror was apparent, but even the need for action, to save himself from the storm he had roused, could not stir him. Suddenly one of the men near the van jumped in, seized the reins and lashing the horse, tore into Chancery Street, disappearing in the direction of Mary's Abbey. The crowd followed but was left behind and in less than a quarter of an hour only a few small groups and a

handful of police remained on the site of the "Battle of St. Michael's Street."

* * * *

Holmes and I had finished breakfast some time and still he had not referred to the exciting affair of which we had been spectators that morning. From time to time a chuckle escaped him and it was the only evidence he gave of how he regarded the events he had witnessed. At length he stood up and stretched himself and with a quizzical air turned to me with the remark: "Anything in this morning's display needing to be cleared up?"

"Yes," I answered. "Who started the row—and what was Ole Bill doing at the Fish Market?"

"As to who started the trouble, I fear I must accept responsibility, Watson. I had been strolling up and down St. Michael's Street seeking for an intelligible explanation of several facts that had come to my notice during our investigations, when I noticed the "lady" in the van looking around with a rather terrified expression. "She" was fairly well disguised in a shawl that covered her head and face to the sole exclusion of her eyes. I have a fairly reliable memory for faces and am not likely to overlook any peculiarity in expression in those who, in one way or another, come under my professional observation. It was the sidelong glance thrown at me that first roused my suspicions, for I recollected seeing something like it before, the night I enquired after "Archie's" whereabouts. To make certain I halted beside the "lady" and bade "her" the time of day. I was answered with a grunt. I continued the one-sided conversation and at length was satisfied that I was standing on fairly sure ground. Putting two and two together I decided that something might happen if somebody did something unexpected, and the most unexpected thing I could think of was to pull the "lady's" shawl off. You know the rest. As to the matters that were running in my mind when my attention was first drawn to the "lady," I was trying to explain the presence in St. Michael's Street of one of the individuals I had seen chasing our friend's outside car in Parnell Square some days ago, and likewise the presence of some of the staff I had met in our friend's office on the occasion of my visit as a foreign journalist. On the occasion I have mentioned I picked up, you will recollect, a small piece of paper, stained with mud and blood. The odour that baffled you, Watson, was none other than the faint and disagreeable one of fish. I was surprised you had any difficulty in identifying it."

"I have come to the conclusion, after an exhaustive review of the evidence, that the trouble at the Fish Market this morning was due to a clash of interests between the individuals who have been dispossessed by our bearded friend and those who still remain in his employ. The threat, communicated in code, proves it. I take it that the dispossessed ones were present at the Markets this morning to take sides against their former comrades in a little trouble there, which has been brewing for some time. That they took advantage of their opportunities their attitude this morning shows. The presence of Ole Bill at the Market can be explained on two grounds. Either he came by arrangement with his supporters, or he went in disguise to watch those who are supposed to be working in his interests. The former proposition falls to the ground by reason of the surprise evinced by his henchmen at the unveiling ceremony. I think there is very little more to add, except that I did not expect to get to the bottom of the mystery so easily."

"A question, Holmes, before the curtain is rung down," I said. "I presume you accepted the daily press as reliable authority for the suggestion that trouble would eventually break out at the Fish Market?"

"Yes, Watson; the daily press always tells the truth—when it thinks it will pay. Anything else?"

"Who was the visitor to Parnell Square who signalled to Ole Bill by meowing like a cat?"

"Felix."

"F-e-l-i-x?—Felix who?"

"My dear Watson," said Holmes with a sigh, "I fear your faculties are becoming seriously impaired: I suppose you will ask me next why he chose the back door in preference to the front one?"

"I would like to know, Holmes."

"Well, Watson, it's a habit of his."

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL DIGNITY.

When the coffin, draped in the Tricolour and containing the body of Joe McKelvey, entered Belfast, an Inspector of the Ulster Special Constabulary stepped forward and removed the flag. When asked for his authority he said he had orders from the Home Secretary for Ulster to do so.

We are now going to talk about International Law and International Courtesy.

This Tricolour has been adopted by the Free State Government as their flag. This flag when brought into the territory of the Northern Government, was insulted, whereas International Law and Courtesy demanded that it be saluted.

Their flag having been insulted, what did the Free State Government do? Nothing. They attempted to ignore the insult. If any national flag entered the territory of the Free State and was insulted in a like manner, even though the country insulted was the most insignificant and powerless on earth, suitable apologies would be insisted upon from the Free State Government. But our Government eats humble pie when its flag is insulted, not by a nation, but by a province of Ireland, which is temporarily listed as a mongrel state, a mixture between a dominion and a possession; a thing which is not considered worthy to have a separate flag for itself.

Such is the way in which our national dignity is guarded by this Free and Independent Government which has dared to paint the Post Office equipment green, and to send Envoys Extra-Ordinary to Geneva, but which cannot adopt an ensign for its Merchant Marine nor uphold the dignity of its Flag.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

By James Russell Lowell.

"Men! Whose boast is it that ye
Come from fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?"

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for your own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think:
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

New York, Oct. 24th.

For a few hours to-day the income tax returns were open for the examination of the public. Then word came from the Secretary of the Treasury that it was illegal to reveal the amount of income and excess profits tax paid by wealthy Americans. However, some evening editions were off the presses before the ban came over the wires and some little items shocked the public. John D. Rockefeller, Jun., only paid seven and a half millions on his profits this fiscal year. Others of the idler class are in the same column. E. H. Outerbridge, President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, stated to the newspapers that "it was a damned outrage," to let the people know what profits are made in American industries. He added it pandered to curiosity and was an "outrageous invasion" of individual rights. Blumenthal, the big Wall Street banker, stated "it was a disgraceful procedure." The force of these protests telegraphed to Washington caused the Treasury officials to dig up an old statute making it illegal to reveal the amount of taxes paid by capitalists.

Workers usually ask a bigger share of the profits when they realise the immense fortunes created by their labour and sweat.

Prayer Books.

The allied printing, engraving and book-binding trades have had committees investigating for many months and find that between thirty-five millions and fifty million dollars worth of Catholic prayer books and other religious printing is imported from Germany and Czecho Slovakia yearly. Imports of prayer books have gone up 2,000 per cent. since 1923. Catechisms and text books imports are up over 6,000 per cent. The prayer books are issued bearing the "imprimis" of the different bishops. The fault lies with the publishers who have the contracts. They get the printing and paper much cheaper in Europe, but supply the articles at the cost of those done by local union labour.

The Administrative Committee of Bishops of the Catholic Church have now ruled that all prayer books and other religious articles used in churches and institutions under church control or hereafter sold with their approval to communicants of the church shall bear the labels of American unions.

Examination of the small printed label of origin will also show that many thousands of such prayer books are similarly printed abroad.

Doheny's Trial.

Force of the public outcry has caused some semblance of a trial of Ed. Doheny and son for their part in the theft of Government oil lands, from which the elder Doheny announced he expected to make one hundred million dollars profit. Doheny now demands a private trial and the banning of reporters. The United States District Court of Los Angeles is making efforts to accommodate him and there is very little possibility of Doheny ever seeing the inside of a cell. His wealth runs into many millions.

Sacco and Vanzetti, the two labour leaders "framed up" for a murder in Massachusetts four years ago, have been denied a new trial. Tom Mooney is still held in jail by the California exploiters, although the whole press and country are assured of his innocence. They are poor men—leaders of the working class. Doheny is very rich and one of the master class, therefore he must be innocent; conversely the labour men are undoubtedly guilty.

Dawes Plan.

Even the capitalist papers are moving into line regarding the intention of the

Dawes plan. The "World" Berlin correspondent sent his despatch which reads like a clipping from the "Irish Worker":—

"Berlin.—The general election for a new Reichstag to replace the one dissolved will be an economic rather than a political war.

"From conferences of leading industrialists in this city and Dresden to-day it developed that big business wanted to give Germany a reign of such capitalistic reaction as would be the envy of exponents of the twelve-hour day.

"The Dawes plan will be used as the excuse, and the elections as an opportunity for reducing German workmen to virtual serfdom.

"The Industrialists have told the leaders of the German National and Peoples Parties—the reactionary groups—that they must agree to the abolition of the eight-hour day and unemployment doles.

"The moving spirit against the trade unions is Heinrich Leopold, director of the Rubek Mining Company, one of the greatest of the Stinnes concerns.

Once Posed as Toiler.

"Leopold once posed as a proletarian and was known in the Ruhr Valley as Comrade Leopold. Now he believes he can insure a supply of cheap German labour.

"The catch phrase of the reactionaries will be that the Dawes plan so impoverishes capital that lower wages and longer hours must be borne as a patriotic duty. At the same time the industrialists want an unadulterated reactionary Government by the German National Party, free from all liberal taint."

Croyden Park.

Croyden Park was brought to mind by a recent visit to one of the camps in the mountains, owned by trades unions. The garment makers purchased several acres of pine woods surrounding a large lake and erected log huts, bungalows, and a large dining and lecture hall. Instead of taking a vacation at the ordinary resorts, the union members and friends, at a much cheaper rate, could have a week or two in their own mountain camp. Croyden Park was the playground of the Dublin workers; was a sort of a big lung where children of the slums could get a breath of air. But those who took up Larkin's mantle figured that money was safest in a safe and let the workers' park go. Other unions have gone extensively into the banking business, too much so, because they have bought partnerships in Wall Street exploiting houses. Purchase of ship loads of coal for its members by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Bank was brought to the attention of the State Banking Commissioner by the Coal Trust, but he ruled that even a labour bank can invest its money in any safe enterprise. The I.T. & G.W.U. hoarded money that could have been wisely used in the manner of different American unions, but the opportunity was let slip, and it is too late now. But the playground that Larkin acquired might have been retained.

NOTICE.

To All Dockers Employed by—

- Heysham
- Burns & Laird
- City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.
- British & Irish Steamship Co.
- Tedcastles Lines Ltd.
- London, Midland & Scottish

Delegates will call on all jobs between Monday 10th November, and Saturday, 15th November, to take up Cards for inspection.

By Order,

BRANCH COMMITTEE.

BRIGHT FARS.

According to Stubbs £28.

Some Thirsty! £28 for Porter.

But wait till the rest of the bills roll in—The Printer; The Restaurant; The Automobiles, etc.

"Bump me into An Dail. Bump me anywhere—except Dundalk."

Well, some of the boys had a good time along with "Cackle" of the Sticky Fingers, but poor "Cackle" must bear the brunt.

Perhaps Ole Bill will come to the rescue and use up some more of the Union funds.

The "A-Chara" boys are all doing well so we are patiently waiting for the next on the list.

What a shame, Cackle; a poor young lady, too; and you are described as a gentleman, according to Stubbs again. They don't call him that in Dundalk though.

Well, the I.T. & G.W.U. are entirely respectable, and I suppose in order to keep up that reputation poor Cackle will once again get the air, and when there is any more dirty work to be done he'll be allowed to crawl back.

Annie has beat the rest of them to it and there will be weeping and wailing amongst the other Creditors, whose chances of getting anything now are very remote.

We are giving a little tip to the Hotel keepers and Automobile owners in the seventh par, so if something comes off in the near future they can't say we did not warn them; these "A-Chara boys" are Terrible Devils.

A prize is offered to any of our readers who discovers who it was that accompanied Cackle to Annie's Hotel when the £28 worth of porter was consumed (male or female).

If Cackle smokes three packets of cigarettes per day, what is the inverse ratio to the consuming of £28 worth of porter in Annie's?

Just think this over. £28 would have supplied all the members of the I.T. and G.W.U. with sufficient funds to keep them drunk (including the Staff of 35) for approximately 42 days, granting that the I.T. really have their nineteen members.

A FREEDOM BOND

for every member is in the safe—get one.

Get your names down for membership in our Thrift Loan Bank and Tontine.

Get your names down for a book of Draw Tickets—proceeds to Good and Welfare Fund. No relations of old members of Union—Transport come or Workers' Union—will ever be refused Mortality Benefits. No robbery of the dead and living by the officials of the Workers' Union of Ireland. Some of the officials may fail us and abuse the confidence of the members, but the Union will not fail nor deny the members. Tickets for Xmas Draw now ready.

THE DEATH OF PATRICK CASSIDY.

29 Lr. Gardiner Street,
Dublin, 27th October, 1924.

Dear Sir,
re Patrick Cassidy, 69 Lr. Wellington St.
Deceased.

With reference to the above-named Deceased, who was in the employment of the Dublin Corporation and died on the 22nd inst., as a result of injuries sustained at Cookstown outside Enniskerry, we appeared on behalf of the next-of-kin, and also the Workers' Union of Ireland at the Inquest on Friday. At the outset we asked for an adjournment so that the jury might go and inspect the scene of the accident as we realised that without an inspection of the place it would be impossible for the jury to appreciate either by direct examination or cross-examination of the witnesses the nature and structure of the appliances used for the purpose of lowering this pipe which weighed 35 cwt. into the earth about 16 or 18 feet. Our application for the adjournment for this purpose was refused, and after the cross-examination of the Corporation witnesses we tendered evidence on behalf of the next-of-kin but this evidence was ruled out because our witness was not a professional witness. Our clients, the Workers' Union of Ireland have been with the Commissioners of the Dublin Corporation regarding the matter, and our instructions are to apply to you to hold an inquiry into the matter before this excavation, where the accident happened has been filled up. We hesitate going into any further details which might be of a controversial nature until the enquiry takes place. We understand from the Commissioners, with whom we had an interview this morning, that they will not oppose the holding of this Enquiry, but on the contrary will facilitate the holding of it.

Under the circumstances we would be glad to know when your Board will arrange to hold an enquiry into the full facts of the Case.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) Wm. Smyth & Son.

The Secretary,
Board of Trade.

Upper Merrion Street, Dublin.

Copy.

Ministry of Industry and Commerce,
Industries Branch.

Sraid An Tiarna Eamon,
Baile Atha Cliath.
3rd November, 1924.

A dhaoine uaisle.

I am directed by the Minister for Industry and Commerce to refer to your letter of the 27th ultimo in regard to a fatal accident to Patrick Cassidy, an employee of the Dublin Corporation. There does not appear to be any such special circumstances in the case as would justify the Minister in directing an enquiry at the instance of this Department, the case being one to which the usual legal procedure would seem appropriate.

Mise le meas.

(Signed) Gordon Campbell.

Messrs. Wm. Smyth & Son,
Solicitors.

29 Lr. Gardiner Street,
Dublin.

"Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train.
And righteous men will make our land
A Nation once again."

Therefore, get among the righteous and buy a

FREEDOM BOND

and to the task. Weekly payments taken.

THREE MINUS THREE EQUALS SEVEN.

Joe McGrath does not believe in too many political parties in the nation. We believe you, Joe! But apparently there are not sufficient political jobs to go round. Three jobs offered and three jobs withdrawn equal seven resignations and one party the less. The oath also seemd to cause a little disturbance, but the difficulty was surmounted. One oath or two, there's little difference.

THOSE RESPONSIBLE!

We print below a list of owners, shareholders, and controllers of the shares and money invested in the two trawling companies and subsidiary ice-producing company, Dublin.

Our readers will understand that the same forces that were responsible for the 1913 lock-out are represented on the Boards of these trawling companies.

Mr. Richardson, who is set down as owning a £5,000 share capital in the company owned by the Munster and Leinster Bank, is the gentleman responsible for the tying up of the two fleets. He it is who candidly and without reservation stated that they were not concerned about Joe O'Neill the Martyr! they wanted a reduction in the wages of the men who take these pieces of scrap-iron to sea, and that he and Devine had agreed to combine against the men, and to tie up both fleets (?) until the men agreed to accept a reduced wage. The firm of Hanlon Brothers, which employs men like Mr. Findlater, Mr. McCabe, state they have not demanded nor requested a reduction of wages. That Mr. Andy Devine has exceeded his authority in combining with Richardson, and Mr. Tom Murphy, Fish Broker—one of the stalwarts who stands behind Joe O'Neill—is the smoke screen behind which Richardson fights. Tom Murphy, Treasurer of Cumman naGaedhael, is only a penny-boy for Richardson who is using the needs of the Citizen, the lives of the men who take these hoop-iron tubs to sea, and, if we had any honest, capable men in the Irish (?) Board of Trade or in control of mara-time matters in this centre of corruption and breeding-ground of job-seeking, job-holding—The Free State, these alleged steam trawlers would be ordered to be broken up. These ladies and gentlemen and the shareholders of the Munster and Leinster Bank are responsible for the prolongation of the alleged strike in the Fish Market—a strike which is actually a lock-out to force a reduction of wages on the trawlermen and the dupes of the paid agents of the employers (the officials of the Irish Transport Union—Foran, Senator O'Brien, Kennedy, and McCarthy) such as the alleged Union men, who gut and prepare the fish in the shops, are doing the dirty work, and not for the first time—the dirty work of the employers in helping to reduce wages. Joe O'Neill is getting paid his full weekly wage in addition to other monies. This is not a strike, it is a vile conspiracy—and there will be conclusions before many days.

Thos. Hanlon, Ltd.

Geo. Collins	£250
H. G. Callan	£800
A. M. Devine	£1,901
J. E. Dawson	£400
J. Finegan	£200
Wm. Findlater	£4,429
James Hewitt	£100
Elizabeth Hanlon	£600
Hugh Hughes (Smith)	£100
Killy McCann	£320
Jos. McCabe	£109
Mary Seaver	£800
May and Nano Daly	£200

Thos. Murphy, Ltd.

Dublin Trawling, Ice and Cold Storage Co.,
8 Cardiff Lane, £2,498.
Thos. Murphy, 35 St. Michan's Street,
£2,499.
J. F. Barr, Killineer, Drogheda, £1.
F. A. Moran, Hotel, Lower Gardiner Street,
£1.
J. Hawthorne, Solr., 15 Eustace Street, £1.

Trawlers, Ireland, Ltd

Chas. Byrne, 37 South Richmond Street,
£1,000.
Matt. J. McCabe, Trimlestown, Booters-
town, £1,000.
R. S. Webster, 163 Great Brunswick Street,
£50.
Pat Clarke, 4 Moore Street, £250.
Wm. McCabe, 26 Rathgar Road, £1,000.
Ml. McCabe, 48 Upper Baggot Street, £250.
Mrs. Mary Seaver, 50 E. Arran Street,
£1,000.
Henry E. Callan, 4 Castle Avenue, Clontarf,
£200.
Jos. Dunne, 26 D'Olier Street, £300.
Ed. Hanlon, 20 Moore Street, £1,000.
R. J. O'Reilly, 34 Raymond Street, S.C.R.,
£200.
W. J. Riley, 14 Lennox Street, £500.
Michl. Wright, Malahide, £100.
Misses May and Nano Daly, St. Peter's
Drogheda, £100.
John Finegan, 48 Moyne Road, Rathmines,
£200.
S. J. Boland, St. Michael's, Booterstown
(B. Medicine), £500.
Jno. J. Moore, 32 Dawson Street, £50.
John Shiel, 8 Moore Street, £250.
Peter McGivern, 34 Capel Street, £200.
Cathie. McCann, 43 E. Arran Street, £250.
John Corrigan, 71 Irish Street, Armagh,
£500.
Miss Teresa Moran, 46 E. Arran Street,
£100.
Mrs. Cathie. McCann, 46 E. Arran Street,
£250.
A O'Hara, 53 Upper George's Street, Dun
Laoghaire, £50.
Hugh Hanna, 27 E. Arran Street, £50.
Mrs. K. O'Malley, 150 Upper Rathmines,
£100.
Miss M. Hanlon, 150 Upper Rathmines,
£100.
Ester Ryan, Dalkey, £30.
Mrs. M. Turner, 53 Moore Street, £30.
John Byrne, Lower Baggot Street, £25.
Jos. McCann, 23 Windsor Terrace, S.C.R.
(Manager, McCabe's, Brdy), £100.
Miss M. Maguire, 36 Little Strand Street,
£50.
Mrs. Elizabeth Clinch, 12 Charles Street,
West, Dublin, £100.
Mrs. Eliz. Anderson, 26 E. Arran Street,
£100.
David Byrne, 21 Duke Street (Wine Mcht.)
£500.
Miss Mary Farrell, 7 St. Francis Terrace,
Bow Street, £150.
M. Tobin, 62 Lower George's Street,
Kingstown, £100.
T. Bell, 8 Westmoreland Street (Account-
ant), £50.
A. G. Storey, 8 Westmoreland St.,
(Accountant), £50.
Mrs. Brigid Hanlon, 54 Iona Road, £200.
Thos. Nathan, 44 Beechwood Avenue, Rane-
agh, £100.
Mrs. B. Smith, 52e Iona Road, £200.
Mrs. Mary Byrne, 31 E. Arran Street, £50.
John P. Garland, 26 Arran Quay, £100.
Eliz. Hanlon, 46 E. Arran Street, £2,000.
Danl. P. Gallagher, Vernon Avenue, Clontarf,
£600.
David Byrne, 21 Duke Street (Wine Merch-
ant), £500.
Wm. Findlater, £3,001.
Andw. Devine, £3,001.
Thos. Hanlon, Ltd., £1,000.

Dublin Trawling, Ice and Cold Storage Co.

List of Shareholders.

James Davidson, Munster and Leinster
Bank, £117,640.
A. Richardson, Dunluce, Anglesea Road,
£5,920.
A. E. Marsh, Hall Street, Brierly Hill,
Staffs., £5,000.
Senator James Moran, St. James, Clontarf,
£250.
W. S. Hayes, 41, 42 Nassau Street, £457.
R. W. Maxwell, 40 North Great George's
Street, £457.
J. E. Barr, Killineer, Drogheda, £457.
Thos. Murphy, 30 St. Michan's Street,
Dublin, £100.
R. F. Richardson, 43 Strand Road, Sandy-
mount, £5.
T. A. Clear, 3 Bayview Terrace, Sandy-
mount, £5.
W. J. Lundy, Mayfield, Zion Road,
Rathgar, £5.



Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 69. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1924

TWOPENCE

JIMMY FEARON.
His Life Work

Next week we will give a lengthy story of this man whose death we record unworthily on this page. In telling the story of this man's life, we will of necessity write of the beginning of Industrial Unionism in this country in those memorable years of 1907-08.

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND.

On another page our readers will see a notice calling a general meeting of all Dublin members of the W.U.I. This meeting should have been called some months ago, but the lack of a suitable hall prevented it. All members, men and women, must attend this meeting. The business discussed will be of vital importance. The future progress of the Union will be decided upon, and the men nominated to whom the future guidance of Union affairs will be entrusted.

To the Memory of a Man
JIMMY FEARON

OF NEWRY

Who Died in Glasgow on Monday, 10th inst.

Founder and First Secretary of the Cork Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union

Founder and First Organiser of the
IRISH CITIZEN ARMY
CORK, 1908

Starvation, Unemployment, Victimization and Imprisonment. All these Ills he endured, yet he kept the Faith

Ódán tpoiceair ar a n-ónam.

ANOTHER SIMPLETON.

A very interesting occurrence took place at Portrane Asylum this week. It appears that one of the chief officers was fired at during the past week. He informed the Civic Guards that he thought certain attendants were responsible, and asked that their rooms be searched. The Civic Guards arrived at the Asylum on Wednesday. The officer was granted leave of absence for the day in order that the search might be thoroughly carried out. But the interesting part of the proceedings was that the attendants on whom suspicion rested—five in number—were the best trades-unionists in the place; men who always insisted upon getting their rights and saw that their comrades were not made the tools of the people higher up. Nothing was found in the rooms, of course, either guns or other interesting articles. We hear that the officer is now the subject of many jokes, and that even the unfortunates within the walls had a hearty laugh at his expense. Evidently all the lunatics within the walls are not registered.

EASTER, 1916---NOVEMBER, 1924---FOR REMEMBRANCE.

REMEMBRANCE DAY IN DUBLIN.

Like other cities of the Empire, Dublin has contributed her quota to the defence of the British agglomeration. It is not that Britain stands for "Christianity, Civilisation and small Nationalities," any more than the other "Christian" nations of the earth, that is the reason why Irishmen in such numbers spring to her defence in the hour of distress. No! but because in Ireland the same conditions operate which force the native in India and Egypt, the African in the French colonies, and the common Englishman at home to "join up" when the drum beats to battle.

There are men to whom excitement is life and war invariably draws them into her clutches. There are others—and they form the backbone of the world's armies—whose services are forced by the choice between the workhouse, the army, and starvation—and the army gets them. Of the others are those whom the spirit of

Empire stirs, but they are the small minority in all lands.

In Ireland, within the last two years, we have had ample evidence of what the fear of hunger will do. Sixty-thousand Irishmen, most of them hunger conscripts, took up arms to destroy the possibility of the Republic they had sung about and cheered for during the several preceding years.

The men who marched to College Green on "Remembrance Day," 1924, are the type common to all armies. They have been through "the Great Adventure," and the sentiment of it will remain with them till death. It does not matter much to them for what purpose, or by whom the demonstration was organised, nor that they are regarded by the Haigs, the Frenches, and the Beatties as so many tools to be used, whenever the occasion offers, in the interests of Empire. It was a great day—to most of them.

None know better than the governing class the propaganda value of a well-

staged demonstration. Remembrance Day in Dublin was well organised. That the demonstration has awakened a sentiment, however evanescent, in England's favour, cannot be denied, though it would be rash to predict a long life for it in this changeful and forgetful country.

It is worth nothing that the present year's demonstration has been the most successful since the reign of Cosgrave's first ushered itself in. If we remember aright, Flanders poppies were not so common in the years preceding the truce, and their popularity since then may be attributed to the Union of Hearts consummated in the recent war on the Republicans.

To those who mourn the loss of husbands and brothers in the late European war, the sympathy of all humankind will be extended, but to the Irish who use the best of human feelings to forward their own sinister designs, there can be nothing but contempt.

ANOTHER SOCIETY.

Below we reprint a notice which certain gentlemen have sent to many sand contractors in the County of Dublin. The idea underlying the formation of this Association is the raising of prices and the making of a monopoly in the carting of sand. The contractors whose names are given below are one and all motor carriers, and the chief idea in instituting this new society is the squeezing out of the horse contractors, many of whom are members of the Workers' Union, a membership which does not endear them to the gentlemen named below. The Chairman, Mr. Glynn, had a little trouble some weeks ago over paying his men for loading 32 tons of stone, and the Mr. Hanlon named in the list is said to only pay his men 35/- per week, excusing himself on the grounds that he cannot afford to pay any more, although he can afford to join a society which may be a potential scab-making organisation. The last named on the list is an old friend of Mr. Kavanagh's, Secretary in Crumlin for the Transport Union. We hear that 40 entrance fees went to pay a little bill, one which was the result of some convivial meetings of these two friends. We also draw attention to the place of meeting—Nagles old public house, with the two entrances, which come in very handy sometimes.

To those horse contractors who are members of the Workers' Union, there is little need to warn them to remain where they are, and it would be a stroke of wisdom on the part of those who, though lapsed from the I.T.W.U., have not as yet joined up in the W.U.I., to follow the example of those who have joined with us. Because the sole purpose of forming this new association is to drive the horse contractors out of business.

8th November, 1924.

NOTICE.

SAND CONTRACTORS' ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of SAND CONTRACTORS held at Loreure on Thursday, 6th inst. (Mr. M. Glynn in the chair) there were present:—

- Mr. J. Casey, Tibbraddon.
- Mr. M. Casey, Rockbrook, Rathfarnham.
- Mr. E. Casey, Rockbrook.
- Mr. Graham, Rathfarnham.
- Mr. McClean, Larch Hill, Rathfarnham.
- Mr. Hyndson, Brittas, Co. Dublin.
- Mr. Horan, Rathfarnham.
- Mr. M. Mullally, Rathfarnham.
- Mr. Hodges, Brittas.
- Mr. W. Taylor, Grange, Rathfarnham.
- Mr. Hanlon, Firhouse, Co. Dublin.
- Mr. J. Kiernan, Rathfarnham.

Following a general discussion having reference to prices; selling on weight, or measurement; dividing the city into zones and fixing of prices for said zones, etc.

It was unanimously decided that:—

- (1) A Sand Contractors' Association be formed.
- (2) Other contractors, especially those on the North side of the City be notified of the formation of the Association.
- (3) The next meeting be held in a more central situation, so as to facilitate the North Side Contractors.

It was finally decided that the next meeting be held at MADIGAN'S (Late NAGLE'S), Earl Street, Dublin, at 7 p.m., on the 13th inst. (Attached is Agenda for said meetings)

As the future of the proposed Association depends to a great extent on the success or attendance at this meeting, I am instructed to ask you to make a special effort to be present.

Yours faithfully,

M. J. MULLALLY,

Hon. Sec. pro tem.

We publish below a list of the names of shopkeepers who definitely refused to sell the "Irish Worker":—

Dennan, 69 Cornmarket.
Thomas Martin & Sons, 55a South Circular Road.

McDonnell, 70 Camden Street.

J. Farrell, 60 Patrick Street.
J. Gannon, 53 Golden Lane.

Our readers, we believe, do not require any instructions. The matter is in their hands.

CA' CANNY—BOSSES OR MEN.

Among the many excuses advanced of late by manufacturers for the high prices is the ca' canny policy adopted by the workmen. A bricklayer in America lays 1,000 bricks per day, so "Murphy's Rag" says, and the Dublin bricklayer only lays 300. This slacking, 'tis said, permeates every trade in these isles. In view of this it is interesting to reprint a table from a new publication dealing with the waste of capitalism. This table gives the percentage of responsibility for waste in different industries for which the management, the workers, and other

Industry.	Respon- sibility against Manage- ment. per cent.	Respon- sibility against Workers per cent.	Respon- sibility against other Factors per cent.
Men's Clothing	75	16	9
Building	65	21	14
Printing	63	28	9
Boot and Shoe	73	11	16
Metal Trades	81	9	10
Textiles	50	10	40
Total for Six Industries	407	95	98

So the poor and much-abused working stiff is wholly to blame for the lack of houses, the price of clothes or boots and shoes, or the price we have got to pay for our printing and our morning newspaper.

ENOUGH SAID !

Replying to a speech of Professor Timothy A. Smiddy, newly appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of the Irish Free State, Calvin Coolidge, the White House Sphinx, said:—

"I accept with pleasure the letter which you hand me whereby His Majesty King George has advised me that he has named you Minister Plenipotentiary to represent the interests of the Irish Free State in the United States."

Need we say more about this step towards the Republic that Mr. Cosgrave so often speaks of?

"THE NATIONAL ANTHEM."

"The ceremony of wreath-laying at an end, someone started the National Anthem, and in a moment touching indeed, and one which gave renewed hope to those who, under the stress of recent times, had felt, perhaps, that never again would the historic buildings of College Green throw back the echoes of the familiar words sung by Irish voices."—"Daily Mail."

(And candidly—neither did we.)

BRIGHT PARS.

Two Civic Guards at Coolroe disguised themselves as shepherds—they took off their uniforms and looked natural.

General Mulcahy is not pleased at the statements of General O'Duffy. When Generals Fall Out . . .

There is an interesting Divorce or Breach of Promise Case pending. We will keep our readers well informed about it—the membership of the O.B.U. Defence Corps is gradually diminishing.

We hear that Archie is looking for a job as a Dentist's helper. He thinks that he will have a better chance to ram something down the throats of an unsuspecting public that way.

Someone tells us that Ole Bill will announce his engagement to a lady very prominent in the political field. We don't believe it, of course, yet stranger things than this have occurred lately in this distressful country.

So the garrison defending York Street are fed up and demand more money. Well, we don't blame them; it's no joke cooped up like old hens on a wet day, singing the "Red Flag" to keep themselves warm—no, it's a tough job alright.

One of our delegates, describing one of the garrison, said, "He's the kind of guy that wears a wrist watch and pink socks, in fact, you wouldn't know whether to kiss him or kill him." We suspect he means Jimmy.

"A Remarkable Irishman," he of the ivory skin and brilliant eyes, speaking at a political meeting in Cork: "We have been endeavouring to deliver the goods when the curs were yapping at our heels."—'nough said.

And again at the same meeting, "De Valera also went up there and is now doing a month like a common drunk." "The News of the World" might have told us something of the other remarkable qualities of this remarkable Irishman besides his remarkable skin and remarkable eyes.

Where are all the great labour leaders these days? Why have we not a Labour candidate for the South City? We think they are losing a great opportunity of spending some more of the Union funds, but we have an idea of the reason why. We will give our readers three guesses.

From the "Evening Mail":—

"On the stroke of 11 o'clock the Last Post was sounded, the Union Jack lowered to half-mast, and the two minutes silence was observed. The parade then marched off, headed by the Transport Workers' Union (Jack) Band.

He explained that the "Free State" meetings had been much interrupted and the "loud speakers" were to be used to enable the platform speakers to shout down hecklers at the back of the Hall.

Historics make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subdile; natural philosophy deep; morals grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend.—(BACON).

THE TWISTERS GIVE ANOTHER TURN.

The Free State Government, alarmed by the probable outcome of their own manoeuvring, are preparing to occupy a new position. "We shall accept the findings of the Boundary Commission," said Mr. Cosgrave when it looked as if something was going to emerge from that body, favourable to the Treaty "implementers." Now, prospects not being bright, preparations are being made for a change of front. Watch the schemers!

The grounds on which the Amending Act (Boundary) is based is the need for carrying through the provisions of the Treaty in face of a hostile "Ulster." The nominee for "Ulster," appointed in accordance with the provisions of the Act, being "more Orange than the Orangemen themselves," the prospects of the Cosgrave-O'Higgins Government vanish. Now for the twist. Professor McNeill announces that no further sittings of the Commission will be necessary until communications have been received, in respect of the terms of reference, from the Free State and Six-County Governments. How long the Boundary Commission will have to wait for the Six-County Government to come forward with evidence does not take much guessing. Within a month or two we shall doubtless be informed that "owing to the refusal of the Six-County Government to co-operate with the efforts of Mr. Justice Feltham and the Six-County Commissioner, and the obstacles put in the way of the Commission by the Six-County Government, it has not been possible for the Boundary Commission to bring their labours to a successful conclusion."

The Northern Government are perfectly satisfied with the situation. They do not want any delimitation of boundaries beyond existing ones, and know that in the last analysis their consent is the deciding factor in the boundary issue. The "Ulster" representative on the Boundary Commission will, doubtless, advise Messrs. Craig & Co. to sit tight, and that done the comedy is ended—for the moment.

Then the Free State Fakirs will once again come forward, this time with the story of how Tyrone and Fermanagh were handed over to Craig by the anti-Treaty "yapping curs" who dared to vote for the candidates opposed to that gentleman. All "reasonable" people will then agree that there is nothing for it but the abandonment once again of the idea of settlement by agreement, the "Irish Independent" and "Freeman" will regret the failure, and the blame will be laid at the door of "Irregularism."

It is hardly a fortnight since the General Election and not much more since the Cumann na nGaedheal advised the electors in "Ulster" to abstain from the poll, and put their trust in the Boundary Commission and a plebiscite. With General John McNeill—Organiser of Disaster—at his old game of bluff, the results of the present game are a foregone conclusion. To save themselves from the results of their own pledge in accepting the findings of the Boundary Commission, the Cosgrave-O'Higgins Government are now manoeuvring to destroy that body.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.**Dublin Branch.**

A General Meeting of the above will be held in Unity Hall, on Friday, 14th inst., at 8 o'clock p.m.

Jim Larkin (President) will be in attendance and will address the members.

TO THE POETS.

Let us have a rest about the sunset,
The chirping of the birds, the babbling brook;

Write us something up about the wharfie,
The man who wields the shovel and the hook;

Let us know his work and its surroundings,
And show the sort of life he battles through,
Never mind "the summer trees are bowing,
The water lilies or the honey-dew."

Leave the fawns that play within the woodland,
The nymphs that on the greensward dance and skip;

Write about the man who keeps the steam up
While working in the bowels of the ship,
Through the blinding sweat and heat that brings him

The nearest he has ever been to hell—
Never mind about "the cuckoo or the redbreast,
Or Grecian maids within the mossy dell."

Let us have a spell about the moon-rays,
That glitter on the calm and placid sea;
Pin your thoughts to something of the sailor,
And what his home on board the ship should be;

Let us know the kind of den he lives in,
The risky work he's often called to do—
Never mind the "buttercups and daisies,
The castle turret, or the oak and yew."

Let us have a breathe about the rainbow,
The fewelled stars that through the heavens flit;

Write us up an ode about the miner,
Who sells his life when working in the pit;
Write about his family that's grieving

Across the mangled corpse that's borne away—
Never mind "the blue Alsatian mountains,
Or in the cavern-tomb the Roman lay."

Write us nothing up about the twilight,
The autumn foliage rustling in the glen;

Lead us to something that is elevating
And interesting to the working men;
Try to make their lives a little brighter
Than what their masters ever tried to do—
Never mind "the silver halo gleaming
As princely swords across each other flew."

Let us have a rest about the cloisters,
The curfew and the knell of parting day;
Bring to light the reason of improvement
Between the worker and his under-pay;
Ply your pen to better his conditions,
And try to raise his status as a whole—
Never mind "the chiming bells of Shandon
Or belted knight dare quaff the vassal bowl."

THE MIXER.

New Zealand Transport Worker.

SPREADING DISRUPTION IN THE ENEMY RANKS.

All strikes in progress last week are still in force—Pim's, Johnston's, Tivoli and the Fish Market. No apparent change has taken place; the Tivoli Theatre remaining closed, and seabs are still trying to carry on in the other jobs. It is expected that a settlement will be reached any day now in the three last-named places, Johnston's, the Tivoli Theatre and the Fish Market. Signs of weakness and difficulty in carrying on are not lacking, especially in the Fish Market, and in this case the publication of the shareholders list of the different firms responsible for the trouble has caused disruption and wrangling in the ranks of the "enemy." In many instances, the old saying of "Save me from my friends" was very apt, and changes of opinion have become very common in the vicinity of the Market these days.

A MUCH LABELLED (?) INNOCENT.

We have received a letter from one who signs himself, in Irish, Séan P. O'Séagda, and who takes issue with us upon the matter of a Strike in Johnston's Shirt Factory, Parliament Street. Concerning the subject of the letter we await the service of the writ for libel with which he has threatened us. We would welcome a writ from this gentleman. Perhaps, should this eventually occur, certain facts and figures relative to co-operatives, shirt-making and clothes-manufacturing enterprises in this country would be made public, and we, on our part, would be only too glad to avail of the opportunity of giving publicity to such facts.

We are given to understand that this gentleman is a third cousin to that other gentleman, Kevin O'Higgins, and we would not be greatly surprised if it were true. It would throw a new light upon the placing of many Government contracts for clothes in this country.

This O'Shea is the same person who some months ago locked out the girls employed in his factory against the advice of one of his directors. He also demanded the wages of a junior cutter to be reduced from £2 7s per week to 15s., because forsooth that was the rate paid in Leeds whence he had lately come back from, after studying the methods adopted in that city for the profitable production of Army uniforms.

Pondering over these facts we have arrived at the conditions requiring fulfilment before a Government contract for the manufacture of clothes can be acquired. They are briefly as follows:— (a) The first and most necessary condition is that a degree of relationship be established with a member of the Government; (b) The articles must be produced under the most sweated and degrading conditions obtainable; and (c) The intending contractor must have studied the business in Leeds and be able to apply his knowledge acquired successfully in this country. And we would add a further one, the applicant for the contract must possess the ability to sign his name in Irish.

41 Parnell Square,
Dublin, 27th October, 1924.

James Larkin, Esq.
Union Hall,
Marlboro' Street, Dublin.

A Chara,

In the issue, October 25th, of the "Irish Worker" under the heading of "Seabs" appears the following: "A strike is on at Johnston's Shirt Factory. O'Shea, Parnell Square, is now making shirts for Johnston's." This is absolutely false. I do not know the Johnston referred to, have never spoken to him to my knowledge, have never received an order from him, and am not now, nor have I ever made shirts for him.

Is mise le meas,

Séan P. O'Séaga.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.
Head Office: Unity Hall, Dublin

DRUG SECTION.

A Special meeting of all members of the Drug Section will be held in Unity Hall, on Sunday next, 16th November, 1924, at 12 o'clock. Business is of great importance and all members must attend.

By Order Executive Committee,
JIM LARKIN.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

THE ELECTIONS IN SOUTH CITY AND ELSEWHERE.

The time is shortening and in less than a week it will be decided whether Cosgraveism is to go within a brief period or is to get a new lease of life. Whatever the outcome of the elections, the fate of the candidates is in the hands of the workers. If the Free State candidates head the poll, it will be proven that common political intelligence and sagacity are lacking in the workers whose names appear on the voters' lists.

The business of the moment is to bring down the Government that precipitated a war on the country, at the dictation of English Ministers; a war that cost many times more in blood and treasure than the Black and Tan conflict, and that has produced more bitterness, unemployment, poverty and degradation than a continuance of direct war with Britain would have involved.

It is time the workers realised what has been done in their name by the allied forces of O'Brien-Foran-Johnsonism and Cosgrave-O'Higginsism, and took measures accordingly. It will be remembered that within the last year Johnson, T.D., incited employers to reduce wages; that Senator Foran gave as his contribution to the economic problem that "the 50/- wage (for road workers) should be accepted, as half a loaf is better than no bread"; neither Foran or Johnson, by the way, being victims of the "half a loaf" theory.

The policy of the "Irish Labour Party" since the last General Election has been to "implement the Treaty." Mr. Johnson, T.D., has set the headline and his declaration that the late "civil" war should be pursued "even if it cost as much more" is his share in the work of making of this country a bankrupt, poverty-ridden State.

All over the policy of the last few years the greased hand of the "Irish Labour Party" shows itself. The Chairman of the Committee that fixed the princely remuneration of the Cosgraves, O'Higgins, Blythes and McNeills was Cathal O'Shannon, one of the tools—now discarded—of the Abbey Street gang. Hardly a Commission was appointed by the "Government" to enquire into, or whitewash anything, that the sleek Felix J. did not find himself there. Without the support or tacit compliance of the workers it would have been impossible for the Free State to have existed a week, and the traitors who directed the Labour machine in 1922 saw to it that they remained inarticulate and that any possible expression of protest was refused an outlet.

A vote for Cosgrave-O'Higgins candidates is a vote for the Johnson-O'Brien-Foran faction. Notwithstanding that Felix Johnson is making faces—as it were—at his good friends Cosgrave and O'Higgins, and is endeavouring to show himself a sort of Oliver Cromwell, with his "Remove that Constitution!" talk, he is hand in glove with the bitterest enemies of Ireland and Labour

in this country and Great Britain. The Johnson whose Imperialist mind could see no virtue in the sacrifices of 1916 and who talked Imperialism and recruiting from the platform of the Irish Labour Party Congress in 1916, even while Roger Casement was on trial for his life, and after the murder of Pearse and Connolly, is the Johnson of 1924. From 1916 onwards Johnson worked, under hand, with his present friends and colleagues for the destruction of the Republican idea, and he is to-day the bitterest and meanest enemy of the cause in the country.

But a few days now separate us from the polling day. The record of the Free State Government and its "Labour" ally of Lower Abbey Street, are before the electors, and unless the workers are completely blind to their own interests they will reject the nominees of Cumann na nGaedheal. The main thing is the defeat of the Government by robbery that at present exists, and it will need the good will and intelligent action of the workers to bring it about. If the acts of the Cosgrave Government are not enough to open the eyes of the underdogs they must be blind and beyond hope of ever seeing the light.

What has the Free State Government done for the workers?

- (1) Reduced Old Age Pensions.
 - (2) Legalised a 50/- wage for road workers in order to fix a lower standard for other workers.
 - (3) Endeavoured to force a wage reduction on the Dublin Municipal Employees—an effort defeated by the W.U. of I.
 - (4) Encouraged the I.T. & G.W.U. to provide scabs for Marino through Moynihan's Scab. "Officers' and Men's Association."
 - (5) Reduced Teachers' salaries.
 - (6) Taxed the people beyond their paying capacity to support an army of pensioned D.M.P., R.I.C., Dublin Castle Judges, retired (overpaid) Civil Servants, and to provide jobs for the relations of the O'Higginses, Cosgraves, etc., etc.
 - (7) Used the Labour Exchanges against the workers; refusing benefit on the smallest pretext.
 - (8) Imprisoned workers, at the instigation of O'Brien and Foran, for daring to be on their own premises at Liberty Hall.
- These and many other offences have been committed against the workers by the Cosgrave Government.
- Therefore—Workers! Vote Against the Free State Candidates!**

THE LATEST SCHEME.

Hogan, Minister for Agriculture, has trotted out another booster for the election campaign now agitating the minds and pockets of his colleagues. A meat factory is due to be established in Co. Waterford. The money is subscribed to such an extent that it is expected that no further calls will be made upon the shareholders. The shareholders are spread through nine counties and amongst the largest holders of shares are certain co-operative societies. Mr. Hogan is very optimistic about this dead meat factory and cold storage plant. Only produce of the highest quality will be handled in order that successful competition may be waged against the Danish meat trade in England.

We have, so far, no objections to make against this enterprise, our ignorance, thanks to Mr. Hogan, is all too-sufficient. Like the sugar beet project in County Cork, this meat factory is still in that hazy land of the future. Another little scheme that has been discussed is the Shannon Power Scheme, which is to vanquish English coal and American petrol in the industrial life in this happy country.

One small query we would address to friend Hogan. If the talk about this new packing company is definite and not merely election bladderskite, why didn't the promoters acquire the property of the Drogheda packing firm which was auctioned last year.

Mr. Hogan says that the share-money for this new project has been long subscribed. So the means were there if the will was also present. But in order to save Mr. Hogan the trouble of replying we will supply an answer, which is, that the country was too disturbed at that time and conditions did not warrant the investment of large capital. 'Tis a nice answer and very applicable, but if we remember, another project was suggested by some of Mr. Hogan's friends about that time, to wit, a Wireless Company, which, we are led to believe, would be even more upset by disturbed conditions. But let it be. Politicians, like poets, are allowed a certain amount of licence, which in these cases is called election licence, and signifies that at such times a man's words are not a man's principles—if he has any. Perhaps Mr. Hogan has taken his election licence out of cold storage, and if so, we hope he will accept this article in the spirit it is written, as we are using our poet's licence—unpoetically.

ELECTIONEERING.

The "arguments" in use by Free State Electioneers make curious reading. A. T. P. Dowdall, member of the "Cork Progressive Association," with an eye to the return of his friend Egan, blames the destruction of the Mallow Bridge for the amount of unemployment in the "Rebel City." No reference to the fact that unemployment has increased considerably there since the reconstruction of the aforementioned bridge, which is curious; nor to the recent increased exodus from Ireland to the U.S.A., via the Mallow Bridge, owing to the amount of distress in those parts of the country where there are no such important bridges. However, elections are elections, and no one expects the wells of untruth to be poisoned with veracity.

To electors everywhere we would suggest consideration of what "our" Government has done for the nation within the last year. Starting from the time when, as Liam Mac Cosgair (née Cosgrave) said, we had "knocked H— out of them," and bringing the record up to date, we have the Broadcasting and Army Scandals, the latter involving the greater part of a quarter of a million sterling and no embarrassing enquiries made—the fight for control of the Government, in which the Tobin-McGrath faction was worsted and the plums of office fell to the Cosgrave-O'Higgins Alliance and their hangers-on, with pensions ad lib. to all and sundry tired of the daily routine of official life.

To maintain the glorious fabric of nationhood, drastic economies became necessary from time to time, and the halt, the lame, the blind, and the underdog, not having so many interests in life, we suppose, as the high lights of Merriion Street, had their means of subsistence pared a shade thinner. Hence the reductions in Old Age Pensions, the cut in Teachers' salaries which the teachers invited by the slavish attitude towards O'Connell, T.D., and his free gift of £10,000 to National Loan. Hence, also, the many other schemes for the impoverishment of the people, from the fantastic "Protection" schemes, which protect nobody but the business shark and victimise the common worker, down to the organisation of Scab Unions for the utter disorganisation of the wage-slave.

CONDOLENCE.

At the weekly meeting of the Carter's Section, held on last Monday night, it was proposed by P. Norton and seconded by J. O'Toole:—

"That the Section extend its sympathy to our fellow-member, Alec. McDonnell, in the loss sustained by him in the death of his mother."

Passed in silence.

WHERE PATRICK CASSIDY MET HIS DEATH

The cuts shown on this page—three in number—demonstrate the truth of our charges against, first, the incompetent or grossly careless and callous officials charged with the operation of substituting a new section of pipe for the broken section removed. The official in charge was a Mr. Buckley, Engineer, and the Assistant Engineer, Mr. Moynihan, who admitted at the interment of Patrick Cassidy that our charges were true in substance and in fact and that Patrick Cassidy was killed.

The pictures shown on this page were taken on the spot and bear out our challenge that Patrick Cassidy was killed through the carelessness of those directing the pipe-laying operations. The first picture shows the cutting into which the pipe was being lowered and by the side of which Patrick Cassidy met his death. The portion of the picture marked by an (X) is the actual spot on which Patrick Cassidy was standing before the pipe fell on him, and it can be clearly seen in the photograph where three feet of soil broke away at the edge of the cutting under the enormous weight laid upon it. In the second photograph appears the steel beam from which was slung the heavy pipe. When the ground broke at the edge of the cutting this beam buckled and allowed the pipe to swing over and crush Cassidy and his mate. The nature of the ground in which the cutting was made can be seen in this picture—loose sandy soil in which men sink to the knees and which rivals quicksands in its instability. The efficiency of the materials used for the lifting of the pipe can be judged from the buckle made in the beam when the full weight swung on it.

The clothes cut from the mangled body of Cassidy are the subject of the last picture, and may, perhaps, help to bring home to our readers the tragedy of this man's death, caused by the desire of the engineers in charge to get the job over, even though men's lives might be endangered by the uncalled for haste. In the foreground of this cut are broken portions of the gear used on this tragic job. The gear is smashed and broken in pieces, proving that an inefficient and dangerous method was used to lift the pipe. When it is known that the proper gear for this kind

of work lay ready to hand—a set of shear-legs—then the extent of the carelessness and utter disregard for men's lives becomes apparent. The only reason for not using the shear-legs was that it would have been necessary to wait till the

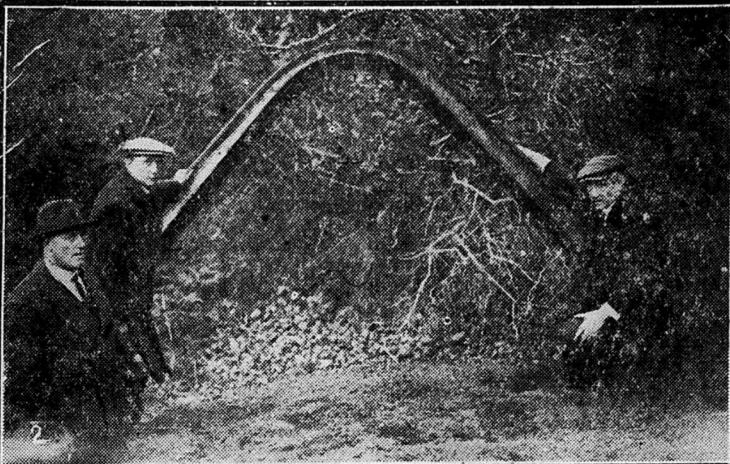
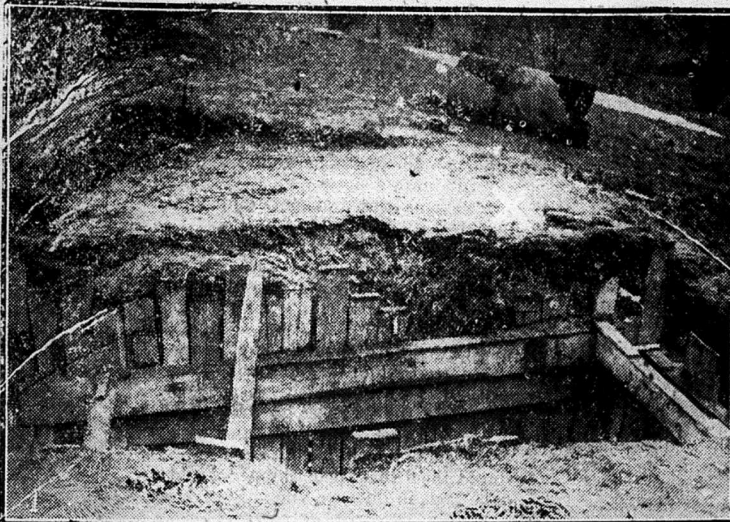
semi-darkness. No engineer or School of Engineers can find any excuse for this man's death. It was the result of utter carelessness and disregard for men's lives. We say Buckley was primarily responsible for the death of Patrick Cassidy

at Cookstown, Co. Wicklow. We invite him to take up that challenge.

We charge Deputy Coroner Murphy with failing to fully inquire into the killing of Cassidy in order that the guilt of the Engineer might be covered up. We charge the hand-picked jury with failure to carry out their duty and through the same intention as the Coroner who presided at the inquest.

We charge the hand-picked Commissioners—Seumas J. Murphy, Mr. O'Dwyer, Mr. Heron—with deliberately refusing to carry out an inquiry that would be carried out if the Citizens of Dublin had any voice in the administration of their own affairs. We say that these three usurpers, hand-picked and jobbed into well-paid offices, in this case of Cassidy's and others which we will deal with, have proved why and in whose interests they were appointed. These usurpations, added to other manifestations of corruption and jobbery, will find their own cure and shortly.

We charge the Chief of the Board of Trade with similar neglect of duty, in that he has used his office to shield the killing of workmen whose interests he is charged to protect. We charge that figure-head—McGilligan of the Industrial and Commercial Branch of this Government—who is also hand-picked, with using his office to further the interests of certain groups; with using his office for political purposes, and with perpetuating this crime against the widow of this man Cassidy and his comrades who are forced to work under engineers incapable of performing their work in an efficient and safe manner. These men whom we have charged individually with responsibility for the death of Cassidy and the refusal of an inquiry, have banded together to stifle the voice of the people. The Voice of the People should be the Voice of God, but in these days the voice of the people is no longer heard. But we are going to make it our purpose to see that the voice of the people is heard, and heard with effect.



next day before erecting them, as they had arrived on the job late in the day; and rather than wait for their arrival the engineer in charge had constructed an inefficient substitute, neglected to properly strengthen the ground and also insisted upon the operation being carried out in

together to stifle the voice of the people. The Voice of the People should be the Voice of God, but in these days the voice of the people is no longer heard. But we are going to make it our purpose to see that the voice of the people is heard, and heard with effect.

THOSE BOLSHEVIKS.

GERMAN PROFESSOR'S REPORT.

The artistic liar, whose articles were reprinted from a London paper in "The Rag," had much to say of Leningrad. We have pleasure in printing the impressions of one of the foremost anti-Bolshevik German scientists, Dr. Eric Obst, of the Institute of Technology, Hanover, who was commissioned by German scientists to report on what the Workers' Government was doing for science.

Speaking of Leningrad, he states—

"In one respect alone Leningrad gave me a happy surprise. Science lives—not only survives, but has in many respects acquired a new prestige and importance through the Revolution. Bear in mind, the city both retains the numerous important and in some cases world-renowned research departments of the Russian Academy of Sciences, and has in addition sixteen different higher institutions, such as the National Geological Institute and the National Hydrographic Institute. The scientific bodies whose directors have not taken an active part against the Bolsheviki have in several instances been assigned vacant palaces and have been very comfortably financed, so far as the means of the Government permitted. Others, like the University, which was regarded as a hotbed of reaction, have been shown the cold shoulder by the Workers' Government, and are dragging out a miserable existence. But since most Russian scientists have kept aloof from political controversies, although they are almost without exception members of the former upper class, they and their enterprises are doing fairly well. To be sure their salaries are very low, but they are permitted to hold several appointments simultaneously and ordinarily earn £12 or £25 a month additional in this way."

Professor Obst also enumerates the following scientific expeditions that are in the field this year under the auspices of the Russian Workers' Government: a geological and palæontological expedition to Turgai in Turkestan; an expedition to investigate the potash deposits in the Government of Perm; the Greenland expedition of the mineralogist Fersmann; a botanical-geographical expedition to the Urals; a geological expedition to the Government of Volga and North Dvina; a geomorphological expedition to Nova Zembla under the famous Arctic explorer, Professor Wittenburg.

No less than twenty expeditions of a similar character, including one under the auspices of the Asiatic museum to Persia and another to study the languages of the Caucasus, have been authorised for the years 1924-5. The last-mentioned expedition, which is to have a staff of thirty-five scholars, plans to devote five years to its labours.

Contrast this with the closing of the Dublin College of Science by the Cosgrave Junta; also their cutting of the teachers' salaries and crippling of technical education and our numerous friends among the student bodies of Trinity and the National, for whose frequent letters of congratulation and advice we humbly give thanks, will realise that the Workers' Republic of Ireland will not neglect the interests of science.

Neither will any expensive research expeditions to the shores of Lake Geneva be financed. We can discover "hot air" bags by looking them over in the Dail without the expense of railway and steamship tickets to Switzerland.

A CONUNDRUM.

"Why was the price of bread raised?"
"Because the people don't eat as much bread in winter as they do in summer and therefore the price must be raised to keep the profits up."

OLE BILL'S LAMENT.

I've read the rule book three times through, and Felix justifies me,
And the Docker who does not pay his sub., by gosh! he crucifies me.
I still am king of 35, and the gunmen there defend me,
But Larkin wants to hand me to the widows who would rend me.

My days are short I know that; too, but while I'm here I'll spend it
The money that we put away, of course we did not earn it.
But Tommy was a wise old owl, and knew that we would need it,
For Larkin's coming home, you see, the discontent he'd feed it.

So gather round me robbers, and a tale I will unfold
Of how we sank the Transport ship and robbed it of its gold.
It was a dark and stormy evening, we were ploughing at full sail.
There was not the slightest danger, for the Old Man was in gaol.

The crew he left behind him, were stalwarts, staunch and strong,
He trusted and respected them and thought they'd ne'er go wrong;
But I hoofed in amongst them, and with my cunning guile.
Convinced them that their Skipper would be kept in du'rance vile.

I sent all hands below one night, except the purser and his mate
Who had charge of all the money, likewise the gold and plate;
And in the early morning these two with me agreed
To poison all the vittles and dope the sailors' feed.

The job was then quite easy to take her off her course,
And we managed it most quietly, without the use of force.
We falsified the Log Book, and burned the papers, too
And changed the sailing orders, and started on the new.

All the old hands were starved out of her, for they wouldn't eat Bill's stew,
This helped the plan we worked upon to get a whole new crew;
And when the old hands reached the shore, they told a solemn tale
Of how the devil came aboard while the Ship was in a gale.

Their folk would not believe them—they thought the tale was tall,
That one Desiging Devil could take the ship and all;
And so the new crew mustered, and helped me all they knew
To divide the costly Treasure amongst the chosen few.

Now ease and plenty reigned aboard, I had no further trouble,
I paid the crew their weekly wage and made my own—just double.
There was nothing then to mar the end, on which I had decided—
To make myself the President, and keep all hands divided.

But there came a day, a storm arose—the cables loudly sounded
That Larkin was released from gaol, my crew they were astounded.
Some of the rats deserted me, and some remained quite chummy.
Like Cackle, Archie, Felix, and the boys that stole the money.

So what to do I couldn't tell, for Larkin could outwit me;
And if I was not circumspect the Government would twit me.
I called for help from Cossy and had forty-five arrested,
And said that they were Mutineers, and to the Court attested

Upon the rocks the old ship bumped, and high and dry was stranded,
A new one sails now in her place and I'm a devil branded.
I'm now a sorry Spectacle, my time will soon be ended;
The rats are leaving one by one—the rats that I befriended.

"WE THREE."

DOCK STRIKES.

Two big dock strikes are in full swing in the labour world at present, and both are having a big effect on the sea transport of the world. Although there is supposed to be a Labour daily in England, "The Daily Herald," it is impossible to find out the details of the strikes or the numbers involved.

Newfoundland and Australia are the battle grounds for these two strikes. "Down Under" the whole of the intercoastal shipping is paralysed and even the large shipping companies running ships between England and Australia are tied up. Unfortunately for the certain success of the strike some friction seems to have arisen in the ranks of the men. However, it is expected that the men will win out, as their Union is well organised and has a fighting reputation.

In Newfoundland the business men have petitioned the Government to send a warship to the affected part in order to overawe the strikers. Scabs were found by the employers, but they only managed to work for one day, because when they appeared on the quays next day they were chased for their lives. On the following day the whole police force of the town turned out, reinforced by some "White Guards." But even with this opposition the men are winning out and all shipping is held up. Dublin dockers, having undergone the big strike last year, will wish success to the Australian and Canadian comrades who are making a fight for decent conditions.

NO EVIDENCE.

The seven men arrested in connection with the Cobh Tragedy have been released. At the time of the shooting Kevin O'Higgins said he **knew** who was responsible for the occurrence. We suggest that it is time that Mr. Kevin made public his knowledge. Kevin O'Higgins is Minister for Justice and on his shoulders rests the responsibility for the apprehension of the men responsible, and he also is responsible for the arrest of the seven men; and yet he **knows** who did the deed, and according to himself has known for some months. May we ask did he suspect the seven whom his officers arrested, and if he did not, does he still know. Of course we could hardly expect the Minister to make public his knowledge—it would hardly be politic(s). Eh!

O'Higgins in making the statement did so in the hope that the public would lay the shooting at the door of certain people, a thing which O'Higgins himself was afraid to do. Now, Kevin should either make public his knowledge or admit his ignorance. And we know he'll do neither.

What are the splendid sciences, driving Nature with a bit of steel,
If only the rich can mount the car and the poor, are dragged at the wheel.

(FRANCIS ADAMS.)

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

New York, Oct. 31st.

MacDonald's crushing defeat is regarded in well-informed working class circles here as bringing much nearer the revolutionary uprising of the British workers. A tame or yellow Government like MacDonald's was confusing the class issue and delaying the inevitable conflict. A strong Tory Government and the elimination of the Liberal Party will draw the line much clearer between the exploited millions—employed and unemployed, and the masters as represented by the backers of Baldwin. It is also felt that the leaders of official Republicanism in Ireland will be forced to realise that the absolute overthrow of the capitalist governmental system of Britain is the quickest and only way to any form of Republic. With the Tories safe in power for five years, their army entrenched in Ulster and directed by the same Churchill who ordered Cosgrave and Mulcahy to fire on the Four Courts, little can be gained from a continuance of the present policy. Republicans who have been in the field should realise there is a big revolutionary ferment in Britain and many thousands are preparing to take over Britain for the workers and send King George and the Churchills the way Czar Nicholas went. Bringing Republican policy into harmony with the revolutionary workers of Britain and Ireland will speed the day when Buckingham Palace will house workers controlling a Republic of Britain whose first act will be the smashing of the Empire and releasing of subject peoples.

Elias Calles.

The Mexican President reached this city from Europe and several groups of capitalists banqueted him. In every speech he made clear his intention to serve the Mexican working class first of all. The biggest gathering was at the reception tendered him by the Socialist Party, where he enunciated many home truths. Showing his loyalty to Union principle he refused the offer of a special private railroad coach for his long trip to the border offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. In his refusal he stated he still carries his card in the Machinists' (Engineers') Union, and that as the International Association of Machinists is still locked out by this railroad that wished to honour him, he intends to travel on the Baltimore and Ohio, a non-scab line which settled with the machinists.

Cablegrams featured in to-night's papers record Mexico's decision to cut off all diplomatic, also trade, connections with England. This is a sequel to the efforts of Ramsay MacDonald's Foreign Office to use the Cummings case and the Evans case as pretexts for further interference in Mexican internal affairs. Correspondence of British officials in Mexico seized by the Mexican Secret Service, then photographed and issued in a "White Book," reveal that the British assumed the Mexican officials to be as supine and servile as the Cosgrave Cabinet in furthering British policy. To show their absolute contempt for the mighty British Empire, the newer Government of Mexico has told every British official to get out of their country at once, and issued orders to all Mexican consuls and trade agents in Britain to close up shop and return to a country where the political and moral atmosphere is not so rancid. This is the development of only four weeks' recognition of that awful Bolshevist Workers' Government. God only knows what Mexico will do after six months of Moscow tutoring. The "Independent" editors had better work overtime and kill the Russian Republic quickly. If they don't, nothing can save the world from the "Red" deluge.

A recent Court decision awarding heavy

damages to a sailor's widow brought the infamous Charles W. Morse again into prominence. This is perhaps the only millionaire thief that ever got a sentence and went into a cell, but as he is quite an old gentleman and his health was affected by confinement, they let him out after a few weeks. It would take a whole page to describe how Morse robbed his Government of millions during the war, building and repairing ships.

This case shows he bought an old steamer over fifty years old, already in the breaking-up yard. He patched it up, signed on a crew of fifty, loaded her above the Plimsoll line with munitions to help General Wrangle overthrow the Russian Soviet and sent her off. First storm she met she fell to pieces, all went down, and the only evidence was a hasty message sealed in a bottle washed up months afterwards.

The "Lismore" widows and orphans, with those orphaned by Morse's greed, are just so many more who must suffer so that crafty men can gain riches and respect in this capitalist world.

Elections.

The Presidential campaign is nearing its close. It is amusing to note the similarity of the parrot cries used by the "Ins" against the "Outs." There is as much difference between the Democrats and Republicans than there is between the Bill Cosgraveites and the Dan McCarthyites, but oh, the floods of oratory and invective and newspaper space and radio speeches used by one party against the other, would lead a visitor from Mars to infer that America was at the cross-roads in national policy.

Just as the reactionaries in the German and French Republic used the "Moscow Gold" cry, and just as the timid English shopkeepers were kept awake by the fake letter from "Moscow," so also has it entered the American campaign. It has been definitely established that the "Moscow Gold" came by way of Mexico to finance La Follette. And this same La Follette hates the very thought of Russia in about the same degree as the "Independent" directors. He'd have less chance of entering Russia than Tim Healy would.

It will be well for Irish workers to keep in mind this "Moscow Gold" argument, and to note how it will play an important part in coming Irish elections. The "Independent" and "Irish Times" will some day have big news items about "Gold from Moscow."

COAL—OH, COAL.

In a certified statement the Coal Merchants' Federation of Great Britain admits that their profits from coal has increased 100% over the profits for 1921-22.

The nett profit per ton of coal is 1/7.18d. for the year 1923-24. In the two previous years the profits were 9.80d. and 9.03d. per ton, and the increase represents additional profits of 100%.

These figures relate to the sale of coal by the ton, and when it is remembered that coal sold by the bag is usually five or six shillings dearer per ton, the profits mount still further. But the majority of the working class in cities purchase their coal by the stone and for that privilege they are forced to pay as much as 10/- per ton above the rate charged for coal sold in bags.

Those who sell the coal by the bag and stone will naturally cry aloud about the expense of distribution, but that expense is allowed for because they are given the coal by the coal merchants at a rate some 10/- below the retail price of coal sold by the ton. 10/- saved in buying and 5/- made in selling—15/-; 10/- saved in buying and 15/- made in selling—25/-. And these are the profits made by coiff factors in selling coal to the working class.

WORKERS' SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

Our usual Sunday Night Concert took place in Unity Hall, and as on all previous occasions, the Hall was filled to overflowing, in spite of the fact that a concert was held on Thursday night which was entirely confined to the children, but the exclusion of the children on Sunday did not relieve the congestion anything, and in this matter something will have to be done by our Sports Committee. It is certainly a very fine thing to see such enormous crowds attending. It speaks well for the quality of the entertainment, and the Committee deserve the highest praise for their efforts in this direction; but we insist that something definite be done by them in order that the people will be able to enjoy with some measure of comfort the excellent programme provided for their entertainment, and we suggest that the Committee hold a special meeting to devise a plan to alleviate the discomfort caused by this continual overcrowding.

The programme was long and varied, and every item was warmly applauded. Our Fife and Drum Band rendered a remarkably fine selection of Irish airs as an introduction to the regular concert; the newly-acquired instruments have certainly improved the quality of the music considerably, and the efforts of the musicians were received with an insistent demand for more, but owing to the great length of the programme the audience were compelled to forgo the pleasure of hearing them again until the conclusion of the programme, when they rendered a further selection of airs which were much appreciated. Another item which was very much appreciated by the audience was the effort of Miss Kathleen Kelly who sang a couple of numbers in a wonderfully clear soprano. The other items on the programme were: Ester Dent, song; the Murray Sisters, Dutch Dance; John Golden, song; Nellie Kelly, Hornpipe; Rodney Walsh, comic song; Noone Brothers, Flute duet; the Misses Sparkling and Sims, reel; — Farrell, piccolo solo. Our genial Secretary, No. 1 Branch, Mr. Michael Sutton, acted in the capacity of Stage Manager and filled the role very creditably. Next Sunday's programme promises to be, as Barnum said, "Bigger, Better, and Grandier than ever."

THE EVERLASTING WAR.**700 Injured Each Day.**

During 1923, 212,903 miners were injured by accidents which disabled them for more than seven days, and of this number 1,293 were killed. This figure means that an average of 700 men were injured every working day, or that a city with three times the population of Cork, had every person living within its boundaries injured during twelve months.

These 200,000 men sacrificed themselves in order that coal might be obtainable by those requiring it for different purposes, industrial, household, and principally for profit. Perhaps some day in the near future these men may decide that it is better to make these sacrifices in an effort to change the system of society which demands these sacrifices from men in return for being allowed to live like dogs, and in order that their children may not have to grovel underground in darkness and danger like animals of the lowest scale of life—worms and earth-boring insects.

WISDOM FOR LABOUR.

I painfully reflect that in almost every political controversy of the last 50 years, the leisured classes, the educated classes, the titled classes, have been in the wrong. The common people—the toilers—the men of uncommon sense—these have been responsible for nearly all of the social reforms which the world accepts to-day.—W. E. Gladstone.

The dignity of Labour depends not on what you do, but how you do it.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

There can be no great or lasting work without inspiration.—Emerson.

The brightest spot on earth is that place in the heart that generates the power of love and tolerance for your fellow man.—Elican.

If it is impossible to restrict child labour legally, the moral force of the entire capitalistic system should protect child life and child opportunity. But evidence seems to show that where profit is at stake, child life and opportunity are forgotten.—J. H. Peulicher, President American Bankers' Association.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.—The Declaration of Independence.

"Labour is capital. Labour has the same right to protect itself by trade unions, etc., as any other form of capital might claim for itself."—Cardinal Manning.

There's nothing which pays dividends like enthusiasm. Be a booster! Enthusiasm and optimism are contagious. Disseminate enthusiasm and optimism through a sincere consideration of your fellowman.—Elican.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

31 Chancery Lane,

October 21, 1924.

To the Editor,

"Irish Worker."

Sir—I wish to correct a statement made in last week's issue of the "Irish Worker" in reference to a Strike of girls in Johnston's Shirt Factory, Parliament Street. It states "Campbell, an employee in the Corporation service and a member of the Municipal Employees' Union; this man accompanies his black-leg daughter to her employment to save the police the job. We wonder what his Union thinks of him."

Mr. Larkin, it is true that I am an employee of the Corporation for over thirty years and a member of the Municipal Employees' Union, and it is true that this girl stopped in at work against my wishes. It is not true that I ever accompanied her to or from her work or gave her any encouragement. On the contrary, I condemned the action she took and advised her not to go into work. She would not take my advice; as this girl is twenty years of age I have no power to use further force than advise her. I can assure you, Mr. Larkin, that any statement you have heard about me last week is a lie; it is a case of the Wolf and the Lamb, that is as much as to say if you did not commit yourself, someone else did. I have no more to do with the strike from the start to the present than if I were in America, and my honest man can see that.

J. CAMPBELL.

WE HEAR

That the "loyal" members of the Transport Union are grumbling because they have no protection on the docks, and because Fairclough cannot get work along the beach unless he joins the Workers' Union.

That they say they are paying for protection and are not getting it.

That six delegates are being paid wages for doing d—n all.

That if the Executive won't do their work, they (the members) will join up in the One Union.

That Liberty Hall must be opened, or given back to its rightful owners—the rank and file.

That it is the member's property and not the Executive's, and if the Executive doesn't like it, they can clear out.

That things are very bad in York Street just now.

That the circulation of the "Vice" is 14,500—in London.

That the "Vice" is willing to pay any shopkeeper who sells the "Worker" the profit made on the sale of the "Worker" if he'll only refuse to stock it.

That the Transport have thousands of members in Fairbrother's Fields, and that shops in the district will be supplied with the "Vice" free of charge in order that a sale may be built up—by leaving it on the counter.

That there is only £600 in the Land Bank now.

That the account in the Hibernian Bank is £23,000, but its less now.

We heard some more things, but Bill says they aren't true, so we're not publishing them.

"KEY-HOLE."

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Unity Hall, Dublin.

A General Meeting of all Dublin members of this Union will be held in the Round Room, Mansion House, on Sunday, 23rd November, at 1 p.m.

BUSINESS.—Nominations for Branch Committee and Branch Officials. Nominations for Executive Committee and Executive Officers.

Admission by card only.

By Order, Executive Committee.

Pro. Tem.

STEP BY STEP.

Coal at the pit-head costs £1 per ton; coal placed on board ship costs 27/- per ton; coal bought by the ton from the Dublin coal merchants costs 45/- per ton; coal bought from the bell-men costs 50/- per ton; and coal bought by the stone in huckster's shops costs 55/- per ton; and Heaven only knows what it would cost if it was bought by the pound.

A SLIGHT REVIEW OF THE POSITION.

The progress the Workers' Union of Ireland is making in the County and City of Dublin is very satisfactory. In the city there are many jobs where the workers are only partly organised, but the greater majority of firms, especially the larger ones, are strongholds for the Workers' Union. Down the docks there is not a man working but is a member of this Union. The last few stragglers were roped in some days ago. When we say that the workers in a firm are not in the Workers' Union we do not mean that they are in the almost defunct Transport Union. No, we mean that these workers are not members of any Union; not because they wish to be non-unionist, but because the spirit of unionism, which was strong in this town in the old days, has been allowed to die down, and it is common to find men and women who have lost all interest in unions and what they stand for. This attitude is gradually disappearing among the workers of Dublin, and its chief enemy is economic pressure, in the shape of reductions in wages and increase of hours.

In the County, both North and South, the position of the Union is growing stronger day by day. The Transport Union has crumbled into bits, the farm labourers and road workers leaving it in droves. In Swords branch, which used to pay a full-time Secretary, they can only get six members to pay in, and we hear that even that six has now forsaken them. From the point of view of numbers and organisation the North County is stronger than the South, but nevertheless the latter is well in the fore. Any members the Transport Union have are only retained by the pressure of the employers who naturally prefer to see their members in the Seab organisation. But the day is coming fast when their likes and dislikes will not have much effect on men, and the friendship of the Seab organisation will no longer be of value. When that day comes, the bosses will quickly show the cold shoulder to Ole Bill and his cuckoos.

STATESMANSHIP.

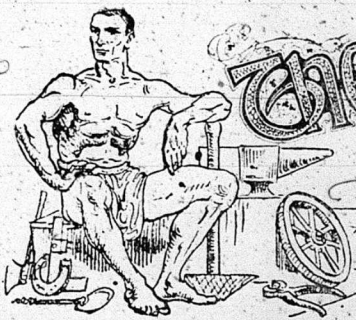
The contrast in the attitude of Free State Ministers towards those who have the misfortune to be their fellow-Irishmen and towards the British Government, is striking, and we expect the advent to power once again of Winston Churchill will still further mellow the respectful tone in which "our" statesmen address their superiors at Westminster. Hogan, Minister for Agriculture, addressing a public meeting in the South, told the people they "would bloody well do the same again," referring, of course, to recent history.

What with this and O'Higgins's references to "yapping curs" and his not forgotten admonition to his listeners, some time ago, to "go home and wipe their noses," the standard of culture is steadily rising in Ireland.

At the rate at which the nation's leaders are absorbing the finer points of culture and diplomacy, we expect before long to see Donnybrook coming into popular favour once again.

Meanwhile, we hope Cosgrave, O'Higgins and Hogan will not forget themselves before Mr. Winston Churchill.

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



The IRISH WORKER

an tOibríoe Saoolac



Edited by Jim Larkin.

No 70 NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1924

TWOPENCE

STORY OF A MAN BY HIS COMRADE

Owing to pressure of work, I am compelled to confine my wreath of words to a brief autobiography of one of the cleanest, bravest fighters the working class ever received service from—one who gave without measure and price—James Fearon of Newry, County Down, who died in Glasgow, October 10th.

In the year 1905 I was instructed by the Executive of the National Union of Dock Labourers to proceed to Glasgow and reorganise the port. After enrolling some 8,000 dockers, coal-workers, sailors, firemen, cranesmen, and forcing the carters to get back into their union, I turned my attention to a body of men who were the most degraded, harassed body of workers I had ever had any experience of in my chequered career—the iron ore workers, who discharged the ore boats from Spain on the Govan side of the River. They were mostly North of Ireland men who lived in the model(?) lodging houses. They were exploited in every cruel way. They were engaged by the hour, and at all hours of the day and night they were put on, according to the number of railway waggons available for loading. No regulations, no considerations given them. They might work one hour loading the waggons available, then stand by for two or three hours, or maybe half a day—get one or more hour's work, draw the few coppers. They were supposed to get 8d. per hour—when working—and what work these men had to carry out cannot be expressed in words. Only men who have shovelled Caliened iron ore or Manganese ore can appreciate the labour. They were in a continual state of semi-starvation and drunkenness. These were the first human beings that I had ever seen drinking meythalated spirits or, as it is called in Dublin, "Spunk." Many of them never sought even the shelter of a lodging-house, for the doss-house charged not less than 4d. per night. A few among them—not lost to all sense of manhood—had tried, time and again, to organise their fellows, but failure had attended their efforts.

I studied the position for some time and then I decided to go and join them; work with them and find out the realities of the situation.

I got a job overnight in a limestone boat—one of Robertson's—and among the

crowd I noticed a chap who, in the pauses between the tubs being hooked on, kept talking—not drink or women, the usual talk—but, strange to say, economics. He had a good grip of his subject, but lacked the power of expression. When we knocked off for our "morning," a custom followed in all Scotch ports of knocking off for a quarter of an hour to get a glass of whiskey. I noticed this chap did not follow the crowd, but went to his coat and took out a bottle filled with tea. I joined him, started a discussion, and after a few minutes conversation found out he was a Newry man. We compared notes, found out we were neighbour's children; I disclosed my purpose, and thus my comrade, Jim Fearon, and I met, and from that time until death met him a few days ago, we were one in understanding and purpose.

No man, and least of all this unworthy one, who pens these halting lines, ever deserved to enjoy in this troubled passage of life such joy in comradeship as was given to me by this man—Jim Fearon. We worked together, stood together in a prison dock more than once, lay in a prison cell together, and apart, worked together as officials in the one Union—suffered all the ills and misfortunes that comrades in the cause must endure, lived to see the movement grow from strength to strength. He stood by my side in Glasgow, Ardrossan, Bowness, Leith, Belfast, Newry, Dundalk, Cork, Dublin, and still stands with me in death. His loyalty to his class, his willingness to serve in any capacity, his courage, determination, and optimism never was equalled in all my experiences in this, the greatest movement of the world of men has ever been blessed with.

He was the first secretary of the Irish Transport Union in Cork. He it was who first organised the Irish Citizen Army; he and a lad long dead, Spike Sullivan. Both of them had served in the British Army; Jim in the Faughs, '87, Spike in the Munsters. I remember the first parade that was held in public—June 1909—was in Cork's own city. The boys had long shafts, red bands on right arm; a sturdy lot of lads they were, ready for anything. Dublin Castle got busy and it was decided to go underground for a while. Jim and a few of the lads wanted to make it an open-bound organisation. Some of them were or had been members

of the I.R.B. I decided it was premature and we agreed to wait awhile before developing the movement. Events marched rapidly and the matter was left over when, owing to the brutality of the police in the 1910-11-13 disputes, the matter of reorganising the movement was forced on our attention. In the near future I hope to give the full details of the meeting when it was decided to, not only to reorganise the section, because it was always considered as a section of our movement and, as such, it was planned a part of the Labour movement. The economic side expressing itself through industrial organisation and political expression, the productive and distributive co-operation side, social and educational side and the organised defence of the movement by a trained and disciplined body of workers. That was why Clonon Park was leased with the option of purchase. That is why other activities were developed. It was no emotional outburst that brought this movement into being; it is no emotional debauch that carries this movement forward. It was born out of the struggle. It was conceived in time and for a purpose. Jim Fearon was honoured in being one of the pioneers of the modern Irish Labour Movement. When opportunity presents itself, his place, his work, his sacrifice will get appreciation. It is such humble servants of the working class who are the real backbone of this world movement. It is such fearless ones and the service they give ungrudgingly and without asking return that gives us an assurance this is a movement that cannot fail. Not leaders gives us such men—men who live for principles of eternal justice and truth, though dark be the way and bitter the experience—the sweet satisfaction of working for others and for progress their only reward.

Good-night, Comrade, you laboured in due season and in a measure that some of us would fain emulate. I was honoured by your comradeship in life; may I continue as faithful and loyal to the cause as you, and if I am so honoured it will be because of you and many others unnamed, living and dead. Again, good-night and eternal rest.

Your comrade,

JIM LARKIN.

THE CINEMA DISPUTE.

Strike Against Intolerable Conditions in the Corinthian and Carleton Cinema Theatres.

Why this dispute, which our pure, high-souled, beyond purchase and without price Government say is no dispute. The employees in the theatres and cinema shows in this town are of two categories—full-time workers and part-time workers.

The full-time workers, in the mass, are the skilled technicians, such as back-stage men, electricians, stage carpenters, light-men, projectors, operators, etc. The cleaners in many cases are also full-time employees. Doormen, attendants, cashiers or money-takers are supposed to be, in most cases, part-time workers. This is the subterfuge by which this bunch of foreign Jewish financiers who control the show business in this country evade paying a living wage. They are able to do this characteristic evasive trick owing to three several causes. The workers were in a Union which, at one time, nobody could caple or besmirch the members or buy the officials. Of late years a group of individuals got control of this Union and used it to advance their own interests, and as a weapon to browbeat those who were not willing to fawn on them. One of these individuals holds a position in the Theatrical Section of this Union, and is admittedly a job-holder. He has had to publicly apologise to a female employee in one of the houses on strike for gross and obscene slander, and for using his position to get this girl dismissed from her position. The document, in which this creature makes his apology for foully slandering this poor girl—a member then of this so-called Union, which Union, instead of protecting this girl, took the side of the panderer and, he alleged, gave him authority to compel the poor, spineless creature, who owned the Corinthian Theatre, to dismiss this innocent girl on the most foul charges that could be brought against any girl. For ten days this girl was kept out from her work at a time when the only money to sustain her home was the wages this girl earned in the Cinema. Among the shareholders is a number of new Republicans, such as Mrs. Dudley Edwards, social worker, formerly in the entourage of the much esteemed social worker and uplifter, Lady Aberdeen, Countess of Tar-ra-ra. We wonder does Mrs. Dudley Edwards know what happened to one of her employees, a defenceless girl.

The doorman, who is like every Englishman over—the real boss, is one, Harrison, Harris or some other name. He is a pensioner from His Majesty's Army, and this being the only recommendation for a job necessary in this country, Harrison runs a pension, runs a shop, runs a job and runs the Corinthian. Harrison seems to know too much to be dismissed. This three-job man, who can get three incomes while fools here left the jobs in the theatres to go to Flanders and came back to find Harrison and his type in their jobs. They can go on the dole—when they get it—but these Dublin chaps on the dole, instead of working in Harrison's job, can accept the sympathy of one, O'Hickey, who writes his name in Irish; or they can, like the Comrades of the Republican Army Unemployed, who were released from gaol by the continued agitation of the men who are now in the Workers' Union of Ireland—they can, like them, go up to the Republican Bureau, organised to find work for mem-

ployed men, ask Moore, the Republican Secretary, Corinthian Picture House, why Harrison can get three jobs and an Irishman, a citizen, can be denied even a part-time job by Moore and the other new Republicans. It only proves that in business there is no politics. The Jew, Eliman, who runs the Metropole Cinema in partnership with the Free State Government, has been everything in his time—but always look out for Eliman. Then let us travel to the Carleton, owned by Robinson, Solicitor, O'Connell Street, McCabe of fish fame, and run by a Hebrew gentleman of many aliasis. In the Carleton he is Elias—not the prophet, but just after the profits. He is Mister Alexandra, a tailor, in Talbot Street. We intend to give our readers his real name and record. This gent told us he would take Usher by the seat of the pants and throw him in the street. You will note the seat of the pants; Alexandra, tailor, of Talbot Street, expected the pants to tear and thus a job for Elias, the Manager of the Carleton, under the name of Alexandra the tailor. Readers, do you wonder that so many of these creatures, who carry cards in the Irish Transport Union, work in the theatres and cinemas. By holding down one or more jobs in the daytime they can work cheap in the cinemas and theatres for the Elimans, the Eliasies, the Morrisons, etc.

Instead of giving a man or woman a living wage for the work done in the Theatres or Cinemas, the creatures like Elias—non-nationalised, non-citizens, trading under their different names—can get these three or two job men and women to work for half wages at night, thus depriving an unemployed man or woman of a job, driving them to stand like supplicants begging to be permitted to sign up at the Labour Exchange for the Dole—when they get—and if they get the Dole. These employers in the Cinema Theatres are running their businesses cheap at the cost of the citizens, they are taking advantage of the Insurance scheme devised to help the unemployed worker, not to pay the expenses of an unscrupulous group of blood-suckers such as run and control this Scab Union-hating Association. The Cinema and Theatrical Association, controlled by the official Free State Liquidator—the man who never missed the tide—Telford, wherever the jobs—this ubiquitous gentleman who has his hand in every pie with a plum in—Telford and his Liam Achatess, Corrigan, the bury-hole man, whose intelligent son controls one department of this just Government—snuff said—can declare all the forces of the Government will be placed behind the Association.

Well, Bury-Hole Corrigan, who made his money out of exploiting the poor. This slum property owner can guarantee the forces of the Government will be placed at the disposal of the Elimans, the Morrisons, the Elias—alias—Alexandra, the other many named gentlemen who are always so willing to pay for business that pays. Maybe Corrigan & Co. are doing more than they opine to clarify the issue. A change of name does not always mean a change of government, just as a Mister Alias Cinema Manager can a Mister Alexandra Merchant Tailor. The Telfords, the Corrighans have been very astute in changing beds. Some day the A may fall out.

There is a strike in the Carleton and Corinthian Cinema Theatres; there is a strike in the Tivoli Theatre; there will be other strikes wherever scab wages and non-union conditions exist—wherever man, woman or child is ill-treated or exploited, and especially where there is such foul, immoral conditions existing as exist in the Theatrical and Cinema business. We have only thrown a little light on a dark plague-spot. Now that those responsible for such conditions invite an early exposure, they will get it.

We will prove what a price some people pay for a job. We intend taking the mask off some of these Dark Brethren.

Gentlemen (?) of the Theatrical and Cinema group of finance, capitalists, your game of trafficking in things sacred to a decent citizen is about to be ended.

OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Dublin Metropolitan Police.

Criminal Investigation Department.

Theatre and Cinema Association.

Cosgrave, O'Higgins, Blythe & Co.

Irish (?) Labour Party.

Shipping Federation.

Theatre and Cinema Defence League.

O.E.U. Defence League.

Workers' Council.

Ex-Officers and Men of the National Army.

"Loop-the-Loop" Duffy and HIS Union.

Employers' Federation.

Murphy's Rag, "Rathmines" Times, The Journal of Freeman.

FELIX THE CAT.

The Black Brethren.

Courts of Justice?

OUR ARMY and OUR NAVY (Home and Colonial).

"ONE AND INDIVISIBLE."

WITH DUE REGARD TO THE INTERESTS OF THE EMPLOYERS.

"I know nothing about the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union—I hold no brief for that organisation. But this I do know—that it is respected by both employers and employees, and that it appears to be carrying on its work on behalf of its members with a due regard to the interests of the employers and the industries they represent."

(So says a gentleman who calls himself Hickey, in the "Independent," and we won't deny it. Inchicore, Marino, Fish Market, Pinn, Carleton and Corinthian Cinemas, Tivoli Theatre, Dublin Chemical Works and Tullamore.)

RELIEF OF UNEMPLOYMENT OPPOSED.

Cavan Association of the Farmers' Union passed a resolution protesting against the proposal of the County Council to borrow £10,000 to provide employment.

("Irish Independent")
More "Free labour" required, we believe.

BUY A BOND

—IN THE—

FREEDOM FUND

—OF THE—

Workers' Union of Ireland

One Pound Down

OR BY WEEKLY INSTALMENTS

At any Branch of the Union

A LONG-EXPECTED BILLET DOUX.

1924. No. 9821.

SAORSTAT EIREANN.

High Court of Justice.

Between

THOMAS JOHNSON ... Plaintiff
and
JAMES LARKIN and THE GAELIC PRESS ... Defendants

STATEMENT OF CLAIM.

DELIVERED THE 18th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1924, BY JAMES O'CONNOR and COMPANY, 1 DAME STREET, DUBLIN, SOLICITORS FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

1. The Plaintiff resides at 63 Edenvale Road, Ranelagh, in the County of Dublin, and is a member of Dail Eireann and a Labour Leader. The Defendant, James Larkin, is a Trade Union Organiser, and resides at 54 Upper Beechwood Avenue, Banchlagh, in the County of Dublin. The Defendants, the Gaelic Press, carry on business as Printers and Publishers, at 21 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin. The Defendant James Larkin is the Editor and Proprietor, and the Defendants the Gaelic Press are the Printers and Publishers respectively of a newspaper called "The Irish Worker."

2. The Defendant James Larkin falsely and maliciously wrote and published or procured to be published of and concerning the Plaintiff in the issue of the "Irish Worker," bearing date the 24th May, 1924, the words and figures following:—

"JOHNSON INCITES TO CHAOS."

"Johnson's T.D. attitude towards the unemployed has now been defined by HIMSELF. Hereunder we give his statement in the Dail on the question—taken from the 'Irish Independent' of Wednesday, 21st inst., and append the correspondence between the unemployed ex-soldiers and the Government and Dail members.

"Mr. JOHNSON (Lab.) thought the Ministry was bound to take notice of the representations made regarding pensions. Referring to the letter the demobilised soldiers sent to the members of the Dail, he hoped that kind of solicitation would not be repeated by any organisation which required sympathy or assistance.

"THE GOVERNMENT MUST TAKE WARNING OF A RISING TIDE OF AGITATION AND DISCONTENT, NOT ONLY AMONGST DEMOBILISED SOLDIERS.

"The unemployment question would have to be dealt with in a very much bigger manner than the Government seemed to have even dreamt of. This evil of unemployment WAS AS SERIOUS AS THAT OTHER PROBLEM THAT CONFRONTED THE GOVERNMENT TWO YEARS AGO, AND WOULD HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH IN THE SAME MANNER. THEY WOULD HAVE TO RAISE A CIVIL AND INDUSTRIAL ARMY."

"Dealing with the problem 'in the same manner' as the 'Problem that faced the country two years ago' means that the workers thrown out of work as a direct result of the mur-

derous and suicidal policy of the 'Government' of which Mr. Johnson is one of the advisers, must be shot down even as the 'Irregulars' were, in the event of their agitating for work.

"It is time labour dealt with this English traitor.

"Months ago we told our readers that Johnson was going over to capitalism, and by that we meant his services were in the market. He has now gone further than any capitalist dare have gone, for his incitement to murder the workers is the most bloody-minded and callous statement in our times, not excepting his call on the Government a year and a half ago to wipe out Republicanism 'even if it cost as much more.'

"Johnson is a member of the Irish Union of Distributive Workers, and Secretary of the 'Irish Labour Party.'

"What do the rank and file in the 'Distributive Workers' Union' intend to do about it? Are they satisfied to be shot down like dogs when they agitate for work? If they do not get rid of this scoundrel at once they will get the bullet and bayonet in reward for their 'loyalty' to what he stands for. Behind Johnson, in the 'Irish Labour Party,' stands William O'Brien, I.T.G.W. Union, and Senator Foran, I.T. & G.W.U. Let it not be forgotten. The Gas Works Strike is now on in the City and the opportune moment has been chosen for the new policy. If a single gas worker is shot as a result of Johnson's incitement to murder the blood of the victim is on the head of Johnson. Let it not be forgotten.

"The last sentence in Johnson's statement is an invitation to the 'Government' to organise an army of scabs. They would have to raise a civil and industrial army. But plainly the meaning is—that the 'Government' must have an army of scabs to break any strike or lock-out precipitated by the bosses of Irish Capitalism.

"If this does not open the eyes of the workers to the chronic ruffianism of Johnson, there is nothing for them but a dose of the lead which Johnson promises to those who dare to look for work."

3. The said words were a libel on and defamatory of the Plaintiff, and held the Plaintiff up to public odium, contempt and hatred.

4. The Plaintiff further says that by the said words the Defendant James Larkin, meant and was understood to mean as follows:—

That the Plaintiff had advised the "Government" and stated in Dail Eireann that workers thrown out of work must be shot down even as the "Irregulars" were.

That the Plaintiff was an English traitor and was going over to capitalism and that his services as a labour leader were for sale in the market and that the Plaintiff had thereby betrayed his followers and supporters.

That the Plaintiff had stated in effect that the Government should organise an army of "Scabs" and that the Government must have an army of "Scabs" to break any strike or lock-out brought about by Irish capitalists.

5. The Defendants, the Gaelic Press, on or about the 24th May, 1924, falsely and maliciously printed and published of and concerning the Plaintiff the article headed "JOHNSON INCITES TO CHAOS" set out in paragraph 2 hereof.

and the Plaintiff repeats paragraph 3 and 4 hereof in respect of the said printing and publication herein complained of.

6. By reason of the premises the Plaintiff suffered great loss and damage and has been held up to public odium and contempt and the Plaintiff suffered in his character and reputation and in the Plaintiff's trade and business as Labour Leader, and the Plaintiff was put to great annoyance, inconvenience and expense.

7. The Plaintiff claims damages:

(a) Against the Defendant James Larkin £1,000.

(b) Against the Defendants the Gaelic Press £1,000.

MARTIN C. MAGUIRE.
HENRY HANNA.

GROCERS' ASSISTANTS' DISPUTE.

PACT WITH THE WORKERS TO PREVENT PROFITEERING.

Speaking at a General Meeting of over 1,200 Barmen in the Round Room, Rotunda, on Monday night last Mr. Fitzpatrick, Chief Organiser, referring to the supposed Pact between the assistants and their employers emphatically denied that the assistants ever entered into any such agreement. The capitalist press tried to misrepresent a clause in the agreement in which the assistants' representatives undertook not to question the right of the employers to fix their own prices.

Continuing he suggested that if our employers persist in their present attitude to smash our organization and lower our standard of living, necessitating a strike to maintain them, we will enter into a pact with our own class, the working class whom the publicans are fleeing, not to return to work until the prices are substantially lowered.

He reminded the members that the time has arrived when we must open our eyes to the fact that we owe a duty to our fellow-workers and in future we will not be content with demanding our share of the profits but we must have a veto on them to prevent our own class, the consumer, from being exploited.

"OLE BILL"—RECRUITING SERGEANT.

In previous issues we have made reference to the reduction in wages forced on the Dublin Chemical Workers by the tricky and soft talk of the officials of the Transport Union. We now wish to describe the aftermath.

Since the reduction came into force practically 75% of the Chemical Workers who had remained with the Junta have turned over from the Transport Union to the Workers' Union. They have learnt their lesson and a bitter lesson it was.

In Tullamore a similar situation occurred. The members of the Transport Union stayed out on strike for over three months rather than accept a reduction in their meagre wages. The Junta were loud in their protestations of support during the early stages of the fight, but when some weeks had elapsed the men on strike found themselves deserted and the strike resulted in defeat for the workers and a cut in their wages.

The day after the strike a messenger arrived in Unity Hall from the men to arrange for an organiser to go down and start a branch of the Workers' Union in the town. The arrangements were made and a meeting was held on Sunday in Tullamore. A new Branch is now in full swing and the disillusioned members of the Transport Union are forming up in the only fighting Union in Ireland. And so even "Ole Bill" is recruiting for the Workers' Union and with great success.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

THE MENACE OF LARKINISM

Not for the first time in Dublin history have the entire press, the Government and the forces of scabdom united to block the road of progress. Before, it was the McIntyres and the Sparrow Kellys who scouted for reaction; now it is the O'Brien-Foran-Johnson combination.

The Englishman Johnson and his fellow-conspirators, O'Brien and Foran, whose company is appreciated in those places where capitalism loves to foregather, from Plunkett House to Trinity College, are making their last and most desperate effort to bring the workers of Dublin to heel. Hardly a few months ago O'Brien invoked the Law against the 45 men who dared to occupy their own Trade Union premises, and now again he is on his knees to Cosgrave & Co, to save the remnants of treachery, with his legions of C.I.D.

The Cosgrave Government do not require the stimulus of an appeal from Parnell Square to take the field against Labour. By training, interest and in the unplumbed depths of their ignorance, they are opposed to anything that leads to emancipation for the working class. Unlike the Brigands of Parnell Square and Abbey Street, the Cosgrave faction are dependent directly on the money-bags of capitalism for the financing of their policy, whereas the labour fakirs draw their sustenance out of the contributions of the class whose interests they continually betray.

"Barkis is willin'," and Cosgrave waiting on the pleasure of the 'ole lady' of Parnell Square fairly represents the situation. There is this difficulty, that the Cosgrave party can only exist, whatever their predilections, by the good will of the common worker, and they cannot afford to antagonise the mass of the electorate even to save the schemers of Parnell Square and Lower Abbey Street. This is the kernel of the problem.

When Field Marshal O'Brien visits the D.M.P. Commissioner's office, or sends his friend Johnson to negotiate an offensive and defensive alliance, with Merriion Street, he is labouring under the disability of not being able to "deliver the goods". Cosgraveism is scratching its head lately, and to judge by events, blood-poisoning has supervened. We expect it will be worse before it is better.

The picture represented by O'Brien on his knees to Cosgrave would not be complete if we omitted the pitiable spectacle of the Dublin press hanging by that gentleman's coat-tails. "Larkinism is the enemy," and unless a way can be found of convincing the "proletariat" that blue-black is virgin white, the day is lost.

The "Independent," "Freeman" and "Irish Times" are deeply stirred at the prospect of their allies in Parnell Square being wiped out. To help salvage the wreck

the "Independent" writes as follows:—"We are glad, therefore, that the Irish Transport and General Workers Union has announced its intention of filling the places of the strikers in the Cinema theatres. Further:—"The Dublin employers are entitled to the full support of the legitimate Trade Union movement. The "Irish Times" speaks in similar voice:—"We are glad that the Transport Union has decided to assert its authority." (Though not intended by the editor, this is a joke.) The "Times" goes on:—"Apparently Mr. Larkin and his malcontents are still in a position to bring trade to a standstill whenever they choose to exert themselves." How the Transport Union can "assert its authority" if "Mr. Larkin . . . is still in a position to bring trade to a standstill" we don't understand.

What is clear is, that we have now massed against the workers of Dublin a combination whose purpose is to destroy any attempt to raise them from slavery. The Cosgrave Government, which declares it is not its function to create employment, and throws the onus on the employers' Federation and the smaller fry of capitalism to regulate the flow of industry, is committed to the destruction of the Union (that is opposed to such a policy). It is necessary, if Parnell Square and Lower Abbey Street are to survive, that the workers be kept on their knees, and that if the buccaners of Merriion Street are to carry on their policy of plunder of the people, that there shall not be any organisation in the country to prevent them.

Unfortunately for the allied forces the Workers' Union of Ireland are on the job, and we will have the object from James's Street and the bunn solicitor, whose uncle is Tim, eating out of our hand before a twelvemonth is passed—the C.I.D. notwithstanding.

A VISIT TO THE MINISTRY OF HINDERUSTRY AND PROMISE.

MR. FELIX THOMSON INTERVIEWS MR. McILLAGAIN.

The Ministry of Hinderustry and Promise was visited at an early hour last Monday morning by a representative of the people. Precisely at 12 o'clock Mr. Felix Thomson wiped his boots on the mat.

The man of pensions, who guards the outer defences, sprang to attention, raising his hand to the salute.

"Good morning," said Mr. T.

"The same to you, sir," said the man of perquisites. "Wish to see the Minister of Hinderustry, Mr. Thomson?"

"To speak to him, McGillcuddy. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"This way sir. Ha! Ha!"

* * *

Mr. McIllagain sat at his roll-top immersed in thought. The opening of the door caused him to look up, and Mr. Thomson stepped across the threshold.

"Mr. Felix Thomson, sir," said McGillcuddy.

"Hail, old friend—Hey there, McGillcuddy! Give the first President of the Irish Soviet a chair."

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, Mac! Just dropped in on you to get myself clear in reference to your unfortunate slip in the Dail yesterday. Knowing you so well I am sure you did not express yourself as you had intended."

"True, Felix! I fear I put it the wrong way. My youthful indiscretion. Those accursed Die-hards—the devils! Ha!"

"Don't worry about it, Mac. I have made a few mistakes too, but it is up to us to put ourselves right. Will you listen to a suggestion?"

"Go on, Felix."

"I have been analysing your statement with my old 'Chara' (as the Hibernians

say). Mr. Mortitude, and we think your indiscretion can be put on the reporter. The obnoxious and unpopular view, attributed to you is, "It is not the business of the Government to provide employment." Would it not meet the case if, in reply to a question in the Dail to-morrow, you stated that the word 'altogether' was omitted from the published report? The sentence would then read "It is not **altogether** the business of the Government to provide employment."

"Capital, Felix! Capital! Have a drink!"

"No, thanks, Mac! I feel I am not . . . Ha! Ha!"

"Well, well! My dear Felix, you have rescued me from a most difficult position."

"Oh, it's nothing! I have often had to get out of far more dangerous situations."

"You don't say?"

"Fact!"

"Well, well! That is most interesting."

"Oh, yes! I had a most exciting experience in the Black and Tan war. Going down Shabby Street one evening I was halted by half-a-dozen Auxiliaries. "What's your name?" shouted one of them. I don't mind telling you Mac I had the fright of my life, but with great presence of mind I answered him with a splendid simulation of a Cork accent

"A Cork accent? What was the idea?"

"Well, you see, Mac, they were looking for English 'fly-boys' at the time."

"Oh! I see. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"I suppose, Felix, you could write a book of hair-raising stories of that exciting time."

"Oh, yes! Another day, I was stopped by a Black and Tan. "Are you a Reptilian?"

he roared, sticking a gun into my stomach. Well, I can tell you it **was** awkward.

It was no-use telling those lads you weren't. They hit first and thought it out afterwards.

I guessed it would take finesse to carry the day. "In the words of Horatio Bottomley, I declared, "I am a citizen of the Imperial Republic of which George the Fifth is President by hereditary right."

It swept him off his feet. "Come along old fruit, he laughed, "have a drink on me!"

"Did you?"

"I did."

"I must say, Felix, I envy you your sang-froid. I find myself constantly in difficulties over awkward questions. As an example, I received a letter from a town in Tirconnall to-day. The writer is a grazier, but he owns a shop in Donegal as well.

He says, "I export my cattle to England and have to compete with the Colonials, and as a result get low prices; but when I import goods I have to pay more for them than I would pay in England or the Six Counties. How is that? That's a damned awkward question at election times, Felix. What would you suggest I should reply?"

"Why not ask him for a report on his year's exports and imports, the number of cattle, the price realised, etc. etc., and promise to look into the matter with a view to obtaining better conditions for him."

"But you know damn well we can't help him out. It is not the business of the Government

"There you are again, Mac—putting your two feet into it."

"How—what are you talking about?"

"You have just said 'It is not the business of the Government' . . . Keep your wits about you."

"Aw—Felix! You make me sick. Wits or no wits how can I give him what he wants?"

"It's not necessary. By the time he answers all your queries—"

"Yes."

"The elections will be over."

"By heavens, Felix, that's a fact. Hello! Are you going so soon? Well, next time bring a few more good stories. I have had a most enjoyable morning. Good bye."

"Slán leat, Mac—"

FIELD-MARSHAL O'BRIEN CALLS OF THE POLICE AGAIN.

The gallant Field-Marshal has called up his reserves of D.M.P. and C.I.D. again. The last time the so-called forces of law and order massed in battle array at his summons was to eject members from their own premises, Liberty Hall.

Last Monday morning O'Brien paid a visit to the D.M.P. Commissioner at Dublin Castle and laid his case for joint action with the police before his friend. The result of the arrangement was that O'Connell Street on that night was lined, both sides, with C.I.D.; while the "champions of the downtrodden"—O'Shannon, the toy gunman, and one or two others—in varying stages of unbalance, paraded in their grateful shadow.

In previous issues we have pointed out the extent to which O'Brien, Johnston and Senator Foran—the latter two pillars of the State (L), the former the rejected of South City—have betrayed the workers into the hands of the bosses and Government. The policy, of which the organised Government intimidation at Carlton and Corinthian is the latest sample, is but a continuance of happenings earlier in the year.

O'Brien is as well-known a figure at police headquarters as the Police Commissioner himself. Between the Executive of the I.T. & G.W.U. and Government headquarters the best of relations exist. On the one hand, the Cosgrave faction supply police and military to O'Brien and Co. to terrorise the workers; on the other, the O'Brien-Foran-Johnson clique throw all their weight—such as it is—into the scales in favour of the "Government"—such as it is—and anything that may require to be done, from "implementing the Treaty" to supplying scabs is all in the day's work.

O'Brien-Foran-Johnsonism is on the last ditch—and knows it. So also is Cosgrave-O'Higginsism. In the days when "Implement the Treaty" and "the will of the people" were popular slogans, the allied forces adopted as their rallying call: "United We Stand." The slump in Free State stock synchronising with the slump in Labour Fakir stock makes the need of a new slogan imperative, and we would suggest as the most suitable, "United We Fall." Anyhow, who will prevent it?

Neither O'Brienism nor Cosgraveism, despite their previous protests in favour of maintaining "the will of the People," is willing to bend before the popular storm. The renewed offensive against the workers is symptomatic of the present feeling, and we await further developments. We have promised the Cosgrave-O'Higgins "Government" before, and now we promise them again that their association with the Labour fakirs of Abbey Street will cost them dear. Let the forces of C.I.D.-ism bully and threaten as they may, they are almost at the end of their tether, and in the coming days they will account to a Government of the people for their offences against the working class. That, to every man of them.

The tide is coming in and the beach-combers of Parnell Square are climbing the rocks away from the rising waters. Not all the gummie, governmental and hired, will divert the course of events, and together Merrion Street and Parnell Square will go down before the people.

The present is the last offensive by the O'Brien-Foran-Johnson faction against the Workers' Union of Ireland. The old gang are on the last ditch—and they know it.

THE SOUTH CITY ELECTIONS.

COSGRAVE BITES THE DUST.

We congratulate the workers of South City on throwing out the Free State candidate. For many long months they have put up with persecution, direct and indirect, from the political faction that controls the Government at Merrion Street. The organisers of Scabbery at I.T. & G.W.U. headquarters and Government Buildings have tried the trick once too often. The Free State pitcher is badly cracked; now it must be broken.

It is only the beginning. It is not the first blow that wins the battle, but the last, and the duty of the workers who have suffered through the treachery of the Johnsons, O'Briens and Forans on the one hand, and the anti-Labour Government on the other, has only begun.

Those who have a mind to seek the truth of things should note the change of front in the Free State camp since the date of the nominations in the present elections. A short week earlier and the Government were preaching what they call "economy." Departments which could dispense with most of their staffs—in the public interest—were not in mind; nor was it the intention to sack the relatives and hangers-on of Ministerial jobsters. No! the victim marked out was the underdog, who "earns his bread by the sweat of his brow."

The Workers' Union have experience of the administration of Public Departments and it is their conclusion that it is only the fear of being ultimately dealt with by the robbed and dispossessed, that, on occasion, forces the hand of Government. In speaking of Public Departments we have in mind the figures that control their activities—the Ministerial caucus—and they are the directors of election propaganda as well.

Remembering the treatment of Old Age Pensioners, school teachers and the many other classes of workers whose standard of living has been considerably reduced by the Government, the election speeches of the Cosgrave-ites may be regarded as so much rubbish. To talk of cleaning the country from the Shannon, a project involving millions of money and the importation of huge supplies of machinery and electrical equipment, is ridiculous in view of the adverse trade balance and the fact that National Loan is struggling for life at 92 points.

If Free Stateism is to survive the next election it will need to explain how it is proposed to evade Ireland's share of (England's) National Debt. That item on top of our adverse trade balance will make interesting reading for the electors in North City (Dublin) in a few weeks.

The present policy of the Government is the destruction of the Workers' Union of Ireland—in Free State interests—and the putting in its place of the bastard Union that functions from Parnell Square. Let them to it! Neither Johnsonism nor Cosgraveism is fit for the job, and the election results in South City prove it. What has happened in South City will be repeated in North City within the coming weeks.

Cosgraveism is the enemy of the people. It is Cosgrave who is responsible for the arrests of Workers' Union pickets at the Carlton Picture Theatre—Cosgrave acting at the behest of O'Brien.

Let them to it! We thrive on the scoundrelism of our opponents and will use their infamies against them. After South City—North City.

We notice that our good friend Seamus O'H-Aodha placed a black border around his vote of condolence with the voters on having wasted their votes on him.

WOMEN'S PROTEST.

Vancouver, B. C. Women with peace banners, are not wanted when war memorials are unveiled in Vancouver. The wife of a soldier who had seen service in France was standing silently with three other women near the World War monument during the dedication. Each woman had had a man killed during the conflict. Each held a banner.

One banner had a quotation from Robert Burns reading:—

"Ye hypocrites: are these your pranks,
To murder men and give God thanks,
Desist for shame; proceed no further,
God won't accept your thanks for murder."

A female patriot ordered them to cut it out. When they continued to stand in silence she called a policeman who put the pickets out of business.

CHARITY COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS.

The Murphy family of tram and press fame have always had the interests of the Dublin newsboys at heart, so they themselves say, and at present they are trying to keep the Newsboys' Club in existence. The object of the Club is to keep the newsboys off the streets by providing them with indoor games and other amusements. 'Tis like the Murphy family to act the hypocrites in this manner. How in the H—l can boys stay off the streets and play games when they have to earn the price of their bed and grub each day. If one passes through the streets of Dublin any night up to eleven o'clock, boys, young and otherwise, and girls, are on the pavements and in the gutters trying to dispose of their last few remaining copies, and whether rain or hail is coming down papers can still be bought at all hours of the night on the streets of this city. If the Murphy family and their associates of the Newsboys' Club would contribute a little of their "superabundance" towards the clothing and feeding of these boys and provide them and those depending on their earnings with decent living accommodation it might perhaps be somewhat easier to keep these newsvendors off the streets where they seem to be an eyesore to Lombard Murphy and his friends, although these eyesores help to gather in the profits for Lombard by selling his Rag.

PORTRANE HAPPENINGS.

Portrane Branch of the Workers' Union is making good headway. Seemingly this town is not as bad as its reputation and the workers of the town and district quickly realised what the recent happenings in the world of Irish Labour implied, and action followed the realisation.

The monthly general meeting of the Branch was held last Saturday. The numbers that attended the meeting are evidence of the interest that is taken by the members in the Branch and its business. Comrade Gargan presided and after attending to the routine business, John Lawlor, who had travelled down from Dublin, addressed the meeting. He gave a general review of the Union's progress since its inception, and the information he gave on many matters of interest to Union men was appreciated. After his address he spent some time in answering the many questions put forward by the audience regarding the internal and external organisation of the Union.

A vote of sympathy was passed with John Cullen in his recent loss on the death of his mother.

95,000 WORKERS WIN STRIKE.

The rail strike in Austria, in which 95,000 men were involved, has resulted in a complete victory for the men. They have won increases in wages varying from 15 to 25 per cent.; the hours have been reduced in many cases, and the general working conditions improved.

The Labour movement in Austria is so well organised and disciplined that it can make almost any demand on the Government and insist upon its fulfilment.

The Austrian Government threatened to resign when the men struck, but Dr. Seipel, the Prime Minister, forgot to carry out his threat, knowing, probably, that it would have no effect, because the railway workers had become desperate through the privations they were forced to undergo as a result of the low wages being paid and the long hours.

Austria is in a very bad condition economically. Many of the regions rich in minerals like Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Jugo-Slavia have been taken from her, and her industries are nearly all idle, and unemployment has reached very large proportions. There is a strong working class movement in Austria and it may have a say in the future course of the country, and Austria is not so very far from Russia.

COUNTY DUBLIN COMMITTEE.

November Meeting.

The monthly meeting of the County Dublin District Committee was held in Unity Hall, on Sunday 17th inst. Jim Larkin presided, and the following Branches were represented:—

Santry	Clondalkin
Cooleck	Skerries
Drumcondra	Deansgrange
Sandyford	Baldoyle
Lusk	Finglas
Balgriffen	Boat
Crumlin	Blanchardstown

Skerries Branch reported that no members of the Workers' Union had been employed to discharge the s.s. Drumloch, and requested that steps be taken to remedy this state of affairs. After discussing the report the Committee made arrangements which would ensure that all future vessels would be manned only by members of the Workers' Union.

Baldoyle Branch brought up the case of John Boland who was charged with cutting corn under the trades union rate. The case was fully gone into, and the charge disproved. It was requested that the "Irish Worker" report that there is now no complaint against John Boland.

The Committee definitely fixed the entrance fee for County Dublin at 5/-. It was also agreed that all members should be urged to wear the Union badge and purchase rule books.

The Committee decided to approach the Post Office Workers' Union and insist that a stop be put to the conduct of the postmen in Howth, who are doing jobbing work such as making tennis courts, and gardening in their spare time whilst many idle men were walking round Howth unable to get work.

Clondalkin Branch asked that a deputation be sent to the County Council to request the Council to pay carters employed by the Council for all holidays.

The Chairman notified the delegates present that all complaints must be made in writing.

WE HAVE A GOVERNMENT—YES.

We have a Government composed of gentlemen whose language is on a par with their scrupulous conduct of public affairs. We have had an enquiry by these gentlemen into the question of the more economic working of the Railway system. They decided in their wisdom to bring about a system of amalgamation; the Northern section of the Railway system to be left untouched.

After the little arrangement had been arrived at we are informed who the noble patriots are who are to control the economic life arteries of this country. It is to laugh. Instead of twenty-three incapables, whose only interest in Ireland and her development is the production of monetary profit for these exploiters and their friends, we have the favourite sons reduced to fourteen, not less than eleven of the fourteen noble specimens of that most loyal, noble organisation—the Free and accepted masons. Of course, you have the noble son of a noble patriot Dr. Lombard Murphy to give the house a tone.

And then the officials who are charged with the running of the system, 80 per cent. Free (?) and accepted masons and a few bootlickers or Castle Catholics. The only qualification some of these officials have for holding their jobs being that they were loyal servants of Greenwood, McCready & Co. and held the Railway system of this country for the Empire.

What a h— of a chance this country has for cheap transit while this group of loyal parasites and exploiters carry on.

DEFEND THE FLAG!

This courageous Government that can boast and gloat over executions and gaoling Irishmen, many of those executed being personal friends of the executioners, and the men gaoled being the men through whose service and sacrifice these executioners climbed to power. But mark the courage they exhibited over the outrage to their flag. Their flag! The Tricolour, their flag, was taken off the coffin of the comrade they murdered when his disinterred body crossed the border. The comrades in the Commonwealth of Nations.

Jimmy Craig's Government halted the cortege, took the tricolour off the coffin, took it up, threw it in the gutter. They repeated that offence, insult and outrage at the graveside in Belfast. Not a word of protest from gentlemen who are entrusted with the protection of the flag. Men died for a flag which these bullies are exploiting for their own material and social advancement. Never, in the history of the world's people, was such an insult and affront allowed to pass without a protest and an apology.

And then, to crown their shame and pusillanimity, their flag—the Tricolour—was lowered off a public building and the Union Jack hoisted in its stead. And not a protest. Such a Government could only masquerade as a Government in a country such as this. How valiant this Government and its hired bullies are in using force against the unarmed workers. How energetic are their hired tools to do any dirty job. How valiant, brutal and domineering these slaves of yesterday, ave. slaves for ever. Only a slave could be such a brutal, tyrannical creature as these hired bullies and would-be assassins.

Anyhow, their tide is ebbing; and the new tide—the tide that will carry the old ship to a secure harbour—is flowing. The tide intelligent and rebellious consumption is flowing.

MOTOR BUSES.

Some months ago a series of articles appeared in the "Worker" dealing with the question of motor omnibuses and advocating a municipal service to compete with existing trams, with a view to the introduction of competition in fares. The present tram fares are excessive and extortionate, and were arranged without much consideration for the workers' interests. The penny fares are so arranged in the city as to be of little use in many instances, and a source of heavy taxation to travellers of small means. In most cases it means shelling out three half-pence or two-pence for a short journey. Why not introduce a bigger number of penny stages? We can buy a penny worth of milk, a penny newspaper, a penny stamp. If we want a penny bun we are not expected to buy one costing two-pence. The whole system of tram fare charges in Dublin is archaic, thanks to the combined efforts of the Tram Company and the Ministry for Industry and Commerce. Competition is the life of trade, and for this reason we are glad to welcome any attempt at competition which may tend to a revision in tram fares. The increasing number of privately-owned buses in Dublin city and suburbs is filling the Tram Company with alarm. They are now seeking powers from Merrion Street to enable them to crush out this competition. Some of these services are well-conducted and are a boon to big numbers of our citizens. The Tram Company would like to see them crushed out, or at least confined to the outlying districts. This must not be permitted to happen—in fact, a real revision of traffic arrangements would encourage a development of bus traffic in the city with a view to the ultimate exclusion of trams from the congested streets. This mode spells modern progress, and Dublin must move with the times. The ponderous and obstructing tram is a thing of the past in busy towns and must be relegated to the narrow confines of the museum.

All hail to the bus, but down with monopoly in every shape and form. There is plenty of scope for both municipal and privately-owned buses run on trades union conditions in our midst, and with the abolition of a monster monopoly the chances of increased mileage for our coppers will be much improved.

LIAM ESSE

MOORS WIN OUT.

Spanish troops are being withdrawn from all parts of Morocco into the international zone. Of course, the Spanish Government says that this is merely a new strategic move and has not the least resemblance to a retreat, but unhappily for the Spaniards, it is a retreat, or more truly an evacuation. The Moors have again proved to be the superiors of the Spaniards as fighting men. Whether they will be allowed to rule their own country now remains for the future to reveal. And we are glad to see Imperialism, Spanish or British getting a "dig in the jaw," as Mick McCarthy remarks.

TRAMWAYS.

We see the Dear, Dark Brethren are getting ahead while the getting is good, promoting legislation to steal the people's right to control city and suburban transit—another monopoly handed to the Murphy gang. No criticism, no public protest.

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

August 7th.

This year is the seventh anniversary of the taking over of Russia by the workers and peasants and the setting up of the world's greatest Republic. Fire and sword, famine and disease have been used to overthrow it, but it is stronger to-day than ever and stands out pointing the way to the workers of all lands. Russia is slowly and surely affecting the political life of all nations, even the land for which Connolly and Pearse died.

Russia, like Ireland, is mainly an agricultural country, and before the revolution it had the same hordes of parasitic officials and the same type of autocratic government that now functions in the Saarstat, which also suppressed the local assemblies, centralised the governmental machine and set up a large army of officials and hangers-on whose upkeep in the last analysis was charged in taxes to the working-class and farming population.

Many of our Republican friends seem swayed by the world hysteria against "bolshivism" that has been set in motion by the far-seeing defenders of the capitalist system and they would doubtless fight with arms against its introduction into Ireland. But read down deep into the teachings of the '48 and '67 men and of Davitt, Jim Connolly and Padraig Pearse, and it will be seen that these teachers did not want Ireland to remain in the grip of a few Freemasons and capitalists, whether native or foreign, but visioned a greater freedom.

Our old Gaelic system of Government, despite the frantic efforts of Professor Eoin MacNeill to prove that "property" was its only concern and objective, was really the Soviet system as exemplified in Russia to-day. This land hunger and desire to share the ownership, if only of one foot of Irish soil, is in the blood of all of us and will break out in fury some day, even if Irishmen or a so-called "Republican" army be interposed between us and the ownership of our own land.

To point the justification it can be stressed that when Eamonn De Valera lived in Donnybrook, a ground rent in perpetuity of his house site went to some Duke of Portsmouth. Same now with his Greystones site, only to another of the Cromwellian breed, who claim ownership of our Irish soil and exact their tribute.

And will a political Republic accept this ownership of Ireland, its soil and natural resources, by those whose forbears merely grabbed it, as a thief to-day snatches a purse?

Russia offers us the solution and our Republican friends could do worse than study Russia otherwise than as presented in the lying daily press.

Looking at it from the nationalist point of view Russia is the great danger to the Empire. Egyptians, Indians and the Eastern subject races are being tutored from Moscow and anti-British propaganda is being widely circulated in the Oriental languages. Russia, in these seven years, has recast and altered British foreign policy. She has already broken England's grip on China and power in the Near East. She is pushing the old Empire down the hill in more ways than one and will doubtless finish the job before the majority of our Republican friends will realise that the workers of Russia are pulling away the very foundation of British Imperialism.

Parnell Forgery.

The forged Russian letter that helped in the overthrow of the weak-kneed Labour Government can be compared to the Pigott letters which the "Times" sponsored in its articles on "Parnellism and Crime."

Parnell condemned the Park murders in the House of Commons, but a letter turned up purporting to be over his signature which showed he approved of the murders. Pigott, a journalist of the type now employed by Dublin editors, obtained some of Parnell's letters and traced the words and signature by placing them against the light of the hotel windows. He sold the letter to a Dublin Unionist for £800, and this new owner, believing it genuine, took it to the London "Times," that vouched for its authenticity just as these same London papers swear by the alleged Zinevoff forgery. After Russell's merciless cross-examination Pigott confessed and shot himself in a Madrid hotel.

The American State Department was mercilessly duped by the infamous forged Sisson documents which started the lie about the nationalization of women by Soviet Russia and other slanders.

Later on, when the workers are a force in Irish affairs, it is probable other forged documents will be released for political purposes. The forgeries regarding Larkin reproduced in the "Toiler" are not worthy of review; yet some Catholic clergymen of the period believed them and helped to finance that unspicable paper.

The President.

Coolidge is elected and the fire-eating Dawes, the patriotic general, is his bed mate. Wall Street is safe and the deferred prosecution of so-called "anarchists" will now be proceeded with and various agitators deported from this model Republic. This page, too, may come within the newer interpretations which will be read into the statutes and codes concerning free speech. It may shock the orthodox nationalist or Republican to stress that far more free speech and liberty of the subject is permitted under the Union Jack than obtains in this model Republic—this land of the brave and the home of the free. Any reader who has listened to the incitements to revolution and inside personal histories of members of the British reigning house in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square on Sundays must not expect to hear such free expression here. This country is more to be compared with the old Germany, and it is "lese majesty" and twenty years to say about the puppet Presidents what Londoners say and wish for their dear old King and constitution. For example, Jim Larkin got five years as a "criminal anarchist," not for any overt act, but merely for thinking there could be a better government than provided by Wall Street. God help us poor working-class dreamers if the coming Irish Republic is modelled on this one, "this home of the brave and the land of the free." It'll be one continuous journey with stops at Mountjoy, Mariboro' and such internment camps as may be provided for us by the Irish Republic.

What is a Republic and what is freedom are questions every Sinn Fein club could discuss with benefit now.

Mexico.

Consulates in Australia and Canada were also order'd closed in a cable despatched from Mexico City to-day. This will cut off effectively all diplomatic contact with the great "Commonwealth of Free States" which interfered too much in Mexican internal affairs.

China.

The young Manchuking or crown prince, carefully nurtured by the British Foreign Office for twelve years in case they might want to re-establish the monarchy in China for British ends, has been finally banished to an island by the new Cabinet that resulted after the fall of Peking. Reorganisation of China is awaiting the arrival of the Bolshevist Dr. Sun Yat Sen from the South China Republic which he rules over. Both American and British bankers lost the game with China this time, merely because those awful Bolshevists played the cards dealt out to the poor heathen Chinese and won the game for him.

BRIGHT PARS.

While strolling along in York Street vicinity of Sunday last we heard the strains of a funeral dirge, and on making enquiries we learned that this was part of a ceremony that our Life and Drum Band (uninvited) took part in—the passing away of the O.B.U. Defence League.

But whist! Another powerful defence organisation has taken the place of the now defunct O.B.U. League and it is called the Theatre and Cinema Association Defence League, and a plan of campaign has already been mapped out.

So, good readers, when you see such Staffard soldiers as Cackle O'Shamon, Everett, Archie Heron, Matt Usher, Gannon, Vennard, Gumman Kelly and a few more of that type swinging along O'Connell Street, headed by Field-Marshal O'Brien, you will realise that you are gazing on that noble army, the Theatre and Cinema Defence League.

Of course you may not be able to see them as they will be completely surrounded by D.M.P. and C.I.D. men, and if you have the desire to have a close-up of these brave Heroes, you will be landed in the Central Police Barracks and subjected to the Third Degree. They will also be fully armed, we are informed, not only with guns, but with permits to carry them.

The Field Marshal was very kindly received over in the Castle on Monday and he fixed up everything with the Police Commissioners and arranged for the permits and all that sort of thing. So Usher will be doubly protected, as you know he always carries his own body guard with him.

All this imposing display will cost more than £20 per week, a trifle more than the hired gunman got for protecting Liberty Hall; but the vast sums they are expending do not come out of the pockets of the Field Marshal or Tommy, so "Iesh Kabibble" (we should worry). And so far the gang have not displayed any more courage than they ever did, but beat an ignominious retreat as usual.

We want to give the members of the Theatre and Cinema Association a little friendly advice. Don't be led astray by the punk that was dished out to you by the gang who posed as Labour Officials at your meeting on Monday last; they have absolutely no control over the men employed in your industry, and all the promises and threats they used were so much tripe; there is a big streak of Yellow in their make-up and all the protection they can get from the D.M.P. and C.I.D. will not eradicate it, or inject the slightest particle of courage into their system.

FACTORIES.

Why, all this smoke and fury
Of fires that fume and burn
To sear from the brows of toilers
The tinsel for which we yearn?—
Something the motor shall be still,
And the wheels shall cease to turn.

Oh, give me a dream to muse on,
Or give me a tune to play;
Oh, give me the red of sunset,
Or fields on a sparkling day!—
For these shall last when the roaring
mills
Are dust on the winds of May!

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

THE FIGHT IN INDIA AGAINST IMPERIALISM.

British Imperialism is rampant in India and the Government is making the fullest use of all the terrorist weapons it has at its disposal. Arrests are being made wholesale of members and supporters of the Nationalist Party. Martial Law is enforced in many Provinces, and hordes of police, military and secret service agents have been loosed on the people. Reading of the treatment being meted out to the Nationalist Party one would be led to believe that this Nationalist Party was composed of blood and fire revolutionists, anarchists and other gentry who have been credited with being dangerous people. But this is not so. This Nationalist Party is striving to attain certain reforms. They have no wish to disturb British rule and merely wish to obtain certain minor reforms in the administration. They contested the elections and won majorities in some provinces, but immediately the Government foresaw this development they arrested everyone they could lay hands on. The Government are running no risks. They are quite aware that behind this Nationalist Party is a movement whose outlook is a working-class outlook, a movement whose activities are directed to the overthrow of British Imperialism in India, the destruction of the Empire, and the establishment of a Workers Republic in their country. And increasing the fears of the Imperialists is the knowledge that Russia—Red Russia—is helping in all ways possible to advance this working-class movement. The latest outbreak of terrorism has brought all sections of the oppressed together and religious and sectional differences have been discarded and a solid front presented to the Government. Whether the Government or the people will emerge as victors it is hard to tell. But all working-class men and women in Ireland will wish them success in what we in Ireland have so far failed to make a dint in that conglomeration of robbers—the British Empire.

EGYPTIAN AMBUSH.

The Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in Egypt has been ambushed in the streets of Cairo by eight Egyptians. He was seriously wounded in three places, and his chauffeur, his aide-de-camp and a policeman were also hurt. The ambushers escaped.

Reading the report one is reminded of the daily happenings in Ireland some years back. What party the ambushers are members of or what objects they desire to attain is unknown, but we believe that their goal is similar to that of the I.R.A. from 1916 onwards.

The English press are howling for the blood of the men who carried out the ambush, just as they howled (reinforced by the Irish press) for the blood of those who ambushed Lord French on Ashdown Road. Of course they quietly overlook the fact that any armed British soldier or officer who enters Egypt India or Ireland without permission places himself in the position of being an invading enemy and accordingly must accept the fortunes of war, which, in the present instance is a bullet in the stomach. This is not the first time that Egypt has had recourse to such tactics. The record of these Egyptians, whom most Irishmen despise as "Black men", might well be envied by this country.

Egypt, like Ireland, has its Cosgrave—Zaghul Pasha—who, they say, was almost heartbroken at this "terrible outrage" was the first to visit the wounded Sirdar. Zaghul Pasha wants Egyptian freedom, but he likewise would like to have the British Army in Egypt to protect that freedom and keep an eye on general affairs.

SUNDAY NEXT, MANSION HOUSE.

WORKERS' SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERTS.

There was a galaxy of talent at our Concert on Sunday night last and the entertainment was equal, if not superior, to anything in the line of entertainment that has been seen in Dublin for many years. Pride of place must be given to the Carolina Minstrels, a combination of artists of great versatility and real talent, whose performance ranks as high as any Minstrel Troupe appearing anywhere in this country. The corner men were particularly good and got away with some very good skits, and the antics of that clever comedian, Peter Hefferman, were much enjoyed by the audience. He had the nigger dialect down to a fine point and was, in our opinion, the star act of the Troupe. Every one of them, however, were good and it reflects the highest credit on the manager, Mr. Warren, to be able to get a lot of working men together to give such a clever performance. We would advise anyone, who has not yet heard this brilliant Troupe to avail themselves of the opportunity at their next public appearance.

Another item on the programme that deserves particular mention was the very clever dancing of the Juvenile Macks, two tiny tots who, to judge by their performance on Sunday, well merited the many medals with which each of them has been decorated. They, we understand, are also under the management of Mr. Warren. That old favourite, Joxer Moore, also contributed a very pleasing performance, and his manipulation of the Crackers was indeed clever. Our old friends Michael and Chris made a welcome reappearance and their singing and dancing was very well received, as was also the contribution of that popular tenor singer, O'Toole. The other items on the programme were the Misses Rogers and McDonnell, song and dance, and the McDonnell and O'Conner song and dance. Miss Moore, song. The last item, but by no means the least, was Andy Cunningham and his pair of clever performing dogs.

Next Sunday we are promised a few surprises, as the Committee have gained the services of some new and very clever talent.

"WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO ARREST."

The D.M.P. arrested seven pickets, members of the Workers' Union, outside the Carlton Picture House on Tuesday night. They appeared in Court on Wednesday, when four different charges were read out. The seven men have been remanded for a week. We would like to make many comments on these arrests but the case is **sub judice** as the lawyers have it. Next week we will, however, be able, we hope, to fully express ourselves.

One portion of the examination of the police witness we would reprint.

The witness was a police Inspector—Inspector Lanigan. During the examination, Mr. Woods, K.C., who represented the pickets, asked the following question: "You went there on special duty?"

"Yes."
"With instructions to arrest these men?"

Mr. Cooper: "Oh, he need not answer that."

And as we said before we will comment next week.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Unity Hall, Dublin.

2nd XMAS DRAW.

Valuable Prizes may be won. Secure Your Ticket.

TICKETS 3d Each.

Tickets are on sale at all Branches, or may be purchased from delegates or other sellers.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

By Norman Smyth.

The American elections have resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republican Party. Reaction sits pretty and the American people have given their approval to everything they have protested against within recent times.

La Follette, like McDonald, lost tremendous support because he refused to be definite even on domestic issues. His vacillating attitude towards the Dawes Report and his cowardly silence regarding Russia left many militants and liberals cold. His campaign furnished none of the inspiration that a campaign against imperialism ought to have furnished. Instead of a clear cut fight on fundamental issues we had vague suggestions of curbing the power of the Supreme Court—the final legal barrier between the American working class and its freedom.

Labour was supposed to have been solid behind La Follette. New York was for Davis, Pittsburgh for Coolidge and everywhere there was half-hearted support for La Follette from minor Labour organisations. There was no unity of understanding or of purpose. Labour leaders felt that La Follette could not win, so they switched their support to candidates who might win and thus give them a position at the political picnic.

No labour movement, whether in America or elsewhere, is going to succeed politically if it is not united. Political solidarity must follow and can only follow economic solidarity. Diverse economic views cannot be incorporated in the programme. In other words, the fight must be a class fight—a fight between the workers and the shirkers. Economic unity on the industrial, not the wish but the reality—unionism on an industrial basis, is the main essential. The solidarity on the political field will follow. Ireland should study America and profit thereby.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.

DUBLIN BRANCH.

A Special General Meeting will be held in Unity Hall on Monday, 24th inst., at 8 p.m.

Jim Larkin will speak on League affairs.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

GENERAL RALLY

IN THE

ROUND ROOM, MANSION HOUSE

ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1924

At 1 o'clock.

Vital Questions to be Discussed.

TAKE NOTICE.—All Members of No. 1, 2, and 3 Branches Must Attend.

ADMISSION BY CARD ONLY.

WEAR YOUR BADGE.

By Order,

Executive Committee,
JIM LARKIN

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 71. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1924.

TWOPENCE

THE EVIL TRINITY UNMASKED!

This week has been one of the most momentous periods for many years in the world of Irish Labour. Never since those years of strife—1912 and 1913—has there been such a combination of forces of re-action against the working class of this country. The very same forces, perhaps under different names, are still present and making their presence felt in all ways harmful to those down-trodden, mis-led, and deluded people—the wage earners.

We have been unceasing in our efforts to impress upon the working class of this country that they have only one enemy in this State, though that enemy may be masquerading under many aliases. We have insisted that the Government, the Transport Union Officials, the Employers' Federation, and the Ex-National Army men under Captain Mack are all one and the same, and that it is merely in the hope of confusing the issue that they pretend to have distinct identities. Week after week the columns of this paper have contained facts, definite facts, proving that these organisations have no separate identity, and that all their resources are at the disposal of that group of forces of re-action and evil—the Masonic Brotherhood, who own this country, body, mind, and soul, and who have bled it of the cream of its manhood and womanhood, and made it a place wherein murder and fratricidal bloodshed stalks the land. Our efforts to thus enlighten the minds of our class have met with much success, but always there remained a section who, though not disbelieving our statements, refused to credit them as being true. Realising that only some happening, startling and out of the ordinary course of everyday events, would shake this apathy, we concentrated all our efforts on the task of forcing these many organisations of re-action into an open alliance; of making them avow their unity of interests, and their intention to crush and stamp out any attempt upon the part of the working class of this country to raise themselves from out of the pit of degradation into which these united forces have ground them down. But never in our wildest dreams did we hope that our efforts would result in such happenings as occurred this week. Proof beyond doubt was given to us this week that our statement, that the Transport Union Officials, the Government, the Employers' Federation, and the Ex-Army men under Captain Mack were One and Indivisible, acting for their common interests and the advancement of the Masonic Group in this country, was true, and that proof requires no publicity on our part because

the daily press, in their foolishness, filled their columns with reports of how these forces had combined to fight the working class of this country, and so well has this news been spread throughout this land that our only purpose in referring to this alignment of parties is to point out to our readers certain sidelights worthy of remark.

In another column we carry an almost verbatim report of what took place at the meeting of Dublin Employers, which was held in the Shelbourne Hotel on Monday last. It will prove to be remarkably interesting reading for those innocents who may still regard the Organisation of 35 Parnell Square as a Trades Union.

The chief speaker at this meeting was Senator Douglas, and it is with his speech we wish to deal. Opening his speech, he went on with great trouble to impress upon the employers present that the present labour crisis was not a fight between two Unions or between employers and a Union, but it was a fight to prevent the establishment of a Workers' Republic in this country; it was a fight to prevent the working class of this country from taking control of the reins of government and possession of the property now owned by those present at that meeting and other parties.

In this fight, he said every employer must act his part to resist this common menace embodied in that organisation known as the Workers' Union of Ireland. This attack upon the property interests of this country must be resisted and crushed once and for all. They, the Employers' Federation, had determined to take action. Not speaking officially (although he is a Senator and therefore a member of the Government) for the Government, he could assure them that the Government were prepared to aid the Employers with all the forces at their disposal, and that the armed forces of the State were ready to back up any action the employers might take. Coming then to the question of an ample supply of labour with which to carry out the plans agreed upon, he had been assured by the Transport Union that they would supply all the labour required and that they (the Transport Union) had the promise of the Government that their members would be protected at their work, and that, if necessary, each individual worker would be protected going to and from his work, or if required, an armed guard would be placed on the worker's home. Other speakers, representative of the Employing class of this town, followed, backing up Douglas in his appeal for unity against the common menace, but it is only with Douglas we are concerned.

This man, immediately he rose to talk, emphasised the fact that he was not speaking officially on behalf of the Government. But he is a Senator and is in the confidence of the Government and unless he had consulted with the Government he would not have dared to speak as he did. His speech proved beyond doubt the alliance between the Government and the Transport Union Officials, both of whom avowed their willingness to place their services at the disposal of the Employers' Federation.

In the columns of the press next day, further proof appears. The employers make public the course of action they intend to take and the Transport officials express their determination to supply the scabs required by the employers in order that their plans may be successful. Thus, out into the open light of day strides this combination which has long been functioning in secret and which, despite all our efforts continued to mask its identity, and cover itself up in such a manner that thousands of working men and women laughed at us when we tried to tell them of its deeds, open and hidden.

For many long months we have been working along certain lines in the hope of forcing this Combination to declare itself. We have tried every means possible to make these organisations come out into the light of day and declare their determination to crush and destroy all working class bodies; to make them admit that they were one and the same group operating under different names to further the interests of the employing and property-owning class of this land. And in Monday's meeting we see the result of our work, and we are more than thankful that we have thus succeeded in tearing down the veil which hid this Evil Thing from men's eyes.

A certain line of action was decided upon by this Combination, a line of action which was dependent for its operation upon the resistance of the Workers' Union, and the employers and their helpers laughed to think how successful their plans would be when the Workers' Union resisted. But we mentioned above that we have been working for many months to bring about the situation which occurred on Monday, even including the resolution passed at the meeting and the action of the Government and the Transport Union Officials, and when that situation came about we were satisfied.

On Tuesday, the Combination delivered, as it thought, a mortal blow at the Workers' Union, but we, grateful for the way they had played into our

(Continued on col. 3, page 6.)

MANSION HOUSE MEETING.

The Mansion House, last Sunday, was crowded out for the General Rally of the Dublin Branches, which, owing to circumstances, had been postponed for a considerable time. Addressing the meeting, Jim Larkin referred to recent history and the many efforts that had been made to bring the workers of the city under the thumb of the Parnell Square-Merrion Street alliance.

The determination of the so-called Government to humiliate the workers and reduce their standard of living below what was decent, by the use of ex-army scabs and the scab 50/- wage, was stated, and it was pointed out that the victory of the men in the case of the Marino strike only stimulated the Government of jobsters to further efforts.

How far the Government had gone in their later attempts to hinder the Workers' Union of Ireland was made clear by the repeated efforts in the case of Inchicore and later disputes. Working together, the toy gun-men of Parnell Square, the Government's C.I.D. and (underhand) the Masonic Brotherhood, all encouraged in their activities by the Parnell Square Gang, had left no stone unturned to bring disaster to the workers of the city.

The visit of O'Brien (the dog-in-office of the Transport Union) to the D.M.P. Commissioner's Office was referred to, and how he had—and not for the first time—invoked the aid of the Government to aid him out in his sinister attempts to keep the wage-slaves of Ireland under.

As an example of the petty desires, by which the Cosgrave Government, through the Dublin Commissioners, thwarted the workers of the city, he instanced the evasions by the city authorities in reference to the application by the Workers' Union for the use of the Mansion House, which was promised to them some months ago. The Mansion House could be had without difficulty by organisers of dances and whist drives, but when the common workers required it to transact business relating to their daily lives, they got evasive replies to their applications. On one occasion the Union was informed that, as another function was taking place that night, the workers could not be allowed the use of it, "as they might dirty it." "as if," said Jim, amidst laughter, "anybody else had a better right to dirty it."

The meeting unanimously endorsed a motion "approving of the work of the Executive Committee and other officers of the Union during the past months" and by a unanimous vote agreed "to support them in their Educational work in the coming year." A resolution that each member present "would guarantee to take out a Pound Freedom Bond" was passed unanimously.

In view of the prevailing destitution, the meeting passed a resolution that a levy of 6d. per member be enforced by the Executive Committee for four weeks for the purpose of giving unemployed members of the Union and their women and children something to tide over Xmas, and for providing a Xmas entertainment, including giant Xmas tree, for the enjoyment of the little ones.

THINK OF EGYPT.

"Brutal egoism rules in foreign politics; every nation thinks only of its own advantage and furthers it with all its military and other resources."—(Ernest Haecle.)

A 1916 MEMORIAL.

Much has appeared in the Press of late about the erection of a National War Memorial to the memory of those Irish soldiers in the British Army who shed their blood and sacrificed their lives on the plains of Flanders or the sand dunes of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia during the Great War. While not in sympathy with the cause for which they died, yet would I pay tribute to the memory of Irishmen who fought and gave their all according to their lights—but the purpose of this letter is of a different nature.

It is a sad and bitter commentary that while a memorial symbolising a cause alien to the ideals of the majority of the Irish people is about to be perpetuated (or is certainly in contemplation of being perpetuated) in their midst, not even an insignificant slab or brass plate, so far as I am aware of, has been erected to commemorate the supreme sacrifice of the men who died in 1916 or who have since fallen in the service of Ireland. In February, 1923, whilst Civil War was raging, I wrote to the Dublin Press advocating the erection of a National Memorial as now suggested, but the appeal went unheeded amidst the horrors of fratricidal suicide and destruction.

It would be my ideal that this monolith to Irish soldiers who died for Ireland in Ireland should embrace all those who fell in opposing ranks during the recent conflict. Grief knows no political barrier, and mothers, sisters, sweethearts and relatives who lost their loved ones in that holocaust of former comrades-in-arms have at least one common bond of sympathy and pride for their illustrious dead.

As a site for the proposed Memorial I would suggest the demolition of that absurd monstrosity dedicated to England's victor at Trafalgar—Nelson's Pillar—as being the most central point in the city and facing the G.P.O., with its memories of its heroic defence in Easter Week.

Is it not possible that a Committee consisting of members of both political parties (or failing such, a body of neutral representative men) be formed immediately to open a fund for the erection of a Memorial as a nation's tribute to its glorious dead?

I would further suggest that those in sympathy with this project should communicate with their local T.D. demanding that immediate action be taken in this matter.

"CRUSADER."

Dublin.

21st Nov., 1924.

We are in agreement with the theme of the above article, but we would suggest that the time for the erection of such a memorial has not yet arrived. Before the Irish people should undertake the erection of such a national memorial to the men who died in 1916, we believe the Irish people should make themselves worthy of the sacrifice made for them by those who gave their all in that "Rising," and surely no sane person would suggest that the present generation have proven their worthiness. There can be only one fitting memorial to those who have travelled the "bitter path" for Kathleen Ni Houlihan—a Free Nation—and that memorial will not be to any one sacrifice or group of sacrifices, but to all sacrifices made since this unhappy land first placed its foot upon the "Road of Sorrow." When that memorial is achieved, the Irish people will be sufficiently worthy to pay honour to those who fought the good fight, because they will never win freedom who do not deserve freedom and are not worthy of it, and it were best to commit this discussion of a National Memorial till that future date when the Irish people are in a position to write Emmet's epitaph.

But perhaps the writer is one of those who would wish to institute another debacle

VICTIMISATION AND CO-OPERATION

The labour disputes in Dublin at present most prominently before the public eye are, Jacobs, the Queen's Theatre, the Corinthian Cinema, and the Carleton Cinema. It may be of interest to our readers to know that each and every one of these disputes had its beginning in the same cause—victimisation, the one form of attack which no union worthy of the name will overlook or submit to.

In Messrs. Jacobs and the two cinemas, members of the staff joined the Workers' Union of their own free will and on their own initiative, and before "the ink was dry" upon their membership cards they were told by the management that unless they rejoined the Transport Union their services would be dispensed with. Thus the first attack was made by the management at the instigation of the officials of the Transport Union. When the Workers' Union attempts to defend its members scabs are supplied by the Transport Union and armed gunmen by the Government to help the different firms in their fight to victimise unionmen and women.

Of course, it is not expected that the Transport officials would admit that a trade dispute is in progress at any of these firms. They regard them merely as co-operative movements mutually undertaken for the joint benefit of the co-operators. But judging by the number of people who are patronising these two cinemas, the trades unionists of the city have already decided on the name to be applied to these troubles.

No settlement has been reached in the dispute at the Tivoli Theatre. The majority of the patrons of this house are working men and women, the same applying to the Queen's, but the Tivoli management has evidently more sense than their brethren of the Queen's and can see hopelessness of trying to carry on under police protection and with the aid of scabs. The management of the Queen's will also find it more profitable to employ trades unionists rather than attempt to carry on under the present conditions.

GROCCERS' ASSISTANTS.

All arrangements have been made by the Grocers and Vintners Assistants' Union to carry out the decision of the members to withdraw their labour next Tuesday evening from all houses that do not concede to the demands of the Union.

The Union officials are quite confident that all members will fulfil the order given for Tuesday next. Of course, there are many houses in the city which will grant the demands made; upwards of fifty are expected to take such a course. This will greatly weaken the resistance of the publicans who refuse the demands, and help to shorten or even prevent the strike.

All trades unionists, who are not T.T.'s, should make certain of the houses they enter next week. No Scabbery!

of memorials like to the one that took place some years ago, when it was found expedient to honour the men who died in '98, and to whose memory statues were erected which were a disgrace to civilisation and an insult to the men to whom they were raised. And the funds that were collected provided salaries for many years for a host of hypocritical parasites who lived on the memory of those men of '98.—Ed., I.W.

SIMPLY FRIGHTFUL !

Deer Kumrades,

My enemies are trying to throw mud on me because I want the help of the perlice, for to overthrow the meniss that storks abroad. As I pay for the perlice out of my hard earned wages and the perlice been the purctors of the poor and oapressed and me been oapressed, I say widout kontradiction that i am in dooty bound to arsk for their assistanse.

Why did i go to Dublin Cassell ? Because i am determined to overthrow the enemies of the kause of freedom: I was going down Parnell Square one nite when a kornerbuoy shouted at me : " Who robbed the widder ? " What i want to know is, is a man to be held up to ridikool because he stands by the rules what he and his kumrades drew up in the sweat of their blood. I say no to that. I feel proud that i can go to Dublin Cassell any time i likes to help the downtrodden worker. The lies that people spred about the perlice are a scandale and a immorality.

I was talkin to the head C.I.D. man and he told me his heart bled for the downtrodden worker that was been misled by devils in hooman form. He says to me : " when i was a member of a trades union when i used to wurk, i made up my mind that i would never stop until i could lift up my bruther wurker, and here i am to-day," says he, " wurkin for them under the Government in the inthersers of the kommon people." I doant mind sayin that the teers rolled down my cote when he said that.

If people only knew the kind hearts that shines behind a uniform they would not be misled by the crool talk that does be put out by the enemies of the people. And the lies that the same people tell about the government is awful to think about. I ask you how could the government do the dooty the people elected them for to do if a crowd of what i must call common bowss wants to ruin the country by wantin high wages. I am of opinion and so is my colleagues that the only way to save the country is by taking smaller wages because my colleague and friend Senator Foran says " half a lofe is better than no bread." It is a disgrace the way foolish people talk about the employers. You would think they was out for nothing but for to rob the wurkers. I remember one might in Liberty Hall long before all the rouble came on that made me send for the perlice when Mr. Jacob came up to my little office and took me by the hand. Says he, " how are you Mr. O'Brien. I am so glad we can be such good friends." And I said to him—" Mr. Jacob, you make the best biscuits I ever ate anywhere," and he laughed out loud. Unless all my fellow wurkers eat Jacob's biscuits i feel as how they can never repay him for the kind words he spoke that night.

I don't like all this talk about Freemasons. Doesn't Mr. Cosgrave and the kind gentleman Mr. O'Higgins know a good man when they see him ; and look at all the Freemasons there is in the government. If good men is to be kicked out of public life because they is Freemasons how many good men would their be in public life ? I ask you that. And if Freemasons was not to be let in to the Labour party when they wanted, what soart of prozpekt would there be for dimokracy in Ireland. I stand for broad-minded and tollerance everywhere and i think everybody that wants to run the best men out of the country should be drastically dealt with.

The only way the country can get on its feat is for the workers to support the will of the people and the great Treaty that Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone died for to achieve.

Yours faithfully,

"OLE BILL."

FISH MARKET LOCK-OUT.

Benefit Match.

The conspiracy among the fish salesmen, merchants and trawler owners to reduce the wages of the fishermen who sail out of this port, has not yet been abandoned. Over one hundred men are involved in this lock-out, and though many of them secure one or two days' work at varying intervals, the majority of them are solely dependent on their weekly strike pay. In order that some little aid may be given them for the Christmas Season, a football match between two well-known soccer teams has been arranged. Full details of this match may be obtained from our advertising columns.

The match itself should be sufficient inducement to the members of the Union who are interested in " Soccer," but the object for which the match will be played should draw all workmen in this city who have any class loyalty or spirit. A big gate is expected and it would be well to secure a ticket immediately.

The full proceeds of the match, after expenses have been paid, will be used for the purpose of making the coming Christmas as pleasant and enjoyable as possible under the circumstances for the locked-out men, their wives and kiddies.

THE "EVICTION" AT 3 RYAN'S AVE., CHURCH ROAD.

Proceedings Before Judge Sullivan.

In the Central Criminal Court, Green St., before Mr. Justice Sullivan, Patrick J. Dunne was indicted for having forcibly taken possession of the house, 3 Ryan's Avenue, to which he pleaded " not guilty."

Robert Navan, rent collector, gave evidence of the decree for possession obtained July 2nd, 1923.

Mr. Dunne proposed to question Navan as to the amount he received on the decree to the 5th May last.

His Lordship stated he would not allow any questions as to payments.

Mr. Dunne stated that was taking him at a disadvantage as he proposed to show the Jury that on the payments made the alleged eviction was not justified. He intended to show that he had paid £30 2s. 6d. on foot of the decree which cleared all rent to 5th May and reduced a debt of £19 to £10 17s. 6d. After 5th May Navan refused to take any further payments because there were some lapses. The debt was only £14 when Navan served the notice to quit.

Robert Whitehead, Sheriff's Bailiff, deposed to having taken possession on 2nd July last.

Mr. Dunne asked if he had called to the house on Monday evening, June 30th.

The Bailiff denied that he called.

Mr. Dunne told his Lordship that the case was taking a curious turn as this witness was not telling the truth.

His Lordship said if the witness was telling a lie Mr. Dunne could tell the jury so.

Mr. Dunne, addressing the jury, said

Whitehead had called to the house on Monday evening, June 30th, and stated that he had a decree for immediate possession and he added that a furniture van would be brought next morning to take away the furniture for costs. It was suggested by the bailiff that Mr. Dunne should have the furniture removed before they arrived. Mr. Dunne stated in consequence of this representation the furniture was removed and he submitted there was no eviction. As a result of the bailiff's visit Mr. Dunne proposed to read a letter which he sent to the Sub-Sheriff pointing out that on foot of the Recorder's order he had paid £30 2s. 6d. which cleared all rent to 5th May last and reduced a debt of £19 to £10 17s. 6d., but the reading of this letter was interrupted by the Court.

After the bailiff and Navan had left the house was entered through a window which had been left unfastened and the door was only ordinarily locked.

His Lordship directed the jury that in the circumstances there was forcible entry. The jury returned a verdict of forcible entry.

The case was allowed to stand until 2nd December.

(The above report will be of interest to those of our readers who have followed the story of the eviction as reported in our columns. The rent figures should be specially noted.—Ed. I.W.)

PUBLIC MORALITY DEGENERATES

"It was not the intention of the proprietors to open the theatre before rebuilding, but owing to certain overtures made to them, and in view of the fact that its being closed would mean 50 workers remaining unemployed and suffering great hardship during the festival season, they decided to open earlier than was originally intended."—"Evening Herald.")

The above paragraph is in referéce to the strike at the Queen's Theatre and we are glad to see that those high-souled gentlemen the New Proprietors, are so much alive to the needs of the people that they have given over their premises for entirely philanthropic reasons, without thought of pecuniary gain, just purely and simply so that 50 workers should not be unemployed during the festival season. It seems strange, though, that the ordinary working stiffs in this city don't seem to appreciate the extreme kindness of these gentlemen, and will persist in picketing the theatre; not only that, but some of the members of the Criminal Investigation Department have also registered their protest against the kindly action of these charitably inclined gentlemen, going so far as to fire their toy pistols as a manifestation of their resentment. Of course our impartial Government immediately took steps to prevent a further display of such stupidity on the part of the men who fired the guns and they were immediately arrested and taken before Chief Magistrate O'Brien and given 9 strokes of the (Felix) cat.

SIC.

Captain Mack of the Seab Ex-Service men's Association, has informed his men that they can obtain Transport Cards at "35" free of charge. We hope he will return the compliment.

IN THE SAME PAPER.

Extract from letter of N. E. C. of I.T.W.U. in the "Evening Telegraph," 24th inst.

"It was in this manner and for this purpose that he brought about the disastrous fiascoes in the Gas Works . . ."

We must admit our surprise at the lack of discretion on the part of the Editor of the "Evening Telegraph"; perhaps he was a little jealous of his fellow paid scribe on the "Evening Mail."

Extract from letter in "Evening Telegraph," signed "Bitter."

"The Gas Workers were called out by the Transport Union in connection with one man employed by the Gas Co."

"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 do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

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

PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

PICKETS ARRESTED AT QUEEN'S THEATRE.

C.I.D. TRY TO CREATE A PANIC.

Following on the dispute between the management of the Queen's Theatre and the W.U. of I., Union pickets were posted at the Theatre on Monday night last. In accordance with the agreement between the Employers' Federation, the Government and the I.T. & G.W.U., the pickets were arrested by the police, but other pickets carried on. Seeing the determination of the workers assembled to maintain their right to picket, the forces of "law and order" decided not to continue the arrests.

Frequently, within the last year, we have warned the workers of the anti-labour proclivities of the Cosgrave-O'Higgins Government. Allied with the Abbey Street traitors and the Employers' Federations, they have been unremitting in their attempts to destroy the workers. We are now witnessing a continuance of the offensive initiated in the dispute at Marino. Again Capt. Mack and his scab "Tommys" appear on the scene to help out their comrades in Parnell Square and Abbey Street. Their defeat in the last instance will be as complete as in their earlier attempts.

It will be a help to a clear understanding if we detail the forces arrayed on the side of the Government against the workers, and to get matters in their proper perspective it will be necessary to go back to the time when the present Government was in process of formation.

When Cosgrave and O'Higgins first looked about them for suitable material to control the infant statelet, the problem of who to put in the Senate presented itself. To the blind and ignorant we would say that the purpose of a Senate is to supply adequate guarantees for the interests of the property holders and financiers. The "Civil" War, launched by Griffith and Collins at the dictates of Lloyd George and Churchill and backed by the resources of reaction in Ireland, had to be continued by Cosgrave-O'Higgins & Co., if they were to continue in office. To continue that war "to the last Irishman" as Felix Johnson might say, was impossible unless adequate financial support were forthcoming. The Guinnesses, Jacobs, the Banks, Church, of Ireland, Freemason Brotherhood and the other friends of the nation possessed the sinews of war, and it was necessary to induce them to open the money-bags if victory were to be achieved.

The principles of the aforesaid being writ in terms of per cent. they demanded, as the price of their support, a commanding voice in the affairs of the State. So the Senate was handed into their keeping. Look at the list of names of "our" Senators. Apart from the sporting Labour Fakir, and his inconsequential following, placed there to function the part of "jam on the pill"—

it is an aggregation of all that is inimical to the welfare of the nation.

The Guinnesses, Jacobs and their ilk are in control of the nation's destinies and the spineless—but bloody-minded—tools, who, in the days of the Black and Tan war would not walk the same side of the street with them, so fervid was their patriotism, are now carrying out their instructions to the letter.

The dispute at the Queen's Theatre is one of the results of the situation. It has been decided that only labour organisations amenable to influence from the Employers' Federations and the Government will be allowed to function, and it has been agreed between the I.T. & G.W.U. Executive, the Employers' Federations and the Government that mutual assistance will be given to the project of consolidating the joint interests.

It is not a long step from "dealing drastically with the Irregulars," as Alderman O'Brien said before the electors of South City sent him—permanently—into private life, to "dealing drastically with the workers to-day, and the recent visit of the Field Marshal to the Chief Commissioner's Office at Dublin Castle is in pursuance of the oneness of interest of the Government, the Employers' Federations and the I.T. & G.W.U. Unfortunately, when the gallant Field Marshal pointed the way to the Government two years ago, the eyes of the workers had not been completely opened to his perfidy. Now the situation has changed and the workers of Dublin are not to be reckoned as a factor in his interests. The result of the South City election proves it.

Again, we put it to the workers of Dublin City to mark well the sequence of events in the recent labour troubles in the city. In Marino the tools of the I.T. & G.W.U. were sent to create disturbance, and following on their heels came Captain Mack's scabs and Government C.I.D. At Inchicore the same forces showed their hand, and, in every dispute since—precipitated by the joint forces of the Employers, the Government, and the I.T. & G.W.U.—we have had a repetition.

Now, at the Queen's Theatre, we have the spectacle once again, though in this case the C.I.D. have added to their previous actions that of panic creators. On Monday night last they emptied scores of rounds of ammunition to terrorise those who had assembled outside at the Queen's Theatre, both as pickets and sightseers. Among the heroes who endeavoured to stampede the crowd, many of whom were women and children, were Detective Officers Byrne, Meakin, Kearney, O'Driscoll, Kelly and Grace.

It is significant of the depths to which Free Stateism has sunk—if it were possible for it to degrade itself further than it has done in the course of the recent "Civil" War—that the police forces paid by the citizens are used to stampede an orderly crowd. Perhaps it is still another sample of what is called "the will of the people," and is regarded, in official circles, as representing the mandate secured from the electors in the South City election.

To the workers we say—"Stand Fast!" Every act committed against the people will come back on the enemies of the people. Within the next month or two Dublin will again have an opportunity of registering its opinion on the protagonists of terror and outrage. Of the result we have no doubt.

Workers' Sunday Night Concerts

First-Class Variety Concerts take place every Sunday night in UNITY HALL.

Good and Varied Talent Appears.

Doors open at 7 p.m.

NO CHILDREN ADMITTED.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

The results of the recent elections are signs of the times. They are not evidence that the peoples' eyes are opened, but the finger points to a near and widespread awakening.

Although the same forces are still at the back of the Government party as before, excepting the small "mutineer" group, the tide is definitely on the turn. The daily press, in the usual spirit of mendacity, attributes the evident change of opinion to any but the correct cause.

Examining the result of the poll in South City we find that, so far from the Free State vote being smaller than in the preceding election, it was considerably increased. To discover the reason for the return of Sean Lemass we have therefore to seek elsewhere.

In the recent General Election in England a Labour Government was rejected at the polls, principally for the reason that press, pulpit and organised finance, of all shades of political bias, acted as one against them. In the Free State identical forces acted in exactly the same manner, and yet the candidate of the grand alliance was sent about his business. It goes to show that a not inconsiderable section of the electorate has revised its opinions, and under existing conditions this is a process promising development.

A change of Government means a change of opinion amongst the electorate, and though there is no chance that the combination represented by the Masonic Lodges, the "national" and Ascendancy press, the Church, the Irish Labour Party, and the separate financial interests will act other than as a single unit against the common people, it is now certain that the latter will march forward despite them.

Since the results of the bye-elections have been made known there have been further developments in Dublin city which make it clear that the combination of forces, already referred to, have come once again into action. We refer to the matter in another column. The moment is fast arriving when the starved and half-starved underdogs of the Labour world will realise the position in which the scoundrelism of the Cosgrave Government, with their many affiliations, have placed them. To help speed the day is our task and we bend ourselves to it with a willing spirit.

There can be no peace in the country, industrial or political, while the Free State Government remain in office. There can be no approach to justice while the Masonic-ridden Government, ably supported by the other enemies of the people, not the least of whom are the "Labour" party led by the Imperialist Englishman, Johnson, T.D., are allowed to function.

That a growing section of the electorate have become aware of their responsibilities is a matter for rejoicing. That the contemptuous neglect, with which the Cosgrave Government has treated the common worker, has, even at this late hour, stung the susceptibilities of a section of the all-powerful, but listless, majority is a satisfactory matter.

Before many weeks we shall again be in the thick of another election campaign. The duty of the workers remains as before. Let them, once again, rise to the occasion.

"When he went to Dublin the Cork agent would be heard in the Dail."—(Egan, T.D., Cork).

The "Return of the Prodigal" apparently.

"LISTENING-IN" AT THE EMPLOYERS' MEETING.

By "Broadcaster."

We visited the Shelbourne Hotel on Monday evening last. We don't very often have the opportunity of mixing with the "High-Brows," but on this occasion, though not invited, we attended the meeting of the Employers' Federation. How we got in matters not, but we decided to attend and we did. Needless to say we were just as welcome amongst that bunch as the small-pox.

Mr. McLoughlin was invited to take the chair just as we arrived, which he did, and he briefly outlined the purpose of the meeting, which was, he said, to put a stop to this growing menace of Larkinism. Continuing, he said that not only was it a menace to the business community, but a menace to the State itself. He then called on Mr. George Jacob to propose the resolution. There was a hushed air of expectancy when this gentleman rose to speak and everyone present, except ourselves, seemed to sense that some very grave pronouncement was about to be made. The very atmosphere seemed filled with tension; but when the resolution was read a low murmur of disapproval went through the audience and all around were heard complaints of its very mild tone. A nice, clerical-looking gent (we did not catch his name) scoffed this resolution, and then that esteemed and worthy representative of the people, Senator Douglas, speaking to it said that in his opinion it was certainly near time that the Employers had realised that something ought to be done to combat this terrible menace and that he had assurances from the Government that they would render all the aid at their disposal to help them in this great fight to preserve the State. Continuing he said that it was not a fight between employer and employee, or between two Unions, but a fight for the very existence of the State itself. He also could tell those present that the Irish Transport Union had assured them that they would get all the forces necessary from the Government to enable them to carry out the promises they had made to the employers, even if necessary to have a guard to protect their men and convey them to and from their homes. This man Larkin was the obstacle, and once he was removed peace and contentment would reign in this Free land of ours. He also knew for a fact that Larkin had sent a number of young men to Russia to be trained in Revolutionary tactics. Not only was this so, but he actually knew some of the men who were sent there, and they had already started to carry out their plans in this country.

Another gent with a very pronounced Scotch accent—Gray, we believe, was the name mentioned—was very bitter in his denouncement of Larkin and his Union and said that they would no longer stand for the methods adopted by him and his lieutenants to terrorize the business people in this country, and that he hoped those present would resolve to make this a fight to a finish and once and for all rid themselves of this awful menace.

And yet another high-souled individual—Scott was the name mentioned, we believe—condemned the very mild attitude of the meeting and said that the Government should be approached in a business like way to demand the deportation of Larkin as the members of this so-called Union were but his dupes and all irresponsibles, and once he was in a safe place everything would be plain sailing, but that as long as he was at large, no matter what they said or done, there would be no peace in Ireland.

Yet another one of these great magnates had something to say on the matter, but unfortunately from our position in the room we could not see him nor did we catch his name. He, however, got a whole lot off his chest and told those present that it was

high time that something definite was done to prevent Larkin from carrying out his openly avowed plan to make this country of ours like unto Russia, a Soviet Republic; and in spite of all that was said there that day and all they might say for the next week or year, there was no getting away from the fact that this man Larkin had a wonderful personality and a marvellous influence with the working-class people in this country, and he personally believed that no matter what action was taken by them that Larkin would still wield this power to their detriment.

Our friend Orr, who seemed most anxious to inform us of his greatness and importance in the Industrial World, elbowed his way up near the chair to speak his little piece, and eventually when the Chair condescended to listen to him, he made some irrelevant remarks about the Moving Picture business not being represented on the Committee, which caused a general titter. That was all that this great Mogul contributed to the afternoon's entertainment.

They then proceeded to elect a Committee and as we had no desire to be elected we made our graceful exit.

THE POORHOUSE.

(Lines suggested by a visit to the Dublin Union.)

Behind the walls they languish there,
The old, the blind, the lame;
The wrecks of toil, the ne'er-do-wells,
The failures in life's game.
Forsaken by the world they are,
Like lepers in a den;
Although their crime's but poverty—
Men victimised by men!

The social life goes gaily on
With ne'er a thought for those
Poor human wrecks who sadly sit
Dressed in the pauper's clothes;
The people who so loudly prate
About the "Nation's Cause"
Ne'er mention those who suffer on
Beneath the Poorhouse laws.

Oh, when will light shine out for those
Who cannot work, but still
Require life's full liberties
Which tyrants try to kill?
When will the Poorhouse with its walls,
So cold, and drab, and grey,
And all its red-tape tyrannies
For ever pass away?

ANON.

SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

Lack of space forbids a lengthy report of our Concert on Sunday last; the Hall, as usual, was crowded and an excellent programme of songs and dances kept the audience amused until a late hour. During an interval, Jim Larkin delivered a most interesting lecture, and pointed out the necessity of the women-folk doing all they could to help to build up the Organisation, as without the aid of their women some of the men would not be so active and interested in their Union as they ought to be, and he advised the men to stay and mind the home occasionally and give their wives a chance to spend a pleasant hour or so at these Sunday Night Concerts.

For next Sunday a number of talented artistes have promised to give us of their best, amongst whom are the following:—O'Hara and Little Mike; Sisters Mooney, Feis Medallists; Phyliss and Felix the Live Cat; W. Lawlor, Impersonator and Dancer.

As the programme will be rather longer than usual the Concert will commence promptly at 7.30, so you will require to come early to be assured of a comfortable seat.

BRIGHT PARS.

We often wondered who the gink might be who was continually hanging around in the vicinity of Mooney's, particularly on Sundays before opening time; sometimes accompanied by another who assumes a rather shabby sporty style of dress, and to our astonishment we have just learned that he is that great Figure in the Cinema industry—MR. ORR.

When are the Trades Unionists in this city going to get wise to themselves. How long are they going to lie under the stigma of aiding and abetting the Transport Union. It was stated at the Employers' meeting that all respectable Trades Unionists were heartily in support of the "Government-protected" Seab-supplying Union at 35 Parnell Square. Are they?

The Junta have assured the Employers that the Government will protect their Seabs and see them safely to their homes. We have not requested the Government to supply us with police protection but they do it just the same, and we are escorted to our homes nightly by Government gun-men.

The Junta have repeatedly denied that they were in collusion with the Employers and the Government, but the events of the past few weeks prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to anyone no matter how blind, that the Evil Trinity is a positive fact—the Government, the Employers, and the Gang in "35."

Some of the spokesmen for that respectable Trades Union are George Jacob, Senator Douglas, Charlie McLoughlin, Davy Barry, Gray, Scott, Lombard Murphy—all nice, kind gentlemen who are out to do all they can for the working-class population of this "Free Country."

The stories carried in the daily press for the past few days describing how the Transport Gang are working in Dublin, must prove very interesting reading to the people throughout the country, whom they are pestering continually with appeals, written and verbal, to come back to their Union.

The official Transport definition of the phrase "a trade dispute": A Reduction in Wages.

The official Transport definition of the phrase "A Reduction in Wages": The preservation of Industry.

THE PRISONERS.

Before the elections just held, the Free State Government announced the coming immediate release of political prisoners in Irish prisons. Since that, we have not heard anything further. Election promises, eh?

The public seem to have forgotten the existence of the men imprisoned in "Ulster," England and Scotland. With Eoin O'Neill foolacting in London over the Boundary issue, which is the cause of imprisonment of the majority of these, what hope is there that they will be released in the near future? None!

Until the Free State Government is driven out of existence, with their horde of pensioners, civil and military, there can be no advance or amelioration. That is certain.

THE "EVENING MAIL" SCABS ON THE JUDGES.

The application for a writ of attachment against the "Evening Mail" was refused by His Majesty's Court of Law. The Learned Judges, three in number, were unanimously of the opinion that the article in question was not intended to interfere with the decision of the magistrate, and that it was not calculated to interfere with the course of justice (of course, they didn't mention Free State justice), and they further decided that each party should bear their own costs.

The article under discussion was the leading article, and the particular portions complained of were—

"The legality of the action of the supporters of Mr. Larkin to picket premises where no trade dispute exists will doubtless be challenged in the proper place."

"At the moment it is sufficient that members of the crowd which gathered outside the Carleton Cinema last night adopted intimidating methods," and

Analysing the first sentence, two statements result—one indefinite, the other definite. The first statement is "The legality of the action of the supporters of Mr. Larkin to picket premises where no trade dispute exists will doubtless be challenged in the proper place." The words in black constitute the first statement. The second statement is, "where no trade dispute exists"; No exception can be taken to the first statement. But the second statement is of a different nature. The article definitely states "no trade dispute exists" and one of the points to be decided in the case against the seven men arrested is "whether a trade dispute exists," yet the editor of the "Evening Mail" takes upon himself the task of instructing the Court in this matter and the law decides that no contempt of Court was committed.

The second part of the article complained of consists of the following words:—"At the moment it is sufficient that members of the crowd which gathered outside the Carleton Cinema last night adopted intimidating methods." The seven men arrested were charged with using intimidatory methods, a charge which they deny, and it lies with the magistrate to decide whether they did or did not use such methods; yet again, the editor of the "Evening Mail" constitutes himself an authority upon this law case and delivers his judgment, and still no contempt of court is committed. He says the crowd adopted intimidatory methods; the seven men arrested formed part of the crowd, consequently, according to this learned journalist, they, as part of the crowd, adopted intimidatory methods. The judges devoted much time to a discussing of "fair comment," when no comment existed; it was "statements" which required examination. May we politely inquire of the learned Trinity "What is contempt of Court?" It hardly seems to exist. We would also suggest that for the safety of their own jobs that they should deal summarily with this editor of the "Evening Mail." Surely, if we can get gentlemen like him to decide our law cases without delay and free of charge, there is no longer any need for us to pay judges, whose job in life seems to be the preservation of the judicial dignity—for a consideration.

The application was refused, and in legal practise it would have followed that the applicants should bear the total costs, both of the plaintiff's and the defendant's. But Judge Sullivan, realising what he

had done, and having apparently a soft spot in his "judicial heart," ruled that each party should bear their own costs. In this manner he hoped to "square" himself with the "keeper of the book," we presume. But Judge O'Shaughnessy was of a different mind. He thought the application was merely a waste of public time and that all costs should be paid by the applicant. It would be useless to expect any other decision from this learned gentleman. A judge who had not sufficient respect for the dignity of his fellow judge to punish an act of contempt against that judge would hardly appreciate the efforts of a mere layman to do so to preserve such dignity.

We will make no further comment upon this "considered decision," but we must, in all honesty, admit that we would prefer the "Evening Mail" rather than the "Irish Worker" to be the defendants in this case. Need more be said.

AN INTERESTING SIDELIGHT ON LOMBARD MURPHY.

We publish below copies of two letters which were sent to us by some unknown friend, to whom we render due thanks. There is no necessity for us to comment upon the matter dealt with in Murphy's letter, the covering letter suffices. To those who might have a leaning towards the role of "Doubting Thomas" we would remark that the originals are in our possession and are available for inspection at any time.

* * *

The enclosed letter from Mr. William Lombard Murphy to Mr. Laurence Waldron has been found in one of Mr. Waldron's books now on sale in the street-barrows. The letter shows how Mr. Murphy demanded 63/- a day when he goes to London on railway or tramway business and in addition 1st class travelling ticket. During the recent strike of Municipal Workers his newspaper, the "Independent," denounced the wages of these workers—64/- a week—as "monstrously high," while he himself demands 63/- a day for a trip to London.

You may be able to make good use of Mr. Murphy's letter.—P.N.D.

* * *

Telegraphic Address :
"Railways, Dublin."
Telephone No. 917.

39 DAME STREET,
DUBLIN.
8th Nov., 1920.

Dear Mr. Waldron,
Would you be kind enough to pass and sign enclosed cheque for my expenses in London. The amount is made up as follows:—

4 days at 3 gns.	£12 12 0
Ticket	£7 16 7

£20 8 7

Yours sincerely,
W. LOMBARD MURPHY.

GOVERNMENT ADOPTS PRINCIPLE "ONE MAN, ONE JOB."

We have no comment to make upon the appointment of Peter Hughes, T.D., of Dundalk, as Minister of Defence in the Cosgrave Combine, except that we are glad to see the principle of "One man, one job" being enforced in the ranks of our Government; and of course we are informed that his appointment will be loudly acclaimed in North Louth, where, it is said, he is extremely popular, so much so that the enthusiasm of the people constitutes a serious menace when he travels through the country-side. Peter will understand.

DEANTA NA h-EIREANN—MADE IN ENGLAND.

Some days ago a case was decided in Court in which a firm was brought to law for putting the Irish Trade Mark on bags of Blue which were made in France, where the Trade Mark in question was printed on the outer covering.

May we again remind the particular department of the Ministry of Industry and Commerce responsible for the supervision of the usage of this mark that every week match boxes arrive in this port from England and Belgium bearing the Irish Trade Mark, although the only operation required to complete the boxes is the affixing of the sand paper.

The firm engaged in handling the Blue may have some excuse for not making the blue here (there can be no excuse regarding the Trade Mark), but there is absolutely no reason why the match boxes should not be made in this country. These boxes have been made here before, but the firm found it more convenient to have them made by their factory in England, together with the boxes for the English market. And so the machinery which had been installed in Dublin was dismantled and disposed of.

Some people seem to think that our continual references to these match boxes are inspired by our dislike of the particular firm. It is no such thing. We, of course, would like to see the boxes completely manufactured in this country, but if the firm find it more convenient to make them in England, we have no objection to their doing so; but let them be honest about it and not attempt to capitalise the sentimentality of certain sections of the Irish people for Irish made goods.

These match boxes and blue are not the only articles which are sold as Irish-made goods though manufactured abroad. Dozens of tailors' shops in this town which cater for made-to-measure clothing send the measurements across channel and have the suit made there. Only minor alterations are made here. Boots are imported and sold as being Irish-made. Canadian bacon is imported, partly smoked. The smoking process is finished, the bacon is dressed in a manner peculiar to Irish bacon and the finished product is sold as best Limerick bacon.

Among other articles imported in this manner are jam, boot polish, washing powders, tweeds, cheap jewellery, shop fittings, etc.

If the Ministry of Industry and Commerce would only attend to this side of their duty, they might not have so much leisure time in which to hatch plots to lower the miserable wages and worsen the hellish condition of labour in this country. But this would be expecting too much from "Mary Ann" McGilligan, whose only object in life seems to be to stand on his hind legs in the Dail and let loose words which his friend Felix has to assemble in proper order for him, lest harm be done to the "fabric of the State."

THE EVIL TRINITY UNMASKED.

(Continued from col. 3. page 1).

hands, quietly stepped from under, and the blow, intended for a death-thrust, turned out to be a joke and a laugh for the working class of Ireland, and a costly mistake for the Evil Trinity.

We are well aware that there was consternation in certain quarters sympathetic to us, but the old, old story of "he who laughs last, laughs best" is still of use, and to those members of the Combination who will bear the blame, we would suggest that it were best in future "to look before you leap."

No greater misfortune can befall a man than to be the victim of an id— which has no hold on his life, still more which detaches him from it.—Goethe.

ELECTIONS! ALIVE, ALIVE, O!

Sooner or later the collection of curiosities, who strut the Dail under the name of "Irish Labour Party," will have to go to the country for re-election. While not taking on ourselves the preparation of a campaign on their behalf, we are sufficiently interested to surmise the nature of the electoral addresses to the constituents of those who can find the qualifying Entrance Fee.

To put Felix Johnson forward for County Dublin, where Kevin O'Higgins will require all the available preferences, is not to be thought of, but on the supposition that East Cork, in another fit of lunacy, may have possibilities, we suggest as a good headline for the constituency handbill, something like this:—

**VOTE FOR FELIX JOHNSON
THE MAN**

who has supported every cause he could, consistent

WITH

the maintenance of the will of **THE** people and the welfare of the Commonwealth of Nations to which East

CORK

is proud to belong. State your determination with unflinching

**ACCENT
at the Poll.**

To reach a different section of the electorate something like this would be more suitable:—

**VOTE FOR FELIX JOHNSON
The Champion of Labour**

AND

the rights of **THE**

people. If you wish Ireland to be a progressive country, with a happy and contented people, put your

FAITH

in Johnson. Johnson promises to put down the militarism

OF

which the country has had such awful experience. Ireland is

OUR

country, and it is the duty of all electors, Mothers,

FATHERS,

Sons and Daughters, who have votes, to use them. Do your duty.

A handbill which might be calculated to drive home the message of the foregoing should read:—

ELECTORS OF CORK

I seek your suffrages.

I AM

and have been for years Secretary of the Irish Labour Party and Trades Union Congress. I have seen the growth of the Organisation from its being

A LITTLE

group of earnest men and women to its present dimensions. The Irish Labour Party is non-sectarian.

CATHOLIC,

Protestant, Jew and Agnostic are all equally welcome to its ranks. Vote for Johnson and tolerance.

Turning to the case of ex-Ald. Wm. O'Brien (if a constituency can be found for him), something like this might do:—

VOTE FOR WILLIAM O'BRIEN

Fellow Workers: I go forward with confidence to the task before me,

AND

am confident of your support. You have **THREE**

THREE

policies before you, and it is for you to choose. My canvassers are confident of victory, and it

CHEERS

me to think that so many men and women are rallying to the support of Labour. If it were not that right is on our side I might fear

FOR THE

result of the coming elections. But, even in quarters where hostility is usually prevalent, I find nothing but sympathy. Even the

POLICE,

knowing their interests, are safe in our hands, are rallying to the cause. Vote for O'Brien and achieve freedom.

Another handbill in support of the same gentleman might run:—

VOTE FOR WM. O'BRIEN

and garner the fruits of victory for Labour.

WILL YOU VOTE FOR O'BRIEN?

What is your answer?

YES!

What has O'Brien done for the workers? Here is the "Irish Statesman's" opinion:

WE HAVE NO

doubt that Alderman Wm. O'Brien stands alone in his work of developing the trade of the country. In the short space of a year we find the imports into the Free State have increased so much that we are now faced with the problem of how to increase our exports to balance the account. Perhaps it would be well if the Alderman, having vacated his seat on the Dublin Port and Docks Board which controls such a large proportion of our imports, will now give his undoubted ability to the new problem. It will surprise our readers to learn that in

BANANAS

alone there has been an increase of imports of £50,000. Vote for Wm. O'Brien.

FREE STATE GOVERNMENT AND EGYPT.

The British Colonial Office, in accordance with recent practice, have sent Canada (via the Daily Press) all correspondence in connection with developments in Egypt. This, says the press, is the result of the recent agreement with the Dominions.

Have the Free State Government received a copy of the documents or is it the attitude of the Imperial Parliament that, despite the status of "co-partnership in the family of nations known as, etc." said Free State Government are left on the doorstep?

If the latter, 'nuff said as regards our legal position in the H-Empire. If the former, what has the Cosgrave Government to say about the new regime in Egypt. We suppose, in view of events in Ireland within the past two years "our" Government believes the Egyptian "Die-hards" are barely getting their deserts.

EX-SOLDIERS SCAB IN AUSTRALIA LIKE THEIR COMRADES IN IRELAND

The men are still on strike in Australia on the docks and in the ships. Practically the whole Australian and over-seas shipping is tied up. The Commonwealth Line has capitulated.

The rule in Australia is that all ships registered in Australia must pay the Australian wages scale and abide by Australian conditions of work, both of which are 100 per cent. better than European conditions and rates of pay. The ships of the Commonwealth line are registered in Australia, and this company thought that if they chartered a European-registered ship and ran it on their regular route into an Australian port, they might be able to bluff the Union into allowing them to pay the European scale of wages on this chartered ship. If they had succeeded in that attempt they would quickly arrange to have all their ships transferred to another company in Europe and the Commonwealth line would only charter them, and in this manner avoid the high wages required on Australian ships. But the Union was wide awake. The chartered ship was declared "black" and held up at all ports; and after a strike of some weeks the company surrendered, and agreed to the Union rates.

Of course, during the strike, other issues crept in, and even though the fate of the chartered ship had been decided, the strike is still on. Both dockers and seamen are now involved: The Australian ex-service men, like their Irish brethren, have opened a free labour bureau and are supplying scabs, but their efforts so far have failed. The government-owned ships were held up, but finally an agreement was reached, and now they again are carrying passengers and cargo. The men, so far, are the victors, and all reports coming through indicate they will also be the ultimate victors in this fight to maintain their conditions of livelihood at their present standard of decency.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.

No doubt, many of our members will feel disappointed because of the fact that the General Meeting advertised to be held on Monday last was abandoned.

It will be readily realised that the acute position which has arisen in the Industrial Movement necessitates that the whole attention of the League's President be given to the Union's Welfare and that it is impossible for him to attend a General Meeting of the League for some little time. It will further be realised that the League cannot function properly for the moment, and it is therefore to be hoped that members will accept the apologies of the Executive on their failure to hold General Meetings for some time past. A meeting will be called at the first possible opportunity, at which the President will attend, when he will deliver an address to the members, and will outline the future work of the League.

Meantime, we urge all Leaguers to support actively the great fight now in progress for working-class rights, against that unholy trinity

The Free State Junta,

the I.T. & G.W.U.,

and the Employers' Federation.

Members may pay subscriptions to the Irish Worker League at No. 1 British Offices, Unity Hall, during office hours.

OIL, COTTON AND EGYPT.

The present crisis in Egypt is of great interest to those who follow the progress of British Imperialism throughout the world. Not for many years has such a dirty and commercial trick been played under the shadow of the Union Jack. England's long history has been one long series of incidents like the Egyptian affair, and the only daily paper, not excluding the Irish papers, that published the truth about this Imperialistic interlude is a French paper.

It is only natural to expect that England would demand some indemnity or compensation for the killing of the Sirdar, but the other demands made upon Egypt are barefaced—even for England. The chief demand that merits attention is the one instructing the Egyptian Government to increase the area to be irrigated at the Gezira Dam to an unlimited figure. This refers to a tremendous irrigation scheme which is in progress on the Nile for the purpose of growing cotton to supply the Manchester mills with raw material. The scheme is under the control of a company which is subsidised by money from the British Government. Some years ago a scandal arose in Government circles in London over this scheme. Asquith, famous for the executions in 1916, was accused of using his office as Prime Minister and the influence and money of the Government to further this scheme, one of the directors of which is his son-in-law. The Labour Members of Parliament made great capital out of his grafting at the time, but when the Labour Government got the reins of office no move was made to stop this robbery of a nation.

The main points in the scheme are as follows:—A dam would be built on the Nile and from the accumulated water a tremendous area would be irrigated and turned into cotton fields. The Egyptians have two objections to the scheme. In the first place by building this dam thousands of small land holders would be deprived of their supply of water from the Nile with which they irrigate their land yearly, and which is really the only barrier between them and starvation, because without this water the farms along the Nile would be useless for cultivation. The second objection is that the land which the Company proposes to irrigate is being taken from its present owners without any compensation being given, and even should compensation be given, thousands of the present owners have no desire to give up their farms, which have been in their families for hundreds of years. However, the Company has overcome all opposition and the dam is almost complete now. The capital of the Company is in the neighbourhood of twelve million pounds, and the biggest financiers in the Empire are interested in the project.

The connection between the present attitude taken up by the British Government and this Irrigation Scheme can be more closely perceived when it is known that Asquith himself is in Egypt at the moment—and not for his health. He has evidently decided that the present area to be irrigated is not as large as it might be and he has accordingly taken steps to have the mistake remedied.

There has been a great deal of talk during the last few days about Egyptian Independence and a British evacuation, but the English papers at least have been quite honest on these two points. They said last week that the British had not the least idea of leaving Egypt, because that country is a vital link between England and the Empire in India, and also that the Suez Canal required protecting in order that Empire communications be safeguarded.

The discovery of oil wells in the vicinity of the Suez Canal has further strengthened the determination of the English financiers to retain their grip on Egypt, now that oil has replaced coal as the arbiter of world

supremacy. Oil is probably the most vital need of England to-day, and if she can obtain oil wells near this Canal, where her navy can replenish bunkers without going too far from its beat in the Mediterranean and Pacific Oceans, her Empire will be greatly strengthened.

Cotton is also required by her, now that the Indian cotton crop is used to keep Indian mills working, thus leaving the mills in Manchester without raw material.

Cotton and Oil are the stakes being played for in Egypt to-day and all the force of the Empire is being used to ensure that the game turns out advantageous to the finance-capitalists of Threadneedle Street, London.

ON THE STRINGER.**

By "The Mixer," in "N.Z.T.W."

"Well, old 'Slasher,' how's she going?
See you missed the boss's eye."

"Yes, by cripes, I'm always missing
Every time I face the guy."

Seems to me he's got me 'snouted.'

What's it for Hell only knows,

For I'm never off the stringer—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!

"Here am I—don't think I'm skiting—
Haven't drawn a bean this week."

And nothing in for the next one—

Don't you think I ought to squeak?

When you see the bread-line coming,

While the shack rent overgrows?

Call this a land of milk and Massey—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!

"Strike me pink, I get the wind up

Every time I face the stand.

To see a new 'chum getting on

In the place of an older hand.

Sometimes the stunt is worked like this,

It depends on what he owes

To the butcher and the baker—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!

"Say they let him have some credit,

Which they wouldn't give to you,

And they found he couldn't pay it,

Do you think that they would sue?

Not likely, they've another way,

Which the shipping company knows;

They plead to give the joker work—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!

"You've heard of ducks and other things

That some bosses used to get.

Well, this new stunt—it beats the lot—

It's the best I know of yet.

Some tap the boss before they join,

And their record clearly shows

By this they make their marble good—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!

"Yes, my hook is getting rusty,

And my belt is getting slack,

As I polish up the stringer

Since the boss has stood me back.

Tho' my cupboard's getting empty,

And the kiddies wanting clothes,

He'll know this when I stack the cards—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!

"I take my gruel like a man

With a principle at stake,

Of which there's not a boss alive

Has got the power to break.

Or yet starve me to submission;

Well, as far as starving goes,

They have failed in their objective—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!

"Well, 'm skating Coming, Slasher"?

I feel I could do a beer,

You'll want another pair of pants

If you sit much longer here.

Come on, I've got enough for two,

And we'll have a look at Rose.

Well, I'm damned!" "What's up?"

"Lost the bob—

Spare me days, and stone the crows!"

(*Corresponds to "the red" on Dublin Quays.—Ed. I.W.)

THE FREE STATE ASSERTS ITS DIGNITY.

In another column our readers will see where we make reference to the connection between the Free State and Egypt. Since that article was written Felix Johnson has asked one of his now famous questions in the Dail. The question Felix put to our Hot-Air Minister for External Affairs was "whether the Free State Government had received any communication from the British Government intimating the course of action it intended to take in respect to Egypt and the Soudan; if so, whether the receipt of such information involved the Government of the Free State in any share and responsibility for such action and whether the Executive Council disclaimed responsibility for the act of the British Government in this matter."

In reply he was informed that no communication had been received and that the Government had informed the British Government that the Free State would accept no responsibility for any action taken in Egypt.

The purpose for which Felix put his question was to afford his friends in the Government an opportunity of proving once again that the Free State was not bound by acts of the British Government. Unfortunately the reference to the communications has let the proverbial cat out of the bag.

We have been long wearied listening to our Statesmen trying to prove that Ireland had as much freedom and as much voice in her affairs as Canada, but Canada received copies of all documents relating to the Egyptian crisis days ago, whilst our free Free State is still sitting with its finger in its mouth trying to look wise and only looking foolish. The next happening may well be mobilisation orders for Egypt for our Green Tommies; and we don't expect our Government will receive any communication about that action either.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND
Unity Hall, Dublin.

ANNUAL XMAS DRAW, 1924

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

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

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND
Unity Hall, Dublin.

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