

THE IRISH WORKER

AN T-OIBRIÖE ZAOÜLAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

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ONE PENNY

WE HAVE HAD IT MADE MANIFEST

We have been surfeited with suggestions and plans from **DISINTERESTED PERSONS** to settle this dispute, which dislocates trade, embitters life, and paradoxical to say, will prove the best educating medium that the workers and citizens of this country ever had the opportunity to avail themselves of.

We have had it made clear to all citizens that a powerful monopoly calling themselves "Coastwise Limited," or in other words, a combination of English and Scottish ship-owners backed up by the British Railway companies, financed and directed by the Shipping Federation of London, controls the economic and industrial life of this country.

We have had it made manifest to all citizens that a group oligarchy controls the various ports of this country, especially the Port of Dublin; defies all law and regulations; outrages every clause and section of the Port Charters, all in and to their own selfish betterment and to the detriment of the development and the best interests of the citizens of this country.

We have had it made manifest that the citizens of this country are helpless to protect themselves against this Economic and Industrial octopus, that all our transit arrangements are controlled by a disinterested (?) gentleman in London, by name Cuthbert Laws, that no ship dare venture to enter an Irish port without permission from this gent, Cuthbert Laws and HIS government within a government—the Shipping Federation

We have had it made manifest that this super-government in London can order out men, built in the image of God, born in this country, to burn the homes of the workers, terrorise their wives and children, threaten the workers with death, if they will not submit to the midnight assassins—as in the County Waterford—no condemnation is expressed by Church or Press and no action taken to protect these unarmed workers against these criminals, guilty of arson and attempted murder.

We have had it made manifest that threats to use force and violence, and even incitements to organise pogroms and the assassination of labour men, can be published in the columns of the venial subsidised press of this country, and no action taken against such persons responsible, either as owners, editors, or publishers of such papers.

That every form of veiled incitement, every libellous lying statement that could be framed to incite evil-disposed persons to use force and violence has been written and published, and no action taken by the authorities to call the inciters to account.

We have had it made manifest that laws supposedly enacted to protect the realm, such as the Public Safety (Emergency Powers) Act, are enforced against Labour organisers on the demand of the organised Employers, to wit, a man, James Baird, Transport Union Organiser, whose only crime was that he was articulating the needs and determination of his class. James Baird, a sober, intelligent, and strangely honest and courageous spokesman for his class, interned under this Act in the County of Waterford, an Act approved of by Labour Leaders on its introduction—we admit a qualified approval, but an approval nevertheless—and what we suggested would happen has been proved. This Act was conceived, framed, drafted, introduced and passed into law for the purpose of destroying Trade Unionism. The Irish Fascisti are at work. PUBLIC SAFETY (Moryah).

The interests of the foreign Finance Capitalists is the sole concern of those who function by permission of the Foreign Capitalistic Combine.

We have had it made manifest that every article produced in this country is controlled in exchange and transit by this Foreign Combine. Even Farmers (Super Patriots) are mere slaves of this system of exploitation—every bushel of oats, barley, or grain; the price is fixed by this Foreign Combine; every cwt. of butter, dozen or hundred dozen of eggs, every beast, bullock, cow, sheep or swine is bought—at the price this Foreign Combine fixes. This monopoly can at any hour limit or completely close up every port. This Coastwise Shipping Combine can blockade every port in this island at any hour they choose.

We have had it made manifest that the workers are fighting not only the organised force of foreign capitalism, but the Finance Capitalists of this country and certain secret forces which will be unmasked, the pusillanimity of paid officials, the insidious, corrupt labour fakirs, the apathetic and selfish in the ranks, the hostility of the subsidised capitalistic press, the veiled hostility of many, and yet we have won. And what we have, we hold, despite all the forces arrayed against us. Why? Because Truth is our guide, Loyalty our shield, Solidarity our slogan.

HENRY FORD ON UNEMPLOYMENT

Below we reprint an article from the "Dearborn Independent," alleged to have been written by Mr. Henry Ford. The sentiments which he is alleged to have expressed are excellent and some of his conclusions original. We hope to soon have the pleasure of publishing an article showing how Mr. Ford practices what he preaches. **The emphasis is ours.**

In some of its aspects there is no uglier thing than unemployment. By this is meant the involuntary idleness of those who have the need to work and the will to work. In parts of the world this condition takes on the proportions of a national tragedy, as in England. In all parts of the world, statistics tell us, a certain amount of unemployment is a continuous and "normal" condition. The extremes of views with regard to it are represented on the one hand by the poor to whom the loss of a day is a loss indeed, and on the other hand by the selfish exploiter of labor to whom a multitude of idle men is a lever by which he can decrease the wages or increase the toil of those who are working.

Nothing would be simpler or easier than to dwell upon the individual aspect of this evil. It is not always, or even often, that actual physical suffering follows upon unemployment, but there is nearly always mental suffering, a sense of uncertainty and insecurity which is hard to bear. Many difficult situations can be borne if the end is foreseen, but as yet our whole economic system is so obscure to the majority of people that the end of distressful periods are seldom foreseen; the uncertainty remains from the very beginning to the very end.

It is all but useless to give the old-time advice for people to bestir themselves and when one means of livelihood gives out, to seek another. A certain resourceful portion will do that anyway. But the tendency in industrial communities has always been the opposite. Few people plan their lives, few look ahead for possible "rainy days," few extend their abilities beyond the one line of activity in which they happen to be placed. It is probably true, that more people are chosen by their employment than actually choose their employment. Besides this, in industrial communities there is nothing else to turn to, when unemployment comes, because everything in such communities depends upon the employment that has stopped.

Thus it would be easy to go on and emphasize many conditions incident to unemployment, whose human note is most harassing. And the more that one went on in this strain the more one would come upon things which are clearly wrong and stupid and self-destructive. For example: why should industrial communities exist at all in such a degree as to make themselves practical prisons for their inhabitants in slack times? Or, again, why should there ever be slack times with the world needing what industrial communities can provide, and the communities ready and willing to

provide it? But these questions are part of a larger matter.

Natural unemployment could result from only three causes: first, an oversufficient supply of all commodities for all people; second, a voluntary rest period in the midst of production; third, physical inability to continue to work. The first cause has never occurred. It has been alleged time and again. The terms "over-supply" and "overproduction" often have been used to explain periods of industrial stoppage, but the actual condition of oversupply and overproduction has never been seen. There has sometimes been too large a supply of commodities for the people to buy, but never too much—never enough!—for all the people to use.

As to the second cause, we see it in operation every Sunday and holiday and vacation time; and the third cause has never been more than an individual condition, except when it has become a numerous individual condition during times of epidemic. So that even those whose business it is to explain unemployment will agree that unemployment

A further fact which thrusts up out of this condition is that the principal element in this mismanagement is not inherent in the situation at all, but is injected from the outside. These unemployed men are not employed because there is no money to pay them, and there is no money to pay them because those who buy goods have no money with which to buy. Money, the outside element, is the key to the matter, though money is not a necessity of life—we do not eat it, we do not wear it, we do not construct shelter out of it. There is plenty of food in the world, plenty of material for clothing, plenty of material for shelter, and these are the things for which we labor—yet though labor waits to exchange itself for these things, the exchange cannot be made between one real element and another real element except the artificial element of money comes in between. Of course, this is not all that can be said, but stated thus it is worth thinking about. There never is any lack of labor, any lack of material, any lack of need for both, and these being the essentials is it not surprising

UNEMPLOYMENT is an unnatural condition, even though statistics tell us that "normally" a large amount of idleness always exists. Putting aside the selfish causes of unemployment, such as a desire to keep "an anxious labor market," the principal cause is our ignorance how to use the surplus man power of the world. It is available but not utilized. That in itself convicts society of bad management. Curiously enough, the cure may come by the development of horse power. We use all the horse power we develop, and modern industry discovers that one horse power employs one man and thus supports one family. Mechanical power and human employment seem to go hand in hand—where you develop the one you must have the other. Let this be remembered when the question of employing all our people is considered.

in the world to-day is not natural.

Still, it is a fact, and every fact has its value. It is to the fact we must look, undiverted for the moment by individual considerations, to get its social meaning. For surely the fact of a degree of unemployment as a continuous and "normal" condition must have a meaning. If the United States can go along as it is now going with approximately a million men continuously unemployed, as statistics show, it indicates that our present mode of living leaves a million power units unused, and unused in such a way as to indicate deterioration and permanent loss.

If it were a shop that could not use so large a percentage of its employees, could not find work for them, we should say that the business was badly run. To have one hundred men and use only eighty-five of them shows bad management somewhere. The shop figure is exactly fitting to the case, for though the thoughtless might say, "We could discharge the extra fifteen men," the fact is that Society cannot discharge them; they are here, part of the social organization, and as we view the matter in its wider social light we see that the unemployed constitute the extent to which society is guilty of mismanagement.

that society has not thought of methods by which they can always be joined together?

Another light upon this fact is the relation that nowadays exists between mechanical power and human power. Instead of mechanical power causing unemployment as was feared when it first superseded hand-labor, it has had the opposite effect. The steam loom employed more people than ever the hand looms did. To-day the ratio between horse power and man power has reached one to one—for every horse power of mechanical power generated one man is employed, which means that one family is supported. If there are a million men "normally" unemployed in the United States, it would be possible to employ them by creating an additional horse power and using that power to supply the needs that are unsupplied by the power now used.

One water power in the United States is capable of employing one million men when it is developed; Power once developed will certainly be used. We have a knack of employing mechanical horse power even though we let man power go to waste. If this single water power in the United States were developed, the slack would be taken up.

Eventually there will be less employment in the strenuous sense.

At the weekly meeting of the Motor Section of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union, held in Liberty Hall, the following resolution was proposed and seconded:—

"That this Committee on behalf of the Motor Section tender to the relatives of our late comrade, Herbert Ruddock, their deepest sympathy in their recent sad bereavement.

Passed all members standing.

IRELAND A NATION.

At the Imperial Conference on Monday Mr. Mackenzie proposed and Mr. Massey seconded the following loyal address to the King. It was adopted unanimously—all standing:

"The Prime Ministers and other representatives of the British Empire assembled in Conference at their first meeting, and as their first official act, desire to express their respectful greetings and fidelity to the King, and fervently hope that his Majesty and her Majesty the Queen may be long spared to strengthen those ties of love and devotion which unite the people of the British Commonwealth."

Among those who thus firmly expressed their allegiance to the British Emperor were the Republican representatives from the Irish Free State. How proud they must have been as they stood in that historic house, 10 Downing Street, and as representatives of the free, triumphant and undivided Irish Nation, freely pledged their fidelity and the fidelity of their country to the Emperor of the British Empire.

It is not fit that we should congratulate them, we are not worthy. But let us dwell for a moment in pensive reflection and imagine what glorious pride and thankfulness President Pearse, Tom Clarke and James Connolly must have felt in Tir-na-nOg as they beheld their faithful followers thus widely proclaiming Ireland's Nationhood. With slight effort we can visualize the Fathers of our Land, Malachi, Red Hugh, Owen Roe, Sarsfield, Emmett, Tone, Fitzgerald, Rossa, and Pearse standing erect in that Land to Come echoing with burning hearts and in proud tones the pledge of their followers on earth, "Fidelity to our King, and God save the British Empire."

"Free and Gaelic, Gaelic and Free," "From Malin Head to Bantry, from the centre to the sea, Ireland one and undivided." Such were the dreams of those who went before, and now those dreams, dreams no longer, are realised, and we who live in Ireland to-day may well and rightfully feel proud that our delegates are able to make such an honourable pledge.

Let us salute them!!

When we learn how to employ ourselves industrially we shall begin to know enough to employ ourselves socially and so make good use of the spare time which industrial development will leave us for the cultivation of other interests.

Truth Will Out.

Below is an extract from an article on "Publicity" in last week's "Answers" by one Wilkenson. It is quite illuminating and reveals the sort of reading matter that our truthful press considers suitable for its readers. If you feel inclined to doubt the truth of the paragraph on American publicity, we can assure you that the writer has not exaggerated in any way, in fact he has been very kind to the United States Department of Justice. Now peruse the article.

Perhaps American influence had something to do with this development. On the other side of the Atlantic politicians of a certain type have long "boomed" themselves with shameless assiduity, and Government departments go to lengths in manufacturing public opinion that would be impossible in this country.

A striking instance of the success of such tactics in America was the revival of the Ku Klux Klan, which was brought about by propaganda—and worse—at the public cost. About 1917 the Administration set itself the task of destroying a radical movement throughout the United States, and two or three years later the Department of Justice obtained a grant of one million dollars for the express purpose of suppressing that movement.

Some of the money was spent in circularising editors, whom it offered to furnish with "any details, either general or in specific cases," concerning "Red" activities. Stereotype plates of articles, illustrations, etc., were also prepared by the department, and these were sent free to any editor who would use them. So a struggling newspaper could be, and sometimes was, filled with "dope" at practically no cost to its proprietors.

By such methods the old secret terroristic organisation was resuscitated, and as a result there was a long series of mob outrages. Kidnapping, flogging and lynching became common, not as an outcome of spontaneous public feeling, but as a direct consequence of Government propaganda.

How the Money Went.

It was during the War, however, that publicity became a recognised handmaiden of politics in Britain. An "intelligence officer," the first of his kind, was installed in the Ministry of Munitions, and, in consequence, we soon heard a good deal about the grandiose Department. Perhaps, indeed, we heard more than certain bureaucrats considered to be good for us, because some journalists, merely for repeating information that was issued to the newspapers by the Ministry, were taken to task by the Press Bureau, which at one time seemed inclined to make a Tower job of it.

Once the thing was started, it spread like wildfire, and soon nearly every Department had its own "intelligence officer," whose duties included the glorification of his chief. And after the Armistice this, coupled with political propaganda, generally comprised the whole of the

work of that functionary. Taxpayers' money was spent in furthering personal ambitions and party aims.

Not Good Enough for Britain.

Perhaps, too, anti-strike propaganda may be considered public service. Certainly the "intelligence officer" of a certain department has prepared and circulated a good deal of material of such a character. Prior to the last strike of miners, for instance, many articles appeared in the Press dealing with the great upheaval of 1912, and all these, though ostensibly spontaneous, were inspired by and based on material supplied by the Department.

If this is a sort of public service, it is not what the people understand by that term, and smacks too much of Americanism—a cardinal principle of which is support of the Administration, right or wrong—for our insular tastes.

Publicity agents, however, were so useful to the bureaucrats that there was great reluctance to part with them when the dispersal of war-created officials began, and up to August last they survived in seven Departments, two of which each employed a trained journalist.

If there must be somebody to act as a link between a Department and the Press, let that somebody be the Minister's private secretary, and then the public will know the precise worth of such information as may be published. It will know, further, whom to "kick" when occasion arises.

RUSSIA'S TRADE REPRESENTATIVE ARRIVES.

RAKOVSKY'S NEW POSITION.

On Monday there arrived in London, Christian Rakovsky, newly appointed head of the Russian Trade Delegation to England. Thanks to the kindly efforts of some of the English newspapers his arrival has been delayed for some months, because they alleged that he desired to break up the British Empire (a laudable object—Ed.), and that he had so expressed himself in public speeches.

Rakovsky has been in the Labour movement from his teens, being forced to leave his home country, Bulgaria, when he was twenty years old. He is very well educated, having pursued his studies at more than one Continental University, and holds a degree of Doctor of Medicine.

He is noted for his knowledge of French politics, which knowledge he gained during his stay in Paris whilst attending the University of that city.

From Switzerland he carried on an intensive propagandist campaign in Roumania and the Ukraine. In 1917 he entered the Ukraine to lead the Workers' Party in the revolution, after having fruitlessly tried to make the Socialist International take steps to stop the war, his efforts in this direction culminating in the famous Zimmerwald Conference.

Finally when the workers in the Ukraine had succeeded in their attempt to rule their own lives he, as President of the Council of the People's Commissars, bent all his thoughts and energy on the problem of reconstruction and relief of the famine stricken areas in that country.

During the last year or two he

OUR LITERARY COMPETITION.

The essay published in this issue is the only one, of the many entries, which we consider worthy of publication. The majority of the essays fell far short of our expectations. Although our purpose was to encourage the art of self-expression among our readers, we really cannot condone the many mistakes committed in these essays. Certainly, we pay more attention to the matter than to the mode of writing, but, nevertheless, we must fix a standard at some point or other or our aim will be defeated. A comrade in Inchicore submitted an essay which, although the subject chosen was of interest, was not suitable; the subject had no educational value and the manner of expression was below the standard required. In another essay, the style and grammar was perfect, but the subject matter had no aim or purpose and was entirely devoid of any value from an educational point of view.

In awarding the first prize to the following essay, we took note of three things. First, the style and grammar; and third, the age of the writer, who is still in her teens. Regarding the remaining prizes we are sorry that we are unable to present them, but none of the remaining essays are worthy.

"The Value of Education to the Working Class."

The great responsibility for the working class parents is to see that their children receive a good education, and that for many obvious reasons. History, literature, poetry, music and art are the great factors in the struggle for liberty.

When children grow up, reading the best in literature and acquainted with the ideals of the best writers, they grow to appreciate the beauty of life. Then, turning to their own lives, they see nothing but the dreary squalor of the tenements and the harsh features of grinding poverty. They wonder why this is so, why they are denied the right to happiness and the joys of life, which they know is their just inheritance. They want the pure, wholesome and beautiful surroundings and God's fresh, sweet air.

History, especially the history of our own land will help them to see how life appears when viewed at a distance. They can see the growth the glory and the fall of mighty empires and mighty men; the thoughts and ideals that swayed men's minds in the past; and the down-trodden masses who have long been struggling upwards. Mathematics and science will help them to clear thinking; clear thinking will soon teach them the truth of that

has made a reputation as one of the ablest diplomats on the side of Soviet Russia, through his clever handling of that country's problems at Geneva.

great maxim "Union is Strength." Being educated, clear-thinking men and women they will know that they want happiness and comfortable homes, also how to get them, and if there is unity, nothing in this life, neither boss, employer, lord or master will prevent them getting their rights.

I once heard a great man talking to the working class on the subject of their education. He emphasised the need for it and also, what is more important in this country—the desire to be educated and the gift of appreciating it. Nobody could deposit a labourer in a College or University and order him to learn. He may not be able or he may not want to do so. In either case it would be absolute tyranny, tyranny under a different form, but same in substance as that under which he endured for so long.

So this great man laid down his plans for the uplifting of the people. An educated working class, living in beautiful homes and with cultured minds—what could be a prouder boast for a nation? Education will teach people how ridiculous social prejudices are, also religious and sectarian bigotry. It will also mean, when labour has won the day, the people will know how to conduct their affairs so that there will be no "abuse of power," which up to the present is the result of great changes and upheavals.

LIL O'REILLY.

18th Sept. '23.

GREETING.

We are glad to receive the "Annual Report of the Irish National Union of Vintners, Grocers' and Allied Trades' Assistants." It seems to breath an expression of real Trade Unionism. There must be some live wires on the Executive. We are unable, at this writing, to comment on the proceedings at the Annual Congress. Glad to welcome our comrades into the field of Labour Journalism, a field practically untilled in this harassed country. The new editor seems to have studied the right dope and slings a line of real talk. We would like to make two suggestions to our brothers. Why not force, by intelligent effort of course, an amalgamation with the Distributive Workers' Union, they seem to require some of the fire and spirit permeating your hefty bunch. Secondly, don't forget the lads of your Union who lie in gaols and internment camps. We feel sure our last suggestion will be taken in the spirit intended—a reminder only.

We see by to-day's papers that Mr. L. Beamish, director of Beamish & Crawford, Brewers, Cork, has died. He left £60,215. This firm started some years back without a penny to bless their name except the little machinery they had acquired.

The deceased was one of the founders of the Cork Employers' Federation, the body which is primarily responsible for the present trouble in that city. It is a great pity that we have to wait till death visits them to find out the size of the bank account. Perhaps if the bank accounts of some of the living gentlemen of the above body were made public, they would change their tune about reductions in wages—and their sole interest in life being the "Welfare of the Nation." Vide Davy Barry, O.B.E.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any newsagent or newsboy. Ask for it, and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to The Editor, 17 Gardiner's Place, Dublin. Subscription, 8s. 8d. per year; 4s. 4d. for six months payable in advance. We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

MANIFESTO.

Comrades,

A dispute exists in the I.T. & G.W. Union between James Larkin and other officers. The rank and file of the Union are, for the present, denied the right to settle this dispute within the Union, as the case has been taken to the Law Courts by the disputants.

Whatever the outcome of the Law Court proceedings, the rank and file must insist on an explanation from both parties to the dispute. In the meantime the Union must not be disrupted or stamped into two factions. We of the rank and file must maintain our principles above partisanship. The future of the Union will be determined by our conduct during the present crisis.

If you are dissatisfied with the present state of affairs in the Union, do not throw away your right to change matters by disenfranchising yourselves; the opportunity of asserting your rights will soon come. When it does, be eligible to take your part in shaping the future destiny of the Union.

We must not be guilty of any action which would injure the Union. We must stand united. Remember the forces of Capitalism are united against us; we must face them with a solid front. In our own interests we must not allow our ranks to be broken, our solidarity shaken, or our progress impeded by this dispute.

Comrades! Carry on. The will of the rank and file must be vindicated. When the time comes to assert your rights, bear in mind you can only claim your rights by virtue of having performed your duties.

M. USHER, Chairman.
THOS. H. REDMOND.
GEORGE NATHAN.
JAMES FLANAGAN.
PATRICK BROPHY, Sec.

IRISH TRANSPORT & GENERAL WORKERS' UNION

All Ireland Delegate Conference, Investigation Committee, 29 Eden Quay, Dublin.

(Ref. 105.)

Comrades,

We submit the following report:

The Special All Ireland Delegate Conference which met on Friday, August 31st, was, as you are aware, held with the object of settling the dispute in the Union arising out of the charges made by James Larkin against other officers of the Union, and also to impress on the parties to the dispute the serious effect the matter was having on the Union throughout the country, and to express the desire of the rank and file to have the dispute settled within the Union.

We, the Investigation Committee elected by Conference, acting on the

resolution of Conference, sought a written undertaking from both parties to the dispute to abide by the considered findings of Conference.

James Larkin, when approached by us, stated that he would not give the undertaking asked for, but would submit his charges in writing for investigation without prejudice to any legal status he possessed.

The members of the E.C. were willing to give the undertaking asked for, but pointed out that a similar undertaking from Mr. Larkin was essential, as without it Conference had no power to decide the matter.

We again approached James Larkin who still declined to give the undertaking asked for.

In the meantime we had set up the machinery to deal with the matter, having obtained all available documents necessary for our investigations, including the charges made by James Larkin.

We then approached the E.C. who stated that before submitting to our investigations, they must be assured that the consent of the other Party had been obtained to abide by the decision of Conference, as mutual consent by both parties to the dispute was the only basis on which Conference had power to decide the matter.

The E.C. added that they would submit to but one Court, preferably the Delegate Conference elected by the rank and file of the Union.

Despite the difficulties confronting us we determined to explore every avenue seeking a basis on which to settle the dispute within the Union.

The Rules were of no assistance to us, they being subject to the decision of the Law Courts, as their validity is challenged. We realise that if Conference has no power to decide in the matter in view of the Law Court proceedings, no useful purpose can be served by pursuing our investigations any further.

In view of the expense of re-summoning Conference, and considering the facts as above outlined, we are of the opinion that any further expenditure would be but a waste of money now needed for other purposes. We, therefore, submit this report, which we trust will meet with your approval.

Dated 27th September, 1923.

M. USHER, Chairman.
THOS. H. REDMOND.
GEORGE NATHAN.
JAMES FLANAGAN.
PATRICK BROPHY, Sec.

PEMBROKE NOTES.

The strike of the Urban Council staff is settled. Apologies are not always satisfactory. Eh! I wonder what effect the strike will have on the whole time officials' wages. Will they find them minus a day and a half? Wait and see!

I notice that many of our respectable newsgagents in Pembroke do not stock the Irish Worker. Why? We Pembroke workers want it, and we'll get it. It is about time a little light was shed on this nest of disdainful civil servants and retired pensioners.

Now, Pembroke men, what about lending a hand to the dockers in their fight. You have no excuse, the ways and means are there, only the will is wanting. Remember the old cry: "An injury to one is the concern of all." Now men, all together. Let's start!

CAREFUL WATCHER.

Notes from the Outside World.

INTERNATIONAL JOTTINGS.

A sign of the times in "Merrie England" is the fact that Walton Newbold, M.A., the Communist M.P. who beat the Orange candidate in Motherwell, has addressed crowded meetings every night during the past ten days. To a dense mass of workers in Greenwich Boro' Hall on Friday, 28th September, he explained how in every European country each non-working-class Party and Movement was led by servants of various vested interests; how in each country these interests intrigued the one against the other, and how these intrigues were extended to international politics, until we see all Europe in chaos, whether we glance at the Ruhr where French, German and English steelmasters and colliery-owners—the last-named nationals led by Premier Stanley Baldwin, M.P., of Baldwins, Ltd., steelmasters, and other iron and coal combines—are all endeavouring to draw profits from the wealth of the earth and the labour of the German wage-slaves; or look to Belfast, where the same Baldwins, Ltd., with the help of the financiers, have caused Workman, Clark's to shut down their shipyards. He supported his startling allegations by names, facts, and figures.

To an Irishman, the story of how Workman, Clark were ruined by alien rivals who used financial and other power in the interests of English capitalists of the Baldwin group, and then dragged W. C. to court to extort from them £250,000 damages for breach of agreement, was really enlightening. It showed how, even with a capitalist Republic, the industries of Ireland would be influenced in every way by foreign capital, just as Larkin has been pointing out that foreign capital owns the very Port of Dublin itself through its hold on Irish shipping. The moral is this, that the only true independence of a nation comes from a state of society in which the whole of the nation's resources are owned by the entire nation, exploited and administered by the Workers' Councils so as to provide, not private profits, but for the needs of the people. In such a system the yards of Belfast would be used to fashion ships destined to be owned by the whole Irish people, Orange and Green, and to carry its produce coastwise and abroad. Does the unemployed Orangeman of Belfast ever realize this?

Newbold later described how the Clyde shipbuilders, the Yorkshire worsted manufacturers, and Lancashire textile owners, knowing that competition and their indebtedness to the Banks was about to bring their profits to zero, induced hundreds of thousands of workers to buy shares in their employers' businesses with their small savings. That effected, the concerns declared themselves bankrupt. The owners have sold out and banked the money, the workers are without employment, without savings, as Shakespeare put it "sans everything," save scraps of paper! In U.S.A. and Port Sunlight, workers are encouraged and even forced to invest a very little in their masters' works so as to deter them from striking or realizing the Glass War; in England the same

investments are offered, so that the boss-class may unload its shares on thousands of Henry Dubbs, thus minimizing their own losses!

Daily, in fact hourly, the week has seen dramatic changes in the international situation. Two attempts at a Workers' Revolution in Bulgaria, the collapse of German capitalist resistance in the Ruhr, dictatorship of the bourgeoisie in Berlin, and another dictator for Bavaria. Saxony is becoming stronger for Communism every day, and Bavaria is awaiting a Fascist coup. In the Rhineland the French iron and coal bosses are subsidising a movement for a Rhenish Republic, in which they and the Rhenish capitalists will join hands as masters of the proletariat. We can predict opposition to this move by Mr. Baldwin, of Baldwins, Ltd., steelmasters!

Meantime, the British Empire Conference! Enter, amidst deafening applause, Liam T. MacCosgair, Eoin Mac Niall, D. Mac Gearailt, and S. Mac Crait, to greet the representatives of the other "Free Nations," including Viscount Peel, Secretary of State for India, and the Maharajah of Alivar (for the Native Princes), with "Sir" T. B. Sapru (for British India), the delegates appointed by the despotic Government of India to misrepresent the enslaved Indian masses. The pseudo-Labour paper of London, the "Daily Herald," shrieks "Empire Bonds at Stake."

The Conference will try to strengthen those "Bonds" with the aid of Liam T. and Eoin, who lately swore two oaths, one in 1919 to an Irish Republic, and one in 1922 to an English King. Shades of Pearse who wrote: "an empire is a commercial corporation in large. The nation is of God: the empire is of man—if it be not of the devil!" Oh, the cordiality of the handshake between Cosgrave, proud slayer of Rory O'Connor and Childers—"the damned Englishman," and Jan Smuts, the Boer who crushed the Boer rising in 1915, and in 1922 bombed the Rand strikers and their women and babies at Fordsburg! Liam T. may forget Rory, Liam and Cathal, but he can't fail to remember the deficit of £24 millions on the last two budgets, and the £50 million to be given to those whose property was destroyed during the war to end the Republic. And in spite of this, he purposes demanding £50,000,000 from the bludgeoned Irish to buy out the landlord parasites and provide them with an income "in perpetuum" amounting to 70% of their gross rentals.

"Those whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad!"

Will Smuts and Cosgrave, Baldwin and Massey listen to Pearse's defiant warning: "Beware the thing that is coming, beware the risen people!"

EXILE.

AN OLD HORSE

Some of you old warriors will be glad to receive news of Dan O'Leary, one time champion walker of the world. He turned eighty-two some days ago, and in order to celebrate the day he went for a walk at Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. He only covered 100 miles, as he thinks he is getting too old for that kind of exercise. He has taken that annual walk for over 50 years. Let's hope he will take it for another 50.

OUR WEEKLY FEATURE.

One Thousand Dozen.

By JACK LONDON.

(Continued from last week)

Rasmussen had managed to draw his revolver, and with the crook of his arm over the sweep head was taking aim. The correspondent stood up on the thwart, balancing back and forth, his face twisted with menace and speechless anger.

"My God!"

So cried his brother correspondent, hurling himself, face downward, into the bottom of the boat. The Alma, under the divided attention of Rasmussen, had been caught by a great mass of water and whirled around. The after leach hollowed, the sail emptied and jibed, and the boom, sweeping with terrific force across the boat, carried the angry correspondent overboard with a broken back. Mast and sail had gone over the side as well. A drenching sea followed, as the boat lost headway, and Rasmussen sprang to the bailing bucket.

Several boats hurtled past them in the next half-hour—small boats, boats of their own size, boats afraid, unable to do aught but run madly on. Then a ten-ton barge, at imminent risk of destruction, lowered sail to windward and lumbered down upon them.

"Keep off! Keep off!" Rasmussen screamed.

But his low gunwale ground against the heavy craft, and the remaining correspondent clambered aboard. Rasmussen was over the eggs like a cat and in the bow of the Alma, striving with numb fingers to bend the hauling-lines together.

"Come on!" a red-whiskered man yelled at him.

"I've a thousand dozen eggs here," he shouted back. "Gimme a tow! I'll pay you!"

"Come on!" they howled in chorus.

A big whitecap broke just beyond, washing over the barge and leaving the Alma half swamped. The men cast off, cursing him as they ran up their sail. Rasmussen cursed back and fell to bailing. The mast and sail, like a sea anchor, still fast by the halyards, held the boat head on to wind and sea and gave him a chance to fight the water out.

Three hours later, numbed, exhausted, blathering like a lunatic, but still bailing, he went ashore on an ice-strewn beach near Cariboo Crossing. Two men, a government courier and a half-breed voyageur, dragged him out of the surf, saved his cargo, and beached the Alma. They were paddling out of the country in a Peterborough, and gave him shelter for the night in their storm-bound camp. Next morning they departed, but he elected to stay by his eggs. And thereafter the name and fame of the man with the thousand dozen eggs began to spread through the land. Gold-seekers who made in before the freeze-up carried the news of his coming. Grizzled old-timers of Forty Mile and Circle City, sour doughs with lantern jaws and bean-calloused stomachs, called up dream

In this issue we complete the story of the eggs, which gained in notoriety what they lost in flavour. Throughout the story we find a wealth of detail which could only have been acquired through actual experience. Jack London had experience. Tramp, sailor, lumber jack, miner, clerk and prospector, he knew them all. He travelled for years under the guise of these different characters, following the wander lust within him. From Sydney to the Yukon he was known and respected. And when he settled down in his home in California to relate his adventures in black and white—these friends came in upon him for a short stay, and before they left he had learnt of another happening in some adventurer's life of action.

In the present story we find pathos, humour, suffering and human endurance, and running through it all there is the strongest human passion on earth, the desire for more money. There is no escape from it. Even a story like this, which mocks that desire, had its birth in the same passion. What humour!

memories of chickens and green things at mention of his name. Dyea and Skaguay took an interest in his being, and questioned his progress from every man who came over the passes, while Dawson—golden, omeletless Dawson—fretted and worried, and waylaid every chance arrival for word of him.

But of this Rasmussen knew nothing. The day after the wreck he patched up the Alma and paddled out. A cruel east wind blew in his teeth from Tagish, but he got the oars over the side and bucked manfully into it, though half the time he was drifting backward and chopping ice from the blades. According to the custom of the country, he was driven ashore at Windy Arm; three times on Tagish saw him swamped and beached; and Lake Marsh held him at the freeze-up. The Alma was crushed in the jamming of the floes, but the eggs were intact. These he back-tripped two miles across the ice to the shore, where he built a cache, which stood for years after and was pointed out by men who knew.

Half a thousand frozen miles stretched between him and Dawson, and the waterway was closed. But Rasmussen, with a peculiar tense look in his face, struck back up the lakes on foot. What he suffered on that lone trip, with nought but a single blanket, an axe, and a handful of beans, is not given to ordinary mortals to know. Only the Arctic adventurer may understand. Suffice that he was caught in a blizzard on Chilkoot and left two of his toes with the surgeon at Sheep Camp. Yet he stood on his feet and washed dishes in the scullery of the Pawona to the Puget Sound, and from there passed coal on a P.S. boat to San Francisco.

It was a haggard unkempt man who limped across the shining office floor to raise a second mortgage from the bank people. His hollow cheeks betrayed themselves through the scraggy beard, and his eyes seemed to have retired into deep caverns where they burned with cold fires. His hands were grained

from exposure and hard work, and the nails were rimmed with tight-packed dirt and coal-dust. He spoke vaguely of eggs and ice-packs, winds and tides; but when they declined to let him have more than a second thousand, his talk became incoherent, concerning itself chiefly with the price of dogs and dog-food, and such things as snowshoes and moccasins and winter trails. They let him have fifteen hundred, which was more than the cottage warranted, and breathed easier when he scrawled his signature and passed out the door.

Two weeks later he went over Chilkoot with three dog sleds of five dogs each. One team he drove the two Indians with him driving the others. At Lake Marsh they broke out the cache and loaded up. But there was no trail. He was the first in over the ice, and to him fell the task of packing the snow and hammering away through the rough river jams. Behind him he often observed a camp-fire smoke trickling thinly up through the quiet air, and he wondered why the people did not overtake him. For he was a stranger to the land and did not understand. Nor could he understand his Indians when they tried to explain. This they conceived to be a hardship, but when they balked and refused to break camp of mornings, he drove them to their work at pistol point.

When he slipped through an ice bridge near the White Horse and froze his foot, tender yet and over-sensitive from the previous freezing, the Indians looked for him to lie up. But he sacrificed a blanket, and, with his foot encased in an enormous moccasin, big as a water-bucket, continued to take his regular turn with the front sled. Here was the cruellest work, and they respected him, though on the side they rapped their foreheads with their knuckles and significantly shook their heads. One night they tried to run away, but the zip-zip of his bullets in the snow brought them back, snarling but convinced. Whereupon, being only savage Chilkat men, they put

their heads together to kill him; but he slept like a cat, and, waking or sleeping, the chance never came. Often they tried to tell him the import of the smoke wreath in the rear, but he could not comprehend and grew suspicious of them. And when they sulked or shirked, he was quick to let drive at them between the eyes, and quick to cool their heated souls with sight of his ready revolver.

And so it went—with mutinous men, wild dogs, and a trail that broke the heart. He fought the men to stay with him, fought the dogs to keep them away from the eggs, fought the ice, the cold, and the pain of his foot, which would not heal. As fast as the young tissue renewed, it was bitten and seared by the frost, so that a running sore developed, into which he could almost shove his fist. In the mornings, when he first put his weight upon it, his head went dizzy, and he was near to fainting from the pain; but later on in the day it usually grew numb, to recommence when he crawled into his blankets and tried to sleep. Yet he, who had been a clerk and sat at a desk all his days, toiled till the Indians were exhausted, and even out-worked the dogs. How hard he worked, how much he suffered, he did not know. Being a man of the one idea, now that the idea had come, it mastered him. In the foreground of his consciousness was Dawson, in the background his thousand dozen eggs, and midway between the two his ego fluttered, striving always to draw them together to a glittering golden point. This golden point was the five thousand dollars, the consummation of the idea and the point of departure for whatever new idea might present itself. For the rest, he was a mere automaton. He was unaware of other things, seeing them as through a glass darkly, and giving them no thought. The work of his hands he did with machine-like wisdom; likewise the work of his head. So the look on his face grew very tense, till even the Indians were afraid of it, and marvelled at the strange white man who had made them slaves and forced them to toil with such foolishness.

Then came a snap on Lake Le Barge, when the cold of outer space smote the tip of the planet, and the force ranged sixty and odd degrees below zero. Here, labouring with open mouth that he might breathe more freely, he chilled his lungs, and for the rest of the trip he was troubled with a dry hacking cough, especially irritable in smoke of camp or under stress of undue exertion. On the Thirty Mile river he found much open water, spanned by precarious ice bridges and fringed with narrow rim ice, tricky and uncertain. The rim ice was impossible to reckon on, and he dared it without reckoning falling back on his revolver when his drivers demurred. But on the ice bridges, covered with snow though they were, precautions could be taken. These they crossed on their snow-shoes, with long poles, held cross-wise in their hands, to which to cling in case of accident. Once

over, the dogs were called to follow. And on such a bridge, where the absence of the centre ice was masked by the snow, one of the Indians met his end. He went through as quickly and neatly as a knife through thin cream, and the current swept him from view down under the stream ice.

That night his mate fled away through the pale moonlight. Rasmussen futilely puncturing the silence with his revolver—a thing that he handled with more celerity than cleverness. Thirty-six hours later the Indian made a police camp on the Big Salmon.

"Um—um—um funny man—what you call?—top um head all loose," the interpreter explained to the puzzled captain. "Eh? Yep, clazy, much clazy mans. Eggs, eggs, all a time eggs—savvy? Come bime-by."

It was several days before Rasmussen arrived, the three sleds lashed together, and all the dogs in a single team. It was awkward, and where the going was bad he was compelled to back-trip it sled by sled, though he managed most of the time, through herculean efforts, to bring all along on the one haul. He did not seem moved when the captain of police told him his man was hitting the high places for Dawson, and was by that time, probably, half-way between Selkirk and Stewart. Nor did he appear interested when informed that the police had broken the trail as far as Pelly; for he had attained to a fatalistic acceptance of all natural dispensations, good or ill. But when they told him that Dawson was in the bitter clutch of famine, he smiled, threw the harness on his dogs, and pulled out.

But it was at his next halt that the mystery of the smoke was explained. With the word at Big Salmon that the trail was broken to Pelly, there was no longer any need for the smoke wreath to linger in his wake; and Rasmussen, crouching over his lonely fire, saw a motely string of sleds go by. First came the courier and the half-breed who had hauled him out from Bennett; then mail-carriers for Circle City, two sleds of them, and a mixed following of ingoing Klondikers. Dogs and men were fresh and fat, while Rasmussen and his brutes were jaded and worn down to the skin and bone. They of the smoke wreath had travelled one day in three, resting and reserving their strength for the dash to come when broken trail was met with; while each day he had plunged and floundered forward, breaking the spirit of his dogs and robbing them of their mettle.

As for himself, he was unbreakable. They thanked him kindly for his efforts in their behalf, those fat, fresh men—thanked him kindly, with broad grins and ribald laughter; and now, when he understood, he made no answer. Nor did he cherish silent-bitterness. It was immaterial. The idea—the fact behind the idea—was not changed. Here he was and his thousand dozen; there was Dawson; the problem was unaltered.

At the Little Salmon, being short of dog food, the dogs got into his grub, and from there to Selkirk he lived on beans—coarse, brown beans, big beans, glossy nutritive, which griped his stomach and doubled him up at two-hour intervals. But the Factor at Selkirk had a notice on the door of the Post to the effect

that no steamer had been up the Yukon for two years, and in consequence grub was beyond price. He offered to swap flour, however, at the rate of a cupful of each egg, but Rasmussen shook his head and hit the trail. Below the Post he managed to buy frozen horse hide for the dogs, the horses having been slain by the Chilkat cattle men, and the scraps and offal preserved by the Indians. He tackled the hide himself, but the hair worked into the bean sores of his mouth, and was beyond endurance.

Here at Selkirk he met the fore-runners of the hungry exodus of Dawson, and from there on they crept over the trail, a dismal throng. "No grub!" was the song they sang. "No grub, and had to go." "Everybody holding candles for a rise in the spring." "Flour dollar 'n a half a pound, and no sellers."

"Eggs?" one of them answered. "Dollar apiece, but thereain't none." Rasmussen made a rapid calculation. "Twelve thousand dollars," he said aloud.

"Hey?" the man asked. "Nothing," he answered, and nudged the dogs along.

When he arrived at Stewart River, seventy miles from Dawson, five of his dogs were gone, and the remainder were falling in the traces. He, also, was in the traces, hauling with what little strength was left in him. Even then he was barely crawling along ten miles a day. His cheek-bones and nose, frost-bitten again and again, were turned bloody-black and hideous. The thumb, which was separated from the fingers by the gee-pole, had likewise been nipped and gave him great pain. The monstrous moccasin still encased his foot, and strange pains were beginning to rack the leg. At Sixty Mile, the last beans, which he had been rationing for some time, were finished; yet he steadfastly refused to touch the eggs. He could not reconcile his mind to the legitimacy of it, and staggered and fell along the way to Indian River. Here a fresh-killed moose and an open-handed old-timer gave him and his dogs new strength, and at Ainslie's he felt repaid for it all when a stampede, ripe from Dawson in five hours, was sure he could get a dollar and a quarter for every egg he possessed.

He came up the steep bank by the Dawson barracks with fluttering heart and shaking knees. The dogs were so weak that he was forced to rest them, and, waiting, he leaned limply against the gee-pole. A man, an eminently decorous-looking man, came sauntering by in a great bearskin coat. He glanced at Rasmussen curiously, then stopped and ran a speculative eye over the dogs and the three lashed sleds.

"What you got?" he asked. "Eggs," Rasmussen answered huskily, hardly able to pitch his voice above a whisper.

"Eggs! Whoopee! Whoopee!" He sprang up into the air, gyrated madly, and finished with half-a-dozen war steps. "You don't say—all of 'em?"

"All of 'em."

"Say, you must be the Egg Man." He walked around and viewed Rasmussen from the other side. "Come, now, ain't you the Egg Man?"

Rasmussen didn't know, but supposed he was, and the man sobered down a bit.

"What d'ye expect to get for 'em?" he asked cautiously.

Rasmussen became audacious.

"Dollar 'n a half," he said.

"Done!" the man came back promptly. "Gimme a dozen.

"I—I mean a dollar 'n a half apiece," Rasmussen hesitatingly explained.

"Sure. I heard you. Make it two dozen. Here's the dust.

The man pulled out a healthy gold sack the size of a small sausage and knocked it negligently again to the gee-pole. Rasmussen felt a strange trembling in the pit of his stomach, a tickling of the nostrils, and an almost overwhelming desire to sit down and cry. But a curious, wide-eyed crowd was beginning to collect, and man after man was calling out for eggs. He was without scales, but the man with the bearskin coat fetched a pair and obligingly weighed in the dust while Rasmussen passed out the goods. Soon there was a pushing and shoving and shouldering, and a great clamour. Everybody wanted to buy and to be served first. And as the excitement grew, Rasmussen cooled down. This would never do. There must be something behind the fact of their buying so eagerly. It would be wiser if he rested first and sized up the market. Perhaps eggs were worth two dollars apiece. Anyway, whenever he wished to sell, he was sure of a dollar and a half. "Stop!" he cried, when a couple of hundred had been sold. "No more now. I'm played out. I've got to get a cabin, and then you can come and see me."

A groan went up at this, but the man with the bearskin coat approved. Twenty-four of the frozen eggs went rattling in his capacious pockets, and he didn't care whether the rest of the town ate or not. Besides, he could see Rasmussen was on his last legs.

"There's a cabin right around the second corner from the Monte Carlo," he told him—"the one with the sody-bottle window. It ain't mine, but I've got charge of it. Rents for ten a day and cheap for the money. You move right in, and I'll see you later. Don't forget the sody-bottle window."

"Tra-la-loo!" he called back a moment later. "I'm gain' up the hill to eat eggs and dream of home."

On his way to the cabin, Rasmussen recollected he was hungry and bought a small supply of provisions at the N.A.T. & T. store—also a beefsteak at the butcher's shop and dried salmon for the dogs. He found the cabin without difficulty, and left the dogs in the harness while he started the fire and got the coffee under way.

"A dollar 'n a half apiece—one thousand dozen—eighteen thousand dollars!" he kept muttering it to himself, over and over, as he went about his work.

As he flopped the steak into the frying-pan the door opened. He turned. It was the man with the bearskin coat. He seemed to come in with determination, as though bound on some explicit errand, but as he looked at Rasmussen as expression of perplexity came into his face.

"I say—now I say—" he began, then halted.

Rasmussen wondered if he wanted the rent.

"I say, damn it, you know, them eggs is bad."

Rasmussen staggered. He felt as though some one had struck him an

astounding blow between the eyes. The walls of the cabin reeled and tilted up. He put out his hand to steady himself and rested it on the stove. The sharp pain and the smell of the burning flesh brought him back to himself.

"I see," he said slowly, fumbling in his pocket for the sack. "You want your money back."

"It ain't the money," the man said, "but hain't you got any eggs—good?"

Rasmussen shook his head. "You'd better take the money."

But the man refused and backed away. "I'll come back," he said, "when you've taken stock, and get what's comin'."

Rasmussen rolled the chopping-block into the cabin and carried in the eggs. He took up the hand-axe, and, one by one, chopped the eggs in half. These halves he examined carefully and let fall to the floor. At first he sampled from the different cases, then deliberately emptied one case at a time. The heap on the floor grew larger. The coffee boiled over and the smoke of the burning beefsteak filled the cabin. He chopped steadfastly and monotonously till the last case was finished.

Somebody knocked at the door, knocked again, and let himself in.

"What a mess!" he remarked, as he paused and surveyed the scene.

The severed eggs were beginning to thaw in the heat of the stove, and a miserable odour was growing stronger.

"Must a-happened on the steamer," he suggested.

Rasmussen looked at him long and blankly.

"I'm Murray, Big Jim Murray, everybody knows me," the man volunteered. "I'm just hearin' your eggs is rotten, and I'm offerin' you two hundred for the batch. They ain't good as salmon, but still they're fair scoffin's for dogs."

Rasmussen seemed turned to stone. He did not move. "You go to hell," he said passionlessly.

"Now just consider. I pride myself it's a decent price for a mess like that, and it's better 'n nothin'. Two hundred. What you say?"

"You go to hell," Rasmussen repeated softly, "and get out of here."

Murray gasped with a great awe, then went out carefully, backward with his eyes fixed on the other's face.

Rasmussen followed him out and turned the dogs loose. He threw them all the salmon he had bought, and coiled a sled-lashing up in his hand. Then he re-entered the cabin and drew the latch in after him. The smoke from the cindered steak made his eyes smart. He stood on the bunk, passed the lashing over the ridge-pole, and measured the swing-off with his eye. It did not seem to satisfy, for he put the stool on the bunk and climbed upon the stool. He drove a noose in the end of the lashing and slipped his head through. The other end he made fast. Then he kicked the stool out from under.

BOXING TOURNAMENT

We are glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Jim Murphy, on his successful Boxing Tournament last night. He has long deserved it for his efforts on behalf of this clean and manly game. We also desire to thank him for his munificent gift to the Locked-out Women & Childrens Fund.

STRIKE COLLECTION

New Issue.	Book No.	Name	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	7	P. O'Neill	2	6 6
	8	J. Crowley	1	16 0
	9	J. Crowley	1	15 0
	11	Cunningham	1	16 0
	12	P. Larkin	1	16 0
	13	O'Brien	1	16 0
	14	O'Brien	1	14 0
	15	H. Dagers	1	16 0
	16	H. Dagers	1	16 0
	17	M. Hardy	1	16 0
	18	C. Harris	1	16 0
	19	James King	1	16 0
	20	R. McCann	1	16 0
	21	Dorman	2	13 6
	23	W. Moore	2	15 0
	24	T. Stone	5	4 0
	25	J. Lawless	2	15 0
	26	O'Toole	5	10 6
	27	J. Moore	2	0 0
	28	James Dwyer	1	13 6
	29	J. Finlay	1	19 6
	30	James Hayden	2	10 0
	34	Greene	4	10 0
	35	L. Brady	1	17 6
	36	L. Brady	1	16 0
	39	C. Harris	1	18 0
	40	P. Mulvaney	2	0 6
	45	J. O'Brien	2	0 0
	46	J. King	2	5 0
	47	O'Neill	3	7 6
	48	J. Atkinson	2	6 6
	49	F. Verner	2	4 0
	50	T. Shearon	2	16 0
	51	Miss Casey	0	17 0
	53	J. Cunningham	2	7 6
	56	J. Maguire	3	2 6
	56	M. Kavanagh (small sums)	3	2 6
		do. a Friend	1	0 0
		do. T. Maguire	4	8 6
	57	T. O'Connor	3	7 0
	58	W. Holohan		
	59	P. Byrne—		
		A Friend	0	10 0
		Mr. Rafferty	1	0 0
		Mr. Murphy, Fish Market	0	10 0
		Small sums	4	2 0
	61	Harris and Donnelly	1	16 4
	62	O'Brien	1	17 6
	63	P. McCann	1	19 0
	66	J. Maguire	1	16 0
	67	J. Cunningham	3	0 0
	70	M. Donnelly	1	18 6
	71	M. Donnelly	1	16 0
	72	H. Dagers	1	16 0
	73	H. Dagers	1	16 0
	74	do.	1	17 0
	75	do.	1	16 0
	76	do.	1	19 0
	77	do.	1	7 0
	79	J. Scully	1	16 0
	81	McKeady	3	4 6
	82	Holohan and Kelly	2	19 6
	83	T. Kelly—		
		Mr. Irwin, Ennisclorthy	5	0 0
		Small sums	4	4 6
	87	J. McCann	9	4 6
	88	O'Toole—J. Clear	1	0 0
		Small sums	3	0 0
	89	Harris and Donnelly	4	0 6
	92	T. Moore	2	12 6
	94	Dorman	1	16 0
	96	J. O'Brien	3	1 6
	97	Fay	1	16 0
	98	J. McCann	1	2 0
	99	do.	3	15 6
	100	T. O'Toole—J. Perkins	2	6 6
		Small sums	1	0 0
			4	4 6
	101	Holohan and Kelly	5	4 6
	102	J. Sutton	4	11 0
	104	C. Byrne	2	1 6
	105	J. Lawless	1	16 0
	106	do.	1	16 0
	107	J. Corcoran	2	11 0
	126	Maguire	2	5 6
	127	A. Coonan	1	16 0
	128	J. O'Brien	4	4 6
	129	Holohan and Kelly	3	17 0
	136	Butchers' Hall	1	4 0
	136	T. Dorman	1	17 0
	138	J. Moore	1	16 0
	191	Donnelly and Harris	2	2 0
	192	T. Moore	1	18 6
	193	P. Larkin	1	16 0
	199	McCann	2	4 6

STRIKE COLLECTION (Voluntary Levy).

Old Issue	Book No.	Name	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	6	Mr. Murphy per Pat Doody	12	7 6
	12	C. Byrne	8	7 6
	16	Vernor and Sherlock	5	9 4
	21	J. O'Connor	8	15 4
	32	Thos. Sheeran	6	13 0

33	O'Connor	6	18 6
34	Hanna Nolan	11	13 6
41	J. McCann	6	8 6
42	O'Farrell	9	16 0
53	J. McCabe	7	18 0
54	A. Smith	6	11 0
59	C. Smith—		
	Jas. Clery, Amiens St.	1	0 0
	T. J. Mullet	1	0 0
	M. Furlong	1	0 0
	W. Mullet	1	0 0
	H. Wigoder	0	10 0
	J. Murtagh	0	10 0
	Grogan, North Wall	1	0 0
	Joe Ennis (Steva.)	1	0 0
	F. Nolan	1	0 0
	Rudge Whitworth	0	10 0
	Irish Feather Co.	0	17 6
	Per St. Murphy	0	15 0
	Frank Corr	1	0 0
	A. Gowan	0	10 0
	T. Duff	1	0 0
	McGovern, Belfast	0	10 0
	P. Goodman, Dundalk	1	0 0
	Kelly, Manchester	1	0 0
	A. Summerfield, per		
	J. Cunningham	1	0 0
	Per Flood	1	0 0
	William Murchadha	5	0 0
	S. Kelly	1	0 0
	R. Gresswell, Belfast	0	10 0
	J. Cummins, Belfast	0	10 0
	J. M. Jay	5	0 0
	P. Flaherty (Stev.)	10	0 0
	Anon. E. B. H.	5	0 0
	Molloy & Co., Talbot St.	1	0 0
	Small sums	11	16 6
61	J. McCann	6	19 0
67	M. J. O'Brien	10	5 7
70	O'Toole	14	18 6
71	W. Wynne	4	11 9
76	H. Dagers—		
	M. Carrick	5	0 0
	N. Ryan	1	0 0
	G. Kennedy	0	10 0
	Small sums	8	13 6
83	J. Sutton	15	3 6
84	Garrigan and O'Neill	3	19 0
89	J. Corcoran	8	18 6
90	Holohan and Kelly	5	13 0
93	W. Harding	7	18 0
94	Rice, Holohan and Kelly	8	0 0
104	Pat. Doody, per M. Murphy	10	15 6
111	Kavanagh and Doherty—		
	Kiernan, Talbot St.	1	0 0
	J. Lee, Mary's Abbey	1	0 0
	Goodall C. & Storey	1	0 0
	Staff, Donnelly & Co.	1	0 0
	A. Magennis	2	0 0
	G. Connolly	0	10 0
	P. Maguire	1	0 0
	Wm. Walsh	0	10 0
	V. McCann	0	10 0
	Small sums	21	0 0
114	J. McCann	29	10 0
115	Butchers' Hall, per Hanratty	8	6 3
116	J. Ball	9	13 9
119	Crowley and Grant	6	13 6
124	Thompsons	19	4 0
126	T. Moore	8	16 6
133	P. O'Neill	6	2 6
136	Tim Stone	4	18 0
137	Mulvaney	38	14 0
138	J. O'Brien	7	2 0
154	H. Dagers	5	12 0
160	Farriers' Assoc., per Murphy	5	0 0
163	Byrne	12	0 0
170	Doran and King	11	4 0
172	Sherlock and Lawless	6	10 0
178	T. Dorman	10	8 0
180	J. Corcoran	8	11 6
181	Delegate Fitzsimons	5	19 0
182	Gas Co., per R. Patterson	11	19 6
183	Murray and Harding	15	11 9
184	Harris and Donnelly	5	19 0
185	R. Fields	4	19 6
186	J. Maguire	9	14 6
189	Butchers' Hall, per Hanratty	4	11 6
190	W. Moore	9	18 6
191	Cunningham	5	2 0
193	J. Scully	7	3 0
196	McKeady	8	6 0
199	Dublin General Boatmen, per Headerman	11	8 0
216	Harris and Donnelly	6	2 0
118	Byrne Rothwell	1	1 6
219	T. Moore	5	1 6
220	B. McCann	7	13 0
221	Holanahan and Keely	5	0 0
230	J. Moore	6	14 6
233	Bristol Boat, per Brady	8	10 0
		6	15 6
		5	3 0

I would be great but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill ;
I would be high but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rendering thunderstroke ;
I would be rich but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;
I would be wise but that I often see
The fox suspected whilst the ass goes free.
I have wished all but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich or wise, poor I would be rather.

TOMAS.

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Prominent Ulster Men and Women will Speak

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1923

ONE PENNY

SHIPBUILDING: The Case for the Men

THE public press of Dublin are known the world over for their rabid conservatism and infamous lying. No man or woman in Ireland, regardless of their political or economic beliefs, ever places faith or reliance on any matter that appears in the press of this city. But in the instance we are about to describe they have exceeded themselves. For months past they have published lying and vicious articles both in their editorial and news columns about the shipyard workers of Ireland. They have also given prominence to the outpourings of any professional letter scribe who desired to use his talents on behalf of the Shipbuilding Companies of Ireland. But whether these statements were true or not, at least our eminent contemporaries might have had enough common decency to afford the objects of their abuse space in which to answer the charges levelled against them. Does our public minded press possess this decency? No! The men recently employed in the shipbuilding industry submitted the statement which we publish below, to the editors of the three Dublin morning papers, namely, "The Irish Times," "The Freeman's Journal" and "The Irish Independent." They published this statement, but how did they publish it. This statement, an explanation by the men of their reason for refusing the degrading wages offered by the public minded shipbuilders of Ireland, was a vital statement, every word and sentence in it was important, and above all it intimately affected the whole Irish people. But of course these respected editors think they know more than a few poor, uneducated shipyard workers, therefore they applied their mighty intellects to this document, they searched it with the light of their wonderful journalistic brains, and they found it wanting. They edited it. This statement containing 700 words of vital importance, was reduced to 300 words by the editor of the "Irish Independent," and to 350 by the editor of the "Irish Times." It is not only a case of reducing the matter in the statement, it is a case of destroying and nullifying its meaning. In Monday's paper appeared a letter from Mr. McMillan, Managing-Director of the Dublin Shipbuilding Co., asking why the papers had not published the men's statement in full. The answer he received was, that they had considered it necessary to give only a summary. Summary they say, we presume it was to save space. Yet they didn't summarise the long rambling, inaccurate and misleading statement issued by the Employers' Federation of Cork and Dublin. But let it be. It is their duty to act as they did. To the workers of Ireland we say it is their duty to speed the day when we will have newspapers which will not sell their columns to the highest bidder, but will keep them open to all shades of opinion, so long as that opinion is honestly believed in. The case for the men follows.

Boilermakers' Hall,
33 Lr. Gardiner Street,
Dublin.

For some considerable period our silence has been taken advantage of, and therefore some explanation is due to the Public for withholding expressions of our opinion so long. Perhaps the most appropriate method to meet this situation is to furnish the Press with copies of statements read at a series of Conferences held in the Port and Docks Board Offices, under the auspices of that body, and which will also serve to enlighten the Public as to the reason for our silence.

In April, 1921, we accepted a reduction of 6s. 9d. per week, hoping that by so doing, and relying on statements made by employers of the Shipbuilding Federation, at a meeting held in Carlisle, on 1st April, 1921: That, if we accepted a reduction of 6s. 9d. per week, the confidence of shipowners would come back, and that people who have contracts, and who have commenced vessels, would make up their minds to make the best of it, cut their losses, and let us get on with the work.

Shortly afterwards, and still hoping the same, we accepted a further reduction of 12½ per cent. of our earnings, which made a total reduction of about 17s. per week. Since then, we have been waiting for the confidence of shipowners, as, so far as we are aware, no orders have been

placed in Dublin—with the exception of one small dredger for Sligo—nor has any work been done on the cancelled vessels in Dublin. Nor even if we lowered our wages to the sum required by Shipbuilding Companies, have they given us the hope that work would be resumed on these vessels.

The cost of living in 1921 was very near the maximum, and the shipyard workers made a very big sacrifice when they accepted these two reductions. No other employer in Dublin had asked for a reduction, and we particularly wish to point out that Public Boards in Dublin have given increases of wages to their employees since that time owing to the high cost of living.

The employers have stated that they are not concerned with the cost of living. They are concerned with the cost of ships. The workers' wages are the only means of keeping themselves and their families, and circumstances over which we have no control have kept the standard of living abnormally high in Dublin. The shipyard workers rightly consider they are entitled to a wage at least on a par with their fellow-citizens. We have to pay the same prices and live in the same city. **We cannot build ships in Dublin and live in Glasgow or Hamburg.** We maintain that the work of Shipbuilding is of a highly skilled nature, which takes years to learn. Also, one of the most dangerous occupations in the city—inquiry at the Mater Hospital would, we think, justify this statement. We consider the wages offered by the shipbuilders for merely casual employment, namely, £2 18s. per tradesman—most of whom have to buy and keep themselves supplied with valuable tools, which, at the present time, cost 300 per cent. more than in 1914—and £2 5s. to labourers, is not alone inadequate, but it is degrading. The above wage is only for three months, when a further reduction of 10/- will be expected, a total reduction of £2 3s. 6d., making the wages of tradesmen from £2 6s. to £2 10s., and in the case of labourers, from £1 12s. to £1 17s.

The employers state they are at a disadvantage of £1 6s. 6d. per week. We consider that both employers and workers are at a disadvantage in this Port owing to the want of increased Dry Dock facilities and improvements badly needed in the present Dry Dock. Thousands of pounds have left this city owing to the above causes.

Our homes are here, and we consider it the duty of Public Boards, such as the D.P. & D.B., to encourage home employment. And we consider the Shipping Companies' Representatives on this Board should recognise the above facts, and as they derive a large profit from the citizens of Dublin, use their influence with their Directors, and realize their duties as representatives on a Public Board and do more than they have done in the past to encourage the Shipbuilding and Repairing Industry.

The shipyard workers are anxious that this document be recorded on the files of the Ministry of Industry, and in this event they desire to state that prior to the conclusion of the conferences the Chairman of the Shipyard Workers asked that the above statements be read at the next Public Meeting of the Board, and also asked that it should be read at the next Meeting of the Dublin Corporation; but the Representatives of the Board present, Mr. D. Barry, Chairman, Senator Moran, Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Hewitt, objected.

Assuming that the figures quoted by Mr. D. Barry in last Thursday's Press are correct, that the cost of living reached its peak point in 1920, then it was 171 per cent. above 1914 and has now come down to 71 per cent. above 1914. Our wages, as quoted in the foregoing, will be equitable with what the cost of living ought to be. But the reduction of £1 6s. 6d. demanded by the employers would leave our standard of living 60 per cent. below 1914. Notwithstanding the above line of theory, we are convinced, from evidence to hand, that the revival of Shipbuilding and Repairing devolves not on the question of wages.

The Italian Crisis

Our readers will have read in the papers about the crisis in the Italian Fascisti movement. This crisis should not really come as a surprise to any one who has followed events in Italy with the least attention. In 1919 and '20 the Italian Labour movement was in a very flourishing condition. Every trade, skilled and semi-skilled, was thoroughly organised, not in Trades' Unions, but in Industrial Unions. There was the Agricultural Workers' Union, the Seamen's, the Iron Workers', the Municipal Workers' and many others. There were co-operative societies all over Italy owned and controlled by the different unions. The Iron Workers' Union owned a steam mill in Turin; the Agricultural Workers had large co-operative farms; and the Seamen had their own ships.

Now we come to the Fascisti. This body started sometime between 1918 and 1919, but did not become of national importance until 1921, when a civil war broke out between it and the Workers' Party. The Fascisti were triumphant and immediately the Italian Trades' Union movement commenced to go downhill. The co-operative societies, farms, steel mills and ships passed into obscurity. The unions lost power and prestige. The employers attacked with all their might, and the unions made as graceful an exit as they could.

The Fascisti were in the saddle, under the leadership of a renegade Socialist. Why he forswore his faith we cannot rightly know. He says he did it for the benefit of his country. We will believe him and credit him with the best of intentions and the most altruistic motives. In the present crisis he represents, or is said to represent, the decent element in the Fascisti movement, and apparently the Executive Council represents the other element, an element which still believes in the efficacy of black shirts and revolvers and all they stand for. Some unkind people are saying that the only reason Mussolini has denounced those tactics is that he no longer needs them. But we won't believe that. He is credited with being sympathetic to Labour, and maybe he is. He is credited as being as great a Dictator as Napoleon, and he is!

The present crisis, therefore, is merely the inevitable reaction from Fascism, just as the newspapers assured us that Fascism was the reaction from the Bolshevik power in Italy. The break up of the Fascisti movement was bound to come, the fires of discontent were too great. For three years the Fascisti have ruled Italy with blood, fire and terror. Now Mussolini realises that those methods are out-of-date and is trying to turn the trend of the movement towards a constructive and peaceful policy. Whether he succeeds or not is in the lap of the gods, but one thing is certain, the power of Fascism is broken and even if it holds together it can only be a peaceful political party in the future.

In Italy to-day trades' unionism is practically non-existent, although the workers are class-conscious, but they are completely subdued by the methods that were used against them during the last few years. In the Fascisti movement the working class members are gradually waking up and are getting a true

outlook upon Fascism. Their actions are greatly helping the break up of Fascism, and when that occurs the trades unions will come back again with redoubled strength.

Below we reprint two extracts from an American paper. One is a short article on the Italian labour movement and contains some interesting facts. The other is a little story which, unlike most little stories, happens to be true

ITALIAN LABOUR NEWS.

Italian trade unionism is taking a unique turn under Fascisti rule. Despite the suppression of the so-called "red" unions, and their substitution by Fascista organizations, strikes are on the increase and class consciousness on the part of the workers is again asserting itself.

In the beginning the Fascista assaults upon the progressive unions had the complete backing of the employing classes. In many instances Fascista companies were openly in the pay of manufacturers and land-owners. Under the joint attack one union after another succumbed.

Then the strange thing happened. The "red" unions having been replaced by "black-shirt" unions, the employers began to evince a desire to do away with the new brand too. They began to hire unorganized men, and to cut wages. By sheer force of economic need, the black unions began to go on strike, in some instances, imbued with the terror ideas of the Fascisti, taking an even more militant stand.

Now strikes are daily occurrences. Forty thousand building trades workers recently went on strike in Rome despite the opposition of Mussolini, and remained out despite the arrest of hundreds of them.

In Turin, the bakers, failing to win a fight for certain demands, joined Fascista unions deliberately, and together forced those concessions upon the employers. Cases have also occurred in which Fascisti have occupied factories in the course of wage disputes. Considering that the Fascista movement started as a protest against such occupation the phenomenon is truly remarkable.

The Grand Council of the Fascista had declared, under stress of circumstances, that the strike was a legitimate weapon for Fascista unions, in "exceptional cases."

"FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY."

The town of Agata Bolognese (in the province of Bologna), at 1.30 on the morning of May 22, 1921. About a score of black-shirted young men, with drawn revolvers, approached a house in this sleeping town. The quiet is broken sharply by a harsh cry: "Adriano Guiduzzi. Come out!"

There is no response, and the assailants begin to aim bullets at windows and at the door. In a little while an old woman, in her night clothes, appears at one of the windows. Standing there atremble, she seems almost a personification of helplessness as the flashes of the revolver reveal her frightened features.

She explains that Guiduzzi is not at home.

"Adriano is not home," she pleads. "I am his mother, and I tell you he is not home."

But this does not calm the Fascisti. The firing continues, and the

mother's pleas are cut short. With their canes and the butts of their guns the black-shirts attack the door. It yields to their force soon enough. They find an old man, Guiduzzi's father, in bed, paralyzed, and unable to move. They also find a little girl of eleven.

The girl is driven out of bed and ordered to lead them through the house. She lights a candle, scarcely able to hold it, she trembles so much. Then she goes up the stairs, a shouting mob of Fascisti behind her.

Suddenly she stumbles and falls; the men curse her for a stupid creature. A light is finally found, and they discover that the poor child has tripped over the body of the old woman, lying there in a pool of her own blood. She was still alive, and died 13 hours later.

* * *

Guiduzzi was one of the socialistic councilmen in that town and among the most active union leaders. When his mother was found in a dying condition that morning the townspeople would not talk, for fear of bringing down the Fascisti vengeance on their own heads. The night murder was a mystery.

But gradually the facts, as given above, became known in all their brutal detail. Whatever the Fascisti, now in power, may say, the town which witnessed this crime can see beneath the covering of words.

THE CALL OF LABOUR.

Rallying Song for Irish Workers
Air: "We're Paddies Evermore."

Comrades list, we need your aid,
Hear Labour's Clarion Call,
There's yet a debt which must be paid,
Assist us comrades all.
'Tis true we oft were forced to yield
To cruel oppression's might,
But now again we take the field
To wring from knaves our Right.*

Those knaves, our "masters," would reduce
Our means of livelihood.
Too long we've borne their vile abuse,
Much longer than we should.
Then comrades answer Labour's call
And help us win the fight,
For the day is past to whine and crawl
To "masters" for our Right.*

Then workers, rally to our aid,
Support us in the fight.
Some sacrifices must be made
'Ere victory looms in sight.
We'll take the field as comrades all
As ne'er we did before,
In Labour's cause to stand or fall,
We shall be fooled no more.

J. FLANAGAN.

*The right to live at least in semi-decency.

A LIVE WIRE FROM WEXFORD.

All the employers of Wexford have settled with the workers except Stafford and the Cork Steamship Co. The workers return to work on the old terms until January—and then "we'll see what we will see."

We also understand that the Dundalk workers have secured a victory.

Now then, Dublin Workers, this is inspiring news. Your opponents are full of fear, with courage and solidarity the battle is won, the day is yours. Onward!

Russian News

Praise from an Unusual Quarter.

"The Manchester Guardian" has lately published an interview which its representative had with Sir Donald Mann, who with Sir William Mackenzie was at one time the controlling power in Canadian railway circles. Together they built and owned 5,000 miles of railways, until the government took them over. Sir Donald has just returned from a trip to Russia, and in this interview he gave his opinion of Russia's present condition. The interview is exceedingly interesting, when it is taken into consideration that Sir Donald Mann was one of the world's biggest employers, and is a firm believer in that faith which Bolsheviks are reputed to be doing their utmost to destroy, namely, "Individualism." We give the substance of the interview below.

Sir Donald said that his trip to Russia was of a business nature, but that he could not say yet whether it would bear any fruit. He said he travelled 2,500 miles on the Russian State Railroads, and found them in good condition, and in most cases equal to, if not superior, to other Continental systems. "The service was not fast," he said, "but it was punctual." The speed of passenger trains ranged from 27 to 40 miles per hour.

Continuing he said that it was most probable that Russia will be the first European country, engaged in the late war, to recover. He remarked that Russia was a very rich country, and said he had travelled for thousands of miles through grain fields, and that although the Russia grain crop was not a bumper one, it was still exceedingly good. "When I passed through in the middle of July," he said, "the wheat was already cut and it was being threshed and shipped."

He noticed the determination of the Russian people, from the government down, to make good. There would not, and there could not be any alternative to the present system of government. Russia had seven years of war and had quite made up her mind that she was not going to have any more. Re-construction was going ahead, he said, especially in the building trade, but there were tremendous difficulties to be overcome, one instance being 4,300 large bridges which needed rebuilding or repairing.

"It was a surprise to see what I did see," he exclaimed, "after all the newspaper reports about Russia." Russia is now exporting furs, caviare, wheat, rye and lumber. Finishing he said, it was only a question of time before Russia will be doing as much trade with foreign countries as before.

AN APOLOGY.

We wish to apologise to our readers for not having our weekly short story in this issue, but we are short of space through having so many important articles to publish, articles which on no account could be left out. We know that our readers will be consoled for their disappointment by the fine articles that are in this issue. Their importance lies in the fact that not only are they entertaining but they make us think, and thought, deliberate, considered thought, is the great want in Ireland to-day.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT SCARE

BY SIR LYNDEN MACASSEY.

Two months have passed since the Cabinet expounded to an expectant House of Commons the first instalment of their proposals for combating unemployment. The frigid reception accorded by the country to the programme cannot have gratified the Government. Its inadequacy distressed and embarrassed their supporters. The scheme contained nothing new. It was a *rechauffe* of the opportunist measures from time to time invoked by the Coalition Government to stem the onrush of industrial emergencies. No one imputes to the Government anything but abounding sympathy for the unemployed, but there are many who think that they are doing scant justice to their gifts of statesmanship, and to the social and democratic sentiments of the party they represent; and who believe that, if they got to work, they could really make some original and far-reaching contribution towards the mitigation of our greatest social menace.

The absence of any basis of coherent policy underlying the Government's proposals led to some strong and striking strictures by the Industrial Group—a combination in the House of Commons that, by no stretch of imagination, could be called politically hostile to the Government. The soft answer which the Government gave to turn away their wrath was that the whole policy of providing for the workless during the coming winter would continue to form the subject of earnest investigation by the Cabinet Committee on Unemployment.

The Cabinet Committee.

Employers, trade unions, the general public, more particularly the humble adherents of the Government, are now anxiously asking what progress has been made since last July. It is but re-echoing their anxiety to inquire who is the chairman of the Cabinet Committee, who are its members, on what date has it sat, with what specific matters has it dealt since August 1? Has it formulated, even provisionally, any policy, or has it contented itself with merely saying to the Government Departments: "Carry on"? The Departments, each and all, have done magnificently, but policy is for the Cabinet, not for them.

To indicate the efficiency of a relief scheme, the Government express in "man-hours" the employment it provides. How many "man-hours" of work do the labours of the Cabinet Committee upon its herculean task represent since the early days of August? Probably only Parliament when it meets will succeed in fully probing these questions information is forthcoming which will demonstrate that the problem is being attacked with energy and determination, the Labour Party will continue to jeer with plausibility, as they are doing in the "Labour Magazine," about "Tory Tinkering with Unemployment."

Unjustifiable Optimism.

Is there any justification for the Government remaining content with the provision they have proposed for unemployment? Two weeks ago

We re-quote an article on the unemployed question from the pen of Sir Lynden Macasey. This article appeared in "The Sunday Times" and in the same paper J. H. Thomas, M.P., the workers' advocate (moryah) also has a little talk about "getting a move on industrially"; and again Mr. McCurdy attacks the Government and talks about "Starving in a world of plenty." So we have them all getting very anxious about the unemployed. What we want to know is, why are't the unemployed getting anxious about their own conditions. There is any amount of work in the world, the mistake is that it is badly divided. We want work for all, food for all, houses for all, pleasures for all. We want to see the moneyless unemployed working and the moneyed unemployed put to work. It is a very extraordinary thing that these interested folk only see a terrible menace to Society when the moneyless are unemployed, whereas the REAL MENACE to the whole world is the fact that there are so many unemployed money-mongers, and also so many so-called Trade Union Leaders on whom a little healthy work would have very beneficial effects.

But when one reads carefully down these articles, it is very evident that it is not so much an interest in the unemployed that stirs these would be philanthropists as it is a question of fear—fear that the great British H-Empire is in danger of breaking up, and the systems which support it.

the Minister of Labour, when discussing unemployment with the employers and trade unions in Belfast, was reported to have said "he was an incorrigible optimist." In Ulster optimism is only conceded an honoured seat among the sentiments when every human effort has been exerted to achieve the end in view. It is a place where men have proved that Providence does help them when they help themselves. Sir Montague Barlow speaks always with discretion and restraint, and his observation may have had a subjective or objective implication. If the former, the hard-headed industrialists of Northern Ireland would receive it with dubious silence; if the latter, they must assuredly have cross-examined him as to the foundations of his hopefulness.

It would allay much of the prevalent foreboding if Sir Montague Barlow could say whether from his commanding view-point he can discern any trusty portents which presage a coming fall in unemployment and which would warrant the adoption by Government of anything but stupendous efforts to minimise its ravages. Optimism is an engaging quality, and in moderate doses is often a valuable therapeutic for many public maladies. But optimism is no substitute for constructive statesmanship. By over-indulgence in the sedative the last Government lost the power of bold, decisive action. There is just sufficient consanguinity between the present Government and the last to create uneasy fears that even if the debilitation cannot be transmitted by descent, a special predisposition may possibly be inherited.

Real Position not Realised.

It is disquieting when weighty statements are made, perhaps inadvertently, which suggest that the Government though full of sympathy do not appreciate the magnitude of the unemployment that exists. At

the opening of the Imperial Conference on October 1, the official report represents the Prime Minister as saying, "We have roughly a million and a quarter out of work." That estimate, however rough, is far below the mark. The latest figures published by the Ministry of Labour show that on August 27 last, of the eleven and three-quarter millions of workpeople in Great Britain and Northern Ireland covered by the Unemployment Insurance Acts, the number registered at the Employment Exchanges as unemployed was 1,266,000, which apparently is the figure Mr. Baldwin used. But that figure is incomplete. To it must be added the number of persons on August 27 who, though not registered for the purpose of claiming unemployment benefit, were applying for work through the Exchanges, or were known by the Exchanges to be unemployed, and also the number of persons on systematic short time who were "standing off." Those additions bring the number of unemployed "insured" workpeople on August 27 up to 1,354,750, an increase of 30,249 over the corresponding figure for July 23. But still the figure of 1,354,750 fails to give the true national total of workless people, which is the vital figure.

It includes none of the unemployed in the trades, occupations, and callings to which the Unemployment Insurance Acts do not apply, e.g., agriculture outworkers, private domestic service, nor among the vast number of persons employed otherwise than by way of manual labour at a rate of remuneration exceeding £250 per annum. It also excludes juveniles who since they left school have not been in an insurable employment. There is every reason to think that the percentage of the unemployed among the whole of the mass of persons normally or prospectively depending for their livelihood upon employment approximates closely to the percentage among

"insured" workpeople. Mr. John Hilton, the able statistician of the Ministry of Labour, read a most valuable paper before the Royal Statistical Society in March last on "Statistics of Unemployment"—which ought to be widely circulated—from which that inference would appear to be reasonable and legitimate.

1,995,000 Unemployed.

If one, then, takes the percentage of unemployment among "insured" workers on August 27, viz., 11.5 and applies it to the total number of wage and salary-earners, which experts deduce from the 1921 census to be 17 millions, we find that the number of wage and salary-earners who are out of work is at least 1,995,000, and not the Prime Minister's figure of 1½ million. The figure of 17 millions, moreover, does not include the large class who are their own employers, e.g., the shop-keeper or professional man, and allows for no increase between 1921-1923. And the 1,995,000 have dependents. It is found that on the average every unemployed "insured" person draws benefit not only for himself, but also for .74 dependents. Applying the multiplier of .74 to 1,995,000, the national total of unemployed and their dependents who are also victims of unemployment is 3,402,000—an appalling figure. And the ascertained percentage of unemployment among "insured" workers is, unhappily, rising. It fell to 11 in May last, it rose to 11.5 in August, and will undoubtedly continue to rise during the coming months. But figures alone tell but little of the tragedy.

Plans for only 300,000.

What, then, is the Government doing to meet this social cancer? At the opening of the Imperial Conference, the Prime Minister thus described their action:—

"The efforts of the Government to cope with the situation have been, and will continue to be, directed on three main lines. In the first place, relief works of a useful and practical kind, and costing many millions, are set in operation with Treasury assistance, through local authorities and otherwise. Secondly, provision on an unprecedented scale is made through the National Unemployment Insurance scheme for those in the insured trades, who are unavoidably unemployed; and thirdly, every practicable step is taken to stimulate and encourage the revival of trade at home with the Dominions, India, and the Colonies, and with foreign countries."

In the "Ministry of Labour Gazette"—an official monthly publication of the greatest value to all interested in unemployment, and admirably compiled—there appears, in the September number, a precise and succinct account of these "efforts of the Government." But this is the ominous closing sentence: "The total programme, as outlined above, will, it is hoped, provide direct employment for at least 200,000 men during the coming winter, and for at least a further 100,000 men indirectly." To provide

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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THE PRICE OF BREAD

The price of a loaf in Dublin 5d.
" " " Sheffield 3½d.

Messrs. A. & A. Williamson, Bakers, Sheffield, have just reduced the price of their 2lb. loaf from 4½d. to 3½d. They state that they can easily afford to do so and that even selling at 3½d. per loaf they make 15/6 profit on every 20 stone of flour they bake, equal to a gross profit of 25% instead of a profit of 50% which is made by the bakers who sell at 4½d. At the above rate of profit the Dublin bakers who sell a 2lb. loaf for 5d. must therefore make a profit of about 60%, even allowing for higher wages, transportation, etc.

All other foodstuffs are correspondingly high in Dublin. And not only this high rate exist, but the shopkeepers, taking advantage of the apathy of the working class, just juggle with prices as they like. Some of the shops have the goods marked, some have not, and the reasons for this arrangement are obvious. The shop that exposes unmarked goods can either lower or higher the prices as the fancy takes them, or as their sales are affected. As an example of this arrangement—the other day home grown tomatoes in a shop on the South side of Dublin were marked 1/3 per lb.; in a shop on the North side where they were unmarked the shopper enquired and found the tomatoes were 1/4 per lb.; in another shop in the same neighbourhood the same goods were marked 10d. per lb. All this juggling of foodstuffs is unsatisfactory and dishonest, and the people who are to blame are the working class themselves. Many things, without doubt, and for which they are not guilty, are put down to the workers, but for this terrible crime of profiteering the workers only are the responsible parties.

The system of profiteering, of low wages, of bad housing, is the affair of the workers, because it is they and their children who are the sufferers. But they heed not these vital matters that concern themselves, their apathy in regard to their own welfare is appalling, and one looks on dismayed and almost disheartened. Pass any group of men or women in the streets who are holding an animated conversation and without a doubt you will find that the subject of their discussion is a matter of politics. Any turn of the wheel of the political machine, any wrangle or diverting talk in the political gas-houses, any wild statement in the "Stop Press" of the capitalist rags, any rumour of war in the far East or near-East, or any other East is sufficient for them

to become wildly excited. While on the other hand food prices may soar sky-high, wages be reduced, the workers children die in thousands because of insufficient feeding, rotten tenement houses collapse and a few more human beings pass into the great unknown, and all this is taken as a matter of course. No feeling of discontent and rebellion against these continued wrongs is roused. Surely there is something wrong with the mental outlook of the working class. Have the lives of their children and their comrades become so cheap that they heed not their agonising death cry from either starvation or falling bricks and mortar, or is it, maybe, that their apathy is at the lowest ebb, at the dangerous moment when it requires only a spark to start a conflagration.

Bread is the "Staff of Life," and bread is one of the dearest commodities in Dublin to-day, while life is cheap. All this is the business of the workers, so let them get busy. Let them realise that each and every life of the working class is an invaluable asset and that their lives are of the utmost importance; that to keep these lives healthy and strong they must have good nourishing food. The food must come within their purchasing power, and to do this, profiteering must be stamped out at once and for all time. It is the workers duty to see to this, so "Do it now."

NOTES FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

INTERNATIONAL JOTTINGS :

"All the world's a stage"

Some time ago the "Irish Worker" published a warning to those thinking of emigrating to the Imperial Colonies to the effect that those Dominions were already surfeited with workless, and that capitalism there, as in Europe, was unable to provide employment and livelihood for the poor immigrants. Evidently this knowledge has spread, for the official figures, published in London, reveal the fact that from January to September, 1923, only 31,000 of the 2 million registered and unregistered unemployed of Britain preferred emigration to the hopeless struggle for existence at home. The Government has provided assisted passages, and local authorities, desirous of saving in Poor Relief, have supplemented the Government grants. Provision was made out of the taxes for the passage of 96,000 emigrants during 1923. Proportionately, some 72,000 should have departed in the period January to September, instead of only 31,000.

Now the truth is that only in the U.S.A. has there been any post-war revival of trade, and that even in that country the "boom" is ending and the disintegration of capitalism setting in. Escape from destitution lies not in emigration, because everywhere unemployment is rife, and working-class standards are being lowered. The wage-slaves must look to themselves, who, in a re-organized society, could provide all that they need and more than enough for all!

But not yet have sufficient of our class realized their power. For a little while the direction of human affairs lies still in the hands of the governing classes.

Aye, and in what strange manner

are we being directed. In Italy Mussolini cannot even trust his own erstwhile supporters, and he recently deposed, by his own arbitrary command, the Executive Committee of the Fascisti. He has become a second Julius Caesar. One feels indignant to read in the "Catholic Herald" that in Glasgow Archbishop MacIntyre publicly blessed the banners of the Glasgow Italian Fascists. How long do Catholic workers intend to allow their religion to be used as a cloak for re-action?

In Saxony, the Parliament House, wherein are a majority of Communists and other working-class deputies, has been surrounded by the military. The farce of boss-class democracy stands exposed. One day it is Finland, the next it is Ireland, to-day Saxony. To-morrow it may be England itself. Obviously the motto of the ruling-class is:—"What we have, we hold."

The Bavarian Government, at the wish of the Bavarian vested interests who recognise the desirability of cutting the painter from a bankrupt and harrassed Germany, has refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Reich, i.e., of the All-German State. In reply the Reich has sent a military dictator to Munich.

A pretty storm is brewing in the placid skies of Morocco. The failure of the late Spanish Government to subdue the insurgent Riff tribes, who are tired of French and Spanish exploitation, resulted, together with other causes, in the present dictatorship of the Spanish Generals. Now the French, British, and lately the Italian diplomats are showing great interest in the fate of Morocco, and in the vexed question as to who shall "protect" the unfortunate Moors from each other. "Le Matin," organ of Poincare and the steel, coal and other interests of France, in August accused the British Government of aiding the Spanish Imperialists in their opposition to the French. Certain British capitalists are wisely in mortal fear of French domination of Europe and Africa. But recently, the new Spanish Government has taken advantage of the tense and uncertain European position to declare, unofficially, its desire to turn the English out of Gibraltar!

A Conference is pending at Tangier and, like a bombshell, there comes an Italian note, a la mode Mussolini, declaring that the Fascisti insist on sending representatives of Italian capital to the discussion as to how the Christian White men can best help the uncivilized Moors and their puppet Sultan.

One asks oneself two questions:—How long can the next Great War be delayed? Will Liam T. Cosgrave be able to ignore the invitation to participate in the conflict which will be received from the sister nations of the Commonwealth of the British Empire?

EXILE

THE BOXING TOURNAMENT.

Preparations are in full swing and all arrangements are being made to insure that it will be a success. Tickets will be on sale within the next few days. Prices are, Ringside 5/-, Reserved Seats 2/-, and Ordinary Seats 1/-. Up to the present we have 10 or 12 boxers on our list, among them being some of the finest of Irish boxing talent. We also expect to have some Belfast and Cross-Channel men with us.

Irish Worker League

The Dublin Committee of the above League are requested to attend a **Special Meeting** (not the usual weekly one) on Monday next, October 15th. The business is important.

The membership of the League is increasing rapidly. Groups are being formed in all parts of Ireland. Secretary Hickland of New York is kept busy taking in members and getting others to form groups of Leaguers. Mary Donovan of Boston, an energetic worker, has agreed to take on the secretaryship in her part of the world, and the results of her activities in this quarter are a credit to her organising powers. From San Francisco come enquiries re the League—Australia is linking up rapidly—our English post-bag is heavy with enquiries. To all these enquirers the Dublin Secretary, who is at present out of town on important business, will send all details at the earliest moment.

In the meantime every Leaguer and intending Leaguer must realise that as members of this organisation they must be alive, we want no dead weights. When an individual becomes a member he or she assumes a responsibility, firstly to get other members, secondly, to do real active work for the League. Of course many will say "what can I do?" There is no time or place for that question in the world of to-day. Every working-class man, woman and child is suffering from Capitalistic oppression. This oppression shows itself in many forms. The worker is under-paid, under-fed, uneducated, deprived of healthy pleasures, debarrd from enjoying works of art and their artistic tendencies suppressed from want of real instruction. All these wrongs the Workers' League is out to remedy. We intend to first of all see to it that the worker's child shall be as well nourished, educated and housed as the child of the plutocrat. Oh, yes, we know it is a great undertaking, but you know the old saying: "Never venture, never win."

We Leaguers will venture and without doubt win. The first thing to cope with is profiteering; whether it is in foodstuffs, house rents, or wearables. To help us in this campaign we ask the Leaguers from all parts of the world to send us a weekly list of the price of commodities in their own part of the world. We particularly ask the members in Ireland to send us a price list, so that we can compare these prices with those across the water. It does not matter in the least whether your writing is good or bad, we are not bothering about the writing, its the prices we are concerned with, so get to it. We also want to know what rental the slum landlords are charging, these gentlemen have had a nice quiet time for the last few years, they are one of the greatest pests the workers have to contend with, and they have to go. The tenement system is a curse to Dublin. We are out to see that every worker shall have a house, a real house, not an over-charged for, delapidated room in the slums. We have heard of one so-called Labour Leader who advised the workers not to come out on strike for an increase of wages, but to stay at work and keep their "little

(Continued at bottom of col. 2, page 8)

LABOUR PROBLEM IN MEXICO.

A PARALLEL TO IRELAND.

The following article is an official report made to the Trades' Union Educational League of U.S.A. and published in their paper "The Labour Herald." When reading it we were continually struck by the similarity between the Mexican and the Irish Labour Movement. Both countries are dominated by foreign capital. The native governments are used by this foreign menace for their own ends, and whether they are sympathetic to labour or not they are forced to obey their masters' orders.

We see by the article that the working class in Mexico are faced with the same problems as we of the working class here. We both are attempting to (1) break the foreign capitalistic domination; (2) to control our labour leaders in and out of parliament; (3) to evolve a proper system of controlling union finances; (4) to educate the rank and file. Consequently, every working class man and woman in Ireland must read this article and they realise that the present state of Labour here is not abnormal. It is a step in the evolution of Trades' Unionism. It is the elimination of the slack, the traitorous and the wasteful members who block the path to progress. Therefore let us salute our Mexican comrades with the old Irish salutation "God bless the work," and buckling on our armour of solidarity, set to with a heart and a hand to clean up our own house.

GENERALLY speaking, agricultural capital in Mexico is native and industrial capital is foreign.

Agricultural capital as represented in land is owned chiefly by Mexicans and Spaniards with a sprinkling of American, British, and German holdings. The typical rural property is the hacienda, or large estate, running from a thousand to hundreds of thousands of acres. The majority of the fifteen million inhabitants of the country are tillers of the soil and labor on the large estates living sometimes in villages situated on or near them and sometimes in little colonies clustered around the landlord's mansion. Prior to the recent Mexican revolution the agricultural worker was generally in a state of peonage or enforced debt, which bound him as firmly to the soil as were the medieval serfs. The result of the revolutionary period has been to cancel all debts of this sort and to return large tracts of land to the villages. But as yet the majority of rural workers labor for the haciendado, for shares or for wages. These wages, altho' in general higher than before, are still pitifully inadequate, and in some sections of the country remain practically as before. Strong unions of protest are being formed both among the village and the hacienda peasants.

Industrial capital in Mexico is divided roughly as follows: American capital predominates in the ownership of mines and oil wells with the British a close second. The latter dominate light, power, and electric traction. The French

control the field of textile elaboration and are powerful in the printing industry and in banking. The Germans have been active in the hardware and other lines of business. The Spaniards run food and grocery stores. Americans are increasingly important in retail business and in maintaining sales offices. This is by no means an exhaustive analysis, but merely illustrative of the fact that the large majority of industrial capital in the extractive industries as well as in banking, manufacturing, light, power, transportation and even general business is in the hands of foreigners. The two activities which remain practical monopolies for the Mexicans are government and labor.

The Catholic Church.

The priest once ruled Mexico spiritually, intellectually, and economically. The church was the chief landowner. To-day, though shorn of much power, the church is still strong. It instinctively sides with the landowner against the peasant, with the foreign capital against the worker. Latterly the church has been organizing labor unions under church control and has lent aid in the formation of fascist groups. Some labor leaders have alienated workers from the union idea by directly attacking the church and its beliefs. Much sounder is the propaganda of the communists in this respect, which shows the peasant that early Christianity was on the side of the workers.

Politics and Government.

With capital chiefly foreign and labor entirely native, it is evident that government must reach some equilibrium between national and foreign interests if it is to exist at all. During the period of Diaz this was solved by the ruthless military oppression of working class rights and needs. But the disruptive force of ten years of civil war has brought it about that the government that finally emerged and pacified the country, found itself largely dependent upon an aroused proletariat. Carranza had come into power in the same way and had fallen when he broke faith with the people. Obregon also found himself pledged to support the masses. But the foreign capitalists commenced a boycott of Mexico which has continued to the present date and which has gradually been forcing the government more and more to the right. Social principles and labor laws, the product of the revolution, have been applied only partially and extensive interpretations in favor of the capitalist interests have been made.

But with the revolution the masses entered the arena of political consideration, leaders swept into power and obtained followers who would fight their battles upon the strength of promises of agrarian and labor reform. The leaders in turn spread socialistic and revolutionary ideas among their followers and assisted them in the formation of agricultural and workers unions. In approximately eight years Mexican labor organization was created. But the price of this mushroom growth was a certain pauperization in the unions. The workers had little above the

amount necessary to eat and often not that. In return for their military and political support of a leader they received financial aid from public monies when he got into power. The leader became the financial supporter of the union and so in the long run its dominator. The worker could discard one leader and take up with another but the result remained more or less the same; it was similar to the American worker and the Democratic and Republican Parties, except that in Mexico the leader did actually pass laws and often apply them favorably to the workers. But the very political importance and strength of the workers has made them now subservient to the politicians and if labor is to make further revolutionary advances toward a better state of society it has to adopt a rigid discipline for the support of its own organization and a technique for the control of such of its leaders whom it wishes to keep in governmental activities. The problem of Mexican labor politically (and economically, because "safe and sane" leaders are now often acting as economic policemen for the capitalist and bidding covertly for his support) is to find a technique for the control of political action.

Labor Organization and Tactics.

There are certain fundamentals which are common to practically all labor organizations in Mexico but which differ from ideas and practices current in the United States.

1. Being born of revolution, Mexican unionism retains revolution as a slogan, even when the revolutionary ardor has died. While there may be necessity for education as to what constitutes revolutionary action at Mexico's present state of economic development there is little need to sow abstractly the idea of revolution.

2. Mexican labor organization takes the shop and not the craft as a unit, and is adopting the plan of industrial and regional federations, and national confederations. Mexico is not greatly in need of industrial union vs. craft union propaganda, in general the tendency being toward national organization of industrially organized units and a parallel geographical federation. The temperamental of the people is such that probably federation will have the same practical results as what is known as amalgamation in this country, the Mexican workers being easily moved to sympathetic strike action.

3. The federal constitution grants the right to strike and picket, and a large number of strikes are called in order to enforce by economic action certain other of the labor rights granted in the constitution but not enforced by the government, such as the eight hour day, the right of three months' pay upon unwarranted discharge, sick and accident benefits, etc. It is provided by law that a labor dispute may be referred to an arbitration commission composed of employer and employee representatives meeting with a representative of the government. Should no agreement be reached, then the strike is in order. Should a protracted strike endanger the community or the living conditions of the strikers, the government is

empowered to take over and run the establishments until a settlement is effected between the owners and the men.

Existing Organizations.

1. The largest labor organization in Mexico is the Mexican Federation of Labor. It claims a membership of over 600 organizations and 800,000 members which is probably an exaggeration. The leaders of the Mexican Federation of Labor are all employed in government jobs, some of them holding positions of almost cabinet rank. It swings a large political patronage and gets results for the workers through governmental channels bringing political pressure to bear to gain its ends. Occasionally it employs strikes and economic pressure, but as the leaders have become more and more a part of the governmental machine, the tendency has been to soft pedal strikes. The Mexican Federation of Labor is run by an inner clique known as the **Grupo Accion** of which the chief members are Luis Morones, Celestino Gasco, Ezequiel Salcedo, Jose Gutierrez, Eduardo Moneda, Juan Rico, Salvador Alvarez and others. The Mexican Federation of Labor maintains close relations with the American Federation of Labor and has used the latter to assist it in the campaign of the Mexican government for American diplomatic recognition. The Mexican Federation of Labor has been strongly partisan to General P. E. Calles as a candidate for the presidency of Mexico.

2. The General Confederation of Workers was organized in 1921 at the instance of the Communists, but later fell into the control of the Anarchists, under whose leadership it voted affiliation with the Berlin Syndicalist International at its last annual convention. The General Confederation has a membership of from 50,000 to 75,000 with its chief strength lying in the capital. In the last year it has been the subject of attack not only from intransigent groups of British and French capitalists, but also from the Mexican Federation of Labor and from the Communists. The General Confederation is strong in the port of Vera Cruz and has been gaining strength in the textile districts of Puebla and Orizaba, due partly to the activity of the anarchist leader Enrique F. Magon. The General Confederation at its last convention adopted a programme of industrial unionism and set out to organize the country on a basis somewhat similar to that of the I.W.W. in the United States. Although scorning political action and ordering its members to abstain from voting, the General Confederation has been the subject of political intrigue no less than the Mexican Federation of Labor. Its leaders have covertly worked its influence for Adolfo de la Huerta and latterly its support is being bid for by the Co-operativa Party, which is the dominant political party in the present Mexican Congress, and which appears to be backing General Calles.

3. The Federation of Mexican Railroad Unions comprises about

(Continued on column 1, page 6)

45,000 workers, or perhaps 90% of all the men employed on the railroads of Mexico. It is a Federation of 15 different craft unions which includes all departments from section hands to train dispatchers and locomotive engineers. It is the only national organization of labor which is somewhat free from the taint of political control, because its officers are full time men whose salaries are paid by the union. It does not therefore have to depend upon the political patronage and handouts of politicians. Like railroad workers in many countries it is chiefly concerned with railroad organization although many of its leaders have a revolutionary point of view. It has no official relations with either of the foregoing organizations although many of its leaders sympathize with the General Federation, while most of them are enemies of the Mexican Federation of Labor because the latter backed out on its promised support of the national railroad strike of 1921.

4. In addition to these three major organizations there are a number of regional groups of importance. There is a portworkers federation which has endeavored to enlist all port units but has only partially succeeded. In Vera Cruz the portworkers' organization dominates a number of the other labor groups in the city and has formed the League of the Maritime Zone, which works in harmony with the Mexican Federation of Labor. In the north, the state federations of Chihuahua and Sonora are independent, and in Monterey, the railroad workers control an independent local federation which is attempting the formation of a Federation of Labor of the North. The workers of the peninsular states of Yucatan and Campeche have a separate organization which, however, works more or less in conjunction with the Mexican Federation of Labor.

5. The Labor Party is the political reflection of the Mexican Federation of Labor. It places locals where there are local unions of the Federation and it is the political machinery used by the **Grupo Accion** to keep and extend its political power. It is backing General Calles for President of Mexico.

The United Front.

This question has been one of the most acrimonious topics of debate at every convention of Mexican labor during the past year. Insurgents who introduced the matter in the last convention of the Mexican Federation of Labor were met with the argument "We are the united front. If all organizations would join the Federation, which openly invites everybody, the United Front would be a fact." So it would, of course, but it would mean coming under the domination of the ruling clique of the Mexican Federation against whom great animosity is felt. The General Confederation meantime has been engaged in trying to split off certain sections of the textile workers from the Mexican Federation and invites all workers to join it in its industrial union programme. The fusion of these two bodies would mean that many leaders would lose their power, and power is sweet. Meanwhile the Communists have been urging a united front of the workers and attacking the leaders of both the above mentioned groups. A manifesto to Mexican workers from the headquarters of

the Red Trade Union International at Moscow was given great publicity by the Communist Party. At present the General Confederation is leading a movement for a "united front," encouraged by the Co-operatista Party, which wants to gain influence among the voters for the coming presidential elections.

Suggestions for Trade Union Education.

The foregoing considerations indicate that an independent and united front of the Mexican proletariat, peasant and workers, presupposes:

2. The eradication of pauperism in the unions. This includes instruction in the necessity and technique of a proper collection and management of union finances. It means rank and file discipline.

3. Conservation and harnessing of leaders. It will not suffice to condemn present leaders. All men of ability that can be marshalled are needed by Mexico to-day. There must be education as to the correct sphere and function of leaders and the development of a technique for their effective control. This point is intimately connected with the previous one.

3. Practical instruction as to how the capitalist system works in Mexico at the present time. This means a first-hand study of what foreign capital is doing in Mexico, and what relations it has with domestic capital, and the government, what the real relations are between city workers and peasants and how practical co-operation can be developed between them.

5. Persistent effort toward a practical co-operation and the actual achievement of united action between the various workers' and peasants' groups; first in small areas and then in larger, until the advantages become apparent. Each union needs its group of keen-sighted workers who will support every sound movement for co-operation, federation, and amalgamation. In this connection an important field is that of the implantation of peasant co-operative and communal groups in lieu of a system of small proprietorship in land.

6. Diffusion of general and technical education.

In Mexico there is stirring a great wave of feeling toward a new system of production and distribution. But some have felt that Mexico must first be industrialized, like America or Europe, before a revolution can come. Mexico will be industrialized to a certain extent, but it is to the advantage of the people to retard rather than hasten that end: industrialization should come only at such a speed that the reviving people can control it and make it serve social ends. On the other hand, Mexico is already so tied up with the international capitalist system that no complete overturn is possible until that system is more weakened than it is to-day. "Mexico for the Mexicans" if properly understood, is the course of safety to-day for the Mexican people. This requires an alert and independent workers' and peasants' movement which shall continually force the government into line and prevent the recurrence of another period of Diazism under control of United States capitalists. **Trade Union, Educational League.**

In June a Mexican Trade Union Educational League was formed. The secretary general is Rafael

Working for Ford

We are printing an article below taken from an American paper and written by one, Ned Chase. Whatever else Ford may be, he certainly is scientific in the way he exploits his employees to the last ounce of their energy. No half measures for Mr. Ford. We wonder how this article reads beside the article we printed last week, which was alleged to have been written by Mr. Ford himself. We quote last week's article, Mr. Ford remarks that "few people plan their lives." Realizing that fact Mr. Ford kindly plans their lives for them with the help of two clerks. Again "it is probably true that more people are chosen by their employment than actually choose their employment." And that's enough on that side of Mr. Ford's character. In last week's article Mr. Ford deplores the prevalence of unemployment. Yet the same gentleman runs his factories on a system that causes 300 men to voluntarily leave their work through sheer inability to bear Mr. Ford's system of refined mental torture. Oh, aye! Unemployment. Leave it to "Tin Lizzie."

When you hire out to Ford, you feel like one of a flock of sheep; when you quit, you are treated quite like a gentleman.

In Ford's two plants at Detroit, one making automobiles and the other tractors, the labor turnover is large.

In the employment office, the first two men you meet examine all applicants in a process of elimination and assign you to your job. From them, one passes to several desks, where one's record is taken. In the medical department, one strips and is examined by doctors and oculists. Then one goes through the hands of two clerks and on to the man who takes you to your job.

The men are paid \$5 a day for the first 60 days and then \$6. Thereafter, depending on one's production, record, one is raised at the rate of 10 cents a day.

Scientific management is worked out to its greatest efficiency. Many men never leave their machines, the parts they use being brought to them on endless belts and their tools ground for them. They are taught to make just so many motions in an operation, the same motions over and over again for 8 hours. When I had become so thoroughly

Mallen and other officers are Diego Rivera, Jose Allen, Jorge J. Crespo, and Manuel Ramirez. These men are all known as active communists. They are sincere men in the other labor organizations who wish honestly for a united front. It is unfortunate that some of them were not secured at the outset to form a part of the directive body of the new organization, because a united front must come through a fusion of elements and cannot now be achieved under communist leadership alone. There should be a left block. This difficulty may have been remedied since the writer left Mexico. At the time of his departure the league had just been organized and the writer can give no report of what has occurred since. The above is simply his analysis of the present situation in Mexico and has value only as a personal observation.

mechanized that I did not have to watch my motions even to guard against accidents, I tried at first to use my brain in thinking.

Finally one grows merely to observe the men around him, until their features become etched on one's memory.

If a man needs to go to the toilet—a human attribute even of a Fordized workman—he raises his hand. The foreman either takes his place or puts another man there, and he is expected to take no more time than necessary. As there are 3 shifts of 8 hours each, the men must lunch on company time, and 15 minutes is allowed for that purpose.

In spite of the high wages paid and the generally good treatment, there is a constant labour turnover. Some days as many as 300 quit. There is a saying in Detroit: "If you have no brains, work for Ford." The fact is, the high priced engineers do the brain work. The men are not supposed to supply initiative, but are reduced to the status of mere automatons.

I can only attribute the large labor turnover to the monotony of the work, the stupefying effect of so-called scientific management. Men feel its de-humanizing influence and seek other employment, even at lower wages and with less considerate treatment. Hence many young fellows enter Ford's employment for a short time, to make a "stake" and pass on.

When you quit, the company dislikes to see you go and is solicitous of your reasons. There is considerable red tape about quitting. Tool clearances and other papers are to be got, but at the end one feels quite human again.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND THE "VICE" QUESTION.

It will be in the recollection of those of our readers who take their daily news from the "Freeman's Journal" that that organ, some couple of weeks ago, appeared very much interested in the "Vice" question.

"On our side is virtue and Erin" shrieked the "wired" virago, and of course she would again have Erin the land of saints and scholars. Whole columns of this Journal were devoted to the worthy object of eradicating "vice" from our land.

But suddenly there came a silence, a silence so deep that it could almost be felt. The "Freeman" was suddenly struck dumb.

Dame Rumour, ever busy, took up the matter at the point where the "Freeman's Journal" left off and now we have rumours go leor, not the least interesting of which is the reasons for the silence of the "Freeman" on the subject of vice.

Might we humbly suggest to the proprietors of the "Freeman's Journal" that the Directors of that organ issue an authorised statement on the subject.

THE WORKERS' SHIP.

There was a meeting held in the Mansion House on Sunday 7th, in connection with the above object. It was well attended, the audience enthusiastically renewed their pledges of financial support. The prospectus and the application forms are being drawn up at the present moment, and we hope to have further news within the next few days. Keep an eye on our columns.

Ón sclúid.

Amhrít na bFéar mBóiz.

Di a fáct féin as mo Dúinpur an bainfógan a tárrainge ircead 'ra molad. Ceartuis uaró lioe eicint a fágal paol an aonbe déil 7 an cúil-caint a di Cairbhe d'éir a cup ve, mar bfeirtip zo brofhocáod an t-eolar rin uair eite. 'Deol 'oó, dá scáctóide aon-acar gan an tuairisín rin a fágal nár bóizoe ar bit é, ná zo ndéanar an Ri veapmapa paol, mapa mbéad zéar zádó aize cuimniuagó ar. Cup puo eicint ar do'n pí an maróin rin, 7 di baite as an mbainfógan leir, 7 bi baite com maic doó éúle eolar a veit aize doó féin. Bainpead pé úraro ar, bfeirtip, ac é aize-dá mbéad pé gan an t-eolar cé an cairbe doó veit 'na ziolla nioz cor ar bit.

Zo poizín a labair Dúinpur, 7 óaon tréit aize ar Cinn Cair, fáro ir bi pé fá molad. Di Cairbhe com ppháineac rin ar féin paol zup féac a pzfáile com zeanamair 'ran uirze, nár tuz pé poiznear caince an ziolla paol veapá nó, má tuz, nioir teiz pé aon céo air paol.

'D'iompuigead an Ri cept anoir ir apirt paol ir bi Dúinpur as caine. Sáirpead pé a ceann fioz in aice leir an uirze le bpreatuzagó maic a veit aize ar féin.

Paol veapad 7 é pápa teir péin nó tuirpead ó veit dá veapcaó féin 'ran uirze cuaró anonn ir caic é féin 'ra púrbitin.

"Ná bac leir an mbainfógan" arfa Cairbhe leir an ziolla. "Cá pí maic zo leor i puzéir, ac-tá puzéir ir puzéir anor, 7 ir éizéan do bainfógan veit nioz cphámaife ná vean ar bit eite."

"Ni pádap a Ri ac as cup a tpeice i ngéill mar ir pí a zéanao of áro. An bainfógan ir veit péin 'ir áirne."

"Sead, vead, anoir a Dúinpur ir leor rin-bionn tréit a molta ann ac ni anoir é." Cup an ziolla cluar air féin. "Ceapann féin a ziolla na mbonn ir mór a cup an bainfógan ar doon, tá paitéioir óam, leir an mbpúir rin 7 an cáitlúir úo. Tá a fioz asat náe le zpad ó a pógar of túr i mar bi baite eicint agá na municir le Tuata Damann, 7 b'uimall, pocair a coningzeapair iad féin 7 Clanna Múiró i péin 'ra' tip reo. Ac cozap mé leac a ziolla an ve dúnad na bFéar mBóiz turpa ar caoib t'ácar ir do mácar. Ir minic a cuppear íomán é an ceirt rin a cup opt céana, pé bi páitlige a dain doon gan a cup."

"Fuar mo fháiréar áar a Ri, as copainc éoeada, iar tveac na dTuata, 7 m'acair féin a márbuis an céao laoc ve fluéit Múiró, an oirde úo ar caoib Cnin Meadó. As dul le pzfáile ó caoirpead zo caoirpead na bFéar mBóiz, a biop féin a Ri an oirde céanao mar nac paib pé de'n píat óm zát a cup 'um cinn ná clardeam a caipad."

"Da veapz-éitead 'oo, Dúinpur an méio rin caince, ac di a fioz aize zo maic náe paib an fáill as Cairbhe a malairp pzfáile fágal paol. Cinn Cair é féin an oirdee uaabdar ac a mbuanoac cuimne uirpi an fáro ir beár límp ealzga fuirde ciar ve'n Dhuóctám límp, ir ámhbaró a bi pé páitice ípiz 7 leabardó veizg azur a éporbe as cup tar a beát le pzamphad límp dval 'oó veit eom páiticeo rin. Da épóganta, cáma a féarpad pé ar ceann a fluaiz amhrít cozfapca na potal, ac cup íomphád zniomhárta

Clanna Múiró, ó cuppear ar i ocpir ar an oileán pgeon ann. Di nro eite ann háp bfeirtip le Cairbhe gan a cuibairt paol veapá an t-acar a caic pé ar an paogal 7 b'in zo mbíod Clanna Múiró as baite na zéanna ve doaimb éúir bóio na Fír Buitz as baite na bracaí. Oá mba caprad nó coicéit é, véarpad Fír Buitz na tpe. buaró leo in aon áit, biopair eom móp rin 'na claeacá, ac má bi na h-accuacá oirce le laizeanna di Clanna Múiró com h-oirce céana le clarómeib.

Ni paib áirpeam na zéonn in uairpeac ná te uabar. Ceangmuis nópá zác tpe leo ar a cupall zo h-éirpeann-mar tuz na Danann ar an oileán—ó buairéad ná zúioáiz leo i o-topac. Uata rin a fuair-éapair comapca an n-acar minie ar a zeuro bracaá. Ni paib ampear ar bit ag Cairbhe nac ar an Spáinn a zúagad an uairpeac 7 an éirze i n-áirpe a di fáca ó zabadar éuca an tip. Clóirpead pé i zéonnirne é zo mbáio na Cmeacá Spáinneacá na uáine a dáronpáize paol tuze na zpéne. Da mór an t'páicéat a bi roip an dá tip le timn plúcte Múiró i n-uactar. líop buairéad arim i zeac an vpeam reo ó zabadar fealb na hlnpe. Ni bóio na noiar ac bairneabaize. Dá zcupit éuca. Ni aon tuazg mór a di i seipóide Cairbhe zo bairneabaize ar bit. Da éuna 'ra' cubairte a vean péin 'na bairneabaiz nó gan a veit mara' é féin. Caipéad pí dól amac ag tpeadár ir a' bleagán do mbairtar reat oí. Bfeirtip zo zcuppearo rin ve na píppéodá i, asup ceap-coeád rin. Ac é péin amhrít 7 líopb aon maic doó an mearpál rin veit 'na ceann. Ni féarpad an bainfógan veit 'na bairneabaiz 7 éirpean 'na veacáro, 7 ni paib aon fonn air cupair a cuibairt ar tip na nOz—nó zo mbéad a doctán aoirp ar an paogal peo aize—mapá zcupit ann é le buille ve tuazg nó páizead ve élarbead. A vean a bi ag dul roip é féin 7 ceoláo na n-oirde, ac caipéad 7 coiráo léite. Di pí ceangante do caoib le cuing ni dá páirze ná ceangal na zcúiz zeacoi. Oá n-éirpead caoia di éirpean a beáo tíop leir ag vpaioi 7 ag paol. Cáir bionnag é, an oirde fuirteac úo ar amhrít Fír Buitz Clanna Múiró éuca ar pteiró Cnin Meadó—tpeice Clanna Múiró 7 píppéoga a má dá mbpúgá féin ircead ar a aize, zo mbéad Cairbhe Cinn i bpolac i leabardó veizg an t-pionnais.

ULSTER DEFENCE ALLIANCE.

There was a family gathering of Ulstermen in the Round Room, Mansion House, on Friday, 5th October. They came together to formulate a plan of action to release all political prisoners in the Six Counties, and to obtain the wherewithal to support the dependents of the exiled Ulstermen who were deported from the Six County area because they would not brook the dismemberment of Ulster. The audience, which was mostly composed of Ulstermen of all shades of opinion, was very enthusiastic, and displayed the real Ulster feeling. There were many prominent men on the platform, and the chief speakers were—Councillor Paul, Cu Uladh, Mr. MacMenamin, Jim Larkin, Dr. P. McCartan, and many others.

Although they represented many different classes of economic and political opinion, they were all one on the object of the meeting. The speeches were full of eloquence and fire, and bore witness to the fact that Ulstermen possess as much, if not more, of the gift of blarney than their southern brothers. All speakers emphasised the need of procuring financial support for the sufferers under the Six County administration. Another meeting will be held in a few days time to further the work. Watch out for details. The North is up!

"Ar óbri réan cáirpe leizinc uairn."

(Ni épioc.)

ROLLA na Caipiac.

Tá púil agann zo ndéanar íarrpáic i mbúiaona i bpaol nioz mó ammineacá catrópí veit i zaeóitiz ar an Rolla ro ná mar bi amuparó nó aon btiadain zo vti reo. Cualamar zo otopoac ar an obsp reo paol hame'n reo eugainn. Da ceap zo luic na zaeóitige veit do mbpoptuzagó féin éúiz an ngno ro lá ar bit péirpaz. Má pázap capc é gan aon trum a cup ann ac 'cuile duine a' bpaic ar cuile duine eite le puo eicint a véanam véid cuile rópe gan véanam. Da mór a lear 'oo' ceangam é cúpa mite ann i zaeóitiz i ngac póimn ve'n cáirp Cairpéad zaeóitiz a veit as luic máreca cozga azur ag doaimb nac iad dá mbairtar véad an pzfáile. Tá pé éar am coirpize a bpúzag na zaeóitige ircead i ngac uite áit.

Pembroke Notes

We would like to know why the meetings of the P.U.D.C. are not fully reported in the press; and also why the list of attendances at these meetings are not made public. Are the meetings conducted in camera?

We would like to know whether the member, who was debarred through non-attendance and has recently been co-opted, has shown himself at any Board meeting since. Why was he co-opted when it was common knowledge that his business prevented him attending, and while there were others to fill the place who could attend? The absence of this member disfranchises a large labour element who elected him. We would desire an explanation.

A CAREFUL WATCHER.

ULSTER DEFENCE ALLIANCE.

There was a family gathering of Ulstermen in the Round Room, Mansion House, on Friday, 5th October. They came together to formulate a plan of action to release all political prisoners in the Six Counties, and to obtain the wherewithal to support the dependents of the exiled Ulstermen who were deported from the Six County area because they would not brook the dismemberment of Ulster. The audience, which was mostly composed of Ulstermen of all shades of opinion, was very enthusiastic, and displayed the real Ulster feeling. There were many prominent men on the platform, and the chief speakers were—Councillor Paul, Cu Uladh, Mr. MacMenamin, Jim Larkin, Dr. P. McCartan, and many others.

"Ar óbri réan cáirpe leizinc uairn."

(Ni épioc.)

Capad reap oimán reactáim ó ríon ann a o'oirpiz zo víceallac, éporbepáim ar fon na zaeóitige 7 ar fon na tpe tréit ar'beas iad cáirpe ceangal na tpe. Ni áirne ar bit anoir ar. "Ceal nac bpuil aon pópta agzapca a vpaipuzeamar ve. "O maipéad ac an oipead le duine" ar írpean, "ní. "Tuize rin" a ceipuzgeamap. "An íompeca fuinn a veit óm fáo ó veit ag véanam oirpe i n-áirze ir bóizoe" a vpezapar pé. "Tá curó maic 'oo' do rópe ann" arfa rinne. "An cuimpe" ar írpean. 1 zcaoi ir zo mbéad tréit ar zniomhárta na nóime rin a pázap ar lár, bdeamap zealláo ve, zeapí-cunntar a véanam ar a zeuro rean paocair ir zo bpuil-peocaimp é. Tuza' coméon na Féinne 'oo zác duine.

(Continued from page 3)

even continuous work for 300,000 persons when on August 7 there were 1,955,000 unemployed, a figure certain to swell during the winter to much larger dimensions, is only to attack the outside of the problem.

Is it not, then, manifest that the Government must forthwith translate their sympathy into wider action and evolve a really constructive and comprehensive policy? Great though be the admitted difficulties, the national needs are greater. Most urgent of all is the need of an unremitting and undefatigable policy to stimulate the wheels of normal trade into increased activity even by artificial means, and to develop new markets in place of those from which we have been ousted. It is primarily a matter of money, and cannot to anything like the requisite extent be financed out of the national revenue. If it is right to raise a national loan to kill our enemies, may it not be sound to raise another to save our fellow-countrymen? It would be subscribed.

There are some cognate questions upon which it is imperative that the Government should come quickly to a decision. Is arable agriculture to perish, as assuredly it will unless speedy assistance is forthcoming? Already troops of agricultural workers, deprived of their livelihood, receiving no unemployment benefit, but only Poor Law relief, are streaming into the towns, where they are adding to urban difficulties, of themselves sufficiently exacting, and are accentuating still further the local housing problem. And what of the national food supplies if ever there should be another war? Dumping.

Many industries are clamouring for consideration of another vital matter. They have seen their products driven out of overseas markets by low-priced foreign commodities, sold immensely cheaper than the British article, as a result of depreciated exchanges. They now find themselves hopelessly undercut even in the home market by the same competitors. These competitors are countries who, though debtor to Great Britain, are not honouring their obligations, and who owe their depreciated exchanges to their refusal to make the sacrifices which Britain has honourably made. The employers and the workpeople in these afflicted industries, many of the former traditional, and all the latter political free-traders, insist that their industries can never be nursed back to life until they are protected against this process of strangulation. They find no place in the scheme of things envisaged by the gospel of free-trade for the conditions which have arisen, and can discern no semblance of apostasy, but only justice, in their entreaties for protection.

The Awakening Social Conscience. The Government can possibly, for a time, if so minded, discount the criticisms of political opponents, and even disregard those emanating from their own supporters, but they cannot any longer afford to ignore the growing dissatisfaction in regard to their unemployment programme of the general social-conscience to the awakening of which the united protest on Thursday last of the unique gathering of representatives of all the national Christian Churches affords an eloquent and convincing testimony.

Letters to the Editor.

7 Keppel Street, Barrow-in-Furness, October 8th, 1923.

MR. JAMES LARKIN.

Dear Comrade—I received the copies of the "Irish Worker" in very good time on Saturday morning. I am pleased to say I disposed of same inside of half an hour, and each customer has offered to take a copy every week, it is one penny well spent.

I must say that the front page article this week is very good, not only that, but every column has its educational value. There are some real live trade unionists in Barrow (who, through no fault of their own, and like myself, are thrown into the industrial scrap-heap, like discarded tools), who are interested in the working-class movement, and who would be highly pleased with "The Irish Worker."

I am going to see that they get it, so instead of the number of copies, of your next issue, Oct. 13th, please forward me 24 more copies, and continue every week until I request you to increase the number, which I hope will not be long. I sincerely mean to establish a sale here.

Could you tell me if the Irish Workers' League can only function in Ireland? If you have space enough you could answer through the paper.

I enclose Postal Order for the 24 extra copies of next issue. Permit me once again,

Yours in the struggle,

C.H.

14 St. John's Terrace, Galway.

8th Oct., 1923.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

A Chara—At a meeting of the Committee of the above Branch, held on Saturday, Oct. 6th, the following resolution was unanimously passed.

"That having calmly and carefully considered the position created by the present internal dispute in the Union, and seeing that the matters in dispute have been taken to the law courts by the disputants, without the consent of the rank and file, who are the governing body of the Union, and who possess the right to settle this dispute within the Union, and seeing, furthermore, that the funds of the Union, which are urgently needed for other purposes, are to be used in these law proceedings

"We, the Committee of the Galway Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, hereby appeal to the rank and file throughout Ireland to step in now, even at the eleventh hour and rescue the Union from the disgrace and the shame and the waste which the law proceedings will incur. Our suggestion is that a ballot vote of the rank and file be taken immediately for the purpose of electing officers to carry on the work of the Union, and that an entirely new set of rules be drafted and placed before the rank and file for their approval.

"That copies of this resolution be sent to the "Irish Worker" and to the "Voice of Labour" for publication."

Yours fraternally, MAURICE RYAN, Sec.

Canadian News.

We have just been reading a Montreal daily paper and we have gleaned some more interesting facts about the treatment the harvesters are getting at the hands of the Canadian farmers. These facts are not very pleasant reading for the prospective emigrant, but seemingly some of the Dublin evening papers do not agree with the Montreal paper because they published an account some days ago of how 12,000 emigrants had all found work and were quite satisfied. Perhaps the Dublin paper is closer in touch with the Canadian Labour situation than the Montreal paper; or perhaps distance lends enchantment.

The Montreal paper informs us that a rainy period has commenced in Western Canada and that as a consequence the harvest work has had to be put off for the present. The men returning from the prairies say that thousands of emigrants, and also thousands of Canadians, are being shipped to the farming districts in an effort to provide the farmers with a cheap source of labour when the harvest work recommences.

Wages for harvest work in Western Canada are s3 (roughly twelve shillings) per day and board, a day usually being 14 to 16 hours. The boarding accommodation is not good, sleeping quarters are often primitive, and in many places the food supplied lacks fresh vegetables.

The paper also gives some facts about railway construction work. At Saskatoon, Sask., where the Government is building a railway to Hudson Bay the men only receive 35 cents (equals 1/6 in English money) per hour without any board, or allowance for board. French Canadians are known the world over through their willingness to work for starvation wages, but low as their standard of living is they will not work on this construction job. Consequently the vacancies are being filled with emigrants from England and Ireland. Those emigrants who have already started work complain that the conditions are greatly misrepresented to them by the emigration agents in England and other countries, and that they "wana go home." Let's hope they are lucky enough to get home.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.

(Continued from page 4)

homes together." Ye gods, workers with homes in Dublin, this heaven-sent leader certainly had a nice idea of what kind of a home a worker should have. However, our ideas differ greatly from that gentleman's conception of home-life, and in next week's issue we will give a short sketch of an "ideal home."

The Dublin Branch of the League has been busy and already their Dramatic Company is formed and rehearsing, the members showing exceptional ability. In a short time they will give their first performance in Dublin.

Two members of the Committee will attend in Liberty Hall on Sunday morning next from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. to receive members' subscriptions.

All enquiries in regard to League to be addressed to—

Irish Workers' League, 17 Gardiner's Place, Dublin.

Irish Transport Workers Union

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' RELIEF FUND.

Paving Dept., Dublin Corporation, collected by J. Joyce and W. Monroe—J. Bird, 1/-; W. Kernan, 1/-; Friend, 1/-; J. Moran, 1/-; J. Daly, 1/-; C. Brady, 1/-; Ball, 5d.; J. Caffrey, 1/-; T. Tisdall, 1/-; J. Kelly, 1/-; H. Kane, 1/-; Mrs. Lardner, 5/-; G. Murray, 1/-; Friend, 2/9; L. Callaghan, 1/-; C. Poole, 1/-; J. Hyland, 1/-; T. Sweetman, 6d.; M. Murphy, 1/-; Walsh, 6d.; Sexton, 1/-; O'Neill, 3d.; P. Kernan, 1/-; T. Kenny, 1/-; C. Cullen, 1/-; J. Weir, 1/-; M. McAdam, 6d.; J. Bridger, 6d.; M. Dawson, 1/-; P. Norton, 1/-; J. Lennon, 1/-; P. Fogarty, 6d.; T. Tyrrell, 1/-; P. Mackin, 6d.; N. Harte, 1/-; P. McCormick, 1/-; Spud Murphy, 9d.; C. Kelly, 2d.; J. Reid, 6d.; J. Thornton, 1/-; P. McKenna, 6d.; W. Whelan, 6d.; M. Winters, 6d.; J. Madden, 6d.; E. L. 3d.; J. Lennon, 3d.; P. Duffy, 1/-; M. Byrne, 1/-; Fitzpatrick, 1/-; T. Smyth, 1/-; O'Brien, 3d.; Gallagher, 5d.; Malone, 1/- Total, £2 6s. 9d.

Omitted from last week, Thornton, 1/-; Murray, 1/-.

Dublin Corporation, Clontarf, per D. McDermott—B. Callan, 1/-; D. McDermott, 1/-; J. Masterson, 1/-; J. Keating, 1/-; J. Murphy, 1/-; P. O'Brien, 1/-; D. Blaney, 1/-; C. Francis, 1/-; B. Sheridan, 1/-; J. Sheridan, 1/-; H. McKeogh, 1/-; Peter Keegan, 1/-; W. Norton, 1/-; P. Kavanagh, 6d.; Total, 13/6.

Collected at meeting at Liberty Hall, £4 13s. 3d.

Total, £7 13s. 6d.

Previously acknowledged, £260 11s. 7d.

Total, £286 5s. 1d.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union Dependents' Fund.

Subscriptions—week ending Saturday, October 6th.

Dublin Corporation, Paving Department, collected by J. Joyce and W. Monroe—P. Byrne, 1/-; E. McCormick, 9d.; J. Brown, 1/-; W. Walsh, 1/-; Duggan, 6d.; P. McCormick, 1/-; Spud Murphy, 6d.; E. Hayden, 1/-; M. Winters, 6d.; P. MacKenna, 6d.; W. Whelan, 6d.; Whelan, 6d.; Tyrrell, 1/-; Fogarty, 6d.; P. Duffy, 1/-; J. Lennon, 3d.; L. Callaghan, 1/-; C. Poole, 1/-; J. Hyland, 1/-; M. Byrne, 1/-; O'Brien, 3d.; Malone, 1/-; P. Thompson, 1/-; P. Sweetman, 6d.; Bird, 1/-; M. Murphy, 1/-; Walsh, 6d.; J. Sexton, 1/-; Kiernan, 1/-; M. Hand, 1/-; C. Cullen, 1/-; MacAdam, 6d.; P. Coogan, 8d.; Bridger, 6d.; Hopkins, 6d.; Norton, 1/-; Fitzpatrick, 1/-; M. Dawson, 1/-; J. Moran, 1/-; D. Mulcahy, 6d.; Brady, 1/-; P. Geoghan, 2/-; T. Tisdall, 1/-; J. Ball, 6d.; J. Murray, 1/-; H. Kane, 1/-; J. Daly, 6d.; Mrs. Carlan, 1/-; E. Hart, 1/-; A. Friend, 1/6. Total, £2 1 6.

Dublin Corporation, Clontarf, collected by D. MacDermott—B. Sheridan, 1/-; J. Sheridan, 1/-; D. MacDermott, 1/-; D. Blaney, 1/-; J. Masterson, 1/-; J. Murphy, 1/-; C. Francis, 1/-; J. Keating, 1/-; P. O'Brien, 1/-; H. McKeon, 1/-; D. Clare, 1/-; W. Norton, 1/-; M. Reilly, 1/-; P. Keegan, 1/-; P. Kavanagh, 1/-; A. Friend, 1/- Total, 16/-.

Previously acknowledged, £260 11 7.

Total, £271 2 7.

CASES RELIEVED.

Mrs. R. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. G., £1; Mrs. K. 10/-; Mrs. MacG. and one child, £1; Mrs. B. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. M. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. G. and 9 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 10 children, £1; Total, £10 10 0.

Previously distributed, £260 10 0. Total, £271 0 0.

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VOLUNTARY LEVY

No. 3 Branch.

The subscription list of the above Branch reached us too late for publication this week. It will, however, appear in full next issue.

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THE IRISH WORKER

AN T-OIBRIÓE SAOULAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

No. 16. New Series.
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1923

ONE PENNY

: : THE GREAT BETRAYAL : :

WE had occasion to cross to Britain last week. Upon our return we were informed that a special meeting of No. 1 Branch was summoned to meet in the Mansion House, on Sunday, October, 14th. Business—to elect twelve members to represent No. 1 Branch at an All Ireland Delegate Conference, called to go into financial matters connected with the Union.

We attended with some four thousand other members representing every section enrolled in No. 1-Branch.

When Mr. Thomas Foran, General President of the Union (by permission of the Courts), took the chair and called the meeting to order, we sensed something was afoot and as we did not want to deny ourselves the opportunity of seeing the august gentleman expose himself, we made no protest against his usurpation of the office of Chairman. After calling the meeting to order he immediately opened up an interesting chapter in the Union's history. When he was called to order by one of the members who asked what business we had met to discuss, the eloquent gentleman (Foran) tried to reply in his usual manner. He was again called to order and compelled to read notice of meeting.

He was then informed that no other business except that set down in the notice summoning meeting would be allowed. He was further asked under what rule was the meeting summoned, and as usual, he did not know. We were interested in giving the gentleman sufficient rope. So we suggested the difficulty could be met by a motion to resolve ourselves into an Emergency Committee. After the nominations were closed—on motion which was carried—only twelve nominations had been received—thus obviating an election. The motion was moved—and carried that we go into Executive Session.

And then Eloquent Dempsey proceeded to conjure up a fearful state of affairs, delivering himself a la "Johnson." The all wise one was abruptly called back to earth by a question: "What was he talking about?" He answered something about a message from the "Master" instructing the members to agree to a reduction of one shilling per day, and that the Executive had decided to recommend that a ballot vote be taken on Monday morning, October 15th—between the hours of 9 a.m. and 10 p.m.

Again the voice rang out—"When did President Cosgrave become dictator of the Union? Read the circular and the letter accompanying

circular." It was so ordered, and then we heard the director—he who must be obeyed—and the badger was drawn. The exact words used by Mr. Campbell at the close of the abortive Conference in August—was the considered advice of President Cosgrave. Wonderful how great minds think and express themselves in like terms. We humbly asked the General President—Did the "injunction" Executive, including himself, recommend the reduction in the same terms as the President of the Free State Government—and lo! the truth was out at last. Yes, the Executive did recommend the members to vote acceptance of the President's terms—and the ballot would be open on Monday morning—and that it had been arranged to take a ballot in all other ports—including those where the Amalgamated Transport Workers' Union functioned.

Then we were reminded by the omniscient one that the Foran—that British Union would surely vote acceptance. We asked him ~~knew our members in Cork~~ why did you not accept the suggestion of Mr. Campbell, Assistant Minister of Industry, in August last?—why did you not have the courage to do then what you admit you are compelled to do to-day?

We tried to move a motion that the ballot be postponed for a week, reinforcing our point by a brief discussion on the purposes of the Union and what is embodied in the term "The One Big Union." Mr. Foran refused to accept our motion on the grounds we were not a Docker. This creature whom we made sensible of the benefits of unionism.

The motion was moved however—only the Dockers' Section voting—and the "injunction" President got one vote to support his position. This Union man was an individual who was locked out in the B. and I. Steamship Co., and paradoxical to relate, has never been idle a day during the dispute—this person voted to accept the reduction.

We would not publish a line of the matters discussed at the meeting if it had not been for the fact that the Union President supplied that truthful Union paper, the "Independent," the official organ of Foran and O'Brien, with a mischievous lying report of the proceedings. The ballot was not taken on Monday, October 15th, and the reduction recommended by President Cosgrave was not accepted. And that's that!

OPEN THE PRISON GATES 10,000 MEN ON HUNGER STRIKE

THE IRISH FASCISTI.

Tuesday, October 16th, 1923, a meeting was held in an office in Manor Street, Dublin, a prominent cattle auctioneer presided. The Christian gentlemen who attended were all comrades of the Great War, ex-members of the C.I.D., Civic Protection Corps and army intelligence staff.

They were addressed by the Irish Mussolini. They were asked if they were armed and if not, arms would be found for them. They would get protection in case any accident happened. They were to proceed down to the London and North Western Hotel on the North Wall where accommodation would be found for them.

They, the Irish Fascisti, were to pen the cattle coming by train under armed guard and after inspection they were to drive them aboard the Lady Brussels.

If anyone dared to interfere, pickets or any other person, these hired gunmen were to put the cattle aboard anyhow. They would be paid £5 per week and would only be required to work

four hours on Wednesday and four hours on Thursday. They were given £1 apiece as earnest money.

£5 a week to drive cattle and shoot to death their own countrymen (Give me Liberty or give me Death, Eh!) Patriotism, the last refuge of the scoundrel.

Within one hour of being engaged over twenty of these ex-members of the C.I.D., Civic Protection Corps and the army intelligence staff were in communication with the men locked out, and expressed their willingness to carry out any orders given, that though they had been discharged or had resigned these particular branches of the Free State Government, they were not prepared to act as hired gunmen and scabs against their own class.

We will remember what they have done for us. Though unemployed and practically starving a man cannot be bought to murder his own class for £5 per week.

Some American Items and our Comments.

EIGHT-HOUR STEEL DAY "SURPRISES" EDITOR.

New York.—The *Annalist*, a financial publication in this city, is surprised that the eight-hour day is bringing a high class of labor to the steel industry. The editor also states that there is no labor shortage. When one recalls the doleful prophecies of the steel barons, this statement by the *Annalist* is of interest:

"There is no complaint, whatever, from the manufacturers of a shortage of available labor.

"Curiously enough, the advertisement which the eight-hour day has received in the last month or so has attracted a considerable number of laborers to the mill centres, and the new laborers seem to be of a higher grade than the steel companies ordinarily have been able to attract."

In no section has the claim been made that the steam mills find it impossible to operate because of a labor scarcity. Instead, history again repeats—the shorter work day is proving successful.

Steel interests have as yet failed to raise prices 15 per cent, which they claimed would be necessary if the 12-hour day were abandoned. Every claim of the steel barons is being refuted, just as was predicted by organised labor and the many investigators who studied this question.

Evidently our American contemporary is awakening to the obvious fact that it pays to have human conditions in industry, instead of the barbarous things that are still in existence. The next step for the American steel barons is to increase the wages to the amount required by a workingman to keep his family in comfort. They may leave the next step in humanising the industries to the workers themselves.

MUST RECOGNISE UNIONS FOR INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

Oshkosh, Wis.—"We can not have industrial peace or national prosperity until the employers of labor frankly recognise the workers' right to organize and freely choose his representatives in the same way that he chooses his representatives in government," said Rev. F. J. Haas, Ph. D., of St. Francis seminary, Milwaukee, in a Labour day speech in this city.

The speaker declared that collective bargaining is both natural and necessary. "It is natural because it is in the nature of human beings that those who have common aims and likes and aspirations should unite to advance their common interests," he said.

"Collective bargaining is necessary because the individual wage contract is very often no contract at all. It is frequently invalid and unjust because it lacks the free consent of the worker. When a laborer accepts any wage that is offered him because his family needs food or clothing or medicine, he is the victim of force. Moreover, the worker who is obliged to bargain individually often accepts a rate of

pay less than the going market rates simply because he does not know what the market rates are."

It is a terrible pity that all our clergymen are not so outspoken as the above gentleman. They could do much good. We congratulate him on the conclusions he came to regarding collective bargaining and the acceptance of non-union wages by ignorant men. Let's hope those ignorant men will pay heed to his words.

WIN LONG STRIKE.

St. Louis, Mo.—The motor fleet of the Yellow Motor Car Company appeared on the streets with this sign on each car: "Union cab."

The company took this method of informing the public its 31-months' fight with organised chauffeurs, affiliated with the Brotherhood of Teamsters, has ended.

The strike started New Year's eve, 1921, when the company attempted to cut wages from \$27.50 a week to \$20 a week and commissions.

The workers' victory is practically 100 per cent. Their old rate is restored, and only union men will be employed. The union agrees to accept as members any employee of the company now engaged. The company will withdraw a \$250,000 damage suit.

Some strike, eh! I wonder would we have enough guts to stay out 31 weeks. A bright idea has just entered our upper storey. Would it not be a good idea for all Unions to issue small cards or labels to the different firms in which their members are employed stating that these are union firms. The different firms could then display these cards in a prominent place, and all workers would then only patronise these union firms. Now you labour leaders think this over.

WOULD OUST COMPANY.

Trenton, N.J.—Governor Silzer has ordered the Public Service Railway Company evicted from the streets of 141 New Jersey cities and towns. This corporation furnished street car transportation to these communities up to a month ago, when 6,300 employees suspended work because of wage differences. The workers will accept a proposed settlement and return to work, but the company demands higher fares and abolition of the jitneys.

"The time has come for the State to act," said the Governor. "The streets of the State belong to the public. We gave the company the use of our streets with the clear understanding that in return it was to give adequate transportation facilities to the public. We must then either have the service or the streets back."

More power to your elbow, Guv'nor. Let's hope the antiquated, unanimated Dublin Corporation will do the same with our Street Car Banditi.

UNFAIR JUDICIARY EXPOSED IN CHICAGO.

Chicago.—Organised labor in this city is conducting a vigorous cam-

paign against injunction judges. The proverbial "last straw" was Federal Judge Carpenter's order that non-union employees of the Mitchell Brothers Co. could not be asked to affiliate with the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Before these non-union employees could secure work at this plant they had to sign a contract that they will not join the union while so employed. This "yellow dog," secured through the necessities of workers, is protected by Judge Carpenter's injunction.

At a trade union conference in this city, which was addressed by President Gompers, the A. F. of L. official was asked to appoint a committee of 15 to map out a resistance program. He appointed as chairman of this committee John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labour.

Seldom have trade unionists talked as plain as they did at this meeting. The judiciary was scored because of its injunction policy, and the "yellow dog" contract was declared contemptible by President Gompers, President Fitzpatrick and John H. Walker and Victor A. Olander, president and secretary, respectively, of the Illinois State Federation of Labour.

The United States' Courts of Justice have become notorious the world over for their anti-union decisions. You will notice that Gompers took action in this particular case. Don't blame him, friends! He couldn't help it.

A REMINDER.

Our principle is to tell the truth always, at all times and in all places, whether for or against us. Our work is to serve our class in all ways possible and with all the forces at our command. Our purpose is to change the present system of Society, in which men are ruled and ruined by the gods of interest, rent and profit, into a system in which all men who produce or who are willing to produce will receive the fruits of their production according to their needs. And with these thoughts as our guide we ask your co-operation. May we have it?

OUR SHIP.

The prospectus is still in the hands of the solicitor. We are sorry for the delay, but great care must be taken to ensure no loophole is left through which some of these easy money seekers can creep through. However, we expect it will be ready for publication within the next few days.

By the way, we expect to have some very interesting and astounding news by the beginning of next week. Keep an eye on us.

A CORRECTION.

Our printers, The Gaelic Press, desire to express their apologies and regrets that, through an error, the letter from the Galway Branch of the I.T. & G.W.U., which appeared in our last issue was printed over the signature of "Maurice Ryan, Sec.," instead of "Maurice O'Regan, Sec."

KEVIN O'HIGGINS' AND MACUIRE'S CATHOLIC TRUTH CONFERENCE—NUFF SAID.

First Come! First Served!

Those who desire to obtain sets of the "IRISH WORKER," consisting of the first six numbers of the new series, may obtain same by forwarding ninepence in stamps, Sit down NOW and send in your order. To-morrow will be too late!

Li and Si

The following is a story I once listened to from the lips of a Chinaman on the gold fields of Coolgardie, Australia, where he was selling vegetables, and to urge the sale of the same he was proclaiming he was very poor. A miner said to him: "Say John! I will buy if you can tell me how the rich and poor came about in this world. The haves and the have nots, the working class and the wont work class. The Chinaman agreed to explain. The following is the story he told.

There was once in China an old man who had two sons, Li and Si. Li was some years older than Si, and had more experience in worldly things. One day their father died and left the land between them to be worked in common and the crops to be divided equally for the benefit of their families. Li, being the elder, at sowing time called Si to council, read his father's words to him and asked him what should they sow. Si, being young and not well up in agriculture, told his elder brother he would leave that to him so long as he drew up an agreement before planting as to the division of the crops from year to year. Li agreed and told Si they would plant barley. He said he would take the tops of the crop and Si could take the bottoms. When the harvest was garnered and divided in accordance with the wording of the agreement Si took his half home, and Li did likewise. Si very soon found out that he and his family were slowly starving to death through existence on barley straw, so he went to Li and said there was something wrong. He pointed out that his family was getting thinner and thinner every day and were likely to die of starvation, while Li's family were waxing fatter daily. "Well," said Li, "I will tell you what I will do. I will give you enough for you and your family to live on till next harvest on condition that you and they do the tilling, sowing and reaping, while mine do the directing. And I will decide from now onwards what we shall plant each year. Of course the division shall be on the same lines as last year, only I shall give you the tops of the crop and I shall the bottoms. Si agreed, going home in great glee to explain to his wife and family his good fortune, as he thought. At sowing time Li ordered Si and his family to sow potatoes. When the harvest was gathered, according to the bargain, Li took the bottom of the crop for his share, and Si got the tops, and said the Chinaman "that is the way the world is managed to-day." The Si family will not learn by experience. They won't become wise and organise and tell the Li family they are going to do the directing, the tilling, the reaping, and that they will divide the crop between those who have earned the right by performing useful work. Well the Chinaman sold his vegetables and ever after he was looked upon as a philosopher in Coolgardie.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. JAMES LARKIN.

Dear Sir,—I am selling a bundle order regularly every week now, I am in favour of the Irish Worker League, an account of which was in the former edition of the Irish Worker.

The workers of Irish blood in this country are not affiliated with any of the Irish American organisations in very large numbers, because they are generally formed on political or religious lines, therefore I believe you have a splendid opportunity awaiting you, in fact I urge you to assume leadership as soon as possible of an International Irish Workers' League based on social and economic lines. The meetings organised by your brother and Jack Carney all through this country showed conclusively the need for a working-class organisation as the audiences were all workers of the progressive type (of workers of Irish blood) who never take any part in either Clans, Friends of Irish Freedom or A.A.R.I.R. in this country.

Of course, in this country great care should be taken in the selection of officers, that the nominees of the wreckers should not be placed in control. I guess you understand what I mean. Now is the time and opportunity as the workers are thoroughly disgusted with the old organizations, no progress, no vision. It is remarkable the Irish World, Eire, Gaelic American, Irish-Republic Chicago, or any other Irish American (?) weekly never carried a line about Irish Labour Unions, Waterford Strikes, Cork City Strikes, no more than they carried a word about James Connolly or James Larkin before the 1916 revolution, although the great majority of Irish blood here are workers and unskilled labor at that, at the lowest wages, but thanks to the I.W.W. we are now fairly well versed in economics and ready for a progressive programme.

I will mail you a cheque this week.

Yours sincerely, E. O'C.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 4th, 1923.

Donnybrook, Oct. 16th, 1923.

Hello Jim, I thought I would have seen you on Sunday at Liberty Hall, but missed you through your attending meeting in Mansion House. I wish you and the boys all success. You have the sharks crushed in this fight. Coolness, patience and solidarity will win the day.

I think you should get after the newsagents in Pembroke, and make more of them take your paper.

Your editorial in your last issue on food prices was good, and every word you say about the apathy of the people is true. Rub it into them, I say. Best of wishes.—"JACK."

Castletown, Mountrath, 12/10/23.

The Editor "Irish Worker."

Dear Jim—I am addressing you thus, because I don't believe in anything but straight talk.

I am just after reading the advertisements—glorified—which were read at the "Truth—big capitals please—Society's Conference." Ostensibly convened or the

purpose of reviewing the position from a Catholic standpoint it wittingly or unwittingly resolved itself into a glorified advertisement of our great public emporiums.

How any man of the ability of Fr. Finlay or Dr. Hackett could conscientiously approve or applaud such silly and hypocritical nonsense passes understanding, although Fr. Finlay gave a couple of sly thrusts.

To me it appears nothing more than a glorifying of Clerly's Ltd., and Mr. McGuire, far from being the disinterested business man, must have been pulling the leg of the Conference, and in his secret sanctum having a quiet laugh at the whole business.

Analyzing his entire discourse he never once touched on any subject of vital importance.

He did not tell his hearers how this heaven on earth was to be established. The old bogey of thrift was trotted out, and when the worker has attained the £10,000 per year standard, all will be well.

When that time comes we will all be able to take in each other's washing, Mr. McGuire's included.

The one thing which at present menaces the morality of our youth was not even mentioned by any one speaker. What about the moral aspect to-day? I have read all the speakers carefully, but not one touched on this question.

It is known that poverty often drives individuals to do what, under happier conditions, they would not otherwise commit.

We have a condition of affairs in Ireland to-day that compares very favourably with some of the conditions, morally. It is said you should not publicly expose such things. But I believe otherwise.

In this Co. alone I can positively state there are upwards of 100 young girls within the past year and this destroyed as a result of England's present army of occupation.

In one Union alone a number of girls are waiting until the batch inside comes out, there being no room for them. An we have the spectacle of the clergy publishing the marriage banns and the parties failing to turn up. Such be our teachers. No one to care! No one to act! It is idle to expect "President Plazo Toro" and his merry ministers to investigate or condemn the actions of his military dupes. This, to my thinking, should have been a predominant issue before the Conference. But—No! "Thrift," "Honesty in Business," "Temperance"; at all costs keep Clerly's in the limelight and Guinness's of 72 per cent. profit, and the G.S. & W.R. of falling tariffs. Now you may ask where is the remedy? Well here goes.

Some years ago, in the dim past, before the blessing of civilisation reached Japan, you could walk through their marts and bazaars and choose any article required, and drop your coin into a bowl or receptacle and go your way. You marvelled at the simplicity of the arrangement. No attendants to worry or importune you. Any one failing to leave the indispensable amount simply had their right hand taken off from the wrist. The system worked beautifully, consequently few were minus their right hand in Japan. But, lo! the blessings of civilisation descended in the shape of British and French sailors and Japan had to alter her

Pembroke Notes

I see the Contractors are making good headway with the building scheme on the Pigeon House Road for the Pembroke Council. This scheme, and also the one at Bath Ave. is very badly needed.

Regarding the Bath Ave. scheme, is it true that it is being held up through the unwillingness of the Plot-holders to relinquish their claim to the ground. Now, Plot-holders don't stand in the way. The workers need the houses and they also need the work.

I would like to know through these columns what the procedure will be in allocating the houses when these schemes are finished. There must be no more preference for friends of Councillors. The workers must have first preference. Now Councillors, take notice.

A CAREFUL WATCHER.

SLAVES IN BRITISH EMPIRE.

When the League of Nations approaches the question of slavery a memorial will be laid upon the table from England, supported by Lords, Archbishops, Members of Parliament and others, including George Bernard Shaw and Israel Zangwill, proclaiming that slavery obtains to-day in three African areas involving altogether over 1,000,000 slaves, in systems under which a definite and saleable property right is established over the persons of the slaves.

Evidence is quoted from official sources to support this statement and regret is expressed that the League of Nations is not yet prepared to accept trustworthy evidence from missionaries, travellers and merchants. The three principal areas to which attention is drawn are Abyssinia and the mandated areas of Southwest Africa and Tanganyika.

The committee suggests that steps should be taken to secure the conditional entrance of Abyssinia into the League of Nations, and thereby confer upon Africa the greatest blessing which has yet visited the Dark Continent—namely, entirely disinterested but effective assistance in evolving a self-governing African State, free from the institution of slavery.

ways. It would not do to have the French and British Tars left-handed. Attendants had to be provided, with the result that Japan is progressing and perhaps some day will be permitted to enter "The League of Nations."

You may say the hand punishment might be too drastic. I agree. Rather would I suggest for a proved first offence to take off the trigger finger and keep on lopping off fingers as offences increased. This might not prove efficacious, but it would certainly hasten demobilisation.

Fraternally yours, SEAN SHELLY.

We print the letter above on our own responsibility, but if there are any other people who have information supporting the statements in this letter we will be glad to have it for the purpose of getting a move on.

Irish Worker League

The League is making good progress, both in city and country. A new branch has been started in Sligo, where Mr. Flynn is energetically forging ahead. We expect a branch will be shortly formed in San Francisco. There is the nucleus of a branch in Boston, Chicago, Montreal, Quebec and Butte in America, in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Barrow-in-Furness, Avondale and Lewisham in England. We have a fine branch in New York, Mr. Al Hickland acting as Secretary. In Boston Miss O'Donovan is in charge, and John Casey looks after things in Chicago. So you see the drive is on. Every day we receive letters congratulating us upon breaking new ground. We publish one of them this week.

Now, we Dublin members must start our own special drive for more Dublin members. Remember we are the parent body and we must lead the way. Our League recognises neither political or religious barriers. So long as you believe in our principles and are willing to work for them we accept you. But remember, we say work. We do not want any half-hearted work, we do not want sheepish excuses; what we want and what we must have is whole hearted, devoted and determined help. Leaguers, impress that fact upon every recruit you rope in.

From this issue forward we will have a column solely devoted to League affairs. In this will appear a weekly comment upon League happenings, suggestions and announcements. Therefore all members will need to keep their eye on this column. It will not only criticise and comment, but it will give many practical suggestions, which, if carried out will spread the League farther and farther afield. This week our suggestions are two: first pay your monthly subscription; and secondly, get at least two members. If the last suggestion is carried out the League will increase its circle 200%. So get busy.

The usual weekly Committee meeting was held at 17 Gardiner's Place on Monday. This Committee must bear in mind that the success or failure of the League lies in their hands. At Monday's meeting it was decided to hold a Social before this month is out. Details will be announced later. Arrangements are also in full swing for the holding of a Concert in one of Dublin's theatres. The League Dramatic Class will produce a play. The proceeds of both entertainments will go towards the upkeep of the League.

On Sunday, 21st October, two committee men will be in attendance to collect subscriptions at Liberty Hall, 74 Thomas Street and the Trades' Hall from 11 to 1 o'clock.

Ó'n Scláir:

(Ar leanúint 6 7)

feall eúgáim an tseachtáin roo caite, as cur tuairge oráim raol burdeanta seoir páirt. Ni pábamair abáta an tuairge níl a tuairge, ac ní pinne if cionncaé. Féadao Craobaca 7 Cumáim eúige 50 mberó an rseála nín te rásáil. Ueigeáim eúite úeam an páipéar roo—boóc 7 párbáir, seoirseoir 7 úeapóirís 'sbáimó níl féin ann. ean áille.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to The Editor, 17 Gardiner's Place, Dublin.

Subscription, 8s. 8d. per year; 4s. 4d. for six months payable in advance.

We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

OUR LEADERS?

In our issue of July 28th we published an article on the conspiracy between the employers organised in the Cork Employers' Federation, the Dublin Employers' Federation, the Shipping Federation and certain Trades Union officials, to compel the men engaged in the Transport Trades throughout the various ports in the Free (?) State to accept lower wages and alteration of conditions of work. We reprint two paragraphs from the article:

"For this is the formula: first, the employers will ask for such a reduction that there is no possible chance of the workers agreeing to accept, but the wise leaders will get the employers in a magnanimous mood, mark you, and instead of the employers demanding their pound of flesh, they will be prepared to accept half a pound; that is to say, that instead of insisting on the 2s. per day reduction, they will be willing to meet the workers half-way, and these self-elected leaders will advise the men to accept the shilling per day reduction. They will then come forward and say:

Fellow-workers, you see how wisdom lives within us. We have saved you from a reduction of Two Shillings per day. We have got the employers to agree to reduce their demands to a shilling per day. And now, whisper, we advise you to accept. As for the Sailors and Firemen, such as sympathise with them we know that they will not stand in the way of a settlement, and you, dockers and carters, will not let them stand in the way of a settlement. And, of course, the Government will advise both parties, in the interests of the country, and on high patriotic grounds, that they recommend that such a settlement should be come to. Then all will be right as right can be. The workers will be diddled again. The leaders will be sane and responsible persons, and the employers will meet and say: 'I TOLD YOU SO. Brains still rule, and our profits are still secure.'

Now to return to the main issue, confronting us. It has been proved, during the time the employers who controlled the Shipping Combine locked out their workers, that other shippers trading to the ports of the Free State, more especially to Dublin, can pay the wages recognised by the Union—and are paying the wages. It has been proved that there is a conspiracy entered into by the foreign shipping combine and certain employers in this country to dislocate trade, starve, if possible, the workers into a condition where they will have to submit to the dictates of this foreign shipping combine, and, in the words of one

of the gentlemen, that a continuance of the lock-out will mean starvation, rioting, the introduction of the military and police, and the driving back to work of the men who are struggling to uphold their present all too inadequate standard of living. Such is the love and charity that abounds in the hearts and minds of these patriotic employers. It were well, in the interests of your wives and children and the interest of your country, to disappoint these "Christian" gentlemen. Hold fast. Be worthy of your efforts in the past, and be determined now and in the future that you insist upon getting paid a wage adequate to provide, at least, a shelter and sufficient food and clothing to keep you and yours in decency and comfort. This your country. See that you, too, enjoy a decent measure of life for the service you render."

What we said on July 28th has been fully proved by the happenings since that article was written.

Our statement that a conspiracy was entered into and the parties to the conspiracy would uncover themselves is now a proven fact.

When we met the Federated Employers on July 27th at the invitation of the Minister of Industry and Commerce, one sensed the plot afoot. After protracted deliberations they came to an end on Aug. 1st by the employers walking out without giving us their considered opinion or publishing a statement of their position. We discussed matters with Professor Whelan, Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Campbell. We reprint a paragraph from our report, which report Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Campbell were good enough to say was a fair and impartial report of the proceedings. Paragraph as follows:—

"We were re-summoned to meet on Wednesday at 3 p.m. Upon entering the Conference room we are asked by the officials of the Ministry of Industry and Commerce to go apart into another room; that the employers were to have a consultation with the representatives of the Government. We understand they were Professor Whelan (Assistant Minister), Mr. Campbell and Mr. Ferguson, and some thirty employers. We were placed apart in another room, and after close on three hours we were called down. Professor Whelan, T.D., Mr. Campbell and Mr. Ferguson being present, we were informed the employers had left; that there was no result from the Conference. There were suggestions made by Mr. Campbell, which for obvious reasons we cannot publish."

The last three lines of paragraph says "for obvious reasons we cannot publish Mr. Campbell's suggestions." What were the suggestions made by Mr. Campbell? They are substantially word for word as those embodied in the proposal made for the men's acceptance by Mr. Cosgrave, President of the Free State. And now mark; approved and recommended for acceptance by the so-called Executive of the Irish Transport Union. Their Masters' Voice.

We said on July 28th that Foran, O'Brien and Co. had agreed to the reduction which the employers demanded, but the courageous Foran and O'Brien were too cowardly to recommend on that occasion. They waited for fourteen weeks and during the intervening period have done everything to destroy the men's

morale and weaken their determination, and now at the fourteenth week they try by a subterfuge to get the men in Dublin to take a ballot on the proposals after making their position impossible.

These advocates of the "One Big Union" have divided the workers in more sub-divisions than any of the most antiquated unions ever dare suggest. "Each for all and all for each." Foran, O'Brien and Co.'s motto "Each again all and all again each."

Foran talked very valiantly on July 28th, although his friend and mentor, Mr. David Barry, told him on that occasion he had already agreed to a sensible reduction in 1922 and was bound to recommend the enforcement of the employers' proposals.

We reprint for record our position which was approved and supported as being the official position of the Union and the men affected, and fully endorsed and recommended as a temporary solution of the dispute by Mr. Joseph McGrath on July 28th.

"Though the workers realised that there had to be a revision in wages and conditions, such revision could only be arrived at after a reasoned study of the factors which made the revision necessary, cost of living and all the concomitants that enter into the life of the worker as part of the machinery of production and distribution should be considered. That the workers were willing to sit down and discuss these matters in a proper atmosphere, but the present time was not such that it would be conducive to such a reasoned consideration of their responsibility of either parties to the dispute. That we suggest to the employers they are taking advantage of the disturbed conditions of the country; that their action in locking out the workers and putting forward demands for the abnormal reductions they were making was not in the interest of the country, nor in the interest of peace; that they were deliberately precipitating an industrial conflict, regardless of the outcome and with a brutally selfish reason. We pointed out that we were on the eve of a political struggle, almost revolutionary in its aspect; that fires that were now smouldering in the body politic would be fanned into flame by their action and we appealed to them on the grounds that in the best interests of the community as a whole they should postpone their demands to a later date and suggested January 1, 1924.

That in the interim between the result of the elections and January 1, 1924, we should be willing to meet them, sit down and sympathetically approach the whole economic position of our country and the needs for a revision of wages and conditions.

Having arrived at a definite conclusion and (if proved) an acceptance of the employers' position that we were prepared to go back to the workers in every section of industry and commerce and recommend the acceptance of the finding of such a conference of employers and employees. We appealed to them to give us this breathing time. The employers replied to the position that we put forward with a direct negative. Mr. O'Shea, of Cork, representing Sutton & Co., coal importers; Mr. Young, of Cork, representing a Scottish shipping company and an English coal im-

porting company, also took part in the discussion. The chairman, Mr. Joseph McGrath, at the close of the sitting on Friday, in a reasoned appeal to the employers, pointing out the conditions of the country, also asked that we might consider, both sides, the need for a truce. We adjourned until Saturday morning."

Mr. Foran on July 28th declined to sit with the officials of this so-called union, Amalgamated Transport Union, London, but he allowed the Dundalk officials to sit in a conference with them when the workers of Dundalk were hamstrung by the way the members of the I.T.G.W.U. in Dundalk were advised to accept no less than 15/- a week reduction to be followed by a further reduction of 2/6 per week in March next. Why did the valiant one, Foran, change his mind. Did his few hours spent at the Curragh with the chief of the Fascisti (Irish) help in that direction.

During the interval between the breakdown of the conference in August and last Sunday's meeting the whole machinery of the Union has been used to destroy the men's position. Every day in every way Foran-O'Brien's machine has played into the employers' hands. Of course the rejected one moving as usual in dark and devious ways, the "General President" doing the jackals work. Never during any period of this protracted dispute did one of the Foran-O'Brien machine ever give a lead or a word of advice openly for or against the continuance of the dispute. Secretly and by every form of intrigue and intimidation they have heard their master's voice and carried out the orders given.

Who is the prominent leader who has been giving his daily outpourings to the truthful "Independent"? We say O'Brien. Let the "Independent" deny that statement. We repeat O'Brien has supplied the "Independent" with the information published in the columns of that truthful advertising sheet. And now after the most magnificent battle ever fought in the annals of organised labour. The Foran-O'Brien machine are using every political artifice, every form of propaganda, newspaper and personal solicitation to divide the men and break their solidarity, and now the last straw. The one eyed leaders of the blind who have been wasting the money of the members on themselves and their friends, boosting themselves into political jobs and paid offices, are crying poor mouth and talking about dwindling finances of the Union. Who does the money belong to and what were the funds accumulated for? To sustain the members in time of trial, or to provide well-paid jobs for O'Brien's creatures. Six pounds per week for the Robbins, the singing Irishman, the gunman Guranot to speak of the idle hour club. Money to supply a social centre for the intelligensia in 35 Parnell Sq. Of course no common docker, coal-porter or carter must desecrate the sacred precincts of the employers rendezvous with the two Aldermen and Millionaire Kid from Golden Lane.

VOLUNTARY LEVY

Up to and including Saturday, Oct. 14th, collected from Guinness's Loading Section, North Wall, £20.

OUR WEEKLY FEATURE

"THE FRAUD"

By "LISBURN."

THE girl in the bed raised herself a little and listened to the faint footsteps expectantly. Presently she sank back disappointed. It was the Happy Young Man who lived on the next floor. Her father's step was slower, every now and then it shuffled on a stair as if he had forgotten to lift his foot high enough.

The Happy Young Man never shuffled; sometimes he came up two stairs at a time and occasionally, when he was very glad she thought, he took three in one stride. She called him the Happy Young Man because often as he passed up or down he whistled a merry tune with quick, rippling notes that set the feet moving—even when lying in bed and even though one's back hurt immediately afterwards. But it was by their steps primarily that she knew the unseen climbers of the stairs, and there was an indescribable something in this man's tread that proclaimed him young and happy; a lilt that threatened to break into a dance at any moment.

All the feet that passed her door told stories of the walkers whom she visualised and named. The girl whose light footfall dragged a little when she came down early in the morning and, sounding heavier, hesitated on the landings as she came up at night, she called the Tired Girl; the old woman shuffling back and forth so often during the day, she surnamed Sad; the timid, hesitant step punctuated by the heavy tap of a stick, she knew as the Feeble Old Man; the couple for whom she could find no appropriate name, the sound of their walk betraying neither joy nor sorrow, health nor sickness, youth nor old age, she called simply the Man and the Woman. Monotonously the steps of these two fell, the Man's, heavy and even, the woman's a lighter echo. She often wondered about them and felt vaguely sorry—catching with the quick perception of a child the hopelessness of lives whose tragic dulness was denied the dignity of tragedy.

The only step that puzzled her was her father's—the heavy listlessness occasionally evident seemed to indicate a tired hopelessness, yet he always opened the door with a smile.

Again she heard steps in the distance and again she raised herself to listen. As the sound grew more distinct her big brown eyes, darker for the pallor of the thin young face, brightened, and, as the door opened, her smile momentarily banished the lines that sickness had drawn.

"Ah, here I am at last!" her father exclaims advancing to the bed. "Late, and on my little girl's birthday too. But I have not forgotten. Guess what I've got here and here," tapping first one and then the other pocket of his threadbare coat. Then, while the brown eyes grow round with surprise, he pro-

duces a big, rosy-red apple and a small flaxen-haired, blue-eyed doll. "Daddy, daddy," cries the girl, throwing her arms round his neck, only to twist with pain the next moment at the unwanted exertion. "There, there sweetheart," he murmurs, easing her to the pillow. "The pain'll soon pass."

The brown eyes smile through tears. "It is better now Daddy." But as he turns away she twists again with pain, quickly repressing the signs of her sufferings, however, under a brave little smile.

In the mellow-golden lamplight and the flickering glow of the fire the room looked cosy. On a small table at the side of the bed stood a jam-pot filled with flowers. An orange-box draped with chintz did duty for a book-case in one corner, a chest of drawers, a table covered with a brightly coloured cloth and a couple of chairs completed the furniture. A scanty enough furnishing, yet withal the room had a certain cheerfulness, the result of careful touches of which the flowers in the jam-pot were the most obvious indication.

Busying himself preparing supper in an adjoining room the father keeps up a fire of cheerful chatter, occasionally popping his head through the doorway to laugh at some of his own sallies or to assure her that he "won't be a minute." The girl in the bed smiles her replies.

This was the time that made the weary day worth living through.

Presently the father emerges carrying teacups and plates; soon the table is laid and drawn up to the bed. Now comes one of the nightly ceremonies. Throwing the dishcloth across one arm the father approaches the bed with a little bow.

"What will Madam have for supper?"

And she, knowing from the frizzling in the next room and the spell, replies in the grand manner:

"A little bacon please, some bread and tea and," the grand manner breaking down, "afterwards an apple Daddy."

Then with a flourish he brings in the supper.

"Won't you have some bacon, Daddy?"

"No, no dear. You know I never eat meat in the evening. I've had too much to eat to-day. I can scarcely take this tea. I had lunch with several business friends." And he describes a great lunch in a wonderful restaurant where the waiters wear dress suits, where the chef appears all in white with a funny white hat, almost like a paper bag, on his head and where a band plays beautiful music.

"When'll I be able to go with you, Daddy?" asks the girl, her eyes shining with delight at these pictured joys.

"When your back is better, sweetheart. It won't be long now. Spring will soon be here and the doctor, who came to see you from the great hospital, told me you would be better in the spring. Then we will sit in the parks and see the young green leaves on the trees and hear

the birds singing and watch the sun dancing on the water while the little ducks swim about. All the flowers will be in bloom. Everything will be beautiful and you will get strong long before summer comes."

The girl lies back in rapt attention while he pictures this wonderful summer that is coming—when they shall run together on the golden sands of the seashore, splash in the laughing waves. Forgotten is the bed, the aching back, the room. Her father's voice goes gently on but she has lost the meaning of the words, it is just the bass motif upon which she builds the wondrous fantasy of life unfettered by illness, life such as she has never known except through these pictures her father paints. But hope rises buoyantly, fancy is the wine of youth.

Her father stops and the girl comes back from her dreams with a little gasp of disappointment.

After a pause she asks: "What have you done to-day Daddy?"

And again the man plunges into description. He has had a very busy day in his office. He has accomplished wonders. His staff of clerks have been in a continuous whirl of business. Great businessmen have been waiting for hours to get a word with him and he was whisked off to lunch in a motor with two of them.

The girl glows with pride. Every day her father recounts some new success. He is a great man, many people depend upon him and this is why he must be away all day.

"Next!" A stentorian voice bawls down the passage to the room where a non-descript collection of men, the vomiting of last night's gaois, are waiting.

A policeman touches the man.

"Come along!"

A confused murmur greets him as he takes his place in the dock. He hears voices but they are meaningless. What have they to do with him? He hears: "Obstructing the traffic by singing in the street. Refusing to resist arrest."

The words sink into his consciousness, arousing him. It is to him they refer.

He must say something. . . . that policeman is giving evidence against him.

"But I can find no work" he broke forth. "I—"

"Silence!"

"I've searched everywhere, I've tramped the streets for weeks, months. I—"

"Silence!"

"—must do something to get money—"

"Silence, do not interrupt the—"

it is to him the voice is speaking. Anger flares within him.

"I won't be silent" he breaks in, his voice rising, "my daughter—"

A policeman lays a hand on his arm. "Be quiet, you will get your turn to talk."

He relapses into a dazed silence. They will not listen to him. What can he do? What will happen his daughter?

The voices continue to murmur.

The policeman touches him again. "Now you can speak." But he doesn't understand.

Then he hears: "Five pounds or thirty days!" They start to lead him away. Suddenly he realises what has happened. He is to be sent to gaol. Wildly he shakes off the policeman and turns to the dock. "You can't send me to gaol" he shouts, "you can't. My daughter—" He is led away, struggling, shouting. "A violent man!" someone comments.

The girl in the bed raises herself and listens. Steps drag up the stairs. It is the Tired Girl. The Happy Young Man came up some time ago, three steps at a time. A happy augury, she thought and smiled sympathetically.

Again she listens. This time it is the Man and the Woman who come up with monotonous tread. So through the long evening she waits, listening.

Now the house is silent, the street outside has become still, with that peculiar stillness that denotes a sleeping world. She knows it is very late and becomes vaguely uneasy. Her father has never been so late before.

Soon she drops uneasily to sleep. When she awakes the dim light of dawn has already begun to throw faint shadows across the room. She is troubled. . . . then comes the remembrance. . . . her father had not been in before she fell asleep last night.

"Daddy!" she calls, half-alarmed.

Then as no answering voice comes from the adjoining room she calls again: "Daddy. Daddy." her voice rising on a note of fear. "Daddy!"

She begins to cry. It is too early to knock with the stick she uses to call the woman who looks after her during the day. She lies sobbing. Dark pictures arise in her mind. Something dreadful must have happened to her father, he has never been away all night before. "Daddy," she sobs, "Daddy, Daddy."

The woman coming to clear up the room a few hours later found her in a raging fever. "Where's my Daddy? Where is he, oh, where is he?" She would say nothing more.

Day dragged into night and still the father did not come. The fever grew worse. The woman came and tried to soothe her, but all through the night she cried out: "Daddy, oh Daddy, why don't you come?"

In the morning she raved incessantly about her daddy, and the woman, now thoroughly alarmed, called the dispensary doctor. He came late in the afternoon.

"She must be taken to hospital." Then gravely shaking his head: "I will send an ambulance this evening."

Shadows creep up the sky, the winter sun sinking to rest sends a red-gold beam wandering through

(Continued at bottom of col. 3 & 4 page 6)

The Flourishing City of Belfast

By "B.O.B."

I have just returned from Belfast after a visit of 10 days duration and I made it my special business to observe conditions as they really exist in that alleged flourishing city, we have heard so much trash concerning the great ability of our friends there in business, etc., that I was really astonished to find that things there are in a most deplorable condition, and except for the reconstruction of the Tramway roads, business is absolutely at a standstill and the men employed on this reconstruction business are the men who, previous to the pogrom, were engaged as fitters, platers and other skilled trades on the Queen's Island and are now glad to do labouring work at £2 5s. per week, and loudly crying for Jim Larkin to come down and do something to take them out of the hole they fought themselves into, at the behest of the employing class and the only reward is a job digging the streets. Oh, yes, they fought valiantly and did their worst to exterminate their Catholic fellow-workmen and grab all the money and work for themselves, but now they are horrified to find that they are worse off than ever, and it is slowly penetrating their skulls that they have once more been duped and tricked, by Carson, Craig & Co. Some of the big Drapery Stores, from information received from the managers, are practically on their last legs, and unless something occurs to help business they will be compelled to close their doors. There are none of the business-men anyway optimistic, and they are all deploring the fact that the pogrom has utterly ruined business in the North. There is certainly a great change in Belfast, even the appearance of the city is changed, there seems to be a lack of activity about it and the streets, even during the busy hours, are almost deserted, and the few people one meets walking around the city wear a woe-begone look as if they were completely fed-up with their lot, as a matter of fact any of them who can scrape together the where-withal are going to America, Australia or some such place and glad to shake the dust of Belfast off their shoes.

I had an interview with several business-men and the vast majority are anxious to get what ready cash out of their business they can and clear out.

I must say that the business people seem to do their best to prove that they are sorry for what occurred during the organised campaign against the Catholic community and are most solicitous and anxious to please should you go to purchase anything; even the city employers in the Gas and Rates are different; city officers are very courteous and want to impress on you how broad-minded they are.

Down at the Docks there are signs of activity, but even there the dockers are dissatisfied and the little work there is being done is entirely due to the fact that our patriotic businessmen in the Free State are directing the traffic and goods that would, in the ordinary way, be shipped from the Port of Dublin, are sent by rail to Belfast and thence across Channel.

Big Russian Film

We also hope to have this picture here in Dublin in a short while. Then Irish Workers will see pictorially the daily life and work of their Russian brothers, and so the ties of comradeship will be knit closer.

Chicago.—"The Fifth Year," a 9-reel film of motion picture photographs taken in Russia in 1922 and 1923, is leading many who see it to agree with the verdict of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures which called it a "fine contribution to the pictorial ledger of history and human struggle upward. To everyone interested in world affairs "The Fifth Year" should appeal. Entertainment value good; educational value excellent; dramatic interest vital; historical value unusual; moral effect high."

The picture shows the life of factory workers, peasants and the Red Army in the field and on parade. International labor congresses and a shop soviet session in a clothing factory run by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America are of special interest to labor.

THE BRUSSELS EPISODE.

On Wednesday morning, October 17th, the S/S Lady Brussels, Coastwise Ltd., manager in Dublin Mr. David Barry organiser of the Lock-out, arrived at the North Wall under the command of Captain Roynatt, formerly Captain of the L.N.W. Ry. fleet, Chief Mate Mitchell, 2nd Mate Gloss from Preston, Morrissey from Glasnevin, 2nd engineer, acting and Frank Traynor, Bayview Avenue, 3rd engineer.

The crew below and on deck were picked up in Liverpool and other places. When they knew they were hired as scabs all but two came out. Four were instructed to remain aboard for our own purposes, of this later.

In the Holyhead Hotel close on a hundred hired gunmen were ready to do any dirty job ordered by those who control the cattle trade. Amongst these hired thugs, from Leitrim and Roscommon, all of whom are known, principally farmers' sons wearing the Fainne ring (they will talk Irish with guns at £5 per week.

NATIVE IRISH SPEAKER

Open to give tuitions to Gaelic Students. Day or Evening. Fluency in conversation guaranteed after a few months. Terms moderate. Apply Box 25 "IRISH WORKER."

The Auction Marts in the city are glutted with furniture which is sold very cheap owing to the hundreds who are breaking up their homes and going abroad. Houses are also sold very cheap. I know of one house in Eglinton St., about 10 minutes walk from the centre of the city containing 8 rooms, bath and all modern improvements, which sold for £370.

Belfast is, indeed, in a hopeless condition, and we, Dublin citizens, though conditions are not perhaps as good as they might be, should certainly congratulate ourselves and thank our lucky stars we have not to contend with the hardships they in the North are subject to.

Our Boxing Tournament

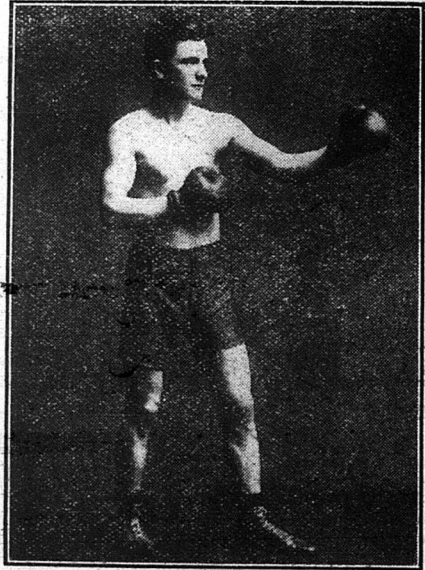
All arrangements have been completed for this show. The venue is the Round Room, Rotunda, at 2 o'clock, on Saturday, October 20th. Every boxing fan in Dublin County will be there. Anyone who has not secured his ticket had better get a move on and obtain a ticket immediately, because there is a terrible rush on tickets of every denomination, and non-ticket holders will stand a very small chance of seeing the show. The announcement posters are over the city, and they contain the full programme, but for the benefit of our reader we will repeat it here with our comments on each item.

The star fight will be a 15 rounds bout between Willie Gilmore who won the light-weight title from Sergt. Moloney some weeks ago, and Battling Brannigan of Waterford. Gilmore, who is a Belfast lad,

will need all his strength and youth to overcome Dwyer's ringcraft and experience.

Dave McDonagh has an idea that he is a better man than Jim Murphy, so to solve the question we're letting them try 6 rounds. The title Trainer's Champion will be at stake. Dave McDonagh is the ex-bantam-weight champion and Jim Murphy is the ex-feather-weight champion, so there will be skill as well as wisdom in the encounter.

Tommy Robertson will next oppose Tommy Fulham in a 6 round contest. Then comes Skinner Daly, who promises to be as good a man as his father Cocker Daly. He will fight Joe Mooney over 6 rounds. The next fight will be a 6 round contest between Jack Young of Dublin and Jack Richardson of Dublin, and the last fight will be also a 6 round affair. Jack Delaney and Billy Hodgins will be the participants.



BATTLING BRANNIGAN.

will manfully uphold the reputation of the Red Hand, while Brannigan, who is one of the most promising lads in Ireland, will do his best to put his foot on the old hand. Betting is keen and excitement runs high.

The next fight will be 10 rounds between Peter Cullen, who stayed 10 rounds with Jimmy Wilde and Eddie Quinn of Dublin. Our money will be on Cullen to win on points.

Now comes a cruiser-weight fight of 10 rounds in which Jack Bolland of Dublin will oppose Mick Dowling, also of the Metropolis. Opinion is evenly divided over this fight, so we won't venture a forecast.

We'll next see an old favourite stage his come back. Frankie Dwyer, ex light-weight champion, will try out his talents on Young McDermot in a 10 round fight. Young McDermot is a hefty young

As referee we will have Jim Young, undefeated and unchallenged middle-weight champion.

Jim Murphy will attend to the gong and clock. Jim Larkin is Master of Ceremonies, and Jack Kavanagh acts as whip.

Doors open at 2 o'clock and the first contest starts a half an hour later.

Prices of Admission will be 1/- 2/-, 5/-, and 10/- ringside.

Young Miller, Jack O'Brien, Young Doran and Young Dodrell are sorry that they are unable to place their services at the disposal of the Committee owing to the notification coming too late. However willing they may be, and they are willing, they find it impossible to appear at this show.

"THE FRAUD"

(Continued from page 5.)

the window. It rests for a moment on the thin white face. The Happy Young Man comes whistling up the stairs. A little smile plays for a moment in the brown eyes, a little sigh escapes the parted lips.

The beam wanders away. The girl in the bed stirs no more. Life has fled on the sun-beam.

Along the whitewashed wall of the cell the shadows of the bars on the window lengthen. A parting ray of sunlight breaks through the dimming light, tinting the wall red-gold. The man looks up from his task. Two brown eyes smile at him from the sun-beam, he half-starts to his feet, then drops his head on his hands.

Ó'n sclúid.

Áiríuín na b'feadh mbeoig - Dúnpur 7 a bunadó.

Siolraí Dúnpur ó Fómhorac ar taobh árána úd. Siúaróeac a hí maíatár. Lean Saipia de'n éine fin Cínel. Scuip ar g'árainn... Dúnpur 7 a bunadó.

Áiríuín na b'feadh mbeoig - Dúnpur 7 a bunadó. Áiríuín na b'feadh mbeoig...

dub-burde as gabáil reitibe ar aon nro tuacmáir a táinig na t'p'ró. Cuipreasar fáca 'ra' típ, ac níor leigeadar aon duine eite na méars...

Dúnpur fácaé gárta 'cuite fórt map fin a tuáipne, 7 níor céac teanga aram uáir. Úpáoi a mol to cáiphe Cinn Carr na g'iolla ar ocúir é. Cúg Dúnpur faoi veapá, 7 é 'na gáruipín, an cómaca a hí as na 'Opaioitib' 'ra' típ agur pinne...

(Ni Cluic.)

Círiúid.

"Nuair a g'laod éirí ómra," arfan t'-opáoi ó áp'óan, "cuata mé an g'laod. 'Ó páigáir' cuite fórt mo díaró, 7 t'p'atall éim fóirúgne uipéi."

amáin i p'ráoi iapúeáca cáipac, ar f'p'earáir an t'-opáoi, "Docc a hí mé, ac táinig éugam an g'laod fin írceá é."

ac cúg beipit nó típúir naé n'oeapna cáda, ac 'na fearam ar a léatár fin, faoi veapá gur feinn an t'-opáoi p'opt eicint eite láiréac bonn.

Óp'adacáir.

Tuáipín te mí ó fóm, úrád fear annro i mbaite léa Cluac ruar 50 óci mapáad na b'p'acá, 7 ceannúig leac-céad meóccan fácaí ar úó ír tírúín. Fuair, na teannica fin, ócc meall déas cabáirce ar f'gillín, agur fé meall cóitire nó bílá cabáirce ar f'gillín eite.

"Cé méad a cíoc na fácaí ágac." "G'gillín ír tírúín," arfan bean.

"Ágac an cabáirce?" "Tí pígne an meall." "Ágac an cóitir?" "Sé pígne an ceann. Cé an cáiphe a hí as an p'ropadóir?"

An g'aebealtac.

Ír íomda píge ír feipé a ceapadó, ó cuipreac Connrao na Saebítige ar bun ar ocúir, le cúir na ceangán a túidait un cinn 'ra n'-g'aebealtac, ac cáipreac a somáil s'p'írlí ar fáil aon ceann ac aon meap a cúir i g'eopóitib na n'oeamne a cónnúigear ím na ceannacáicáb fin, ar n'-g'aebealtac, reácar map hí, pul toipúgeac ar an arbeoócaim éor ar bit. Ni aontócáir leir an méro reo éuar, tá a p'rop ágáim - ír maite le na lán veic a p'íop'éicéid 50 b'p'urtim a 'vul ar ágató-ac ír cumá é, ní p'éioir an f'ipinne a céite 7 ní aon máte g'níop ré veic gá féanáó.

B'p'íp'ín ann, mapá b'p'ulro ann p'óp, a'v'eipéac 50 mbáó lea Saebítigeomí na g'ceannacáir fin ba cíonncac, naé paib aon p'p'ioicac ac aon íonncac, 50 mbáó mílleac an fonn a bíod óp'eá veic a b'p'íop'éacac te'm'a g'cuoir clann, 7 map fin. So maon ír 50 míme a cuatac map na f'p'eaóca fin, ac níor t'ugamár aon topad óp'eá, map gur c'p'ero-eamap féim 50 mbáó i an cón'caca a cúir luéac arbeoóca na Saebítige óp'eá, i o'p'ac báire, ba mó ba t'p'icacáir faoi 'n' neamf'p'íme-eamlaic fin ba léir i g'eomúirí.

Togad Baile léa Cluac na p'íom-cacáir ar obair arbeoóca na ceangán i leabardó baite ar imeall na Saebéaltaca-baite a mbéao an Saebítige te c'p'íocáil cáip 'na g'naé-cteanáim ann. Déapáir b'féioir 50 mbáó é an pác ar togáó bílá Cluac cábla é 'na p'íom-cacáir ar an típ reo 7 g'upáb ann a hí áp'o o'p'ig gac aon Cumann eite. Níodó imáim obair d'áon Cumann, ám'éac 7 do Cumann te n'-g'ató ceanga d'arbeoócaim. 'Dá g'p'íop-

éac't dá t'óceítí do labaité na ceangán faoi na mbéao cíupam arbeoóca na b'v'eap'í é. Dá Baile léa Cluac n'p'áoa ó'n n'g'aebealtacé, agur níor léir do muintic na g'ceannacáir fin an g'luaríeacé. Tábla gur t'op'úgeac 'ra' t'p'íge c'p'íocáilte ní p'éioir aoní, ír t'óig, ac'f'ugad a déanam. Leantac ve up'oc nó' com' olúe fin gur t'óitig an obair do duine ná do óp'eam ar bíe eipé ar.

Stige 7 píge maite te muintic na g'aebealtaca a b'p'op'ugac éim' p'umie 'ra' ceangam cíopamail, dá n'v'eac'nao p'áip'ear p'eac't'f'ameamail ac a p'oil'p'ugac 7 g'ceann eicint ve na báitib beaga cáip ar p'uo na g'ceannacáir n'g'aebealtac, 7 50 mbéao 'ra' b'p'áip'ear fin tuáipín faoi gac uile fórt nro, beo ar píudat 'ran áic-mapáad, aonac, t'óit 7 ceannac; obair ír cáiteam-áim'p'ie, p'apáal na n'oeamne a n'ocugac 7 a p'oil'p'ugac, fin agur luéac an p'áip'ear a cáip'ugac loo i n'gae uile beatac a v'p'eo'p'arbe. 'Dá mbáó agáime a veáo aip'geac c'p'um'p'ir g'leac beag cl'ó'ó'í'p'eaeca ar bun i mbaite veas, ar nó' líacatár áp'o agur uató fin d'ob'p'eo-cáim'p'ir leir an n'g'aebealtac a arbeoócaim 'ra' n'g'aebealtacé.

D'ím píge te maiteac a déanam ac tá beataig eite ann. T'p'ac ar fáil Maon'p'eaclann reab' ar é'ip'ínn c'p'ir g'áim-p'eóite cáip gur'p'óit'í te aon g'aebealtac, a víb'p'geac te fóir'p'ieac na n'oeamín, éacac abáile áip'ie, 7 a p'opáal a cáiteam in a típ féim. Tábla éire paop aoní, map tá pá'óite, cé an éiall, naé n'oeam'p'arbe na Saebítigeomí, a mb'éigean t'óib im'éacé ó baite le baite a déanam t'óib féim i Meip'ócá, i Sa'p'anna, 7 i v'c'p'ó'p'ac nae íad, a túidait ar áir 50 n'-é'ip'ínn áip'ir. Obair R'íagat'ar an obair reo agur dá mbéao R'íagat'ar Saebéaltac i péim 'ra' típ b'é ar v'-t'udáim 50 n'oeam'p'arbe íap'p'ac' buatao faoi an n'g'no p'ó.

M'ím áim'p'ear ar bit agáim, naé b'p'ul éim' maite óame ann faoi léatár, a b'p'ul baite acá leir an R'íagat'ar reo ar bun aoní, ar mian leo obair a déanam ar fon na ceangán 7 i p'eaola c'inn c'inn ar gac píge. 'Dá n'oeam'p'ar fin an éip'e reo faoi áit-t'udáir na n'g'aebealtac ar áir 50 óci na v'-t'p'í féim a b'p'úgac 'un c'inn b'p'úip'íop' an buite a b'p'ear a buatao a'p'm' ar fon na ceangán 7 ar fon Saebéaltacáir.

Ír íomda 'rean' vean'-g'aebealtac paol léatár i Meip'ócá táip, ar mian léite uais p'ágal i n'é'ip'ín, 7 ír íomda ó'ig-f'eap luac léit'p'ir ar b'p'ear leir Saebítige a labaité i n'é'ip'ín ná veic ág-eap'aróeac te áp'p'ó cáll.

Ch'p'adacá, Dúiréanta Saebítige agur eite.

Tábla/pinne i mbun na Saebítige 'ra' b'p'áip'ear reo, cuipreac a-lán c'ep'ceanna op'áim ó am go n'am, ac an áit, nó cé an é'p'aró, nó cé an b'urdeán ír o'p'eam'p'arbe do párcí-b'uaicallí 7 cáitíní-acá v'e'p'í'p'í'p'ó a f'p'áicte. A lán de na Saot'p'acé faoi léatár, 7 ír maite leo Saebítigé agá na g'ceoinn, 7 so mbeoí'p' in ann an t'p'anga a labaité. N'í feicim'io aon cúir cao cúise naé b'p'ua'p'p'ígeann luéac Sc'p'ic'ra na g'p'ac'p'ó, 7 na m'burdeán, na p'ang-anna ím' an b'p'áip'ear reo nó i b'p'áip'ear map é. Táinig t'p'úgac

(Leanfaí ve ar 3).

VOLUNTARY LEVY.

Table with columns: New Issue, Collector, £ s. d., £ s. d. Lists names and amounts for various collectors like Dunne and Kelly, Crowley, McMahon, etc.

Table with columns: £ s. d., £ s. d. Lists names and amounts for various firms and individuals like J. Moore, Houlihan and Kelly, P. Hedherman, etc.

STOP PRESS. We have just heard that Jack Bollard has been ordered by his medical adviser to give up all strenuous exercises... A CONCERT in aid of the above purpose will be held in the MANSION HOUSE... HELP THE WOMEN & CHILDREN of the Men Interned... THE IRISH WORKER... Gaelic Press National Printers and Publishers... 21 Upr. Liffey St., Dublin

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AN T-OIBRIÖE ZAOÖLAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1923

ONE PENNY

FREE STATE STRIKE-BREAKERS

Last week we wrote of the great betrayal outlining the processes of thought, speech and action of those seen and unseen forces that have conspired together for the enslavement of the Irish Working Class. We put these creatures in their several categories—Finance Capitalists, Governmental Officials, and Trade Union Officials. We detail the further developments. July 28th, we prophesied what the course of action to be followed by these three elements in the conspiracy would be. Every step we outlined has been followed in the order and time we stated. This Government, greatly daring, have now shown, in manner unmistakable, that they are the most reactionary, anti labour government in Western Europe. Not only have they gaoled men without law or warrant for daring to express the resentment of the workers against conditions sought to be imposed on them. They have gone further than any government in actively assisting the powerful masonic groups that control the Banking and Industrial—finance—activities and agencies in this country. England in her most blatant and reactionary periods never dared to affront her subjects, not even in India, as this so-called democratic Free State oligarchy that calls itself a government. Some eleven weeks ago one of the assistants to the Ministry of Industry and Commerce—Mr. Campbell, son of Lord Glenavy—dared to do a thing that no mediator, no labour conciliator ever dared to do when the British Government functioned here, directly after the break-down of the conference between the workers and employers, he suggested we accept one shilling a day reduction.

Within the past week the President of the Free State Government publishes Mr. Campbell's suggestion as his own proposal as a basis of a settlement. And the President goes further—he suggests that on the resumption of work a commission of enquiry be set up on the basis and within the scope of an English Act of Parliament, passed in 1919. A Free State! A Free People governed and tyrannised over by legal and illegal forces of armed men. Every force of the Government is used to assist the employers to force conditions on a body of men who gave unlimited and unpaid service to the revolutionary movement that resulted in placing the same government officials in places of power and high emolument. When the Black and Tans were masquerading as a government force in this area, no men dared as much as the dockers, carters, sailors and firemen of this port. Many of the men who are now abusing the processes of government, and many other prominent revolutionary leaders, living and dead, had to thank these men for services that could not be paid for. Much of the ammunition and machinery

of warfare was conveyed and handled by these workers in defiance of the then hired assassins. Every hour of their lives during the Black and Tan regime these quay workers were subjected to all forms of terrorism. They gave service at any and every hour—and without pay—while Mr. Barry and his Masonic confreres were assisting to the limit of their power the Greenwood, French, Maxwell, Black and Tan regime for which service Mr. Barry and his fellow conspirators were well paid and received recognition from the British Government. Now the sailors, firemen, dockers and carters of the ports in the Free State—with special application to Dublin—get their reward and recognition from the Free State Government.

The Civic Guard, who are so amenable to direction in many parts of the country, C.I.D., D.M.P., by order of the ex-British Army officer Murphy, armed men supposed to be a volunteer army—are ordered out to overawe, and if necessary by force of gun and bayonet, protect the hired gunmen to ship cattle—and so assist to break the strike of these dock workers. Well, we hope the lesson is well received and accepted by the men who for the past nineteen weeks have so valiantly and loyally withstood the concerted attack of the Employers Federation of this country, the Shipping Federation of London, and its tools of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, the loyal (?) honest (?) intelligent red flag leaders of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, who at the psychological moment, as they thought, heard their master's voice and declared the dispute settled.

The workers of this country now can understand the meaning of the word Freedom—and its connotations. It means, brother, Freedom for the Barrys, Hewats, etc., to force you to work at the wages they fix and under the conditions they lay down—and if you don't agree to accept them, Mr. Barry's—Hewat's government will bring in the hired patriots to compel you to submit, and these two forces, plus the gaul and the bayonet, not sufficing, Mr. Barry has still the same honest Union Leaders to fall back on. We are glad this manifestation of open naked, unashamed treachery of Union Leaders (moryah!) has been made plain to all workers affected. Every Union man or woman who associates with these gentlemen of the Transport Executive (by injunction) label themselves—they are in the same category—Strike Breakers. So we have three in one—one in three—Employers' Federation—Labour Leaders—Government Officials—the organised Strike Breakers!

But the end is not yet and the dispute is not settled.

8,000 Men, 90 Women on Death or Liberty Strike. DOCKS, SHIPS, FACTORIES, SHOPS, STILL WORKING

CHAPTER ONE.

The first chapter in the economic struggle has been written by Cosgrave. We hope our readers will live to read the last chapter. Many people at home and abroad have been discussing, with more or less heat, whether Ireland was in the Empire or out. We now know where the workers are who are fortunate (?) enough to be domiciled in the area of Ireland known as the Twenty-Six Counties, thanks to the

Lord Protector of the Employers' Federation, President Cosgrave (of the Slave State). Heredity and environment will always express itself no matter what conditions of life the ego moves in. The slave half free is always the most unscrupulous tyrant. Mr. Cosgrave and his Cabinet, military advisers, and the real masters—the finance capitalists—are congratulating themselves. "He who laughs last laughs best."

HUNGER STRIKE : WORKERS' RALLY
O'CONNELL STREET, SUNDAY, One o'clock.
Council of Action : JIM LARKIN and P. T. DALY. **LABOUR T.D.'S AND UNION OFFICIALS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO ATTEND**

Canadian News.

BEGGED FOR FOOD.

Harvesters' 18-Hours-Day for 1½ Dollars.

TRAMP OF 55 MILES.

"Because after a time I refused to do harvesting work for a dollar and a half a day, from five in the morning until eight at night, the farmer put me out at 11 o'clock, and in pitch darkness I had to walk 15 miles to a pal.

"I was so downhearted that I burst out crying at the injustice of it all. Here I was in a strange country, with practically no money.

"I have seen men weeping at their plight, men who had broken up their homes to get away with the harvesters' party, only to find it was all a hoax. I am now confined to my home suffering from the effects of the privation I had to undergo."

Dead-beat.

Such were the bitter experiences of a young Scotsman named William Dow, as he described them at his home in Bridge-street, Alexandria, Vale of Leven.

He left with the Canadian harvesters' party two months ago, and now that he is back again he has told his sorrowful story as a warning to others.

As some of the party had to buy their own food until they got a job, their money soon ran out.

Dow's pal was another young man named James Guthrie, also of Vale of Leven, and they travelled to a place called Kanspac. Here, about 140 miles from Winnipeg, they each got a job 15 miles from one another.

At first the pay was 3½ dollars a day, but latterly the farmer reduced it to 1½. Dow knew of men who had to work from four in the morning till about ten at night. His own work was so hard that he was absolutely "dead-beat."

Slept beside a Haystack.

When he set out and reached his pal he got a few days' work at the same place.

The farmer ultimately sacked both of them, however, saying that they had not sufficient experience and that he could get cheaper labour. That, despite the fact that they had never worked so hard in their lives.

They had to walk some 55½ miles to the nearest town. They had no money, and had to beg their bread at the various farmhouses along the route. At some they were well received, whilst at others they got nothing but rebuffs. They slept in barns or beside some sheltered haystack by the way.

Dow also says they were treated badly at the emigration halls at Montreal and Winnipeg, and they had to sleep for two nights in railway carriages at Kanspac Station, as they had no money for lodgings.

A Partick man employed at the station gave them food, and took pity on the youngest member of the party, a lad named George M'Adam, from Alexandria, Vale of Leven, and managed to get him a job there.

Indians were working on the farms for a dollar a day, and because Dow and Guthrie refused to work for that small sum they were thrown out.

Blackleg Labour!

Dow further says it was expected

by some people that there would be a strike on the railway and that the harvesting party might provide the blackleg labour.

When he left the cold was 10 degrees below zero, and there were many thousands idle in Canada. He also states that there were many men and women in Canada wishing they were back again in the old country, but they had not the wherewithal to get across.

Never again, he says, would he be tempted by appeals for emigrants. He has had enough with his short stay in Canada to last him a lifetime.

Dow also makes the amazing statement that some of the farmers paid the harvesters with cheques which were dishonoured, as the farmers had no money in the bank.

Men who had left good jobs in Britain were even more bitter than he himself was, and many were the nasty things said of those who had sent them across the seas. He himself had to be attended by the ship's doctor while coming home, and his condition is still far from normal.

THE CLIFFS OF LARRIBAN.

With youth as guide,
With passion for a toy,
There came unto thy cliffs, Oh
Larriban!
A dreamy eyed,
A gypsy loving boy,
And heard the rumble of a caravan.

The seagulls cried
Above him in their joy,
Thine air was fresh and pure, Oh,
Larriban!
The music of the tide
Could not alloy,
The music of the distant caravan.

The tears have dried
But time cannot destroy,
With lonely wanderings in a caravan,
The music of the tide,
The gulls enjoy,
That circle o'er thy cliffs, Oh,
Larriban!

JAMES MACALPINE.

36 ROUBLES.

They had 36 roubles among them. It was their total wealth, the end of their resources. Some kind-hearted Americans had taken pity on their wretchedness and paid their passage from Constantinople to New York. Now they were landed.

They were in the land of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Their troubles were over, they had arrived at the haven of peace. Eleven princes, twelve princesses, six barons, eight baronesses and two counts, all looking for work, and they had only 36 roubles. They had left Russia because the people in that country are of the opinion that even princes and princesses should do something for the grub they eat and the clothes they wear. So they came to America hoping to be able to escape the epidemic of work and industry that is sweeping through Russia. But alas, they find America is the same as Russia, no pity for them, no more government grants to help them to upkeep their retinues of servants, their hunting lodges and their yachts. Now they are really going to look for work. In the meanwhile they have 36 roubles to live on till they find work. Just enough paper to light the fire. Pity them, ye toilers.

Terror Campaign

WAGED IN ITALY BY THE FASCISTI.

(The following lines are taken from the Italian press. Little of it ever reaches this country through the correspondents.)

Labor Headquarters Captured.

The Chamber of Labor in Como has been "confiscated" by the black-shirt unions for their own use, after ousting the regular unions. The action is being bitterly protested by labor leaders who were active in the building and maintenance of the Chamber of Labor for many years.

Currency Depreciates under Fascism.

The actual buying power of the Italian lire has decreased. This is the real answer to the Fascista claim that the money has been better since Mussolini seized control. The New York Times (August 20) carries this item:

"Wholesale prices in Italy have increased during the past year, according to index numbers compiled by the Chamber of Commerce of Milan. In June, 1922, taking average prices for 1913 as 100, the general index stood at 504.48, and in June, 1923, it had risen from 556.44 to 653.91. Minerals and metals and produce which have for a long time been at high levels show a further increase."

Press at Odds with Fascist Premier.

Mussolini has been forced to issue a new warning to the press of the country against printing news which reflects on the Fascisti. The new warning comes after the affair at Molinella, near Bologna, where the people—headed by the women of the town—attacked Fascista headquarters and devastated it. The newspapers indirectly hinted at the truth of the popular state of mind in telling the story.

The new warning, of course, is an open admission that the press has not obeyed the first orders. It is interesting to note that his fire is directed against comparatively conservative sheets. The warning appears in "Popolo d'Italia," which is the Premier's personal organ.

Fascista Vengeance.

Six Fastisti from the town of Pacentro were recently sentenced to two years imprisonment for criminal acts. The "Voce Republicana," an authoritative Italian daily, recounts the sequel to this trial.

It appears that an example was to be made of the witnesses who dared to testify against these six. Systematic persecution of their families, especially the women-folks, was undertaken, reaching a climax in the outrage of a young sister of one of the witnesses.

The two men who inflicted the heroic Fascista vengeance are under arrest, but their friends are at large, terrorizing citizens of the town.

The Clericals Clash with Fascisti.

While ostensibly there is a certain amount of collaboration between the Fascista government and the Populists (Clerical Party), the rank and file of both parties are constantly clashing. The clerical paper, "Ordine," in the city of Como was invaded and destroyed by local "blackshirts." It was edited by

Four-hour Day Coming

WITHIN NEXT CENTURY, SAYS ELECTRIC WIZARD.

The age of electricity is dawning and within the next 100 years a four-hour work day will be as universal as the eight hours of to-day, says Charles P. Steinmetz, the famous electrical expert of Schenectady, N.Y., who sees a world collectively organised and spotless cities where everything is run by electric power at small cost.

"There will be no back-breaking drudgery," he claims. "Workers will work but four hours a day and only 200 days a year. Electricity will be as common as running water and at the service of the most humble. Millions who now live in cities will spend the major portion of their lives in suburban areas or rural sections.

"We are on the threshold of an age greater in its significance to the mass of humanity than even the hundred years through which we have passed, miraculous as the fruits of those years may seem to have been."

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

By Arthur Hugh Clough.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not be eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

A LEAD FOR DUBLIN.

This week at Grimsby G. H. Brown of Laceby was fined £40 for adulterating milk. Dublin's magistrates never plucked up enough courage to impose a fine higher than £5. Evidently infant life possesses a higher valuation in Grimsby than in Dublin.

(Continued from previous column)

Deputy Stefano Jacini, who it appears had disagreed with Mussolini in a political controversy.

Jacini sent a vigorous protest to Mussolini, eliciting a reply that reveals that the Fascisti acted with the Premier's knowledge and consent.

In Campoligure, near Genoa, many were wounded in a bloody fight between Fascisti and Clericals. The "blackshirts" attacked a funeral procession for a war hero because the arrangements had been made by Clericals.

Ireland's Next War

"With desolation is the whole earth laid desolate, because there is no man who thinks in his heart."—DANIEL.

When in three short articles which appeared in previous issues of the "Irish Worker" I penned a few notes culled principally from the London Press and referring to international affairs, I imagined all the while that I could hear the voices of certain Irish readers saying, each one: Why should an Irish paper concern itself with movements and events in foreign countries? As an Irishman, I think of Ireland first, last and all the time. Let us look to ourselves alone, and waive consideration of things Imperial and of matters international.

Now, there are other Irishmen who do not believe that the Irish people is best served by those who ignore human affairs outside of Ireland. There are many who see that each little development "within the four seas of Fodhla" is but part of the evolution of human society, who know that Irish history for over 1,000 years has been merely part of the history of the world, and that study of external politics provides useful lessons for the devotee of Irish liberty. They assert further that the progress of our own race is, and will be influenced by foreign affairs, that the dawn of Freedom in one country hastens its advent in another, and that international co-operation of all rebelling against the existing social iniquities must be mutually advantageous.

In support of this viewpoint I shall attempt to shew that international conditions will inevitably bring forth another Great War, or, mayhap, a series of wars, and that there is a danger of our people being thrust into the vortex.

In regard to matters public, logical thought is rare, thought of any kind is exceptional. So long as public opinion is systematically moulded, shaped and guided through the control which the wealthy classes have over the sources of information, education, and amusement by virtue, directly or indirectly, of their riches, so long will this remain the case. But when independent thought is exercised, we trace all outstanding social phenomena to causes which are intimately connected with the way in which society is organised; and in the course of our examination we discover that war, unemployment, tuberculosis, low standards of working-class life, betrayal of legitimate aspirations, all are explained as results of that private property system called Capitalism.

Now the basis of capitalism is private profit. Study the bee-hive and see the bees coming together, all doing a share of the work needed to supply the common needs. Study the human race, in Europe outside of Russia and the Ukraine, and you see men, whose ancestors combined once in clans or communities for the same reason as the bees combine in the hive. You observe that society is organized so that each man may exploit his neighbour's need. Public hospitals do not furnish profits, therefore they are bankrupt. Factories designed to manufacture substitutes for natural foods, such as cause those hospitals to be filled, are, on the other hand, extending their premises.

In order that this system may operate, there has evolved, by a process familiar to the readers of historical and sociological works written by such as Connolly, a division of society into the stratum of the owning class and that of the exploited class, with a small minority intervening. The owning class is numerically small, the exploited class vast in numbers, and yet the great bulk of the wealth, including the means of producing wealth, is said to be "owned" by the few.

Of the general nature of capitalism, it would be irrelevant to write here. But it is essential to explain that all real power, nationally and internationally, lies in the hands of the wealthy classes. This is because, by a process of elimination due to competition and combination, the right to an overwhelming preponderance of the produce of this and past generations has become vested in an ever-diminishing number of persons. Because our whole society is based on money, those who control money can control everything, from a worker to a Government. Money power gives supremacy over education, ownership of the press, cinema, and even, sad to say, an influence over some of the pulpits. Hitherto this supremacy has meant also a veiled manipulation of the state and all its machinery, so that every government in Europe, except the two Workers' Republics, is simply an agent of the wealthy, who thus become not simply the owning, but also the governing classes. Whenever, by constitutional means, the workers have overcome almost insuperable obstacles and secured an effective proportion of the representation, the legislature has been promptly seized by the armed forces of the ruling classes. The "Irish Worker" of 6/10/23 illustrates this both in the case of Saxony and in that of Italy.

Thus Governments are the instruments of the possessing classes. Should this reasoning fail to convince the reader, let him or her write to this journal and I should be pleased to give him proofs drawn from recent history and prevailing conditions.

Now, in the domain of production and trade, i.e., what we call the economic sphere, competition to secure raw materials, cheap labour, and buyers, as well as soldiers for the armies of the Capitalists' and Landowners' State becomes worldwide. Science having enabled man to span the world, capitalist society enables the wealthy to exploit its numberless inhabitants. The capitalist class of each country struggles one against the other for the sake of its profits. Under modern conditions none of the great rulers of industry can afford to refuse the fight. The national effects of this strife are seen in bankruptcies, the international outcome is ultimately War.

That wars are due to the prejudices or jealousies of the peoples of the contending States, or that they are waged in order to benefit one people by the defeat of another are false beliefs. Undoubtedly, such jealousies, prejudices and hopes of gain are spread abroad amongst the masses, in order to induce them to undertake responsibility for the prosecution of wars. There are some who still declare quite seriously that the Great War of the last decade had its origin in the killing of an Arch-Duke at Serajevo! Imagine that

some scores of millions of wage-slaves spent four years in trying to kill one another, that myriads were slain, and the social, economic, and political fabric of all Europe radically disorganised, merely by reason of the assassination of a man and his wife in Bosnia over six weeks before the slaughter commenced!

When the great struggle began, I was a school-boy, and I well remember being taught a song, a patriotic song, a hymn of hate against the Germans. One verse ran:—

"... and if indeed ye wish for peace,
Be ready for the battle!
To fight the battle of the world,
Of Progress and Humanity,
In spite of his eight million lies,
And bastard Christianity."
It called the "Huns"
"nine hundred thousand slaves
in arms."

Later I found that Tennyson wrote these words some twenty years before, and that the song was then used to excite blind passion against the French, who were on the verge of making war against the Empire! So that the same old tale served first when the French were likely to become foes, and later against the oppressors of poor little Belgium, with the French "our gallant Allies."

Behind every international dispute, Corfu, Tangier, the Ruhr, Irish Independence, Mexico, Pekin, is the grasping hand of financial or industrial capitalism.

The break-up of the system tends to increase the intensity of the rivalry. When the war ended, the capitalist had to devise means of paying for the war waste—of employing the surplus millions from the fighting forces. He sought to economise by reducing wages. The discharged soldier, by crowding into the "Labour Market," gave the capitalist the necessary army of unemployed required to reduce the wages of those in work. So wages fell. Corrupt Union leaders helped the scheme. But wages are purchasing power. With less power to buy, the worker could consume fewer products. So that sales went down. Hence less output was needed, and more workers discharged or put on short time. This, by a steadily continuing process, meant more unemployment, less purchasing power in the masses and lower standards of life. For the bulk of the goods produced by labour are normally purchased by the workers, and when the workers reduce their purchases, the machine commences to break up. So that the only way capitalism can save itself is by permitting the workers to have a greater purchasing power. But that can only be practically done by agreement between all the capitalists in each country and everywhere. Competition and war debt have brought some concerns so near ruin that they could not afford to do this, and the others, obviously, would not make a sacrifice for the common good, for the simple reason that businesses are conducted for profit.

Hence they are driven to seek cheaper labour, cheaper materials, and the wherewithal to finance themselves at the expense of their beaten foes. There is no way out, the crash must come, but before it comes it is certain that new wars will be commenced at the instigation of the desperate chiefs of the World of Money.

Sooner or later will the British Empire become involved, and an appeal for aid will be sent from Downing Street to every one of the British Commonwealths. It would be difficult to forecast what will be the respective answers, but it is safe to assert that the principal determinative factors in each case will be the strength of the economic bond between the possessing classes of each Dominion and the Banks and Exchanges of Britain. Those countries or provinces having a capitalist class which has got a vested interest in Britain of sufficient magnitude will find their governments inclined to fulfil their obligations to the "Mother Country."

Other Dominions will discover their governments averse to participation in the aught. In Canada, for instance, 56% of capital is owned by Canadians, 9% is British, and 34% is invested from the U.S.A., according to the Canadian Dept. of Commerce Report, 1918. Since that year the percentage of U.S.A. money in Canada has been materially augmented. Between 1919 and 1922 the Canadians borrowed 270 million dollars from the U.S.A. By recitation of other facts it could easily be shown that the struggle for power in Canada has been, since the war, between native and U.S.A. capitalists neither section being desirous of London's domination. The Government of Canada has appointed its own representatives independent of Whitehall, and, during the Chanak crisis this year, it deferred answering the note from London asking for aid in the event of a war with Turkey! Should England fight the U.S.A., Canada will not be reliable; should she fight France, I see no more likelihood of support, because, apart from economic factors, we must remember that one third of her people are French in language and traditions!

As for Australia, there Conscription was refused even in 1917, in consequence of the resistance of the workers, led by Ryan and Archbishop Mannix.

One could show by detailed examination that the prospects of Imperial unity are diminishing, and the old order changing. But what of Ireland?

Now, provided that the present regime continues, it is certain that Ireland will become again "the one bright spot." Politically, Inisfail of the Bards has become two separate provinces of the Empire. In "Northern Ireland" the control of wealth lies in the hands of men and women who have investments both in Ireland and in Britain, and who really direct both the London and Belfast Parliaments. It is obvious that they will be, as always, the most rabid supporters of the Empire, and thus that Belfast and its 1/4 of a province will join the belligerents. This being so, the shores of Ireland will be open to the possibility of an invasion, even if the "Free" State remains neutral.

But can it do so, even if it would? The Treaty enacted that in the event of war the last strategic points on our coast should be utilized along with our home waters, by H. M. Fleet. We of Southern Ireland have no neutrality to lose! We remain pledged to help the English Navy, willy-nilly!

So much for the cant about "our"

(Continued on col. 1, page 5)

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

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Our Forefathers and their Descendants

There are very few people to-day who still remain in doubt that the present stage of human existence is generally on a higher scale than it was some 15,000 years ago, but judging from the latest discoveries it seems probable that the average man of that far distant age was the intellectual superior of the average man of to-day.

A fortnight ago three skeletons were found at Solutre, in France, which is already noted for the many interesting finds made there. The skeletons, which were complete, give a good idea of the physical and some of the mental characteristics of the men who lived on this old Earth 15,000 years ago.

The skeletons were of men between 20 and 30 years of age. Their stature was far beyond that of the men of to-day. The skulls are well developed but are lacking in length, showing an absence of imaginative powers, a faculty which is also greatly lacking in present day men. The nose is long and denotes a decided personality. The jaws have something of the Celt in them.

In the same grotto of Cromagnon at Solutre five skeletons have already been found. H. G. Wells, in his Outline of History, describes these Cromagnon men as follows:—"These Cromagnards were a tall people, with very broad faces, prominent noses, and, all things considered, astonishingly big brains. The brain capacity of the woman in the Cromagnon cave exceed that of the average male of to-day. Her head had been smashed by a heavy blow. There were also in the same cave with her the complete skeleton of an older man nearly six feet high; the fragments of a child's skeleton, and the skeletons of two young men. There were also flint implements and perforated sea shells, used no doubt as ornaments. Such is one sample of the earliest true men."

After reading these facts the question arises: "Is the human race as a whole deteriorating whilst only individuals are progressing?" It is a nice query and one that needs considered thought. If it is answered in the affirmative then the principles which this paper stands for get a bad knock, because it seems that the older the human race grows the lower its standard of average mentality sinks, and the more the great masses are obliged to rely on the brains of certain highly-developed individuals; or, to put it in a nut shell, the more pronounced becomes the theory of "Individualism," a theory which is supposed to be antagonistic to all that we of the working class believe

in and work for. Well, comparing mass with mass it is fairly obvious that the average Cromagnon man possessed a larger brain capacity—whether he possessed a higher mentality than his descendant of to-day is a question. If admitted, the decrease in brain power is not a lowering of the quality of the brain itself but a lessening of the usage of the brain cells. This decrease is mainly due to apathy and laziness. The brain matter is there, but the desire to use it is absent. This mental lassitude is not a natural devolution of the brain cells but an artificial disease which has been deliberately brought about and fostered by our so-called leaders in every walk of life, in every occupation and in every country under the sun during the last five centuries. They are to blame for the lowness in the mentality in the average man, they are the culprits who are responsible for the devolution of the race. But blaming them does not relieve the average man of his responsibility in the matter. He also must share the blame. It was his laziness, apathy and general all-round slackness that gave these other gentlemen the requisite opportunity to get their strangle hold on the mind of the human race.

Up to a few decades ago the average man had some excuse for allowing this state of affairs to continue, but now, when at least 80% of the men in the so-called civilized countries can read and when there are newspapers which are brought out for the purpose of elevating the human race, then the excuse ceases to be effective any longer. The least the "man in the street" might do to destroy the harm he willingly or unwillingly allowed to be done is to try by good decent reading to raise the tone of his own brain in some small degree. There is no need for him to become a Solomon or a Solon but at least he might attempt to get a true perspective on the events that are happening every day. The old excuse of "I didn't know" holds good no longer. If you do not know it means you do not want to know, and if you do not want to know then you deserve to remain as you are, a thing with a body and two legs, but lacking a mind or brain; a thing lower in the human scale than the men who lived a million years ago and swung out of the trees by their tails.

Remember the excuse is gone. The facilities are there. Use them.

FOR THE CAUSE.

Many the things that I longed to do,
Few are the things I have done;
Oh! for the things that I mean to do
Ere the set of the lowering sun!

Hopes disappointed and dreams unfulfilled,

These are the tests of my love!
Oh! what a victory if I'll be true
to thee,

Ev'ry temptation above!

EXILE.

NATIVE IRISH SPEAKER

Open to give tuitions to Gaelic Students. Day or Evening. Fluency in conversation guaranteed after a few months. Terms moderate. Apply Box 25 "IRISH WORKER."

Letters to the Editor.

Irish Republican Prisoners' Dependents' Fund.

Mansion House, Dublin.
22nd Oct., 1923.

Dear Mr. Larkin,

In the "Irish Times" to-day you are reported as having said yesterday, that you understood that only £1,000 had been contributed in Ireland to this Fund. I take it that your remark was based on my statement at the Ard Fheis. If that is so, you have misunderstood my statement, which was to the effect that only £1,000 had been raised in Ireland for the Central Fund.

This Central Fund supplies as far as possible the whole country, and the Local Committees endeavour to raise money for local distribution to supplement the amounts sent from the Central Fund. These amounts would not be included in the amount of £1,000 of which I spoke. It was money subscribed direct to the Central Fund for distribution all over Ireland. I may mention that the Dublin District Committee, like all other local committees, has raised funds to supplement this weekly grant from the Central Committee.

I enclose a copy of a letter which I have written to the "Irish Times" and I hope you may find it convenient to correct the impression conveyed by your remark yesterday as you will see that it would lead to confusion and complications if it were allowed to go without explanation.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

KATHLEEN BARRY,
(Gen. Sec.)

DUNDALK NOTE.

MR. JAMES LARKIN.

A Chara—I have only now been able to procure the terms of settlement for grain and coal workers here.

The rates previous to the dispute were as follows:—For cement, flour and coal, 1/4½ per ton for 11 men; for grain, 2/4 per ton for 11 men; for yardmen, 1/1½ per hour; for shoving waggons, 1/1½ per hour.

The new rates are as follows:—For cement, flour and coal, 1/4½ per ton for 11 men; for grain, 1/8 per ton for 15 men; for yardmen, 1/4½ per hour; for shoving waggons, 1/7½ per hour.

Men start work at 8 o'clock and finish at 7 o'clock p.m. Overtime 1/- per hour extra after 8 o'clock.

The Steampacket Coy. are still out, and a meeting of the A.T.G.W.U. (Dockers' Union) was held on Tuesday, 16th inst., to consider Cosgrave's proposals—Kelly presided and P. Hughes, T.D., was present.

O. Tuite proposed and P. Shields seconded that the Gov. proposals be accepted.

J. Hughes proposed and P. Carolan seconded that they take no action but agree to abide by the majority vote of all Ireland.

I understand that only the proposer and seconder voted for their respective proposals, but the chairman declared the meeting unanimously in favour of accepting the Government proposals.

I further understand that when some men stated they would transfer to the I.T.G.W.U., Kelly said if such a course were adopted he would have the boats stopped in Liverpool. The four boats of the Dundalk and

Newry Steampacket Co. are at present plying between Newry and Liverpool. The crews are on strike and other crews are manning the ships. The goods are handled at Newry and sent here by road or rail.

Hughes told me that he believes the majority of the men would transfer to I.T.G.W.U. if somebody would come down and talk to them.

I was talking to the Secretary of I.T.G.W.U. here re the prisoners but I could get no satisfaction from him. Of course he is one of the tools of the so-called Executive. Anyone to whom I have been speaking believe that if you came here you could have a very fine Public Meeting. Could you possibly come, and when? I will be going back to Dublin on Monday morning next.

A number of prisoners escaped from the jail here on Tuesday night last.

I enclose report of meeting of Dundalk Trades' Council held last Tuesday.

Please let me know as soon as convenient whether you can come here and I will try to make some arrangements.

CASE OF THE PRISONERS.

To the Editor,

"Irish Worker."

Sir,—The Irish people are coming to the conclusion that there is a definite understanding between Northern and Southern Ireland as to the position of the Irish prisoners on the Argenta in Larne Lough and those in British jails in the 26 counties. According to Press reports the tortures of the prisoners in each of these areas are similar in application and their treatment is such that it would seem there is a desire to let them die rather than release them. Republican arms are dumped since 28th May last and the country, so far as Republicans are concerned, is normal enough. Where occasional raids and shootings take place there will be found data for their origin. I make no suggestion in saying so. I do say, however, that the electorate of 281,544 who voted 44 staunch Republicans to the top of the poll at the General Election must interest themselves in immediate efforts to release our imprisoned Irishmen. On the men and women of the "Saints and Scholars" section is now thrown the onus of preventing a serious blot being registered on Irish civilization. They cannot invite force in that direction. They must go the brainy way by multiplying their meetings in town, city and country, every Sunday principally, and on week-days when necessary at the same time keeping headlines of their success daily before the people.

Remember, if the prisoners are lost to us, Ireland for a long number of years will be dead to what is noble and honourable of our unsullied race. Let no man wail over the series of strikes confronting. If strikes can save the lives of the prisoners, then we should strike in every trade, business, and occupation, every minute, hour and day, and ultimately the nation go on hunger strike. For none of us seem to put the proper price on the lives of our jailed. "Ireland from the sod to the sun" is their cry while we remain unheeding. Yours fraternally,

JOHN J. BOWLER.

Dublin,
8th October, 1923.

(Continued on col. 1, page 8)

IRELAND'S NEXT WAR

Continued from page 3)

power to sign treaties and act independently of Downing Street.

But the danger is even greater than this one, i.e., our becoming open to invasion or hostile activities on the part of the enemies of the English bourgeoisie and aristocrats. The probability is that the blood-tax resisted in 1917 will be imposed successfully this time; and the main reason for that is this:—that our economic life is becoming more and more bound up with that of the English Government class. Our Government owes money to Westminster and is likely to have to mortgage its revenues to English financiers, or to the Bank of England. English capital is coming in to exploit our resources.

Did you read of "Vickers, Ltd., Ireland"? Such concerns are economic ties, i.e., bread and butter and jam and caviare ties, binding the new Irish capitalists to the capitalists of the Empire.

I venture to predict that in due course our national finance will become controlled from London because of the indebtedness of the Free State to the London financiers, that our industries will become increasingly owned by English subjects, that shares in our Boss-Press will pass into English hands more than ever, and that because of these things our Government policy will swing more and more in harmony with the Empire's.

In 1901, Redmond and his Party dissociated themselves from the Coronation festivities, because they were pseudo-rebels. In 1914 Redmond, wrapping the Union Jack round his body, called for volunteers to defend Home Rule and the Empire.

Likewise with Mulcahy. In 1916 he bared his head at the Proclamation of the Republic. Yet in 1922 he swore fealty to the King of England and accepted office from the hands of H. M. representative in Ireland. When the time comes, if it comes, he will exhort his dupes to go forth to defend the "freedom" of the Irish State and the integrity of the Empire of which that State is a portion. He may even conclude his appeal by a quotation from Tone or Pearse!

And all this may happen because, whilst capitalism prevails and, as Pearse declared "the bodies and souls of men are exploited in the interests of wealth," money must rule, in Ireland as elsewhere!

Even in an independent Republic, provided that the money system described above is in being, there would remain the probability of veiled domination by foreign capital. Czecho-Slovakia is controlled by French capital, and Greece by money from Allied financiers, whilst Germany formerly supplied capital to Turkish enterprises and was thus able to drag Turkey into the Great War! Is it conceivable that in Ireland also the order of things would not be followed?

It is obviously inconceivable, and hence it follows that the sole alternative to foreign domination and consequent international entanglement is a Workers' Co-operative Republic for All Ireland, North and South, and that to achieve this we must organise deliberately to remove every vestige of the Imperial connection and to upset the owning class from

its stance upon our bended backs! It will not be the work of a moment, nor will the task be easy. But it is better to face the facts than to ignore them, to shape our destiny ourselves than to allow it to be moulded to our harm and shame by those who to-day own us in a great degree both in body and soul.

Remember, that during the Great War Ireland sacrificed some 60,000 men in the Empire's service, whereas, in the much deplored bloodshed of 1916, and from 1918 to 1921, not one-tenth of that number fell! Yet, had not the Citizen Army and Irish Volunteers risen in 1916, recruiting would undoubtedly have continued and Conscription been imposed, with a huge resultant addition to our casualties abroad! And had the Insurrection occurred in 1914, the 60,000 lives lost in Flanders, Gallipoli and Mesopotamia would have been saved and possibly our national independence won!

We are thus to choose between acquiescence in or opposition to the present political and economic systems.

Acquiescence involves (a) Wage-slavery and all its attendant circumstances as described elsewhere in, and in other issues of, this paper; and (b) the prospect, too awful to contemplate, of our nation mobilized for use by the Empire during the last of the wars which will mark the suicide of Capitalism.

Opposition would mean (a) A struggle full of hope in which "the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come," wherein the Irish people would be allied to the insurgent masses of every country of the world, who are even now commencing to break their chains; and (b) "The freedom, not of a class, but of a people," the vision of Pearse, of Connolly, of Blessed Thomas Moore, and of the Early Christians.

"Once to every man and nation Comes a moment to decide, In the strife 'twixt truth and falsehood

For the good or evil side." If you have read, understood, and agreed with the message poorly, inornately, but honestly delivered in this article, your moment has come to decide.

EXILE.

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' RELIEF FUND.

Paving Dept., Dublin Corporation, per J. Joyce and W. Monroe.—P. Byrne, 9d.; P. MacCormick, 1/-; Duncan, 6d.; P. MacKenna, 6d.; N. Hart, 1/-; Spud Murphy, 6d.; C. Kelly, 4d.; J. Lennon, 1/-; E. Fogarty, 6d.; Malone, 6d.; J. Lennon, 3d.; Norton, 1/-; C. Poole, 1/-; P. Duffy, 1/-; J. Hyland, 1/-; W. Kernan, 1/-; Bird, 1/-; P. Cogan, 1/-; C. Cullen, 1/-; M. Sexton, 1/-; Hopkins, 6d.; Kernan, 1/-; T. Sweetnam, 6d.; MacAdam, 6d.; D. Nunan, 6d.; M. Byrne, 1/-; J. Weir, 1/-; C. Tyrell, 1/-; Tyrell, 1/-; H. Kane, 1/-; O'Brien, 3d.; D. Mulcahy, 6d.; C. Brady, 1/-; Mrs. Carolan, 1/-; Tysdall, 1/-; J. Kelly, 1/-; J. Moran, 1/-.

Total, £1 9s. 1d.

Dublin Corporation, Clontarf, per D. MacDermot.—D. MacDermot, 1/-; B. Sheridan, 1/-; J. Masterson, 1/-; D. Blayney, 1/-; P. O'Brien, 1/-; J. Murphy, 1/-; C. Francis, 1/-; J. Keating, 1/-; H. MacKeogh, 1/-; J. Sheridan, 1/-; M. Byrne, 1/-; D. Clare, 1/-; P. Kavanagh, 1/-; W. Norton, 1/-; J. Mullin, 1/-; Total, £15/-.

In last week's list of the Paving Dept. Mrs. Carolan's name was given as Mrs. Lardner by mistake.

Grand total, £2 4s. 1d.

Previously acknowledged, £268 6s. 1d.

Total collected to date, £270 9s. 2d.

Nobody Wants this Hay Not satisfied with an Inch Cargo

Has Crossed the Ocean Twice and is Ordered to be Dumped Overboard.

After having crossed the Atlantic twice, a consignment of 740 bales of pressed hay on board a Montreal ship, must be taken out of this port once more and dumped into the Atlantic. The captain of the ship and the agents also hope they will be spared such an experience in future, and the mere mention to them of pressed hay is not considered to be funny.

The hay in question was loaded first at Montreal and taken to London but could not be unloaded there owing to the dockers' strike. The ship went over to Antwerp and unloaded the hay there, picking up a cargo at the same time for Montreal. On her return to Antwerp from Montreal the hay was still there, so the ship loaded it again and took it over to London.

It was there that the red tape wove a knot that tied the hay up for keeps. There being foot and mouth disease on the continent, the hay was refused admission to the United Kingdom on the ground that it had been in Antwerp and might be tainted. There was nothing for the captain to do but bring the hay back to Montreal.

On his arrival here Ottawa had something to say in the matter and Canadian red tape went one better. The hay cannot be landed here and the orders now stand that it must be dumped in mid-ocean. It cannot even be thrown into the river or the gulf. The Department of Agriculture has gone even further and the ship is now in process of fumigation, all in on the suspicion that the hay might have become tainted in Antwerp.

This hay has been a dead loss all round, having taken up more than its total value in cargo space for two voyages. The carriers are also out the cost of the hay and suffer from the delay caused in fumigating the ship. They may even have a damage suit against them by the shipper or consignee for non-delivery of goods. Meantime it is unsafe to talk about hay on the ship.

We sincerely hope that our brothers in Birkenhead, Glasgow, Manchester will deal with the scab cargo and the scabs on the scab ships loaded by the Free State Government.

Jettison them lads!

According to our latest wire from Canada another so-called Executive has been told where to get off. Mr. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, with the help of a Court decree prevented Dan Livingstone and James B. (Fighting Jim) MacLachlan from functioning in their proper capacities as Union officials. Now they have been fully restored to their former positions by another Court decree which nullifies the previous one held by Mr. Lewis. Now that he sees that even the capitalistic court could not stand by him any longer Mr. Lewis has very kindly intimated that he will not proceed with the action he had again these two men. Very kind of him, we're sure, perhaps we will see something similar in this town in a short time. Eh!

At Ennis Quarter Sessions Judge Bodkin, K.C., awarded a decree for £20, with £1 expenses, to Lord Inchiquin, Dromoland Castle, for the driving of 22 head of cattle off his land at Lemenagh.

This Free State patriot owns 30,000 acres of Irish land.

(It is a glorious victory! Inchiquin believes in the Free State.)

Thirty thousand acres for Inchiquin, a grave in Richmond Jail Yard for the men of 1916.

Well might Inchiquin shout Sinn Fein Awhan!

ORANGE BIGOTS' RESOLUTION!

The following resolution was passed at the monthly meeting of the Orange, Black, and Loyalist Defence Association (Woodvale and Falls Branch), October 17th 1923, by the electors of West Belfast and members:—

"That we, the members of the Woodvale and Falls Branch, strongly protest against the proposal in the Prime Minister's speech to pay £17,000 to the Free State Government in respect to maintenance of alleged refugees from Northern Ireland, and we consider that the passing of any such resolution would be an outrage on the Loyalists of both Northern and Southern Ireland, notwithstanding the vague suggestion that the Free State Government may or may not make a similar grant in respect of refugees from Southern Ireland, and we call upon our Parliamentary representatives to oppose and vote against any such resolution."

We suppose these lads—members of the Orange Black, or to be precise, Black Orange—call themselves Christians. We have the same breed down in the so-called Free State, only here they pretend to be patriots—Free State patriots—From all such creatures, Good Lord deliver us!

A COOLIE PRESIDENT.

CHINA'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Tsao Kun, born a coolie in Tientsin China when he grew to the normal position of his class, that of pushcart man, has been elected President of China. For an American rail splitter to become President of the United States is not astonishing, but for a coolie to become President of China may give us food for thought.

For a nation which has been socially stratified and ossified for countless centuries, the break-up of such social organization must be a seismic disturbance of no less potential importance than the physical earthquake which has shaken Japan. It may mean unlimited things for China. It speaks more highly for the capabilities of Tsao Kun than could any rise from obscurity to greatness for a free American. This coolie president has not only risen above his 400,000,000 fellows, but has risen against obstacles such as few other races have known.

We hope this coolie president will not order out troops, Chinese C.I.D., D.M.P., to overthrow the workers like the President of the Free State (Republic).

Havelock Wilson

Through the Eyes of an Australian Worker.

We reprint the article below from the "Australian Seamen's Journal" edited by our old friend Walsh. We are sorry that we cannot print it in full, but space forbids.

At the present time we are more concerned at that part of Mr. Wilson's letter which deals with the "common interests" between the seamen and the shipowners than we are about them being mixed up with the Germans; our movement is an International one, and we expect to find ourselves "mixed up" with the seamen of every country in the world, but in a different way to that of Mr. Havelock Wilson when he approached Hugo Stinnes.

We are very anxious to discover this "common interest" about which Mr. Wilson writes to his friend, Mr. George Waite, and we shall be very grateful to Mr. Havelock Wilson if he will enlighten us on this matter.

Does it seem strange to Mr. Havelock Wilson that people should be paid by results; or does he think that payments should only be made when propaganda results in the reduction of seamen's wages?

Are we to understand that propaganda which help the workers to see through the inequities of the Capitalist System should not be paid for; or should we accept the doctrine that whatever propaganda is undertaken must first have the imprimature and the blessings and the money of the Capitalist Class?

Mr. Wilson need not have told us in his letter to his fellow-worker Waite, that the people carrying on the propaganda amongst the toilers of Great Britain are not being paid by the shipowners of England, nor by the Capitalist Class generally; we know that already; the expenses entailed are the responsibility of those who are determined to educate the workers for the task in front of them; the task of taking, holding, and administering Industry for the use of the workers only.

In the struggle of the nature that is going on between the workers and the Capitalists, we can quite see where friend Wilson stands; he does not see the necessity of altering the Capitalist System; he has a fine position, and he, doubtless, feels and appreciates his "isolation," since it enables him to purchase a Rolls-Royce, and, when the spirit moves him, take an air trip to Gay Paree.

The System which permits Mr. Havelock Wilson to avail himself of occasional trips in the floating palaces of the Master Class, as the guest of that Class is all very fine for him, but for the seamen at the other end of the scale it is hell. When on those trips, with the companionship agreeable, the tucker good and wholesome, the cigars mellow, the wine tasty, if not heady, the whole atmosphere lending itself to *laissez-faire*, he feels inclined to say as he did last year when touring the coast of Great Britain as the guest of the Aberdeen White Star Line Management: "There are people who talk of taking over the ships and running them, but I am one of those who desire to see every sailor a capitalist himself." He is not likely to assist in ridding this world of a class which makes itself so agreeable to him.

The Capitalist System is giving Mr. Wilson everything that it is

possible for one individual to have, and, with his mental outlook, we are not surprised that he writes to his fellow-worker, Mr. George Waite, protesting, in the name of smug respectability, against those who are trying to uplift the working class of Great Britain.

We ask Mr. Havelock Wilson to show us what "common interest" exists between the members of his union and the shipping fraternity of Great Britain.

To assist him in his search for this information we shall outline in this article some of the matters which we consider should be taken into account by Mr. Wilson before he decides to answer our query.

Prior to the Great War, Mr. Wilson and the shipping profiteers of Great Britain and Ireland were deadly enemies. The shipping people fought the Seamen's Union in a long and bitter struggle. They organised a scab outfit called the Shipping Federation Benefit Society, which was organised for the one purpose of smashing the Seamen's Union of Great Britain. They went so far as to refuse employment to seamen who declined to take out a ticket in their scab layout. The Seamen's Union of Great Britain put up a splendid fight, and with a great measure of success. The shipowners were fought in every ship and in every port, and the seamen of England are, to-day, just as good as the seamen in those days, just as willing to fight for decent conditions and for better wages. They are willing to fight right now, and give as good an account of themselves as the men of the early days did, but the proper call is not being made to their manhood—why?

Is it that the "common interest" has intervened, and that it of more concern to the officials of the National Sailors and Firemen's Union than the working conditions of those seamen or the lives of their wives and children?

During, and immediately after the Great War, the seamen of Great Britain were promised both by Mr. Havelock Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, that they should never again go back to the horrible conditions under which they worked in the vessels up to that time, but those promises, made to the men whose sacrifices made it possible for the Allies to come out of the war on the winning side, have gone the way of all promises made to seamen by the representatives of the "common interest"; they have become "mere scraps of paper," and have been relegated to the W.P.B.

The "Land worthy of Heroes," like Arran, the Isle of the Bless'd, has receded over the horizon.

Every authority worth mentioning has, since the completion of the Versailles Treaty, openly and publicly, admitted that the victory gained by the Allies over the Central Powers was the result of the undaunted courage and sacrifice of the men of the merchant marine—the sailors and firemen of Great Britain.

Now, how did a grateful country and a body of appreciative employers reward those men, or their widows and orphans, for the sacrifices made on behalf of the "common interests" about which Mr. Havelock Wilson seems to be so anxious?

It must be known to the General President of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union that the shipowners of Great Britain came out

of the war with hundreds of millions of money in the shape of profits. Where shall we look for recognition of the sailors' and firemen's work and sacrifice during the war? Surely, in the distribution of those millions, the men who faced death, and the dependents of those who met death to pile them up, might have been remembered and an increase made to the small wages on which they were existing?

Does the attack on the wages of the seamen of Great Britain show that there is any "common interest" between the shipowners and the man who goes to sea for a living? Perhaps Mr. Wilson can tell us.

Readers should understand that while the struggle in Europe brought misery, famine, degradation, and death to millions of working class people, and in this struggle some seventeen thousand sailors and firemen of the merchant marine sacrificed their lives, it also brought fabulous wealth to the shipowners of the British Empire.

While the seamen went, untimely, to watery graves, in furthering the "common interest" of the shipowners, the widows and orphans of those seamen were flung on the stones to become the victims of callous exploitation, or the recipients of a cold and doubtful charity. The "common interest" of the seamen and the shipowners; ah, yes, to be sure.

When the war broke out, the total value of all shipping registered in Great Britain was £170,000,000, but during the first thirty-one months of the war the shipowners had already cleared a profit of £350,000,000. Speaking on the question of shipping in the House of Commons on the 24th May, 1917, Mr. Bonar Law said:

"As a rule, during the three years which have elapsed since the beginning of the war, shipowners have made the whole of their capital; they have made the equivalent of 33 1-3 per cent., and after paying Excess Profit Tax . . . I was a shareholder in fourteen ships. Taking the average of those ships, all of them paying well, the rate of dividend I received last year was 47 per cent. after paying Excess Profit Tax."

Now, will Mr. Wilson please tell us what the sailors and firemen receive from the appreciative shipowners for their help and sacrifice in piling up those huge sums of money?

We know that the seamen received rosy promises from Mr. Wilson, and those promises were backed up by Mr. Lloyd George and the shipping community generally; but we also know that Lloyd George received his handsome pension for the work he did in fooling the British seamen, and we shall be glad to be advised if it was not for similar work that Mr. Wilson received the O.B.E.?

The "common interest" between the seamen and the shipowners is a wonderful thing.

When a vessel was torpedoed, and took her crew with her to the bottom of the ocean, it meant vastly increased profits for the owners, but it also meant starvation and misery for the widows and orphans of the dead seamen, who had been deluded into sacrificing their lives in the "common interest" of the shipowners; for when a vessel went under the British Government reimbursed the owner, not at the original value of the vessel, but at the war value, and, in this connection, it is interesting to know that ship-

owners were paid a sum of £140,000,000 for ships which were valued at, rather, cost, originally £51,000,000. Those ships were fully requisitioned by the British Government, and paid for, as our readers will see, at a tremendously advanced price. How much of this has been allocated for the maintenance of the widows and orphans of the dead seamen, Mr. Wilson can, perhaps, tell us.

Did the seamen who took their lives in their hands in furthering the "common interest" receive a similar sum? Certainly not. They received a small advance on their wages, but this advance was secured only after threats of strike or actual strike.

"The Economist," in dealing with the question of shipping dividends gives a calculation which enables us to summarise the position of the shipping employers thus:—

During the eight years ending June 30th, 1921, the Sutherland Steamship Company paid its shareholders a sum equivalent to 220 per cent., and issued bonus shares equaling 200 per cent. of the original capital.

For the ten years ending December 31st, 1921, the British Steamship Company paid to its shareholders dividends amounting to 222½ per cent., and increased its reserves by 335 per cent.

During 1919 the Furness Whitty Company doubled its capital out of reserves by the issue of bonus shares—those shares were from undisclosed reserves—and, for the ten years ending April, 1922, paid dividends amounting to 170 per cent.

The P. and O. Company's dividends during the eight years ending September 30th, 1920, amounted to 281 per cent. on the capital invested in the company in 1913, and to 102 per cent. on the 1920 capital.

The Clan Line Company paid, in dividends to its shareholders, 238½ per cent. for the eight years ending December 31st, 1920. The issue of bonus shares by this company, so we are informed, amounted to 350 per cent. on its original capital.

The Cunard Company has paid, for the nine years ending December 31st, 1921, a sum equivalent to 220 per cent. on its capital of 1913, and its issue of bonus shares equalled 253 per cent. during those nine years.

The Orient Company has paid, in dividends, during the twelve years ending June 30th, 1922, a sum equal to 439 per cent. on the original capital.

"The Marine Transport Worker," in dealing with this company's operations, has this to say:—

"The deferred shares, paid up in 1913, received bonuses of 200 per cent. In addition, 69,342 shares of £5 each were issued to shareholders at par early in 1920, when the market price of those shares was over £20 each, and a bonus of 100 per cent. was paid on this issue later in the same year. Thus, in 1913, shareholders received another £346,710 worth of shares for nothing, and, as a result, in the two years 1921-22 another 75 per cent. in dividends on their paid-up capital, in addition to the 200 per cent. mentioned above."

But, now, let us glance at the way the "common interest" is recognised by the shipowners; and how Mr. Havelock Wilson appreciates the position of the British seamen in

(Continued on column 1, page 7)

regard to this same "common interest."

Since the Armistice, the seamen of Great Britain have had to accept several reductions in their wages. The extent of the reductions and the time each took place is as under:—

May, 1921, a cut of £2. 10s. In March, 1922, a reduction of £1 10s. In May, 1922, a further reduction of 10s.; and in April, 1923, another reduction of £1—in all, a reduction of £5 10s. per month since the end of the war.

To fully understand the attitude of Mr. Wilson towards those who agitate for a betterment of the conditions of the working class, it may be mentioned that each of the reductions enumerated above has been acquiesced in by him and agreed to without consulting the general body of the seamen.

In agreeing to those reductions, Mr. Wilson has worked faithfully for the "common interest" of the shipowners, but the seamen have an altogether different idea as to what constitutes "common interest" and, notwithstanding anything to the contrary by their General President, they are quite right.

According to statements made by Mr. Wilson, there must have been sixteen or eighteen thousand seamen sent to untimely graves in fighting for the "common interest" during the war; will Mr. Wilson tell us how many shipowners lost their lives in the interest of the working class during the struggle in Europe?

In spite of what may be said by Mr. Wilson to the contrary, the figures above quoted have not been supplied by either Lenin or Trotsky; they are taken, in the first place, from representative Capitalist organs or from the British Blue-Books! Those figures speak for themselves. They help to explain the rapid break-up of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Those figures clearly demonstrate that the "isolation" which Mr. Wilson mentions in his letter is fatal to the seamen of Great Britain. This "isolation" may seem to Mr. Wilson a very desirable state of affairs; but in trying to pursue this policy of robbery of these seamen in the "common interest" of the shipowners, Mr. Wilson is himself becoming isolated from the transport workers throughout the world.

Under the circumstances, we do not hesitate to ask fellow worker Waite to secure publication of the above figures in the Capitalist Press of this country. Fellow worker George Waite succeeded in getting the Master Class Press to publish Wilson's message to him; will he now, in the interests of fair play for the seamen of England, get room in the Capitalist Press for the figures we have quoted, so as to allow the Australian public to judge of this "common interest" about which Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson, O.B.E., writes?

SOVIET RUSSIA TO BE RECOGNIZED BY THE POPE.

MADRID.—The Spanish Government has learned that the Pope intends to recognize Soviet Russia within the next few weeks. The Moscow Government have expressed their willingness to respect the Church's rights. The negotiations were conducted by a certain Father Walsh of Georgetown University, U.S.A.

Banditts' Banquet

The other night a banquet was held, not in the Grand Central Restaurant, at which were assembled representatives of all modern banditti representatives of all modern banditti. There were Kings, Queens, Presidents, Premiers, finance and industrial capitalists, politicians, Yellow Press Journalists, Horthys, Mussolinis, Tim Healys and many others of that ilk present.

The host, Old Man Belzebub apologised for the delay telling those assembled that two of the notorious personages he had invited had not turned up yet. But they were sure to come. He further explained that these two in their day were "some" people. Before he had time to explain further a loud knocking was heard on the door made by the butt ends of guns in the hands of the visitors. The host called out "who's there?" and the reply came, "Willie Brennan and Dick Turpin." The host explained to the assembled guests that there was no need for further delay as the two famous robbers of the past era had arrived. He ordered them to enter, exclaiming "Welcome gentlemen to the feast."

In came Willie Brennan grasping a blunder-buss and Dick Turpin with a brace of pistols. When they espied the assembled guests, the well-dressed gentry with the diamond studs in their shirts and the under-dressed ladies in the magnificent jewels, they were taken by surprise. Dick exclaimed to Willie "I think we have made a mistake." Willie said "It looks as if we took the wrong turning. I thought we had been invited back to earth to sup with the present day bandits." They grasped their weapons tighter and the gentlemen with the bay-window stomachs and the ladies adorned with the ornaments of civilised barbarism Haw Hawed, which caused Brennan and Turpin to get hot under their collars. The host recognising the predicament of the two rose and assured them that everything was alright. "Gentlemen, only times and methods have changed since you were last on earth." Continuing he said that the guests assembled there owned the land, the mills, the mines, the factories, the workshops, in fact everything, even the people themselves. Our schools wherein our teachers teach the children of the poor that they must obey us, their masters. Our Courts where our lawyers interpret our laws and our judges who decide in our favour. Our police who guard our property, and when called on baton or shoot those who are not satisfied with what we say. Our soldiers who shoot those who would attempt to stop the functioning of our laws when we say the fathers and mothers of the workers that toil in our mines and fields, factories and dockyards, and go to sea in our ships shall work the hours we say is good enough for them at the wages we say is enough for them to exist on, to produce rent, interest and profit for we, the elect, or refuse to go on doing what we dictate or go on strike, we put all our machinery in motion, our press to libel them, our preachers to fool them, our police to baton them, our soldiers to shoot them, our politicians to rule them for us, while we eat, drink and be merry at their expense. "I understand," said Turpin, "the

same ile game but more up-to-date, eh." "Yes," said Brennan, "the people are still the same fools. They don't yet grasp that they produce all and the only thing these gentry do is to rob all. What do you think of them Dick?" "Well, Willie, I held up the King and his courtiers a few times and relieved them of their ill-gotten gains. I even slapped the faces of a few judges, relieved them of their fat purses to feed the poor, but by Bonny Black Bess I never was guilty of making money out of adulterating the milk that working women bought for their sick children." "I did some daring raids in my time Dick, too. But I never drove men and women to commit suicide because their children had no bread. Come on Dick, let's get out, the atmosphere is stifling in here, this is no place for decent Highwaymen." With that they sank back into oblivion and left the guests to gormandize alone on the products produced by the toilers.

DERELICTION 1922.

Broken they're lying, my hopes unfulfilled,
And all that I dreamt is a shadow,
Dark is the gloom in the house I did build,
And black is the soul of the builder
gave to it everything, nothing.
In my longing to see it in glory,
But oh! for the anguish when all that remained
Was the thought of my own dereliction!
The friend that I cherished, I found him a foe,
Whilst the hand that shook mine was unfaithful,
The Cause so near triumph by traitor laid low
And the work that we fashioned all shattered!
Does nothing remain? Oh, there's something there still,
Much dearer than all that I'm losing,
The thought of a sacrifice made with a will,
And the faith that I'm keeping for ever.
With the few that were honest, who're now in despair,
I'll weep in the eloquent silence,
And oh! in my sorrow I'll breathe forth a prayer
For the dawn of the triumphant Morrow!

EXILE.

AFTER THE STORM.

Evening comes, the storm has passed away,
Across the skies a rainbow's arc is hung
And ballads of the sea are being sung
By helmsman and sailors hoisting sail.
As slowly fades the rainbow from the skies
The pageantry of sunset has begun
And golden clouds are westering one by one
While evening sees the night and sets her star.
Our sails are full, we're homing like a bird
And night has come and gentle blows the breeze,
The half lit moon has risen from the seas
And Peace, like Christ, is walking on the waves.

JAMES MACALPINE.

Russian News

MOSCOW EXHIBIT. DRAWS THOUSANDS OF PEASANTS.

By ANISE
Federated Press Staff Correspondent.

Moscow.—On the great exposition grounds here I talked to a most enthusiastic country school teacher, who had come up with 600 peasants to see the big show. He was not a communist, just a poverty-stricken intellectual who had fled from the big cities during the years of famine and found a job teaching school out in the country where at least he could eat.

"Never since the days of ancient Rome" he said to me in wonder, "did any government do so much to give enjoyment to the people. It has been more and more surprising every day of my trip."

"Two carloads of us started from Mogilev, and joined 13 more carloads at Gomel. Six hundred souls in all, mostly peasants, but with some teachers, some presidents of village communities, some women, some members of the young people's societies."

"When we came to the station in Moscow, some workers met us, and said they were a committee to welcome exposition visitors and would we like to come and have a bath. After the hot dusty ride we wanted a bath more than bed. I must tell you too that before we left the village we were all inspected by the health department, to make sure that no one carried disease to the city. But our peasants are a healthy lot; only a few were refused."

"Twenty-five of us were then taken to the house of the workers in the Nap Engraving Works. They gave us beds and food. They made us a speech of welcome and said that the bed and food were given not by the government, but by the voluntary sharing of the workers, who took a percentage of their wages to provide hospitality for peasants coming to Moscow. There were 900 workers in this plant and they entertained 25 visitors all summer; the rest of our party went to other workers' houses."

"They also gave us a guide to take us round the city, the art gallery and several days at the Exposition and we also visited the factory where our hosts worked. We rode everywhere on the cars to see the city and this was also free. If it had not been free, I could not have come, for we teachers get very little wage. But my whole trip, and my food and everything, cost me nothing."

"I think," he concluded, "that even more than the exposition it was the visit with the workers which impressed our peasants. They saw that city workers also work hard; this was something they did not before believe. They saw the women at the factory pulling little papers very fast all day from the machine, and they said: "Now, really, even if they did not work more than eight hours, it must be very hard, for they cannot stop a moment or change their work; that machine keeps on always."

Between six and eight thousand peasants are daily entertained by Moscow this summer for the exposition.

Dundalk Trades Council

MEMBERS AND LABOUR URBAN COUNCILLORS.

Special meeting Tuesday, 16th Oct., 1923. Mr. P. Halpin (Coopers) in the chair. Also present—Messrs. P. J. Toal, J. McEneaney, J. M'Arde and L. Kieran, Irish Engineering Union; O. Levins and Jas. M'Cabe, Labourers' Society; Wm. Larkin and M. Boyle, Tailors; J. Murphy, Amal. Transport; C. Begley and James Smyth, T.A.; J. Gormley and J. Ward, Cart and Wagon Builders; J. Carroll, Coachpainters; James McCarthy and J. Flynn, R.C.A.; M. Whittle, Irish Transport Union; Patrick Hillen, Irish Bakers.

The meeting was called to deal with (1) motion by Mr. Larkin to set up the necessary machinery as requested by Irish Labour Party for municipal, county and other elections, and (2) an amendment by Mr. Hamill (L.E. and F.) that no such action be taken and that the Council be wound up.

Roll was gone through, and each society represented was found to be entitled to be there, their affiliation fees being paid to date.

The Chairman said in the absence of Mr. Hamill (the mover of the amendment) the amendment fell through.

Mr. Whittle protested against this ruling, and moved that in Mr. Hamill's absence, the special business be further adjourned for one week. This received no seconder, and the Chairman asked for resumption of discussion on Mr. Larkin's motion.

WHAT WE DID!

Mr. Larkin said his reason in moving motion was to have the necessary machinery ready for the municipal elections and not to be taking action at the last moment. The workers were entitled to representation on these boards, and it was up to them to see that no opportunity of securing representation was lost. Some twenty years or more ago, when there were so many labour organisations as they had at present, the Trades' Council of that time, in conjunction with the Labourers' Society, put forward workers' candidates, and secured 11 seats on the U.D.C. Their first mandate was to secure the erection of Artizans' dwellings, and from the outset they set about getting this done and eventually secured the erection of 75 houses that to-day stood as a monument to the Labour representatives of that period. To-day houses were being built, presumably for workers, but they were beyond their reach. Wages were coming down, but the Urban Council, with the consent of the labour representatives, were building houses at twice the rent charged for those built by labour representatives of twenty years ago. "What we did," proceeded Mr. Larkin, "then there is nothing to prevent labour from doing again." Labour representatives should be selected carefully and by a proper constituted convention. There should be no such thing as men selecting themselves as was done on former occasions. There were several important public works, affecting the workers, to be attended to, and it was up to them to be alive to what was going on. He moved the motion on the agenda.

Secretary—This question is all important. There are at present upwards of 500 married couples living in rooms paying from 8s. to £1 a week, and in order to relieve this dearth of housing it would be necessary to build at least 500 houses for the working class at reasonable rents in Dundalk and perhaps more, as they could not expect rents to come down unless there was an overplus of houses. They might not think that the landlords on the U.D.C. would favour this. The only way was increased Labour representation. To-day houses were being built with about sufficient room to house a man and his dog. There was hardly room for very much more. It was not when the elections were upon them they should be making preparations, but now. He advised adoption of the motion.

PUPPETS IN POWER.

Mr. Flynn (R.C.A.) said the secretary had painted a rosy picture about what they could do with increased Labour representation, by way of more and better houses, etc., but his statement was full of inconsistencies. What was Labour representation doing for them? Had they not a glorious example? Did

not their Parliamentary representative promise them everything possible prior to the elections of a few years ago? Did he not go away and they heard no more from him until the elections were round again. The policy of the Labour Party in the last Dail showed what Labour would do. Were they not avowed political partisans? Was not their ultimate goal an Irish Workers' Republic? Instead of wasting their time putting puppets of this sort—and they were nothing else—into power, it would pay them better to look after the industrial side, and not for themselves and their friends and the securing of jobs. The country was seething with strikes and lockouts, and where were the alleged leaders of the Labour movement? They were squabbling among themselves, and wasting the workers' money in the Law Courts, in an endeavour to snatch the spoil. As an argument against Labour representation they had the spectacle of the Labour representation on the Town Board: men who twisted and wriggled in and out of every party and whose first action on the U.D.C. was to tie themselves to one or other of the political parties. He moved "that they take absolutely no action on the circular."

Mr. M'Carthy seconded, and remarked that Mr. Flynn spoke about inconsistency, while he was just as inconsistent. Their so-called labour representation was letting down the trade-union movement, and until they learned to keep straight the least they heard of them the better.

Mr. Gormley (Cart and Wagon Builders) in supporting the amendment, said he did not agree with all that was said up to the present. They should confine themselves to their industrial work and endeavour as far as possible to steer clear of politics. During the Great War the workers were able to secure concessions owing to the economic position and because in certain industries fortunes were being made and it did not matter what the workers were paid so long as it enabled somebody else to get rich quick. They could not get away from the fact that Labour had mixed itself up too much in politics, with the result that the movement was split from top to bottom to-day. Until the state of the country improved they should keep out of these matters. "Labour," he asserted, "had entered into the public life of the country too soon; it should have been left to the politicians to clear up the mess they had made. He opposed any action by that council that would help to further embroil them in political action, and for that reason he would vote for the amendment.

Mr. Levins asked that the minutes of the July meeting be read as he was of opinion the Council had appointed a deputation to wait on the Drogheda Workers' Council to take steps to form a Local Labour Party for the County. This having been done, the minutes bore out Mr. Levins, the following being appointed on the deputation:—Messrs. Brannigan, Hamill, Halpin, Smyth, Levins and M'Carthy.

Mr. M'Carthy—My opinion of that was that it was only a Committee for the Parliamentary elections.

Secretary—No such thing. The minutes are quite clear, and Mr. M'Carthy was at the subsequent meeting when the minutes were confirmed.

Mr. Larkin—I heard somebody say this Council had representation on the Urban Council. That is not so—we repudiated them.

Secretary—No, you criticised them and abused them; but never repudiated them as representing you. Until you do they are the official Labour representatives.

After further discussion, a vote resulted in 8 for the amendment and 7 against, the Chairman declared the amendment carried.

Secretary—This means that I will have to inform the National Executive of the Labour Party that you decline to take any such action as requested. They will probably then take the initial steps themselves in forming Local Labour Parties throughout Louth, and your power as a political machine is gone, it passes into other hands.

What they are saying in Barrow is—"Its a grand wee paper."
New readers: "Whose is it?"
answer: "Larkin's." "Very good, give us it!"
"All Hail the Workers' International."

(Continued from page 4)

17 Ct., 7 Hse.,
Bramber Street,
Sheffield,
Oct. 17th, 1923.

A Chara,—The "Irish Worker" having been brought to my notice by one (Miss H. Roberts), would you kindly send me 3 copies weekly until further notice.

Truly a real live paper for a "Working Man," irrespective of domicile or nationality.

Please let me know the cost to the year end and I will send P.O. for amount by return of post.

I will do my best to spread the circulation here.

Wishing you every success and may God bless your efforts.

Yours "fra."

T. BRADY.

Galway.

A Chara—Papers (Irish Worker) received last week and this for which thanks very much. Highly appreciated here, in fact we look on them as a god-send in comparison to others.

Butte Mont,

Oct. 11th, 1923.

JAMES LARKIN.

Sir—Just a few lines informing you of receiving two issues of the Irish Worker. Knowing the fight you are making for the Irish Workers, I'm enclosing two dollars (eight shillings and eight pence) as a contribution to the Irish Worker.

With best wishes,

I remain,

Yours truly,

MORTY MCCARTHY

11 E. Center St.,

Butte, Montana.

P.S.—This is same address.

James Connolly Pipers' Band.

(Attached to No. 3 Branch I.T. & G.W.U., 74 Thomas Street.)

All applications for engagements of above Band must reach the Band Secretary not later than 7 p.m. on the Thursday of each week so as to be in time for Committee meeting that night.

Is mise le meas mor,

TOMAS O DONOUI.

Secretary.

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Welsh Fly-weight Ulster Fly-
Champion weight.

AND OTHER CONTESTS

Admission - 2/4, 3/6, 5/9 & Ringside 10/-

THE TYRANT TREE.

Children who gnawed a hardened crust
May edge their teeth, and from the dust
Rise high enough to bite the hand
That flched their food from out the land.

The children freezing without wear
May, growing fond of fire, tear
All garments from the class to blame
And cover them with suits of flame.

And children sickening in the slums
May yield their skins, which stretched
on drums

May, briskly beaten, rouse a throng
With death for death to right their wrong.

For, as the Eastern story goes,
The tears provoked by tyrants' blows

On children slowly fill a fount
Which overflowing makes to mount

A tree on which the tyrants die—
To-day the tree is tyrant high.

J. S. Wallace

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