



Edited by Jim Larkin.

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TWOPENCE

IN MEMORIAM

JAMES KEIR HARDIE

DIED SEPTEMBER 26th, 1915.

A STRAIGHT, HONEST,
LOYAL UNION MAN.

He hated kings and all
other parasites.

* * *

He was a Republican
among Republicans; a
man above men.

* * *

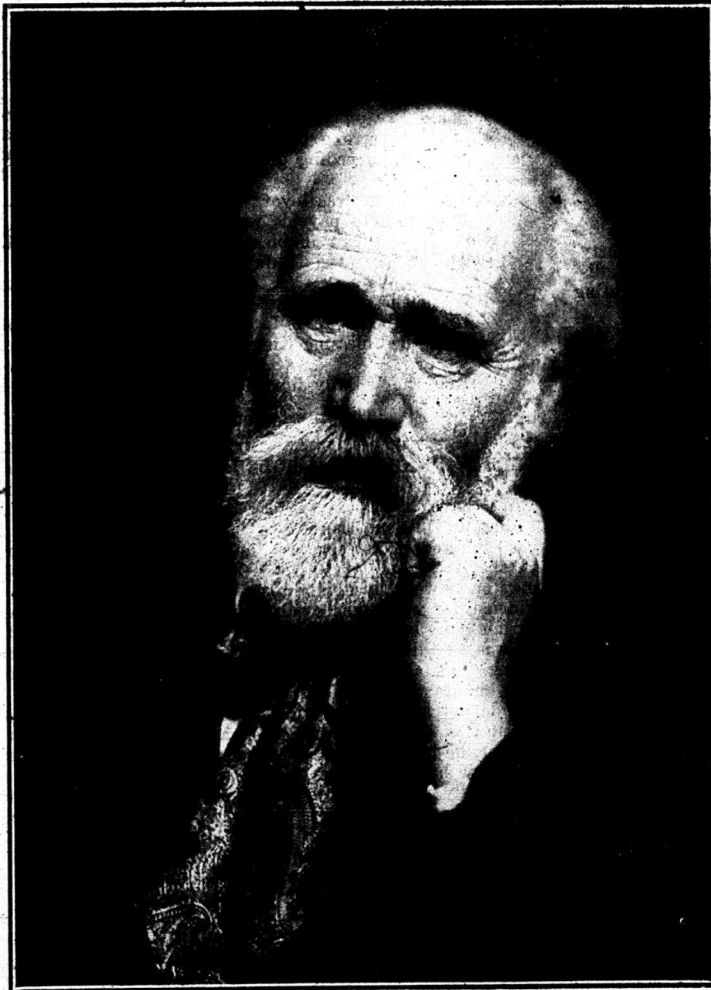
He was a light—a
blazing brand—in a dark
world.

* * *

Keir Hardie was a rebel
all his life against tyranny,
either of body, mind or
soul.

* * *

He was ever an enemy
against all snobbishness,
servility, pharisaical res-
pectability and such like
parasitical growths.



THE LAD FROM KYLE.

He lived as he died—
a Born Rebel.

* * *

Hardie was the antithesis
of Labour Leaders
typified by MacDonald in
England, and the John-
sonian clique in this
country.

* * *

He founded the Inde-
pendent Labour Party,
which MacDonald has
dragged down into the
gutter and covered with
slime of international
capitalism.

* * *

Hardie in life was a
man; in death an
inspiration.

* * *

He devoted his life to
the one purpose—that his
class might be enabled to
live as human beings
rather than like brute
beasts.

We had intended to publish a special Keir Hardie edition, comprising the story of his life, work and death. Unhappily, pressure of immediate and important work has prevented us from applying

ourselves to that task, which would not be a task, but a pleasure—a labour of love. On this page we have tried in a small and unworthy manner to re-awaken the memory of this man, whose spirit,

like the Voice in the Wilderness of old, calls aloud in this, present day nest of selfishness for that finer spirit—the negation of Self; the upholding of principles, and comradeship to all men.

THE "HOT AIR" LEAGUE.

Bishop Noli, of Albania, speaking at the session of the League of Nations, which Desmond Fitzgerald and a "Free State" delegate with secretaries and advisers attended, at a cost of hundreds of pounds robbed from old-age pensioners, teachers and others, said:—

"What is the result of these earnest and deep discussions about disarmament and arbitration treaties. These questions now have been referred to the committee, which will refer them to a sub-committee, which will report back to the committee, which will submit its conclusion to the conference, which conference will refer it back to the committee, then back to the sub-committee, and once again to the committee, which will report to the conference.

After that the conference will pass a unanimous resolution which will be referred to the council of the League of Nations, which in turn will refer the resolution to the next Assembly of the League, which will express a unanimous vow to Almighty God! Then, after the question has gone through this poetic cycle with innumerable references and counter-references, it will be referred finally to the British secretary-general of the league, who will lock the whole business carefully in the dead files of the secretarial and keep them there for centuries to come."

"That will mean, of course," continued the frank-speaking bishop, "that the whole thing will go the way of all soap bubbles. And oh! the fine speeches that will accompany those resolutions and those vows!

And while speaking of bubbles, I would characterise the Dawes report as the super bubble of them all."

And after this Desmond made a forty-minute speech of the Dail type on disarmament which caused the fighting bishop to say: "hot air."

VAIN HOPE.

The 500 Methodist young men and women, representing 110,000 Methodist students in colleges and universities, who met at Louisville, U.S.A., April 18, 19 and 20, disturbed things in the M.E. Church greatly by their demands for continuous employment for labour, and for a constitutional amendment prohibiting child labour, by their protest against the use of injunctions in industrial disputes, by their demand for public control of public utilities, and by their demand that the Methodist Church should henceforth be a Christian church to the extent that it should never bless or sanction another war, and should at once abolish military training in its colleges and universities.

"P" IS THE PASSWORD.

'Tis Sunday last. All is quiet. Steps ring out along the causeway. A martial air is whistled. It ceases. A knock is heard. Bolts creak and chains rattle. Hinges groan and screech. A voice rings out: "Who goes there?" The answer comes, "A friend." "Advance friend and give the Password." A movement rises, runs and ebbs along the darkened void. "P is the Password." The voice booms out, "Advance friend and enter." And the portals of the O.B.U. Fort in Parnell Square roll back and another penitent enters, with bared and bowed head, that shrine of White Souled Sanctity.

DID YOU KNOW HIM?

By L. A. Motler.

Henry was a workman
Contented with his lot,
The boss cut down his wages
But Henry grumbled not.

Up went the price of fodder
And skywards rose his rent,
But Henry he was loyal
And Henry was content.

His union went a-striking
But Henry stayed at work,
The boss smiled down at Henry
And knew he wouldn't shirk.

The strike at last was broken
With wages cut down more,
But Henry didn't grumble,
He slaved on as before.

Then trade began to slacken
And Henry got the sack,
The boss was quite heart-broken
And wept on Henry's back.

To cheapen the production
The boss got natives in,
Of course he didn't like it,
But was it such a sin?

And after weary waiting
And filling up his name,
He got a dole, did Henry,
And wondered at the same.

He pondered how his family
Could live on such a sum,
But wasn't strong on thinking
And felt exceeding glum.

But Henry he was loyal,
And tried to pay his way,
On nice fresh air in plenty
And three and six a day.

But somehow Henry sickened,
His life began to fail,
And he died blessing King and
Country
And the "Daily-aily Mail."

(The International S.A.)

THOSE FRIGHTFUL BOLSHIEVIKS.

We have a sad story to relate. In Dublin at present there is a man who has suffered most severely under the Bolshevik regime in Russia. This man may be viewed any night in the La Scala Cinema this week, where he plays a piano for his daily bread. In Russia, years ago, he was a millionaire; the Bolsheviks came along, took all his millions off him, and put him to work. What the work was we do not know. He evidently disliked it, and as he was proficient as a piano player, he hired himself out as a pianist, and now he has arrived at the La Scala. Personally, we think it disgusting that the Bolsheviks disturbed this man, and stole all his money, and then forced him to such arduous toil as piano playing. We must make an emphatic protest against such treatment. Surely there are sufficient grimy, horrid, workingmen in Russia to do the menial work without descending to such brutality as making people work, who never intended, don't intend, and never will intend to work. We wonder what next horror these low Bolshviks will perpetrate.

No citizen should be rich enough to be able to buy another, and none poor enough to be forced to sell himself.—Rousseau.

DUBLIN TRADES' COUNCIL AND LABOUR PARTY.

The Council met on September 25th, 1924. Mr. Edward Tucker (President) in the chair. A letter was read from Mr. V. Atkinson, acting secretary of the Irish Workers' League, asking for information as to the letting of the rooms on the ground floor at 47 Parnell Square. It was decided to offer the rooms to the League at the same rent as that paid by the Irish Woodworkers' Union.

Messrs. Reynolds and Daly were appointed as a deputation to wait on Messrs. Hyams re imported shop-fronts and fittings.

It was decided that the Council meetings be held on Tuesday evenings and E.C. meetings on Thursday evenings in the future.

Mr. Dermot Stewart raised a discussion on the question of importation of manufactured goods into the Free State. He gave a large number of illustrations and pointed out that, strange as it might seem, the statistics went to show that the imposition of a tariff did not put a stop to the practice. He gave instances where imports of manufactured goods had increased since the tariffs were put on. He said that in the tailoring trade they were talking of importing the staffs as well as still importing the goods.

Mr. J. J. Farrelly followed on the same lines.

Mr. D. Reynolds gave instances where importations had been going on in the wood-workers' trades. He thought the right thing to do was to establish a small committee to summon a conference of the trades affected.

This course was adopted and the following were appointed:—Messrs. E. Tucker, Pres.; John Moore, I.N.U.W.; Dermot Stewart, I. Tailors; and the Secretary of the Council.

The Secretary was directed to offer the services of the Council to try and effect a settlement in the fish trade dispute.

MORGAN'S BOOTBLACK.

This Labour Government, which is supposed to be upholding the prestige and the power of the British Empire, is in reality proving only that it can excel its capitalist progenitors in licking the boots of Pierpont Morgan, and then using the Union Jack to polish them. MacDonald will go down to history as the bootblack of cosmopolitan money-lenders. MacDonald is feverishly frightened of a war between Britain and France, and, intriguing with Belgium, the clumsy man nearly precipitated a crisis. That was why he scuttled over to Paris as he did. He is moving heaven and earth to assure the support of the United States against France, what time, of course, American moneyed interests are standing behind Herriot. Knowing very little about the actual movements of international finance capital, and often incredibly gullible, he is a much easier mark than is generally imagined for the smooth-spoken apostles of Dollar Democracy. Never did a great nation, and never did a great movement give so vast a trust into the hands of one so much the victim of illusion as Britain and the Labour Movement is risking their all with Ramsay MacDonald.—J. T. Walton-Newbold.

(This man Newbold has since announced his intention of resigning from the British Communist Party and joining the Independent Labour Party, of which Ramsay MacDonald is leader, both in and out of the House of Commons. We wonder has Ramsay ceased to polish boots, or has J. T. commenced to polish.)

Jimmy Thomas, during his visit to South Africa, said that he had no politics and no party, but that he was everything to everybody. (We believe him).

FITZGERALD AT GENEVA.

" BLOWING BUBBLES."

(Extract from a letter received by the Editor.)

"Am writing from Geneva where I hope to be able to use discharge book and get a job on one of the American freighters, and so home without passports. Things are brewing here too and don't be surprised if you hear of Mussolini and the tank king following the old Czar. After leaving you in Berlin the boys fixed me up with papers, and I travelled, free of course, and got over the Swiss border. It's great to have a worker's passport which will carry you over international boundaries and let you ride on the cushions at the expense of the Plutos.

Oh, I decided to take on Geneva and have a look at the last line of the capitalists' defence—their League of Nations. It's sure the limit and I'm sorry you weren't along, because that State of yours had some top-hatted diplomats there—Fitzgerald and some others.

The day I landed some American women of the school ma'am type brought me into the session thinking I was an American soldier left behind.

The sessions are held in a big palace fronting the lake and the English and Americans seem to predominate. But looking them over—representatives of fifty nations, nearly all in senile decay—my thoughts went back to our gatherings of the workers of all lands in Russia—youth, eager, dressed in working clothes, with hard hands. And I thought—if this is all the Third Internationale has to fear world victory is in sight.

Proceedings were tame enough until a Father Noli, who represented Albania, took the floor. I heard afterwards he is a bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, and the way he cut up caused them all to decide it would be the last time he or Albania would be heard by the League of Nations.

He used a regular Oxford ring and must have done soap-boxing or electioneering in his day. He hit out from the shoulder and should have been with us in Moscow instead of being lost in that museum of fossils.

It seems Albania wanted a loan from the League, but it wasn't considered, and the reverend gentleman went right at it. The sarcasm was superb.

He asked what they had done for peace in five years and twitted them that it rested in eternal peace, locked tightly in the dead files of the League-secretariat guarded by that amiable gentleman, the Secretary-General, an English Baronet. This caused Sir Eric Drummond to stand up and state they regretted they could not help Albania.

Then take my application for a loan to the dead files of the secretariat and lock it up tightly; but be sure to choke it before you bury it because it is likely to rise from its dream,' he retorted.

He evidently expected support from the Irish delegation, who were announced as from the "Irish Republic," but they seemed to take their cue from Sir Eric, and turning to them he said:—

'I wish then our honourable colleagues of the Irish Republic had brought some of their long-winded orators here, to talk, talk and talk us to death about peace. No wonder the Americans translate Shakespeare's 'words, words, words' into the plain phrase, 'Hot air!'

You should have come along this way, Jim, and written it up for your paper. It was worth an admission fee.

But the way he reviewed the economic crash that followed their war for peace was great. He rubbed it in about the Dawes plan. They couldn't lend Albania a small sum, but Wall Street and Threadneedle Street were opened wide to help them exploit the German workers. And turning to Sir Eric Drummond, he said:

'prepare a dry section of your dead files for the Dawes report, because you know

General Dawes' is an American and the United States is a dry country in spite of the fact that from time to time, and quite surreptitiously, she gets wet just for the fun of it, thanks to the noble efforts of bootleggers.

'What's the use of talking about an Albanian loan. Take it to your dead files—to your necropolis!'

Declaring that the League, after all, might have reason to exist, even if it is a Utopian dream—thereby provoking some smiles from the delegates—he insisted it should remain

'as the ideal which interprets the noblest yearnings of humanity as the solemn assertion of a universal will to peace.'

It is because people generally are yearning for peace, he said, that statesmen and politicians are offering them from time to time arbitration bubbles, disarmament bubbles and reparation super bubbles.

His finish was splendid as he rubbed home this old truth that workers in all lands are proclaiming—

'Peace does not come with treaties. Peace will come by teaching the children that wholesale murder is just as criminal as retail murder. Treaties are destined for the waste basket.'

There was no cheering when he sat down, Jim. He was regarded as a sort of burglar rushing into a drawingroom where nice old ladies are sipping tea.

But that idea of you Irish having a sense of humour must be wrong, because Desmond Fitzgerald, "the Irish Republican Foreign Minister" as he was announced, had to get his spoke in, it being the last day, and he sounded tame after the outspoken bishop.

This Fitzgerald took himself seriously and "security through arbitration" was his keynote. He said he presumed that in the proposed disarmament conference all the great powers, with the possible exception of Russia, would be represented.

"When it comes to doing business," he continued, "I think we shall get on better if we consider insecurity rather than security. Instead of speaking of security and arbitration we might speak of security by arbitration."

'There has been great frankness here. I wonder if that frankness could be extended to a point when each government would say, 'We maintain such or such armament because we feel our duty to our people demands it as a protection against such a danger from such a government.' Then arbitration could work out the guarantees required.'

The Albanian Bishop smiled as your Foreign Minister sat down, and I heard him say "hot air!"

Will see the boys when I reach New York and deliver your messages. If I reach Mexico City will drop you a line and tell you how the land lies.

THE SPOKEN WORD IN COUNTY DUBLIN.

Organising meetings were held in Finglas and Santry on Sunday last. Although the weather was threatening, the attendance was numerous. Peter Larkin reviewed the whole labour movement in Ireland—its betrayal and regeneration. He related the history of the Workers' Union, and described its progress since. Union members were urged to keep their cards clear, and non-union men were warned to join up lest drastic measures be put into operation against such back-sliding. Frank Moss, an old stalwart of the agricultural strike of 1911, and one of the foremost union organisers in the North county in those years, also spoke to the assembled men and women, and, recalling old days and past triumphs, assured them that a bright future lay ahead.

DECENCY OR DIGNITY.

The courtesy and good manners of Irish police magistrates are features of Irish life which are renowned throughout the world. This courtesy is never so pronounced as when these bestowers of Justice are meting out that very abstract noun to unfortunate men or women who are debarred by their circumstances from resenting their courtesy.

On Monday of this week an excellent exhibition of the proverbial good manners of our magistrates took place in the Dublin Northern District Police Court. An old man, aged 83 years, appeared before Mister Collins. The charge was one of begging. On discharging him with a caution, Mister Collins, wishing to treat this unfortunate brother to an example of his sprightly humour, told him not to come there again, remarking: "You are too young to be at such a thing." Mister Collins seems to be labouring under the delusion that people, especially people whose years entitle them to respect, if not to justice, even from such types as the police magistrate, undertake the pleasant task of begging in a spirit of jocoseness. We can assure Mister Collins that men and women who have given 60 years of service to a nation do not easily or lightly demean themselves by begging from Mister Collins and his associates in comfort and good feeding. We cannot appeal to Mister Collins' courtesy or his good manners in the hope that men and women who are hailed before him will not be made the unwilling victims of his cheap jokes, but at least we may appeal to his dignity. Jokes, cheap or otherwise, are not becoming from the luminary of the Bench. If decency is absent, at least let dignity remain.

ATTENTION! MCGILLIGAN.

Moscow.—The State Black Sea shipping board is running fourteen regular lines during the current season. It is proposed to make large shipments of Donetz coal to the Near Eastern ports, where Russian coal is successfully competing with the English product. Steamers between Odessa and Vladivostock will ply four lines yearly.

According to the State Commercial Fleet, the Italian shipping company "Lloyd Triestina" is, in connection with the restoration of Russo-Italian relations, re-opening the Odessa-Trieste line. Mixed freight and passenger steamers are to ply between those two ports, calling en route at the ports of Roumania, Greece and the Adriatic Sea.

The Odessa-Hamburg line has been re-opened, with five Russian steamers doing this service. Besides mixed freight and passenger ships there is a regular freight service, and the steamers call at Roumanian ports, Constantinople and Greek, Italian, English and Dutch ports. They fly the Workers' Flag.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS.

FREEDOM FUND.

Those members who have fully paid up the One Pound for the Freedom Fund Certificate may obtain their Certificate at Unity Hall any day between the hours of 10 o'clock a.m. and 6 o'clock p.m., or on Sundays from 11.30 a.m. to 1 o'clock p.m.

(Signed), JIM LARKIN.

A system based upon the fundamentally false idea that every man, except a favoured few, must pay tax and toll for the right to live, obviously encloses within itself the root principles of slavery—Grant Allen.

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

IRISH WORKER

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PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

EXPERIMENTING IN BANKRUPTCY

We hardly thought it possible that the Treaty implementing press would ever fall foul of our heaven-sent Government, but the organs of "antique furniture"-dom are uttering sounds these days not unlike those which a short while ago would be described as the "disruptive fulminations of the Irregular press." The Evening Telegraph of 29th September writes:—"The trade and shipping statistics of the Irish Free State . . . supply facts that call for the serious consideration of every citizen. For the seven months of this year, ending July, the exports of the Free State have fallen short of the Imports to the amount of £12,614,306. . . . These figures raise grave economic questions. . . . Until our import and export values approximate national prosperity is a remote proposition. To maintain an optimistic outlook is in the nature of a virtue in these rather pessimistic days, but an optimism that relies solely on the theory that we will be better men to-morrow than we are to-day is merely illusion." Further—"It cannot be disputed that this country is importing commodities that can be produced at home and that home production is correspondingly discouraged. This applies not only to manufactured articles, but to other imports." As a piece of criticism, however dubious from the point of honesty, the Evening Telegraph has written well.

As an introduction to a survey of present conditions the reasons for the present attacks on the government by the Freeman and Independent and their evening editions, are interesting. In previous issues we have referred to the rift within the Free State Party and the inevitable isolation of the Healy-O'Higgins Ascendancy group by the so-called Nationals. The enmity between these factions dates back to the attack on the "antique furniture" men, and before and unless circumstances alter it will become considerably more embittered before long. It stands to reason that the business fraternity cannot persist in support of a Party whose economic policy makes for bankruptcy and whose main activities have been the creation of a huge civil pension list and of hundreds of well-paid jobs for hungry followers. It is well known that Cosgrave has "ambitions" but with an aspiring gentleman like O'Higgins in the field their fructification is a tardy and tedious process, and possible of non-fulfillment. The sneer, in the Dail, at the "antique furniture," without whom—and the Irish Labour Party—the development of the last two years would have been impossible, has put fins on Cosgrave's prospects in "business" quarters and he is obliged to fall back for support on the inconspicuous and subterranean organisation in which McGrath, T.D., is chief bottle-washer (pardon us!).

Talking of McGrath we at once think of a friend of his, Johnson, T.D., one-time implementer of the Treaty, but now a staunch upholder of the opposite policy. Johnson, loud-voiced supporter of Britain in the late world war and unofficial recruiting sergeant for his Britannic Majesty, when the patriots of 1916 were being done to death by his fellow-countrymen, is again burning with the fire of Anglo-Hibernian patriotism. Though in sympathy with O'Higginism, Johnson has no prospects in that Party, and so he must, perforce, take the other side and he is biding his time and watching the weather-cock. Between the various contending parties in the Free State world, it is hard for the average man to distinguish the principle on which the Free State, as we have been told, is built: "the will of the people," and on present manifestations it is clear there is a disposition to run several ways at the one time.

In treating of the economic position of the Free State it is necessary to group together the various personal interests, whose influences have determined its economic policy, and it is at this point we come to a first understanding of why the Free State is at present faced with a huge trade deficit. Most of us can recall the differences of opinion at the introduction into the Dail of protective duties on certain classes of goods. Our chocolate kings—on a small scale—and boot manufacturers, some of them threw all their weight into the scale for "Protection" and they got what they wanted, as did also our aspiring industrialists in other fields. It will be remembered that Free State Ministers stated at that time that the duties were merely of an experimental nature, and looking back now we should say that a trade deficit of over £12,000,000 satisfies us completely as to the value of the experiment.

In dealing with the economics of a nation the same attention should be paid to all the economic factors as is paid in the same regard in the course of ordinary business. "Our" statesmen, as is perfectly clear now, were only concerned with making a corner for themselves or their friends in the Free State market in certain goods and swelling national revenue, that so many more job-seekers should enter into perpetual economic rest, and their operations stopped at that.

Dealing with the question of protective duties at the time, we foretold that the duties, of themselves, would achieve nothing; that unless they were considered merely as a factor in national economy and part of a constructive programme, the result of which, with ordinary foresight, need not have been regarded as in any sense "experimental," hopeless failure would have been the result. It has been achieved. Some of our readers may remember an article entitled "A Real Policy of Protection" in which the necessity of starting constructive work on the basis of the agricultural industry, in preference to any other—that being the work to our hand—was pointed out, and how in that case the Government should put into force a compulsory Tillage Act, with sufficient safeguards in the matter of credits and limitations of exports to make a sound beginning for an internal constructive programme.

The political adventurers, who are battering on the National bankruptcy, need not be expected to see the length of their noses, but they are, nevertheless, involved in the consequences of their own stupidity. How they propose to change the current of trade we do not know; but it is certain that an additional tax of 6d. on every parcel imported will not do it, nor will any other of the catch-penny methods of which the Government is so prodigal.

The failure of the Government to make good on the industrial side accounts for the hostility of the Ascendancy Party and the Press. If, in addition to suppressing Republicanism—for the moment—Messrs. Cosgrave & Co. had been able to hold, fairly evenly,

the balance of trade, there would still be "A United Front," as a certain bewhiskered gentleman would say, against the "Common Enemy." As, however, Ascendancy men cannot live on air and dividends per cent. are still regarded as the true test of civilization—and Christianity—the position of Cumann na nGaedhail and its subsidiary organisations is decidedly anxious.

It is bad enough, from the Cosgravian standpoint, to have the worry of the Boundary Question without the prospects of impending bankruptcy as well, and we do not envy the position the politicians have placed themselves in. Perhaps, if all comes to all, "we" may stave off the day of reckoning by resort to the policy that has saved the reputation of statesmen in other crises. What about another War?

"THE STRENGTH OF THE O.B.U."

LIKE SAMSON—THEY ARE SHORN.

No settlement has so far been reached in the Tullamore Strike, which is now dragging on towards its fourth month of existence. This strike, in which only some 120 men are involved, is beyond the power of the Transport Union to win. This "powerful" combination of "working men" known to themselves as the "O.B.U." is now so weak and infantile that a strike of such dimensions as that in Tullamore requires all the energy and resources in order that even a semblance of resistance may be offered.

We pointed out to the men on strike some months ago that this strike was lost before it even commenced. The Junta controlling the remains of the Transport Union was not, is not, and never will be desirous of winning strikes. They have long been pliable tools in the hands of the Employers' Federation and every strike won, every increase of wages gained, or reduction in hours achieved, hurts them in the same manner as it affects an employer.

The strike in Tullamore was allowed to be called by this Junta in the hope that a victory might be secured and using such victory as a catchword they might be enabled to retain some of their vanished members. Unfortunately for their peace of mind and for the women and children of the unfortunate dupes who were thus sacrificed, the strike is failing, and what terms will be offered the strikers remains to be seen.

Throughout the full course of this strike we have never ceased to encourage the men on strike as far as we were able, and when practical proof was required, such as the refusal to handle scab goods, we also responded. We have never had any quarrel with the rank and file of the Transport Union at any time, but never have we ceased to point out to them how they were being used and abused. We may have called them dupes, tools, etc., and we still name them as such, and some day, we hope, that they themselves will admit the justice of those names.

To revert to the Tullamore strike:—We again wish success to the strikers and a happy ending to this dispute, and if help of any nature whatever is required we will respond to the utmost limit of our ability, because if there is one slogan more applicable than any other to the working-class, it is the slogan of "An Injury to One is the Concern of All"; and "Unity" is the watchword.

Far better to have the front of one's face pushed in by the fist of an honest prize-fighter than to have the lining of one's stomach corroded by the embalmed beef of a dishonest manufacturer.—Jack London.

WHAT WE ARE GUILTY OF.

Since our return from Russia, every edition of the putrid Press carries, either in the leader columns or in their correspondence columns, deliberate lying statements charging—that Larkin did this, Larkin did that, Larkin brought out the men in the Inchicore Works, Larkin brought out the workers on the Marino Housing Scheme, Larkin caused a strike in the North Kerry Manufacturing Company, etc., etc. They have not, up to the time of writing, charged me with the Eclipse of August last, the drafting of the Treaty, the salubrious weather we are enjoying, the rise in the price of milk, tea, bread, clothing, or the systemised fobbery of the workers by the officials of the National Insurance Act, and other minor matters. This and other sins of omission and commission are left to the no far distant date.

I read of speeches, supposed to have been delivered by your humble servant. I did not appoint Judge Feetham, or that impeccable patriot, Eoin MacNeill, to the Royal Commission charged to decide, along with another unquestioned loyal subject of His Majesty to be appointed, who will represent Ulster, whether a nation is a nation or two sections of a Commonwealth, or whether a man or woman born in Ireland is Irish or Scotch, Irish Imperialist or Republican, loyal or disloyal, slave or half-slave. There are other things I have not done and some things I have attempted to do. Of these and other things we will speak with you anon. One thing I have never done to my knowledge or consciousness—betrayed a friend, evaded a foe, exploited the poor, deserted a comrade, or betrayed my principles. I was six thousand miles away when the Inchicore men or the Marino workers entered into their dispute. I was foolish enough to interest myself in their case. The Union which I am associated with—The Workers' Union of Ireland, which embraces 90 out of every 100 members formerly under the name of the Irish Transport and General Union—stood loyally by these men in Inchicore and Marino, supported them with money, advice and physical assistance. Though the Union, as such, never called them out, did not approve officially of them coming out—when out stood by them, still supports and will support them while the self-admitted corrupt thieves and employers' tools, masquerading as officials of the Irish Transport Union instructed their dupes—few in number—who still hold membership in that discredited and exposed strike-breaking organisation, to go in and scab on their former comrades—open, unashamed scabbery. Their correspondence official, their published statement, wherein they boast of their scabbery and take pride in weakening the position of the men who formerly were members of the Irish Transport Union, and who this corrupt gang of £6 and £8 a week scab organisers—admitted in the King's Courts of Justice—they deceived and deprived of thousands of pounds of money, unlawfully levied, and up to this writing they have not accounted for, amounting to at least £59,000. They are going about fomenting disputes—witness trouble in the fish trade. They are showering appeals through the post and by hand, exposing their willingness to issue cards of membership in their scab outfit for a nominal sum, they have enrolled the scabs who went into Inchicore as strike-breakers. They have committed every crime against trade union principles, committed burglary, gross intimidation by the gun and gunman's methods with the cognizance of the Government officials. They are supported by the Government officials and the Employers' Federation, by the employers' press and every exploiter of the workers and every known enemy of the workers in this country. Their actions are on record. Their game is near up. The exposure of this group of scoundrels was worth while. A little time and then the upward path.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

Some of the pleasant and unpleasant truths uttered by the organised group of political tricksters and hypocrites sitting in the swine-pen at Westminster, London, England.

How Ireland and her people are used, abused and betrayed by false, lying politicians.

Politics a foul, corrupting, soul-destroying game. The politicians proved to be a lying, corrupt, reactionary group of tricksters. Out of their own mouths they stand condemned.

What British politicians think of each other.

The King's boot-lickers let the cat out of the bag.

On the previous day Mr. MacPherson had said that he was as good a Liberal as ever he was. "I am not concerned," said Capt. Benn, "to dispute that statement."—(Benn, M.P.)

"The arguments put forward by the North-Eastern Unionists, and supported by Mr. MacPherson, were dishonourable afterthoughts."—(Benn, M.P.)

A SLIP OR ROGUERY ?

It was some solace to him and his friends to know that this Article was drafted by the best brains in the country (laughter). If the omission from the Act was not a slip, but an intention, they ought not to talk about the best brains in the country, but rather about the greatest roguery.—(Benn, M.P.)

Do not let us say that these pledges were given by the people of England to the people of Ireland. They were not.—(Benn, M.P.)

"It was important to recall the fact that the British signatories to the Treaty distinctly refused to allow the question of boundary to be settled by counties or by the vote of the inhabitants taken in any district."—(Chamberlain, M.P.)

"It had been suggested that to place any stress upon this aspect of the question was to expose themselves to the aspersion that at the time when they were negotiating and passing the Treaty they were tricking those with whom they were dealing."—(Chamberlain, M.P.)

"Something more than the honour of those directly concerned was impugned. It impugned the honour of the British Government."—(Chamberlain, M.P.)

"If they had tried to trick the Irish would they have shown their hand at that time?"—(Chamberlain, M.P.)

"He would say deliberately that the first suggestion in respect of a Boundary Commission came from the 'Ulster' leaders."—(Lloyd George, M.P.)

"A Boundary Commission did not mean merely taking parishes out of 'Ulster' and putting them into the South. It meant also taking Protestant parishes from the South and putting them into the North, where they were contiguous along the frontier. That was why he could never understand 'Ulster's' refusal of arbitration so long as they were assured it was going to be a perfectly fair one.

If anyone had the right to have doubts it was the South, for there were three Commissioners, one to be appointed by 'Ulster,' one by the Imperial Government, and only one by Sinn Fein.—(Lloyd George, M.P.)

"The people of 'Northern' Ireland professed to have great loyalty to that country and great faith in the Empire."—(Lloyd George, M.P.)

"If the demand of the Free State were acceded to by the Boundary Commission it implied yielding to the Free State the entire control of the water supply of Belfast, and, assuming that the Free State got control, there was nothing to prevent them charging two or three shillings a gallon for the water."—(Hogbin, M.P.)

"Commonsense persuaded the Free State to send troops over the border to 'Ulster' to burn, to rob and to commit bloody murder (dissent)."—(Hogbin, M.P.)

"In addition to the two extreme parties in Ireland there is a body of opinion there which took a centre course whose views were recently admirably expressed by Mr. G. Russell in the 'Irish Statesman.'"—(Davies, M.P.)

"I am amazed at the statement of Mr. Lloyd George that the Commission, when set up, would be entitled to hand over to the Free State large areas of 'Ulster' territory."—(Craig, M.P.)

Sir Courtenay Mansell said they must not forget the determination of the Six Counties not to surrender the rights of freedom, but to exercise the finest attributes of their free ancestors and, if necessary, TO TAKE UP AEMS FOR THE RIGHTS WHICH THEY FEEL ESSENTIAL TO LIBERTY.

Ireland was at present a fairly contented member of the British Commonwealth, but if they considered the past and present history of the country the wonder was that she was so loyal as she was.—(Healy, M.P.)

"He proceeded to give instances of injustice by the 'Northern' Government to Nationalists, and said hundreds were interned and could get neither release from prison nor a trial."—(Healy, M.P.)

"Throughout the whole area of the Six Counties they could not find one ounce of practical loyalty though they would find plenty of Union Jacks flying because it pleased the English, they said."—(Healy, M.P.)

"When it suited her 'Northern' Ireland would adopt the attitude she exhibited in 1914, when a cargo of arms was imported from Germany, defying all the King's horses and all the King's men."—(Healy, M.P.)

"If the Irish Treaty was interpreted as the Treaty of Versailles was, and a plebiscite taken of the population, he would be quite prepared to abide by the result."—(Healy, M.P.)

CAPT. DIXON, speaking as a member of the Government of "Northern" Ireland, claimed to be of no party in the House, and said they were opposing the present Bill because they were satisfied it would not bring peace to Ireland. The only way to bring peace was for Irishmen to meet and settle these questions for themselves.

"We Irishmen are better judges of our problems than Englishmen, Welshmen or Scotchmen can possibly be."—(Thomas, M.P.)

He had no hesitation in saying that the sentiment that Irishmen, after all, are not only the best judges, but must ultimately, if there is to be finality, settle the question was one which all parties in the House ought to endorse.—(Thomas, M.P.)

He would not tell all that occurred, but one thing he would tell.—(Thomas, M.P.)

"If the noble Lord meant that if in a struggle to establish a Republic in Ireland the people of this country would take sides, he (Mr. Thomas) agreed with him (cheers).—(Thomas, M.P.)

EASY LIFE OF A DELEGATE.

I have been a hospital orderly, blacksmith's helper, waiter, manager of a pressing shop, cook, messman, semi-professional baseball player, ordinary seaman, high school debater, marine fireman, oiler, and water tender, house-to-house canvasser, president of a literary society, teamster, stationary engineer and news butcher.

I have weeded potatoes in the Georgia sun, written marriage, birth and death notices, ridden the turpentine woods of Florida, help sister make a lemon-meringue pie, fired a sawmill boiler with green pine slabs, made syrup on a prison farm, kept the baby quiet while my best friend courted the young widow, tacked on a girl's French heel with a railroad spike while she was trying to hide a hole in her stocking, stolen watermelons, peaches, apples and chickens from farmers, pies from the galley, and canned goods from the ships' stores, traded shoes and blankets for Azores Island rum, prayed in Sunday school, cultivated flowers for the love of them, shot at a man for kicking my old cur dog, and have been chased out of Alabama and kicked off a wharf in Le Harve.

I have studied a little astronomy, animal husbandry, physics, physiology, chemistry, psychology, metallurgy, sociology, economics, hygienics, birth control, engineering, book-keeping, European Aerial Line schedules, evolution, and habits and customs of the Eskimos.

I can sew on a button, splice a rope, take a lead on a bearing, grind valves, beat the blind, and make a cake.

I have been called patriotic during the war, an enemy of the government ever since, a "very nice young man" by the old ladies, a "damned agitator" by the bosses, and a "black sheep" by my family.

To-day there is no memory of the past, no knowledge of any art, vocation, trade, pastime or amusement that is not useful to me. I have use for every experience that I have ever undergone, and I wish that I had other resources to draw upon at times, for I need them all, each and every one. I need all this to-day because I am a delegate for the I.W.W.

ECONOMICAL COMMISSIONERS.

The question of the Stanley Street Workshops is now relegated to the waste paper basket in all newspaper offices. Lest the Commissioners might lack for entertainment we again refer to it this week. The staff is reduced from 151 to 50, and the salaries of the managing clerk and his assistant are increased by £240 per annum, in order that they may be enabled to cope with a staff reduced by 66 per cent. And all this in the interests of economy.

We have also learnt of a further economical act of these tight-purse Commissioners. A certain accountant in the Corporation has been forced to retire on pension, which amounts to £900 per annum, in order that the Government may avail of his services as accountant for the Board of Control over the proposed Amalgamated Railways. Thus the Corporation is deprived of his services as accountant, of which there are no better in Ireland, and also forced to pay him £900 per year in order that the Government will not lack for an auditor.

With all my heart I protest against a system in which the lap dogs of the rich are the social superiors of the children of the poor.—Eugene Debs.

YOUR FAITH IN IRISH UNIONISM.

Ireland is reputed to be a poor country, but it is hard to believe such a statement when one sees the amount of money rolling into the Freedom Fund of the Workers' Union.

When this Fund was first announced we warned all our readers who desired to obtain a certificate to make their applications good and early. Only a limited number is printed and only the required sum will be accepted. These Certificates in after years will be a prideful possession to the union men and women of this country. And should necessity require they can be redeemed at their face value. By thus purchasing a Certificate you make known your faith in the future progress of the Workers' Union, and not merely in the Union, but more important still in Irish Unionism, because as the Workers' Union grows and develops, so will the true spirit of trades unionism spread throughout this land, and those who possess proof of their faith in Irish unionism will be proud men and women.

The proceeds of this Fund will be laid aside to form a reserve which can only be used when urgent necessity requires. When the principle of unionism is at stake or the existence and livelihood of union men and women depend on the winning of strikes. Such is its purpose. The money cannot be touched for any other object whatever. It will form a reserve of Power, to be called upon in the hour of need. And it behoves all who can to purchase a certificate whilst they are available.

A SHIP LAUNCHING.

They have celebrated
In Odessa
The LAUNCHING of a ship
WRECKED by the French invaders.
And SALVAGED
By the Soviet shipyards.
In the rout
Of Wrangle's forces
The Chailird was seized
Along with all the other
Boats in sight,
To carry off the officers
Of the White Army.
But in their panic hurry
They ran it on a sandbar.
So the French removed
The ENGINES,
And smashed up all the woodwork,
And scrawled
Across the broken cabin walls:
"Good-bye, Bolsheviks!
This is good enough for you!"

* * *

But the Bolsbies
Didn't think it good enough,
So they towed it into the harbour.
At Odessa,
And fixed it up again
Just as they fixed
THOUSANDS of burned bridges,
HUNDREDS of burned villages
All through South Russia.
And now
They have finished it in time
To carry freight to France
When they sign
The Franco-Russian
TRADE-AGREEMENT.

* * *

But I wonder
HOW MANY MORE
Little freight ships
And bigger ships of state,
Scattered through the broken lands
Of Eastern Europe,

Which were wrecked
By Poincare,
Will be fixed up at last?
By those BOLSHEVIKS?

ANISE.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor,
"Irish Worker,"
Unity Hall, Dublin.

Sir,
At a lecture, given under the auspices of the newly-formed James Connolly Workers' Republican Club, it was pointed out the necessity of working-class education. As an interested worker it struck me that such a club would be of far more value if it were a part of the Irish Worker League. And I, for one, cannot understand why those bodies holding these principles should not be one. It may be that some persons in the new Club have petty personal dislikes of the League. If that is so I would appeal to them to consider the working class as a whole unit and let them give their services to that class through the medium of the Irish Worker League. There are enough divisions amongst the workers, and the sooner we destroy them the better. The time has come for unity, even if it costs a little sacrifice of personal pride or prejudice, and when unity is achieved we can march forward to the dawn of the Irish Workers' Republic.

Yours fraternally,

P. J. McCarthy,

To the Editor, "Irish Worker."

Dear Comrade,—We, the workers of the North Wall area, are being subjected to the unwelcome attentions of an employee of His Majesty's Free State. Now, the gentleman (I know he must be a gentleman because he carries a walking-stick)—well, as I was saying, the gentleman in question quite recently held the exalted position of traffic policeman at the North Wall. He is at the present moment spending his time in drinking and insulting the workers around that locality. He goes from pub to pub and there is not the slightest doubt that his object is to rise trouble. The writer was witness to this upon one occasion. Having had my attention drawn to this person and for that reason being in a pub and heard this person calling a few inoffensive people dirty names.

I would like to remind this person, through the only truthful paper that I am aware of in Ireland, that it would be well for him to buy the "Worker" every week and learn something, because only three weeks ago there was a fine piece in this paper referring to the Amiens Street affair which would be good education for this "blowhard." From enquiries I learn that this patriot joined the Dublin Guards and upon his return was so aggressively busy that he was advised to disappear for a spell. Now that things appear quiet he seems to have forgotten that we are all human, and the greatest writers of to-day admit that there is a limit to human endurance. If this person is still on the pay sheet of An Saorstát, why is he obliged to try to borrow £2 from a stevedore on the North Wall and in general use insinuating remarks of what he can do. It would be well for everybody that this blackguard remembered that a Government that has to borrow to pay the interest of what it owes cannot remain long in power.

"WHIPPET."

NOTICE.

Daniel Geraghty, formerly a member of the Ex-Officers and Men's Association, Nth. Gt. George's St., and one time Treasurer of that Association, has now no connection with the Association and wishes it to be known

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

New York, September 12th

The Rich Man Law.

A wave of resentment, which may lead to a fundamental change of the law, has swept the country as a result of Judge Caverley's verdict saving the two young Chicago millionaire murderers from the gallows.

The learned judge, in a lengthy decision, stated "it appears to be in accordance with the progress of criminal law all over the world and with the dictates of an enlightened humanity."

These two twenty year old "super intellectuals" have set a huge water mark in the annals of crime.

Passing through the universities and securing degrees in record time, they went the pace and soon exhausted every emotion that capitalism provides for its idle scions born with a golden spoon.

They planned to commit the "most perfect crime" and to experience thrills as they stood apart and watched the excitement of the common herd, of the officials and of the newspapers as the investigation proceeded.

Who to murder was the problem. They confessed they considered their respective fathers, a brother, and various other boys of their swell neighbours.

They took one of their limousines and cruised around, finally coaxing a fourteen year old boy into the car. As his father was also a millionaire they decided his disappearance would cause the outcry and excitement they desired.

They battered in his head with a small iron bar, took the naked body to a swamp, poured acid on the features, washed their motor car, burned their suits and changed into two extra suits, went home and commenced to study the newspaper reports.

A spectacle case one of them dropped led to their capture.

At the police court hearing it developed another university student had mysteriously disappeared a short while previous. A chauffeur was brought in by the police and, screaming with passion, he identified them as the two young men who had induced him into an automobile, chloroformed him, performed an operation on him, bandaged him and left him out on a lonely marsh where he had awakened next day. Women of the working class identified them as the young men who had attacked them.

But the judge, faced with the difficult problem of hanging two young millionaires in a model Republic where millionaires are never sent to the gallows, is converted at the eleventh hour to the view that labour the world over holds—the abolition of capital punishment. He refused to sentence the super criminals who had smiled and laughed and enjoyed the farce as enacted in the courts of capitalism right up to the closing act. The night before the decision was handed down they made bets with the newspaper reporters as to what the learned judge would pronounce, and they won.

The judge justified his surrender to capitalist ethics because of the youth of the prisoners, one of them nineteen, one eighteen.

A year ago a seventeen year old boy, a product of the vicious slums which breed crime and most of the world's criminals, was bound and carried in a fainting condition to the gallows and the trap sprung while he was calling for his mother.

This was in the same city of Chicago, but the judge was not impressed by the educational achievements of the youthful murderer, nor was he worried because of the millions of dollars in the baekground.

In New York this year an eighteen year old boy was strapped, resisting, into the electric chair and the metal hood pressed to

his shaven head and metal tubes placed on his bare ankles while he was pleading to be allowed one more look at the morning sky—just one more minute of life. But the law of the rich must take its prey, and the lever was turned which sent into the boy's quivering and roasting body enough electric current to drive all the Dublin trams to Dunleary and back.

The millionaire is above the law in all countries, excepting where the workers are in control.

The Slums.

As to the slums and the housing conditions of the workers in all countries it is called "a problem" by the capitalist world. Yet, it is the slums and not the individual that can be blamed for the majority of the so-called sins against society. The boys who paid the extreme penalty in Chicago and this city were doubtless reared in the ghettos where they had to struggle for a stray crust in the gutter. They lived the animal code of the survival of the fittest. Their life was a continual struggle for existence, and pulling a gun and firing the fatal shot in some minor quarrel always means for them the gallows, or Chicago, Dublin, London, Berlin or Tokio.

And the slums of Dublin and Belfast with their high death rate from the newer alias for hunger, "congenital debility" (see Free State Registrar-General's Annual Returns), they give no concern to the newer rulers, the Craigs or Cosgraves. The first expenditure of the new States moulded in the womb of capitalism was for the rebuilding of the mansions of the old landlord class. It was Cosgrave's first salute to the capitalism that decided to use him as their puppet.

The non-resident capitalists—the shareholders of Irish railway stock—received attention and their bridges and railways were attended to.

But the slums, where the people of Ireland live, are not considered. Nothing has or will be done under any type of capitalistic administration.

In Russian cities the larger hotels have been turned into flats for the workers. The same with the districts corresponding to Merrion Square. The large country estates and palaces of the nobles have been turned into hospices for orphans. Others are health camps for the factory workers. As soon as a man or woman working in a factory, a shop, or on the quays develops ill-health, the union makes arrangements for and the government railways transport the sick worker to the rest centre, free of charge.

Russia is the only country seriously attacking the slum evil and it is ruled by a Workers' Republic.

Captain Hibben.

Another trial at which the enraged watch-dogs of capital are showing their fangs is now proceeding.

The Army Council or a body of Army Officers are seeking to oust Captain Hibben as a member of the Officers' Reserve Corps for some conduct unbecoming to a "gentleman and an officer."

It seems Hibben, after a life in the uniform of his country—or Wall Street—still has some reasoning faculties left. He was in Russia a few years ago in charge of the distribution of grain sent by Quakers and workers in American cities. He made certain observations and wrote certain articles in magazines.

For instance, he observed that trainloads of wheat sent by the Official American Relief Society to the famine districts, did not go to the famine districts but to the Crimea, where the defeated "White" armies of Yudenish, Denikin and others were mobilized in the hope of striking another blow at the Workers' Government. He also found the Red Cross Society and the American Consulate were gathering

information of a military and technical nature and supplying it to the enemies of the Russian Workers' Government.

Naturally an American officer who knows the "die hard" stand against Russia taken by the American State Department, deserve to be hung or electrocuted for writing or even thinking contrary to the viewpoint of his State Department.

So far Hibben hasn't been found guilty of any crime and quite a number of army officers of high rank have come to his defence.

Mobilisation Day.

The militarists and jingoes persisted in their plan of a Defence Day mobilisation, but to-night they can realise that the war fever has definitely passed and common-sense taken its place.

Only a very small minority of the ex-soldiers left work to parade up the "Avenue." It was mostly the officer type on horseback.

Unfortunately Cardinal Hayes was induced to aid the war mongers to the extent of issuing a letter to all churches in the archdiocese asking their people to aid in the Defence Day arrangements. Many of the Protestant sects and Jewish Rabbis were against the militaristic display.

Without irreverence we might ask what would happen if the Carpenter of Nazareth to-day stood on the steps of the magnificent Gothic cathedral on Fifth Avenue and urged the passers-by not to encourage the sinful war-making demonstrations urged by the munition makers.

Is it not possible His Grace the Archbishop would rush to the telephone and ask that the Bomb Squad be sent over to arrest "a Jew agitator preaching Bolshevism."

Father McGlynn.

Formation of a Third Party and the changing of the Irish-American support from the Democrats to the new Progressive Party recalls the attempt to form a Third Party in 1886.

Henry George, who had visited Ireland and reported the Land War for the New York papers, was the La Follette of that day. His reform of taxation by putting a single tax on land was the "bolshevism" of the period. His greatest supporter in New York was an Irish priest, a Father McGlynn. The Chairman of Tammany Hall, like a wise politician, wrote to the Vicar-General of the diocese, Father Thomas Preston, asking if it were true that the Catholic clergy were in favour of Henry George. The letter elicited the expected reply which stated the vast majority of the Catholic clergy strongly condemned "and would greatly regret the election of Mr. George to any position of influence."

A very large meeting was held in Cooper Union and Father McGlynn was elected, with Henry George and James Ridpath, editor of the North American Review, as the Executive Committee of the new Labour Party.

Archbishop Corrigan then wrote to the papers denouncing the single tax on land as "anti-Christian."

Father McGlynn soon received a summons to Rome to answer certain charges against him. He replied stating his ill health precluded such a long journey. This caused the Archbishop to unfrock him. The following year he was again summoned to Rome but did not go. The order of excommunication was then sent him by Archbishop Corrigan, whose politics and vote were with Tammany.

The labour priest's health had been undermined because of his work with his Anti-Poverty Society; and when the decree of excommunication was published, with other political matter, in the height of the election campaign, a crowd of fifty thousand, mostly Irish Catholics, with many bands, carried

Father McGlynn in triumph to the Archbishop's Palace and held a meeting, until the police and military were requisitioned.

Archbishop Hayes seems to be repeating the mistake of his predecessor.

China.

A large fleet of thirty naval vessels of English, French, American and Japanese register are at Shanghai. The British Admiral has been put in command.

Fighting has now spread over a large area and, as the Central Government of Peking has now been drawn in, the danger of intervention is increased. This Central Government is the product of the foreign Diplomatic Corps.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen has declared himself a Bolshevik, stating that China belongs to the Chinese and that the Powers are but robbers in the Chinese house. He also executed a lieutenant-colonel who organised the Chinese Fascist and this ended the strike of the fascist merchants and shopkeepers. They opened their shops next day and sold to the people the food they clamoured for.

Sun is hated by the French and English because he means to end the importation of opium and the exploitation by capitalists.

KEEP CLEAR OF PIM'S.

Messrs. Pim Brothers are still obdurate regarding the reinstatement of the men and boys at present on strike. This being so the "Ban" still remains in force. No Union man, woman or child must enter Pim's until this strike is settled. The scabs are still employed in the place of the union men on strike. The Transport Junta deny that they are a strike-breaking organisation, but even their record is growing top-heavy. The Inchicore Strike, Marino, Pims and many other smaller places make a formidable total, too weighty for even "Ole Bill's" shoulders.

Decency used to be an attribute of Pim Brothers, but evidently they also have had their morals contaminated by the general spiritual fall back of this nation.

Remember! No person, man, woman or child must enter Pim's. A strike is on. Scabs are working there and the atmosphere is of a nature dangerous to unionism. KEEP CLEAR.

FELIX TURNS UP AGAIN.

Last week a series of meetings was held in Ulster demanding the release of the political prisoners and amongst those who attended one of them and volunteered his services as a speaker was one Thomas Johnson, T.D., of "if it cost as much more" fame. Felix is "getting back to the spirit of 1917" and the Labour Party "Manifesto" of a few days ago is brimful of references to "the Volunteer spirit," "loyalty," "discipline," etc. Felix has played the trick of accommodating his views to public feelings once too often and his attempt to foist himself on the people of Ulster as a patriot is not working out.

At the meeting referred to a collection was being made for the dependents of prisoners and one of the collectors, in the course of her work, found herself facing a smiling individual in the act of making a contribution to the fund! Who was it? "Get out of it," said the collector, "we're not taking any blood money." Then Felix went home.

NOTICE.

A meeting of all men who follow the employment of Messrs. Newmans, Stevedores, will be held in Unity Hall, Sunday, 5th inst., at 12.30 p.m. This notice applies to all cargo and coal men.

SHIPYARDS TO RE-OPEN.

The Dublin Dockyard is to re-open. Work has already commenced in order that the machines and material may be repaired and prepared for the full employment of the men. Such is the story given out, and for the sake of the men we hope it eventuates. Some weeks past we published an account of Scott, now dead, who was a Director in this Dockyard and of the amount of money he left behind him, and related the true reason for the closing of the yard. Now a need is arising for new ships and the ship-building industry is gradually opening up. The Belfast yards are laying down new ships almost every week, and it is expected that the full capacity of the yards will be called upon in the near future. This boom has its effect on this city, and accordingly the long-idle yards are being re-opened, now that there is a prospect of profits being made.

THE CRY OF THE WOMEN.

Is there never a thing we may and hold,
Though we search the wide world o'er?
You have taken our young, you have taken
our old,

Our mates and the sons we bore;
You have slain our men by the thousandfold,
And you still cry out for more!

You have quenched the light in unnumbered
homes
That have never dared your ire;
From our ruined cities' spires and domes
Flare out your flags of fire,
And the yield of our fields when the harvest
comes
Is the reek of your blood-red more!

You have done these things, since you may
and can,
And no word have we to say,
Though we faced our death for the life of
each man
That you call to his arms to-day!
And for all that you spend, and for all that
you plan,
We pay to the full, we pay!

Oh, we pay by our blood that we may not
shed;
We pay by our gripping fears;
We pay through the dumb night's gasping
dread;
We pay through the long gray years;
We pay for men living, we pay for men dead,
With anguish and bitter tears!

And we starve and we toil till the sinews
start,
Though your cause be right or wrong;
Yet we have neither speech, nor lot, nor part
In the councils of the strong.
But we ponder and turn these things in
our heart—
You shall answer to Ud ere long!

CAROLINE DUER.

STAND AND DELIVER.

Milk has been raised One Penny per quart; the price of bread has gone up; tea prices are higher, and all this has occurred despite the fact that no strikes have taken place, no wages have been raised, no working conditions changed; yet the milk, bread, and tea trusts are allowed to force up the food prices and filch more money out of the pockets of the working class. The only reason that these increases have taken place is the knowledge that the worst part of the year is still to come when food is the most important factor in life, in order that warmth may be kept at a level high enough to allow of daily work. Yet the press of this city never cried out against this piracy by the business men. But

then these sheets are business sheets, paid by business men to look after the interest of Business, and a penny here and a penny there out of the pockets of the Irish working class is of little interest to the paid scribes. The only matter that troubles these gentlemen is the rise and fall of dividends, strikes, increase of wages, and such other arbiters of dividends.

THE LABOUR FAKIRS.

With a blare of trumpets, so to speak, the Papers some days ago announced the summoning of a special meeting of the Irish Labour Party to deal with the "crisis" in the movement. What the crisis is about does not make us perspire to think of, and we have a feeling it has a connection with the rate at which the W.U. of I. is extending. Of course it is not put that way; no, no!

Felix Johnson is in a bad way for a future. Lately he spends his time haunting the fringes of Republican meetings on the chance of something turning up. He pretends to be impressed by "the spirit of 1917," and nothing less than "the revival of the spirit of the volunteers" will do. The blatant hypocrisy of this enemy of the Nation is something to think about. If, two years ago, his attitude towards "Unity" were what he pretends it to be now, there would have been no war. The people will hardly forget the part he played with Malcolm Lyon and the rest of the anti-Irish brigade, and so his present posturing will not get him anywhere. Johnson, English Imperialist, is still the confidant of the J. H. Thomas gang in England, and the frothy manifestos of the so-called Irish Labour Party are a smoke screen to cover his pro-British activities. Acting in concert with the "Irish Labour Party" through affiliated Trades Unions, are people styling themselves "Republicans." Despite Johnson's invitation to the Free State Government to continue the recent "Civil" war, "even if it cost as much more," and the incitements of O'Shannon and O'Brien, ex-T.D., Senator Foran, Corish, T.D., Nagle, T.D., Morrissey, T.D., Everett, T.D. and the rest of the Treaty "implementers," the Republicans so-called, whose Unions are affiliated to the Irish Labour Party, continue their support of these enemies of the Nation. The policy of the Irish Labour Party all along has been to "implement the Treaty," and that policy, in the spirit and the letter, has been given expression to in the deeds of the Free State murder gangs, the detention of 16,000 prisoners for almost two years, flagrant injustice by the judiciary, the Flogging Act, and, on the civil side, the creation of an army of jobsters, the reduction of teachers' wages, old age pensions, and a statute which fixed 50s. as a basic wage. That is the result of the "Implement the Treaty" policy, and Johnson and his associates will convince no one to the contrary by protestations at this late hour. Hand in hand with O'Higgins, McNeill, Cosgrave, Blythe and the lavender-scented Foreign Office boy, the Irish Labour Party have forced Ireland into the present impasse. Not all the pious expressions in the world will alter the fact, and the sooner Felix understands it, the better.

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 64. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11TH, 1924

TWOPENCE

PARNELL.

BORN 1846

DIED 1891.

Another victim of a nation's ingratitude.
Driven to an untimely death by false,
traitorous friends and unscrupulous enemies.

Timothy Healy, Esq., got his price.
One who bit the hand that fed him.
Not thirty pieces of silver.

He got the Governor-Generalship of the
Slave (Free) State from the Government
that Parnell fought until the end.

The deserted, betrayed, but unvanquished
Leader.

Timothy lives execrated by Irishman and
whomever the world over.

Oblivion awaits him.

PARNELL DEAD—LIVES FOR EVER.

We print a few pregnant lines from the
speeches made by this man, whose body,
lies in the cold earth of Glasnevin, but whose
memory is warm in the minds and hearts
of all worthy of the kinship of the Race.

"When a man takes a farm from which
another man has been evicted, you must
shun him on the roadside when you meet
him; in the streets of the town; you must
shun him in the fair-green and in the market-
place, and even in the place of worship, by
leaving him alone, by putting him into a
moral Coventry, by isolating him from the
rest of his country, as if he were the leper of
old—you must show him your detestation
of the crime he has committed." Could any
finer headline be set for the men who are not
now fighting in Ireland the battle of Labour
against tyrannical Capitalism and the petty
tyranny of the Dents and Tatlows?

"We have been accused of preaching
Communist doctrines when he told the
people not to pay an unjust rent—and the
following out of that advice IN A FEW of
the Irish Counties had shown the English
Government the necessity for a radical
alteration of the Land Laws."

"But how would they like if we told the
people some day or other not to pay any
rent until the question is settled. If the
500,000 tenant farmers of Ireland struck
against the 10,000 landlords, I should like
to see where they would get police and
soldiers enough to make them pay?"

Workers, substitute for tenant farmers
workers, and for landlords timber merchants
and railway magnates, ask yourself if the
workers of Ireland remain true to themselves
are there enough police and soldiers to
compel them to play the part of blacklegs.

Parnell found a country of slaves; his
bold teaching and example shook them
half-free. In a moment of mingled panic,
treachery, and cowardice, they forgot his
teaching and rent him asunder at the
bidding of his enemies.

Workers of Ireland, to-day your "sympa-
thetic" movement is denounced as revolu-
tionary and anarchistic. Console yourselves
with the thought that forty-three years ago
Parnell's ideas were denounced in the same
terms! To-day they are accomplished facts
legally recognised.

Parnell's body lies mouldering in Glasnevin,
but his soul goes marching on!

May the lesson of his life be learned by the
workers, for it can never be forgotten that
when he was assailed he instinctively turned
to the working men in Dublin, Cork, Water-
ford and Limerick, and he was not dis-
appointed. "Proof against guile or gold,"
the humble, workingmen of these cities
remained faithful.

Parnell on Labour.

"I have to say another word about a
question of great importance and moment
to us all—a question of which I could not
evade if I desired to. It is the question of
the relations of Ireland with the labour
population. I have told you I could not
evade this question, and I should not wish
to evade it if I could (hear). The men who
made Ireland what she is to-day, and who
will hew her course amongst the nations of
the world in the future, are the labouring
population of Ireland. For them I must
have care; on them I must depend (cheers).
So to them I look for the recruits in the grand
army of Irish Nationality which I hope to
lead in the near future (cheers). Without
such men our strength would be nothing
(hear, hear). Therefore I look to them
(cheers), and that, acting in this fashion,
I shall be able to see that nothing is omitted,
however small, for the purpose of obtaining
for labour and the dignity of the labourer,
a rightful and proper and overwhelming
position in the Council of the nation (cheers)."

Machinists, shirt makers, etc., keep
away from Johnston's Shirt Factory,
Parliament Street. Strike on.

This Belfast gang of sweaters have
been paying their girl and women
workers from 8d. to 1s. per dozen shirts
below the Trade Board rate thus under-
cutting other firms observing Trade Board
rates and robbing the workers they em-
ployed of their lawful rate of wages.
This Johnson firm supplies shirts to shops
in Derry, Limerick, Cork and other
cities. Ask for and see that you do not
buy Johnson shirts, made under sweating
conditions.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING— BUT RAMSAY'S GONE.

The British Labour Government was
defeated on Wednesday night on a
Liberal amendment to institute an inquiry
into the Campbell Case.

The letter hereunder reprinted is the
original upon which the article Campbell
was alleged to have written was based
on. This letter was written 13 years
ago, by Fred Bower, a Liverpool stone-
mason, and published in the "Irish
Worker" for 29th July, 1911. It was
then reprinted in leaflet form to the
number of one million copies. These
copies were subsequently distributed
amongst British soldiers in England and
other parts of the Empire, including the
now Free State.

Now in the year 1924, the British
Labour Government are thrown out of
office because of their double-dealing and
trickery over this same letter. Truly,
out of a small seed has come a mighty
oak.

We reprint the appeal.

OPEN LETTER TO BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Men! Comrades! Brothers!
You are in the army.

So are **We**. **You**, in the Army of De-
struction. **We**, in the Industrial, or
Army of Construction.

We work at mine, mill, forge, factory,
or dock, etc., producing and transporting
all the goods, clothing, stuffs, etc. which
makes it possible for people to live.

You are Workmen's Sons.

When **We** go on strike to better **Our**
lot, which is the lot also of **Your Fathers,**
Mothers, Brothers, and Sisters, YOU
are called upon by your officers to **MURDER**
US.

Don't do it!

You know how it happens. Always has
happened.

We stand out as long as we can. Then
one of our (and your) irresponsible
Brothers, goaded by the sight and thought
of his and his loved ones misery and
hunger, commits a crime on property.
Immediately **You** are ordered to **MURDER**
Us, as **You** did at Mitchelstown, at
Featherstone, at Belfast.

Don't **You** know, that when **You** are
out of the colours, and become a "Civvy"
again, that **You**, like **Us**, may be on
Strike, and **You**, like us be liable to be
Murdered by other soldiers?

Boys. Don't do it!

"Thou Shalt Not Kill," says the Book.
Don't Forget That!

It does not say, "unless you have a
uniform on."

(Continued on column 3, page 6)

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

September 19th.

Larkin is again on the cables and judging by some of the American correspondents in Dublin he has returned with an extra tail and another cloven foot. The "Evening Post's" man, "John Darby," has a column picture in lurid colouring of the ruin that portends and how the nice respectable labour leaders are having their unions and Labour Party in the Dail destroyed by "red agitators." This same paper printed from Henry Ford's secretary a denial that Henry had to close down his factory in Cork because "of lawlessness and corrupt politics," which lie also came over the cables from the correspondent, sensitive to anything endangering capitalism in any part of the world.

T. P. McGinley, "Cu Ulad," of the Gaelic League in his weekly letter to the "Irish World" stresses that Larkin is doing good work and that the Dail Labour Party will soon vanish. A Dublin priest, writing to Father O'Flanagan, Republican Party envoy here, commends Larkin's efforts and urges support for him, which communication was published at Father O'Flanagan's request.

More Theology.

The Rev. Dr. A. J. Muench, Prof. of Social Science at the St. Francis University of Wisconsin, writes to the "Irish World" urging its readers not to be stampeded from voting for the new Progressive Party because it has been labelled "Socialist" and "Bolshevist" by the capitalist editors, and the two other parties that have hitherto elected Presidents to keep America in the grip of Wall Street.

He stresses the interesting fact that a government rules England, the members of which profess to be Socialists, and that English priests urged their flocks to join the Labour Party, also supposed to be led by Socialists, which put this Socialist Government in power.

Cardinal Bourne did not make the mistake the Russian prelates did and encourage his priests to go out with rifles or act as military spies, in an effort to frustrate the will of the people.

Similarly when the MacDonald yellow tints merge in the Clyde crimsons and the newer government of the workers take absolute control of Britain, St. Paul's teaching that all must "be subject to the higher power" will doubtless again prevail.

Bishops and the "State."

It came as a shock to Irish Republicans to find that many bishops who gave their sympathy and support to the Irish Republic while it functioned through the Dail transferred their allegiance to the new "State" when its power was finally demonstrated by use of British artillery and several "reprisal" murders.

Is it not logical to assume the same bishops will keep abreast of the changing conditions of the world, when the Workers' Republic is fully established? And—will the "Irish Times" continue to be the organ of the new ruling government?

There is a law of adjustment in nature, physics and political science, but it is possible the editors of the Irish daily press will follow the example of the patriarchs of the Greek Church in Russia and try to sweep back the tide of world revolution, if only with a few fountain pens and a bottle of ink.

Highbrow "Dope."

W. B. Yeats' little playlet on Peter Paul and Timothy discussing compulsory Gaelic has been reprinted in a weekly review of the foreign press circulated among editorial writers.

The "Pensioner," as Griffiths called him, takes a knock at "Juno and the Paycock," implying that its success was due to the players who produced it. It may be news to the noblest Senator of them all that Dudley Digges of Dublin—now one of the pillars of the American theatre—lecturing last year before the New York Larkin group, stressed very clearly that the success of the Abbey school of dramatists was not so much the plays of Yeats and the Lords and Ladies, but because of their first production by working-class actors who, for years, had been acting in the old Coffee Palace and with Dublin's amateur companies for love of their art. This acting was done after Digges' hard day's work in a book-keeper's office, or, like Sarah Allgood, at her trade of french polisher. Same with the others.

This is borne out by the fact that on the first London and American tours it was the actors, their natural mode and their accents or bias which captivated the playgoers and enraptured the critics. The plays were secondary, the words but tools in the hands of skilled craftsmen.

If Willie and the Dublin Castle sponsors of "Our Irish Theatre," as the Kiltartan lady-nightly classifies it, had picked professional actors from the casts of the usual "weekly runs" in Dublin, Ireland and the cynical workers would never have had all these great dramatists nor the noble work and traditions of an "Irish" Theatre to lead us up the flowery slopes of Parnaisus—instead of down the coal quays looking for a job.

And now that the coal quays have cast up an unmanicured playwright threatening to obscure the whole bourgeoisie background, the winner of the Nobel Prize, and J. J. Walsh's laurel wreaths hints to the world it is not O'Casey's genius but the trained actors that made him famous.

Citizen Army Hero.

We received for review a new volume on the American drama written by the over-sensitive St. John Irvine. As could be expected three-fourths of it is devoted to replies to the American critics of his plays, the remainder a eulogy of all things dramatic that come via London or Stratford-on-Avon. The Liffey-side Morgue does not bother its old manager much.

There was an attempt to revive his "Critics" here, but as Broadway did not know the football writers that Paddy Meade and other Dublin editors used to send to cover the Abbey first night production, it died in two nights.

But this St. John Irvine should be remembered for his article descriptive of Easter Week, contributed to an American magazine. In the Dunsany or Yeatsian manner he mentioned meeting some badly-dressed and sordid-looking route marchers (Citizen Army) returning to Liberty Hall from the Dublin Mountains on the Saturday. The officer in charge nodded to him, to his surprise, and then he remembered he had met him in the Abbey back stage doing a minor part in one of his plays. Next day he heard this foolish youth was dead, shot on the roof of the City Hall from Dublin Castle.

And this the only claim our Sean Connolly—"The Man from God Knows Where"—had to fame—he had been in the cast of one of Irvine's plays.

It is to be hoped that coming Belfast Soviet will ask the local playwright to give specific reasons why he should be permitted to reside within their jurisdiction, before issuing deportation orders.

Casement's Diary.

Publication of Mrs. Newman's letter has cleared a mystery that troubled many in New York. Casement's diary showed the man to be indecisive and a nervous wreck, unfitted for revolutionary leadership. Its publication could serve no good purpose,

either to the man or the Irish movement. Capt. Maloney, ex-British officer, was one of the Captain Maloneys who aspired to the intellectual leadership of the Irish Republican movement here when it became a power and a force. For convenience sake, as there were two of the same name, the one later responsible for publication was called "Spy" Maloney. This was based by the brutally frank working-class Irish on the frequent desire of the gallant Captain to visit the British Embassy and argue out Ireland's right in conference with the oppressor's ambassador. However, he quickly lost caste among the workers.

It is no surprise to know that he was responsible for publication, he also blessed the "Treaty."

Lenin has pointed out that during a revolution the bourgeoisie "intellectuals" will rise to the top, much like froth on a glass of Guinness, and that for a revolution to succeed this froth must be blown away. His observations were based on the different Russian and French and other European revolts. Our own '48 and 1916 gives other proof of the wisdom of Lenin, and is a guide for the future. Paraphrasing Griffiths—the workers and peasants must rely on themselves alone.

Seumas MacManus.

The Donegal balladist and erstwhile historian occasionally bobs up in the New York-press with a pot boiler. Last year one transgressed the "stage Irish" line so much that there were protests. His present article, occasioned by the recent visit of the Duke of Tetuan, of the O'Donnell clan, is on the "Wild Geese" who left Ireland to serve various kings and emperors on the Continent.

None of the historians as yet have detailed how our lost aristocracy worshipped their new kings so much that they used their arms in subduing many revolts of the common people of Europe who rose against kingly oppressors. They undoubtedly helped to perpetuate feudalism in many countries in Europe.

The monarchist Griffiths once informed the writer that the O'Neill of Lisbon had the most royal blood and was the rightful successor to the Irish throne. In his Leabhar na hEireann he compiled the Royal Irish Genealogical Table showing his persistent craving for a crown or king of some sort.

Better that the dead kings, queens, earls and nobles be left dead unless humanised like in James Stephens' novel. They are no inspiration for the Irish worker of to-day who desires to see all royalty and titles go the way of Czar Nicholas.

Yet MacManus revamps the sickening story about one German King George saying to French King Louis when thousands of Irish were acting as cannon fodder:—"Oh, for the laws which deprive me of my brave Irish soldiers."

There is still a lot of froth to be blown away.

WORLD IMPERIALISM.

The typical colonial slave holder is Great Britain, the area of which is 121,000 square miles, while the colonies comprise 15 million square miles, or 130 times greater in area. Great Britain has 46 million population, the colonies 429 millions. For each Britisher 9 colonial slaves.

France counts 39 millions French, and 54 millions subject peoples. The number of Belgians is 7 millions, its colonial population is 17.5 millions. Holland has 7 millions inhabitants and counts 49.5 colonials.

We get a picture of the slavery of mankind from the following:—of the 74 million square miles comprising the habitable continents, 50 millions are colonies. Of the 1,750,000,000 inhabitants of the universe, 1,250,000,000 are the enslaved of imperialism.

LONDON LETTER.

6 10 24.

Parliament is at best only an unnatural contrivance for the guidance of public affairs, not only by reason of its constitution, but because it is superimposed upon an economic system which exists not for public convenience but for private profits for a few. Now to-day we have a situation within Parliament which is most unnatural, even to Parliament itself! For ten months the chiefs of a Party with less than one-third of the votes of the House have been pretending to be a Government. They have been permitted to rule as a Labour Government only when they have taken into their councils representative aristocrats, capitalists, lawyers, war-mongers and bureaucrats, Lords Haldane, Chelmsford and Parmoor. The MacDonald Government has been a Government of puppets, dancing to the tune of the bosses, whilst the Tory-Libs, fought out their private faction fights behind the scenes, shuffling and re-shuffling, but all the while watching MacDonald closely and rapping his knuckles sharply whenever he came a little near to the border line between the interests of the bosses and the workers. Not that he ever attempted to cross that line. He has bludgeoned the subject nations, bargained for English capitalists and bondholders against the Russian Soviets and in competition with the financiers of the former Entente and U.S.A. He has fastened the Dawes slave scheme upon the German workers, subsidized the Sudan Plantation Syndicate, enlarged the Fleet and Air Force, prosecuted local authorities for giving relief to men on strike or lock-out, and kept in jail not only our Irish boys, but even men of the English unemployed who were sentenced for refusing relief wages at scab rates, and workers who had used force against force at Welsh and English evictions.

Now the time draws near when the boss-class parties will have found their own internal equilibria, and, having used MacDonald as their tool, will kick him unceremoniously out of No. 10 Downing St.

The Labour "Herald" prophesied an election last week, the usual procedure following a Cabinet's downfall. MacDonald will ask the King to dissolve Parliament and will go to the country for a mandate. Rosy visions of an enlarged Labour following in the House, even of a Labour majority!

But not so fast. The boss parties have thought this all over carefully and now the game has begun. Lord Rothermere writes "Why a General Election?", and the "Referee" gives us an article with reasons constitutionally derived, to show that the King is not bound to follow a Minister's advice, but can send for another "statesman" should there be one ready and able to form a Government. Victoria von Wettin (née Guelph) did it to Gladstone and now George will do it even to MacDonald, the man who kissed his hand so devotedly last January. Let us hazard a guess. It would seem that at last a majority of the Tory-Lib. M.P.s have found a basis of common action and a leader to fill the Premier's place. Baldwin's position as Tory and Opposition leader was being undermined even before last December, as I showed in the article written about last year's election. One would have to know a great deal about finance to be able to explain all the manoeuvring, but it is obvious that Asquith, like a wise old owl, has been watching and waiting for twelve months, and not in vain. Even when the "Daily Herald" and the Labour misleaders have begun to prophecy an election next month, creating a stronger Labour force, and extinguishing the Liberals, Tory journals like the "Referee" print such headings as "Life for Liberalism—Definite Policy Demanded of the Conservative Party."

Asquith kept silent at first when the Tories denounced the Russian Treaty and

appealed to the Libs. to help in rejecting the Government. George and the rest answered, but Asquith waited and saw. Then just when the "Herald" printed jubilant articles hinting that Asquith was against George, the wily veteran came out as the avowed saviour of capitalism from the Reds. The Tory papers begin to forecast a refusal by His Majesty to dissolve Parliament and the summoning of the Liberal leader to form a Government probably of mixed composition. Asquith seems to have got his price.

In August last some of the Labour M.P.s spoiled the "Labour" Government lasting another two years. But there are other old hands at the game.

Let us leave them to it. What matters is not the dancing of the puppets nor the intriguing of the capitalists, but the degree of revolutionary class-consciousness amongst the workers, and their understanding of and desire for the only alternative to capitalist serfdom, i.e., Co-operative Communism.

The event of last week among the London Irish and working class rebels was the visit of Jim Larkin to London, where he spoke with Jack White, Saklatvala and others at Bow, Woolwich, Kotherhithe and Battersea. At each meeting he was given a glad welcome. The halls were packed at Bow and Woolwich, whilst at Battersea fully 3,000 supporters waited impatiently for his appearance, which they greeted with a thunderous cheer.

The visit concluded with a Ceilidh and Reception to Jim at the Holborn Hall on Monday, 29th, whereat Willie Gallagher, Saklatvala and old Jim Connell joined the Irish Worker League speakers in words of welcome and encouragement; to which Jim replied feelingly and most impressively.

The Irish Worker League in London has now set out to organise four branches. A meeting was held in Glasgow on Sunday, 5th October, to open a branch there. More helpers are needed all over Britain and those willing to serve should write London District, Irish Worker League, 121 Walworth Road, S.E., 17. The movement is slowly building up amongst the exiles.

At the Labour Party Conference this month the Builders have tabled a resolution demanding the release of all I.R.A. men and other political prisoners held in English and Six County jails, and the end of the subsidies. The Irish workers here look to Sydney Taylor, who has championed the prisoners, to see the matter through and they much appreciate his courageous and honest attitude. We are informed that the General Council of the Trades' Congress has approved unanimously of the demand for the men's release.

"EXILE."

THE SOWER.

TO KEIR HARDIE

Lo! a poor sower went forth with his seed
To the grey fields sad with rain—
Eager to nourish the earth's hungry need,
Tossing with free hand his grain.
Even on the rocks rained it down with full
hand—
Paused not to ask, "Will these clods under-
stand?"
Storm-wrack and cloud-burst wild menaced
his head—
Evil crowd waited their hour;
Dreams fell away from him. Courage was
shed.
Faith lost her white shining flower,
Naked of Hope in the field of grey rain,
With only the Will left, he went scattering
the grain.
Slower and slower as evening came on,
Wearily, aching of bone—
But a few handfuls, and then, his task done,
Slept he, his pillow a stone:
Will-less and hopeless, a nd faithful and blest,
Laid himself down, trusting clods with the
rest.

(THE CLEAR LIGHT.)

THE RAG BLUNDERS.

Murphy's Rag for Wednesday, 8th, devotes a sub-leader to that much debated subject "Bolshevist Justice." Quoting a French Deputy, a story is unfolded of how twenty-four Georgians had been executed for organising the latest Press-made insurrection in Georgia. But the terrible point which the Rag makes against the Bolsheviks is that these twenty-four men had been in gaol for two years previously and therefore could not possibly have had any act or part in the supposed revolt; and the Rag ends—"such is Bolshevist justice."

Unhappily for the editorial writers on the Rag, some people in this country are still possessed of a memory.

We can still recall December, 1922, and the names of the four prisoners then confined in Mountjoy Gaol for some five months. We remember the death of Sean Hades, and better still, we remember the deaths of four untried prisoners in Mountjoy Gaol on the next morning. At that time the Rag did not devote a sub-leader to "Free State Justice"; no, it merely deplored the murders as unfortunate happenings resultant upon soldiers losing self-control upon hearing of the shooting of a friend. But the Government did not nudge their words. The four men were shot "as a reprisal for the assassination and as a solemn warning to those associated with them." Such was the wording of the official report and at least it was honest.

The Rag has advanced another step in hypocrisy; a fitting accompaniment would be the condemnation by our "Labour T.D.s" of the same alleged Bolshevik justice; those high souled labour men who continued to sit in a chamber which had devoted its power and authority to the carrying out of a personal vendetta in the name of the "Irish People."

We Irish are exceedingly simple, or rather stupid, but at least we can recognise lying hypocrites when they blatantly turn the spot light on themselves.

If the "Labour" T.D.s and their faithful defender, the Rag, desire to be hypocrites, at least they might have sufficient decency to be respectably hypocritical and not be continually pushing their hypocrisy into the face of the "Great Common People," so beloved of the members of our Government. The Rag seems to be losing that delicate touch which made it so famous in Irish politics. To call for the execution of men in 1916, and in 1921 to hold them up as heroes and patriots was an achievement worthy of a Rothermere or a Northcliffe, but the latest trick is an abject failure and its perpetration should receive a severe reprimand from "Lombard" who pulls the strings.

THE REGISTER?

The Editor,
"Irish Worker."

Dear Comrade,

Calling at the offices of the voters' register, Cork Hill, I was told that the register was closed to the public until some undefined date. As I understand there is always a rough list of voters when the final list is not finished I was surprised at not being allowed to consult the list so I do not know if my name is on the list.

I would like to know through the medium of the "Irish Worker," the reason why the public are not allowed this right of finding out if their votes are secure.

INQUISITIVE.

Liberty is a word understood by few. Most men want it for themselves but not for those who disagree with them.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

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We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

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

PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

FRESH FISH, ALIVE, ALIVE, OH!

Ireland is preparing for another invasion—a fishy invasion. Some philanthropic Americans have subscribed one million pounds in order that Ireland's fishing industry may be developed. Of course the Company is h-Irish, but no Irish need apply for any of the stock. Quite a big plan has been laid out, 200 trawlers, motors, canning and curing, exportation of live fish, etc., go to its completion.

The development of the Irish fishing industry is long overdue, but 'tis a sad thing that not in the whole of Ireland can we find any man or group of men capable of carrying the undertaking to a successful accomplishment.

The fishing industry, like the mining, railway and agricultural industries, particularly lends itself to national ownership. We have a Ministry of Fisheries whose purpose is the guidance and development of the industry. The natural line of development would be along the lines of Government control, and such we understood would be the goal aimed at by our Fish Minister. We admit our mistake, Mr. Fínan Lynch is not capable of such a task, and, like the modern man he is, he quietly vacates the stage and allows more competent brains to tussle with the problem.

We have already a milk trust, a bread trust, a cattle trust, and a provision trust in this country; we are now to be supplied with a fish trust. We are grateful. Irish workers are going to be given the blessed opportunity of working for a trust—a foreign trust—for wages which will never make them millionaires. They can harvest the fish for the trust and then buy the fish back from the trust at a price fixed by the trust. Nevertheless, we are thankful. We are glad that our government has sufficient moral courage to admit their inability to make the fishing industry a national industry, and we are glad an American trust is willing to exploit Ireland, Ireland's industry and Ireland's workers. The capital has been subscribed outside Ireland, and the profits will also travel outside Ireland. Yet, we again admit 'tis fitting. The bank deposits in Ireland are roughly 300 million pounds, yet we could not find the required million to develop such an important industry as fishing. We don't deserve the profits, we don't even deserve the favour of being allowed to purchase our own fish from a foreign trust at a price fixed by the trust. Nevertheless, we are thankful.

That there are men in all countries who get their living by war and by keeping up the quarrels of nations is as shocking as it is true; but when those who are concerned in the government of a country make it a study to sow discord and cultivate prejudices between nations it becomes the more unpardonable.—Thomas Paine.

THE BLACK SHIRTS IN IRELAND.

Dublin has been honoured, highly honoured—but unfortunately Dublin is not aware of the honour conferred upon it.

During the week now ended we have had amongst us a visitor from Italy, a member of that illustrious organisation, the Fascisti.

Dublin has long had a company of the Fascisti, drawing its members from the Italian colony in this city. When this company was first inaugurated we drew attention to it and warned all and sundry to watch its development. Unhappily for its development upon the lines laid down by the parent organisation in Italy, we in Ireland have proved ourselves better exponents of the tenets of Fascism than those officially entitled to interpret and practice those exercises of devotion. From time to time we have published accounts of the "little diversions" of the Black Shirted Squads in Italy. We told how old women were dragged out of bed and beaten; how men were tortured and murdered, and other happenings.

We in Ireland used to think that all these things were in far off Italy. We, of course, fiercely denounced the Fascisti for its union breaking activities, its persecution and torturing of socialists and communists, but never did we think that the organisation responsible for this campaign would plant its roots in Ireland and under the same name of Fascisti. But it has arrived, and evidently it has merited the approval of the parent body, who kindly sent a delegate over to view the new infant.

We have no objection to the Italians in Dublin starting any organisations they desire, and if it pleases them they are quite at liberty to label them Fascismo. We would only warn all members of the Dublin Fascisti that although the organisation may be introduced into this country, all the practises of the Italian body are not welcome. Strike breaking, union breaking, intolerance and bigotry are far too common in Ireland at present and outside supplies are not required. The Italians are welcome to abide in Ireland, but the Italian brand of Fascismo would be better absent.

THE STRIKE AT PIM'S.

When this strike first commenced there were twelve men and boys involved. Every one of the twelve were paid strike pay for some weeks. Then the moral strain becoming too great the weakest members of the twelve deserted, betrayed their manhood and crawled on their bellies to Pims looking for their jobs back. The names and addresses of these righteous men are as follows:—

Thomas O'Brien, Great Longford St., off Augier St.;

Thomas Cummins, Lombard St. East, Westland Row.

John Johnson, 9 Camden Buildings, Camden St.;

Joseph Kinch, Kilmacud Rd., Dundrum; One of this quartet, Johnson, is a self-acclaimed hero of 1913, in W. & R. Jacobs. Brian and Cummins were taken back, the other two were refused.

This leaves two motor drivers and six boys to fight Pim Bros. and the "Transport Workers Union," including J. Burke, alleged motor delegate at 42 York St. (better known to Dublin Jarvies as "Jubilee Jack.")

Still another one to add to the list is a creature called Michael Reilly, hackney owner, Thorncastle St., Ringsend. He is assisting Pims with a horse and lorry. Ringsend Union men, note this address when thinking of engaging a car.

Of all the persons in occupations, seventy per cent. come from the proletariat; and the proletariat owns four per cent. of the total wealth.—(Jack London).

PULLING THE STRINGS FOR A GENERAL ELECTION IN ENGLAND.

(By "Cross-Channel.")

England at the present moment is greatly agitated by the thought of a General Election within the next two months.

The Labour Party, through their mouth-piece, MacDonald, have announced that they are ready to take up the political challenge and submit themselves to an election. The whole capitalist press of England is harping upon the same theme. Their articles are written to order and the banks and large corporations, for reasons of their own, desire a General Election.

The most important matter requiring the attention of the English Parliament is the Russian Treaty. MacDonald was forced to sign this Treaty by certain elements in the Labour Party. He did so against his inclination, and also apparently against his "master's" orders. The Treaty is signed but not ratified by Parliament and as yet carries no force. The International Bankers, headed by Pierpont Morgan, are still of a frame of mind antagonistic to the Soviet Republic. In America, where the Government is openly taking orders from Morgan, Russia has been definitely refused recognition by the U.S.A. Government, but in other countries like to England and Italy the reins of control have had to be slackened and recognition, or hopes of recognition, given. In England the conference with the Soviet representatives was arranged and it was hoped by the bankers that a treaty advantageous to themselves would be evolved—unfortunately for them and happily for the Soviet Republic a Treaty framed to help the Workers' Republic was finally agreed to, but at the last moment a further hitch occurred, through the intriguing of the bankers, and the negotiations almost broke down. At that point individuals within the Labour Party came together and brought their influence to bear on MacDonald and the Treaty was signed. The International Bankers are making yet another attempt to wreck this agreement. They believe that it would be passed by Parliament and accordingly they are applying all their resources to the end that a General Election will take place, hoping that the Labour Party will be defeated and a party returned who will tear up the agreement. They stand to lose nothing in a General Election, because should the Labour Party gain more seats the Treaty will only be ratified as it would be in the present House, and knowing the personnel of the I.L.P. they little fear that any drastic changes will take place as a result of the increase in power of the I.L.P.

This whole talk of an election is merely a game being played by international finance in the hope of further crippling Soviet Russia by preventing her from purchasing the machinery, etc., she requires. What the outcome will be is hard to know. If the Treaty goes before the present House it will probably be passed in its entirety, and should an election take place the I.L.P. most likely will be returned and the Treaty passed, either way the Treaty seems safe, a Treaty which means practically economic regeneration to Russia.

We have not been the advocates of anarchy; we have merely said that nations were not made for Governments, but Governments for nations. We have not tried to destroy, but to make the robber disgorge his plunder.—(Ernest Jones, Chartist).

No, the truth about war cannot be told. It is too horrible. The public will not listen. A white bandage about the forehead with a strawberry mark in the centre, is the picture they want of the wound.—(Richard Barry).

UNEMPLOYMENT—THE MAN AT WORK AND THE UNIONS.

The question of unemployment affects each and every worker and it is a matter that ought to be the concern of all workers, irrespective of their occupations. Yet, we find this question treated with indifference by those whom it most vitally affects. Often we hear employed workers expressing very narrow-minded and selfish opinions of their less fortunate comrades. But generally the employed worker is unconsciously influenced by the menace of unemployment to his job, wages and conditions, and to this is due their indifference and even hostility to those who lack work.

Trades Unions usually take very little interest in the unemployed once a member has exhausted his out-of-work benefits and is in arrears. Unions that adopt this policy are not really striving for the advancement of the whole working class, but only for the growth of their Union treasury. In adopting this attitude they also ignore the weakest members of the working class army, but quickly realise their mistake in times of strikes and lock-outs. Then they become anxious as to what action the unemployed may take. The unemployed generally take the side of the strikers, but unhappily deserters to the opposite camp are known. Many of the unemployed by their foolish respectability hinder the progress of the working class in refusing to join the unemployed movement and in being ashamed to attend unemployed meetings and demonstrations. By suffering in private they tend to lose their morale and thus are more easily persuaded to act as scabs.

Cannot anything be done to destroy this foolish respectability on the part of the workers and create instead a spirit of discontent that will sweep away the foul system of capitalism.

To those who are allowed to work we suggest that they do something to keep their unemployed members in benefit in their Unions and allow them the right of voting and discussing matters affecting all members. These concessions will be readily agreed to if members understand the necessity of mass organisation on the basis of class and not of creed or craft. The antiquated notion of craft unions cannot be allowed in any fighting organisation, and the false ideas of respectability must be destroyed. When we have all the workers, both unemployed and employed, skilled and unskilled, in such a frame of mind that they will recognise that they are one in name and in reality. A united army, knowing no allegiance but to their class; when that time comes we will march forward to that great ideal—a Workers' Republic in Ireland.

CUNNINGHAM AND MCCARTHY.

THE FIGHTING BONDS.

The demand for Freedom Fund Certificates was very strong last week and the amount sold was almost double that of the previous week's total. In reckoning this total we are only taking note of those bonds fully paid for. The number of bonds being purchased by instalments far exceeds those fully paid up.

There is little need for us to again urge all our readers to obtain a certificate at once. The demand is great, the amount limited, and those who delay may "miss the tide."

GROCCERS' PORTERS' SECTION COMMITTEE.

UNITY HALL, MARLBORO' STREET.

All members of the above are requested, to be in attendance not later than 11.30 every Sunday morning. Absent members fined.

By ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE WORKERS.

Gaze around, comrades, and harken to the coming of the Cause—
It is breaking down the barriers of capital's cruel laws,
It is wresting back our freedom from the sweaters' greedy claws—
The brave Cause that's marching on.

See the workers, grim, determined, as they hasten to the fight—
To batter down the strongholds reared by hated Mammon's might—
To journey back from darkness to the glory and the light.
Of the Cause that's marching on.

They are coming from the factories, sweated sore with heavy toil,
They are climbing from the death-pits hollowed deep into the soil,
They are hastening to the battle, for every man is loyal
To the Cause that's marching on.

From the horrid foetid squalor of the sordid city slum,
Pallid-faced, yet still determined, see the hungry women come,
They too, shall help to battle 'gainst the filthy, sweating scum
For the Cause that's marching on.

For a weary age they've ruled us with a hard and heavy hand,
For a weary age they've spread themselves like fever o'er the land;
Now at last the battle's joined, and face to face with them we stand
For the Cause that's marching on.

Why should we let them rule us, this idle bestial brood?
Why should our lives depend upon their every savage mood?
Those dogs who've robbed us of our all—our liberty—our food
When no Cause was marching on.

We shall smite them without mercy in the conflict that's to be,
We shall clean the nation of them from the centre to the sea;
From their greedy claws we'll rescue what belongs to you and me
And the Cause that's marching on.

Only when the workers stand together in a compact strong,
In the holy faith of freedom, in the wish to right all wrong;
Only when the frits of Labour unto Labour shall belong
Will the Cause cease marching on.

MARCUS KAVANAGH.

Editor, Dublin.
Irish Worker, 5th Oct., '24.

Dear Comrade—I was glad to see in last week's issue of the "Worker" re the newly formed Connolly Club. I entirely agree with the writer and as a member of the Irish Worker League I am of opinion that the League should immediately start a course of educational classes for the coming winter. It is quite true that the time has come for unity in the labour movement, but I fail to see how we can obtain unity if the workers allow themselves to be used and led astray by individuals who, in my opinion, are out for place and power. Now, if the people who formed this Club were sincere in their object, mainly, the establishment of a "Workers' Republic" in Ireland, they should give their services and their educational ability through the medium of the Irish Worker League, which, to my knowledge, is the only organisation in Ireland that aims at the overthrow of the present day system of society, namely, capitalism.

I write this letter with the view that there should be one big organisation for the workers and one only.

Yours fraternally,
J. J. KENNY.

THE BRITISH I.L.P. CONFERENCE.

THE RANK AND FILE UPRISING.

The Annual Congress of the Independent Labour Party of England is in session this week. This assembly, which is supposed to represent the most advanced Labour movement outside of Russia, in its opening session showed a remarkable lack of spirit and life.

The first item on the programme was the blowing of the Loud Trumpet of Defiance to the Liberal and Tory Parties. When this little business was got through, the heaven sent leaders proceeded to pay each other high-flown compliments. Ramsay, of course, was the chief recipient of these verbal bouquets and suitably returned thanks. After that interlude the Communists were again refused affiliation, and also told to get out of the I.L.P. altogether. Hodges, the gink who played goal with the Prince, most fittingly moved the motion of rejection. Some lively speeches were delivered on this subject.

The general tone of the Conference was very low. One could feel the stirrings of a movement underneath which at present is smothered by the talk and inaction of leaders, some grown old in service, the majority grown old in knavery and intrigue.

There was much talk of Nationalisation, destruction of monopolies and other Socialistic dreams, but the practical met of the I.L.P. did not attempt to stride past the dream stage.

The so-called Labour Party in Ireland some years back was an apt replica of the I.L.P. We in Ireland have again pointed the way to the English workers. The upsurging movement in Irish labour is now well advanced, but the English rank and file are still meekly playing the part of sheep and following their mummified leaders. When the uprising from below will take place in English Labour is hard to predict, but signs all point to it occurring within the next year or so. It is long overdue.

MANDATES FOR OIL.

Fighting is in progress in Iraq, otherwise Mesopotamia, between the Turkish infantry and British air patrols. It is exceedingly hard to determine to what race or people Mesopotamia belongs, but one clarifying fact stands out, England more than anyone else has no right there. Thomas and Leach, the under secretary for the Air Ministry, talk virtuously about mandates, but the only mandate England is upholding in Iraq is a mandate from the Anglo-American Oil Company who are most desirous of exploiting the oil wells in Iraq, and to carry out this mandate it cost England four million pounds per year.

The Turks object to English occupation, because Iraq was formerly Turkish territory, and anyway they have a disinclination to seeing any people exploited by a capitalist trust.

Progress consists, not in miles of gas-lit streets, or millions of bricks piled square against the sky, but in human souls taught to know their dignity, and the vast universe of their inheritance.—(Rev. P. A. Sheehan).

Great social problems cannot be solved by brains alone. Social problems, like great minds, are bound within the social and economic limitations of their times.—(W. Paul).

All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been is lying in magic preservation in pages of books.—Carlyle.

STILL THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

Political parties that divorce themselves from practical politics cannot hope to make an impress on the national life.

The latest suggestion for solving the Boundary question only makes confusion more confounded. If the best solution of the Irish problem is the establishment of four subordinate Parliaments, then the case for the present Six Counties Government is half made. Frequently references are made to the constitution of the U.S.A. and to the advantages accruing from devolving legislative and administrative powers, within limits, on subordinate Parliaments, but it is not pointed out that in the case of the U.S.A. the subdivisions did not arise from strength of racial or religious feeling in any section of the country, but from sheer physical necessity arising out of the fact that America is a continent, impossible of government by a central body. In Ireland's case this consideration does not arise and the sole (alleged) justification for more than one government within the country is the (equally alleged) racial barrier north of the Boyne.

As the majority of the population of Tyrone and Fermanagh are against inclusion in the Six County area, the case for the Northern Government reduces itself to a matter of four counties. If the Republican Party were influenced by counsels of political sagacity they would make their case on Tyrone and Fermanagh instead of stereotyping partition by suggestions of four parliaments within the country.

Once the principle of allowing sections of the country to break away from the central government is acknowledged—on one ground—there can be no reasonable objection to its extension on other grounds.

The case of the Six County Government has to be faced and dealt with. To make a beginning, let it be admitted that four of the six are against inclusion in Southern Ireland, and that on the principle of majority rule they are entitled to break away. Let Northern Ireland break away, if it wills, on the basis of four counties, no more, no less. Let it establish itself as a separate State, on the understanding that it must accept the consequences, and then let the consequences follow.

An inevitable result of the separation of Northern Ireland from the South should be that the huge volume of business being done for Nationalist Ireland in Belfast and Northern Ireland generally, should be deflected to Southern ports. Every State is entitled to protect its trade and the South is within its rights in preventing the neighbouring State from fattening on its resources and business. Once the business men and political fraternity of the North, who are the power behind the throne, see there is no money in their political nostrums, they will appreciate better the idea of an united Ireland.

Getting away from this part of the problem, let us consider the suggestion of four subordinate parliaments. The population of Ireland is, approximately, four and a half millions, and its area 32,000 square miles. The country is capable of supporting, under modern industrial conditions, at least 20,000,000 people, or four and a half times its present population. The present figure represents a mere skeleton population, but still it represents a density of population considerably greater than many American States.

Administrative necessities are responsible for the subordinate legislatures in the U.S.A., and the need arises from the huge areas of the various States. Ireland is an island, the dimensions of which are a mere 360 by 120 miles, and there is no difficulty in making and administering laws from the capital.

But to set up four sub-legislatures with a fifth holding the scales between them and enacting laws in the general interest of the group is and can be nothing when incitement

to disaster. The cost of maintaining five governments and of quadrupling government departments is a thing not to be considered, and the sooner the idea is dropped the better for the reputations of its promoters. If the suggestion has been put out in furtherance of a strategical purpose, the sooner the foolishness of it is seen the better, for it will react in a manner not to be relished by anyone desiring to retain a shred of political reputation. Let it rest there.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

Recent news items in Dublin papers to the effect that "natives rebel all over Morocco as Rifis drive Spaniards to Tangier" is, to say the least, misleading.

First of all, the so-called rebellion is confined to a portion of the Spanish sphere of influence, which is only a small part of Morocco. Secondly, the Spaniards could not have been driven to Tangier because that city and its environs are not used by them as a base of operations and have a different international status.

The present success of the natives against Spain is not due entirely to their superior fighting qualities or their better knowledge of the ground.

A recent Reuter, Madrid, despatch throws some light on what is going on behind the scenes. It stated that the tribesmen were equipped with modern weapons and ammunition and used hand grenades under the direction of experts. It is also known that they have airplanes.

These are good grounds for the belief that has been often advanced, that in this insurrection there is the hand of another European nation (you Irish know which one) behind the Moroccans. This theory is not very hard to believe in the light of events which took place in the Near East, where even former allies were intriguing against one another behind the Turks and Greeks.

The Moroccans seem to be following the same tactics of playing one nation against another while despising all and looking with more contempt upon the one that is doing the stabbing from the back.

What an instructive lesson the Moroccan is learning from the so-called civilized nations that are held up before him as a model of an ideal civilization as opposed to his own!

P. TOBY,

A Moroccan aboard ship.

Alexandra Basin, Dublin.

THE PRICE OF FOOD.

The Editor, "Irish Worker."

Sir—I am deeply concerned about the apathy of the citizens of this city with reference to the gross profiteering which is carried on with impunity by the group of unscrupulous exploiters who control the distribution of food stuffs, clothing, footwear, and necessities of life of the common people. The eloquent silence of the people's (?) press and the more eloquent silence of our Irish Labour Party, not to speak of the high-souled, pure-minded, patriotic government. The press would howl if the workers requested a slight advance in wages or alteration in conditions. Their columns would be filled with denunciation of Larkin and his followers.

I hope you will take up the case of those who cannot express their condemnation as they would wish. I know you have a great deal of work and worry, but this task requires your attention and you are the only man who dares to speak the truth in this unhappy, slavish country. Call a meeting or meetings and we who have stood by you in the past will not fail you in this necessary task.

WORKING WOMAN.

It is difficult to free fools from the chains they revere.—Voltaire.

OPEN LETTER TO BRITISH SOLDIERS.

(Continued from column 3, page 1)

No! MURDER IS MURDER, whether committed in the heat of anger on one who has wronged a loved one, or, by pipe-clayed Tommies with a rifle.

Boys, Don't Do It!

Act the Man! Act the Brother! Act the Human Being.

Property can be replaced! Human life never!

The Idle Rich class, who own and order you about, own and order us about also. They and their friends own the land and means of life in Britain.

You Don't. We Don't.

When **You** kick they order **You** to Murder us.

When **You** kick, **You** get court-martialed, and cells.

Your fight is **Our** fight. Instead of fighting **Against** each other **We** should be fighting **With** each other.

Out of **Our** loins, **Our** lives, **Our** homes, **You** came.

Don't disgrace **Your** Parents, **Your** Class, by being the willing tools any longer of the **Master** Class.

You, like **Us**, are of the **Slave** Class. When **We** rise, **You** rise; when **We** fall, even if by **Your** bullets, **Ye** fall also.

Ireland with its fertile valleys and dells, its mineral resources, its sea harvests, is the heritage of ages to us.

You no doubt joined the army out of poverty.

We work long hours for small wages at hard work, because of **Our** poverty. And both **Your** poverty and **Ours** arises from the fact that, Britain with its resources, belongs to only a few people. These few, owning Britain, own **Our** jobs. Owing **Our** jobs they own **Our** very Lives. Comrades, have I called in vain. Think things out and refuse any longer to **Murder Your Kindred**. Help **US** to win back **Ireland** for the **Irish**, **Scotland** for the **Scotch**, **Wales** for the **Welsh**, **England** for the **English**, and the **World** for the **Workers**.

RIGHT BOWER.

CAFE OR SWEATING DEN?

There is a Cafe or Restaurant in O'Olier Street, run by a woman and her three sisters. It is called the Central Cafe. This christian lady, Mrs. Flynn, employed three girls for some years. Mrs. Flynn paid one of these girls the magnificent wage of five shillings per week—five shillings per week for a girl to live on in Dublin. Later the girl was promoted from Cash Desk to waitress receiving ten shillings per week. The other girls, kitchenmaids, were paid ten shillings per week.

When they insisted upon getting a slight increase, Mrs. Flynn discharged the girls—and then it was discovered that this woman Flynn had not stamped any National Insurance Cards nor Unemployment Cards for two out of these three girls, thus depriving them of their legal benefits. The authorities on the Labour Exchange, with that ready sympathy they always express with the Employer's Class, permitted this woman Flynn, who had broken the law, to pay on the stamps necessary.

This outrageous decision of the Commissioner of National Insurance and Unemployment Insurance demands an investigation.

MEXICAN DOINGS

(From Our Correspondent).

Mexico City, Sept. 20th.

Mexico is twenty times the area of Ireland but our problems are much the same. The Spaniards arrived four centuries ago and found a happy contented people living a communal life, such as once existed in Ireland, all land being held in common. The invaders split it up among the soldiery and adventurers. The natives were dispossessed and driven to "Hell or Connacht," into the mountain or barren places. Wherever they could find a track of fertile land, these native inhabitants settled in communities again, tilling the land in common. They never could understand any other method.

Colonisation by Spain caused adventurers and land grabbers to seize all the fertile land, and as the natives could show no title or legal papers, they would be again driven off. They vainly imagined that the bones or graves of their different fathers and grandfathers interred on the plots of land were proof of what is called ownership.

Capitalism, as brought in by Spanish pirates and gold hunters, demanded production of leases or legal documents duly witnessed and executed. Even to-day the native Mexican cannot act or do as the imported capitalist system demands. He does not desire single individual farms walled and barred against each other, but large communal holdings—the labour and its fruits shared in common.

Cause of Revolutions.

We have been referred to with contumely as nothing but revolutionists. Your Irish papers and your members of parliament have pointed to us with scorn, asking was Ireland to become another Mexico. Yet as our new President, Elias Calles, has pointed out, "The revolutions of Mexico may be compressed into a single phrase, a single motive, a single end—the achievement of social justice." He also, in the same thesis, states, "Where the outsider has seen nothing but tumult, revolt, lack of discipline, bloodshed, there has really been a consistent striving for a single end. A common motive has bound all of the revolutions and counter-revolutions of Mexico—to give to the enslaved, oppressed and humiliated masses of Mexico a status of full economic, political and social equality."

Our later De la Huerta revolution marks the turning point in Mexican affairs, as fifteen millions of our people have decided to tell the United States and the international bankers that Mexico belongs to the Mexicans and means to be mistress of her own house, and to give the land and resources of the country back to the common people. De la Huerta, one of the Cabinet ministers, was bribed by the British and American oil groups to start his revolution in the hope that they could put him and another puppet government in power to do their bidding. Obregon and Calles, with an army enlarged by thousands of recruits from an enraged working class, have crushed the power of foreign financiers let us hope for many years to come.

Russian Recognition.

The first act after the suppression of the rebellion was to put into effect the legislation enforcing a tax on the output of the oil wells and mines so as to keep Mexico a little of the wealth its soil produces. This proposed legislation was the

immediate cause of the international bankers financing the revolution. The exploiters immediately decided to go on strike, close down the mines and oil fields. Some Russian diplomats, visiting Mexico City, placed their services at the disposal of the secretary of the interior, and advised the best moves to make in an old, old game. Inspired articles appeared in the newspapers hinting that Russia was seeking recognition and the government seriously considering it. This had the desired effect and special trains raced from Washington with diplomats who stated the United States meant all along to extend full recognition to the Mexican government. Mexico accepted the desired recognition. The Americans then started propaganda amongst the ministers and deputies as to the terrible nature of the Russian Workers' Government, urging it be not recognised, and requested Obregon to give a definite promise of non-recognition as price of American recognition. He refused, and to put the screws on, word then came to him from Wall St. that the proposed loan of several million dollars could not be proceeded with. He played the next move on the diplomatic chess-board and stated Mexico had no money and would default on the gold payments of interest due to Wall Street on former loans. The elections were then authorised, and he nominated the "red" Calles who was returned as President by the biggest majority in Mexican history. Immediately the returns came in, Obregon extended recognition to the Russian Workers' Government.

The accredited ambassador is now on the way from Moscow, but here in Mexico City we already have a friendly visiting delegation of American's biggest capitalists handing out cigars, offering long term credits to the wholesale houses and scooping up all the trade they can before the Bolshevik minister gets on his job as pilot of our ship of state.

Natural Wealth.

The report of the Minister of War has been presented showing the recent rebellion cost over one hundred million dollars. Our finances are poor despite the fact that our oil production last year averaged over thirty millions, three hundred thousand metric tons. Reduce the tons to barrels at your present price of crude oil and you have some idea of the wealth robbed from us by the Lord Cowdrays of your English oil group and the Harry Sinclair and the Ed. Dohenys. On the latter's holding on the Panuco river in the Tampeco district, a strike has been raging for several months because the peons demanded union recognition and a wage they could live on. Doheny's defence is that he found the place a swamp created a hive of industry and gave considerable employment. He objects even to paying the tax the Government has imposed on exported oil although he and the companies he controls have taken many millions of pesos each month out of the country. This is the same Doheny elected head of the Irish Republican movement at the Chicago Convention, 1920, by special request. (Why?—Ed. I.W.). To impress on the friendly visiting delegation that Mexico really means business, Obregon requested the American head of all the exploiting oil companies—Guy Stephens—to leave Mexico at once, after preventing him attending the conference between the banks, the foreign oil groups, the friendly visitors and the cabinet. At the dinner which followed a visit to the old Aztec cemetery and a review of the big fiesta, a "Carnival of Flowers" now on in the

city, Obregon told his visiting guests, who are flooded by Watermark of the fountain pen concern and one of the greatest labour tyrants in the United States, that—"Mexico has shed much blood in past efforts to uplift the working class but much more blood would be shed if necessary." He stated that the struggle was perhaps not over, that capital was still unsubdued, but the Mexicans were again ready to shed their blood in order to secure reforms that the lower working classes were entitled to.

"We are developing our own people. A Government which is a Government of the people must give all opportunities to its people."

When the Russian workers' ambassador arrives and the new President Calles returns from Europe, no doubt a stronger note of defiance will echo over the Rio Grande and reach to Wall Street which for years has fattened on our substance.

Difficulties.

The inevitable Fascisti coup was attempted prior to the elections. The editors, long before the elections, realised the workers would win and their editorials hinted at the need of a Mussolini organisation that might bring back a sort of Diaz, or capitalist regime. No Fascisti candidate for president entered the lists, but an underground organisation was built up for two years, the secrecy causing the Catholic party to hold aloof from it. Last May the workers sealed up the city offices of a big American oil company on receipt of word from fellow workers, locked out in the company's oil fields over a thousand miles away. Telephones, water, etc. were cut off, the red flag nailed over the entrance door and a company of armed pickets, who were ex-soldiers, placed on guard.

A group of leading Fascisti, composed of young lawyers and members of high Mexican society suddenly appeared before the building and tore down the flag. The workers mobilised, took punitive measures that night, deported some of the leaders to parts unknown and fascism has not since been heard of or mentioned in the capitalist papers.

New Legislation.

Owing to the immense size of the country and extreme poverty of most of the peons, due to long exploitation by American, British and native capitalists, much of the new legislation regarding wages, hours, rent and land has not been universally improved. That will come slowly as a country emerging from rebellion, with railroads and bridges and telegraphs to repair, has many difficulties.

Abolition of night work in bakeries is being enforced in the large cities. In Vera Cruz the Chamber of Commerce objected to the city authorities sympathising with the union bakers and the bakers then closed all ovens in the city, using the ovens at the city prison in relays to supply the working class with bread. As the Chamber of Commerce members couldn't get bread, the strike soon ended and night work was abolished. In small towns there is the usual antipathy to changing old and set customs. Reform of the school system is proceeding to ensure that any worker's child desiring the higher educational courses shall receive it. Supplying of cheap books on history, science, and economics has been undertaken and millions of volumes turned out by government printing presses. It is interesting to record that there was a big demand for ancient Greek classics and drama, but anything concerning Russia and Russian diplomats is now the rage,

particularly among the younger and student element as well as labour union members.

Strikes.

There has been a teachers' strike in Senora Tor for three months, teachers refusing to open up the schools because of a cut in salaries—the pupils having the time of their lives. The new cabinet takes office on December 1st and until then much of the chaos bequeathed by earlier governments controlled by foreign capitalists will continue.

In the city of Orizaba a very large mansion stood idle and some homeless workers and families moved in. A city judge—Jose Camacho—headed the protests of the property owners that the rent system would be endangered if they were not evicted and sent an ultimatum to the newer tenants. The tenants refused to leave and a big protest demonstration stormed the Municipal Palace looking for the judge. Since then the whole city is on a strike and demanding the judges' dismissal.

The strike feeling has been brewing in Orizaba for some time. It is the Manchester of Mexico—and seat of the textile trades. The employers cut the wages of the loom workers and later instituted a three-day week. As their profits were very high and the market good, local labour leaders decided to make it a general strike and shut down all the factories, breweries, printing houses, everything but the street cars, electric light and railroads. Now the whole city is suffering because of the greed of a few mill employers and the mistaken zeal of a house-owning judge who set off a spark which led to a general conflagration.

Mexican Leadership.

All the nations of South America are closely following Mexican developments. Mexico is their leader because she is the oldest of the Latin American Republics, and has been most ravaged by onslaughts of the American military forces and American and British capital. She heads the group of Latin American Republics in a small League of Nations. All their interests, their culture, and relations clash with the imperialism and exploitation which the United States and England represent. Once established in Mexico City, it is only a question of months before diplomats, accredited by the Workers' Government of Russia, will be welcomed in all the South American capitals.

Irish Constitution.

In conversation with a member of the Staff of the Mexican Consulate of London, recently returned here, we find that applications for assistance was made to the consulate when your Irish constitution was being drafted. The Mexican officials gladly gave all information, hoping the Irish State would follow our example, and adopt the clauses governing labour, compulsory double time for Sunday work, nationalisation of land, railways, industries and similar reforms which Mexican workers are now determined to have enforced.

Our Mexican City comrade evidently does not know the "statesman of the many jobs," Mortished, "If it costs as much more" Johnson, and the "for a per centage" Darrell Figgis type who gave their ponderous intellects to the task of drafting the so-called constitution—Ed. I.W.]

De Valera Name.

In examining records at the Historical College we find many references to the De Valera family and will try and save it. Also one Nolan of Dublin, a horse

trader, who about one hundred and forty years ago was given a grant of hundreds of miles of territory conditional on forming an Irish colony. He bought out two shiploads of Irish and formed the San Patricio settlement where Gaelic was spoken. It is now in the territory almost as large as Europe which the Americans annexed from Mexico.

WHEN WHITE CROSS FUNDS ARE SPENT, A TRIBUNAL CAN ALWAYS BE ARRANGED.

The Railway Tribunal.

Mr. Bermingham says: It is not necessary for Mr. Johnson to assume that he is the only individual who is in full possession of the meaning of the terms of the Amalgamation Act of 1924. Mr. Johnson is attempting to drag a red herring (Heron), across the trail of direct representation, and thus get his friends (Hush!) upon the governing body, thereby achieving something which outside Unions have been trying for years to do but failed. Their object was to get a footing in the railway industry and drag the N.U.R. into all forms of dispute and thereby make the railwaymen the scapegoat for all contests between employers and employed.

He now repudiates Johnson's methods. He nominated Mr. Loop-the-Loop Duffy, an ex-drapers assistant; A "Red Heron," one of the Transport cuckoos; Mr. O'Carroll, A Clerk! and D. S. O. Mortished. Mr. Johnson's clerk from London, who was paid £7 per week from the Black and Tans Government, and £6 per week by Mr. Johnson for Helping! to distribute the White Cross Fund. Nothing more grotesque has taken place than the nominations to represent Irish railwaymen, of persons who never had an hour's practical acquaintance with the working of our railways. Surely this is incorrect. The supplying of seats to the Railway Co.'s, a la Inchicore in order that the trains may run in a most important department of Railway technique.

We now know the difference between Brummagen and Felix. Brummagen is a tool of a cheaper quality, and Brummagen represents the railwaymen. Johnson must have put this job over on his old friend, Bermingham, when the latter was recovering from one of his periodical bouts of mental depression, incidental to the selling of railwaymen to the Companies.

When thieves fall out honest men come into their own.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.

LONDON BRANCH.

PRIZE DRAW.

- 1st—51—Frank Sullivan, Sydney, Australia.
2nd—430—Miss Burke, Lewisham.
3rd—29—G. Kelly, Poplar.

Hon. Sec.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

DUBLIN NO. 1 BRANCH.

A SPECIAL MEETING

— OF —

ALL SHOP STEWARDS

— WILL BE HELD IN —

UNITY HALL, TUESDAY, 14th INST.

at 8 p.m.

Matters of vital importance will be discussed.

DUBLIN, TRADES' COUNCIL.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Dublin Trades' Council was held on Tuesday evening, Mr. John Lawlor, T.C., and Mr. E. Tucker subsequently, presiding.

The President (Mr. Edward Tucker), referred to the abnormal increase in the price of foodstuffs and the cost of living generally. But he laid particular stress on the recent increase in the price of milk, affecting, as it did, the infantile life of the city. He said that they had seen so many attempts to condone this state of affairs that it was disgusting. It had been urged that the "poor" milk-vendors had to live as well as the rest of the community—the suggestion being that the milk-vendor was only living at the same rate as they did prior to the European War. So far from that being the case we now see the whole tribe "flivving" about in motor cars, sending their children into the learned professions, etc. (applause). He thought they should try the experiment of trying to secure milk supplies from the country and selling it to their own class. They had a fine hall which could be utilised every morning for the purpose.

Mr. D. Reynolds moved that the matter be referred to the E.C. to deal with. He sympathised to the full with the remarks of the President, but in a matter like that introduced by him there was a lot of detail to be settled and he thought the E.C. would be better able to deal with the details. He was of opinion that the prices charged for milk were exorbitant and they should fight them. He knew that the "ring" would stop at nothing to ward off attack, and for that reason the matter should be gone into fully by them before embarking on the venture (hear, hear).

Mr. Verdon seconded the motion. He thought they should go into the question of securing supplies of potatoes and selling them in the same way. He would like, if they were in a position, to go in generally for a fight with the whole of the rings—butchers, bakers and all (applause), but they should go carefully and not rush at it "like a bull at a gate."

The motion was put and carried.

Mr. D. Reynolds reported on the deputation from the Council which had waited on Mr. Isaacs, the Managing Director of Messrs. Hyams, Ltd., in reference to imported shop fittings. The deputation were informed by Mr. Isaacs that he had asked the builders of the premises, (Messrs. Beckett) to tender, but they had refused. He had asked Messrs. Bex; but, he said, their price was so exorbitant that it was impossible. It was just 300 per cent. higher than that of Sage's. He had made his money in Dublin and he was anxious that every penny he could would be spent in Dublin. The contract amounted, for the building in Westmoreland Street, to just £30,000. He regretted that the work of making the fittings was not carried out in Ireland, only the fixing, but he felt that the fault did not rest with Mr. Isaacs. Mr. Reynolds added that he felt if the firm of Bailey and Connor, who were fixing the Sage fittings, had been well advertised it would have been better for the trade of the city. They should insist that a young firm like this should get a fair show—they did not ask for any unfair preference. The deputation which had been appointed had received every consideration from the representatives when they called on them (applause). One suggestion they had agreed to make was that a circular should be issued to the architects telling them that if they did not do their bit to secure that Irish tradesmen should get a fair "look-in" they would object to the handling of the imported stuff by trades unionists (applause).

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 65. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 1924

TWOPENCE

JOHNSTON—SWEATER

There is a sweater named Johnston who runs a shirt factory at 34 Parliament St., Dublin. He employed some twenty women and girls. There are six of the Johnston family living on the earnings of these sweated workers—Johnston, his four sons and wife ride in motor cars and live in palatial homes in 15 and 29 St. Kevin's Park. These homes are kept up on the earnings of these sweated shirt-makers. Johnston, of course, would have you believe he and his family are philanthropists. The bad, wicked employers in the shirt trade in Belfast and Derry have conspired against Johnston to undercut Johnston the philanthropist. Johnston, who comes from Belfast, ought to know his competitors, but do his competitors know Johnston?

Johnston agreed with the other shirt manufacturers to abide by a scale of prices fixed by agreement between representatives of the shirt manufacturers, alleged representatives of the workers, and officials appointed by the Government. Johnston knows the price fixed—the minimum price. Yet Johnston, the honourable philanthropist, gets his competitors to agree to a fixed minimum price for shirts made, and then goes behind their backs and pays his unorganised workers 7d. per dozen below the price fixed, i.e., 3/1 per dozen. Not satisfied with defrauding the workers of 7d. per dozen and thus unfairly undercutting the other shirtmakers, he demands a further reduction of 3d. per dozen, thus getting 10d. per dozen advantage over his competitors. These poor unorganised girls who had worked for 7d. per dozen under the rate, refused to submit to any further reduction and came out. The workers went over to the Trade Board and it was admitted that no inspector had visited the factory since February. That the printed price list, which must be exhibited in the factory, had been covered over; that no inspector had enquired as to what price had been paid; no attempt had been made to enforce the rate and thus protect the workers and Johnston's competitors against this illegal action on the part of Johnston.

The girls, getting no satisfaction from Johnston nor from the Trade Board officials, came and solicited the help of the Workers' Union and they got the assistance sought. We spoke to this gentle Christian from

Belfast who, with his family, lives on the product of these sweated workers. He said he would do as he liked with them. Since the girls were locked out by this victorious sweater, some married women, who formerly worked for Johnston, have gone in and scabbed on the girls locked out. One of the ladies who is helping Johnston is a daughter of a trade unionist—moryah—named Campbell, an employee in the Corporation service and, of course, a member of the Municipal Employees' Union. This Union man accompanies his black-leg daughter to her employment to save the police the job. We wonder what his Union thinks of him.

An amateur policeman; a blackleg daughter; a philanthropic employer—nice combination.

And we forget there is a policeman—122B—who feels he is part of the play. 122B, not satisfied with doing his duty, feels called upon to act the bully and braggart, threatening these young girls who are now picketing the factory—as is their legal right—with summary punishment if they don't take 122B's interpretation of the law.

THE "ULSTER" ELECTIONS.

The "Irish Independent" and "Freeman" are sorely touched in their feelings. It would seem that the nomination of candidates in "Ulster" of any other than the Cosgrave Party is a betrayal, and with Cosgrave shouting "United Ireland" and O'Higgins standing for "Homogeneous Population" it looks as if the Free State Party have made up their minds to carry their magnificent disunity into the Northern Province.

Cosgrave insists on a "United Ireland," and is so keen on it that he is prepared once more to rend the disgruntled "tribe" in the "South" to prove how strong he is on Unity. The man who showed his desire for accommodation with his brethren in the "South" by using British shells and gunners to smash the fabric of the nation, at the dictation of Lloyd George and Churchill, is hardly likely to achieve anything but national disaster. As for O'Higgins and the group he represents, colonial subjection is the high water mark of nationalism and his blackguardly record is likely to repeat itself if given the opportunity.

The stage production in Cumann Na nGaedheal headquarters during the week, to show the unity existing, convinces nobody. To talk of national unity when the Cumann Na nGaedheal Party is torn with dissensions is amusing. The developments arising out of the Army Oath of Allegiance with the prohibition of secret societies, is not making Cosgrave's job any easier and the jobless malcontents, being now on the last ditch, will use all their efforts to defeat their one-time fellow-saviours of the Nation.

We do not pretend to appreciate the "Independent" and "Freeman" point of view, but the arguments put forward in favour of the "right" of the Free State faction to speak in the name of the people—whom they have betrayed—strike us in a comic light. Perhaps the editors are taking themselves seriously.

THE ENGLISH PRISONERS.

Put Them on Record.

The release of the political prisoners in England is now forgotten by most people whose interest is centered in the result of the English General Election. But we believe our comrades in England, Scotland and Wales, and particularly those associated with the Irish Worker League, will not forget to ask the different candidates what their position is regarding these imprisoned men.

If it were possible, every candidate, Labour, Liberal and Conservative should be placed on record. All Irishmen and women resident across channel should insist upon their local candidates answering this question: "If elected, what do you intend to do for the Irish political prisoners confined in English gaols?" Parties and candidates should be asked the question, as the men imprisoned are all members of the working class and their alleged crimes were committed in the interest of the working class. We in Ireland should avail of this opportunity to re-affirm our demand for the release of our comrades in England because if the Conservative party is returned to power without giving some pledge in the matter, the release of the prisoners will be doubly hard to attain.

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

New York, Sept. 27th.

The Machine-Age.

Every possible effort is being made by American capitalism to eliminate the human factor and perfect the profit-producing machine. The surface cars or trains are being turned into "one-man cars," the rear end being closed up, passengers entering at the front and dropping the fare into a machine which the motorman must watch. The subways last year carried several conductors in the trains, one in each coach to close the doors and give the starting signal to the motorman. They have been eliminated. One conductor in centre of train operates an automatic device closing all doors. He has a telephone head-piece connected with loud speakers over each door, and at stations he opens or closes all doors by pressing a button. He speaks into the telephone and his voice resounds in every coach "Step lively, please—watch the doors—please step lively."

Entering the subways, the ticket agent or booking clerk has been dispensed with. The nickel fare is dropped into a box on the turnstile. Weight of the coin releases electric current which unlocks the turnstiles for one passenger to enter. It then automatically locks and refuses to work unless another coin is dropped in. On their first installation last year various investigators from the ten million passengers using the subways daily discovered that a piece of lead, copper, iron, or a trousers button, if of the exact size of the "nickel" coin, would open the barrier. Result was a large collection of various German, Chinese, and other coins, plus some tons of copper, lead and buttons, all of the recent size, also a loss of many thousands of dollars in profit. The newspapers and public thought it a great joke on the greedy traction companies for a week or two as it necessitated the re-instatement of hundreds of discharged employees to watch the turnstiles.

The coin boxes were taken off, adjusted, a magnifying lens placed in position, and an electric light put inside the machine which revealed the coin, making it look as big as a saucer. The courts then decided it was a serious crime against capital to defraud the trust, and one month is now the penalty for using buttons for subway rides.

The "Automat" restaurants are all over the city and hundreds of waitresses are out of a job. Drop the coin in a slot and you get, through a silver nozzle protruding through a high marble slab, your tea, cocoa, coffee, milk, or buttermilk. If you desire sandwiches, plain bread and butter, pie, stewed fruit, mashed potatoes, crubeens, cabbage, fish, rice pudding, or meat, or any combination, drop the necessary coins into the apertures, a small glass door swings open, and your dinner comes down the chute on a hot plate. You catch the plateful on the run, stride over to rows of narrow marble shelves and eat it standing up. Tables and chairs take up too much room and millions must be fed in New York's modern "eating joints" daily.

The telephone deal system is being installed and it has thrown thousands of telephone girls out of a job. On your telephone box is a small numbered dial. Drop the money in, twist the indicator to the numbers desired, and the bell will ring at the other end; in Chicago or San Francisco if you inserted the long distance rates.

Office equipment is being rapidly perfected, and there is already in general use a dictaphone-typewriter machine. You speak into a tube and the typewriting machine does the rest. Feed it paper and it will work all day without stopping for a dinner hour or a talk to the delegate.

Intending Irish immigrants should bear these facts in mind. America does not want human beings—a race of robots is desired.

What is a Robot?

Dublin has not yet seen the play, "R.U.R.," which shows what happened when scientists built up a man or an automaton like a man which could work and make profits and would not go on strike. The only difference between the robots and a man lay in the fact that they had no soul or thinking apparatus, and could not make love. But they could talk and read.

Capitalists gave orders for sample thousands of "robots," and one of the scenes is laid in the factory in America where the robots were made from clay and lime, then baked and the flexible springs inserted. They were such a success that capitalists ordered millions and then let the working class die of starvation. The "white collar" class, like your Irish civil servant or school teacher type, also went the way of the extinct Pterodactyls, as robots could do office work too.

Ultimately there were so many robots and so few capitalists left in the world that they began to fear as to what would happen if the robots began to think. Anyway, the daughter of the scientist acts a chapter of Genesis all over again and imparts the secret to one of the robots she liked, and it spreads through the world.

The last act indicates that the robots have risen in all countries, killing the few humans that remained. A ship is approaching the island where the scientist, the manufacturer, and the transgressing daughter have retreated. Leaflets and radio messages have already arrived from the international union of robots, declaring the world revolution, news of which they carefully keep from the robots on the island.

The captain and crew of the supposed rescue ship are also robots and spread the news, also unloading some propaganda, leaflets and rifles.

The curtain falls with the robots in full control of all the countries of the earth—with capitalism destroyed by its own greed.

There are many instructive plays like Karel Capek's, which could be produced by a Dublin Workers' Theatre if one were organised.

The God Mammon.

It took over fourteen hours last Saturday and early Sunday morning to move three billion dollars worth of gold and securities from one bank in Wall Street to another a quarter of a mile up the street. Secret service men were in every door and window, also on the roofs, and armoured cars were used as trucks. And this is only a small part of the wealth accumulated in Wall Street.

The bank vaults of Wall Street have been constructed so that their contents shall be safe in case of upheavals. Bomb and shell-proof walls of concrete, three to six feet thick, surround the gold chambers. The inside is lined with steel, and circular steel doors weighing tons, and with a lock costing thousands of dollars to make and of a thickness of from five to six feet, open into the safety vaults. A burglar's tool could not

miss the network of high-voltage electric wires inside the walls.

Armoured cars of the American Express Co. are to be seen daily in the city carrying gold from bank to bank. This innovation was due to the war, and the number of desperate and hungry ex-soldiers who went into the hold-up game after a grateful country discharged them from the army, leaving them to starve on the streets.

It is common to see two uniformed messengers chained together and carrying securities and valuables from one Wall Street office to another. So many messengers have disappeared with a small fortune that chaining two together solved the problem. One bank dresses its messengers in a brilliant red uniform and cap as a precaution.

The interior of the banks are on the "open vision" plan, with only one door and all clerks able to see the door. In case of a mob attack, stepping on a button by any of the clerks will release jets of scalding water and steam aimed at the entrance door. One bank has a machine gun tower.

Thus is the God Mammon enthroned and altars and temples erected by his votaries.

Lights that are never extinguished burn inside and outside the tabernacles where Mammon is enthroned. His faithful disciples, armed with guns, keep vigil night and day. And if the hungry and starving people of America attacked these Wall Street temples where the Golden Calf is worshipped, the army and navy of the great American Republic would soon be on the job.

Yet America sends missionaries by the thousand into China and Africa and India to preach Twentieth-Century Wall Street Christianity to simple people who do not worship gold, or the God Mammon, and who would not now kill or go to war for the sake of gold, oil or even "democracy" or "self-determination."

When they are "converted" and become "civilised" it is possible they will put uniforms on, salute a flag, sing a national anthem, and then go out and murder each other wholesale in a most christian and holy war. 'Tis a strange world, the way the bosses have made it, and it's surely time the workers of the world resolved to take control of its destiny.

That "External" Loan.

This week again messengers from the Cosgrave Government have been on their knees worshipping at the altars of the Golden Calf in Wall Street, and praying to Mammon for just a little gold to help the "Free State" live. But that god is a wise god—he don't take any chances. Cosgrave's newer friends, the down-and-out Judge Coholan and the very old man Devoy, "whose father was once a good Fenian," are not known to Wall Street's God and were not admitted near the sacred altar. Why not send Ernie himself over and let Wall Street have a look at a Cabinet minister of the first rank? The Irish in America would be delighted to give a magnificent reception to Cosgrave or any of the great pillars of State—they would be tickled to death. Kossuth's or Garibaldi's or even the reception given to Eamon de Valera would be nothing compared to the ovation that the Honourable Bill Cosgrave would receive in any of the larger American cities. But he mustn't expect Judge Coholan or John Devoy to speak with him. They've given up public speaking for some time—retired from public life three years ago. They don't mind making a political speech three thousand miles away.

TO IRISH FISHERMEN.

Court House, Arklow.

9th Oct., 1924.

Dear Sir,

I am directed to ask you to publish the following in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,

P. F. REDMOND,

Sec. (Arklow).

The Editor,

"Irish Worker," Dublin.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Arklow Branch of the Irish National Fishermen's Association, held on 9th Oct., it was resolved to send the following communication to the Press:

"That in view of the proposed scheme for the development of the Irish Fisheries a meeting of the Executive be immediately held to consider the merits of the proposal.

That while we welcome any plan which will uplift the fishing industry, at the same time we realize that stability, both nationally and economically, must be secured before the Association can lend its official sanction to any scheme, and we wish to inform our fellow-fishermen that such sanction has not yet been given."

Present:—Rev. E. McSweeney, C.C., Messrs. M. Tyrrell, R. O'Toole, E. O'Toole, J. Hickey, P. F. Redmond (Sec.).

We publish the above letter out of courtesy to another organisation, but we desire to suggest that a more important matter awaits the attention of the Fishermen's Association.

Mr. Redmond claims to speak for Irish Fishermen, yet in this city fishermen are being starved and browbeaten into accepting a reduction in their standard of living; and lest the action of the Dublin Steam Trawling Co. be exposed to the light of day, the Dublin Fish Salesmen suddenly feel that injustice has been done to a known scab, by name Joseph O'Neill, take up his case and, playing the Workers' Union against the Transport Union Executive, they proceed to use the sufferings of men and women and the discomfort of the public as pawns in their game of bluff. The salesmen in the Municipal Fish Market are divided. The majority, headed by Devine, take part in the game, the remainder act honestly with their men. And now Mr. Redmond's organisation participates in the game. They are supplying fish to those salesmen who, headed by Devine, are endeavouring to help the Dublin Steam Trawling Co. to force a reduction in the standard of living upon the fishermen sailing out of this port, and these fishermen are brother-workers of the members of Mr. Redmond's Association.

We would suggest that Mr. Redmond should interest himself on behalf of these fishermen of Dublin and the men employed in the market. There is an easy way to help these men. All members of the Association could forward their fish to those salesmen who have not allowed themselves to be made tools of the Munster & Leinster Bank, who are the chief shareholders in the Dublin Trawling Co. This game in the fish trade is only a very small part of the greater game being played by this Bank and its associates to reduce the national standard of living in Ireland to the lowest point which allows of existence.

We believe Mr. Redmond will agree that economic stability is not to be gained by this route, nor will national stability be attained by forcing the working class of this country to live on the verge of starvation!

The subject referred to in the above letter is still only problematical; the matter we raise is immediate and of urgent importance. We suggest to Mr. Redmond that he raise

the matter with his Association which claims to cater for Irish Fishermen. Dublin fishermen are being deliberately starved by the Banks, whilst Irish fishermen are helping to fight the battle of those institutions which are mainly and primarily responsible for the present state of the Irish Fishing Industry. Let Mr. Redmond instruct his members not to send their fish to the firms of Devine and Murphy, but to the firms of O'Hagan, O'Shaughnessy and Mav. In this way they will aid their brother fishermen and defeat the banks.

"CATHOLIC" EDITORS' NOTE.

We have been reading the diary of Mons. Paleologue, the last French Ambassador to the Imperial Russian Court. He pictures the brutal persecution of the clergy of the Russian-Greek Church—not by the "Reds," but by the Czar's crowd. The Czarina, as is well known, sold her body and soul to Rasputin, the so-called "mad monk," and it would seem he soon commenced to settle old scores. One entry reads:—

"They (the corrupt Court circles) are announcing for the near future a radical purification of the higher clergy—in other words, the elimination of all the prelates, abbots and archimandrites who still refuse to bow the knee to Rasputin, because they regard him as the Antichrist. Lists of ecclesiastics who have been degraded or dismissed have been out for several days, and even lists of those exiled to monasteries in the depths of Siberia, from which there is no return.

"The ex-Minister Krivoshein, stricken and sick at heart, said to me yesterday: 'It's horrible to think what is happening and in store for us. The Holy Synod has never sunk so low before! If they wanted to destroy all respect for religion and religious feelings this is just the way to do it. What will be left of the Orthodox Church before long? When Czarism is in danger and seeks its support it will find nothing left.'

But the Irish editorial writers did not screech. Later on the "Reds" threw the "mad monk" in the river and his royal companion, the Czarina, down a well, and at the same time did a little general house cleaning.

THE "LISMORE" DISASTER AND THE FINDING OF THE COURT.

Judgment has been given in the Inquiry into the loss of the SS. Lismore, which sank some time ago with loss of all hands but one.

The decision given by the Court of Inquiry of course implicated anyone but the Shipping Company. All and sundry were cleared of blame. But in order that the decision might not be too vague, the captain and officers of the ship, who are now dead, were blamed in still more vague terms for not taking certain measures when they noticed the ship had a list.

The real cause of the disaster was referred to, but in language which only naval architects and other experts could understand.

The loss of the Lismore was due to her shallow draught. The ship was built with dimensions such as would allow her to enter shallow harbours, like Wexford and other ports on the south coast. The ship was never stable from the day she was launched, and certainly she was not suitable for carrying cattle, a fact which even the Inquiry proved.

The Lismore was built for one purpose only—the earning of profits—and to facilitate her in that direction she was made extra shallow in order that no southern port would be barred against her. Her safety was sacrificed to her usefulness. But, of course, such was not made known at the Inquiry. No inquiries are instituted to cover up such errors.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Last week "our Government" and the High Officers of "our Army" took the Oath of Allegiance, not to George, but to the Common People. Embodied in the Oath was a clause to the effect that the person taking the Oath would never join or be a member of any secret society. We are all aware what secret society was thought of as the different Ministers and Officers took that Oath; and we can understand their reasons for requiring the taking of this Oath. Some sections of our daily press greatly applauded their loyalty to the Nation in thus swearing to renounce all societies whose existence is not made known publicly to the Common People; and one paper in particular stated in exceedingly strong terms that secret societies had no place in public life and that all public officials should be required to take a similar oath. We agree.

The men's group of men or society which cannot come out into the light of day should have no part in public life. But under present conditions this can only be a pious resolution. We believe, or rather, we know that the man who wrote the sub-editorial in last week's paper was himself a member of a secret society, and that particular society is more dangerous to the common people than all the other secret societies that ever existed in Ireland devoted to the advancement of any particular section at the expense of the majority of the people of this land. The Black Brethren have their members in every important and remunerative position in the public and commercial life of this country. Not only are such positions filled by these Brethren, but should the position be vacated the intending applicant for it must also be a Brethren or his chances are as slender as the proverbial "camel and the needle." This is the Isle of Saints and Scholars, but the sign of power is the Square and Compass. The Dark Brethren have robbed and plundered this land and its people ever since they first set foot here; and it is these same Brethren who are responsible for the conditions which brought into being the society against which the Oath is principally taken. Get rid of the Dark Brethren, root, branch and crop, and perhaps some day Ireland may be the Isle of Saints and Scholars, and not the land of Sneaks and Slaves as it is to-day.

100% TRADES UNIONISM.

Probably the first example of Trades Unionism ever known in this country is on exhibition at present in Pim Brothers, South George's Street, Dublin.

We have first a case of victimisation of one man because of his refusal to deliver goods at a railway during a strike; secondly, we have a sympathetic strike of seven other trades unionists against the victimisation; and thirdly we have the unique spectacle of every other man, woman and boy employed in Pims remaining at work and acting the part of scabs, with the full consent of their Union.

We feel sure "Loop-the-Loop" Duffy is exceedingly grateful at the last-mentioned application of those principles of trades unionism so ably expounded by him.

As for those members of the Distributive Workers' Union who are acting as scabs at Pims, they were best forgotten. We are quite aware that between their own inherent "virtues" and the attitude and policy of their Union, there is little hope of any remnants of decency and honesty being found in them. They are a national product of their environment and they have imbibed their ideas of trade unionism from a good teacher. "Loop-the-Loop" is too well known to require any publicity in these columns; it suffices to mention his name.

JOIN THE IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.
Entrance Fee, 1s. Subscription 3d. Weekly.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

Subscriptions, 10s. per year; 5s. for six months, payable in advance.

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

PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

JOHNSON'S AMENDMENT NOT PASSED

Again Felix Johnson throws a bombshell into the Parliamentary arena of this "Free" State. With loud trumpeting and blowing of horns he marshalled his men and prepared to descend in force upon the shivering, weak-kneed Government. He demanded that we H-Irish pick up the Boundary by its tail and drop it into the Irish Sea. We Free Staters will make laws for All Ireland, and if Ulster don't like 'em it don't bother us, because we'll go through with them anyway. All Felix desired, in fact, was a Republic of his own making—an All-Ireland Republic taking the Oath of Allegiance to "His" King.

But unhappily for the future destiny of Our Dearly Beloved Country, Felix loses. He's swamped, but not conquered. A brave man is never beaten and that amendment of Felix, it is hoped, will attract a few wandering votes in Cork at a no far distant date.

Felix's amendment was not passed. Felix knew it would never pass. From 14 to 65 is quite a jump. But Felix is cute. There is a certain element in this country who, believing themselves Republican by name and nature, can, nevertheless, be led along any path that commences with an "R," or induced to follow any politician who knows when to say Republic and when not to. We had a fine example of this Will-o'-the-Wispism in South County Dublin at the last election! Johnson knows all about these people and can still remember how near he was to disaster at the last election and how he was saved; and knowing all this he brings forward his amendment, which, of course, is defeated.

But Johnson is afforded the opportunity of making a long-winded speech on the upholding of the Treaty and of throwing out vague suggestions about Republics and United Irelands. And Felix also does his duty to the duly elected Government. In the debate on the amendment these playboys stand up on their legs and talk about their "honour" and agreements and other nice things, and one and all are deeply grateful to Felix for thus giving them the chance of making some high-faluting vote-catching speeches.

This would be all very nice if only Felix was not foresworn to use every endeavour and device to implement the Treaty, not as he thinks it should be implemented, but the way the British Government order it to be implemented; and if they want to put three provinces in Northern Ireland instead of one, Johnson must toe the line and fervently murmur "So be it."

In thus obliging his Master's Voice, Johnson could not be carrying out a more

pleasant command (to himself). It is common knowledge that Felix is an Imperialist and he is quite aware that Ireland is more firmly bound to the Empire by the Free State than by any other previous device hatched out in Westminster, and he is determined that he will leave no stone unturned to achieve its success. Let him go to it. We wish him the best of luck, and we, on our part, are only too glad to interpret his actions and words to the Irish people in a right and truthful manner. Mr. Johnson is proud of his Imperialism and we are only too willing to make public his pride and his idea of Ireland's destiny—a playground of political fakirs and soft-job hunters.

THE OLD, OLD GAME.

FISHING FOR VOTES.

The Election campaign is in full swing in England now. The old catch-cries have been dug up, renovated and applied to new problems. The Election Manifestoes have now been issued some days and, though emanated from three different sources, they show little difference in the solutions proposed for the different problems at present requiring attention in England, and all are characterised by a great lack of originality. Every party said exactly what they were expected to say; the Labour Party talks of nationalisation, increased pensions, improved methods of transportation, the housing question and schemes for the absorption of the unemployed. The Conservative Party mentions Imperial defence, Unity, Preference and Foreign Policy, and, of course, the Campbell Case and the Russian Treaty are referred to, and likewise economy. The Liberal Party proceeds along the same lines as their old political rivals. Whilst the three parties retain their individuality, little interest will be found in the election for those viewing it from a Labour standpoint. It will still continue to be a political fight although the Russian Treaty is one of the subjects of contention. But should the two capitalist parties join forces, either previous to the election or afterwards, a situation of interest to Labour supporters, will arise. Then the Class issue will be made clear to the English Working Class, and it is to be hoped that if any Coalition is intended that it will take place before the Polling Day and thus make the voting an index to the feelings of the English People regarding a Labour Government, even though it be only slightly tinged with pale pink!

THE EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE SHAM.

Case of the Chemical Workers.

We were invited to attend a meeting of the Court of Referees this week with reference to the claim of one Christopher O'Reilly, who was dismissed from his employment in Goulding's Chemical Works, for Unemployment benefit. Our Mr. Sheppard attended along with the claimant. The Court consisted of a Chairman, whose name escapes us, a gentleman named Doyle, and most important person of all, a Mr. Quinn, representing the Department. Mr. Quinn's function seemed to be special pleading for the employers.

The case of O'Reilly for Unemployment benefit was irrefutable. He, with others, was dismissed by the foreman of his department in Goulding's because of slackness of work. The statement was unchallenged. The important gentleman, Quinn, was very insistent that O'Reilly was disqualified because the employers had intimated to the Department that a dispute existed in the firm. Doyle, supposed to represent the workers, agreed that

O'Reilly's claim was justified and should be met. The chairman and the impartial Quinn, representing the Department, said nay: Talk about going to law with the devil and holding the Court in Hell. The facts on which O'Reilly's case was based were:—

1. He was dismissed by his foreman, with others, for slackness of work.

2. He, and his comrades, signed up at the Exchange for a fortnight, and the question of a dispute was never raised.

3. He, with the others, was given his Insurance cards by Gouldings, when leaving. The usual practice in the firm was to withhold them in case of dispute, because, in that case, no benefits could be claimed.

4. There had been no notification from the Chemical Manufacturers, either personally to the workers, or to their Union (the W.U.I.) of any trouble over wages or conditions of work.

The administration of the Employment Exchange Department is a sham and a public scandal.

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.

SCOTLAND.

The League has commenced activities in Scotland, a branch having been formed in Govan. From this centre a drive will be made right through Scotland. A meeting was held on 12th inst at which a Scottish Executive was elected to carry on the work of the League in Scotland. At this meeting plans were also made to get the Irish in Scotland into the League and thus prevent them being used as pawns by the different political parties.

We expect to have further news of this section in a short while, news of progress and expansion.

THE GRAFTON STORES.

STRIKE ON.

Strike pickets are now on duty outside the Grafton Stores, Dublin, where there is a dispute on. This firm is also known under the name of Newell's.

All Union men and women will keep clear and also spread the word that this shop is "banned" at present.

LEGION OF EX-SERVICE MEN.

A Concert, in aid of the funds of above, will be held in Unity Hall, on Sunday afternoon next, 19th October commencing at 3 o'clock.

Prominent Artists will Contribute.

Tickets can be had at No. 1 Branch, Unity Hall, or from any members of the Legion. Tickets, 6d. each.

WORKERS UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

FREEDOM FUND.

One Pound Certificates.

Redeemable in Five Years.

These Certificates may be purchased by instalments at any Branch of the above Union, or by post from the Head Office.

The requisites of production are two: Labour and appropriate natural objects.—JOHN STUART MILL.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

Cosgrave, at the opening of the session of Ard Cumann of Cumann na nGaedhael, let himself go as follows:—

"If there had been any responsibility for the reduction of Old Age Pensions that responsibility was on the shoulders of Mr. D. V. Glavin and his tribe."

Then followed two reasons in support of the argument and we give the second as an expression of what Cosgrave & Co. understand as "the will of the people." The reduction was due to the Republican Party "not going into the Dail to vote against the reduction." If they had gone in the Government would have gone out. "It could not have been carried." So the Free State Government were actually aware that they were going against the "will of the people" when they passed the Bill.

It now but remains for the Free State Government to add that if the Republican Party had gone into the Dail there would have been no war, for the reason "that it could not have been carried"; that the murder of Mellows, O'Connor, McKelvey and Barrett could never have been carried out; that there could have been no Free State murder gangs; in fact, that the regime of the past two years could never have existed. When these further admissions have been made we will all know where we are.

LOANS—AND LOANS.

One of the bones over which the political parties are at present fighting in England is the Russian Loan of forty million pounds. Yet, while this loan has resulted in forcing a General Election, another loan to Germany is being fully subscribed by England, amounting to twelve million pounds. The German loan is made in order that German industries may commence working again and help to pay the Allies their "reparations," but the other loan is merely to help Russia to restart her industries and thus clothe and feed the Russian people, who are lending all their endeavour to overthrow the people who will lend the money. And that explains why one loan is granted and another refused.

LABOUR'S VANGUARD.

They say we are revolters—that we stirred the workers of all nations to rebel—And that we would not compromise with Hell But damned it with our every deed and word. They feared us as we faced them undeterred, And gave us each a coffin or a cell. In this steel cave where living corpses dwell—Hate-throated here that we might not be heard.

We are those fools too stubborn-willed To bend our necks to wrong, and parley and discuss. To-day we face the awful test of fire—The prison, gallows, cross—but in the end Your sons will call their children after us And name your dogs from men you now admire.

RALPH CHAPLAIN.

HEALTH INSURANCE:

Of the People, By the People, For the People.

In 1922 the cost of English Health Insurance (Medical Benefit) amounted to £8,000,000. £6,000,000 of this money was required to pay the doctors' fees, and £1,000,000 received by chemists. The people who are supposed to benefit under the Insurance Act, and who supply the money, received £1,000,000, we presume, or did that go to pay the officials and other job-holders?

We suspect that the Health Insurance in Ireland is in a similar state, but probably the officials receive a bigger share of the loot.

THE TWISTED SOULS.

They work at our command, they weave and spin. The shuttles and the steps go out and in. Go back and forth; through time and life and tears. They pace and weave for us throughout the years. And through the years we weave their souls for them. Spotted and warped and wried about the hem. Knotted with weariness and marked with toil. Souls twisted like the warp their tired hands spoil.

MARGARET WHIDEMER.

GOOD AND BAD DEBTS.

At the Quarterly General Meeting of the Co-operative Wholesale Society it was announced that 829,000 was owing from abroad. Of this sum £100,000 was due from Roumania and the rest was principally due from Poland. Russia had owed 965,000, but the debt was now clear.

It is interesting to note that the two countries which have failed to clear off their debts are both past friends of England, France and the League of Nations, whilst the only country which has paid its debts is the one country in Europe which the English and Irish Press are accusing of wishing to evade its just and urgent debts. The C.W.S. has granted Russia further credit of £150,000, £130,000 of which has been despatched in the form of goods. Evidently the C.W.S. can recognise a good customer when they see one.

TREATIES.

I have perused the text of the general treaty (Anglo-Russian) and note it is between Great Britain and Northern Ireland on the one hand, and the Unions of Soviet Socialist Republics on the other hand. Ramsay MacDonald signed "for Great Britain and Northern Ireland." This will mean cargoes coming to Derry and Belfast before long, possibly after trans-shipment from the red flag steamers at London into British bottoms. Jimmy Craig would not care for the Queen's Island workers to see a Soviet steamer ploughing up the Lough and tooting her whistles as a salute to the Belfast workers. It might disturb them too much. We'll have them in Dublin, however, and the workers will take a holiday to see the first argosy from a free Workers' Republic, and to shake hands with the crew and with the skipper who dines at the same table with the sailors.

DUBLIN JACKEN.

THE WAGE SYSTEM.

The wage system arises out of the individual ownership of the land and the instruments of labour. It was the necessary condition for the development of capitalist production, and will perish with it, in spite of the attempt to disguise it as "profit-sharing." The common possession of the instruments of labour must necessarily bring with it the enjoyment in common of the fruits of common labour.—KROPOTKIN.

FROM THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

I never saw a sadder thing
Beneath God's vaulted blue
Than that grim line of starving men
Who had no task to do.

They did not ask for aims of gold,
Nor things of lordly worth.
They only asked the right to share
The labour of the earth.

OSCAR WILDE.

EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN TRADE.

J. J. Walsh was honoured by a banquet at the Metropole Restaurant last week. It was supposed to be a kind of recognition of his ability as an organiser and of his success in directing the Tailteann Games. But somehow we do not believe that story. It sounds hollow. We are led to believe that the Games were hardly more successful than that other advertising gamble—Wembley. One was used to advertise an Empire; the other to advertise a political group, and neither succeeded. If J. J. would confine himself to his own sphere of life—the Post Office, and cease running round looking for cheap publicity, we lesser mortals might be able to send our letters for one penny instead of twopenny, and have our telegrams delivered the day they are sent instead of two days later.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' Street.

NOTICE TO BRANCH SECRETARIES AND MEMBERS.

MARINO LEVY.

Members are notified that the Compulsory Levy of sixpence per week, imposed by the Executive Committee on the 5th July, 1924 to meet the expenditure incurred on the Marino Dispute, will be discontinued on and from the 31st October, 1924. Members are requested to see that all arrears of this Levy are paid by that date as non-payment of the Levy will be counted as arrears on contributions.

By Order,

Provisional Executive Committee.

JOHNSTON SHIRT FACTORY.

A strike is in progress at Messrs. Johnston shirt manufacturers, Parliament Street, Dublin.

Below will be found a list of the names and addresses of those who have remained at work:—

- Mrs. Cassidy.
- Miss Treacy, 125 Thomas Street.
- Miss Campbell, Chancery Lane.
- Miss Cross, 5 Fabricew Avenue.
- Mrs. Byrne, York Street.
- Mrs. Murphy, Iveagh Buildings.
- Mrs. Brennan, Hardwicke Street.

THE CHILDREN COME.

Hold, ye faint-hearted! Ye are not alone!
Into your worn-out ranks of weary men
Come mighty reinforcements, even now!
Look where the dawn is kindling in the East,
Brave with the glory of the better day—
A countless host, and endless host, all fresh,
With unstained banners and unsullied shields,
With shining swords that point to victory
And great young hearts that know not how
to fear—
The Children come to save the weary world!

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

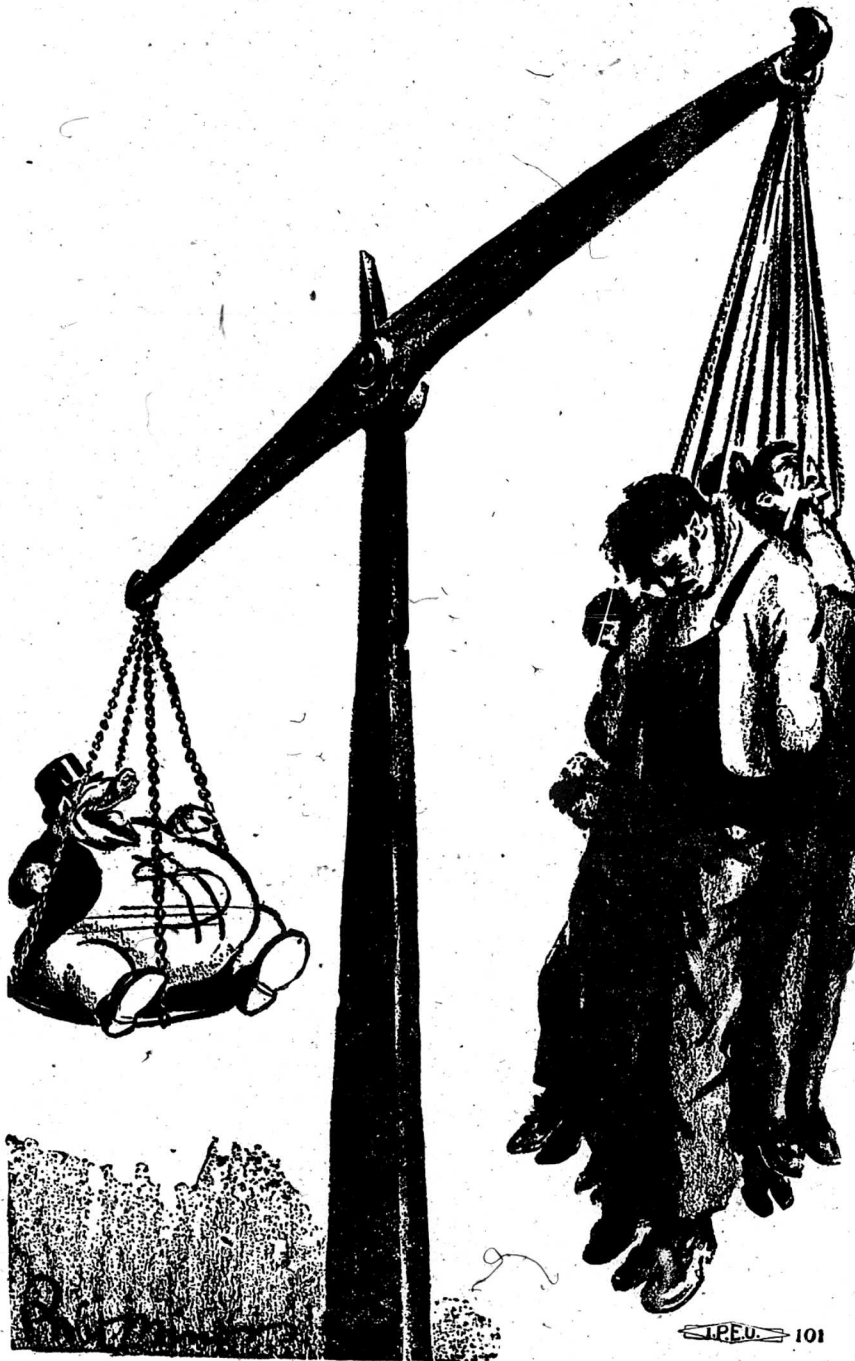
Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

PORK BUTCHERS' SECTION.

A Special Meeting of all members of the Section will be held in Unity Hall on Wednesday Night, 29th October, 1924, at 7.30 o'clock.

On behalf of
Executive Committee,

JIM LARKIN.



THE SCALES OF JUSTICE, 1924

THE SAME OLD STORY—REDUCE WAGES.

The drive for a reduction in the railwaymen's wages is again being made. At the sittings of the Railway Tribunal this week, the counsel both for the companies and the Government made great capital out of the alleged increase of the present wages over the 1914 scale. The poor railway companies are actually working at a loss of £32,000 per year, although they always manage to pay yearly dividends.

Some railwaymen have actually had their wages increased 700 per cent. over the 1913 rate. We would like to see some of those fortunate people. They must be managers, or more likely directors. They are the only "railwaymen"

we are aware of who received such increases, and they are also the people who had their salaries reduced by only 10 per cent. Another thing strikes us, these tribunals are regular godsend to the poor lawyers. Eleven law sharks for one tribunal is pretty "slick" work.

£100 PER WEEK.

There was once a time in the annals of the now defunct Transport Union when their weekly income averaged £2,000. That was their hey-day, but of late they and their income have fallen very low indeed. They themselves now admit and make public the fact that their weekly income barely reaches £100. Admitting that figure to be true, if worked out on

THE MARTYRED O'NEILL.

Another Bubble Burst.

The dispute in the Fish Market is still on. Joe O'Neill, over whom the trouble is said to have arisen, can no longer be used as cloak to cover the designs of the trawler owners upon their crews' wages. O'Neill is in hospital and the question of working with him can not be raised now. But the dispute still continues, which proves that O'Neill is not the stumbling block, but some unexpressed intention of the trawler owners—the Munster and Leinster Bank.

BELFAST BEATS THE BIG DRUM.

Belfast is again on the warpath, according to the latest reports. Harry Midgley and his associates of the Partition Labour Party were roughly handled on the two occasions when they attempted to hold public meetings.

We have no love for Midgley and his fellow partitionist, but we believe that all men and women are entitled to express their opinions if they so desire.

These speakers who were attacked are members of the Northern Labour Party. They profess to be antagonistic to partition, yet they avail of the first opportunity to introduce partition in Labour circles. We are quite aware that they and Johnson are of the same species—Labour Fakirs, but even some of Johnson's friends were forced to protest against the formation of the new Party in the North, and when they protest, then something must, certainly be wrong. But the Irish Labour Party, of course, has no objection to this new alignment and are quite willing to work in harness with it. They don't believe in Partition, no, only in the working class movement. The more parties there are, the more jobs can be made—and filled.

Laws in great rebellions lose their end, and all go free when multitudes offend.—Rowe.

The greatest achievements of the human mind are generally received at first with distrust.—Schopenhauer.

Large fortunes cannot be made by the work of any one man's hands or head.—John Ruskin.

an average payment of ninepence per member it denotes a financial membership of roughly 2,500 members, and "Ole Bill" only claims 90,000. Poor Ole Bill.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

"We hope that out of evil good may come, and that this case may lead shipmasters to understand the importance of knowing the simple principles of stability, and applying them when necessary. That a ship has certain plans on board showing the stability of the particular vessel in given conditions does not free either the owner or the shipmaster from the use of common sense when the vessel is loaded in conditions not dealt with in these plans."—(Liverpool Journal of Commerce).

CHINA GOING "RED"

The Irish worker, anxious for a better understanding of the situation in China, should not waste time in reading the contradictory messages appearing in the Dublin, Cork and Belfast dailies bearing the Press Association and the Reuter origin marks, nor should he bother reading the windy editorials based on their despatches by the "Irish Times" editors.

China is one of the richest and most powerful nations in the world, with as much territory and as many people as all the nations in Europe lumped together, the "Saorstát," of course, included. These four hundred millions of people with their 4,370,000 square miles of territory, speak a common language, and are bound by a common tradition and literature. The illiterate rate is very low, lower than the total rate of Europe as nearly all Chinese can read and write. Their civilisation is the oldest in the world, and their trading seals, ante-dating Tara, have been found on documents.

China is rich in minerals and natural resources, also oil fields, so rich that in the single year, 1921, four thousand five hundred and three British cargo steamers brought away over five million tons of cargo. The total foreign trade of China that year, taken away in foreign ships, was around fourteen and a half million tons.

The European nations brought capitalism and "Christianity" to China, sending missionaries in ships loaded down "with beer, bibles and rum," as Labouchere has it. Then they separately, had their wars with China, and like the French in the Ruhr, they seized the richest trade territories, and forcing the Chinese to pay for the upkeep of the foreign garrisons. England has had several wars with China, the last one to force China to purchase so many tons of Indian-grown opium yearly, although China wants to stamp out the opium evil. "The foreign devils" built various railways, roads and canals, and deepened rivers to make easier the task of robbing this huge sleeping giant. These "improvements" were charged to the Chinese to help native governments meet the bills. The international bankers stepped in with "loans," and to-day, China has a huge "national debt," and most of its resources and trade are in the pawnshop operated by the international bankers that Cosgrave is now appealing to for help.

Twenty-five years ago a large number of Chinese rose in revolt and declared war on the exploiting foreign capitalists. This "Boxer Rebellion" was subdued by all the European fleets acting together, and the cost of suppression added a few hundred million to what China "owes" the capitalist nations and bankers. Part of the reparations included the erection of a sort of Arc de Triomphe over the main street in Peking and Chinese were forced to uncover when passing under it, so as to impress them with the enormity of the crime of burning foreign consulate buildings whilst the Christian consuls and ambassadors were inside. It was like the burnt pig-story in our national school books.

To-day, if the visitor asks a Chinese what is that arch for, the answer is: "That's a monument to the Chinese who killed the foreign ambassadors."

In 1912, China deposed its royal family and declared a Republic. They did not do a thorough job like the Bolsheviks, and the heir to the Chinese

throne is allowed a palace in a Peking park. He has an English "gentleman" from Downing Street as tutor and schoolmaster this last twelve years. Things are so bad in the "royal hive" that this Crown Prince runs a tea pavilion and sells post cards as souvenirs to visitors. The present government has told him this commercialism must stop.

The Chinese cabinets and governments since 1912 have been formed by the foreign diplomats. These wolves of capitalism have made of China a house divided against itself. They have helped some old feudal military leaders and encouraged them to raise armies and enforce their will over large sections of China. They have created Ulsters and Free States and set Chinese to kill each other in the same way that British ministers in London played off one section of the Irish against the other, and caused I.R.A. men to shoot their old comrades.

But the success of the Workers' Government of Russia has changed China, so much so that the present civil war was set off by capitalist intrigue to supply some pretext for establishing a capitalistic stronghold and so prevent China following Russia's lead.

The Russian workers have returned to China the huge forests, harbours, and mining areas which Russian capitalists seized with the aid of the Czars army and navy. They have also restored the great Chinese Eastern railroad which goes through Manchuria and connects with the Russian State railways. This was a bitter blow to capitalism, as it was as important as the Berlin-Baghdad railroad or the Cape to Cairo line.

The various capitalist governments still have fifty-eight "Treaty posts" strategically situated for the purpose of draining away China's trade and wealth—her very life blood. Russia has explained that these should be returned; that the various foreign governments have less right to them than the Czars government had to the restored Russian "Treaty posts."

The English sphere of influence is in the south where a semi-Workers' Republic controls millions of people and about one-fifth of China. Its President is Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who because of his advanced ideas has incurred the hatred of the bankers and they have expressed their hate in financing war lords to overthrow him.

In recent years, hundreds of the younger Chinese have studied in Moscow. Most of the Chinese labour leaders have been to Moscow, and there is a strong delegation of Chinese there all the time, receiving the gospel of freedom which they will spread among China's uncounted millions.

The soviet gold coin—chervonetz—which is backed by gold reserves in the Russian State bank, is already in circulation in most of the larger Chinese trading centres like Hankow, Shanghai, Harbin, and Tientsin. It is preferred to the English sovereign which is much below par. The Mexican silver dollar is the chief coinage standard in China for many years. Recently the French government demanded that the French debts be met with gold francs. The Chinese reply, which shows Moscow tutoring, was to the effect that if the gold franc has disappeared from circulation in France, it was ridiculous to expect China to pay in any medium but French paper francs.

Both the French and English foreign offices, still staffed with the reactionary anti-labour diplomats, would force war on China, particularly on Dr. Sun Yat

Sen's southern republic, because he has been checkmating them in every move. The French and English diplomatic staffs in Shanghai and Peking inspired the Chinese Merchants' Volunteer Corps, a Fascisti organisation, supplying them with money and cargoes of arms and ammunition with the hope they would disrupt the South Chinese Republic. Dr. Sun Yat Sen promptly seized the ships with the arms, also the leaders. The Chinese Lieutenant-Colonel who commanded the Fascisti was tried, found guilty of conspiring against the Republic, and executed in the Chinese big knife manner, when Dr. Sun confirmed the sentence of the courts.

It must also be remembered that the territory of Soviet Russia borders China on the north, north-east and north-west.

Japan, a highly-developed capitalist nation, has been forced by American war preparations and American jealousy to line up with her old enemies—China and Russia. This sudden alignment of three of the most powerful nations in the world has prevented and will prevent any foreign intervention in the present Chinese civil war. The plans of the exploiting "Christian" nations, who believe God is with the big battleships, have failed this time.

China has received a Soviet Ambassador—Japan is asking for one.

The power of the foreign ambassadors to further wreck, carve up, and exploit China ended on the day when the Armenian worker, Mons Karakhan, moved into the old Czarist Legation building in Peking as ambassador from the Workers' Government of Russia.

England's rich China trade will soon go overland into Russia or by the short sea route to the Soviet part of Vladivostock.

Our Irish Republican friends, many of whom know so little of the meaning of Republicanism that they would be content with a Republican political party, to battle at the polls for control of the Dail, against the Free Staters, in the same way that Liberals and Tory battle in England, or Republicans and Democrats on this side should think deeper on the Russian movement.

If they want to see the British Empire destroyed so that a Republic can be maintained in Ireland, they should try and realise that Russia is breaking the power of the British Empire in China, in the near East, in Mexico, in the Balkans, Egypt and India are on the Russian programme too. All Russia's energy and influence is directed to the smash up of the British Empire, not because of its persecution and exploitation of Ireland's thirty-two thousand square miles, but because most of the working class in the world have been degraded and exploited by this Empire which is the very keystone of the structure of capitalism. At least those who did the fighting should take a deeper interest in Russia's fight, even if the doctrinaire directions of the Irish Republican party will insist on limiting their vision to the very small span in the large oceans that Ireland represents.

WORKERS' JUNIOR OF IRELAND.

CORPORATION SECTION.

A meeting of all members of the above Section will be held in the Trades' Hall, Capel Street, on Sunday, 18th October, at 1 p.m. sharp. All members to produce their cards.

—Absentees will be fined 2/6.

THE BATTLE OF ST. MICHAN'S STREET.

A Fishy Story.

My Dear Watson,

It was an autumn evening in the year 1925. Sherlock Holmes and I were once again back in our lodgings in Baker Street. Our holiday in the South of France had done much to restore our nerves, badly frayed by the lengthy but successful duel with the infamous French secret service agent, Antoine Gotteau. From a distance the rumble of London's traffic reached us, though in a subdued tone, and its muffled sound made more noticeable the quietness without.

The blinds had been drawn and the lamp lighted, and as it was one of those evenings, common in autumn, when a touch of fog brings home to one the near approach of winter, we had had the fire lighted.

For a full half-hour we had sat there, myself reading, Holmes wreathed in the smoke from his pipe, and it looked as if he had given himself up, for the nonce, to a night's Carlylean enjoyment. I had forgotten his existence in the interest of an article on spiritualism I had been reading, written, if I recollect aright, by Conan Doyle. Musing on some of the extravagances of it, I had lost appreciation of time and place and it came as a jolt when I found myself wakening to things around me with the words, spoken in that quiet penetrating voice of Holmes: "My dear Watson."

(Glancing up to find the cause of the interruption, I saw Holmes, his pipe on the table beside him, a far-away look in his eyes, and the inscrutable smile playing on his face, and it reminded me so much of other nights in the long ago when he occasionally broke into reminiscence that I felt myself awaiting with eagerness, whatever it was, was to follow.

"I have been looking over some odds and ends in our little museum, Watson, and came across a slip of paper to-day that reminded me of a little adventure of ours eleven years ago—to be exact in 1924. Do you recollect? It is a sort of coincidence that the slip of paper should come into my hands the same day as the announcement of the death of a distant relative of mine in the country where this little adventure of ours took place." He paused for a few moments to let me refresh my memory, but seeing I had no notion of what was in his mind, went on: "I don't know if I ever mentioned to you that I had Irish connections. I see it surprises you. Well, it's nothing serious. Second cousin once removed, or something like that. A decent sort of fellow he was, native of Cork, and had a pretty easy job in government circles in Dublin, I believe. Ha! I see you remember now."

It had struck me that the adventure referred to was what we had come to call "The Battle of St. Michan's Street," long passed out of my memory. It was the culminating of a series of unexplainable happenings in the city on the Liffey, and was, at that date, the subject of much speculation. At one time I had considered including it with others of Holmes' published adventures, but in the final wadding out had put it aside as not being of sufficient general interest. The term "Battle" was purely jocular, for the affair was so much a one-sided business that I believe the title by which it became known to history was the inspiration of a wag.

"Yes," said Holmes, "I have often wondered why you overlooked the claims of the 'Battle of St. Michan's Street' to a place in your chronicles. Although not a great story in any sense, it has many features of interest and I would like to see some record of it." He paused for some time and then went on:

"Do you remember the writing on the slip of paper? Rather strange I thought at the time for an Irishman." I shook my head. "Here it is," he said, picking up a tiny slip from the table, where I had not noticed it before. I smoothed it out on my knee, and after a few moments read:

"Along the line the signal ran
Ole Bill expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

I smiled: "Smells of Trafalgar, doesn't it?" Holmes' features relaxed slightly. "I did not understand it in the early stages of the investigation, but as you will recollect, Watson, it deciphered itself in the end."

Here is the story. In August, 1924, Holmes had received from the Free State Government a letter requesting his services to discover the parties responsible for some amazingly large leaks in the Army Accounts Department. It was many years since Holmes had visited Ireland, though at all times he kept himself fairly informed as to political developments there. The invitation was accepted, and in less than a week we found ourselves in comfortable lodgings in Parnell Square, Dublin. As the public will remember, Holmes' investigations in the army affairs resulted in the conviction of three well-known officers, and, with that secured, the matter dropped suddenly.

It was on the second night of our stay that the first incident occurred which focussed our attention on the matters of which one of the developments was the "Battle of St. Michan's Street." Holmes had been running over the evidence elicited in the army investigations and seemed confident that the case would not present any serious difficulty. I was about to turn in, leaving Holmes to pursue his theories, when I heard a shout, apparently outside the hall door, and then a man's voice, in a terror-stricken tone, gasping "Archie . . . Archie . . . I'm killed."

I went quietly to the door and opened it. A figure lay sprawling on the steps. At first I concluded it was a case of excessive libations, but on raising the man I noticed a cut on his forehead and he seemed slightly delirious, but no evidence of drink on him. Once or twice he muttered about "biring the hand that fed them." I assisted him into the hall, and there he seemed to recover himself at once for he said, "Where am I? Oh, yes, thank you, gentlemen. I was brutally assaulted by some miscreants." By this time Holmes had closed the hall door and we had seated the stranger in our room.

I at once patched up his forehead and administered a small dose of the national fluid, then sat down awaiting developments. Holmes stood at the fire, seemingly oblivious of everything; but from previous experience I guessed he was marking time till the stranger chose to say something or volunteered his readiness to go. After a short interval the stranger glanced sharply at Holmes and back at me, and after a pause said jerkily: "I don't know what the police are paid for when a man can be violently assaulted within a stone's throw of Nelson Pillar. It's time drastic action was taken by the authorities." Then he glanced sharply at the two of us again. "Yes," said Holmes, "and it surprises me that

"Archie" vanished so quickly; perhaps he went in search of a policeman." "What's that," said the stranger starting up. "What's that!" Then he paused for a moment, eyeing both of us with a side-long glance; but not finding anything there to satisfy his obviously frightened curiosity, turned towards the door, and with a forced levity, said: "Well, good-night, gentlemen, and thanks for your kindness." I saw him to the door and returned to Holmes. "Nice looking bird to bring in on our carpet, Watson," he grinned. "I fancy if you took that beard off him you'd find a nice centre-piece for a gallows' rope." With that the matter dropped.

The next few days Holmes spent between Portobello Barracks and Merrion Street, and it looked as if we would not hear anything more of our excited visitor. Fortune had it, however, that there should be developments, and it was on the fourth or fifth evening after, that an outsider dashed up Parnell Square, with our friend of the beard, and at a distance of thirty or forty yards behind, a running, yelling group of six or seven men, punctuating their gasps for breath with cries of "Stop the robber!" "Pay us our wages!" "We don't fight for nothing!" The outsider pulled up at a house near the top of the Square and the harassed fare dismounted hurriedly and made for the hall door, which was slammed behind him.

It happened that Holmes had seen the chase from the window and, scenting something, had put on his hat and followed the crowd, which was then travelling in the wake of the man hunt.

Ten minutes later he returned. "I see Archie's friend is in trouble again and some folks are getting up a demonstration outside his hall door. I think, Watson," he added, "we might keep a watchful eye on developments up there. Somebody is in difficulties."

(This enthralling detective yarn will be continued in our next issue.)

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

MOTOR SECTION.

A special meeting of all members of the Section employed in Coal-yards in Dublin, will be held in Unity Hall on Sunday next, 19th October, 1924 at 12 noon.

This applies to all motor and steam-wagon drivers, mechanics and fire-boys in the firms.

By Order
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Jim Larkin.

IOILSCOIL NA h-EIREANN.

(The University of the Gael).

Session—1924-25.

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

All Courses are free of charge.

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

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 66. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1924

TWOPENCE

THE GLORIOUS REPUBLIC.

Men and women in Ireland regard America as the ideal Republic, whose example ought to be carried out in Ireland. It may interest members of the Irish working-class to know that in the State of New Jersey, U.S.A., according to the reports of the Childrens' Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, there are children of five, six and seven years of age working night work in jewellery establishments. Their hands are "blistered, calloused and burnt" with the acid, etc. used in the business.

YES, WE HAVE NO CASINOS.

The gentlemen who show up in the front rows at uplift meetings and in their private capacity attempt the organisation of Casinos, in the cause of a "Brighter Ireland," are down on Goose Clubs. It is a matter of fact that "Goose Clubs" are a system of "wind raising" on a small scale, by voluntary methods, for divers purposes, and though it be not to the credit of human nature to need the stimulus of a prize for the doing of a good act, there is much to recommend them as an alternative to the system of plunder, under the guise of taxation, at present being operated from Kildare Street.

What's in a name? Senators and T.D.'s flock to the Racecourse—during working hours—and think no end of their opinions on horse-flesh; and he would be a daring spirit who would introduce into the National Assembly a "Bill for the Better Regulation of Horse Racing and the Suppression of Gambling." He would! Yet our legislators are out for the Higher Ideal, and the Goose Club must go. Morality is a wondrous thing, particularly when viewed from the standpoint of Truth, Honour and Respectability.



AS THE O'BRIEN-FORAN-JOHNSON COMBINATION HAD THE WORKER, AMENABLE TO THE CRACK OF THE MASTER'S WHIP.

WORKERS AGAIN BETRAYED BY THE TOOLS OF THE EMPLOYERS' FEDERATION.

The O'Brien-Foran-Kennedy clique, masquerading as the Irish Transport Union—the seab organisation which still control the funds and machinery of the Irish Transport Union—have again covered themselves with an additional cloak of shame. Not satisfied with scabbing on the men and women who built up the Transport Union, and who they robbed of £50,000 by chicanery and gross-abuse of Trade Union Rules—a crime

they pleaded guilty to before their Lord Chief Justice and protector.

This week, after keeping their dupes—the workers—locked out from Goulding's and Morgan Mooney's, guessing for a space of three weeks, they at last let the cat out of the bag. They—the Scab Herders—had agreed months ago to accept a reduction in wages for these poor wage slaves, but they forgot to tell them that they had already accepted two reductions for the Chemical Workers in Wicklow and Cork, 12½ per cent. in Cork, following on reductions accepted last year by Foran, Spaffin McCabe and the Field-Marshal O'Brien. Not

satisfied with depriving widows of their legal mortality claims, robbing the 100,000 members of two shillings per year for some six years past, paying the corruption account to Kennedy, McCarthy, the gunman account to the professional thugs like Boxing-Professor Gunman Kelly, Captain Robins, the Red Heron-ing, the flogging T.D., Cackle O'Shannon, the notorious Shamus O'Brien and all the other harpers, who, in their own broad vernacular, are only hanging on to the B—y Corpse while the wake continues, as long as there is money for beer and grub. Shamus says he won't desert and so say all of the organisers.

DUBLIN TRADES' COUNCIL.

At the usual fortnightly meeting of the Council the following circular letters were ordered to be circulated, the first to the Unions, and the second to the Architects of the City, viz.:-

Dublin United Trades' Council and
Labour League.

TRADES' HALL, CAPEL ST., DUBLIN.

October 16th, 1924.

A Chara.—The Council have been considering for some time past a number of complaints which they have been received in reference to the importation of manufactured goods—and the consequent increase of the ranks of the unemployed. The list covers the Building and Furnishing Trades, the Clothing Trades, the Bottle-making Industry, the Wig-makers, the Brass-founding, Iron-founding, Fitters, Boiler-makers, Confectioners, Brush-makers, Glaziers, Farriers, Harness-makers, Marble Masons, Stonecutters, Sheet Metal Workers, the Printing Trades, etc. They have had deputations to several persons who had imported articles which given the opportunity, could have been produced in the country, a large percentage in Dublin. And in all cases they were met with the usual excuses. Could not get quotations. Prices too high, etc.

We have discussed the matter time and again, without being able to come to any definite decision as to what is the best thing to do. At a recent meeting of a sub-committee dealing with the matter, it was suggested that we ought to call a conference to discuss ways and means of combating the matter. With that object it has been decided to convene a Conference to be held here on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, at 8 p.m., to which you are cordially invited to send two delegates.

We are not confining the Conference to the Unions in affiliation with the Council, but are calling it with the object of deciding on the best means of conserving the joint interests of the Workers of all grades.

Kindly notify me as to the names and addresses of your delegates.

Yours fraternally,

EDWARD TUCKER, President.
(Nat. Soc. of Brushmakers.)

JOHN LAWLOR, T.C., Vice-President.
(Workers' Union of Ireland)

RICHARD F. BLACKBURNE, Treas.
(Irish Poor Law Workers & Clerks)

P. T. DALY, Secretary.

Dublin United Trades' Council and
Labour League.

TRADES' HALL, CAPEL ST., DUBLIN.

October 16th, 1924.

A Dhuine Uasail—The attention of our Council has been drawn on several occasions recently to wholesale importations of building materials, of shop fittings, and of shop furniture. On investigation we are fully satisfied that a great deal of this importation is wholly unnecessary. We have sent deputations to interview several people who have had the giving away of work involving the use of the different commodities mentioned, and in every case investigated we were satisfied that the importations were unnecessary. And in each of the cases the architect was the person responsible. After a job had been given away to, say, Sage (of London), we have always been met with the excuse "Oh! Messrs. So-and-So had their work done by Sage, and our architect says there is no other person who will do the work so well or so cheap." The continuance of this practice prevents our local people from getting in and so sends away a lot of work which, given the same opportunity

as Sage, would develop a great trade in Ireland. Our Council have therefore decided that in all cases where the local manufacturer has not been given a fair chance of competing for any of the goods enumerated, we will instruct our trades union colleagues to refuse to handle them from ship or on shore.

Yours truly,

EDWARD TUCKER, President.

JOHN LAWLOR, Vice-President.

R. F. BLACKBURNE, Hon. Treas.

P. T. DALY, Secretary.

IN RINGSEND BY THE SEA.

A Distressful Scene.

A very happy and enthusiastic little family gathering was held in Ringsend on Sunday last. The Noble Cohorts of The Castle in York Street arrived in state with the intention of spreading the Gospel of Truth and Charity. General Archibald Heron of the Orange tinge addressed the assembled multitudes, who listened in silence, being overcome with awe at the sound of his melodious and loud-ringing voice. Unhappily for the future peaceful conditions of our beloved country, a most unruly and turbulent element projected themselves into the peaceful circle and insisted upon addressing unwelcome and decidedly awkward questions to the Noble One. However, the Sweet-Voiced One proved himself a Born Orator, and dealt extremely severely with the querist. "Can anyone challenge my credentials in the Labour Movement? Did I not play a most manful part in those momentous years of '12 and '13, and am I not a member of the working class like you?" Thus did he hurl his retort at the disrupter. But alas and alack, the Lowly One from the midst of the assembly did challenge Our Hero's credentials and He of the Wavy Hair, having unfortunately left the said credentials behind him he was placed in a most unpleasant position. And his membership of the working class was loudly denied, forsooth, because he wore Goldrimmed Specs. and a Pair of Spats. A most unfortunate coincidence, and they would not even believe his statement about 1913. They were a most distrustful group of people and their conduct was exceedingly irritating to the Patient-Souled Orator.

FELLOW WORKERS.

The police of this city have lately been re-organised. During the year hundreds of the old members of the force retired on pension and their places were filled by new recruits. Naturally the new members of the force believed that in taking the place of those retired they would receive the same rates of pay, hours of duty and other privileges. This is not so, and has resulted in great dissatisfaction in the ranks. Every day in Dublin groups of two or three constables may be seen in the streets discussing this problem, and the chief grievance is against their continued retention on the temporary staff, because as long as they are classed in that category they are not entitled to pensions. It is quite understood that a new recruit must first be taken on as a temporary man, but the majority of the recruits who joined this year are now almost twelve months in the service and are acting as fully competent constables and are performing all duties incident upon such positions. Yet they are still on the temporary staff and a belief is gaining grounds that

this condition of affairs is to be continued. At present they have no remedy against this money-saving scheme, but we will suggest a way out of the difficulty.

Some months ago a movement was set afoot to form a Policemen's Union, which would embrace both the D.M.P. and the Civic Guard. For certain reasons the lead was not followed up. But now with this grievance agitating the force a good opportunity presents itself to form a Policemen's Union which would take up such questions and grievances. The policemen are workmen, no different from any other wage-earners. They have rights to maintain and lose, and if the "bobbies" themselves will not look after these rights they will hardly receive attention from anyone else. Let some few members of the force get together and arrange a method of working, call a meeting and set the ball rolling. We have often had differences of opinion with these upholders of the peace, and we expect we will have them again in the future, but they are wage-earners and we are wage-earners, and their interests are of as much concern to us as any other section of the working-class. Let them make the first move and we will be only too glad to help.

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

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN ENGLAND.

Despite the most intensive propaganda by the Conservative and Liberal Parties in England, the reception being accorded Ramsay MacDonald and other members of the Government in their election tour is enthusiastic. On the other side, the Conservative and Liberal candidates are being treated to such opposition as they have never before experienced. The admissions in the Capitalist Press that the Labour Party candidates are being well received in most constituencies are couched in bitterness and fear of what may be in the near future. If the English Labour Party had less of the bourgeois element, and a more wholesome appreciation of the needs of the moment, and were not allied, as they are, to the Imperialist idea, they would not have so long to wait for a majority at Westminster.

Notwithstanding that the Great War and the first reaction against it are now long past, there is sufficient misery in England, arising directly out of it and out of post-war problems, to bring Labour to victory at the Polls.

As things are, though MacDonald will go back to Westminster with a larger party, perhaps very much larger, it cannot be expected that he will have a majority.

Sooner or later the accessions to the Labour movement of so many, bourgeois in outlook, will create a revulsion among the rank and file of the workers, and a better Labour Party will emerge. In the meantime, while a "Labour" Government tinkers with social and industrial problems and follows a line of action practically indistinguishable from Conservative or Liberal policy, its credit will rise and fall with the booms and slumps created by the forces of capitalism.

It is yet too early to decide the fate of the leading lights in the Labour movement. The short period of office they have enjoyed has been too brief to enable them to make or mar finally their reputations. The English working class are conscious of the fact and are giving them, out of a sense of class loyalty, the opportunity they need—and the benefit of the doubt. The future is in the making.

IRISH-MADE MATCHES.

Irish-made matches are again the subject of many letters to the press. We believe in supporting Irish manufacture but we emphasise "Irish."

In previous issues we dealt with this same question of Irish-made matches, and suggested to the I.I.D.A. that they should take the matter up. Irish-Made Matches!! The match box is made and printed in England, the match stick is cut abroad, and both box and match is shipped into this country by the thousands. The matches are only dipped in the phosphorus solution, packed in the boxes and made up in dozen lots in this country. Yet they are Irish-made matches. But even so we are willing to support these matches, but at least we think the manufacturers might be honest and take the Irish Trade Mark off the box, or better still make the boxes and cut the matches here in Ireland, and thereby decrease Irish unemployment and live up to their contention that they are anxious to develop Irish industries. And if the manufacturers are not willing to thus act straight with those who support them by buying their matches, then the Association which has the power to issue and withdraw the Irish Trade Mark, should demand that the Irish Trade Mark be taken off these English-made boxes, and should they wish to be exact, they might allow the manufacturers to put the Irish Trade Mark on the head of the match which happens (we believe) to be made in Ireland.

To the workers in the match factory who are complaining about the lack of support for Irish-made matches we would point out that if they also were honest and insisted upon the employer taking the second of the courses outlined above, they would help to keep themselves in work and also, perhaps, make work for their brother workers in the box-making and printing trades.

FOOLING THE WORKERS.

The Employment Exchange Humbug.

The spirit in which Public Departments are administered is regulated by the Government in office. A government that reduces the meagre allowance to Old Age Pensioners, that brings the wages of road workers to the starvation figure, that cuts the existing inadequate wages of teachers to a still more uneconomic figure, while taking good care that their own hangers-on and an army of pensioners shall live on the fat of the land, need not be expected to regard the wage slave in a friendly light; and they do not. The Employment Exchange in Dublin and elsewhere, as recent events have proved, is an annexe of the Employers' Federation. That it is so is the outcome of the policy dictated by the Cosgrave Government, whose hostility to the common worker has become a proverb.

There is a cure for most human ills, and the proper treatment for the ulcer whose foulness runs through all the arteries of government in the Free State is the scalpel. Within the coming weeks the workers will have an opportunity of cutting out some of the fester spots in the body national, and if they exercise the right of voting, which is theirs in the forthcoming elections, the tide will at last be turned against the capitalist usurpation that functions in Merriem Street.

Unless the workers choose to rise, no power on earth can lift them. Until they develop sufficient moral responsibility to shoulder the burden of the common weal, nothing can be achieved. The forthcoming elections provide an opportunity which no class-conscious man or woman can overlook, and the immediate task is the overthrow of the government that has put more anti-labour legislation on the statute book than any government in Europe in the same period with the possible exception of the Mussolini one.

Free State labour fakirs, seeking justification for their betrayal of the nation, prate of the "devil we know being better than the devil we don't know." The only devil that matters at the moment is "the devil we know," and the duty of the hour is to exorcise him from the body politic. Other devils we may have in time, before labour comes into its own, but the time to deal with them will be when they first attempt to grasp the reins of power. That the present devil holds the position he does is due to the treachery of the Abbey Street politicians who have consistently refused to do their duty, and who have within the past few years added to their betrayals in the industrial field by wholesale desertion in the sphere of politics.

Cosgraveism has nothing more to offer the worker than complete subjection. Employment Exchanges, National Health Departments, and latterly, our Municipal bodies are the preserves of political camp followers and obsequious officials, and in all phases of the national life the impress of a giant Tammany is crushing out the legitimate aspirations of the people.

The moment is ripe for attack. Within a few weeks Cosgraveism will be on its trial in South (Dublin) City and in other constituencies. By the result of the elections we will know to what extent the conscience of the workers has been awakened. If the decision is in favour of the Cosgrave faction it will be plain to all that wages reduction do not matter, that Old Age Pensioners are none the worse for the recent reduction and that nothing becomes the workers better than slavery. Is this to happen? Let the workers think the matter out.

LIMERICK LINES.

Some years ago there existed in the Limerick Branch of the now defunct Transport Union, a Lace and Dressmakers' Section. This section had its beginning in some of the larger drapery houses, and by co-operating with the other employees of these shops, a general rise in the standard of living was achieved. The piece rates were increased, hours shortened, sanitary and working conditions improved and holidays won; and these gains were all made possible by the spirit of solidarity which was then common among the drapery workers. The drapery workers of Limerick are now disorganised, and realising this, the employers have been gradually tightening the screw and the conditions, hours of labour and the wages have been forced down again to the old level.

We hear that McBirney's are leading the drapery houses in this campaign against the workers, and the girls particularly are feeling the pinch, their forewoman being a very "gentle-souled" creature.

The lace-workers are being paid starvation wages. In one famous Lace School the wages paid vary from 5/- to 8/- per week, and like many another job, their insurance and unemployment cards are never stamped, a state of affairs which

never seems to trouble the Exchange Officials, although workers are prosecuted every other day for drawing dole illegally.

Foynes, the New Port.

There are many rumours afloat regarding the transference of the Limerick shipping to Foynes, and large cargoes of coal are said to be consigned to that port instead of Limerick. The Limerick farmers decided at a meeting to approach the Limerick Steamship Co. and the Clyde Shipping Co. and arrange to have their cattle and other produce shipped from Foynes.

We wonder will they transfer the electric crane that "fell" into the river and was rescued, to Foynes. Foynes may become the port for Limerick but never will it have a reputation to equal that of Limerick. Foynes cannot boast of seventy acres of slums, the condition of which are not exceeded in any city in Europe.

NOW IS THE MOMENT.

The question of the political prisoners confined in English gaols is at last to be raised in the English Elections. The Irish Self-Determinator League of Great Britain has undertaken the task of sounding the different candidates on this vital question. We welcome their activity in this direction but suggest that the matter might have received earlier and more detailed attention; nevertheless, the old saying, "It is never too late to mend," is applicable.

Bernard Shaw has also made the case of these men the subject of a letter to the press, couched in his usual language and brimful of sarcasm, very pointed and most apt. Though he may not look at the matter from our point of view—the working-class outlook—still his letter is a valuable contribution to the many protests made on behalf of these men. There are many other writers in England who profess sentiments somewhat similar to Shaw's, but so far they have not lent their pens to the task of helping these class victims. We believe that there are very few writers in England who could humble themselves or offend their dignity by following Shaw's example in this matter, and perhaps it may have the opposite effect.

Our position on this matter has been stated again and again. The men in prison are members of our class; they were gaoled because they dared to defend themselves and their wives and kiddies against the most brutal and inhuman attack ever made by the employing class upon their wage slaves. The campaign in Belfast exceeds even that initiated by Mussolini in Italy. The imprisonment of these men should be placed before every Labour candidate from the working class point of view and action should be demanded. The Irish vote in England is strong enough to make this demand felt and see that it is answered in the right and proper manner.

"The Irish Worker" may be obtained in Limerick from any of the following newsagents:—

Mrs Murphy, Clare Street.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, Broad Street.

Mr. O'Sullivan, Park Kiosk.

Mrs. Whelan, Upper William Street.

Ask for it and see that you get it.

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

IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

London Office:—Room D, 143 Fleet St., E.C.

We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

Subscriptions, 10s. per year; 5s. for six months, payable in advance.

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

PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

Nugent Remembers !

October 1914—and now Parnell anniversary day. A mass demonstration was held in Parnell Square, many who are now dead were in the flesh with us that day—one of the best who still lives on, though exiled in America—Bob Monteith was with us and of us that day. When we ordered Nugent's bodyguard all dressed up in the new uniforms and armed with the guns—supplied by Dublin Castle—to right-about face, one would think that such creatures and such leaders as J. D. Nugent would have never dared to face another public exposure. Yet this foul political growth, which prostituted the name of religion in the strike of 1913 and have existed since their formation and organisation by making a business of God and what they call religion would have the decency to go on worshipping their God Mammon, money-making being the only form of worship they know and understand, and living in a land of organised hypocrisy, where religion is used as cloak for every conceivable form of petty graft and criminal activity. A Nugent could continue to exploit to his own benefit and aggrandisement the ignorant and selfish, but an hour comes when such creatures, that would, aye, and have prostituted the sacred name of religion, stand exposed in all their vile nakedness. Nugent-Skeffington clique in the Ancient (and fishy) Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin) have again taken water, and the (Cur) Cahir Healy whines, and the eloquent Dempsey Lawyer Harbinson makes moan and Nugent cannot call for the protection of the D.M.P. as he did when carrying out the order of William Murder Murphy in 1913. There will be another 1913. There will be another October as in 1914—and now 1924. The men who cross the border to obliterate the Nugent swarm in 1924 may not win, as the politicians call winning. They have obliterated Nugent and his foul growth who have been responsible in as great a measure as the organge order and Freemason clique for the fearful mentality that expresses itself in the Six Counties. Any political movement that prostitutes the name of God, the forms of religion for its own political advancement, economic and social power must be condemned by all decent men and women; and the laws, economic and social will force society to protect its members against these foul vicious growths, if education does not cure, the disease will bring its own reactions and the remedy.

We are sick to the soul of politicians of every school. When Jerry McVeagh can stand as a Labour candidate, or a man who is a director of the Dublin Alliance Gas Company. Then I think Ramsay McDonald was justified in taking a motor-car from his friend Grant of McVitie's Biscuit Works, next to Jacob's, one of the worst sweating firms within the industrial world. Politics, what criminals masquerade under thy cloak.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

Field-Marshal O'Brien won another victory, aided by General Foran and that ubiquitous staff—consisting of Colonels Herron McCabe, and the valiant bar flies McCarthy and Kennedy. Bill succeeded, as usual, in getting a reduction for the employers, Messrs. Goulding and Morgan Mooney, and Co. We understand they—the Clique—are going to register their society as "Strike Breakers, Limited."

INDUSTRIAL PRINCE.

New York society has been furnished with another topic of conversation in the birth of a son to Millicent Rogers, the \$40,000,000 heiress, who shocked society by running away and eloping with a penniless Austrian count.

The child is now heir to the \$40,000,000. The basis of this fortune was laid in the foundation of the Amalgamated Copper Company. This organisation was organised by the child's grandfather, who cleared \$36,000,000 as a reward for one afternoon's work, which consisted of fooling the public into buying millions of dollars worth of stock that was later forced down in price and bought back to about one-third of its original price.

Is there any difference between the working-class of America paying toll to young Rogers and the working-class of the Empire paying toll to the Prince of Wales? Irish Republicans take note of this question!

ONE GOOD JOB DONE.

Major Kelly, the famous American militarist who kept the Kaiser out of Sing Sing, has been deposed and kicked out of the American Association of the Irish Republic. For a long time he has lived well at the expense of the Irish and Irish-American workers. Many prominent Irish Republicans, who lately returned home from these shores, wrote eulogies around his personality. They will now have time to pause and reflect a little.

Major Kelly is typical of that breed that has fastened itself upon the Irish movement in America. The Irish at home, whose deeds and heroism electrified the civilised world, were but the means to place men into political office, there to fawn on the Imperialists. Major Kelly has gone. Let us hope that he and his kind will never again be allowed to enter the Irish movement—at home or abroad.

WAGES PAID BY "IRISH" FARMER.

When, at Carrick-on-Suir, W. Shine sued M. Cummins (farmer) for £3 wages, the defendant said Shine agreed to work for him for a cut of tobacco every Saturday and his food and bed. A decree was given for 25/.

Mr. Pat Cassidy, 59 Wellington Street, Corporation Employee, Water Works Department, died as a result of an accident while following his occupation at Cookstown. The remains will be interred at Glasnevin on Saturday. All members of the W.U.I. and Corporation employees will muster at Unity Hall at 2 p.m. sharp for funeral procession.

Inquest on Friday at 2 p.m.

"Capitalism, by concentrating in the hands of a comparative minority, control of the means and sources of material wealth production, and by holding up to rapacious usury the financial credit which was the medium of wealth distribution and exchange, had reduced the majority to a condition of propertyless wage-slaving."—(Dr. Coffey at the Catholic Truth Conference.)

SCABS.

A strike is on at Johnston, shirt factory: O'Shea, Parnell Square, is now making shirts for Johnston. This O'Shea is the gentleman who purchased property owned by the Co-Operative Clothing Co., by arrangement.

One, Byrne, has erected machinery for O'Shea.

One of the scabs now working in Johnston's is a Mrs. Brown, 5 North King Street, whose husband is a bricklayer at Marino.

STRIKES.

The Workers' Union is still involved in the strikes which were in progress last week, namely, the Fish Strike, or rather, the Fish Lockout; the Strike at Pims, South Great George's Street, and the Strike in Johnston's Shirt Factory, Parliament Street.

There has been no fresh development in the Fish Strike during the last few days, and the only sufferers are the fish salesmen who are playing the game of the Trawler Company and the Transport Union, as the majority of the men on strike have found work elsewhere.

Pim's Strike is continuing. Some one or two more scabs have been found by the Transport Union to help the firm to carry on. We are informed that a movement is afoot in the Distributive Workers' Union to put a stop to the scabbing of the members of that Union in Pim's. We feel sure it will meet with great encouragement from "Loop-the-Loop" Duffy.

An obliging gentleman has also appeared at Johnston's Shirt Factory. The finished products are being carted out of the factory by one McLoughlin, a carter of Townsend Street, Dublin. He has already been interviewed and has decided to make himself amenable to Union persuasion. It is not expected that the strike will last much longer as Johnston realises that he cannot carry on with only family support. The girls are making a good fight, their work as pickets being especially interesting—to the police.

Of course the usual reminder against entering any of these firms need not be given, but nevertheless, it would be well for all our readers to spread the word among their less-enlightened fellow-workers.

THE BATTLE OF ST. MICHAN'S STREET.

(Continued from last week.)

Next morning I was later than usual coming down to breakfast and expected to find Holmes already gone out. Our landlady bade me a genial "good morning" and enquired if "Mr. Holmes would be down soon." It was a rare thing to find him abed at such an hour and to satisfy myself he was not ill I went upstairs and knocked at his door. "It's alright, Watson," he called out, "I'm having a rest to-day."

I did not see him again till tea-time, and then he looked more pleased with himself than I had seen him since his arrival. Apparently things had gone well with the business in hand and I waited to learn, in due time, the record of developments.

We were enjoying our after tea smoke when he broached the topic of the previous day, and I then learned he had spent his morning interviewing the gentleman of the sticking-plaster and the outside car. "Felt interested in that weird visitor of ours, Watson, and paid him a visit incog. It appears he is the 'All Highest' in the Labour world over here and from what I can see a most desperate fellow to antagonise — he as much 'as told me so." Holmes smiled. "What do you think of this collection, Watson," he went on, unwrapping a small packet. I took up the contents which consisted of a piece of ink-stained blotting-paper and a small piece of newspaper, twice the size of a postage stamp and very soiled, with traces of what looked like blood on it.

The blotting paper was impossible to read with any distinctness, but I picked out the words—"Stop payme 13 ab duty" and "Sen sto ight 8"

"Not at all clear, Holmes," I said, "and in my present state of ignorance conveys nothing." I took up the scrap of newspaper and examined it. The stain on it might have been anything from a splash of red ink to human blood; it would need a chemical test to decide.

I had not brought any of my stock-in-trade with me and so had no means of settling the matter. The newspaper gave off a slight odour which somehow I recognised, but it was too faint to define. I handed both pieces of paper back to Holmes who folded them up once more and put them aside.

"If you have no objection, my dear Watson, to helping on a little investigation of mine concerning our friend higher up the Square, I would suggest an outing of a few hours to-night. I am meeting some new phases of trade unionism over here, altogether foreign to the usual standards and would like to follow them up till they emerge somewhere. Our friend is in an excited state just now and I think the moment has arrived when we can learn something. As I have mentioned, I paid him a visit this morning. In passing I may say it is possible to obtain the makings of a quite effective disguise in this town and my make-up of a foreign journalist deceived him. You may have observed before, my dear Watson, that the easiest way to the heart of a leader of the proletariat is via the visiting card of a foreign journalist. Those trifling exhibits I have shown you are the perquisites resulting from my morning call. Our friend, I am satisfied, is a hollow fraud, which is a reason why I feel myself interested in his activities. Yes, Watson, I had a lengthy talk with him. He told me, for instance, that 'we might expect the social revolution in Ireland any time now'—any time, Mr. Hoggbach," he said banging the table, "and we are prepar-r-red."

Half past seven that night found me in the lane at the rear of Parnell Square, deciding which of the stables was the one behind the headquarters of the "Revolu-

tion." The night had closed in and it was not easy to feel certain, but I decided quickly, knowing I would not be far out in my reckoning. A few moments and the stable lock was picked; a minute later and I was creeping up the garden. I crouched under a large evergreen to make sure I was on the right premises, and at the end of a quarter of an hour had the satisfaction of seeing the light switched on on the second floor and, for a brief moment, the silhouette of our bearded friend as he passed the window.

At the rear of most of the houses in the Square are greenhouses or what once were such, though now, in many cases, they have been converted to more utilitarian purposes. It made my task the easier that the structure which I had made my objective was flat-roofed and within stepping distance of the lighted window. I continued my crawl up the garden and carefully hoisted myself on a low roof adjacent to the higher one, on to which I then pulled myself. That done I lay flat down and waited.

Half an hour is a long while when one has nothing to do but watch and wait. Holmes had given me reason to believe I would have a visitor and I knew he himself was somewhere on Parnell Square, watching, possibly more interesting developments there.

Thirty-five minutes passed but still nothing happened. Beyond the rattle of a window, the creaking of a door as the night wind rose and tried its strength, there was no movement anywhere. Now and then the barking of a dog, sometimes near, again far off, or the distant yelling of street boys came up the wind, but no more. Suddenly there was a movement at the rear of the garden. A figure moved slowly out from the narrow door of the stable and then drew back into the shadow of the overhanging trellis. A pause, and then there rose in the air, at first in a low key, the long-drawn miaow of a cat. An interval of about half-a-minute and it was repeated, but louder. Then at much the same interval, five or six times it was again repeated. No response came from the house. At last a shrill whistle cut the air and in a moment a shadow fell across the garden. I turned my head towards the house and saw, standing at the window peering out, the man with the beard. For nine or ten seconds he stood there; then drew the blind down three-quarter ways, almost to the edge of the window screen, and disappeared. Almost immediately the sound of a door opening came up as from the garden and at once the figure at the rear came forward, though cautiously. A few words were exchanged and the two men entered the house, closing the door behind them.

The moment had come for doing my share of the night's work. Rising to my feet I drew near to the edge of the roof and, grasping the down-pipe that was fastened to the main wall about a foot out, I shook it as hard as I could. It did not budge. In a few seconds I had swung myself on to the window sill and was seated precariously to watch developments. The first glance within showed me I was just in time, for the door opened even as I looked and our friend and the stranger entered.

(Further instalment next week.)

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

FREEDOM FUND.

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

BREAKING THE MILK RING.

By A. EMIE DAVIES.

The Franklin Co-operative Creamery Company of Minneapolis is probably the largest Co-operative Society in the United States. Last year it had a turn-over of over £700,000, and made a net profit of £10,000.

Over 10,000 families in this city of 380,000 inhabitants are members of the Society, which employs about 400 workers, and the whole thing arose out of a strike of a dozen or so milkmen less than four years ago. The employers objected to others of their workers, such as barmen and bottlewashers, joining the roundsmen's union, and all the dairy companies in the city locked out their men in sympathy.

One of the men suggested that their union should start a competing business. They discovered a small dairy that was for sale and collected £2,000 odd with which to make a start. The employers got wind of it and bought the dairy over their heads. The men were beaten and returned to work.

The idea of a milk business run by the men themselves had, however, taken root, and a dozen of them met to discuss the matter and to decide whether it should take the shape of a business owned by workers, or whether it should be jointly owned by the workers and the customers. The latter scheme was chosen and, with an initial capital of £200, more than £100 was paid as a deposit for property which a board proudly announced, would be the future home of the Franklin Co-operative Creamery.

The secretary bought a new Ford and went round collecting capital with which to start. In a few weeks he had to sell the Ford and walk; a sympathiser bought it and lent it to the men for the six working days of the week, reserving it for his own use on Sundays.

By the time that £1,000 capital had been collected the milk companies grew alarmed and locked their men out again. This gave the workers both the incentive and time to put their backs into the raising of capital. They called upon the customers, handed them explanatory leaflets and asked them to take shares in the Co-operative Society.

The milkman had this advantage over his employer: that he was personally known to his customers, and the men soon enlisted the sympathy of most of the housewives of Minneapolis, who signed their books with promises to subscribe about £23,000 of capital.

Three months later the Co-operative Society started operations with 18 delivery wagons and two men on each, because the employers hired men to turn on the taps and do other damage where possible. In less than a year they had to treble their capacity and rapidly secured one-third of the entire dairy and ice-cream business of the city.

The employers, this time really alarmed, formed themselves into one combine and cut the price of milk to a figure that allowed of no profit. The workers of the Co-operative Society met and promised, if necessary, to work for nothing until they had beaten the combine. The latter capitulated and its heads visited the co-operative officials (their former employees) to open up negotiations.

The Franklin Creamery of Minneapolis is now the Mecca of American co-operation. Out of profits it has built a hall, seating 800, in which lectures and entertainments are given. It has founded a college for the training of managers of co-operative businesses. Its workers have their own orchestra and glee club.

All this has occurred within four years in a big American city. I met the two men who were the originators and prime movers of this organisation and are now its president and manager respectively. They are Norwegians, who nine years ago landed in New York unable to speak a word of English.

PHILOSOPHERS AND THE HUNGRY STOMACH.

The Annual Conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is in progress this week in Dublin. Daily lectures are given and discussions take place upon divers subjects. Prominent divines and well-known laymen deliver their considered opinion upon subjects of interest to all people, and of course these subjects are viewed from the ecclesiastical view point.

During the early stages of this Conference the many adverse influences upon family life were discussed. To many and varied causes was attributed the present decline and decrease of family life, but the root cause of this modern evil was not even mentioned much less discussed.

Every day we see working-class families broken up. The father goes to one town, the sons to another, and the mother remains with the smaller kiddies. These men and women have no desire to break up the family and are not inspired to do so by irreligious and unchristian motives. The driving power behind their action is the same power which actuates every movement and every word spoken in this modern life of ours. Economic necessity is the master and economic necessity is the foundation stone upon which the present system of Society is built.

In the Ireland of to-day a working-class family and its unity and happiness depend upon the amount of employment available in the district. The father, sons and daughters may all be working in the district and remaining within the family circle, but should any one or two of them be thrown idle and find it impossible to obtain another job, the necessity for bread, clothes and the ordinary comforts of life force them to leave their home districts and seek work elsewhere. Though the remainder of the family may be willing to support them until work is again found, the workless one's own dignity and self-respect often force them to refuse this help. This happening is so common in the life of the average working-class family that it has ceased to be of interest. Such is the way in which the majority of Irish families are broken up and driven apart. But none of our eminent divines dealt with that side of life, but perhaps in days to come they will learn to attach more importance to the economic viewpoint and less to the philosophic.

There is yet another cause of the disruption of family life in modern times. The life of the working-class family with its continual insufficiency of food and clothing, its heart-breaking and monotonous round of daily work, and its lack of advancement and opportunities for development becoming unbearable to the more energetic and self-assertive of the younger members of the family, they break out on their own and seek other fields of endeavour, driven to this step by the economic pressure of their daily lives.

The Catholic Truth Conference is of value in some ways, but its attitude to the everyday problems of the workers and the everlasting problem of the hungry helps but little to the solving of these problems.

Next year it might be thought worthy of the principals of the Society to devote the week to these problems of the hungry and the friendless, and instead of discussing them from the standpoint of the philosopher and the well-fed, regard them in the light of those commands now old: "Feed the Hungry" and "Love thy Neighbour." They might also recall the ancient dictum that "Tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

"There is no room in one country for the Red Flag and the Union Jack."—BIRKENHEAD.

THE ELECTIONS IN "ULSTER."

A Dog in the Manger Policy.

The mentality of some self-styled "Nationalists" is a thing to wonder about. The majority of the population of Tyrone and Fermanagh and the minority in the other "Ulster" counties have views of their own in regard to their governance, and it is beyond dispute that they wish to throw in their lot with their brethren in the "South." That being so it seems a departure into imbecility for the spokesmen of a large number to recommend abstention from the polling booths for no other reason than that the candidates on the Nationalist side are nominated in the interests of the Republican Party.

Red herrings have been drawn across the trail in the last week by the "Freeman"—"Independent" press and the lesser organs up and down the country. Not until the past few days has it been suggested that the ballot box is the wrong place to make a stand on the burning boundary question, and not until it had become clear that the pro-Treaty candidates would have rivals in the field was the gospel of "abstention" preached in the North.

The Harbison Healy coterie have been opposed all along to abstention from Westminster. Why, then, the quick volte face? The "Independent" tells us the pulpit has been extensively used in "Ulster" to propagate the new teaching. The persistency with which the church in Ireland has shown its opposition to the Republican idea, and its leaning towards Imperialism and the blandishments of Royalty, is worthy of a better cause. In the present instance the advice in various quarters to abstain from voting is part of a cold-blooded scheme to spite Republicanism, whatever the consequences to the mass of Nationalists in the "North." In other words, Nationalist Ulster is to be handed over to Orangemen "lest a worse fate befall it" in the election of candidates of a Republican tinge.

Such be our "Republicans" of yesterday!

PASSPORTS FOR SALE.

One man waits three months for a passport; another comes along, pays £8 and his passport is immediately obtained. The power of money! One man is refused his dole; another comes along, puts his hand in his pocket, takes it out and shakes hands with the clerk and the dole is forthcoming so regularly and for such a period that he comes to look upon it as a pension. Again, the power of money!

Consulates of all countries and particularly those of the "Land of Liberty," are notorious for the difference in treatment meted out to poor and well-to-do applicants for passports or advice. We presume the young gentlemen who have just made their appearance in Court were prominent in this sport of greasy hands and full pockets, and at last they have made a slight mistake and now their own clean names and the honour of the immaculate consulate is soiled—and the price was only £8. It was too high.

Sir P. Hastings, the English Labour Attorney-General, declares that he is a Socialist.

Mr. Charles Diamond, of the "Catholic Herald" and Labour candidate for Clapham, says he himself is not a Socialist.

And we prefer to believe friend Diamond.

DISSIMILAR BUT NOT DIFFERENT.

"Now to talk of immutable economic law in connection with this modern capitalism was to talk nonsense; and to imagine it as the expression of immutable natural law was to conceive a blasphemy against the Divine Author of Nature Himself.

"Capitalism was a man-made system of economic policies and conventions."

(Dr. Coffey at the Catholic Truth Conference, as reprinted in the "Independent.")

* * *

"Dr. Coffey yesterday, and Dr. Byrne the day before—both of them learned ecclesiastics—exposed the fallacies underlying these theories of life . . . Just as Our Divine Lord told us to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's, the State cannot interfere with the rights conferred by God upon the human family, the right of private property."

("Irish Independent.")

"And the Truth shall be confounded."

Workers Union of Ireland

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St. DUBLIN.

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First Workers Concert

WILL BE HELD IN

UNITY HALL

SUNDAY, 26th INST., at 8 p.m.

Special and Diverse Talent.

During the Interval Jim Larkin will deliver a short Lecture.

The No. 1 Branch Brass and Reed Band, having lately acquired some new and valuable instruments, will render selections during the evening.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

ACCIDENTS

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

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

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

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent).

New York, Oct. 5th.

Reward the Thief.

The secretary of the navy has recommended promotion for Rear-Admiral J. K. Robinson. In the recent government enquiry into the leasing of the naval reserve oil lands to the Doheny and Sinclair interests it was brought out that Doheny's son was a young naval officer on a battleship commanded by the above Admiral who also had charge of the naval reserve oil lands. The boy introduced his daddy who at once went into the question of having the oil pumped out before oil-men in other States would drain it away underground. Doheny suggested that he pump the oil and keep it in big tanks until the U.S. had another naval war. They dined together a few times; Doheny got the government oil lands worth millions, and the worthy admiral is now recommended for promotion.

Such is the way Republics, the Big Free Republics, function under capitalism. Under a Workers' Republic both Doheny and the worthy admiral would have been executed for taking that which belongs to the people—the mineral resources of a country,

The Newer Criticism.

Mentioning an admiral brings to mind the row that has been caused by the admiral and general in charge of the defences of New York, who last week communicated with the Mayor and police, strongly condemning a play, "What Price Glory?" which shows a certain sector in France, some drunken American officers, some obscene marines and soldiers, and some half-naked women camp followers. It was written by two soldiers, now reporters in New York, one of whom lost a leg for "democracy." They state it is a true picture of the life they experienced behind the trenches. The army and navy chiefs contend it will hurt recruiting, and the language the soldiers used on the stage the first night "was something terrible," according to the mayor's report. The police, under pressure of the Army and Navy and the municipal head, familiarly known as "Red Mike" Hylap who was a tram conductor before Tammany Hall saw his political value, decided to blue pencil much of the language that the American crusaders for "democracy" used in their crusade, also to put a little more clothing on the French maidens who fell in love with the noble American boys, who went forth to rescue Europe from the "Huns."

Most of the plays worth attending are being written by newspaper reporters, or ex-soldiers or ex-tramps like Eugene O'Neill whose plays are now showing in European countries and are like Sean O'Casey's—cast among the ordinary working folk. Same with the cinema productions, the best directors come from the mechanics working around the studios who readily grasp the technique of the settings and the lighting effects. The more artistic film productions are due to some retired "cloak and suit manufacturers" of the Hebraic stock, who went into the moving picture game because they wanted to improve its artistic standards. This is a poor country for the posturing poets and Senators such as poor Ireland has, under every bush.

The Blacksod Scheme.

We have made enquiries in the usual commercial and registration circles regarding the "Irish Finance Corporation of New York," which the "Independent" states (issue of September 13th) is about to build a port and harbour works and several railway lines in the West of Ireland. So far your correspondent has not located the Corporation, and is of the opinion this item can be classed with the Russian news—the journal of truth is now serving up in such large portions. However, we will report progress if we can get a line on it. Perhaps old John hasn't had time to get it registered and the prospectus printed yet.

The Real Cause.

Cabling from London, John J. Balderston, one of the best informed American pressmen in Europe, gives the real cause of the political trouble.

Just as a few Freemason financiers can crack the whip to which Cosgrave must jump, and Wall Street can set up or pull down a dozen cabinets in as many "States," so also can London financiers turn out a government. Balderston's cable contains this illuminating paragraph:—

"Strong pressure from banking and big business circles has been brought to bear on both Tory and Liberal chiefs to turn Labour out as soon as possible on the ground it is ruining British trade and credit. This pressure probably has more to do with the present situation than most of those outside inner political circles realise."

Catholic Elitists.

Only one newspaper here, the "Chicago Tribune," played up the "revolution" that Murphy's "Independent" forgot against the Soviets in Georgia. So many fake revolutions against Russia have been cabled over from Riga and Constantinople that newspaper owners sacked some editors for not having sense enough to see the false nature of the cablegrams. It's perhaps too much to expect owners and shareholders of the Irish daily press to set an ethical standard for the guidance of their editorial writers and news editors—those birds that doctor up the reporter's copy and cause all the provincial readers and clergy to believe that the workers lose every strike they ever undertake, besides losing millions in pay, or keeping milk and coal from hospitals and turning a thousand lunatics loose.

This weakening of moral standards by newspaper editors, serving false and untrue news to gain a certain end, create certain impressions and reaction is a matter that some of the bishops might take under advisement, as they, too, must have suffered by the methods of news presentation concerning labour trouble, for which the Dublin and Irish press is unique. No other metropolis in the world has a leading daily paper that takes the same liberty with the truth, and inserts misleading heads and petty interrogations in the same manner as the "Irish Independent." The clergy and bishops must know this as they have all been outside Ireland and are in receipt of papers from the world's capitals. They must know that the truth is often suppressed and distorted to a deliberate end, and by the leading paper in the capital of a Catholic country—a paper that flaunts its Catholicity at times.

Yet they are silent. And this silence and their apparent condonation of this false and untruthful way of presenting

the news concerning labour is not good from the moral standpoint and will have its reaction some day.

Republican Party Doings.

Sean T. O'Kelly has arrived to take charge of the Irish movement here and "Seelig" is to go home for a rest. Mrs. Pearse will also sail Wednesday next after her independent tour on which she received enough funds to place St. Endas on a permanent basis and to endow some scholarships.

"Seelig's" valedictory ode, as published in the Irish press is a scathing analysis of Major "Mike" Kelly, an ex-British army officer of the eloquent Demipse type who early got on the payroll as one of the higher salaried officials. Although destitution reigned on that side among the prisoner's dependents and various economics and re-organisations were effected here, "Mike" held fast and was obdurate. Unfortunately, the different envoys played the diplomatic game with him. When they recently displayed the stern hand of authority, Mike set up his own New York State organisation so that the salaried job would continue. "Sean T.'s" coming seems to have put the kybosh on Mike's dwindling crowd, consequently he, too, like the I.T.W.U. organisers will be offering his talents to the highest bidders. It's sure a hard world when the people you've been fattening on finds you out. What was it that Dr. Johnson said about patriotism?

He said: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."—Ed. E.W.J.

Major Imbrie.

Another of the potential causes of war has been written off with the internment in Arlington cemetery of Major Robert Imbrie, killed in Persia, some weeks ago.

The big war has had a chastening effect, so much so that England did not fight Mexico over the killing of Mrs. Evans, nor did the United States avenge the death of its consul in Persia.

While a warship was bringing his body over, the startling news came from the European correspondent of the "New York Tribune" that Imbrie's death was the third American official's death due to a feud between British and American oil companies over the exploitation of the Persian oil deposits. It seems the English were there first and resented the coming of the American oil men. Imbrie was seeking to induce the Persian Government to give some choice oil concession to the Sinclair Oil Corporation instead of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company that sought a monopoly in the north, its present suzerain being South Persia. We forget at the moment the name of the tame Persian prince and poet that Pensioner Yeats led around Dublin as a sort of side-show for J. J.'s Tailteann circus, but another capitalistic journalist just returned from Persia further elucidates the situation:—

"The blame that could be placed on the oil interests was that they had been encouraging the priests to create disorders so that the republican movement fostered by Riza Khan might be discredited, and the monarchy under Sultan Ahmad re-established.

"To understand why Major Imbrie was murdered it is necessary to understand political conditions in Persia. After the Sultan was exiled, Premier Riza Khan last March attempted to have a republic proclaimed. His attempt failed and a movement was started to have the Sultan recalled. The monarchist movement was backed by the reactionary mollachs, or priests,

who in turn are backed by certain oil interests. The oil interests believe they could get better terms from the monarchy than they could from a republic.

"The Anglo-British Oil Company, which is British, is firmly established in southern Persia. The Sinclair interests are trying to get concessions at Khorassan, in the north. Riza-Khan favours the American interests. He believes that Persia will be more independent if American, French and British interests control the oil fields than it would be if British interests had all of them. Consequently the British interests are disposed to stand behind the monarchist movement. It is well known in Persia that, not foreign governments, but foreign commercial interests are fomenting internal troubles to keep the American interests out of Persia."

Our republican friends should realise the strength of the British capitalistic system which is far stronger than the army or navy. A political republic in Ireland would have to be financed by British capital and bankers in the same manner as the Free State. Why not get into the Workers' Republic and take all of Ireland which is our own land and not the property of a few Freemasons and Unionist financiers.

Violent Deaths.

Last year 5,206 persons met violent deaths in the New York district. 879 were suicides, mostly of discouraged and starving workers of both sexes; 334 of these suicides were by the gas method of fixing a tube on the gas, the other end in the mouth. It is preferred because it is instantaneous. 123 were by shooting, mostly ex-soldiers who could not find work. The same number ended all by jumping from high buildings which also is a sure method of escape from capitalism. 112 hanged themselves with roller towels and braces and belts and bits of rope after fruitless searches for work.

Among the poison method, which is most popular with women, also jumping off buildings, 28 took carbolic acid, 18 took insect or bug powder and 13 bichloride of mercury.

Pleasure cars of the idle rich killed 497, trucks killed 235, trams claimed 91, mostly old people who could not "step lively" crossing the street. Eleven husbands killed their wives, two wives killed their husbands, and fifteen were killed by police "in the discharge of duty," as the official report reads.

"FOOTER" IN RUSSIA.

Sport is making great headway in Russia. A start was first made in 1923 by forming sport groups in the various organisations such as the army, the Trades Union Clubs, State factories and depots. In all large towns stadiums have been built in which are football grounds, running and racing tracks, fine dressing rooms and good stands. Many of the stands seat as many as 3,000 people. Each State has its Council of Physical Culture which is represented in the towns by the Town Councils. Any sports club or group which wishes to use the town stadium must be registered with the State Council, and no group is recognised unless it is attached to a Workers' organisation or a Government enterprise.

Football is the most widely played game, and during the next few years it is going to be prominent in world football. Every town has its football

clubs, and most villages also. Irkutsk, which has a population no larger than Cork, has thirty-five teams, and that is the average for most of Russia. The Government has issued literature explanatory and instructive.

Also, with a view to using the attraction of football as a means towards general physical culture, the Council has introduced a system of registering players. A registered player is one who has a legal right to play for his team. Every player must undergo a medical examination as to his fitness to play. He may be forbidden to play at all, or he may be only permitted to play goal or back. Thirdly, and most important, every player must pass a sport test, run 100 metres in 14 seconds, 1,500 metres in a certain time, putting the shot, and throwing the disc, right and left hand. A system of registered referees has also been introduced.

The sport season lasts from May to October and during that time, football, cycling, running, jumping, weight throwing and weight lifting, general athletics, wrestling, swimming and rowing.

The present vogue of sport in Russia is vastly different from that in force previous to the Revolution, when sport was rigidly confined to the wealthy and aristocratic classes.

THE SHAMROCK ROVERS AND THE "RED HERON."

The Shamrock Rovers football team have a good football reputation; they are head of the league; their supporters are numerous and enthusiastic, and many of these supporters, and likewise some members of the team are members of the Workers' Union. We wonder what these supporters will think of the latest action of their club. The club room was let to the Transport Junta and "The Red Heron" addressed a meeting which consisted of twenty-five boys, the Gaffney family, Ned Kelly, Humpy Ketchel and a scab from Teedeastle's and the renowned "Jailer" acted as chairman.

We are not aware who was responsible for the hiring of the club room to these creatures who have publicly proclaimed themselves as scab suppliers, and who have brow-beaten and bullied Unionmen and women in every job in this city; but if we were members of the club or even supporters we would insist upon knowing the full and complete facts of this business. We believe that certain members of the team have already protested against the action of their club.

We would also suggest to the committee of the Shamrock Rovers club that for business reasons it would be best if they abstained from having any contact with the gunmen and paid gangsters of the Transport Junta. The football fans have sometimes a very unpleasant way of expressing their feelings, and their enmity is not usually desired by football clubs.

IOILSCOIL NA h-EIREANN.

(The University of the Gael).

Session—1924-25.

Courses in the following subjects begin this month—October:—

Logic, Ethics, General Metaphysics, Psychology, Natural Theology, History, Irish Art, Irish Music.

All Courses are free of charge.

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

NOTICES

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

MINERAL WATER SECTION.

A special meeting of all members of the Section will be held in Unity Hall, on Friday night next, 24th October, 1924, at 9 o'clock. Business very important.

On behalf of Executive Committee,
JIM LARKIN.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

CARTERS' SECTION.

SPECIAL MEETING AND ELECTION OF DELEGATE.

A Special Meeting of all members of the Section will be held in Unity Hall on Friday night next, 24th October, 1924, at 8 o'clock. Important Business. The Election of a Section Delegate, by Ballot vote, will be held. Absent members will be fined.

On behalf of Executive Committee,
JIM LARKIN.

Note.—Only members in benefit, i.e. less than eight weeks in arrears, will be allowed to vote.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

FLOUR MILLING SECTION.

A special general meeting of all members of the Section will be held in Unity Hall on Sunday afternoon, 26th October, 1924, at 3 o'clock.

On behalf of Executive Committee,
JIM LARKIN.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

COAL SECTION.

A Ballot by all members of the above Section (fillers, banksmen, and draymen) for the election of a Section Committee and a Coal Delegate, will take place in Unity Hall on Sunday, 26th inst. The ballot will be opened at 12 o'clock sharp.

The nominations for Delegate are as follows:—

Bernard Conway.
George Byrne.
Mark Cummins.
Joseph Ryan.

ANNUAL XMAS DRAW.

Tickets for our Annual Xmas Draw may be purchased at any Branch of the Workers' Union or from any officers.

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