

THE IRISH WORKER

AN T-OIBRÍDE ZAOLAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

No. 10. New Series.
(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper).

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1923

ONE PENNY

THE DAIL ELECTIONS.

Proportional Representation, Moryah?

The results of the elections proves the hypocrisy of political parties, stupidity of electors, and the fallacy of geographical representation—415,143 electors gave the Government Party 63 representatives; 286,161 electors gave the Sinn Fein Party 44 representatives; 135,972 electors gave the Farmers' Party 15 representatives; 142,388 electors gave the official Labour Party 14 representatives; 94,291 electors gave 17 seats to the so-called Independents (among whom we find two so-called Independent Labour representatives); 6,589 electors voting in one Government member; 6,503 electors voting in one Sinn Fein member; 9,064 electors voting in one Farmers member; 10,170 electors voting in one Labour member; 5,546 electors voting in one Independent member. You see that one Independent elector is equal to two Labour electors. Let us test the figures further.

1,073,955 electors vote in 150 members, or 7,159 electors vote in one member, therefore the official Labour Party should number 19 members in the Dail and the Independents 11 members. One vote in the University is worth seven of those outside, proportional representation, moryah? Class representation is the correct term. Supposing we had a proper system of election by industry instead of by geographical area, Labour would then get its fair proportion of elected persons, and not until such a system is in force will the working class get any measure of justice. Or suppose we had men and women voting for principles—under the present system—we would have an approach to a fair representative system, instead of voting for persons, they would vote for the principles they believed in; you would then go to the polling booth and instead of being tricked by political propagandists, lying newspaper appeals, or by wilful political prevaricators, the elector would vote for a stated principle, then the aggregate vote of the nation would be divided into its several categories,

Lest We Forget!

~~~~~

**WE** note the Six County Government is offering a Thousand Pounds Reward for information that will lead to the arrest of the assassin of John Shevlin, who was murdered on Tuesday Night last in Oldpark Road, Belfast. We wonder when the Free State Government will offer Reward for those who murdered Henry McEntee. As Captain Moynihan righteously said "It was a horrible murder."

**We wonder when the amalgamated Carpenter Union intends to initiate a fund to sustain Henry McEntee's Widow and Orphan Children**

the quota would be found for the whole country on the vote cast and the several parties would select their representatives in the Dail according to list. Suppose we had an election next week, 150 members to be elected, every man and woman of age having the right to vote, they would go to the appointed polling district, mark their ballots for the principles they live by, those who believe in the nation being a constituent part of the British Empire, under the term—A Free State—would vote accordingly. Those who believe in a Republic voting a straight Republican ticket. Those who believe in the "Right Divine of Labour to be the first of earthly things" voting a straight labour vote, and the same applying to Farmers' Party, Business Men's Party, and Independents. We would not have any invalid votes, any man or woman could express their honest convictions, no cross voting, you would not have, as in the past election, voters mark one for Mulcahy, Free State—second preference for Ernest O'Mallie, Republican—third preference for Hewat, Unionist and Business Man's candidate; or in a similar case in

County Dublin an elector voting for Dr. Kathleen Lynn, Republican, first preference, and Kevin O'Higgins second preference, or "vice versa" as was done in the late elections, nor would you have Tom Johnson, so-called Labour representative, receiving over two thousand Unionist and anti-labour votes, and then only scrambling into the Dail by the 640 preference votes cast for him by so-called Republicans who had given Dr. Kathleen Lynn, Republican, their first preference; and to make the mixture complete President Cosgrave, on his way to say a few prayers for the souls of the faithful departed (including Liam Mellows, Rory O'Connor, Joe McKelvey and Dick Barrett) at Bobbio, Italy, paused to express his sorrow that his faithful henchman, Johnson, was in danger of defeat; thanks to the Republicans Johnson was returned to save the fabric of the nation at any cost. The result of such a system of voting as we suggest would mean an honest, fearless expression of opinion and a clean cut census of the people, and you would not have the paid liars filling columns of space in the subsidized Press trying to prove black is white.

## THE OFFICIAL LABOUR PARTY'S WHINE.

If you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now. Mortified, Johnson & Co. have burst into space again—list ye! "Men" like O'Brien and Shannon, etc., who have given their lives to the movement for the upliftment of the Irish Working Class will not be left long in political exile—"We thought it was political oblivion." Who have given their lives, mark ye! We are reminded of an outburst of oratory by a rat-stool-pigeon during the persecution of the Radical Labour movement in the States. He made the following sublime peroration: "I will give my life—I will give my soul—I will give my money to the Labour Cause." We happened to be standing by this Haro (?) during this outburst and said to him: "Comrade, glad you put it that way. Don't forget to give your life first, your soul ain't worth anything anyhow, but don't make the supreme sacrifice, **Bank Your Money.**" This Haro (?) shortly after was discovered when he entered the box as the principal witness for the Employers. He had been a hired spy in the Union movement for twelve years previous.

It is quite true Mortified, Johnson & Co., some of the defects in the Labour movement are due to treachery and misrepresentation, and the electors seemed to have awakened to the fact. No, friend (?) Duffy, Labour gained five seats—they are better unoccupied than occupied by the type of O'Shannon, O'Brien, O'Cullen, O'Day. The working class of this country want men and women to represent them who will serve them not use them for their own selfish purposes. Not one of the so-called labour men returned at the late election was elected by a conscious organised labour vote. Let us get down to cases—was Cosgrave's friend Johnson elected by labour votes—was Davin—was Doyle—or Everitt?

Tom Johnson "to be or not to be Minister of Labour, that is the question."

Ole Bill: "Well Thomas, you know the saying 'there is a tide.'"

THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS.

Darkness is of two kinds, that merely physical, and that of the mind. The former tends to develop the acuteness of other senses and sensitivities, to promote a delicacy of hearing and touch, a patient endurance and courage, and a philosophy that seeks to find compensation for a great gift withheld. The latter is a blindness that is wilfully chosen, deliberately set up to prevent the entrance on the perception of all the pain and sorrow of the world; the hideous noises, the ugly sights, the noxious odours, the rough jostling of the human crowd are all too repellent to some who sit apart, thinking that as they are not actually to blame for what is repugnant around them—they will turn to it the Blind Eye.

Early one morning an Idler was in the almost empty street of a big city. "Tap, tap, tap," came the monotonous click of a blind man's stick. The Idler turned to see the man coming towards her; but looked quickly away again, the natural impulse of going towards him and helping him across the road checked in horror. For this blind man was not as others; across his face—bound tightly to cover it completely—was a red cotton handkerchief, and no shape of features could be traced in outline. The sight was ghastly. She stood in terror; how could she let the man fall from the high kerb for want of a guiding hand? Yet how go to him and touch him? What if the dreadful red bandage fell and revealed the horror behind? She waited in helpless cowardice. The man reached the kerb, felt it with the wavering stick, and stepped down safely; she watched his feet, not daring to raise her eyes to what was above, then he slowly crossed the wide road to safety on the other side, and the Idler fled in shamed terror homewards. "Would she have gone to his succour if he had needed it?" she asked herself a hundred times. "Ah, yes, of course she would, but he did not need help, so there was nothing to be ashamed of." Yet the memory haunted her for days and weeks, and when, one day, a windfall came her way, she set out to find the Blind Man. High and low, in hovels and byways, she searched for the tapping stick; at last she found it and learnt how blindness came that way. A sufferer from consumption, he had been placed in hospital between two soldiers from India, and had contracted the dread disease that had eaten away both eyes and nose and was working its deadly way to the brain. He had worked in an Institute, and with the two great afflictions was often unable to continue working for many days together. "No, he would certainly not be hurt if any help were offered him," the Manageress told her. "Would you like to see him?"

"No, no, you give him this, I couldn't bear to see such a sight." She was assured that he was never allowed to remove the covering; that only on such-a-condition was he permitted to work there; and that she need not touch him; but her courage failed her and again she fled in terror. What was Dumas' story of "The Man in the Iron Mask" to this?

That night she made a little silk purse, hoping the sensitive fingers would like the feel of it, and returning

the next day, waited in trembling nervousness while he was fetched from the workroom. When he was led in, such pity at the close sight of the heroic soul in the wrecked body mercifully drove all fright from her mind and she was able to shake hands and make friends with one less blind than she had been.

After that she visited him every week, but often the little gifts were useless because she lacked the perception she had formerly wasted. The fruit was sometimes too hard for one who had always to eat in secret, with no kind hands to help. The softest of white kerchiefs, sewn and sterilized with care, were of no use because the white would shew terrible stains; and they were also too thick for free breathing. The woollen gloves stuck to the poor fingers all covered with tar. For his work was to sit around a bubbling cauldron of pitch, heated by gas, the fumes from which escaped through a hole in the roof; into the boiling tar the sightless fingers dipped the long stiff bristles that were then fixed into the road-sweeper brooms. The tar often burned and stuck; the rain and draught came in through the hole in the roof; not ideal this, for a consumptive! Soon he was too ill to work at all, and in the sanatorium. How the Idler hated her weekly visit there! More heart-rending sights and sounds; the dry hacking cough on every hand; the filthy-looking little spittoons, the gaunt figures lying so still, and once the Dread Visitor actually present! But the wonderful patience and endurance of the Blind Friend helped her to be of use to him; learning from a blinded soldier from St. Dunstan's how to weave string bags on a wooden frame, she was able to get such a frame and teach the stumbling fingers this work; to help sell the bags when he left the Sanatorium; to be interested in his Union, the National League of the Blind, and its brave little paper "The Blind Advocate." What a pitiful sight their meetings! a roomful of such cheery, patient souls that it almost hurt to be the only "sighted" one present! To watch their quaint ways, how the sensitive fingers opened the watch-face and with the fairy touch of a butterfly's wing "felt" the hands on the dial to tell the time! How the lighted match was carefully stroked to the end and the hot flame "pinched out" before the match was thrown down! And the poor, tangled, crooked figures of their accounts! What a labour of love to straighten these!

Those that sit in darkness sometimes see gleams of the Great Light, and even if they cannot always follow these—once having seen them, they can no longer turn the Blind Eye. DALLAN.

DIAMANDI VIKTORIA.

My people came to the U.S.A. To live in a land of liberty. But I grew up in the U.S.A. In Metropolized Spoon River. And I saw that the thing is money, money, And the gift of the gab for liberty. So I was elected County Treasurer, And cleaned up quite a roll; You can fool all the people part of the time— And that is enough.

54 West 100 St., New York City, U.S.A. 21/8/23.

To Mr. Sheamus Larkin, 17 Gardiner's Place, Dublin, Ireland.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Heamuish, a chara, Glad to learn that you arrived safely in Ireland—away from the big man-eating manipulators of industrial America, the gouging barons of international commerce, the unscrupulous agitators on pulpit and platform, who are daily and nightly laying plans for the masters of industry in America to seize from the workers, under the excuse of public necessity, and the safety of the world and industrial democracy, the right to own the country, which they have built up and made so beautiful by the very sweat of their brow.

Forging Ahead.

Your paper (The Irish Worker) is an excellent output, magnificently edited, and the literary articles contained therein are of the higher type; a credit to the Irish race; the up-lifting-crane of the Irish workers from the slums of degradation to the highest hill-tops, where they may see this beautiful world, whose broken gaps they have repaired again and again, while the lounge-lizards of wealth rolled lazily away on their swinging hammocks in the cosmopolitan hotels of the universe. Give my best regards to Ean Aille, this Irish writer and thinker, who contributes the Gaelic articles for your Gaelic column. He is a very witty writer, knows his subject thoroughly, hammers into use everything Irish, not trotting over the seas to the universities of the foreigner for Roman Letters or English made Moulds to write the language of his ancestors or express his thoughts in. The Gaelic articles, or brief sketches are the result of a little friendly chat we had at Tecumseh Hall, forty-second street, New York, while waiting for some of the officers of the Ulster Defence Alliance. They are strictly on the Labour Movement. At the same time, it may be a good idea to give a little publicity to some of our best workers here in the U.D.A. They will surely like to see their names in the "Irish Worker"—the success of which they are very much interested in.

Comras go fúil ar na buicíní. Seacáim go cor.

Síor-beannac rólábuíde an tóimhín oir. Beannac do cáirde anreo go léir leat, agus mo feacc zócaó míle-beannac-rá féim leat.

Míre, Léir an mear ír mó 'ran zóir, An Fiannac Fóraio

MUSSOLINI THE BRUTALATARIAN.

"His feet are on the downward slope where all like he must tread." Oh! Warrior bold. Oh! Superman—your bag for one day's murderous shooting, sixteen orphan children. Italy will pay for the brutal domineering oligarchy that curses that country by their presence. The pity of it! that the innocent working class, who are the dupes, sometimes, the willing dupes we admit, of these abnormal-abysmal brutalatarians must suffer.

First Come! First Served!

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

32, Lr. Ormond Quay, Dublin. 24th August, 1923.

MR. JAMES LARKIN, 17, Gardiner's Place, Dublin.

Dear Sir, I take the liberty of enclosing you two Railway tickets and you will note the exorbitant fare that is charged by the D.S.E. Railway, from Westland Row to Dun Laoghaire Pier.

I happened to be seeing away two neighbours from Co. Kilkenny, of the working class, to America, and through a little pressure of business yesterday, my friend and myself were unable to get away on an earlier train than the Boat train to see them off. It is rather strange indeed, that in this era of Christianity and civilization, a 5d. fare from Dublin to Dun Laoghaire is charged 2/- and that is single only. I might tell you too, that I protested over this charge both at Westland Row and at the Pier, but was met with the usual response by the head checkers "had nothing to do with it." I asked one of the fellows if he would stand for a reduction in his wages, and probably he will have to do this in the near future, and allow the railway to get away with a profit of 1/7 on a 5d. ticket.

I thought well of bringing this matter to your notice, and I hope that your paper, "The Irish Worker," will be able to make some exposure of such a scandalous state of profiteering. We hear a lot to-day about men's wages being reduced, and all that sort of nonsense. Well, I would say if they want to reduce men's wages let them pull down their profiteering first, and then ask the men to go into the matter of reduced wages; but it will be a bad day for the working-class of this country if they are going to give way in their wages, and let an example of this kind—as well as all other kinds of profiteering—be carried on.

Wishing you success, Yours faithfully, SEAMUS GARRETT.

BOB SMILIE TELLS THE TRUTH AND SHAMES THE DEVIL.

"I dare say that most of the condemnation of myself is because I have deliberately been trying to spread discontent among our people. I do not desire to conceal it."

This frank declaration was made by Mr. Robert Smilie, M.P., at a meeting of Plymouth I.L.P., held in the Corn Exchange.

Poverty and hunger existed in thousands of homes, he declared. Bad housing conditions and starving children existed in a land of plenty, among a population providing enough and to spare of the good things of life, to make every man, woman and child happy.

"We say the people ought not to be content with this state of affairs, and that it is our duty to make them discontented."

**IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.**

There is an increase in the donations to the Dependents' Fund of nearly four pounds. In view of the present strike situation this is very encouraging, and we trust the old timers will keep up their contributions, for the need is still as urgent as it was the first day of the appeal made from the windows of Liberty Hall.

The Government, out of mere hysterical nervousness, has had a resolution passed giving them the power to ride roughshod over the very Constitution they brought into being. The men and women are going to be kept inside the various prisons and internment camps. The Government intends, after its barbarities and cruelties have failed, to try and break down the morale of the prisoners. Ludendorff, the famous German general, declared that the cause of the German debacle was the starving of the women and children of the men who were fighting. When the Italians were fighting the Austrians, during the early months of the late war, they suffered reverse upon reverse. The Austrians showered down leaflets on the Italians, informing them that their wives and children were starving. "For what do you fight?" they asked. The morale of the Italian army was broken down, and the Austrians gained a temporary victory.

The Trades' Union and Labour Party Congress has shown again that it is not so deeply concerned about the prisoners. It is said that a guilty conscience needs no accusing, which accounts for Senator T. Farren declaring, "The resolution was put forward not as a stunt. . . . The rank and file must assume the responsibility for maintaining the women and children. The job-hunters, office-seekers, budding statesmen, etc., will talk and talk. . . . But the Old Guard, with the spirit born out of struggle after struggle, will man the breach. It will be they who will give even though the giving is small in some cases.

We trust the men on their various jobs, who have given so liberally in the past, will continue to give, so that the men inside will be given a new hope and a new feeling. The following is the list of subscribers for the current week:—

Brooks, Thomas, Abbey Street, per Andrew Baker—Pat Daly, 1s. 6d.; P. Flynn, 1s.; M. Nelson, 1s.; M. Harvey, 1s.; R. Laird, 1s.; Andrew Baker, 1s.; C. McGowan, 1s.; T. Mitchell, 1s.; P. Coughington, jun., 1s.; J. King, 1s.; J. Dunne, 1s.; L. Jones, 1s.; P. Nolan, 1s.; J. Molloy, 1s.; T. M. Carthy, 1s.; C. Keogh, 1s.; H. Flynn, 6d.; J. Keenan, 1s.; J. McDonald, 1s. Total, 19s.

Wallace Bros, Custom House Docks, per J. Styles—M. Kelly, 1s.; J. Styles, 1s.; P. Hannon, 1s.; M. McAuley, 1s.; J. Byrne, 1s.; J. Reilly, 1s.; J. Hughes, 1s.; M. Ryan, 1s.; J. E., 1s.; J. Brennan, 1s. Total, 10s.

Dublin Corporation, Clontarf, per D. McDermott—C. Frazer, 1s.; J. Masterson, 1s.; J. Murphy, 1s.; P. O'Brien, 1s.; J. Keating, 1s.; D. Blaney, 1s.; D. McDermott, 1s.; B. Callan, 1s.; J. Sheridan, 1s.; P. Keegan, 1s. Total, 10s.

Collected by T. O'Leary—SS. Ualan, 6s.; ss. Claremorris (Breast-

ers), 1s. 2s.; ss. Claremorris (Holdmen), 12s.; ss. Castle Hill (Holdmen) 12s.; ss. Castle Hill (Breasters), 11s.; ss. Luke, 6s. Total, £3 9s.

Sandyford Branch I.T. & G.W.U., per T. Mooney—T. Kenny, 1s.; P. Webster, 6d.; J. Corrigan, 6d.; A. Davidson, 2s.; A. Sullivan, 2s. 6d.; P. Slear, 6d.; T. Reilly, 1s.; M. Little, 6d.; M. Malone, 6d.; J. Roche, 6d.; H. Butler, 1s.; William Neville, 2s. Total, 12s. 6d.

Dublin Corporation, Paving Department, per J. Joyce and W. Monroe—Joe Weir, 1s.; F. Fitzgerald, 1s.; J. Lennon, 1s.; C. Walsh, 6d.; P. Carty, 5d.; John Curley, 1s.; T. Gordon, 1s.; J. Joyce, 1s.; J. O'Connor, 1s.; James Murray, 2s.; J. Mahon, 1s.; J. Daly, 1s.; J. Mulcahy, 1s.; J. Brady, 1s.; J. M'Guirk, 1s.; C. Brady, 1s.; James Kelly, 1s.; Pat Geoghan, 6d.; Mrs. Carlon, 6d.; H. Kant, 1s.; J. Farren, 6d.; J. Lennon, 1s.; M. Kinder, 2s. 6d.; Tom Daly, 3d.; James Redmond, 1s.; C. Cullen, 1s.; N. Fogarty, 1s.; P. Coogan, 1s.; Humphrey, 6d.; Moore, 3d.; C. Tyrell, 1s.; M. Byrne, 1s.; P. Kiernan, 2s.; T. Hyland, 1s.; Kenny, 3d.; Fitzpatrick, 1s. C. Poole, 1s.; Anon., 3d.; Anon., 3d.; W. Kiernan, 1s.; Murphy, 1s.; J. O'Neill, 1s.; J. Bird, 1s.; W. Monroe, 1s.; J. Larkin, 1s.; J. Douglas, 1s.; P. Byrne, 8d.; G. Brady, 1s.; N. Harte, 1s.; P. Williams, 1s.; M. Turner, 1s.; J. Kelly, 6d.; J. Dugan, 6d.; B. Barry, 1s.; H. Clarke, 3d.; J. Brown, 1s.; J. M' McCormack, 6d.; J. Bloomfield, 3d.; Spud Murphy, 1s.; Ned Hayden, 1s.; J. Thornton, 1s.; T. Sweetman, 1s.; J. Behan, 1s.; Bridger, 5d.; P. Barnes, 6d.; A. Dugan, 6d.; Total, £2 18s. 8d.

Rathfarnham Branch, I.T. and G.W.U., per Chris Mulvey—Chris Murray, 6d.; A. Friend, 1s.; Chris Dunne, 6d.; Joseph Walsh, 1s.; Chris Mulvey, 2s. 6d.; John Kearns, 1s.; John Tierney, 6d.; Henry, Nolan, 6d.; John Timmons, 1s.; John Monaghan, 1s.; Michael Lawlor, 6d.; Patrick Sweeney, 1s.; James Elliott, 1s.; John Gallagher, 6d.; James Tierney, 1s.; William O'Brien, 1s.; Arthur Nolan, 2s.; Thomas Boland, 1s.; Bartle Kelly, 1s.; Chris Denison, 2s.; Michael Boland, 2s.; Martin Moore, 1s.; Joseph Walsh, 1s.; Miss Mary Ward, 1s.; Mrs. Sarah Mulvey, 1s.; Total, £1 5s. 6d.

Collected at Sunday's Meeting, Liberty Hall, £13.

J. Walsh, 2s. 6d.; T.B., per J. Walsh, 5s.; Miss Mary Kavanagh, 5s.

One of Guinness's employees, 2s. 6d.

Omitted from Dublin Corporation Paving Department, N. Harte, 2s. 6d.

The following sums collected by T. O'Leary:—

Cement boat ss. Castlereagh, 18s.; Cement boat ss. Militia, 10s.; Slag boat, ss. Indorsta, 6s.; Cement boat, ss. Slievenamón, 12s.; Sugar boat, ss. Nancy Thomas, 6s.; Cement boat, ss. Slievenamón, 1s.

McGettrick's boat, per Mat Nolan, 17s. Total, £4 9s.

Dublin Corporation Paving Department, per J. Joyce and W. Monroe—James Redmond, 1s.; C. Cullen, 1s.; J. Betton, 1s.; M. Byrne, 1s.; T. Gordon, 1s.; McAdam, 1s.; James Lennon, 4d.; J. Valentine, 1s.; P. Carey, 1s.; L. Callaghan, 1s.; M. Murphy, 1s.; Humpherys, 6d.;

Murray, 1s.; Kennedy, 6d.; Fitzpatrick, 1s.; J. Hyland, 1s.; C. Poole, 1s.; J. O'Neill, 1s.; J. Dunne, 3d.; T. Smith, 1s.; Hanlon, 3d.; J. Murray, 6d.; Pat Byrne, 8d.; Gus Carberry, 6d.; Pat Cullen, 1s.; Pat Williams, 1s.; Joe Kelly, 6d.; M. Turner, 1s.; Bob Barry, 1s.; Jas. Douglas, 1s.; Pat McCormick, 1s.; Joe Brown, 1s.; P. Delaney, 1s.; Ed. Styles, 1s.; J. Conroy, 6d.; Pat Coogan, 1s.; A. Friend, 3d.; Joe Weir, 6d.; Malone, 6d.; O'Brien, 6d.; Baird, 1s.; C. Tyrell, 6d.; P. Nolan, 6d.; M. Daly, 1s.; Pat Barnes 6d.; H. Kane, 1s.; Henry Murphy, 1s.; Dick Mulcahy, 1s.; C. Ball, 6d.; James Murray, 1s. 4d.; J. Daly, 6d.; Joe Downs, 3d.; J. Geogan, 1s.; J. Doyle, 1s.; J. Joyce, 1s.; W. Monroe, 1s.; Mrs. Lalor, 1s.; Tom Guirk, 6d.; Kelly, 1s.; Brady, 6d.; C. Brady, 1s.; Joe Byrne, 6d.; Pat Hughes, 1s.; T. Malone, 1s.; James Moran, 2s.; J. Sexton, 1s.; J. Lennon 1s. Total, £3 1s.

Dublin Corporation, Clontarf, per J. McDermott—C. Francis, 1s.; J. McDermott, 1s.; J. Masterson, 1s.; J. Keating, 1s.; J. Murphy, 1s.; B. Callon, 1s.; H. Keogh, 1s.; P. Keegan, 1s.; J. Sheridan, 1s. Total, 9s.

Collected at Liberty Hall, £6 3s. 10d.

Sandyford Branch, per J. Mooney—J. Counsel, 1s.; J. Smith, 1s.; C. Mulvaney, 1s.; M. Geraghty, 1s.; T. Murphy, 6d.; M. Hand, 1s.; D. Sullivan, 1s.; J. N. Doyle, 1s.; Total, 7s. 6d.

SS. Spaarnstroon, per John Mallon £2 14s.

A Friend, per Strike Committee, £3.

Steamship, per J. Flynn, 16s.

Dublin Corporation, per J. Joyce and W. Monroe, £2 18s.

Cement and Grain Boats, per T. O'Leary, £3 5s.

Paving Department, Dublin Corporation, per J. Joyce and W. Monroe, £2 9s.

SS. Sussette, per J. Mallon, 15s.; SS.s Falavell, Hartford and Conisrag, £1 2s.

Men on Strike, per P. Maginnes, 10s.

Cement Boat, per T. O'Leary, £1 10s.

Paving Department, per J. Joyce and W. Monroe, £2 4s.

Collected at Liberty Hall, £7 15s.

Collected at Townsend St. £8 4s.

Conway, 1s.; McMahon 1s.; Foster, 1s. Total, 3s.

Total 51 15 4

Previously acknowledged 179 17 5

£231 12 9

**CASES RELIEVED.**

If those who so generously give to the Dependents' Fund could visit the homes of those who are being assisted their joys would be manifold. It is a sad sight to see some of the homes, which were none too good when the husbands and sons were at home. They present a tragic spectacle. Witness a woman washing clothes with one hand and attempting to soothe a hungry child with the other. In addition, she has eight children to care for. Go to another home and see a child of tender years trying to take care of three children. Men can be cruel—bloody cruel. The wolf takes care of its cubs. At the first sign of danger the kangaroo takes its young to its pouch. The lion will fight to the last defending its young. But mankind—no words

can describe the diabolical cruelty of those who are responsible for the brutal suffering that women and children are undergoing to-day. Words cannot describe the picture that confronts those who go round disbursing the small amounts of relief week after week. The heart is touched when it sees the pitiful sights in the homes of men. Yes, men! What will they say when they return home? Will you continue to keep their homes going? They risked their lives. They did it without any thought of reward. You, in your small way, can show your appreciation of the great deeds they did. We leave their case in your hands.

Mrs. McG. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. W. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. L. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. D., widow, 1 child, £1; Mrs. E. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. H. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. G. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. O'B. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. N. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. S. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. R. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. L., widow, and 1 child, £1; Mrs. F. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. McC. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. F. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. G. and 5 children, £1. Total, £23.

Previously distributed, £148.

Total, £171.

Mrs. F. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. M. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. L. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. E. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. W. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. T. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. H. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. C. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. F. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. O'B. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. O'N. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. R. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. K. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. F. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. B. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. M.C. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. F. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. R. and 9 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. H. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. W. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. S. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. T. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. W. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. F. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. O'N. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. F. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. H. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. M. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. H. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. F. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. F. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. S. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 1 child, £1. Total, £55.

Previously distributed, £171.

Total to date, £226.

**RAMEIS—WEXFORD.**

Alderman Corish said he earnestly hoped before many months were passed that the political parties would come together with a view to establishing in her proper place among the nations of the earth.

# FREE STATE INDUSTRIES DYING!

UNABLE TO COMPETE  
OWING TO HIGH WAGES!

Already CLOSED DOWN:

Shipping, Shipbuilding, Paper Mills,  
Fertiliser and Bottle Industries.

WHOSE TURN NEXT?

**YOURS—PERHAPS!**

WORKERS AND EMPLOYERS PLEASE NOTE

DUBLIN EMPLOYERS' FEDERATION, LTD.

**T**HE above splendid lie appears in all the morning and evening lie-sheets, miscalled newspapers. Let us examine this marvellous compilation of concentrated lying on Free State Industries Dying.

What are these Free State industries? please explain, my dear Masonic friend who compiled this advertising screech.

Unable to compete with—whom? how? and where?

Take the third spasm "already closed down" Shipping—we reprint from the truthful newspaper—we clipped the Employers' Federation lie from

## DUBLIN SHIPPING REPORT.

Foreign Arrival—Ss. Spaarnestroom, of Amsterdam, 466 tons register, from Amsterdam, with a general cargo consigned to order; discharging at shelter sheds, North Wall extension.

Coastwise Arrivals—Ss. Snaefell, from Douglas, with passengers; ss. Braemore, from Liverpool, with goods; ss. Mayfield, from London, with motor cars; ss. Corteen, from Liverpool, with empties; ss. Mia, from Liverpool, with flour; Daisy (sch.), from Portland, with stone; ss. Mary Summerfield, with coals; ss. Trevor, ss. Zillah, ss. St. Fintan, from Garston, with coals; ss. Wheatshaf, from Garston, with coals; ss. Glencullen, ss. Glenageary, from Partington, with coals; ss. Trevor, from Garston, with coke; ss. Castleisland, from Newport, with coals; ss. Fodhla, from Ayr, with coals; ss. Princetown, from Newport, with coals.

Foreign Departure—Ss. Shenectady, of Philadelphia, 3,162 tons register, for Belfast, with part cargo (general).

Coastwise Departure—Ss. Snaefell, for Douglas, with passengers; ss. Conisrag, ss. Deangate, for Liverpool, with goods; ss. Clarecastle, for Manchester, with porter; ss. Endcliffe, for Garston, with scrap iron; ss. Causeway, for Garston, light; ss. Lochaber, for Llanelli, light; ss. E. Hayward, for Piel, light; ss. Cornelian, ss. Cameo, for Ayr, light; ss. Princetown, ss. Balmario, for Newport, light; ss. Gertie, ss. Mia, ss. Beeston, for Liverpool, light; ss. Amy Summeraeld, for Garston, light; ss. Shoreham, for Port Talbot, light.

The shipping report for to-day showing an abnormal movement of cargo inward and outward, despite Comrade Barry and co-conspirators' efforts to close the port. Every form of pressure—Masonic, Social, Financial, Political, has been applied by the Masonic ring which monopolises and would seek to control the arteries of the nation, to close down this port. The shipping of this

country is as free from English control as is the so-called Free State. There are 26 members of the Masonic Order in the Seanad, eleven members in the newly-elected lower house of the Dail. It is the same in every section of industry and commerce. The Masonic brethren control the financial institution, ships, trains, newspapers, politicians, publicists, and the mindology of the country. We have challenged the persons responsible for the dislocation of the trade of this country to produce their balance sheets. We have challenged them to deny that every ton of shipping moving in or about the ports of this country is owned and controlled from London or Glasgow, that there is no competition in the shipping trade—that is amongst those who, previous to the lock-out, controlled the movement of freight. Well, Barry and the shipping ring have learned, and will get a few more lessons, that though they may have been able to control ships and tonnage and alleged Labour Leaders in the past few years, there are other ships and other men that neither he nor the Masonic brethren can control. Ships are moving in and out of this port, tonnage is moving more freely every day. Within a few days ships will be on berth that will carry all the cattle offering, and those who supervise the ships now running in and out of this port are paying the wages and recognising the conditions of work that Barry and his dupes said they could not pay or recognise. Shipping is not closed down friend Barry, Quirke, Chapman et Cie., and whisper, brother Barry, economic laws still function; of course this truism is above your head. We will clarify this statement of fact by demonstration—in such simple terms before this fight is finally won for the workers that even the Dublin Employers' Federation will understand and the common people of Ireland will admit and accept as a demonstrated and proven fact. "The ships are on the sea they will be here without delay, says the Shan Van Vocht" despite Barry et Cie, or Barry's friends within the Labour movement. Any member of the Dublin Employers' Federation, any broker, foreteller, shopkeeper, or any paid or unpaid liar who says shipping is closed down, or that they

cannot get goods owing to the shipping troubles, or who charge increased prices for the commodities they convey or sell—lies! Any and every retailer or wholesale dealer can get all the goods they require shipped. The only difficulty in the way of smooth working of traffic in and out of this port is due to the control of the port by the Masonic ring who monopolise the control and machinery of this port in the interests of the foreign combine that controls the ships now lying idle in this and other ports. We hope to have sufficient tonnage offering as soon as the embargo on the cattle trade is lifted to move all cattle offering—stock and fat cattle. Barry says his Company in collusion with the English Railway Company will run the present men who are supplying ships for the trade of this port off the route. We will see—they are here to stay—and other ships are on the sea. The combine will learn that Barry et Cie don't know everything, and that all men cannot be used. Let us turn to shipbuilding. Was it high wages closed down the shipbuilding and ship-repairing yards in this port—No, emphatically No!—It was again the Masonic ring, foreign born, who were more interested in the shipbuilding yards of Scotland and England than they were in the development of the port of Dublin. Who advised the sending of the St. Helga and other ships to be repaired in other ports? Denying the shipbuilders (workers) in this port an opportunity to earn bread and meat for their wives and children—the same Masonic Ring. Why was the estimate of Workman-Clarke, Belfast, for the repair of the St. Helga accepted though it is now admitted the job would have been done as cheap in price here in Dublin—an L of a chance the Dublin Dockyard, or any other Contractor or undertaker would get to do any work, contract or otherwise, for Belfast or the Six-County Government. The Masonic Ring again were responsible. The same gang control the paper mills in the interests of the British paper manufacturers and against the interests of the Irish working class and the welfare and development of this nation. Who control the fertiliser and bottle industries—ask the worthy Masons, Goulding, Beattie et Cie. And why do the Irish people continue to permit an organisation such as the Dublin and Cork Employers' Federation to humbug them? Fair wages and fair conditions for the workers must mean fair play—must mean fair trade and competition, not rings and combines of foreign capitalists exploiting the people of the country for their own selfish ends to the impoverishment of this country and the enrichment of the foreigner.

Yes, my dear Dublin and Cork Employers' Federation, it is the workers' turn next. You and your Masonic brethren coined wealth out of the blood and lust, the tears and misery, the hate and the death of the world war for years. You sat back and gloated, piling up your ill-gotten gains, and then when this misguided nation emulated the foolish peoples in Europe, you chortled aloud in your glee. Contracts plenty, profits good. You hoped that such a condition would endure, and when peace spread her splendour over our people, and hope came to abide with us, you, the Dublin Employers' Federation and Cork Employers' Federation and

## PORT LOCK-OUT.

For the past eleven weeks the Port of Dublin has been in the throes of a labour dispute, which dispute now extends to all ports in the Free State. In the case of Cork all men and women in industry have either been locked out or have withdrawn their labour. Limerick is in the same condition with reference to the transit trade. Wexford is working practically as a normal basis. Sligo, same conditions apply. Waterford City and County is in the same condition as Cork City and County. Dundalk, somewhat similar conditions prevail. Dublin and vicinity is affected, in fact the whole country is suffering from the lock-out ordered by the Dublin and Cork Employers' Federation, instigated there-to or directly instructed by the Shipping Federation of London. Yet not one word of condemnation by the venial capitalist press of Ireland.

Some weeks ago we suggested to the officials of the largest Union affected by the lock-out that the workers still in employment should be taxed to subsidise the meagre disbursements to pay the men and women fighting the battle receive. These men and women affected are fighting the battle for every man and woman and child engaged in gainful occupations. The skilled worker and the so-called unskilled worker alike. The officials referred to, the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union of course, are receiving the inflated salaries ranging from £5 to £8 per week, they do not feel the pinch. Now, I submit to the men and women working, you are in duty bound to subscribe to a fund to give these men on active service some additional help. At mass meeting on Sunday of men and women we suggested that a voluntary levy of 2/6 per week should be collected by the Strike Committee. That suggestion was agreed to. Now is the time for every Union man and woman who is still in employment to prove their belief in Unionism. To-day is the battle of your brothers, to-morrow it may be your fate to man the Bearnna Baoghail.

Collectors will wait on you and give you receipts for the money subscribed, and if no collector waits on you call at Liberty Hall. Committee will sit at all hours. Now together. The old spirit. Let's go! Victory is at hand.

"Each for all and all for each."

## IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

Every Shop-Steward will attend at Liberty Hall, Sunday, Sept. 9th, at twelve o'clock from every job in the city.

your masters, the English Shipping Federation, said let us renew our incantations, light the fires of selfishness, let us start an economic war, renew industrial strife, strike at the workers' organisation, inject hate, poison the atmosphere of the nation, set apart a portion of the ill-gotten wealth amassed during the blood-lust in Europe, pay the venial press to fill their news columns with appeals to the selfishness of the individual, to class hatred, to the cupidity of those who live on unearned increment. It were well, gentlemen, to consider if it were not better to recognise the right of the worker to a decent measure of comfort in life

**UNEMPLOYMENT:**

**Its Cause and Cure.**

**FELLOW WORKERS:** Are you out of a job? Are you one of those walking the streets day after day, searching for a "Boss"? Are you one of the millions of unemployed who are endeavouring to sell the only thing they really own—their labour power—and can not find a market for it? If you are—or if not your soon will be. We have a message for you!

Let us examine why you are out of work? Why is there an industrial crisis? Why are the workers laid off in thousands? Why are thousands more working short time? Why are factories closing down, when there is need for all kinds of manufactures at home and abroad? Why are thousands of workers lining-up at the Parish Offices, Labour Exchanges, or even going into the Workhouses? When we have all the raw materials, machinery and tools of production to supply the needs of all the people. The answer is simple.

Because it does not pay the owners of the mills, factories, and engine shops to exploit us. Production to-day is carried on for profit-making for the few hundred parasites who have not or never will work, if they can escape it. Profits constitute the difference between the cost of production of the articles, including wages, and the price realized by the sale of the commodity. The workers on an average get about 2/6 out of every £1 worth of commodities produced by their labour. The remainder goes to the "shirkers," or to pay them a salary as they term it, for the "directive" ability used by them in their business.

They use the columns of the "Press," subsidized by them, to advance their cause, to tell you the way to settle the unemployed problem is to "Work" harder and "Produce more." You do this and it is not long before you are walking the streets again, because the warehouses are over-stocked with goods and the "Bosses" can afford to wait until they get the prices they want. Russia, the place that could absorb all of it, they won't trade with because the workers control that country and not the shirkers.

The capitalists won't keep the factories running for sweet charity's sake. So we starve, because we have produced too much. Isn't this a world gone mad; people going hungry because they have produced too much to eat?

During the "European War" we were kept busy working overtime, double time, and triple time. It was a crime to be without a job, and either you went to fight for "Your King and Your Country" or worked, or you were sent to prison if you were caught. That was when the boss wanted our labour. But no laws are enforced to punish the boss for throwing us out of a job. What are we going to do about it? Shall we practice petty robbery to live or to feed those dependent on us? The bosses, by casting us on the "scrap heap," have barred to us the only legitimate way of making a living. Shall we permit them to outlaw us as petty crooks or criminals?

No, fellow-workers, we built up the industries and we are going to use them. Capitalism cannot keep up, its death knell has sounded.

We must organise to control the industries for the workers. We must organise all the workers in every industry into the (here insert the organisation you wish them to be in) to take over the land and the machinery of production and utilize it for the benefit of all.

We have tried reforms and failed. The capitalist system cannot be changed, therefore it must be abolished. There is a job for you, fellow-worker, and the only way to solve the unemployed problem.

"JAY-ELL."

**IRISH WORKERS' LEAGUE.**

We regret that owing to unforeseen circumstances we were unable to print a report of the initial meeting of the above League before this. We had a splendid rally—old comrades and new ones foregathered; many points were discussed, hopes expressed, and plans outlined for future work. An Organising Committee was appointed to carry on.

The League is open to every man and woman who holds membership in any Union—or who is in sympathy though not eligible for membership in a Union. The entrance fee is one shilling for which you will get a certificate of membership. You can pay what you please when you please—by week, month, or year, in the way of sustaining fee or subscription.

A Junior Section is to be formed open to boys and girls under the age of eighteen.

**Purpose of League.**—To organise a militant Irish working class movement to achieve in our time economic, political, social and intellectual freedom. We hope to connect up the Irish working class in every portion of the hospitable globe.

We intend organising centres in every town or city throughout Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales, United States, Sth. Africa, Australia, linking up these centres with Dublin, then working out to the rural areas. In each centre we intend forming a social and intellectual centre Brotherhood—not a corrupt machine building.

**Our Aim.**—In each of the centres a Reception Committee would be appointed to receive, advise, and help any comrade visiting or intending to reside in such centres. A bureau would be opened to give information as to conditions in these centres, opportunities offering, etc. We intend to express the idea in word, and all of us must make the word an actual living thing. It necessarily follows that if we train our physical and mental powers, we must restrain and control our appetites, necessarily we must be temperate in all things. "A sound mind in a sound body our guide."

We must cater to every expression of physical activity. We must have our football clubs, hurley clubs, boxing, wrestling, swimming clubs, etc.

**Dramatic,** emotional, values expressed.

**Bands**—orchestral, brass and reed; singing, elocution, dancing, dramatic expression.

Intellectual discussion, debates, etc., intellectual expression in every form.

We want to prove our members as good as the best.

Economics, industrial and racial solidarity is the key to success. Where would the Jews be without

**JOHN DEVOY AND THE GAELIC AMERICAN.**

We reprint from the modern Paddy Kelly's Budget (the Garlic American) an effusion written by John De Voy, but charged to the account of one Dempsey, alleged to be living in Glasnevin. Under which stone? De Voy saith not! We are gratified that such a person as De Voy should attack us. Of course when we were in America this sterling Patriot and Revolutionist (sterling has to do with sovereigns, English), wisely for himself, sat mute. Some day in the near future we intend to point out a few of the facts concerning John De Voy, his boss Dan Judge Cohalan, Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, and other super-revolutionists.

We want our readers to peruse with care the mental perturbations of this Franc-Irish-American gentleman. Keep your copy for reference.

**THE ELECTIONS.**

We did not catch much salmon in the elections, but did drown a few worms. We had meant to relegate "His Master's Voice" Johnson to the political discard along with the arch-intriguer "Ole Bill." We spoke at one meeting only in County Dublin. When we read that Cosgrave's pal had taken ill, and so, knowing Johnson, we refrained from further campaigning. We knew how many labour votes he would get. We decided to take a chance, believing the Unionists and employing class would not give him more than 2,000 votes. We never dreamed the Republicans would give him enough votes to elect him. Well! He is in and our position will be strengthened by his words and actions down the brief life of the newly elected Dail.

**"Fain would they climb But that fear to fall."**

We note that professor McNeill, with that courage that he displayed on many previous occasions, has decided not to accept the seat he was elected to by some few hundred votes in the National University. The Heroic One intends to sit for Clare, moral suasion, that might be convincing enough in that centre of intellectual freedom—the University, would be wasted on the untamed electors of Clare. Oh! wise and undiscovered one—and his protege Professor Hayes with that rare sense of the fitness of things, follows his leader. No one would dare suggest that Professors McNeill and Hayes ever heard of the saying "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

500,000 deaths in Japan (Daily Paper).

We wonder do 8 or 10 people occupy one room in that country.

We also wonder how many people would be slaughtered in the Dublin tenements if an earthquake should happen along.

racial solidarity. What held Russia together after the revolution—Racial and Revolutionary idealism. We must make the Irish working class intellectually equal to—organised industrially second to none—spiritually, leading the van of the Earth's peoples.

"Pioneers, ever Pioneers."

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

**IRISH WORKER**

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

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

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

We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

**THE GOLD-DUST TWINS.**

**IMPORTER and RETAILER.**

Every cockroach profiteer is making the excuse for their open and flagrant robbery of the public by stating they have to pay exorbitant freight charges on their goods owing to the strike. How much truth there is in this statement can be tested. Take sugar, for instance, the extra charges on the hundred-weight of sugar imported amounts to less than threepence per hundred-weight; the importers have raised the price of sugar eight shillings per hundred-weight.

I was advised by my friends not to return to America without attending a meeting of the Port and Docks Board as I would find it most interesting. I went there to-day expecting to find a gathering of business men discussing things of vital importance to the city. An attendant ushered me to the press table. The Secretary had just finished the reading of a letter, the purport of which I did not quite get, when a gentleman named Farrell said that they always tried to get a rap at the Irish Transport Union, and that now since the elections were over they should be at least fair. The chairman paid not the slightest attention to the remarks but proceeded with the business. The Secretary then read a letter from a Mr. Bainbridge asking for space for a cattle-boat, during the reading of which Councillor Paul was making his way to his seat. This appearance seemed to be the signal to terminate the proceedings, however he got as far as saying that this was a matter of importance which ought to be discussed, but the chairman informed him that the business for the day was finished, and thus the meeting of the Port and Docks Board abruptly ended. Some meeting, I'll say.

Italy occupies Corfu.  
France occupies Ruhr.  
America occupies Philippines.  
Japan occupies Korea.  
England occupies Ireland.

Germany, who does not even occupy her own territory, was out to abolish the world's freedom five years ago. Oh, those high-souled Allies.

Uncle Sam: "We are out to abolish war."

(Daily Paper) U.S.A. launches the world's greatest fighting machine the SS. Colorado.

**Republican Chief's Appeal.**

We have been requested by Philadelphian comrades to reprint the letter which appears below addressed to Father Yorke, San Francisco, and his reply thereto—Ed.

**DAIL EIREANN.**

(Government of the Republic of Ireland)

Oifig an Uachtairain [President's Office]

Baile Atha Cliath [Dublin],  
July 4th, 1923.

Rev. P. C. Yorke, D.D.—

A Athair, a chara [Dear Father]: We have sent over Donal O'Callaghan, Lord Mayor of Cork, and until recently a member of our Government, to succeed Mr. Ginnell. I hope you will be able to give him the same assistance you gave me.

I am anxious that the A.A.R.I.R. should be reorganised. A big organization is necessary to influence and form public opinion. The sight of our friends in America coming together again and preparing to act as a disciplined united body would create a corresponding sympathetic movement here and give fresh courage to many who are now tired out and disheartened. Nothing is more necessary for us than an example and a stimulus such as reorganization over there would give.

It is vain to hope for any substantial success for any line of policy so long as the main body of the national forces are divided into opposite camps. Reunion of the rank and file can be brought about, tho' it will take time. It is, in fact, bound to come. What I am mainly concerned about is that, when it does come, it should be on the basis of a policy with the right aims and objective, and a feasible programme. I anticipate that for many years the tendency for politicians to play on the national sentiment will be very great. We shall have specious programmes and promises, which those who make them will never intend to carry out. The people will be led along in the way which was so common some years ago—by the old device of "dangling the carrot before the donkey's nose." Everything depends on the next few years, and these depend largely on what we do now.

**The coming of the elections so soon puts us in a very difficult position.** Several good reasons can be urged why we should not enter the contest at all. We have no political organization; all our best men and women, are in prison or on-the-run; there is really no freedom for propaganda or public meeting; the press is completely controlled; the people are cowed and do not know how to assert themselves or demand fair play. There is in addition the money difficulty. We who have the responsibility naturally feel that our first duty is towards the men who have been fighting. Many are wounded and incapacitated for life—a number are in danger of being murdered, and measures have been taken to safeguard them. The families of thousands of the men in jail are in want, and at the best we can only give them a miserable pittance, quite inadequate to their needs. With all these calls for relief and assistance, we feel that we would not be justified in applying any of the money which was collected for any purposes to fighting the elections. **Still, it is only by political means that we can now hope for success. If we let the elections pass and give our opponents the**

**victory by default, it would consolidate their power as nothing else could—it will be taken that we have definitely abandoned the field, and our forces will become completely disorganized.** I feel that it is absolutely necessary to contest the elections, in part at least, if for no other purpose than to save ourselves from being committed to a programme which is certain to be unreal and barren. If we were able to contest one seat in every constituency, we would not only give the people an opportunity to express themselves, but provide a center around which all with Republican ideals could gather. A group of twenty or thirty elected representatives would be a parliament in miniature, and would have an influence for direction and authority which no body not thus elected could have. We would be in a position with such a group to adopt a modified policy of Sinn Fein which could not fail to be effective. Hence it is that, tho' I detest starting to send round the hat again, I have asked our representative to try whether the Scelig-O'Doherty mission could not run a special drive for \$100,000, which I think is the smallest sum on which we could hope to put up anything like a decent fight. The trouble is that our opponents are almost certain to rush the elections. We are reorganizing SINN FEIN, but under the conditions we can make but comparatively slow progress. I have no hope that the constituencies can finance themselves, as they used to do. All our supporters have had a terrible time, and the burdens that were imposed upon them by the war have left them absolutely exhausted.

These are the immediate difficulties. If we can surmount them, I shall be confident as regards the future, and I do hope that we can then make it a rule to stand squarely on our own feet. I fear you will remark at this that I am like the sinner who is never able to stand up against the temptation of the moment, but always hopes to be strong enough to do it on the morrow. Indeed, if that were the view of all our friends in the U.S., I should have no reason to complain or be surprised. I hope, however, they will not be too logical and insist, as one should do with the sinner, that the reformation begin here and now.

I hope you are in good health. You are, I know, too much of a philosopher and know the ways of the world too well to allow yourself to be overwhelmed, or to grow cynical as the result of the misfortunes that have attended our cause. Terrible things have occurred; their trace will remain for many a day, but in the end I believe we shall be a stronger and better nation for it all. Every good wish.

Do chara,

EAMON DE VALERA.

**O'CALLAGHAN'S CRY OF  
—DISTRESS.**

De Valera's letter was supplemented by a telegram from Donal O'Callaghan, which follows:

New York, July 28, 1923.

Rev. Father Yorke:

To prejudice chances Republican success Free State rushing elections. One hundred thousand dollars required at once to safeguard Repub-

**LITERARY COMPETITION.**

Many of our readers must have had some interesting life experiences during their pilgrimage on this earth. To encourage the art of expression we invite them to send in a written record, limited to five hundred words. To the most realistic records, worthy of publication, our judgment being final, we offer three prizes, namely, £1, 10/-, and 5/-.

This offer will hold good until the last week of September. The winners' names and the matter submitted will be published in our columns, October 6th. Write naturally. The briefer the article the better. Of course we always welcome contributions from our readers that expresses life in any of its activities. Anyone who has stories, plays, poems, etc., swimming around in their cerebellum and desire to float them out on a receptive world we present a chance to launch them.

We invite questions, affecting the lives of common people. And as far as our knowledge will assist we will do our utmost to answer them.

**TOM JOHNSON, the Chairman of the Irish Labour Party, spoke as follows at the Irish Trades' Congress in Sligo, August, 1916:**

"In common with the mass of my Countrymen I believed after the outbreak of War that the Cause of Democracy, the defence of such liberty as the common peoples of the Western Nations had won was bound up with the success of France and Britain. I held to that opinion with some enthusiasm, and despite the efforts of our Government to prove that the governing methods of all ruling classes are much alive. I hold the same opinion still, for France is still a Republic—more firmly established."

It will be seen from the above that Thomas Johnson proclaimed himself, after Easter Week, 1916, a British Imperialist.

**UNEMPLOYED.**

England, Scotland and Wales.

**MORE WORKLESS.**

Official returns give unemployed last week as 1,228,200. This is 4,911 more than in the previous week.

lican interests. No money on hand to meet candidates' enormous initial expenses. Wire 8 East 41st Street, New York, all money you can raise immediately. Arrange local co-operation of organization and individuals. Matter extremely urgent.

DONAL O'CALLAGHAN.

**FATHER YORKE PLEDGES  
\$10,000**

To this Father Yorke wired the following reply:

San Francisco, Calif.,

August 9, 1923.

Donal O'Callaghan, 8 East 41st Street, New York City, Room 301:

California pledges one-tenth of hundred thousand dollars asked. Will start wiring money this week.

P. C. YORKE.

TO THE EDITOR,  
IRISH WORKER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Would it be possible for you to give at least one column of your paper each week to the exposing of profiteers and profiteering. The prices of food stuffs in this City of Dublin are not only far and away above those of other cities, but they cannot by any means come within the purchasing power of the workers of Dublin. The most extraordinary part of the matter is that the working class, who unfortunately are always too ready to fight the cause of any other class of the community, remain perfectly quiescent towards matters of vital importance to themselves.

This profiteering crime is not new, it has been going on from early in the European War of 1914. There has been a few sporadic attacks against profiteering when the price of some of the commodities have become outrageously high, and the effect has been a slight reduction in most cases, but with this accomplished the fight is called off, the profiteer lords smile broadly, and by degrees up go the prices again.

If my memory is correct, I remember that a campaign against these high prices was started in 1919 or 1920. Many people wrote strong letters of protest to the "Daily Press," in most cases crying out against the apathy of the Labour Party in not taking up the question of profiteering. Hot upon this paper campaign some of the members of the Labour Party called a meeting in Bray. One of the principal speakers at this meeting was Mr. Thomas Farren (Senator); he loudly and strongly condemned profiteering, but towards the end of his remarks, in tragic tones he told the workers to be ready and when "The Call" came to respond.

Well, Mr. Editor, there have been many calls in this unfortunate country of ours and the workers have always been ready responders, and the unhappy victims of these calls, but strangely enough they are still waiting for "The Call" that Senator Farren talked of in Bray. It would be well if the working class would cease waiting for Calls or Leads and attend to their own business. Surely the material question of food and eating, that is so closely associated with and necessary to their lives, should make them enter on a great campaign to bring down the high prices of food. One of the noticeable features of the present Dock Strike in Dublin has been the action of the employers in giving whole page advertisements to the Press pointing out the difference in wages between the Irish and English Ports, but how significantly silent they are in regard to the difference in food prices in Ireland and England.

Down with profiteering should be the slogan of the Dublin Workers.

Yours fraternally,

ANTI-PROFITEER.

**MR. SEAN LYONS, T.D.  
Westmeath.**

"The minority will never succeed in beating the majority, and the majority will never succeed in finally subduing the minority. What we want now is industry. We want to settle down to a quiet life. We have in Ireland to-day the best and smartest race we have had for 7½ centuries.

Oh, modest Sean!



# JAMES LARKIN REVEALED IN TRUE COLORS

Career in U.S. and Ireland a Record of Unparalleled Inconsistency, Shiftiness and Dishonesty, Dublin Man shows.

## SHIRKED MISSION HERE.

Could Have Returned While Fighting Was Going On—Went Home When It was Safe to Divide the Banks of Labor.

DUBLIN, July 28.—If I were a philosopher and not a plain matter of fact man trying to support my wife and bairns and working hard to "make ends meet," as we say here, I should say that the row James Larkin has kicked up since his forcible return from the U.S.A. had to be. It is a well established principle that once a nation or a society begins to split and divide on personalities and non-essentials, the poison, unless checked, works its way through every part and organ of the body politic. Labor was the only big factor in Ireland that was not split by, or through the mistakes of our politicians and statesmen. It would be a miracle indeed if Labor escaped, and since miracles no longer happen, Labor did ultimately fall a victim of the poison of factionalism and senseless strife.

Since I am but a plain, blunt man I have not the inclination to play the role of the learned philosopher; besides that is more admirably done by George W. Russell (Æ), our worthy Senator.

I will get down to facts regarding the situation here. Copies of THE GAELIC AMERICAN to hand tell me that Irish-Americans are well informed in a general sort of way on Irish politics and economic matters. Here and there I have observed a void. It is to fill this void that I am writing this paper. I refer to Labor and Larkin's conduct here.

In writing on this subject I feel under a certain handicap or disadvantage. There are two men who could do this work far better than I. One is right here in Dublin, and the other is somewhere in America. Mr. William O'Brien, of the Dail Eireann and Liberty Hall, is one; and the other is Mr. Patrick Quinlan, of U.S.A. Mr. O'Brien has cleared up nebula that Larkin tried to spin around the now historic Asquith meeting, but aside from that, he does not go into pre-Easter Week details much. He says he has not the time and he is too loyal to the memory of James Connolly to be dragging his name in the mire at every row created by Larkin and his admirers. When Mr. Quinlan was with us he refused to talk very much on Larkin or anyone else, for he said he was here seeking light too. We here know that he could, if he wanted to, clear up much of the mystery attending Larkin's visit to America and his relationship with James Connolly.

James Larkin was sent to America to raise funds to put the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union on its legs. Owing to the prolonged strike or lock-out of 1913, in which most of the unions and most of our business men, or capitalists, were involved, the union was bankrupt. It is also stated that it afforded Connolly an excellent excuse to get rid of Larkin's mischievous presence for a considerable length of time. Before he sailed for U.S.A. Larkin was given credentials from the union authorizing him to represent it abroad. He also got a brief note from Tom Clarke, who was murdered after Easter Week by the soldiers of General Friend, at the bidding of Asquith. Tom Clarke simply gave Larkin a note of introduction to Mr. John Devoy, the editor of THE GAELIC AMERICAN. There was no National Labor Party here then, as the term is understood now, and Larkin could not represent an organization that did not exist, though reports from America credit him with being its agent abroad. Larkin had no credentials from Tom Clarke nor from any member of the I.R.B. The truth to tell is, they were not at all sure of Larkin. His speeches though fiery were most of the time full of froth. The Republicans were rather tired of the spouter, and Larkin was one, and an out-and-outer with a vengeance. Then talk led nowhere. Larkin was schooled in England and he had the English Labor man's ideas and outlook and

political philosophy. He had worse than that: Larkin had the bad manners of the English carried into Ireland. He was personal nearly all the time. He addressed people, old or young, by their first names and in the cheap familiar English fashion. He does it yet. People are Tom, Jimmy, Billy, Ned, etc., etc., in public, as if he lived in the bosom of their families all his life. He persists to this day, to the consternation and disgust of decent and refined people in calling James Connolly "Jim," and Padraic Pearce as "Paddy," and so on. Men whose names and memories are sanctified and consecrated for all time are treated with the easy familiarity of the Limehouse or the Liverpool slum dweller.

While in America Larkin forgot his mission and his obligations. He got mixed up in all kinds of Socialist and Communist faction fights. He would not work with the Irish in America, and he seemed to be impossible to the Socialists of all parties. His hand appeared to be against everyone. And it was not his fault that everyone's hand was not against him. He can not deny that he got much practical sympathy from them when he was in distress. Since he returned from the "Land of the Free," he has had scarcely a good word for any one over there, Socialist or Irish. Yet he has to admit that he got their money and lived "purty good" without working all the years he was in America. All accounts state that he played the dog-in-the-manger, instead of the revolutionist fighting for the freedom of Ireland.

In one of my visits to America I visited the James Connolly Club, then situated in West Twenty-ninth Street near a Sixth Avenue, where Larkin used to show off to the American Socialists. In his speech that night he touched on everything and nothing—that is to say, never finished the subject—he kicked things. But all the time he was showing a great revolutionist and sincere patriot. He referred to the Red Flag song and its author and the smattering of this, that, or other that touched on Irish affairs. In one minute he said Liberty Hall was mortgaged to pay for the guns that were used during the Easter Week fighting. This was startling, but worse was to follow. He said the men of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union who fought in Easter Week and who were refugees in U.S., were being neglected. Larkin mentioned no names. He also hinted that certain prominent Irishmen in New York held money he raised for the Union and would not give it to him. To most of his hearers this stuff was mysterious, and to me who had just come from Dublin, was "all moonshine," as you say in New York and other American cities.

Since Larkin returned he has retailed all those fictitious but none the less slanderous stories to the cronies and groups that look upon him as a Heavensent saviour. What amazes me is his audacity, for he knows there are dozens right here in the City of Dublin who could prove him an exaggerator and a falsifier if they cared to. Perhaps they will when this present trouble is ended. The Republicans are too busy with their electioneering to bother with him, and the Free State men are ignoring him. The credulousness of his followers is more amazing than the statements Larkin makes to them from day to day. Some would believe anything that Jim would tell them. There are Irish Transport men here in Dublin who were assisted by Mr. Devoy and they admit it proudly. There are people here who got assistance from the Clan-na-Gael while residing in New York, and God knows their services to the Republican cause were never much and often dubious.

I know Clan-na-Gael men who helped Larkin to get back from Mexico when he was stranded there after a silly attempt to go to Russia. In this connection I must say that whenever Larkin started up on an enterprise he himself was the hardest worker to make it a failure. When he said he would like to go to Russia, hundreds knew all about it. He had a way with him of taking all kinds of people into his confidence that spelled ruin for everything he planned. Same about his sneaking home the week he was arrested in New York.

Larkin often sneered at the Sinn Feiners and the Irish Republicans, sometimes he called them vile names. But to my surprise he and his friends asked them for assistance when he was arrested for being a Communist or for being associated with them in some foolish game. He wanted the whole world to know that he was a Republican when he was in distress.

Yet while all self-respecting Irish Republicans were able to go back and forth between New York and Dublin, Larkin applied to the British Consul for a passport when no one was doing it. I mentioned Larkin one day to Harry Boland (God rest his soul), and I will never in all my born days forget the look of Harry and the remark he passed. "Larkin," said he, "is a coward. Why doesn't he go back and fight?" I often thought of that since, and now that he is back and his record of fight-dodging is before my eyes plainly. I must say that Harry Boland was right.

The most astute move that Larkin made was to make believe that his arrest for Communist activities in New York was due to his being Irish and that the English Consul framed him up. That was done nicely with the gullible, but when Thomas O'Flaherty, a Communist, whose brother fought with the Republicans to the last day and, I might say, ditch, wrote to a Communist paper here, then published by Roddy Connolly and a group of Communists, that Jim Larkin was arrested as a Communist, tried as one, and sentenced as one, and that others were in the same boat as him, none of whom were Irish, further that they were tried by the same Judge, prosecuted by the same Government's counsellor, and sent to the same Government jail on much the same sentences. I was told the last time I was in New York that Larkin refused to talk to O'Flaherty because he "upset the apple cart," or as we say "spilled the beans."

When Larkin was released, and that mainly through the efforts of the Irish in America, he refused to come home. He hooked up a new issue: Ulster was deserted. The workers there were hungry and he, Jim Larkin, would raise money to buy a ship load of food to take back. With his usual generosity (at others' expense) Larkin cabled home for sixty thousand dollars to buy the ship and the food. The Executive Committee did not accede to his request and thus began his first break with the Union. The Union that paid his wife a salary every week as regular as the sun shone while he was doing nothing in America. I mean nothing of value or good. She was not asked to life a hand for it.

The most shameful of all Larkin's acts is his religious conduct. Here in Dublin he is a good Catholic and he calls on God to help him in every speech he makes. Over in America, he was a Communist, an Atheist and anti-Sinn Feiner. He has not the courage of his own convictions anywhere on anything. As a fighter he is all wind. He has run away from more real fights than any man in Ireland who claims to be a Rebel.

This letter is too long, but you can apply the blue pencil wherever you like so I will close with one remark concerning Jim Larkin's attitude towards De Valera. Larkin's purpose is to say one good word for De Valera in public and always with an apology and ten against him in private. The Republicans here know all about his game and they will not be fooled by his public and very ostentatious loyalty to the Republic. People here call him "the great deserter." Larkin's following is growing less as he talks more. His friends are confined to a few hundred dook workers. In the skilled trades and the steady jobs he is not given much notice. No one in America should be fooled by the "big meetings" in O'Connell Street (he really had only one), for he was a curiosity in the beginning and people went to hear him, or a better word, to see him. Dublin, like Paris, loves a show and a new display. That curiosity is gone. There only remains to be remembered and studied the straddling, dodging ways of the man who, moryah, came back to unite us, but who actually succeeded in splitting us further and deeper. Larkin in splitting us further and deeper. Larkin's advice to the Republicans to surrender their arms was resented by the majority and, to say the least, it disgusted everyone, especially the stalwarts. As one of them said afterwards, "Jim never had any arms to surrender." Of course the advisability of surrendering arms is a matter for the men themselves and not for men who were under the bed when the fight was on, to tell them what to do. I notice that some went to prison, even in America, for the Irish Cause, while Jim Larkin did not even go to prison in America or Ireland for Irish Freedom, let alone fighting for it.

The next time that I'll write the letter won't be so long, for I may be able to personally call on you and save you the trouble of reading it. I am thinking of taking a ship any day.

Best wishes to THE GAELIC AMERICAN

and for the second time I apologise for this long letter.

J. DEMPSEY,

Glascvevin, Dublin.

[We have not used the blue pencil as the writer says we may do, but print his letter exactly as received. There is quite a lot that can be added to the information contained in the letter, especially in regard to the cowardly lies that Larkin is privately circulating in Dublin, accusing of "robbing" him the men here who fed him and supplied him with money to meet his immediate needs after he landed in New York. When we received word from the New York District Attorney's office that the English Consul had asked that Larkin be treated leniently in his trial on a charge of anarchy, we refused to believe it, but we have now no doubt that the statement was true. Larkin is now splitting Irish Labor as De Valera split the rest of the Irish people, and both are evidently actuated by the same motive, to help England.—Editor G.A.]

JOHN DE VOY.

## PORT DISPUTE.

Meeting of members of No. 1 Branch, Irish Transport Union, held in the Mansion House Thursday night. Jim Larkin urged that an expression of solidarity with the men and women who were locked-out should be demonstrated in a practical manner.

Motion made, carried unanimously, voluntary offering to be collected by Lock-out Committee, they to have power to co-opt members from each section to re-inforce Lock-out Committee. Collectors authorised by Committee to wait on every job. Name and Union Number of each man and woman contributing to be taken on counterfoil of stamp receipt. All who desire to contribute may do so. Special collectors will be appointed to take the voluntary offering at Liberty Hall and 74 Thomas Street. Nothing less than 2/6 will be accepted.

## EVERYTHING IN THE TYPEWRITER LINE

# FOLEY'S

83 Mid. Abbey St. DUBLIN

## O'CONNOR'S

7 Lower Marlborough Street

THE HOUSE FOR IRISH ROLL, PLUGS, FLAKES, Etc.

Everything a Smoker Requires

Bicycles Stove Enamelled and Lined, New Guards Fitted, only 20/-  
Secondhand Cycles and all accessories always in stock.

PROMPT REPAIRS TO ALL MAKES

## DWYER & Co. 4 ARRAN QUAY DUBLIN

## Specialists in Overalls.

WAREHOUSE COATS, BUTCHERS' COATS, PAINTERS' JACKETS, ENGINEERS' JACKETS, OVERALL APRONS, &c., &c.

## F. NORTON

14 ANGLESEA ST., DAME ST. DUBLIN

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



# THE IRISH WORKER

AN T-OIBRÍDE ZAÓDLAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

No. 10. New Series.  
(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper).

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1923

ONE PENNY

## IRISH WORKER LEAGUE AND THE PROFITEER.

A most successful re-union of the "Irish Worker League" was held in the Large Hall, Mansion House, Tuesday Evening, September 11th. We had a very enthusiastic throng of earnest women and men present. The trail of the profiteer was followed in thought and speech, and it was agreed to organise to run the beast to earth.

Every man, woman and child is interested in beating the beasts bounds. Such an animal at large is more dangerous to the common people of this country than a man-eating tiger, running loose, would be. It was agreed to get beaters out and then the hunt.

We hope to have a Monster Demonstration — Bands, Torch-lights, etc., and hunt the beast to his den.

## LABOUR LEADERS.

It is rumoured that some skilled workers sympathise with the locked-out unskilled workers. Owen Hynes (Bricklayers) is fearfully worried—threatens to write to the papers to contradict the rumour (the lying jade).

Owen is sure—in fact swears—he can prove it—that no respectable skilled worker would consort with or approve of the common working person. Don't you know!

Of course Senators Farren, McPartland and O'Farrell—being members of the so-called Workers' Council (that is in their idle moments)—fully concur that the working class are a necessary evil. However, they (the persons who matter) are going to discuss this working class person doncher know! with comrades McLaughlin—Good, at the Club.

"We have it on good authority that the Unemployed are seriously concerned about unemployment—no one else seems to give a damn. Everybody's agin the poor."

Millions for destruction, not a cent for reconstruction.  
(THE STATESMAN.)

Once upon a time Timothy Michael Healy expressed his delight at hearing the Mayo Yell. We hope his delight is a lasting one.

## SHELBOURNE FOOTBALL CLUB.

11th Sept., 1923.

DEAR MR. LARKIN,

With reference to application received and endorsed by you regarding the running of a benefit match for the purpose of helping those unfortunates who are locked out and their families, my Committee met and interviewed deputation last evening, and after a very lengthy discussion the following was agreed upon.

They my club place as many of their players as possible at the disposal of Strike Committee, to enable them to meet, some other team on a Sunday, and thus help in a small way.

The use of Shelbourne Park on any Sunday is not permissible owing to landlord's decision. However, I sincerely trust that some other suitable venue will be obtained and then a bumper gate.

Yours faithfully,

J. J. FINNEGAN,

Secretary.

J. LARKIN, ESQ.

The Dispute Committee of the Union heartily thanks their old friends, "the Shelbourne Football Club," for their characteristic and generous expression of willingness to assist any worthy object. We know the action of the Shelbourne Club and players will be emulated by the other clubs in the Association.

We are taking up the matter of the availability of ground for Sunday games. We understand Messrs. Kennedy (Bakers) and Verschoyle (House Agent) are the Lessees of ground. We feel sure that neither of these two modernists (twenty-century men) have any scruples about playing games on Sunday. If some pre-historic mind encased in the outward form of a human being is limiting the liberties of the people to express themselves, it is time we knew who he is, and what cave he wastes his sweetness on.

We are for preserving the censorship and damn the consequences. George Augustus Lyons has already inflicted his "Memories" upon us. We couldn't stand another dose and now we hear that all the defeated candidates have bought up all the saleable pens and ink in Dublin.

## JACK DEMPSEY.

"Give it up, Kid, he's too hefty."

The speaker, a big limber jack, was holding a bleeding, broken thing in his arms. At the first glance it appeared unhuman; the bleeding nose, swollen eyes, the torn lips and the bruised and blackened body possessed no human likeness. But looking closer the heroic spirit loomed up. "Lemme' up, goin' thro' wi' it." The whisper came from this semi-human shape. Struggling to rise midst the jeers and shouts of the lumber jacks, crying in his helplessness. Suddenly a heave, a struggle; he was up. Tottering he faced his opponent, another lumber jack, but one with the build and strength of a Hercules. Stumbling and slipping he reached the centre of the ring. Only a Big Kid doing his best to hold his end up. "Big Mike" lunged forward smiling. The end had come. The kid had given him a good run for it, coming up eight times from the ground where piston-like blows had kurl'd him. His arm drew back for the blow. Suddenly a sighing gasp came from the crowd. The Kid had stiffened his broken frame, and as Mike's fist came in he ducked, hit with his left to the heart and then a streak of white flashed from somewhere near his hip to Mike's jaw. There was a crash, and two bodies fell to the ground. Victor and Vanquished. Great men both, but one the greater.

The crowds broke up and went their way, but one man remained. A man lost in dreams in which he saw immense throngs swaying with the lust of battle as they watched with bated breath the final stages of a great fight, and in his dream the victor bore the likeness of the Big Kid who had come back from defeat splendidly that day. He came back from his dream to the needs of the moment. Jack Kearns he was known as, a boxing promoter looking for new talent. He found that day and the contract was signed the same night. He had made a bargain in that battered Kid, he had a master boxer with the foundation of a fighter, a thing that is found but once in a life time.

Our Bet—Dempsey wins in four rounds.

## ONE OF THE LEAGUE.

London, Sept. 10th, '23.

DEAR JIM—The first thing I want to say is that I am coming back again to these parts and that I expect to be in Dublin in about a year from now. It is my greatest desire to return to Ireland and take part fully in the struggle of our class over there—not that elsewhere the struggle is less real, but that under your efforts I believe there can never be any doubt about its direction. I'm very glad to see that some of the enemy have fallen already (even though new ones have arisen), and still hope to one day help you in a more serious fashion than I have yet been able—to accomplish triumph. Out in Australia, in the meantime, I shall certainly and gladly keep in touch and do what I can, and in this latter I will always be greatly heartened by your greetings just received.

With this note I am sending a £1 note to defray the cost of sending me "The Irish Worker" week by week. Address:

CHRIS O'SULLIVAN,

On board SS. Moreton Bay

As we opined the Conference held in Cork to settle the Lock-out has broken down.

The following official report was issued by the officials of the Labour Ministry, Cork:—

"The Industrial Conference, under the presidency of Professor Whelehan resumed its sitting to-day. The conference had under consideration reports from two joint sub-committees appointed on Saturday last. As the speakers on both sides concluded, it was evident that a deadlock had been reached and that a settlement of the dispute by agreement was impossible.

"The Chairman adjourned the conference till noon to-morrow to enable him to consider the entire case in the light of all the circumstances and of the reports of the committees.

"The Chairman indicated that in view of the very abnormal conditions in the present dispute he himself would suggest a basis of accommodation at to-morrow's session."

## A CONVERSATION WITH A LIVERPOOL DOCKER.

While perusing the different newspapers in the Picton Library, Liverpool, I got in conversation with a chap diligently studying the report of the 56th Trades' Union Congress, then being held at Plymouth. The Pow Wow reported in papers seemed to interest him for he started to comment in an undertone as follows: "702 delegates alleged to represent 4,369,268 union men and women. A decrease of nearly a million on last year's figures. Four and three-quarter millions of organised workers and wages still on the decline. We used to pay our subs into the union to help to get us decent wages and conditions, but now according to the Wilsons, Sextons and Bevins we must pay to have our wages reduced." "I think," he further remarked, "that all, we, of the rank and file are good for, according to the officials, is to pay up so these boys can have an annual jaunt, and let off a lot of hot air and call one another traitors, it seems to me its a case of next Fakir up, and tell some home truths about the other. Here am I a casual docker earning on an average about one day's wages a week since I came back from the War, and I often think the front of my stomach is trying to push my back bone out, for want of food. Yes! Its a good game being a union man these days, and having fought for your country. When a fellow's eyes are watering with cold and hunger you have the consolation of wiping the tears away with the slack of your stomach." He seemed to be an intelligent sort of chap, and up against it bad, so I invited him to the nearest eating house, which invitation he readily accepted. During the meal we carried on further conversation. I asked him did he believe in unionism. He replied in the affirmative, stating the union is our only hope. "But the leaders," said he, "are a lot of spineless reprobates dead from the waist both roads. When they are called on to give a lead to the rank and file, as witnessed by us dockers a few weeks back, when we were forced to try and make them do a little for their wages, all they did was sneer and mouth about agreements. Yes! Agreements they agreed to against our wishes. Let me inform you that the workers have lost all faith in the Wilsons, Sextons and Bevins, and Thomases, which is the real cause of the apathy to-day in the labour movement. Williams and Thet, who we used to think a bit in front of the others on account of their revolutionary speeches, have turned out just as bad as the rest. I tell you, mate, something is going to happen one of these days. A lot of us young fellows were cajoled by the press and the speeches of these gentlemen to go out to the War and stop bullets for a bob or two a day. Some that went stopped there alright! Others came back again starving. Some of us shed a lot of blood and we are sore over it, on account of the mugs we were taking advice from, they who were too cowardly to go themselves. No, we were not mugs, but jugs without handles. Never again for me! I am going to cheer the House of Commons High-Handers' off next time. Asquith, Lloyd George, Sexton, etc., led by Lord Derby and Carson in quilts. 'Twill be a sight for the gods." He was waxing

eloquent so I put the following to him in the form of a question just to keep him on the union movement. They have passed a resolution for a six hour day. "Yes," said he, "they'll pass resolutions alright, just as easy as they pass cheques for their election expenses. The same as Clynes, Thorne and Jones of the Gas Workers did in 1922. Just make a note of this from the Workers' Weekly. Clynes received salary £648; Expenses (away from home and travelling), £191; Parliamentary grants, £1,038. Total, £1,877. Mr. Thorne, salary £648; Expenses, £108; Parliamentary grants, £838. Total, £1,586. Jack Jones, salary £478; Expenses, £136; Parliamentary grants, £824. Total, £1,438. No deductions on account of their £400 a year as M.P.s. I suggest it will be a nice eye-opener when they dig up Sexton, Thomas and other's accounts. While we are eating our hearts out for a job these heaven-sent saviours are taking pay for two or more jobs. One man one salary with a vengeance. Unionism alright, for the official clique. Its a good game being a labour leader, less risk than being a Bottomly. If they are not careful they'll be having Judas getting jealous of them, or Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and the other stars of the Movie World becoming labour leaders on account of the Quidlets in the game. I asked him, "Don't you see any ray of hope how to get rid of these creatures and get the unions functioning in the way they were intended to function." Well, there is that bloke Larkin in Dublin who is busy clearing a mess that a gang of twicers, O'Brien and Co., perpetrated while he was in America. They were just imitating the gang over here. A good stroke of luck for the Irish Workers the Yanks deported him back home. I am Irish myself and I was proud once of being a member of that Union that Larkin taught us how to build before I joined the army. And I am proud of it still now it is showing some of the old spirit. With the right man at the helm. His past work for the Transport Workers in Ireland will stand to him with those that count, the Workers themselves. When he has made good in Dublin and put the charge of the Union back under the chosen of the rank and file and then come over here and see how the land lies and give a word of cheer to his old comrades. You know he used to work along the Docks here one time, and what he don't know about our lines is not worth knowing. And besides, if this side is weak, then the fight in Ireland will be more strenuous. While if we get a lead and held our own end up it would give the workers in the Old Dart time to look around." I then asked him what he thought of the new Unions in Glasgow and London. "Well, they are the outcome of the latest treachery on the Seamen and Dockers. Just the same as the new Union of Miners in Fife was born out of the Black Friday swindle. Its a bit previous to make any comment yet other than state they have a tough proposition ahead of them. Struggling against the onslaught of the employers will be hard enough. But they will have to contend also against the machinations of a well organised machine handled by a cunning, unscrupulous, opportunist, experienced official clique that have the columns of the Bosses Press always open to them.

## LITERARY COMPETITION.

Many of our readers must have had some interesting life experiences during their pilgrimage on this earth. To encourage the art of expression we invite them to send in a written record, limited to five hundred words. To the most realistic records, worthy of publication, our judgment being final, we offer three prizes, namely, £1, 10/-, and 5/-.

This offer will hold good until the last week of September. The winners' names and the matter submitted will be published in our columns, October 6th. Write naturally. The briefer the article, the better. Of course we always welcome contributions from our readers that expresses life in any of its activities. Anyone who has stories, plays, poems, etc., swimming around in their cerebellum and desire to float them out on a receptive world we present a chance to launch them.

We invite questions, affecting the lives of common people. And as far as our knowledge will assist we will do our utmost to answer them.

## A LOVER OF LIBERTY.

1st Convict (doing ten years):—"H-England! Blimey what do I care if the Koyesr captures H-England. He can have my bread and skilly and my ten years as well.

2nd Convict (an ex-Army man doing life):—"Why, you're disloyal mate. You want the bally Hun to come in and take our liberty away. I'll go and report it to the Governor.

## THE DIVINE COMPANION.

They who tread the path of labour follow where my feet have trod; They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

Where the many toil together, there am I among my own;

Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife;

I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.

Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;

Every deed of love and mercy, done to man, is done to me.

Nevermore thou needest seek me; I am with thee everywhere;

Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and I am there.

And they will stop at nothing to destroy any movement or individual in a movement that will in any way interfere with their prospects of becoming enriched at the expense of the class they have so often betrayed. Anyway, anything is better than stagnation and the way we are handicapped by the officials at present. A move must be made some time and somewhere, or we will soon be back, if we are not already back, to worse conditions than before the War. The best we can do is wait and see. The new unions may, if it is possible, force the official gang to act if only to save their own jobs. I will have to be going now to try and find a boss for half a day." So I wished him good luck and we parted.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

It is Saturday evening; the festive night for labour. An atmosphere of geniality prevails everywhere. The younger people, dressed in their best clothes which have been carefully smoothed and laid by during the week, are to be seen, generally in couples, seeking amusement and relaxation (which they have justly earned). The markets and well-lighted streets are crowded and the people are full of a lazy good-humour. Freed from toil, for a while, lightheartedness and jollity reigns among them. The theatres are full to overflowing and a cheerful air of light and bustle pervades over all. Wraps and jackets are discarded by the ladies as the time draws near for the performance to commence, and as the eye roves over the theatre it is pleasant to see the light-coloured dresses mingling with the more sober masculine hues. Excitement and pleasure adds a sparkle to the eye and a heightened charm to the faces of all.

In one of these theatres, seated in the front row of the gallery, is a young work-girl with her friend, and together they are reaping the reward of a long patient vigil outside. The girl is eager and sensitive; with clear cut, delicate features, over which the emotions can be seen playing like flames, or as the ripple on the surface of a stream. You can see her hands tighten as the violins tune up. Then, as they send out a low, sweet, plaintive note which changes till they seem to breathe all the joyousness and ecstasy of life with yet an undertone of sadness, her whole being thrills to the harmony.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she says softly, turning to her companion with glowing eyes.

"Not so bad" he replies stolidly.

"It makes me feel sad," she goes on, "although I like it so much. Everything very beautiful makes me sad, especially afterwards, when I think of all the suffering and drudgery there is in the world. Then I feel that what little joy we get is just like a stray gleam of sunlight, shining through heavy clouds. It is such a small part of our lives and it should be so much. The big unhappy world is always waiting on our moments of joy to stretch out a clutching hand and draw us back. The violin speaks to me about all the bewitching brightness and joy possible, and then of all the sorrow there actually is to-day."

"Why think of all these things?" said the youth. It does you no good."

"I can't help doing it and, besides, I want to," she replied.

There was a hush for a moment and then a rustle went round the theatre as the footlights were lit up and the curtain slowly raised. The atmosphere of the place was warm and stuffy, redolent of oranges and tobacco fumes, but the girl seemed oblivious of her surroundings. She fixed her eyes on the stage and gave her imagination full rein. There were singers and dancers with wonderfully fine dresses and spangles which glittered in the limelight. The music, the gorgeous scenic effects, the lights and the vivacity of the players made it a feast of delight to her. During the evening a short sketch was played.

The villain was hissed with fervour by the audience and the hero triumphed amid loud applause.

(Continued on column 1, page 3)

The girl in the front row listened and looked with rapt attention while the play went on. She fully identified herself with the heroine in all her many perils and heaved a sigh of relief when the danger was over.

But the play was finished far too soon for her. The orchestra was playing the final tune and the people hustling through the swing doors into the street before she got back to the mundane world again.

Her companion helped her to put on her coat and led the way to the door. As they neared home, they left the best part of the town and passed through many streets of the slum type which were narrow and squalid. The night was fine, with a full silvery moon and the stars shining brilliantly.

As they went on, the girl's face lost the animation and the glow which the theatre, the play and the music had given it. She was paler now and her face acquired more of a brooding look, while her eyes, which had been shining like stars, had now a misty, veiled appearance. "Doesn't it seem to you," she said, abruptly, to her companion, "that life out here and the joy of life represented behind the footlights differ far more widely than they ought to do?"

"No," replied the youth, "I have never thought of it."

"Well, it is so," said the girl decisively with a nod. "Why can't we have more brightness, joy, and general happiness in real life instead of drudgery, worry and ugly surroundings."

"Children should be full of this joy of life. There is nothing finer than the clear glow of health in a child's face; but how often is the child robbed of this? The burden of the years should not press on men and women; they should be able to feel the splendour of the universe and the glorious possibilities of life. Old people, if things were right, should ripen in years with a sturdy and placid contentedness in their own lives and a joy in those around them. But now everyone seems to be struggling with each other and none have time to live properly."

The slight frame of the girl shook with intensity of feeling as she spoke. "It is human nature," said the youth in a dull tone as if repeating a lesson learned by heart, "it always was so and always will be."

"But why?" cried the girl. "That doesn't explain anything."

"Well, all people want to get the better of others and keep them down; it is born in us."

"Then how is it that to-night everybody cheered the hero and hissed the villain. All of them wanted virtue to triumph and truth to win. It is the same when they read books. They want the best to win. Their natures can't be bad or they wouldn't always feel sympathy for what is right and true. But when they try to work it out in life it always goes wrong somehow. I think it is because they have to scramble and fight each other to live."

"I don't know; I haven't thought about such things," said her companion.

"I know this," she resumed, "people will not always be content with applauding what is good and condemning the bad in books and plays. They will make it possible that the qualities which they admire and feel are true shall guide our lives too." R.

**THE "BIG PUSH" FOR BILL.**

The Scribes of the Official Organ of the O.B.U. had scarce ceased their blubbering over Bill's "Big Push" downwards—with the consequent danger of a few jobs going wallop—when it became necessary to inflict another issue of the "Lyon" Sheet upon an unoffending public—at the O.B.U.'s expense of course, and so, last week we were commiserated with a production which needed only the mourning lines to fittingly chronicle O'Brien's compulsory retirement into pensioned life and Transport Union £8 per week job.

A belaboured but ineffectual attempt is made through the columns of last week's issue to explain away the debacle, but ever and anon the Blubbering of Scribe bursts forth and he must needs lay aside his pen and weep. Not indeed, we would say, that the Scribe cares a brass farthing whether Bill O'Brien or Cathal O'Shannon won or lost, but my job sir, my job. For the past half dozen years job meant Bill and Bill meant job. While the "crowd" cheered Bill, they rushed job. Job, not Bill nor Labour was their one and only aim. Now, even now, be it known to Bill in the hour of his defeat that some of his most trusted pals and servants are already intriguing against him, even to the extent of promising to desert him altogether.

For ourselves we view with equanimity all such schemes and schemers. We have been resolutely opposed to them from the start. We shall continue so.

Our activities in Tipperary on behalf of the Independent Labour Candidate—Bill Gleeson—have been noticed by one of the Editorial Scribes—whether Archie or Cackle we know nor care not. We are credited with having "spent our time motoring around the constituency."

Evidently Mayo was traversed by Mr. Heron—minus saddle or bridle or winkers—on the back of a Belfast Jack Ass, and probably Cackle for his meanderings through the Wee County was loaned the historic 'Rozinante' owned by "the turfman from Ardee." Or mayhap owing to his Trades' Union Congress illness his nerves may not have been equal to the task of controlling horse, ass, mule or other quadruped, and so he found him other means of locomotion at the expense of the O.B.U.

While in Clonmel we noticed one of the Transport Union Organisers—Mr. Gilbert Lynch—fooling about the streets of that town with a young girl—during the hours that should ordinarily be devoted to duty. Surely Mr. Lynch, while there, might have found much more useful work on behalf of Labour, than serenading the Donah on the streets of Clonmel—more especially as he was, we presume, paid his weekly wages as Organiser (we hadn't any screw weekly or monthly—not even a tailor's pension).

The Scribe appeared to be interested in regard to "where the money came from that paid for the little items connected with an election." Most officials—Scribes, Scribblers, Horse Backers, etc.—of the O.B.U. were, or appeared to be, interested with regard to "where monies come from." If the rank and file membership could only be got to take the same interest as to where the monies went to these last half dozen years.

With a view to interesting the rank and file even now, perhaps our Scribe will supply answers to

(a) Has Nob Connor paid back the £400 taken from Union Funds yet?

(b) Why was Organiser Patrick Coates sacked?

(c) Has the £600 of No. 1 Branch boosted by Foran as having been invested in Marlboro' St. Co-op. gone wallop?

(d) What has become of Grimley the 1913 scab, who got a job in the Union; why was he sacked?

(e) What is the exact amount due to the membership of the Approved Society over the cashing the cheques in the Public House Case? Full particulars to be given. Why the prisoner's remark on leaving the dock as to why he should suffer all?

(f) Arising out of the answer to be given in query (e), what connection was there between the Approved Society Offices, Football Coupons and a Betting Book?

(g) Particulars as to certain Shop Stewards and the payment of members subscriptions?

(h) Details as to the scheme re £5,000 from Union Funds guaranteed by Bill O'Brien to Co-op; particulars in connection with the £14,000 of Union money about to be plunged in a Sewerage Scheme in the County Dublin?

(i) Whether Thomas Johnson, Bill O'Brien or Senator Thomas McPartlin will now condescend to inform the Labour World as to their interviews with Malcolm Lyon in the Shelbourne Hotel; their reasons for entry by side instead of ordinary front door, and why specially marked copies of 'Voice of Labour' were sent each week to that gentleman at his Dublin address?

The above queries will be sufficient for the present, if answers be forthcoming (which we doubt), to interest the rank and file members of the O.B.U. who pay the piper on every occasion. These self same members would also be interested, as indeed would all of us, to know by what process of evolution the "tainted goods" handler and half-baked scab of 1913 becomes the orthodox Labour Leader of 1923. These be thy gods, oh Labour!

There is a bacon factory in the town of Roscrea, Tipperary. Members of the O.B.U. work—or used work—15 hours per day in this factory—while over 100 men—members of the same Union—are unemployed in the same town, and the local Secretary—good loyal O'Brienite that he is—hasn't even raised so much as one word of protest. "Ole Bill's Union" with a vengeance.

Mr. Luke O'Duffy, Oxfordian-toned Trades' Union Leader—noted for losing strikes—paid General Secretary of a Union which has a local branch or Centre in the town of Clonmel. Some time ago this branch reckoned its membership as at about 87. To-day its membership, owing perhaps to the organising capabilities of the Oxfordian Luke, has dwindled to about 26 members.

Duffey's Clonmel lieutenants (or at least some of them) can be relied upon by their bosses to set the noble example to their membership—if it hasn't altogether disappeared by this—of going in a quarter of an hour earlier, staying on a half an hour later, than ordinary work hours

minus payment, and if minor questions, such as holidays, crop up, these are matters to be decided upon by boss and employee. Such is the Unionism understood by the friends and followers of the present day President of the Irish Trades' Union Congress and Labour Party, the gentleman who dislikes the "rabble" unless perhaps when they're paying the 6d. quarterly levy.

Ye Distributive Workers! behold your Luke. Don't you think you ought get him to heed the work you pay him for and leave the "rabble" alone. But alas poor Bill, the "Big Push has commenced. Before it is half way through, yourself, Senator Tommy Farren—the Votheen Grinner (who skeddaddled in by the back door into the Municipal Council) and others of your ilk will be given the Order of the Boot. Speed the day.

MICHAEL MULLEN.

**Irish Transport and General Workers' Relief Fund.**

Paving Department, Dublin Corporation, per J. Joyce and W. Monro—P. Williams, 1/-; M. Turner, 1/-; J. Brown, 1/-; R. Barry, 1/-; P. McCormack, 6d.; Fitzpatrick, 6d.; P. McKenna, 6d.; W. Whelan, 6d.; M. Winters, 6d.; J. Betton, 1/-; J. Thornton, 1/-; Fitzpatrick, 1/-; J. Bondger, 5d.; A. Duggan, 6d.; J. Fogarty, 6d.; Drumcondra, 1/-; T. Tyrrell, 1/-; Norton, 6d.; P. Duffy, 1/-; Walsh, 6d.; McAdam, 6d.; Hennessey, 1/-; C. Poole, 1/-; J. Hyland, 1/-; T. Smith, 1/-; J. Lennon, 3d.; M. Dawson, 1/-; M. Byrne, 1/-; T. Sweetman, 1/-; Friend, 3d.; M. Murphy, 1/-; J. Sexton, 1/-; J. O'Neill, 6d.; Murray, 1/-; J. Weir, 1/-; C. Cullen, 1/-; Bid, 1/-; Moore, 6d.; L. Callaghan, 1/-; P. Coogan, 1/-; Byrne, 3d.; Bunter, 3d.; T. Daly, 2d.; H. Kan., 1/-; Dick Mulcahy, 1/-; P. Geoghan, 2/-; J. Mahon, 1/-; C. Brady, 1/-; Brady, 6d.; J. Murray, 2/-; Tisdall, 1/-; C. Ball, 6d.; Carton, 6d.; J. Moran, 1/-; Mrs. Lardner, 1/-; Carton, 3d.; Kelly, 1/-; Hughes, 1/-; J. Doyle, 1/-; Total, £2 8s. 4d.

Collected at Liberty Hall meeting £7 11s. 5d. Jack Lunsden, 2/6.

Total collected for week ending Sept. 10th., £10 2s. 3d.

Arron, Ohio, per Mrs. Muriel McSweeney, £10.

Previously acknowledged, £231 12s. 9d.

Total, £241 15s. 0d.

**CASES RELIEVED.**

Mrs. G. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. O.M. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. S. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. E. and 5 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. S. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. M. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. S. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 4 children, £1; Mrs. G. and 9 children, £1. Total, £15.

Previously distributed, £226. Total, £241.

It is not absolutely correct to state that the Right Hon. the President of the Free State spoke 1st century Gaelic at Geneva with an Oxford accent. He has been an assiduous student of "How to learn Gaelic without a teacher" since the last St. Nicholas of Myra Fete in Francis Street.

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

## IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

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

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

We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

## MILK AND WHISKEY

**Watered Whiskey.**—Thos. J. O'Donoghue, 59 Sandwith Street, was, in the Police Court yesterday, fined £3 for selling four glasses of whiskey adulterated by the addition of 11 p.c. of water, being 32.7 degrees under proof. Mr. Bonass, for the Corporation, said there had been a previous summons against defendant.

**Milk and Water.**—For selling milk adulterated with water, Lce. O'Hanlon, The Grove, Ballymore-Eustace, was at the Police Court yesterday fined £3. Mr. Early, Solr., appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. V. E. Kirwan, solr., for defendant. Remarking that it was not a very serious case, Mr. Collins fined Andrew Cosgrave, Dundrum, £1 on a similar charge, Mr. E. H. Burne appearing for Pembroke Council, who prosecuted, and Mr. Shiel for defendant. When John Mahon, Meath St., was summoned for selling milk from which at least 10 p.c. of its fats had been abstracted, Mr. J. Shiel for accused, said the milk had not been interfered with, but had been sold exactly as it came from the cow. The hearing was adjourned for further evidence. Jas. Hill, Ballintemple, Woodenbridge, and Rd. Hill, Ballinpark, Avoca, were summoned for failing to take reasonable and proper precautions in connection with the distribution of milk, and fines of 15s. (and 10s. costs) and 10s. respectively, were imposed.

The one-sided point of view taken up by the dispensers of law in Police and other Courts makes one wonder at the strange mentality of these men of law who so openly misuse their power of punishing offenders. Dealing with the two paragraphs above—the gross miscarriage of justice in these cases is deplorable and wicked. The man who waters whiskey to the extent of reducing it to 32.7 degrees under proof is fined £3. The four cases of milk prosecutions as follows:—two for selling milk adulterated with water, one of them is fined £3, and the other £1. The man McMahon of Meath St., summoned for selling milk from which at least 10 p.c. of its fats had been abstracted, his case is adjourned for further evidence. And the fourth case of James Hill of Avoca summoned for failing to take reasonable and proper precautions in connection with the distribution of milk was fined 15s. (and 10s. costs) in one case, and 10s. in the other.

So now we have men dispensing justice in cases like these, men of intelligence, education and experience, men who know as well as we do that whiskey (and other alcoholic

drinks) are destroying the bodies and souls of the people of Ireland. Men who know that the drink mania, which is not confined to any one particular class of persons, is rampant in Ireland to-day, sapping the physical, mental and moral health of the Nation. If anything is to be done for the future good of the people of this country, then let some miracle be worked that will turn alcoholic drinks into water.

Insist that alcoholic drinks, such as brandy and whiskey (which are without a doubt of great benefit medicinally, especially in certain cases) that they be regulated to their proper place, i.e., the Medical Dispensers Shop, and that they be pure and unadulterated. Make the law in regard to these medical stimulants stringent and binding, so that they can only be procured by producing a doctor's order. This done, we would have less cases of milk adulteration, because then the people would have their minds clearer and a better outlook on life, and a greater interest in the material commodities that go to the building up of life.

The peculiarities of these two cases is that for adulterating a body and soul-destroying commodity a man is fined £3, while on the other hand four men who adulterated the food which is the very foundation of life, the food that is the principal sustenance of infant life, three out of these four men between them are only fined £5 15s., and one case is allowed to be adjourned. What a travesty of Justice.

Who are the greatest offenders in these milk adulteration cases—the milk purveyors—or the Dispensers of Justice. The idea of fining in these cases is ridiculous, no fine could be heavy enough, therefore these farcical Police Court cases should be done away with. The man or woman who adulterates milk, or who keeps it in unclean or uncovered vessels is guilty of a criminal act, and as criminals they should be treated. It is a much more terrible thing to injure human life in the very early stages of existence than it is to murder a full grown person, murder in all cases and at all times is wrong and horrible, but how much greater is the crime when it is perpetrated against innocent infant life, and the persons who adulterate milk have this crime against them, because not only do large numbers of infants die yearly from the effects of bad and adulterated milk, but should they be strong enough to withstand the affects of the adulteration, then all through life they suffer from indigestion and like ills. It is more than time that the people should themselves take up these questions and insist that certain rules govern over the shops where milk is exposed for sale, and that the first time a person is found and accused of adulterating milk that that person be for ever prevented from having either a shop or a conveyance for the sale of milk.

We are given to understand that Messrs. Wills, the English tobacco manufacturers from Bristol, England, intend opening their new factory shortly, and that they are bringing over one-fifth of the working staff with them, who are alleged to be members of an English Union. We suggest that they get a transfer to the Union that controls jurisdiction in these Free States. A nod is as good as a wink

## "INDEPENDENT" MIND.

JAMES LARKIN, G.S.

DUBLIN.

Comrades—I see by the "Independent" of the 11th a statement that you have started a new union. Might I beg to point out that if this is accurate it is not consistent with what Jim Larkin is supposed to stand for.

Is it not your boast that you were the founder of the I.T. & G.W. Union, that it is more than your own life to you; and yet, if this statement be true, it is your intention to smash it. And after all is there any necessity for another union? You say that certain leaders are untrue to it's ideals. Well, if so, has it not been agreed that if G.S. statements are true that those leaders will be removed; where then is there any necessity of another union? I'm afraid that such action will give colour to certain statements that Jim Larkin does not care a damn about the ideal of the Union for which James Connolly gave his life, and that if he, "Jim Larkin," cannot be top dog in this Union he means to be top dog in some Union. Please Jim, don't take this in the nature of criticism, it's not, but an honest attempt to knock the bottom out of propaganda that is injuring our class. Can't you see with your intelligence where it's all leading? Six months ago we were a power; employers feared us; to-day they laugh at us. And who suffers? None but the rank and file; and all because those same employers believe we are a house divided.

Look here, Jim, you are a Big Man. For God's sake and the sake of our class do the Big Thing. State publicly that there is no division in the ranks of the I.T. That there is no intention of having another Union. That the differences amongst certain officials is a matter that has been referred to the members. Go over to 35, take up your duties, let the errors of the past be buried. Give to the rank and file the knowledge that the leaders are a united body, and inside of a month we shall have regained all the ground we have lost. What does it matter, in a few years we shall all have passed but the cause shall live. JOSEPH J. HUGHES.

Our Comrade (?) is a man of "Independent mind" you will note. He read it in the "Independent" and therefore it must be true. If the Comrade will read with an open and receptive mind the columns of the "Irish Worker" for Srpt. 8th, 1923, he will get some idea as to what the "Irish Worker" League (not Union! Comrade) was organised for. If the putrid venial press of this country, which is paid to lie about any man or woman who is opposed to the present system of society, prints a manifestly untrue report of a meeting, or a deliberate misconstruction of a person's statement or speech. Our Comrade (?) accepts the "Independent's" report. Go to Comrade! Your brand of unionism, Comrade, is the "Independent" brand. If you were a union man and ever appreciated the message of the Irish Transport Union, you would be ashamed to acknowledge that you read such a putrid, union-hating sheet. How quick the impartial Comrade is to accept reports coloured or plain. There is a vital need that the ideal,

and the realisation of the ideal of the Irish Transport Union should be ever kept before the members of the Union. Yes! Jim Connolly died for the vision beautiful, and other men and women died for the ideals of this Union. And other men and women may have to die. A lot of unscrupulous pie card artists, intriguers and corrupt job-seekers have exploited their association with Jim Connolly in life, and his sacrifice in death. The way to justify Connolly's work and sacrifice is to emulate him in life. Carry on his work. Not to make the Union a job trust for a group of unconscionable intriguers and a machine to control the workers in the interests of the employers. It is to laugh, Comrade! Six months ago, Comrade this union of men and women was a joke to the employers. They, the employers, were manipulating them like marionettes. Ask the employers. Nay, ask your own comrades throughout the length and breadth of the country. Get the records of agreements privately arrived at. Study the present crisis. See the self-elected leaders in action. Note the way they are handling the present problem. Thousands of pounds spent on manipulating the machine, so that they may retain control. The money spent, Comrade, by these Boyos to retain power and to achieve political ambition for themselves, if expended in the interests of the members would have bought steamers, motors and the necessary power to decide the outcome of the struggle. Your leaders, Comrade, don't want to win. They only want to control or ruin. Yes, Comrade, we will in a short time have regained the old spirit, renewed our faith, perfected our organisation, cut away the canker in the heart of the Union, the tumorous growth in the brain, given strength to the limbs and confidence to the body of the organisation. Not individuals—but the Union over all. Its security, its development, its power our sole concern. Not Larkin or another, or a selfish group. "The Cause." The Union is but the means to realise our ideal. And the "Irish Worker League" is intended to be the directive and co-ordinating force not only in the Transport Union, but in every other Union. An intelligence manifesting power, stimulating the activity of the Union members (the apathetic ones); helping them on with the stick—of criticism—encouraging the weak. Relentlessly pursuing the corrupt and malevolent time serving, job seeking creature, member or mis-called leader in the ranks of organised labour. Solidarity our slogan—Education our means—Our Ideal, that outlined in the preamble to the constitution and rules of the Transport Union written by your humble servant and Comrade Jim Larkin.

No less than 7,850 murders were committed in the United States last year, besides 6,790 cases of unjustifiable homicide.

Ireland is not the only British Colony that wishes to sever its connection with the Empire. Mr. Tielman, speaking at the Transvaal National Congress, said that the idea of a Republic would always be the ideal of that party, and he predicted that very soon nine-tenths of the people of South Africa would declare for a Republic. It's coming. Aye! for all that.

We print the effusion from this superannuated American Bootlegger for three different reasons, first to show the type of superfine blackleg they develop in America. Secondly to tell this gent that his statement about industrial organisation is made out of whole cloth, and a lie a yard wide. Scranton, Penn., is the largest coal area best Unionised district in the United States, and no such procedure is known as changing the strike or dispute committee during a dispute in any part of America or outside America for that matter. And thirdly so that we may have a reason for publishing one day's record taken from the headlines of the Chicago papers, proving that this peripatathic Yankee cousin ought to take back with him a few missionaries from Fair Lane or the coal quay of Corcaigh. The beam—out of thine eyes fair cousin—we will take care of the mote irritating our optic.

**HEAR AN AMERICAN TALK.**

\* Sir,—For a man of Irish parentage visiting the land of his forefathers, treasuring in his mind the story of her bye-gone glories and sufferings, and bearing in his heart an inherited love for her rugged hoary hills and smiling valleys, for her winding streams and for her lovely coves and fjords, it is a saddening experience to and the old country so riven and disorganised as she is at the present time.

She is still torn by political quarrels, but her long experience of faction should have taught her that all her people cannot possibly think in the same way. There is some excuse—if not some justification—for every political point of view. All sections are entitled to their opinions. The more crazy these are the less harm they can do, for the sane people will always be in the majority. But there must be order and discipline and obedience to authority, if the nation is to live. I don't like all the legislative enactments of the United States. I regard some as gross infringements on personal liberty, but, nevertheless, I, for one, try to obey them faithfully as a duty to my country. Our lawgivers have acted according to their lights. If they were wrong, their mistakes will be rectified in time by wiser men.

Ireland is a young country as a nation. There will be great opportunities later for beneficial legislation, but don't expect miracles from a change of government. Prosperity does not come from any particular form of government in any country. It comes from work, and from nothing else. Solon, Lycurgus, Napoleon Bonaparte, or the framer of the Brehon Laws, could not by their admirable codes bring prosperity to a people who did not believe in work. Their laws were chiefly intended to protect the worker and to preserve the fruits of his labour for himself and his children. To take by force the fruits of another man's labour is wrong, according to pagan as well as to Christian ethics.

In trying to understand your industrial disputes I am at a loss to grasp the Irish attitude of mind regarding the status of employer and worker. Ireland seems to be a land of illimitable and complicated social distinctions—all of a very artificial and flimsy character, in my opinion. There seems to exist still in Eirinn a lot of that parish pride of which my dear old mother used to

speak. She was not quite free of it herself, for a worthy Congressman of our town could never find favour with her, because his father was wont to shoe her father's horses and repair his ploughs long ago in County Cork. In America we have not that strong line of demarcation between the boss and his men. A workingman regards himself as good as his employer, and, if he is worth his salt, he looks forward to the day when he will be boss in a business of his own. No young Irishman with intelligence and ambition ever left Cobh for a foreign land who did not set out "to make his fortune"—otherwise to come out on top somewhere, and play a captain's part in directing other men in some branch or other of the world's work.

It seemed very strange to me, then, when passing through your city, a couple of weeks ago, to see posters on your walls calling on the workers to "arise," and, speaking contemptuously of some individuals on the side of capital in your city as men who had once been Fenians and office boys. Fenian! Is that a reproach in Ireland now-a-days? Was Michael Doheny, or Clarke Luby, or John Boyle O'Reilly unfit to become the manager or the owner of a small business in a small town? Yet, they stood high in the esteem of the people of America. It seemed doubly strange that it is labour which apparently desires to keep the caste of capital unswayed by infiltration from the caste of employees. Am I to understand that the workingman in Ireland has no desire to see his own bright, intelligent little son some day rise from the position of office boy to that of manager of some big concern? Does he wish to chain himself and his children and his children's children (no matter how richly endowed in God-given talents) to the unchangeable caste of a navy or longshoreman? In America we have—and must have—navies and longshoremen. We value them and pay them well. Some never wish to be any different. But we think a lot more of the man who, from being a navy, rises himself to a more useful place in the nation's work—to a position where brain rather than brawn finds play. This self-uplifting has been achieved by hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, who have made good in many departments in industrial America. It is men like them who have made America great. The pace is set by the best men in every branch of business, and the result is more efficiency, more output, more work, more wages.

In Ireland, unfortunately, the pace is the pace of the slowest and the most incompetent. There is no stimulus to talent or energy, so work goes on in the old ruts, without expansion—if not in a gradual shrinking to extinction. I can see all around many evidences of dead enterprises. Many of these, I am told, were killed by strikes.

You have a serious strike on, just now. Strikes have a way of continuing to drag along unaccountably, as well as of breaking out unaccountably.

Workers should protect themselves against both. I remember a series of strikes back in the eighties in the town of Scranton, Pennsylvania—one of the great iron and steel centres of America. Generally, the men were stamped into the

strikes. That was easy. But to get out of them was hard. I remember one very protracted strike. The men were sick and tired of it. Homes were broken up, and there was a big exodus from Scranton. There was actual want and suffering amongst those who had to remain. The employers were tired of it. Their property was depreciating every week. The greenhorn Italians and Scandinavians were not a success, and everyone was dissatisfied. Yet, the parties chiefly interested could not be brought together. Why did it last so long? Because a small number of strike bosses had a direct pecuniary incentive in its continuance—they were well paid, while the workers on strike got a pittance. When the union funds were exhausted the strike ended. In most American industries, now-a-days, there is no strike unless a fixed majority—two-thirds or three-fifths—vote for it. Consequently, strikes are less frequent than they used to be.

Should a strike, unfortunately, break out, there is, in most centres, a provision that all the Labour Union officials are put on strike pay, and every member of the Strike Council

gets the same allowance as the humblest member. Very probably the same rule applies here and in England.

But there is another safeguard we have, only recently established, and that is, the Strike Council is elected only for one week. At the end of each week one-fourth of the number must retire for at least a week, and are replaced by different men, voted to the vacancies, so that at the end of four weeks there may be an entirely different set of men acting. This gets over the difficulty of the pig-headed man, who won't admit he has made a mistake. He saves his amour propre when he has to retire according to rule, and his policy is reversed by somebody else.

Finally, I would say, to employer and worker, a lock-out or a strike is the next thing to a crime. Each constitutes wilful waste and destruction—moral and material. In this age there should be found other means of settling the differences which will inevitably arise between the boss and his men.—Yours truly,

AMERICAN COUSIN.

September 5th, 1923.

**AMERICANA**

**One Day's Happenings in Chicago**

**INTERESTING. EH! WHAT!!**

**DR. BUNDESEN CONDEMNED CELLS AT HARRISON ST.**

Not fit for any animal, Health Chief finds.

**POLICEMAN WHO KILLED INNOCENT BOY SUSPENDED.**

**WIDOW'S STORY WINS RELEASE IN POISON CASE.**

**2,000 IN PANIC AT CAR MEN'S HALL SHOOTING.**

**ROB COMISKEY HOME AND GET \$8,775 IN LOOT.**

**AUTO ACCIDENTS INCREASE HERE, FIGURES SHOW**

Twenty-seven crashes a day is average.

**213 WOMEN, MEN SEIZED IN RAID ON 'CRIME NESTS'**

**INNOCENT YOUTH SLAIN BY POLICE.**

Mistaken in Auto for a Gang of Bandits.

**3 MORE DEATHS ADDED TO TOLL OF AUTOMOBILES.**

County's Speed Fatalities now total 437.

**CRIPPLED BOY SLAIN BY FATHER CRAZED BY 'MOON.'**

**BOY DISAPPEARS; ANOTHER ROGERS KIDNAPPING SEEN.**

Mother thinks sister fled with lad.

**FORMER POLICE OPERATOR DEAD FROM MOONSHINE.**

We are reluctantly compelled to cut out a number of these word movers of Chicago life.

**TAXICAB DRIVER SHOT BY WOMAN PASSENGER.**

**NEGRO SLAIN AS HE RIFLED HOUSE IS IDENTIFIED.**

**FIND 2 WOMEN SHOT TO DEATH.**

Denver Mystery Killing unsolved by Police.

**ACCUSED BY GIRL, AGED 15.**

Policeman's Pistol halts crowd.

**TRAIL OF LOST CHILD LEADS TO BABY FARM.**

**HOPES KIDNAPPER RELENTS; LEAVES BUGGY FOR BABY.**

100 N.Y. Detectives hunt stolen infant.

**MURDER INQUIRY IS REOPENED IN WOMAN'S DEATH.**

State's Attorney plans to call in neighbours.

**15 HELD AS GANGSTERS.**

Police search visitors to prevent attempt at rescue.

**POSSE SLAYS EX-POLICEMAN GONE AMUCK.**

**DOZEN BANDITS IN OKLAHOMA ROB PASSENGER TRAIN.**

**DENIED SUITOR OF CHOICE, GIRL TRIES SUICIDE.**

**LOOP HOTEL IS HELD UP; ONE OF TWO BANDITS SHOT.**

## A PERSONAL REPLY

In the last issue there was reprinted an article, in the form of a letter clipped from John De Voy's "Garlic American," a newspaper printed and published in America, and known as Paddy Kelly's Budget. The letter, written by De Voy himself, is signed J. Dempsey, Glasnevin, Dublin, and dated July 20th. This is an old trick of the wily one, to write letters to himself defaming individuals, he dare not attack under his own name. This anonymous, mud-slinging and moral assassination method through poisoned letter writing was one of the first insights we got into the treacherous character of this Moran. I do not intend to emulate his methods.

John De Voy's memory, like his hearing, fails him. George E. Russell (Æ) is not as yet a Senator, worthy or unworthy. The Glasnevin Ghost, Dempsey, should have known better. I agree, Mr. William O'Brien, formerly of Dail Eireann, John! and of Liberty Hall—wait and see—could have lied in a more statesmanlike manner. Quinlan of U.S.A. can answer for himself. How does Dempsey (De Voy) know why I went to America. Any documents John? The Irish Transport Union was not bankrupt. I had paid £3,600 deposit on Liberty Hall, April, 1914. We also paid £150 for Emmet Hall, Inchicore, and took a lease of Croydon Park for 33 years. The Union was worth £6,000 in money and property on October 15th 1914. We had a claim against the British Military Authorities for trespass and damage to our Inchicore property. So much for the bankruptcy. As to my own mischievous presence:—granted. Kitchen and the British Government thought so too.

How does Dempsey, the Glasnevin Ghost, know what credentials I carried. De Voy knew—unfortunately for me and those I represented. De Voy and his master Colohan knew, and they thought them of sufficient importance that in November, 1914, they implored me not to enter into any negotiations; that they already had tentative arrangements made with certain powers. The credentials I carried empowered me to arrange with any person, group or Government, relations conducive to the interests of both parties. De Voy knows what letters I carried. They were left in his care. Let him produce them.

One of the letters given into the care of De Voy was as follows:—  
**Irish Trades Union Congress and Labour Party**

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE,  
Dublin, October 16th, 1914

To all whom it may concern.

The bearer, Jim Larkin, was our President for last year and is our Vice-President for the current year. He is going to the United States on special business; he has all our confidence and any assistance given to him will be taken as a personal compliment by each and particularly by—Yours truly, P. T. Daly, Sec.

That is sufficient answer to Dempsey-De Voy as to the existence of an Irish Labour Party in 1914. I don't know what organisation— I.R.B., Irish Volunteers—or if any

authorised Tom Clarke, Sean McDermott, Padraig Pearse to give the letters conveyed and delivered to De Voy. I know De Voy received them. I know Jim Connolly was not, up to the time we left Ireland, a member of the I.R.B. or any other organisation except the "Irish Transport Union" and the "Irish Socialist Party." I have never spoken to any man in Ireland as a member of the I.R.B. or any centre of the I.R.B. I have never enquired if any man was, or was not, a member of the I.R.B. I have never enquired as to their views—or their business. I don't know what degree of confidence or approval they confer on me, or of how sure they were of me in 1914. I have never consulted them as an organisation.

De Voy knows and I will prove that, though not a member of the Clan-na-Gael, that he and others entrusted me with messages and instructions to be delivered to camps in the United States, and that no man ever heard me speak a word of those messages outside a camp or to which camps they were delivered. How did Dempsey of Glasnevin (?) know whether me had credentials from Tom Clarke. De Voy knows and De Voy admits I delivered a letter to him from Tom Clarke. Let him produce that and other documents and the balance of the money (£5,190) entrusted to him in June, 1915, and which monies he refuses to account for. I know not the value of my own talk. I know, and others know, that I dared to speak out when few dared. And I spoke to some purpose, history proves. I am sorry for my manners but I was denied the refinements of Naas Workhouse, and home influence of the Stable Yard of Darcey's Brewery, John! How does Dempsey from Glasnevin know what I was doing in America? He says I forgot the mission I was charged with, and its obligations. So Dempsey-De Voy, I had a mission, eh! Will Dempsey-De Voy tell me what money I got without working for it. Lived pretty good—by me sowl yes, I did, but not in the Murray Hill Hotel, Dempsey-De Voy, like you and other super-revolutionists. Yes! I spoke many times in 29th Street, New York. Yet De Voy nor his faction dare never dispute anything I said.

I have said in America what Monsignor Power and Patrick MacCartan said about Dan Colohan and "His Master's Voice" De Voy in the Aeolian Hall, 42nd Street, New York, and with more reason and knowledge.

If Dempsey from Glasnevin or any other Ghost, or any man or woman dare challenge any statement I have made in any public hall in this city, I will only be too glad to meet them. If any member of the Irish Transport Union can be produced in Dublin who ever got any help from De Voy, I will be glad to see him in the flesh. Maybe Captain Robins is one.

No Clan-na-Gael got me back from Mexico. De Voy gave my cable message to the American Secret Service, though pledged to keep my mission secret. Jas. K. Maguire sent me two hundred dollars through

Iselin Bankers, New York to Mexico City. And De Voy, though holding at that time over six thousand dollars at my call, found reasons to delay sending what he was in honour bound to send. No person knew of my presence in Mexico except Jas. K. Maguire, De Voy and Joseph Donnelly, now in this country.

As to my sneaking home—well! The whole world knows whether I sneaked home. Every newspaper in the universe carried the story. I challenge any man or woman to prove that I ever sought any assistance from any section of the Irish Movement, and if I had known that Patrick MacCartan had sent Quinlan to seek bail money from De Voy I would have publicly repudiated any such action. I did not know until the Action of De Voy against Montague and Joseph McGarrity to recover \$5,000 bail money, that De Voy had been approached. I would have stopped in jail for life sooner than be under an obligation to him. And anyone, anywhere, who says I requested in writing or in word financial, moral or other help from any individual, group or party lies—and lies maliciously. Yes, I have always been Republican, in all places and under all conditions, unqualified and with head unbowed. Larkin appealed not once or twice for a passport to the British Consuls (plural) John! and was refused even "when everyone was doing it," and was the only one refused. And I sent home two sums of £100 and Dan Colohan sent home on my behalf £338 to pay off the mortgage on Liberty Hall, and further, John Gill came over here as my personal representative to distribute the monies brought over by Eugene O'Kelly and Murphy of Dublin. I always openly, in all places, said I was not a Sinn Feiner, am not, and never will be. If any man can give date or place in Ireland or out that I ever ran away from a fight, let them come forward. My attitude towards Eamon De Valera is on record. I am not a follower of any man. I have stated publicly on platform and in writing, here and in America, also gave for record in interviews published at home and abroad my opinion of Eamon De Valera. A clean, upright, Christian gentleman, worthy of any man or woman's respect, confidence and support, that is if they accept his policy and programme. Apart from his policy and programme, he is a man of proved integrity and honesty of purpose. I challenge any man or woman to say I ever spoke one word of disparagement against him at any time, in public or in private. I have, and will continue at all times and places to criticise his policy and programme. And I was the only man and the first man to tell Eamon De Valera in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York City, Harry Boland and Sean Nunan being present in the ante-room, of the conspiracy (he then being the elected President of the Republic) to destroy him by De Voy and Colohan and the clique organised in the Murray Hill Hotel, New York. That conspiracy was organised before the split and the Treaty. And De Voy's devilish foul and traitorous mind conceived the plot; and because of that conspiracy thousands of men have died, thousands of men and women are rotting in gaol and the Republic is yet to be achieved. I have never shown any loyalty, ostentations or

## First Come! First Served!

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

otherwise to a Republic. I have always been loyal to Republican principles. I have never belonged to any party but the Labour Movement. No man or woman dare say I ever aligned myself, made any political deal with, associated officially or appeared on any platform with any party except the Labour Party. Jim Larkin does not care if he stood alone, he has lived by his principles and by his principles he will live. I came back to unite nobody but the Working Class. If anybody could split a movement further and deeper than the Sinn Fein Movement was split when I came home, then words have no meaning.

Death, black, bloody hate and death walked with leaden feet through the land. There has been a change. I would like to know the name of the stalwart Republican who said "Jim never had any arms to surrender." I carried a gun when few of the Generals and Commandants would dare stand up and be counted; and carried one with honour. I believe and have dared to state that Republican principles can be established without the gun. I have said and continue to say that there was no disgrace, nor can be any disgrace, in surrendering arms under certain conditions. I say in this matter, my friends who differ with me (and who claim they believe in a Republic) think differently on tactics, they decided to hold their arms. They have to justify themselves, not I. When I suggested they should organise and fight at the ballot box, I was decried. Later they qualified their refusal. Later still they realised the advice given was sound. They have been to the ballot box, the results have justified me; and if all of my advice had been followed they would have had their comrades out of prison now, and instead of 44 would have 104 members in An Dail, and in the near future their Land free and united. I am sorry (Dempsey of Glasnevin) has got to return to 165 William St., New York. De Voy must have heard the cock crow. Some day he will hear the cock crow three times and remember those whom he betrayed.

Quite a lot of people are very indignant because Jack Dempsey is paid £200,000 for fighting a few rounds with boxers who are his inferiors, and who consequently are unable to give him a run for his money. They very easily forget the salaries that are paid to company directors to attend four or five meetings per year and declare dividends for people who never did a hand's turn to earn them. Jack Dempsey has to work hard for his money, but who ever heard of a director working at all, never mind hard. It would be a fine idea to hire out these sneak-thieves to "Big Jack" as sparring partners and let him beat some decency and manhood into them.

Ó'n sclúid.

I nDiaid an éada.

Tá for ar an scaine if ar an ngleáir anoir, cápla an togsaí Mór...

An tOrao.

O'Éirís le luic na Poblaéca i bpaó ní bpearr ná mar ceapaó...

Don bean a pacáó ar árdán, agus a coinneoaó uipéi as caint ar feaó...

na páiréir i an tOrao.

Díod fin mar tá, if mór an t-áru-zaó a táimis ar'phoc na nuaríeacáí...

Tugamar faoi deara fheirín nár eiriz an t-Independence an fuasga a cur ipceac do luic 'Sinn Féin'...

áinín Críofaríeacá a éleacáó, óéanpaó pé maicear an tpaosaí do. An fear céanna fin a rígníod an tpeacé...

San bheas, ac if deap na páiréir atá agáinn anoir i nÉirinn fáir...

Cá raib an saeóitiz.

Ar óubpaó faoi an nSaeóitiz pul táimis an togsaí oráinn, agus ar óubpaó airí le linn an togsaí...

Acé amáin ar óub-pamar féin ar Saeóitiz—agus as sae tisonóí dá pabamar óubpamar a beas nó...

páiréir saeóitiz.

Tá éirís nó pé ve ceanna díod pó dá zcur i zcló faoi látair. Nílro ac as mílleaó a éite, mar naé...

Dá ndéanac éirise ar na páiréirib fin ar fao i 'Fáinne-an-Lae' a méabusaó agus a feabruzaó...

Tá airgeaó dá éiteacáí faoi látair zo fánaó ar a beir as íarraríe canáinna a'fcoméal i n-uacéar. Tá an 'Stoc' dá féiteaó...

pleárg ann in don óor—agus éuité ceann díod fin as íarraríe a bprocaroí féin a éiomáic i lár an...

Tá fear maic tuizríonac Saeóeacáí anoir i mbun 'Fáinne an Lae,' agus dá ndéanac malarie...

éan aille.

NATIVE IRISH SPEAKER

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

RUSSIA DOING BUSINESS WITH UNITED STATES.

Special Moscow cable to Times says agreements between Russian Foreign Trade Monopoly Bureau and an allied American Corporation is resulting in good Russo-American trade development. Agreement stipulated a yearly turnover must not be less than £2,400,000 and that imports into Russia must not exceed exports. American firm concluded contracts for £1,000,000 worth of business during the first month of agreement. Orders include £250,000 of American cotton, 40,000 block tin, £65,000 Ford automobiles and parts, £50,000 typewriters, and £20,000 machinery, tools, etc.

(In Foreign Paper.)

RUSSIA REDIVIDUS.

The Russian Soviet Mercantile Fleet will shortly open a direct service between Petrograd and London on alternate Fridays, and returning on Saturdays. We hope to soon see them in Dublin.

NOT THE "STUPID ENGLISH" THIS TIME.

Mr. F. L. Baldwin, cousin of the British Prime Minister, has taken old Father Time by the forelock. He has crossed to Russia as a representative of Becos Traders, Ltd., an association of 80 British engineering firms, to re-open their pre-War trade with that country. Mr. Baldwin can evidently recognise a good thing quicker than his esteemed cousin, who still persists in placing every ridiculous obstacle he can think of in the way of those who are anxious to establish Anglo-Russian trade relations on a sound footing. It seems that the Baldwin family lives up to the old saying: "There is a fool and a wise man in every family." Our readers will not need any directions as to how to find the fool.

OUR OPINION.

If the opinion of Dublin was as sane, sound and serviceable as "DUBLIN OPINION," price three pence, now on sale—it would be worth while. Not an advertisement, but an appreciation.

"Another little story wouldn't do us any harm."

Below you will find another little story from America. We don't know whether it's the climate, or the water or whether they catch it from the newspapers, but at some time or other most Americans (especially Irish Americans) get bitten by the germ commonly known as "chancing your arm." It seems that this bright specimen had a particular busy time carrying Republican ladies around in sacks, but we humbly suggest that a mistake has been made when he states that one of them was the wife of General Bofin. We think he meant to say "the wife of General Bovine," otherwise the Moo-Moo. We'll leave you to his tender mercies now.

DESCRIBES RESCUE OF MRS. DE VALERA.

American Youth Who Fought With Irish Rebels Returns to Parents Here.

WAS SENTENCED TO DIE.

John Daly, 19, Says He Was Facing Firing Squad When Hughes Interceded.

John P. Daly, aged 19, an American-born soldier in the Irish Republican Army, who says he saved the wife of President De Valera of the Irish Republic when she was surrounded by Irish Free State troops by carrying her off in a sack, has just returned to this country and is with his parents at 137 Buena Vista Avenue, Yonkers, where he described his adventures yesterday.

Before fighting against Irish Free State troops he fought the Black and Tan military police.

Not alone did he save Mrs. De Valera's life when she was trapped in a building near Dublin, but on another occasion, he says, he rescued the wife of General Bofin, Commander in Chief of the Republican forces in County Leitrim. Daly was finally caught himself in the Arigna Mountains and imprisoned.

On one occasion, he said, he was backed up against a wall and was to be shot by the Free Staters but, through the intercession of Secretary of State Hughes he received a reprieve and was ultimately set free.

"I have been fighting for the Irish Republican cause since I was 10 years old," he said. "I was born in New York City, but was taken to Ireland when 3 years old and lived there since, although my parents have been in America all this time. When my parents heard I was released, after being sentenced to death, they sent me money for my fare home."

Michael J. Daly, who is a naturalized citizen of the United States, is father of the young Irish rebel. Mrs. Daly, his mother, said: "The boy was covered with bruises from fighting. He was a terrible sight, and had a nervous breakdown."

Because of his condition, his parents would not let him talk at length about his rescues.

"What ought to be done with De Valera" exclaimed an angry female whose spartan sons won renown on many fields under many flags. We respectfully suggest that he should be de Clared.

**Irish Transport and General Workers' Union**  
LIBERTY HALL.  
LOCKED-OUT COMMITTEE.

**COLLECTIONS.**

12th Sept., 1923.

|                                              |        |
|----------------------------------------------|--------|
| <b>Book No. 1—</b>                           |        |
| Bros. Clear, per-Tom Stone                   | 20 0 0 |
| Patterson                                    | 14 8 0 |
| Deputy Mayor Alfred E. Bryne                 | 10 0 0 |
| Army & Navy Veterans' Club,<br>per F. Cleary | 2 2 0  |
| St. Brendan G.F.C.                           | 2 2 0  |
| W. H. Darker                                 | 2 2 0  |
| Mrs. O'Neill                                 | 1 10 0 |
| Mrs. McDonnell                               | 1 0 0  |
| Chas. Smith                                  | 1 0 0  |
| T. Kelly, Bros.                              | 0 10 0 |
| Sundries                                     | 9 6 0  |

|                                                  |         |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------|
| <b>Book No. 5—P. Doody,</b><br>Dub. Gen. SS. Co. | 12 10 0 |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------|

|                              |         |
|------------------------------|---------|
| <b>Book No. 13—Patterson</b> | 9 18 2  |
| <b>Book No. 19—J. Mackin</b> | 12 15 0 |
| <b>Book No. 24—D. Burke</b>  | 12 9 0  |

|                                |        |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| <b>Book No. 66—W. Houlihan</b> |        |
| Small sums                     | 6 12 0 |
| James Mulvaney                 | 0 10 0 |
| John Kennedy                   | 0 5 0  |
|                                | 7 7 6  |

|                                 |        |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| <b>Book No. 68—M. Cavanagh.</b> |        |
| Small sums                      | 8 0 0  |
| Mr. Perkins                     | 1 0 0  |
| Mr. P. Maguire                  | 1 0 0  |
| John Tighe                      | 0 10 0 |
| M. Dunne                        | 0 5 0  |
| Duggan                          | 0 5 0  |
| C. Gallagher                    | 0 5 0  |
| P. Farrell                      | 0 5 0  |
| P. McNamara                     | 0 5 0  |
| Miss Columbin                   | 0 5 0  |
|                                 | 12 0 0 |

|                                        |         |
|----------------------------------------|---------|
| <b>Book No. 72—Fuller &amp; Kelly.</b> | 9 16 0  |
| <b>Book No. 74—J. Crowley</b>          |         |
| Small sums                             | 6 14 6  |
| P. Marshall                            | 0 10 0  |
| T. Cormack                             | 0 10 0  |
| John O'Brien                           | 0 10 0  |
| A. Grehan                              | 0 10 0  |
| J. Connolly                            | 0 10 0  |
| Seumas Maoilfinn                       | 0 10 0  |
| J. Cuxton                              | 0 10 0  |
| McArthur                               | 0 10 0  |
| John O'Doherty                         | 0 5 0   |
| McGuffyan                              | 0 5 0   |
| J. Healy                               | 0 5 0   |
| T.C., 114 Amiens St.                   | 0 5 0   |
| P. J. M.                               | 0 5 0   |
| Belfast Papist                         | 0 6 0   |
| M. O'Connell                           | 0 5 0   |
| T. Moylan                              | 0 5 0   |
|                                        | 12 15 6 |

|                                 |        |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| <b>Book No. 79—M. Begga</b>     | 4 5 0  |
| <b>Book No. 81—J. Boylan</b>    | 8 13 3 |
| <b>Book No. (9)—P. Kavanagh</b> | 12 4 0 |
| <b>Book No. 25—J. Ball</b>      | 7 15 0 |
| <b>Book No. 37—J. McGann</b>    |        |
| Small sums                      | 8 6 0  |
| Trades' Hall Employees          | 1 7 6  |
|                                 | 9 13 6 |

|                               |         |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| <b>Book No. 64—J. Scully</b>  | 9 9 6   |
| <b>Book No. 65—Leo Cullen</b> | 3 11 4  |
| <b>Book No. 29—J. Boylan</b>  | 12 12 0 |
| <b>Book No. 4—P. O'Neil</b>   | 7 16 6  |
| <b>Book No. 48—W. Moore</b>   | 9 15 6  |

|                                         |       |
|-----------------------------------------|-------|
| <b>Sandyford Contingent—per Mooney.</b> |       |
| J. Gill                                 | 0 2 6 |
| Wm. Neville                             | 0 2 6 |
| T. Conroy                               | 0 2 6 |
| M. McChuskey                            | 0 2 6 |
| T. Mooney                               | 0 2 6 |
| C. O'Rourke                             | 0 2 6 |
| P. Moran                                | 0 2 6 |
| F. Doyle                                | 0 2 6 |
| M. Flood                                | 0 2 6 |

|                    |        |
|--------------------|--------|
| <b>Book No. 4</b>  | 7 16 6 |
| <b>Book No. 48</b> | 9 15 6 |
| <b>Book No. 73</b> | 11 3 0 |

Gorey T.D. declared during the Election he'd use the lash himself. Gorey by name and nature exclaims a contemporary. We wouldn't agree. The T.D. may have been on the look-out for an official position for Gorey Junior. Was it not once suggested to the Grand Old Man to apprentice his son to Jack Ketch. Don't statesmen follow in each other's footsteps.

**Great Rally**

**CROKE PARK**

**Sunday, 16th September, 1923**

(By kind permission of the Gaelic Athletic Association and Dublin Senior County Association)

**CHAMPION GAELIC FOOTBALL MATCH**  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF  
**THE LOCKED-OUT WORKERS**  
(PORT DISPUTE)

Two teams selected from the players of St. Brendan's, St. Mary's The Kickhams, the Geraldines, the Laurence O'Tooles

**ST. BRENDAN'S v. ST. MARY'S**

Selected Selected

**Kick-off 4 p.m.** (All Ireland Champions, 1922)

**JIM LARKIN will throw in the Ball**

Messrs. Elverys, The Elephant House, O'Connell St., have generously provided a special ball for the Match

St. Laurence O'Toole's, James Connolly Pipers and other Bands are to be in attendance

**A Special Feature!**

**A SENIOR LEAGUE SCHOOLBOYS' MATCH**

will also be played-off at 5.30 p.m.

**WHISPER!**

St. Brendan's think they can whip their weight in wild cats

**Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.**

**NOTICES.**

**GROCERS' PORTERS.**

Sunday, October 16th, at 11 o'clock a meeting of Grocers' Porters will be held in the Hall, High St. All Grocers' Porters must attend. Jim Larkin will address the meeting.

ALL Shop Stewards, in the city and vicinity, are summoned to attend at Liberty Hall, October 16th, Sunday morning, 12.30. Comrade Doran, of Boland's, will take the chair. Jim Larkin will attend.

Usual Meeting, noon Sunday, outside Liberty Hall.

Review of the week by Jim Larkin.

Band and torchlight procession, Saturday evening, of members and supporters of the Union, to show their solidarity with women and men locked out, will parade the city.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union No. 1 Brass and Reed Band, No. 3 James Connolly Pipers' Band, No. 5 Old Guard Fife and Drum Band—(O'Connell Guard Band, owing to contest, cannot be with us)—other bands will join in "A Feast of Music and a fiew of Soul."

A flotilla of American destroyers have been wrecked off the Pacific coast. The disaster is said to be due to the latest earthquake.

Well! The Japs can't expect to grab all the limelight from the quake.

We had intended to publish a weekly instalment of the annual returns of the I.T. & G.W.U. as submitted to the Registrar, Mr. O'Connor Miley. We have had to postpone the matter. You can figure it out yourself!

Though the Annual Report of the Transport Union—is on sale—the Annual Return—audited!—is not yet in the hands of the Registrar—Selah! You can figure it out yourself!

Speech overheard at a Farmers' Election Meeting.

"I'm as good a Republican as any man in this crowd. I want you to vote No. 1 for — and you can all go to bloody hell afterwards." The Farmer was returned.

County Councils may function or cease to exist but Commissioners are the order of the day. What exactly is the position in the South Dublin Union? Do the Guardians or the Commissioners rule? What is the Commissioners' pay? What his qualifications for the post? He seems an all round man. The Reading Public of the City of the Tribes might be given an opportunity of expressing an opinion on the subject. Beyond labelling the unfortunate inmates with white collars and sleeve wrists we find no great change in S.D.U. affairs. Isn't it about time that either the Guardians or the position of Commissioner were brought to an end. Such action would save the ratepayers either the Commissioner's pay or the cost of an Election. It must be borne in mind that we must get 10 millions somewhere within the next two months, and every little makes a muckle.

The Irish jockeys will in future ride in Green, White and Gold colours. Sean Milroy and Alfie Byrne have been returned to Parliament. The Sweepstakes Bill is saved.

Bill O'Brien has decided to write up his Reminiscences. The Tailors' Co-Partnership, or "Shoddy for Portrane" will form not the least interesting chapter of the volume

PHONE DUBLIN 314.

THE

**Gaelic Press**

National Printers and Publishers

PRINTERS OF "THE IRISH WORKER"

All Classes of Printing executed with NEATNESS & DESPATCH GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER

NOTE ADDRESS—

21 Upr. Liffey St., Dublin

**GRAND REPUBLICAN VICTORY CONCERT**

**THEATRE ROYAL**  
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

BEST IRISH-IRELAND ARTISTES' WILL CONTRIBUTE, AND ADDRESS WILL BE DELIVERED

Dubh C6m 50 mBeir6ea Ann

**EVERYTHING IN THE TYPEWRITER LINE**

**FOLEY'S**  
83 Mid. Abbey St. DUBLIN

**O'CONNOR'S**  
7 Lower Marlborough Street

THE HOUSE FOR IRISH ROLL, PLUGS, FLAKES, Etc.

Everything a Smoker Requires

Bicycles Stove Enamelled and Lined, New Guards Fitted, only 20/- Secondhand Cycles and all accessories always in stock.

PROMPT REPAIRS TO ALL MAKES

**DWYER & Co.** 4 ARRAN QUAY DUBLIN

**Specialists in Overalls.**

WAREHOUSE COATS, BUTCHERS' COATS, PAINTERS' JACKETS, ENGINEERS' JACKETS, OVERALL APRONS, &c., &c.

**F. NORTON**  
14 ANGLESEA ST., DAME ST. DUBLIN

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



THIS PAPER IS SOLD FOR ONE PENNY PER COPY

# THE IRISH WORKER

AN T-OIBRÍDE ZAOLAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

No. 10. New Series.  
(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper).

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1923

ONE PENNY

## WHO OWNS THE PORT OF DUBLIN?

We put this question to the people of this city. Some three months ago the Foreign Shipping Combine, which controls the transit arrangements of this country, organised a group-oligarchy composed of many of the manufacturers, shippers and wholesale merchants, directed and financed by the Shipping Federation of London, decided to lock out the Port workers of Dublin and other ports. Later they extended their attacks to other sections of the workers. The workers in this port countered the attack by expressing their willingness to work for any employer who would be willing to pay the rate of wages recognised before the lock-out. Arrangement was made with independent shipowners and shipbrokers to place ships on berth to carry goods to and from Dublin. The workers have done all that men could do to keep the traffic going. What have the gentlemen who control the Port Board done to provide facilities for the carrying on of the trade of the port and hinterland. You have this to remember that the majority of the gentlemen who control the port (through their membership of the Port Board), are the gentlemen 'primarily' responsible for the locking-out of the workers in this city and directly responsible for the action of the Dublin and Cork Employers' Federation in locking out their employees. Not satisfied with their success in dislocating the trade of the country—they have abused their trust, and as the controlling influence on the Port and Docks Board—have denied to independent shippers the facilities they are lawfully entitled to. This port is an open port according to Charter—every and any vessel entering is entitled to berthage accommodation. Yet, we find these honest gentlemen refusing to permit the independent shippers quay space; and such space as they do provide, inadequate and inconvenient. In addition, cargo landed must lie on open quay while we have the spectacle of berths and shed accommodation lying unused. The only right to a berth is a use right. If they will not use the berths they monopolise, why should other shippers and shipowners be denied the use of these empty berths? They have also compelled consignees to pay exorbitant dues. The other day one consignee was forced to pay 6d. per package for green fruit—simply because the packages were landed on quay. Goods are damaged owing to the denial of shed accommodation. We say this organised sabotage is done with malice. The idea of these unscrupulous monopolists labelling their independent competitors cargo-snatchers is a screaming joke. The humour of it is, the citizens are paying for the joke. We have demonstrated—beyond contradiction that shipowners and importers can pay the meagre wages these casual dockers claim as their due. Let us for a moment look into the question of shipping cattle. Some time ago the cattle brokers and shippers—owing to the prohibited rates charged by the Shipping Combine—brought their own steamer, the SS. Brussels; and influenced by their selfish greed—or some interested one among their group—they sold the SS. Brussels to the Combine, getting 30/- for every £1 invested. We wonder if they have yet sensed the job that was put over on them. Now we find that arrangements have been made to provide ships for the cattle trade. We find the same interests that interfered with the due discharging, loading, shedding and dispatching of cargo, working to the denial of facilities for larger accommodation, necessary examination and quay berthage. They first lock out their own employees, intimidate or coerce other employers to play their desperate game—of rule or ruin—and then abuse their power on public boards and trust, to interfere with the facilities to which their competitors are entitled, to the consequent injury and loss of the citizens of this city and country.

The time is come to call a halt. These foreign capitalistic combines have got to listen to reason—organised reason. It is full time the citizens of Dublin answered the question with which we opened. Who owns this port? The Citizens or the Foreign Combine?

To the President of the Irish Free State,  
Mr. William Cosgrave.

Sir,—Thursday night, September 20th, 1923, I returned home to my place of abode in Gardiner's Place, Dublin, tired after a strenuous day, clothing wet, body, chilled, and all too willing to make rendezvous with the warmth of a glowing fire, the stimulation of a cup of tea, and the companionship of the pipe. While in the act of pouring the boiling water into the teapot, I heard a faint knocking—all the occupants of the house I knew were retired and stilled in sleep. I listened and assured myself it could not be a caller—they would use the knocker or bell. Just as I was about to lift the teapot and pour out the eagerly desired liquid comfort, again—to affect the diminuendo of the pitiless rain—came the insistent tap, tap. Impatiently, I admit, I put aside the tea and determined to trace the irritating tap, tap to its source. From the kitchen to the top of the house—no explanation.

As I passed the hallway on my way back to the kitchen and the desired cup of tea, tap, tap again. I went out to the front door, opened it, and crouching in the driving, bitter rain were two diminutive figures. I drew them into the hallway—closed the door after a pause. The tallest, a girl—clothing wet, body shivering—in a weak, yet firm voice said: Is Mr. Larkin in? The little chiseller, some six years old, barefoot, just a shred of clothing from which rainwater ran down on to the flags, the little bare feet were blue with cold, the big blue eyes of this bairn were focussed on this, to him, strange fearsome creature. He started to whimper—more with cold than fear. I comforted him and answered the wee mother. Yes, he is in, what do you want? Me mother sent this—handing me an envelope. I opened it, and inside a note written in pencil:—

19 Temple Street.

Sir, would you let me know if you called on me, as I was over in my sister's house. I am in a bad way for food. My mother was told two gentlemen were looking for her. Would be thankful for any little help.

Yours respectfully,

L. CAMPBELL.

I told the wee lassie to tell her mother I had no knowledge of any visitors calling on her, but that I would send someone to visit her early on Friday. I said: Where is your father?—and back came the answer in a sort of reproof: He is a Republican.

Oh, I said—where is he?—and quick came the answer: Why, he's in gaol. When was he taken away from you? Oh, a long time—Dick Mulcahy took him. So I sent them home with a promise—those two born in Dublin, girl and boy—that I would pen a line of writing to one—who, with others—holds the keys—to one who I have heard boast of his Republican principles.

Sir—Patrick Campbell, 1052, S Hut, Gormanstown Camp, is an interned, untried prisoner. His daughter—aged 9—says he is a Republican.

You, Sir, claim you are a Republican. You hold the power of life and death. You hold Patrick Campbell in custody, denying his wife and little babies the comfort of his presence, and the opportunity to earn bread and shelter for them.

Patrick Campbell is only a poor Republican—a working class Republican. His wife and children may hunger, but the State—Free or otherwise—that rests its strength on the hungry stomach—the breaking heart—and tear wet eyes of a little child—cannot endure.

I am,

Yours in citizenship,

JAMES LARKIN.

## "Have-it-all" Neptunio and P.C. 5.

"Britons never shall be slaves." At least not as long as we have the boys of the bull-dog breed, those who go down to the sea in ships for a living. No, by the eye of Nelson, while the Shipping Federation and "Have-it-all" Wilson looks after the welfare of all seafarers, the ships that sail the seven seas under the ensign of the Union Jack, shall be manned by true-born Britons, black, blue and brindle, supplied in accordance with the dictation of the Joint Supply Board system which allows the kindly disposed ship-owners the most up-to-date method of always having a supply of cheap, docile, obedient creatures dressed up in the garb of men. It must also be remembered that it makes for a very lucrative means of supplying meal tickets for the superhuman, intellectually and otherwise, carefully selected professional Panhandlers as, Captain Tupper, who it is alleged has more medals for bravery whilst serving on board the swinging boat "Never Budge," than the Prince himself, Admiral of the Dead-heads, the barnacle, the Secretariat of the abode of "Get-rich-quick" Wallingfords, of Maritime Hall, where "Have-it-all" Mussillini Neptunio, O.B.E., appoints from the small fry whose duties it is to see that each seafarer who goes to sea must have a card in the N.S. & F.U. in accordance with the Joint Supply stunt as shown in the following P.C. 5 certificate:—

### National Maritime Board Joint Supply System.

Affiliated Union:

National Sailors', Firemen's, Cook's, and Stewards' Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

### Engine Room Department.

I have this day of provisionally engaged as provided he applies for and obtains from the Affiliated Union a P.C. 5 card not later than noon today.

Chief Engineer.

Two pounds to join the N.S. & F.U.; benefits for being a member of the N.S. & F.U.: Make profits for the Shipowners and to keep the aforementioned apostles of liberty from becoming chargeable on the rates. Many well-intentioned people for years, with hearts troubled by the temptations placed before those same seafarers, tried by all manner of means to save those victims of "Old-Man Sea" from degradation. Clergymen of all denominations, with prayers and fasting and divers other means, did their utmost to protect those child-minded folk of the sea from the scum that infest all seaports in the known world. The Ponymooses, Shanghai—Brownes, etc., are now gone for ever and ever, Amen. There is now no place for the robbing, doping, boarding-house thieves, runners for the same gang of cut-throats who are either anchored safely in jails or have taken up their abode in the Poorhouses of various countries, because the lucre that used to flow in abundance into their pockets by cunning and crafty

means from the easy-earnings of the people of the sea is gone for ever. The Supply Board, rigged by the aid of the Officials of the N.S. & F.U. and the Shipping Federation, have taken unto themselves the fatherly, god-like duty of guarding those people from the land-sharks that used to prey on them. How this miracle was brought about let me further explain. "Have-it-all" Wilson joined hands with the officials of the Ship-owners Organisation, an organisation that is known to every steward, even the half-trip ones. "Have-it-all" himself, known to every fireman that has ever enjoyed the pleasure of just burning coals in a stoke-hold to keep himself from freezing while recuperating on the luxurious living of a Georgia tramp, known as the most philanthropic conglomeration of pure, high-souled Christians that ever warbled. "Throw out the life lines, someone is drifting away." While the sailors, firemen, cooks, stewards, go to sea just to sail the Ocean Blue, keeping boarding-house keepers pimps and publicans waxing fat and growing rich on the money they were used to throwing around when they were paid their easy-money for sailing, and damning the souls of not only themselves but others as well. Where all the good—lay and clericals—failed, Hey Presto, "Have-it-all" Wilson and the Joint Supply Board have done the trick. Of course the Shipowners themselves, for years and years, tried to get them to see the error of their ways by a systematic scale of starvation just to get them to recognise that they had souls, and that they, the Ship-owners, were just running ships to find work and pleasure and leisure for the specific benefit of seamen.

One line of steamers, known as the West-Indian Line, now scheduled as the Leyland Line, were once called by common seafarers and their women-folk "the Hungry Goose Line," because of the house-flag they used to fly. The women of those men, instead of helping in the good work of civilising them, were commonly heard to remark—in the streets leading up from the wharfs where a West-Indian boat lay—"children, mind your bread and butter, there are sailors and firemen in port of the Hungry Goose Line." But starvation failed to subdue them, because, when paid off, at least they had a few shillings to spend, and in their reckless spending they soon forgot the training they had been through, but thanks to "Have-it-all" and the Joint Supply System they are now well-behaved British Seamen, no money to squander in beer because "Have-it-all" is alleged to have made it a bed-rock rule, wherever he himself is not concerned, "that money is the root of all evil." Some of them, of course, are trying to fall back on their evil ways and are afraid of facing their women-folk. Those to whom "Have-it-all" gave votes on the question as to whether they were in favour or not of reduced wages for their men, those who voted "Yea" have discovered it was the finest thing they were ever cajoled into doing to get their men to run away in foreign ports, as they, themselves and children, would become like the Royal Family and other guests of the Empire. What if the dole only supplied "Blue-band Margarine, etc.?" Its the principle of the thing that counts and not the

quantity or the quality. Two thousand, eight hundred and fifty-nine of their men cleared out of British ships in New York in one month. Since the last reduction, 611 firemen, 744 A.B.s, 9 captains, 9 surgeons, 1,055 stewards, 87 engineers, 40 wireless-men (officers), 25 stewardesses cleared out at Boston. Other evil disposed seafarers have done the same at other U.S.A., Australian and Canadian ports, but it avails them not. The long, kindly paws of the Wilson cum Shipping Federation Saviours, by the aid of continuous discharge sheets and the Joint Supply System, in a short period of time are able to convince them that they are carefully watched and known as any of his Majesty's Guests in Walton Jail, as witnessed in the Police Courts a few weeks back:—John L., a fireman on one of Rankin and Gilmore's steamers, charged with having deserted at New York after signing on in accordance with the Joint Supply System P.C.5. After being on the beach in New York, he shipped back to "Merry England." The wages, 35/-, he had coming to him were ordered by the Court to be confiscated, and he also was fined £18 or three months' imprisonment. The Magistrate gave him a month on bail to pay the money. When his parole was up he informed them he could not find the money. Naturally thinking he was going to idle away his time in Walton Hotel for three months, he was told that another Rankin and Gilmore boat, "St. Andrews," was going to sign and, of course, he could have a job and work off the £18. Anyhow being hungry and weary he strolled to Smithdown Road Cemetery and fell asleep. He had read in the papers that "Have-it-all" and the N.S. & F. Union were about to join up with the Bevan-Sexton outfit and form the One Big Union of Officials. In his innocence he naturally thought there would be some benefit in it for him, when he was aroused from peaceful slumbers and questioned by a policeman as to what he was doing in the cemetery. He replied he was trying to get acquainted with the good things that would accrue from the One Big Union which "Have-it-all" was going to form with the N.S. & F. Union. The policeman gave him to understand if he did not beat it lively he would find himself fighting the bosses on all fronts, in a room in the Bug-house. He grunted something about "Have-it-all" and others like him had made this land fit for heroes. Then he fell down and became acquainted with the only real benefit that other members of his class previously had partaken of by believing in remedies prescribed by the "Have-it-all," Sextons, Thomas, quacks of Union officialism. Post-mortem revealed that he died from exhaustion of the brain arising from too much wind and water in the stomach. On his person was found a diary in which was written the solution of the Riddle of the Working-class: "How to do without good clothing and shelter and at the same time produce profits for the employers," and save officials of the N.S. & F.U. and other officials of kindred organisations the worry and trouble of having to trouble with the question of wages at all.

It is alleged that "Have-it-all" at the next meeting of the Joint Supply Board is going to move that

## The Great Day at Croke Park

Considerable enthusiasm was evinced at Croke Park on Sunday, last when the Football Match between St. Mary's and St. Brendan's in aid of the Locked-out Men was fought to a finish. The spectators, who numbered between four and five thousand, were absolutely unanimous in their approval of the efforts of the players on both sides, and remarks were heard on all sides such as "a great game," "the keenest contest seen in the Park in many a day," etc., etc., and it was perfectly evident that every one was very well satisfied and felt that they had a good day's pleasure for their humble Bob.

It is impossible to pick out any one individual as being more conspicuous than another, as all the players performed brilliantly and deserve the highest praise, but we must mention Jack O'Reilly as a great "heady" player and the outstanding player of the day, and though on the losing side, his team, in our humble opinion, deserved a better fate and a draw would have better shown the respective prowess of both teams.

The St. Brendans proved a surprise and were not credited with being able to perform with such dash and brilliancy, and our old friend, John Nolan, was certainly the star turn on his side and was continually cheered for his excellent play; we were particularly glad to see Messrs. Carrick and Duffy once again clad in the colours of the St. Brendan's, without whom the result might have been different; they played a wonderful game, and we hope to hear that they have definitely made up their minds to stick to the old colours.

We understand that the St. Marys are not quite satisfied with the result, and claim that they are able, at any future time, to whip St. Brendan's, we would like to hear what St. Brendan's have to say to this. How about another game? Perhaps someone, in their kindness of heart, would provide a set of medals. What do you say, boys?

We particularly desire to thank the boys of both teams for the great spirit they displayed in coming to the aid of their fellow workers in the great fight they are waging for an existence. Also to the G.A.A., who so kindly permitted them to play for this great purpose, incidentally supplementing the Strike Fund by a considerable sum. The referee deserves a special word of thanks for his untiring efforts which contributed largely to the success of the day's sport. And as for the St. Lawrence O'Toole's Pipers, their stirring music made the intervals before the game and during half-time a pleasureable interlude, to whom our thanks are also due. We need scarcely mention the I.T. & G.W.U. Flute Band as good fellows that they are, they are always at our beck and call.

B. O.B.

all seafarers be levied one pound each to erect a monument over the grave of the writer of the "Solution of the Riddle," "Have-it-all" to take charge of the quidlettes, was agreed upon in accordance with rules.

Letters to the Editor

Dublin Skilled Workers' Message

TRIBUTE TO DUBLIN DOCKERS

To the Editor of the "Irish Worker."

Sir,—There is no other person living in Ireland to-day that has done more to alleviate the sufferings and pangs of hunger, and to improve the conditions of the Irish workers generally, than you have done since your advent into Dublin. When you arrived in this city some fifteen or sixteen years ago you found the men on the quays existing on starvation wages, and unorganised. In the factories and other places in Dublin, where employment was given, you found that the unskilled workers were unorganised and paid in low wages. You knew a want was there and that something should be done immediately to improve the conditions which were existing at that particular time. With your usual indomitable courage and foresight you attempted to improve their conditions, first by organisation, and then by having their starvation wages increased, so that they and their families might enjoy the fulness of health and wealth. At that time you were treated with suspicion by many of the skilled trades in the city of Dublin, believing you to be a "chancer"; but to-day I can assure you that the opinion of the skilled worker is far different to what it was at that time. Yes, I say, the skilled worker has much to be thankful to you for to-day, as it was you and you alone that laid the foundation stone and paved the way for an all-round improvement throughout the industries in Dublin. There were no Johnsons, or Forans, or O'Briens knocking about in those days seeking for positions. But they are here to-day trying to take credit for all the spade work that was undoubtedly accomplished by you and you alone. They will find that the men on the quays of Dublin, and other works throughout the city and county of Dublin, are intelligent enough to know who it was that initiated the movement that improved their conditions, so that they might enjoy the pleasure of life. It is certainly a compliment to the unskilled workers on the quays of Dublin to know that their wages compare favourably with many of the skilled workers in the city, and on each and every occasion where negotiations took place between employers and the representatives of the men in the skilled trades, the strongest argument that could be adduced on behalf of the skilled workers was—to point to the wages paid to the men on the quays who were commonly called "unskilled workers." Surely that is something for the men on the quays to be proud of—to know that they were being used as a Headline for the skilled trades, in order that they (the skilled trades) should better their conditions. Surely, sir, that is something for you to be proud of also, because it was you, and you alone, that first attempted to lift them out of their life of slavery and starvation wages. And surely the Dublin docker is not so ungrateful as to forget your noble efforts on their behalf. What applied to the men at that time also applied to the women workers in the city

of Dublin. You found them receiving from 2/6 to 12/6 per week. To-day their wages is from 18/- to 32/6, according to the class of work engaged on. The foundation of this considerable improvement was also laid by you. Now, sir, bearing all this in mind, and knowing, as I do, that you are always anxious and ever ready to lend a helping hand to any movement for the betterment of the Irish working class, I venture to make a humble suggestion to you, and it is this—"Would it be possible for you to organise a League of Sport (say Gaelic Football, Boxing, and other forms of sport to suit the needs of the Irish working class). Such League to be controlled by the Irish Workers' League. All receipts of gates, after defraying expenses, to be placed in a general fund for the erection of cottages for the Irish working class. Each cottage, or cottages, when ready for habitation, to be drawn for by the working class only. This, of course, is only a bare outline that could be improved upon in committee. I merely throw out the suggestion for the purpose of having it discussed. We hear of £1,200 gates being taken in Dublin, at football venues, but we never hear of any of the poorer classes in the city getting any return of this money, nor dare we ask where it is going, notwithstanding the fact that the Dublin workers contribute the major portions of the receipts. Surely, sir, it's about time the Dublin workers took over control of these games for the benefit of their class, thereby realising their own strength and power. The writer will be only too pleased to lend a helping hand in the movement.

Yours, etc.,  
SKILLED WORKER.

(The idea is one to be considered. We return to the matter next issue. EDITOR.)

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—In the last issue of your valuable paper I read your article in reply to the attack made on you by John De Voy, in which you mention briefly the meeting held in the Aeolian Hall, 42nd Street, New York, at which Dr. Pat McCartan and the Rev. Monsignor Power spoke. Well, I happened to attend that meeting, and a more trenchant denunciation of a Traitor it was never my good fortune to listen to. Dr. McCartan, in exceedingly harsh terms, said that this same John De Voy and his Boss Cohalan were responsible, and were the direct cause of the disunity amongst the Irish people both in America and in Ireland, and in the course of his very bitter speech Monsignor Power said that Judge Cohalan would never be allowed to desecrate the sacred soil of Ireland by placing his feet on it. My experience of America (14 years) and John De Voy is that anyone who unselfishly and honestly worked to bring about an Irish Republic were subjects of his venomous attacks and in my opinion you are to be congratulated as the proof of your sterling worth (if any proof were needed) is the fact that you have been attacked by this renegade. I append my name and address, but not for publication, as I have no desire to have Dan Cohalan use his influence with the Free State Government on my behalf.

Yours fraternally,  
"Republican Free Stater."

"Elmerg," Wigwam Road,  
Clebe, Sydney,  
Australia.  
July 29th, 1923.

Mr. Peter Larkin,  
Liberty Hall, Dublin.

Dear Peter,—Will you write and let me know how matters are progressing in the old sod? The two Irish delegates, O'Kelly and O'Flanagan have been deported from here on the P. & O. liner "Mongolia," which, according to telegraphed information, has just arrived at Fremantle. There was a bit of comic opera regarding their deportation. The Federal Government had allowed them to land, so the State Nationalist Government made a great show of patriotism and arrested them. Then a commission sat and ordered their deportation which was accomplished, of course, without any violent objection from the slave class here. Donald Grant got up in the Domain and threatened the government with a general strike—they were shoved on board, and that was the end of it. The dispute in the coal industry has been settled and it looks as if the miners have been "settled" too. Willis after promising that the union would fight to the last ditch against victimisation signed an agreement with the bosses agreeing to their right to "hire and fire" whom they liked, and mass meetings of the miners have accepted the settlement by big majorities with the exception of one meeting at Kurri which turned it down. Anything in the nature of a fight is utterly abhorrent to the slave class here. Unemployment is somewhat less and there is quite a boom in the building industry. How is your brother Jim looking since his imprisonment. Is he in Ireland now? Will you tell me just how things are going in the very Free State? Has all armed resistance ceased, and if so what is the economic condition of the country? I suppose it is a story of desolation and wreckage after the civil war similar to Russia. Have railway communications been fully restored and what are the relations, economic and political, with Ulster? If you have any Irish newspapers to spare will you post me some? Of course, I cannot read Gaelic. Which reminds me that I was very much interested to see the other day a Bulletin published by the German Government regarding the French invasion of the Ruhr. It was printed in Esperanto with an introductory note to the effect that as there were translators of this neutral language in all parts of the world it was printed in Esperanto instead of into the large number of national languages that would otherwise be necessary. Personally, I think that English is a bastard of a language, and future generations of school-children should be spared the infliction of its chaotic and orderless grammar. There should be a good field for the universal language movement in Ireland. Jock Garden has returned from Russia. I gather from conversation with him that Russia is still in a very bad way industrially, but slowly improving. The railways, for example, are in a shocking state, but production in the boot and clothing industries is good. Tom Glynn is poorly in health and they are taking up a subscription for him, which has already reached a substantial sum. The Queensland Labor Government is back in office with a big majority, also the first sod on the foundations

COURAGE MES BRAVES.

The Official Labour Party (the word official is good) under the leadership of Mr. Thomas Johnson (the official Labour member elected by the pure! and simple! Republicans of Rathmines and vicinity) have decided not to mix up! with these low! down politicians. They are going to confine their intellectual powers and oratorical outpourings to the technique of the Trade "Labour Leaderism." They are determined to confine themselves to Industrial and Economic problems, magnifique! politics—ma foi. Not for Tom—that way means exposure. May we put an economic problem to the Party. What is the economic loss to a country of 4,400,000 people with an area of 20,854,722 acres, 9,000,000 being cultivatable, which confines in prison 12,000 of its best physical and mental males, and hundreds of its most intelligent females, and keeps in idleness some 50,000 other young, healthy armed men — to guard these untried prisoners.

This is not a political question, mes Braves of the Official Labour Party. A pure and simple economic problem and don't be fearful.

Arthur Henderson, M.P., is not watching you from the celestial region.

Say! Fellow worker, what's your opinion of having to work ten hours a day and in return only receive sufficient of life's necessities to keep you and yours on the brink of starvation. Not much, eh! Well! What do you think of working four hours a day or less and then receive all that's necessary to develop your bodies and cultivate your minds. Pretty good. What? Well, that's what we guys imply in the term, a Workers' Republic.

If every able man and woman in this country was set to work at suitable occupations to provide for consumption only and not for barter, the national working day could be reduced to four hours per day, and people would then have sufficient leisure to cultivate their minds, thereby raising the standard of the whole race.

of the North Shore Bridge has been turned and work on the city railway is far advanced. A new capitalist daily, the "Daily Guardian" run by Joynton Smith, has come out, making six in this city. The prospects of the "Labor Daily" seem very poor indeed. If you are interested in the printing trade keep your eye on the new machine they are perfecting in England for the production of newspapers from photographic plates. It is going to revolutionise printing more completely than the linotype did. Any of the Printers' Unions in Great Britain should be able to tell you about it. It is predicted that the linotype machine will be almost extinct in Britain in five years. Let me know what Australian newspapers you are getting over there and what ones you would like to get. Do you intend to confine your activities to Ireland for some time? Best wishes, old sport, and if there is anything or anybody I can get in touch with here on your behalf let me know.

D. HEALY.

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

## IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

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

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

We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

### "And thereby hangs a Tale"

Jottings from the London Press.

News from abroad indicates that the same struggle which is progressing in Ireland is being waged all over the Continent. According to the "Daily Herald," in Finland there is another Government founded "on the broad basis of the People's Will," altho' this time the People's Will is not Will Cosgrave.

The workers have been gaining strength, and by "Constitutional" means have been advancing to power. We now learn that recently the O'Higgins of Finland rounded up all the E.C. officers of the Labour Party including 27 Finnish "T.D.'s." At one blow free speech, freedom of association and Parliamentary Representation have been removed from the working class. It is interesting to note that the Labour Party is a Trade Union party pure and simple, and that, although strongly influenced in a Communist direction, most of the Unions supporting are affiliated to the moderate I.F.T.U. at Amsterdam. The Right Wing Socialist Democratic Party, a much smaller body, has been left immune. Evidently therein are to be found the Tom Johnsons of Finland. In Italy the new "Socialist" Party, under guidance of the Italian Catholics and Tomases has declared its support of Mussolini's murderous, bullying tactics, and rebuked those foreign socialists who had called to the Italian workers to unite with their Greek comrades. Meanwhile "Albania" has mobilized ("Daily Express") and "Greece" prepares to resist further encroachments. Most significant of all, neither "Italy" nor "Jugo-Slavia" gives way in the demand for control of Fiume. The mark falls daily from 240 millions on the 8th to 425 millions on the 14th. The German capitalists negotiate with the French financier, the purpose being to find a means of allotting shares in German industry to the French parasite class in settlement of the "Reparations" claim. The result of this would be that the German boss class will have to move up and make room for the French boss class, and that the German worker will find two governing and possessing classes on his patient back instead of merely one. Meanwhile by manipulating the national finances the German capitalists have levelled down the middle class, still further impoverished the workers, and enriched themselves. The few big trusts who own the bodies and souls of the masses are now prepared to bargain with their French rivals. The only

uncertain factor is the German worker. The next few weeks must remove the uncertainty, and perhaps we shall see the Germans in revolt against the whole evil system, both native and foreign.

On the 11th, the "Morning Post" published an interesting summary of the report of the Commission appointed by the Six-County Government to investigate the possibilities of the Tyrone coalfield. The consulting engineer to the Earl of Lonsdale asserts that around Coalisland lie at least 200 million tons of bituminous coal similar to that found in West Scotland, and that the field may quite possibly extend beneath Lough Neagh. Already one Company is preparing to exploit 400 miners and hopes later on to engage 1,000 men underground and 100 above. Who said "Boundary Commission"? Maybe we shall see a tussle for possession of this rich area between Craig, acting in the interests of the Anglo-Ulster colliery and industrial magnates on the one hand, and Cosgrave, acting for some of the new "patriots" of Dublin, on the other. But, in spite of them all, in a little while we shall undoubtedly find the riches of Coalisland, as well as all the other resources of this pleasant land, exploited by the organized workers solely in the interest of the whole community.

The same newspaper, of date 14/9/23, places on record the fact that in its war on the Republic, the "Free" State spent £60,000,000 in the people's name. English newspapers are doubtful as to who will foot the bill. If there are one million families within "the newest Dominion," then each family, as the price of the war waged to re-win Eire for the Empire, will have to advance, on an average, no less than £60! Well may Paddy say, with the Centurion at Jerusalem, "with a great price obtained I this freedom!" EXILE.

#### PEMBROKE NOTES.

Some questions we would like an answer to:—

(1) Whether a man named Clancy an ex-employee of the P.U.D.C., who has just been granted a pension on the present scale of wages, will have his pension increased as the wages increase, because this thrifty Council says that his pension will be reduced as the wages are reduced. Perhaps in this case the wish is father to the thought.

(2) Whether the workers in Pembroke realise that they are responsible for the doings of this Council, and what they intend doing at the coming elections.

(3) What was the trouble over the law cases, and had those cases any connection with the forlorn attempt the Council made to increase the rents of the tenants.

(4) By whose orders have the cartage rates in the Electrical Station been reduced, and whether there is a bonus in the offing.

(A Careful Watcher.)

The people of this world may be divided into two classes, those who are robbed of their rights and those who rob; and it is false to say there ever can be a community of interests between those classes whilst this state of affairs continues to exist.

### The Old Reliables!

The Annual English Trades' Union Congress held in Plymouth was, in one respect, unlike the Irish Trades' Union Congress in so much that it was not **Police Protected**. Not because among the delegates attending there were no luke-warm Duffys, several job O'Briens and suave Johnsons, who had made it their business to lie in wait for poor **silly old buffers** (a la Johnson) of the Malcolm Lyon, agent-provocateur, type, who, overflowing with love for the working class (I don't think), dish out cheques of £700 or £1,000 to **needy Labour Leaders** to start Labour papers. Then the distorted minds of these Labour Leaders (save the mark) try to hoodwink the masses by using the pages of the ill-gotten labour paper, not to spread the spirit of discontent among the workers or to educate them to a proper sense of dignity—no, they are used to try to convince the workers that these labour fakers are the saviours of the working class—they are used to get the gullible workers to cast their votes in favour of these same fakers, so that they may get all the plums, in the way of soft cushions in pow-wowing houses at £360 and first class rail expenses per year (not forgetting other perquisites), their war cry being Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the cry that has got Ireland and its people into hopeless strife and chaos. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. **Yes**, for those in power, but what a different trinity of words for the workers, for them it is **Oppression, Submission, Starvation**. The workers will enjoy Liberty, Equality, Fraternity when they realise their own strength and power, both individually and collectively—when they cast aside fakers and place-hunters—when they cease being fooled by politics and politicians—when they bind themselves together into one vast unbreakable mass determined to have Liberty, real liberty, and all the attributes that go with it.

As the Irish Trades' Union Congress was cursed with fakers and place-seekers, so likewise was the English Congress; they were all there, from every Napoleonic imitator of the **Cripple Alliance** who had played a part in the cowardly, treacherous defeat of the Unions on Black Friday, to the official **back-to-your-work** tacticians of the Transport Workers. How they get nominated year after year to go as delegates to the Congress has not yet been discovered by the Union members in England, although the Australians have found out the secret of the **sliding panel** used in the ballot boxes when the election for representatives of labour takes place, aye, and even in Dublin the sorry spectacle of stuffing ballot boxes has been discovered, when, during the Bill O'Brien regime three members of the I.T.W.U. were expelled for trying to expose ballot box treachery, they were defended by Mr. Timothy Healy, present Governor of the Irish Free State, who proved their case and proved the ballot box stuffing. The Judge decided in the men's favour and put them back into their Union as members with full benefits.

And so the game goes on, but how the Wilsons, the Sextons, etc., who have been **masquerading** for years

### First Come! First Served!

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

as labour leaders are elected to attend this Annual Labour pow-wow is still a mystery to the rank and file. It is apparent to all that their yearly attendance is concern about their own interests and their meal tickets. Of course they must make a **great pretence** about working conditions, wages, etc., so numerous resolutions are drawn up and run through Congress, but how to keep their own meal ticket is the uppermost thought in their minds. One of these pious resolutions called upon the British Government to use its mediatory influence with the Italian Government to refer the dispute between them and the Greeks to the **League of Nations**. Clynnes, M.P., is credited with saying that "the only action possible will be the world isolation and world boycott of Italy." This whine is quite in keeping with the last few years' hypocrisy and treachery of these political twisters. Mussolini, when he turned renegade, believed in getting rid of the opposition as quickly as possible, so wholesale murder of men, women and children of the Italian working class, and destruction of their halls was the order of the day. When the fields of Italy were manured and the streets were washed with the blood of Italian Union men and women, Clynnes and his ilk were significantly silent, there was no talk then of boycotting Italian goods and commerce, oh no. But Mussolini, renegade as he is, brutal as he is, was at least kindly brutal, his method of wholesale dispatch of human beings was devoid of the hypocritical attitude of the Clynnes, Sextons, Thomases gang; better instant death than slow starvation of men and women, and the long-drawn-out painful deaths of thousands of workers' children dying of dysentery right in the heart of Great Britain. Oh yes, argue to reduce wages, ignore high food prices, agree to starve the workers into submission, but, by all the gods, keep the "Daily Herald" going till the end of the year; all hands to the pumps to keep this advertising screeed afloat, so that we can have **nice dear little stories** about Bobby Bear, Political Jackals, Official Trades' Unions, and second-hand tips for the meal ticket stakes. If the Irish Trades' Union clique are in anyway equal to the bunch we have on this side (and whisper it softly—we hear they are worse), then God help the poor unfortunate Irish Worker.

ENGLISH DOCKER.

Always remember this fact, the higher the dividends declared in a company, the greater has been the exploitation of that company's employees, and the more surplus wealth has been robbed from those unfortunate people.

#### LOCKED-OUT WORKERS' FUND.

The amount collected to date for this Fund totals £1,100. This money, the result of only a fortnight's work, gives good promise for the future. Let us not fail now, Brothers!

# A NEW AND ORIGINAL DEPARTURE.

## A Chaparral Prince

Nine o'clock at last, and the drudging toil of the day was ended. Lena climbed to her room in the third half-story of the Quarrymen's Hotel. Since daylight she had slaved, doing the work of a full-grown woman, scrubbing the floors, washing the heavy ironstone plates and cups, making the beds, and supplying the insatiate demands for wood and water in that turbulent and depressing hostelry.

The din of the day's quarrying was over—the blasting and drilling, the creaking of the great cranes, the shouts of the foremen, the backing and shifting of the flat-cars hauling the heavy blocks of limestone. Down in the hotel office three or four of the labourers were growling and swearing over a belated game of checkers. Heavy odours of stewed meat, hot grease, and cheap coffee hung like a depressing fog about the house.

Lena lit the stump of a candle and sat limply upon her wooden chair. She was eleven years old, thin and ill-nourished. Her back and limbs were sore and aching. But the ache in her heart made the biggest trouble. The last straw had been added to the burden upon her small shoulders. They had taken away Grimm. Always at night, however tired she might be, she had turned to Grimm for comfort and hope. Each time had Grimm whispered to her that the prince or the fairy would come and deliver her out of the wicked enchantment. Every night she had taken fresh courage and strength from Grimm.

To whatever tale she read she found an analogy in her own condition. The woodcutter's lost child, the unhappy goose girl, the persecuted stepdaughter, the little maiden imprisoned in the witch's hut—all these were but transparent disguises for Lena, the overworked kitchenmaid in the Quarryman's Hotel. And always when the extremity was direst came the good fairy of the gallant prince to the rescue.

So, here in the ogre's castle, enslaved by a wicked spell, Lena had leaned upon Grimm and waited, longing for the powers of goodness to prevail. But on the day before Mrs. Maloney had found the book in her room and had carried it away, declaring sharply that it would not do for servants to read at night; they lost sleep and did not work briskly the next day. Can one only eleven years old, living away from one's mamma, and never having any time to play, live entirely deprived of Grimm? Just try it once and you will see what a difficult thing it is.

Lena's home was in Texas, away up among the little mountains on the Pedernales River, in a little town called Fredericksburg. They are all German people who live in Fredericksburg. Of evenings they sit at little tables along the sidewalk and drink beer and play pinochle and scat. They are very thrifty people.

## OUR EXPLANATION.

In this issue we are introducing a new feature. From this onward we intend publishing a short story each week, taken from some well-known short story writer. They will be both humorous and sorrowful, and sometimes they will contain a quantity of both humorous and pitiful happenings, thereby more fully reflecting the everyday life of the people. The publishing of these stories is only one of the many plans we hope to put into operation for the purpose of brightening, in some small degree, the dreary lives of the members of our class in this country.

This week we commence with a short story from O. Henry, now acknowledged as the world's foremost writer of short stories, and the equal of Mark Twain in humour. Under the pen name of O. Henry was hidden the personality of Henry Porter, a hack journalist, and later in life the editor of a small town monthly newspaper. In this paper he commented on and reported the doings of the so-called society circles of that town in an original and humorous manner. He learnt the art of writing in prison, where he suffered a term of imprisonment for another's crime. He was never really appreciated for some years after his death, and even still his readers are mainly confined to his own country.

The selection which we make from one of his books, is one which we feel sure our readers will keenly appreciate. It contains a rare blend of humour, poignancy and close observation of life's many tragedies, and a keen sympathy with the people who toil daily for life's necessities.

Thriftiest among them was Peter Hildesmuller, Lena's father. And that is why Lena was sent to work to the hotel at the quarries, thirty miles away. She earned three dollars every week there, and Peter added her wages to his well-guarded store. Peter had an ambition to become as rich as his neighbour, Hugo Heffelbauer, who smoked a meerschaum pipe three feet long and had weiner schnitzel and hassenpfeffer for dinner every day in the week. And now Lena was quite old enough to work and assist in the accumulation of riches. But conjecture, if you can, what it means to be sentenced at eleven years of age from a home in the pleasant little Rhine village to hard labour in the ogre's castle, where you must fly to serve the ogres, while they devour cattle and sheep, growling fiercely as they stamp white limestone dust from their great shoes for you to sweep and scour with your weak, aching fingers. And then—to have Grimm taken away from you!

Lena raised the lid of an old empty case that had once contained canned corn and got out a sheet of paper and a piece of pencil. She was going to write a letter to her-mamma. Tommy Ryan was going to post it for her at Ballinger's. Tommy was seventeen, worked in the quarries, went home to Ballinger's every night, and was now waiting in the shadows under Lena's window for her to throw the letter out to him. That was the only way she could send a letter to Fredericksburg. Mrs. Maloney did not like for her to write letters.

The stump of candle was burning low, so Lena hastily bit the wood from around the lead of her pencil and began. This is the letter she wrote—

DEAREST MAMMA:—I want so much to see you. And Gretel and Claus and Heinrich and little Adolf. I am so tired. I want to see you. To-day I was slapped by Mrs. Maloney and had no supper. I could not bring in enough wood, for my hand hurt. She took my book yesterday. I mean Grimm's Fairy Tales, which Uncle Leo gave me. It did not hurt anyone for me to read the book. I try to work as well as I can, but there is so much to do. I read only a little bit every night. Dear mamma, I shall tell you what I am going to do. Unless you send for me to-morrow to bring me home I shall go to a deep place I know in the river and drown. It is wicked to drown, I suppose, but I wanted to see you, and there is no one else. I am very tired, and Tommy is waiting for the letter. You will excuse me, mamma, if I do it.

Your respectful and loving daughter,

LENA.

Tommy was still waiting faithfully when the letter was concluded, and when Lena dropped it out she saw him pick it up and start up the steep hill-side. Without undressing she blew out the candle and curled herself upon the mattress on the floor.

At 10.30 o'clock old man Ballinger came out of his house in his stocking feet and leaned over the gate smoking his pipe. He looked down the big road, white in the moonshine, and rubbed one ankle with the toe of his other foot. It was time for the Fredericksburg mail to come patterning up the road.

Old man Ballinger had waited only a few minutes when he heard the lively hoofbeats of Fritz's team of

little black mules, and very soon afterward his covered spring wagon stood in front of the gate. Fritz's big spectacles flashed in the moonlight and his tremendous voice shouted a greeting to the postmaster of Ballinger's. The mail-carrier jumped out and took the bridles from the mules, for he always fed them oats at Ballinger's.

While the mules were eating from their feed bags old man Ballinger brought out the mail sack and threw it into the wagon.

Fritz Bergmann was a man of three sentiments—or to be more accurate—four, the pair of mules deserving to be reckoned individually. Those mules were the chief interest and joy of his existence. Next came the Emperor of Germany and Lena Hildesmuller.

'Tell me,' said Fritz, when he was ready to start, 'contains the sack a letter to Frau Hildesmuller from the little Lena at the quarries? One came in the last mail to say that she is a little sick, already. Her mamma is very anxious to hear again.'

'Yes,' said old man Ballinger, 'thar's a letter for Mrs. Helter-skelter, or some such name. Tommy Ryan brung it over when he came. Her little gal workin' over thar, you say?'

'In the hotel,' shouted Fritz, as he gathered up the lines; 'eleven years old and not bigger as a frankfurter. The close-fist of a Peter Hildesmuller!—some day shall I with a big club pound that man's dummkopf—all in and out the town. Perhaps in this letter Lena will say that she is yet feeling better. So, her mamma will be glad. Auf wiedersehen, Herr Ballinger—your feets will take cold out in the night sir.'

'So long, Fritz,' said old man Ballinger. 'You got a nice cool night for your drive.'

Up the road went the little black mules at their steady trot, while Fritz thundered at them occasional words of endearment and cheer.

These fancies occupied the mind of the mail-carrier until he reached the big post oak forest, eight miles from Ballinger's. Here his ruminations were scattered by the sudden flash and report of pistols and a whooping as if from a whole tribe of Indians. A band of galloping centaurs closed in about the mail wagon. One of them leaned over the front wheel, covered the driver with his revolver, and ordering him to stop. Others caught at the bridles of Donder and Blitzen.

'Donnerwetter!' shouted Fritz, with all his tremendous voice—'was ist? Release your hands from dose mules. Ve vas der United States mail!'

'Hurry up, Dutch!' drawled a melancholy voice. 'Don't you know when you're in a stick-up? Reverse your mules and climb out of the cart.'

It is due to the breadth of Hondo Bill's demerit and the largeness of his achievements to state that the holding up of the Fredericksburg mail was not perpetrated by way of an exploit. As the lion while in the pursuit of prey commensurate to his prowess might set a frivolous

(Continued on column 1, page 6)

foot upon a casual rabbit in his path, so Hondo Bill and his gang had swooped sportively upon the pacific transport of Meinherr Fritz.

The real work of their sinister night ride was over. Fritz and his mail bag and his mules came as a gentle relaxation, graceful after the arduous duties of their profession. Twenty miles to the south-east stood a train with a killed engine, hysterical passengers and a looted express and mail car. That represented the serious occupation of Hondo Bill and his gang. With a fairly rich prize of currency and silver the robbers were making a wide detour through the west through the less populous country, intending to seek safety in Mexico by means of some fordable spot on the Rio Grande. The booty from the train had melted the desperate bushrangers to jovial and happy skylarkers.

Trembling with outraged dignity and no little personal apprehension, Fritz climbed out to the road after replacing his suddenly removed spectacles. The band had dismounted and were singing, capering, and whooping, thus expressing their satisfied delight in the life of a jolly outlaw. Rattlesnake Rodgers, who stood at the heads of the mules, jerked a little too vigorously at the rein of the tender-mouthed Donder, who reared and emitted a loud, protesting snort of pain. Instantly Fritz, with a scream of anger, flew at the bulky Rodgers and began to assiduously pommel that surprised freebooter with his fists.

'Villian!' shouted Fritz, 'dog, bigstiff! Dot mule he has a soreness by his mouth. I will knock off your shoulders mit your head—robbermans!'

'Yi-yi!' howled Rattlesnake, roaring with laughter and ducking his head, 'somebody git this here sourkrot off'n me!'

One of the gang yanked Fritz back by the coat-tail and the woods rang with Rattlesnake's vociferous comments.

The dog-goned little wienerwurst, he yelled amiably. 'He's not so much of a skunk, for a Dutchman. Took up for his animile plum quick, didn't he? I like to see a man like his hoss, even if it is a mule. The dad-blamed little Limburger he went for me, didn't he! Whoa, now, muley—I ain't a-go'in' to hurt your mouth agin any more.'

Perhaps the mail would not have been tampered with had not Ben Moody, the lieutenant, possessed certain wisdom that seemed to promise more spoils.

'Say, Cap,' he said, addressing Hondo Bill, 'there's liable to be good pickings in these mail sacks. I've done some hoss tradin' with these Dutchmen around Fredericksburg, and I know the style of the varmints. There's big money goes through the mails to that town. Them Dutch risk a thousand dollars sent wrapped in a piece of paper before they's pay the banks to handle the money.'

Hondo Bill, six feet two, gentle of voice and impulsive in action, was dragging the sacks from the rear of the wagon before Moody had finished his speech. A knife shone in his hand, and they heard the ripping sound as it bit through the tough canvas. The outlaws crowded around and began tearing open letters and packages, enlivening their labours by swearing affably at the writers, who seemed to have

conspired to confute the prediction of Ben Moody. Not a dollar was found in the Fredericksburg mail.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' said Hondo Bill to the mail-carrier in solemn tones, 'to be packing around such a lot of old, trashy paper as this. What d'you mean by it, anyhow? Where do you Dutchers keep your money at?'

The Ballinger mail sack opened like a cocoon under Hondo's knife. It contained but a handful of mail. Fritz had been fuming with terror and excitement until this sack was reached. He now remembered Lena's letter. He addressed the leader of the band, asking that that particular missive be spared.

'Much obliged, Dutch,' he said to the disturbed carrier. 'I guess that's the letter we want. Goe spondulicks in it, ain't it? Hert she is. Make a light boys.'

Hondo found and tore open the letter to Mrs. Hildesmuller. The others stood about, lighting twisted-up letters one from another. Hondo gazed with mute disapproval at the single sheet of paper covered with the angular German script.

'Whatever is this you've humbugged us with, Dutchy? You call this here a valuable letter? That's a mighty low-down trick to play on your friends what come along to help you distribute your mail.'

'That's Chiny writin',' said Sandy Grundy, peering over Hondo's shoulder.

'You're off your kazip,' declared another of the gang, an effective youth, covered with silk handkerchiefs and nickel plating. 'That's shorthand. I seen 'em do it once in court.'

'Ach, no, no, no—dot is German,' said Fritz. 'It is no more as a little girl writing a letter to her mamma. One poor little girl, sick and working hard away from home. Ach! it is a shame. Good Mr. Robberman, you will please let me have dot letter?'

'What the devil do you take us for, old Pretzels?' said Hondo with sudden and surprising severity. 'You ain't presumin' to insinuate that we gents ain't possessed of sufficient politeness for to take an interest in the miss's health, are you? Now, you go on, and you read that scratchin' out loud and in plain United States language to this here company of educated society.'

Hondo twirled his six-shooter by its trigger guard and stood towering above the little German, who at once began to read the letter, translating the simple words into English. The gang of rovers stood in absolute silence, listening intently.

'How old is that kid?' asked Hondo when the letter was done.

'Eleven,' said Fritz.

'And where is she at?'

At dose rock quarries—working. Ach, mein Gott—little Lena, she speak of drowning. I do not know if she will do it, but if she shall I schwear I will dot Peter Hildesmuller shoot mit a gun.'

'You Dutchers,' said Hondo Bill, his voice swelling with fine contempt, 'make me plenty tired. Hirin' out your kids to work when they ought to be playin' dolls in the sand. You're a hell of a sect of people. I reckon we'll fix your clock for a while just to show what we think of your old cheesy nation. Here, boys!'

Hondo Bill parleyed aside briefly with his band, and then they seized

Fritz and conveyed him off the road to one side. Here they bound him fast to a tree with a couple of lariats. His team they tied to another tree near by.

'We ain't going to hurt you bad,' said Hondo reassuringly. 'Twon't hurt you to be tied up for a while. We will now pass you the time of day, as it is up to us to depart. Ausgespielt.—nixcumrous, Dutchy. Don't get any more impatience.'

Fritz heard a great squeaking of saddles as the men mounted their horses. Then a loud yell and a great clatter of hoofs as they galloped pell-mell back along the Fredericksburg road.

For more than two hours Fritz sat against his tree, tightly but not painfully bound. Then from the re-action, after his exciting adventure he sank into slumber. How long he slept he knew not, but he was at last awakened by a rough shake. Hands were untying his ropes. He was lifted to his feet, dazed, confused in mind, and weary of body. Rubbing his eyes, he looked and saw that he was again in the midst of the same band of terrible bandits. They shoved him up to the seat of his wagon and placed the lines in his hands.

'Hit it out for home, Dutch,' said Hondo Bill's voice commandingly. 'You've given us lots of trouble and we're pleased to see the back of your neck. Spiel! Zwei bier! Vamoose!'

Hondo reached out and gave Blitzen a smart cut with his quirt.

The little mules sprang ahead, glad to be moving again. Fritz urged them along, himself dizzy and muddled over his fearful adventure.

According to schedule time, he should have reached Fredericksburg at daylight. As it was, he drove down the long street of the town at eleven o'clock a.m. He had to pass Peter Hildesmuller's house on his way to the post office. He stopped his team at the gate and called. But Frau Hildesmuller was watching for him. Out rushed the whole family of Hildesmullers.

Frau Hildesmuller, fat and flushed, inquired if he had a letter from Lena, and then Fritz raised his voice and told the tale of his adventure. He told the contents of the letter that the robber had made him read, and then Frau Hildesmuller broke into wild weeping. Her little Lena drow'n herself! Why had they sent her from home? What could be done? Perhaps it would be too late by the time they could send for her now. Peter Hildesmuller dropped his meerschau on the walk and it shivered into pieces.

'Woman!' he roared at his wife, 'why did you let that child go away? It is your fault if she comes home to us no more.'

Every one knew that it was Peter Hildesmuller's fault, so they paid no attention to his words.

A moment afterwards a strange, faint voice was heard to call: 'Mamma!' Frau Hildesmuller at first thought it was Lena's spirit calling, and then she rushed to the rear of Fritz's covered wagon, and, with a loud shriek of joy, caught up Lena herself, covering her pale little face with kisses and smothering her with hugs. Lena's eyes were heavy with the deep slumber of exhaustion, but she smiled and lay close to the one she had longed to see. There amid the mail sacks, covered in a nest of strange blankets and comforters, she had lain asleep until

#### LITERARY COMPETITION.

Many of our readers must have had some interesting life experiences during their pilgrimage on this earth. To encourage the art of expression we invite them to send in a written record, limited to five hundred words. To the most realistic records, worthy of publication, our judgment being final, we offer three prizes, namely, £1, 10/-, and 5/-.

This offer will hold good until the last week of September. The winners' names and the matter submitted will be published in our columns, October 6th. Write naturally. The briefer the article the better. Of course we always welcome contributions from our readers that expresses life in any of its activities. Anyone who has stories, plays, poems, etc., swimming around in their cerebellum and desire to float them out on a receptive world we present a chance to launch them.

We invite questions, affecting the lives of common people. And as far as our knowledge will assist we will do our utmost to answer them.

wakened by the voices around her. Fritz stared at her with eyes that bulged behind his spectacles.

'Gott in Himmel!' he shouted.

'How did you get in that wagon? Am I going crazy as well as to be murdered and hanged by robbers this day?'

'You brought her to us, Fritz,' cried Frau Hildesmuller. 'How can we ever thank you enough?'

'Tell mamma how you came in Fritz's wagon,' said Frau Hildesmuller.

'I don't know,' said Lena. 'But I know how I got away from the hotel. The Prince brought me.'

'By the Emperor's crown!' shouted Fritz, 'we are all going crazy.'

'I always knew he would come,' said Lena, sitting down on her bundle of bedclothes on the sidewalk. 'Last night he came with his armed knights and captured the ogre's castle. They broke the dishes and kicked down the doors. They pitched Mr. Maloney into a barrel of rain-water and threw flour all over Mrs. Maloney. The workmen in the hotel jumped out of the windows and ran into the woods when the knights began firing their guns. They wakened me up and I peeped down the stair. And then the Prince came up and wrapped me in the bedclothes and carried me out. He was so tall and strong and fine. His face was as rough as a scrubbing brush, and he talked soft and kind and smelled of schnapps. He took me on his horse before him and we rode away among the knights. He held me close and I went to sleep that way, and didn't wake up till I got home.'

'Rubbish!' cried Fritz Bergmann. 'Fairy tales! How did you come from the quarries to my wagon?'

'The Prince brought me,' said Lena confidently.

And to this day the good people of Fredericksburg haven't been able to make her give any other explanation.

Ó'n sclúid.

An Fheadaltaíocht.

Phíom-airte fáinne na reacht... an fheadaltaíocht, 7 ar fáil na ceanglaí...

An fear-rgéal, 7 gaoimurde a... an fear-rgéal, 7 gaoimurde a bíonn...

Ír minic, minic a rmaoingeamar... Ír minic, minic a rmaoingeamar féin...

Dá mbéad fear 'ra' nFheadaltaíocht... Dá mbéad fear 'ra' nFheadaltaíocht, a mbéad ceaptar...

Dí, Meiricea. 'Sá' tír sin, a... Dí, Meiricea. 'Sá' tír sin, a b'fhéidir...

Líse Maíneacála.

Muna ndéanfar líse maíneacála... Muna ndéanfar líse maíneacála a tiubairt...

Dá mairtear ar an laoc... Dá mairtear ar an laoc nó mlaoró...

Tír-spáid láirneac. Fonn a bíonn... Tír-spáid láirneac. Fonn a bíonn ar...

Sgeitín.

Dí fear bodca 7 nSailim as... Dí fear bodca 7 nSailim as caint...

Fadó ir bí reisean as cup ve, 7... Fadó ir bí reisean as cup ve, 7 má...

'Ó mairtear a duine eorthe,'... 'Ó mairtear a duine eorthe,' ar rípe...

Muintir Áhrann.

Fuarpeamar rgeála te gairio ar... Fuarpeamar rgeála te gairio ar Áhrann...

Deimhio an méirío, nó maí... Deimhio an méirío, nó maí aram...

Loic an t-iarfáic in Áhrann te... Loic an t-iarfáic in Áhrann te bliad...

Nuair a biomar 7 gCúisín Meala... Nuair a biomar 7 gCúisín Meala, c...

Dá nbeántaoi ceirteanna ve'n... Dá nbeántaoi ceirteanna ve'n trasar...

Tóiríocht ir Fuirgeanna in Éirinn

Bí airte ó doo ve bílacam pan... Bí airte ó doo ve bílacam pan eas...

Aontuimio 7o lánphoiteamail... Aontuimio 7o lánphoiteamail coitean...

Ní sin te páo, amtae, 7o scepomio... Ní sin te páo, amtae, 7o scepomio 7o...

Éan aille. Éan aille. Éan aille. Éan aille. Éan aille.

NATIVE IRISH SPEAKER open to glve tuitions to Gaelic... Native Irish Speaker open to glve tuitions...

South African News

At the Congress of the South African Party... At the Congress of the South African Party...

"That the Government be requested to introduce legislation... That the Government be requested to introduce...

As to Bolshevik propaganda, much of this, said the Minister of the Interior... As to Bolshevik propaganda, much of this...

Having "settled" everything in South Africa, our Premier is about to leave for London... Having "settled" everything in South Africa...

Returned soldiers, with breasts covered with medal ribbons, stand outside the General Post Office, Cape Town... Returned soldiers, with breasts covered...

The Imperial Government has presented the Union Government with a captured gun, inscribed: "Captured by the S.A. Brigade from the Turks..." The Imperial Government has presented...

The following notice was posted on the notice-board at the British Empire League, Johannesburg, on the 26th July, headed "For General Information": "All single men who have been continuously assisted by this League for the past month with beds and meals are notified that only a further three days can be allowed, as employment can now be obtained at Franklin, Har-telespoot. Signed, John Harvey (for Secretary)." It is understood that the wages offered are 3s. 6d. per day. "God Save the King!" ISAAC VERMONT. (From "Workers' Dreadnought.")

Your boss treats you pretty good. Eh! Well he should. Out of every pounds worth of goods you make you very kindly present him with ten shillings worth as a little present for himself; and then you go and pay all expenses incurred in making those goods out of the ten shillings you have left.

In Ireland a person is fined for watering milk, instead of being imprisoned; and similarly a person is fined for watering whiskey, instead of being rewarded for doing a charitable act.

The harder a man or woman works in this kind world, the sooner that man or woman is out of work. Funny, eh!

SOME OF THE HIGHER FLIGHTS.

Professor Maginness (to his protégé, President Cosgrave) :- The position was his by the right Divine, of superior fitness, the Divinity that doth hedge a king.

T.D. (Trouble Devil) Milroy :- "They would be better employed for the next ten years saying acts of contrition." Yes, Bo! Why ten years?

A Celestial Blasphemy (same T.D. :- "He recognised no two sides in the matter any more than the Almighty recognised two sides when Lucifer tried to set up a rival authority in the celestial regions."

Mr. Johnson (Lab.), T.D., (another terrible devil), seconding motion to re-elect Professor Hayes :- "It would be difficult to find his equal." Modesty thy name is Johnson!

President Cosgrave :- "If an honest man had a bargain to make it was not near midnight he would come to make."

We hope President Cosgrave will pass this delightful thought on to some of his friends. We suggested the idea in a previous issue of the "Irish Worker." Great minds think alike, if we may put it so.

The Gorey one, T.D., Kil-kenny (The Farmer's Boy) :- "But the main difficulty arose from the fact that the people were not really aware of what the policy of the Sinn Fein Party was."

Which Sinn Fein Party? - Milroys' or the other. A simple-minded farmer asked a question that even a celestial one would find a difficulty in answering.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Relief Fund.

In last week's issue the £10 contributed from Akron, Ohio, per Mrs. Muriel MacSweeney, was not included in the total which should have read £251 15s. 0d.

Collected at Liberty Hall, £1 14s. Mrs. Muriel MacSweeney, £5. Total, £6 14s. 0d. Previously acknowledged £251 15s. Total to date - £258 9s. 0d.

CASES RELIEVED.

Mrs. S. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. D. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. K. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. S. and 6 children, £1; Mrs. C. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. W. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. M. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. L. and 7 children, £1; Mrs. L. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. M. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. G. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. M. and 8 children, £1; Mrs. M. and 2 children, £1; Mrs. B. and 3 children, £1; Mrs. C. and widow, £1; Mrs. R. and 1 child £1. Total, £17.

Previously distributed, £241. Total to date, £258.

It is not strictly in accordance with historical fact to state that the term "Ticket Nipper" was unknown to a past generation of Irishmen.

Our aims are not to quench the fires of discontent against the present system of society, but to add to their intensity by recalling to the minds of the victims every wrong ever perpetrated upon a suffering people by the Capitalist System.

WE HAVE A DATE WITH YOU.

MARY'S PICTURE PALACE.

By kind permission of ex-Lord Mayor O'Farrell, we are privileged to announce that Mr. O'Farrell, Jun., will place the use of the above deservedly popular picture house at the disposal of the Committee for Saturday Evening next, for the benefit of the women and children affected by the Lact-out.

A special film will be projected, special musical treat—and a special occasion all round.

Jim Larkin will project a few simple thoughts.

Keep this date—

MARY STREET PICTURE HOUSE Saturday Evening, September 29th

Our Society Reporter—who was paying his annual visit to the Curragh, Wednesday—was privileged to meet that deservedly popular young sportsman, Mr. Thomas Foran S.P., in company with his bosom friend, Mr. Cuffe, P.C., who it is alleged is much interested in cattle.

Our reporter was visibly moved by the appreciation shown by all the denizens of the paddocks, even the equines—sensed the presence of our distinguished fellow-townsmen and General President of the I.T. & G.W.U. We feel sure the pickets who were so considerably moved on at Balbriggan Station by the bayonet, will appreciate this fashion note.

We have others.

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

LOCK-OUT COLLECTION.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes E. O'Adrie, Sheriff St., Mrs. Kilbride, Small sums, Total 9 0 0.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 162, Small sums, Mr. Curran, Total 6 10 9.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 125, Book No. 125, Book No. 109, Book No. 35, Small sums, Callaghan, M. Sutton, M. Fitzsimons, H. Fitzsimons, P. McGuinness, Total 11 17 0.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 169, Small sums, P. Reddan, Total 7 91 6.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 52, Small sums, Irish Dairy, Mid. Abbey St., Rubber Co., do., Total 13 9 6.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 135, Small sums, M. Keating, Total 8 0 0.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 91, Small sums, M. Doyle, Dominic St., Kavanagh, Dorset St., Hogan, do., Fennelly, do., T. Reilly, Gardiner St., Total 9 4 0.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 174, Small sums, Trades' Hall Employees, Total 7 6 6.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 113, Small sums, Steve Toole, Connolly, Total 6 8 0.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 121, Small sums, Deansgate, Farrell, Keating, Total 7 16 6.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 15, Book No. 26, Sundries, J. Gorman, Kavanagh, Total 7 4 4.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 47, Sundries, M. Donohoe, M. Byrne, Dn. Walsh, Mr. Fannin, Mr. O'Neill, B. Cullen, A Friend, Mrs. Curtain, Mr. Lawless, Total 9 2 0.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 77, Small sums, J. Scannell, E. Bannon, McConkey, F. Boyle, Guinness, W. Scannell, M. Byrne, C. Kearney, Byrne (Newry), Total 11 3 4.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 87, Book No. 99, Book No. 102, Book No. 113, Book No. 2, Book No. 43, Small sums, Standard Hotel (No. 4), J. Perkins, Amiens St., G. Carroll, Mr. Sutton, Total 9 6 3.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 112, Book No. 55, Small sums, A Friend, J. J. Healy, Parnell St., M. Fagan, C. Cassidy, A Friend, A Friend, Collins, Total 10 19 6.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Book No. 108, Book No. 27, Small sums, J. O'Shea, K. Kelly, Curran, Fruit Market, Fletcher, C. Graham, Devine, Fruit Market, O'Hagan, Fish Market, Total 10 12 6.

ATTENTION!

All Union Members within the Township of Pembroke, Ringsend and vicinity are invited to a meeting in Bottle Makers' Hall, Irishtown Road, Sunday Night, 8 o'clock.

Jim Larkin will talk on the future of Labour.

And a discussion will take place on the necessity for a District Branch, I.T.W.U.

Ireland has been admitted to the League of Nations. Mussoloni has gravely informed the League to go to Hell. He was on for Curfew (Corfu).

More Greece for Van an' Van.

There is no need to reduce wages whilst dividends are being paid. The workers should be the first care of the company, not the shareholders.

Trade Unions may be likened to a lever which the workers use for the purpose of lifting the oppression of Capitalism from off this world, and which they will discard when their object is accomplished.

Men! Stand by your Unions. They are the only shield between you and Injustice.

We who believe in the Commonwealth of Labour need have no fear of failure. We are only followers of the law of evolution, and just as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, so shall we see the realisation of our dreams.

PHONE DUBLIN 314.

THE

Gaelic Press

National Printers and Publishers

PRINTERS OF "THE IRISH WORKER"

All Classes of Printing executed with NEATNESS & DESPATCH GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER

NOTE ADDRESS—

21 Upr. Liffey St., Dublin

EVERYTHING IN

THE TYPEWRITER LINE

FOLEY'S

83 Mid. Abbey St. DUBLIN

O'CONNOR'S

7 Lower Marlborough Street

THE HOUSE FOR IRISH ROLL, PLUGS, FLAKES, Etc.

Everything a Smoker Requires

Bicycles Stove Enamelled and Lined, New Guards Fitted, only 20/- Secondhand Cycles and all accessories always in stock.

PROMPT REPAIRS TO ALL MAKES

DWYER & Co. 4 ARRAN QUAY DUBLIN

Specialists in Overalls.

WAREHOUSE COATS, BUTCHERS' COATS, PAINTERS' JACKETS, ENGINEERS' JACKETS. OVERALL APRONS, &c., &c.

F. NORTON

14 ANGLESEA ST., DAME ST. DUBLIN

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



# THE IRISH WORKER

AN T-OIBRÍOĒ SAOULAC

Edited by JIM LARKIN

No. 13. New Series.  
(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper).

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1923

ONE PENNY

WE put the following question to our readers and the public in our last issue: "Who owns the Port of Dublin." The letter and circular printed in this paper should convince any average person possessing intelligence, who is not a paid agent of the Foreign Shipping Combine which throttles this port and the hinterland of the country, that Dublin Port is absolutely under the control of the Shipping Federation, London. A Free State, Moryah! Ships, railways, banks, shipping managers, railway managers, bank managers, shipping directors, railway directors, bank directors, all penny boys, taking orders and directions from Cuthbert Laws, Secretary of the Shipping Federation, London. And every artery of trade and commerce controlled by this malignant organisation. We pointed out some weeks past that one, Bennet and the so-called Union "The National Sailors' and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland," was under the control and direction of the Shipping Federation of London. That this Wilson, president of the N.S.F.U. was working in conjunction with Cuthbert Laws through the Maritime Board. We have this statement now confirmed by the great Cuthbert himself.

## THE SHIPPING FEDERATION, LIMITED.

Exchange Chambers,  
24 St. Mary's Axe, London, E.C.3.  
22nd September, 1923.

DEAR SIRS,

### Strike at Ports in the Irish Free State.

I am directed particularly to invite your attention to the enclosed circular Gen. 15/23. My Executive have been given to understand that you have a vessel engaged in the trade ordinarily occupied by the vessels which have been laid up in resistance to the demands of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and that the rates paid to the dock labourers for loading and discharging that vessel are those which the owners of these laid-up vessels are seeking, in the general interest, to reduce to a level with those which obtain on this side.

They feel sure, if this information is correct, that this step was not taken by you with a full knowledge of the facts and the untoward consequences which must inevitably result from such action. If the owners of the vessels which are at present laid-up, were prepared to pay the rates demanded by the dock labourers, they could at once resume trading and carry their customary cargoes. They are therefore naturally anxious that no advantage should be taken of the resistance they are making, other to annex their trade or to pay to the dockers the rates of wages which they are contesting, and so prolonging their resistance.

My Executive trust that you will appreciate the justice of the request made by these owners that they should not be seriously hampered by their fellow employers in their defence against the aggression of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and that you will be prepared to comply with the request of the Irish Trading Companies to leave them a fair field in which to combat the difficulties and forces with which they have to contend.

Yours faithfully,  
CUTHBERT LAWS,  
General Manager.

Irish cross-channel vessels waited upon the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of The Federation, with the object of fully informing the Federation as to the present position. The deputation drew attention to the fact that the owners they represented had loyally adhered, so far as the seamen were concerned, to the rates fixed by the National Maritime Board, and had refused to give up their freedom to employ seamen who were represented upon the Board, also that the rates they were offering to dock labourers were the same as those paid in this country. They consequently felt very strongly that the stand they had hitherto made was directly in the interests of shipowners on this side of the channel. They pointed out, however, that a growing source of embarrassment to them in the maintenance of their position was the fact that some British owners were taking this opportunity of entering their trade, and were accepting contracts for the carriage of goods which normally would have been carried by the vessels which had been laid up. They emphasized their contention that this laying up was not alone for the benefit of local and regular traders, but also for that of owners trading casually with the

## THE SHIPPING FEDERATION, LIMITED.

Exchange Chambers,  
24 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3.  
20th September, 1923.

Gen. 15/23.  
DEAR SIRS,

### IRISH FREE STATE.

I am desired to inform you that a shipping-strike is still in progress in ports of the Irish Free State. It originated in a refusal of the Irish Transport Workers' Union to accept on behalf of seamen who are members of that organisation, employed on cross-channel vessels, the reduction in weekly pay formulated by the National Maritime Board. It was obvious, if the owners of cross-channel vessels had given way to the demand that the old rates of pay should continue after the date when the reduced rates came into effect in this country, that there was considerable danger of a reaction upon the settlement reached here. In these circumstances, the owners concerned were firm in their adherence to the standard rates of pay.

In June last, a demand was made by crews of certain steamers registered in Ireland that thenceforth only members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union were to be employed in manning the vessels, and further that the 6s. 6d. per week reduction which they had suffered was to be restored. These demands were declined.

In resistance to these demands, the affected vessels were laid up until the 16th July. At that date the strike entered upon another phase, when generally the local employers of dock labour gave notice of a reduction in the wages of dock labourers, so as to bring them on a parity with those paid in this country. This demand was rejected by the Union, with the result that the cessation of work upon the regular vessels has continued up to the present time.

On the 19th inst. a deputation representative of the owners of the

Free State ports, and of all owners in this country whose seamen were employed at the National Maritime Board rates. In the cases referred to, the owners were paying the old rates to dockers employed for loading or discharge. The effect of this action, by providing employment for the men on strike, it was pointed out, was to place the owners of such vessels in the position of directly encouraging and supporting the Union against the shipowners who were maintaining the general position at great loss to themselves.

It was desired, therefore, that The Shipping Federation should bring the matter to the notice of all its members, and should re-inforce the request of the owners who are bearing the burden of the strike, that other owners should not make this circumstance the occasion for diverting to themselves their trade. The Chairmen were strongly impressed with the justice of this request, and expressed the view that no shipowner with a full knowledge of the circumstances, would desire to act in the way described. They felt confident that it would be sufficient to place the facts of the position before shipowners to ensure that those whose vessels should have legitimate reason to visit Free State ports would observe the conditions of employment which it was the object of the employers' resistance to maintain, and so remove this very serious menace to the solidarity of their defence against the Union.

In these circumstances, I was directed to communicate with members of The Shipping Federation, so that in the event of their being approached to charter vessels for Free State ports, they would be fully alive to the danger of their being unwittingly drawn into a course of conduct which would in effect place them in the position of allies of the Union in opposition to their fellow shipowners.

Yours faithfully,  
CUTHBERT LAWS,  
General Manager.

## The Clearing House of Labour.

¶ All the vacillation and weakness shown by the alleged leaders of labour since the wind-up of the blood glut in Europe has left the workers of most countries apathetic and indifferent to their own material well-being. This was to be expected; as the workers do not always retain their enthusiastic fervour for a change; it comes and goes in cycles, which coincide with the intensity of the situation arising out of the industrial and political atmosphere in which they find themselves. No one understands this working-class aspect better than the property class, and the re-actionary, place-hunting Union officials acting as labour representatives on various public legislative bodies. All the murderous onslaughts perpetrated in the name of law and order by the hirelings of the Government machines in various countries is acquiesced in by these labour representatives. It is not, of course, done openly, but by asking questions in such a way that the answer is put into the mouth of the one called upon to reply, or by scheming with the employing class behind the backs of the rank and file of the Unions.

Like the Johnsons and O'Briens in Ireland, the Wilsons, Thomases, and Sextons in England, the Gompers type in America, Turatis and D'Araganas type in Italy, and others of the same kidney in other countries, all manoeuvre with the same object in view—their own personal aggrandisement, to the detriment of those who have fed them, and on whose backs they have gained place and power.

Then like mad dogs they bite the hands that fed them, and the poison of their vicious teeth enters the blood of the units of the body politic of the workers. But the purging out of the bodies of the units will be administered in a short space of time by the Doctor who never fails—spoken of in political science as **Economic Conditions**. Then comes the ebb of the tide of re-actionary leadership. The laudations of the Capitalist press of those they term sane leaders is cried down by the workers, and their faith in such praised leaders is killed. If these leaders attempt to address meetings they are howled down for their treachery, as Tillet, Bevan, and others during the recent strike of Dockers. Some of these so-called leaders are too cowardly to face those they have basely betrayed. All their eulogy of one another falls on deaf ears now; they'll fool the workers no longer. All their appealing to the sympathy of those they have wronged and lived upon, their whining about their being turned down in the twilight of their years, then tales of break-downs in health brought on by stress and worry for the working class (I don't think) is laughed to scorn. The reply of the workers to them now is, and justly so—

"Once bitten, twice shy."

There was a time when the workers could be fooled by the fakers, but that time is past. Now they tell them—you tried to kill our enthusiasm, our yearnings for a fuller life. You whom we trusted, and whom we kept by our subscriptions. We paid you well so that you would be free to think out new

plans of advance, plans which we would proudly have followed to the utmost of our intelligence and courage. But you have failed us, basely betrayed the trust we had placed in you. By your cowardice you have betrayed our movement, a movement made sacred by the sufferings in prisons of the most out-spoken of our class. A movement made possible up to the present stage of development by the hangings and transportations of the pioneers who have gone before. The realisation of our movement means the saving of millions of our class from being slowly forced into premature graves. You have not the physical courage to lead our movement, nor the moral courage to get out, and make room for those who would have given a courageous lead. You have no faith in yourselves, therefore you have no faith in a movement like ours. Here and there you broke a revolt, you quenched a flame, but from the flame a spark was sure to escape and be fanned again into burning, and in the near future these sparks will be gathered together, burning brighter and fiercer than ever, illuminating the coming shock which will sweep you into oblivion. You strove to destroy the more unwilling slaves who tried to frustrate you in your dastardly treachery. You tried to destroy the spokesmen of those who sensed your wrong-doing. Your cowardice and treachery is only for to-day, the morrow is ours, and the struggle of the ages for the ownership of the world for the people is ours, so as to bring about a higher civilisation.

The world knows our objective, and all your side-tracking and smoke-screening will avail you nothing. The workers are becoming more and more discontented each day. Our goal is no longer unknown, the very children in the schools are aware of it and are ready to contribute their mite towards its achievement. You have called yourselves our leaders; you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. We intend to smash the machines you have built to make jobs for yourselves and the creatures you have hand-picked to enable you to carry on your fell work. The job trusts you have made of our Unions we will destroy. We intend to purify our movement and put our house in order. Our Unions are going to function as they were intended to. Our Union Halls are going to be the sanctuary of those who are heavily laden and oppressed, not what you have made of them, political broths of corruptions, intrigue and jobbery.

The writing is on the wall, the tocsin is sounded for the advance, and the old guard and the new in all countries are lining up to face the fight, more determined than ever to fight the old fight for **Economic Freedom**.

JOE TRAYNOR.

We sent our boy to purchase a packet of Gillette Blades at the Sackville Studio. He was supplied with a packet of iron blades which the gent who manages the Sackville Studio calls German Gillette blades. We requested the gent to return money and take back German Gillette razor blades. He refused. Wait ans see!

NOTE—The Sackville Studio. Nothing so common as the O'Connell Studio.

## Those Hospitable "Canucks"

We wonder do all the harvesters who left England for Canada this summer still believe in our headline. Some of them don't, we know, because 150 men, assembled at a meeting in Winnipeg, claimed that they had been brought to Canada under false pretences, and they demanded that those who were responsible for their emigration should send them home immediately. They even went so far as to say that the only reason the Canadians want harvesters was for the purpose of flooding the Canadian Labour Market and thereby enable the Canadian Farmers to pick and choose their men at their own (the farmer's) rate of wages and conditions. Continuing, they said, in no case were unskilled men hired by the farmers, although they had not been told so before they left England. Others accused the farmers of dismissing men after a few days' employment and then refusing them the wages due; as a result of which they were often forced to hike 100 or 150 miles to the nearest city.

Perhaps these facts will be an eye-opener to some of the Irish working men who are thinking of transferring from one part of the H-Empire to another.

## ANOTHER "FRIEND" OF THE WORKING-CLASS GONE TO COLLECT HIS REWARD.

We see by to-day's paper that General Semenov, one time Commander-in-Chief of the Cossacks in the Russian Imperial Army, and after the Revolution, General in command of the Anti-Bolshevik Armies in Siberia, has met death in the earthquake in Japan. This General, like the rest of his comrades in the White Guards, was taught his lesson by the Russian Red Guards when he attempted to restore the Czarism. The Red Guards quietly assured him that there were not going to be any more Czars in Russia whilst they had any say in the matter. So poor Semenov decided to take a holiday in America whilst the Bolsheviks buried his poor deluded soldiers.

In the same paper we are informed that M. Merkuloff, former head of the Anti-Bolshevik Government in Vladivostock, is dead. "Birds of a feather flock together." Eh!

One of Mr. Johnson's eloquent periods—

There should be a new spirit introduced if these matters were to be adjusted.

He was driven to the conclusion that there was needed not a mere patch-up of the disputes, in the expectation that they would break out again when the opportunity served either side.

But there was needed a physiological change in the minds of both parties.

Something in the way of a crusade for the common good.

Little wonder the Unionists voted this gentleman to a seat in the Dail—helped by the Republican intelligensia. "Physiological changes in the minds of both parties."

We thought Sean Lyons, Independent Labour Leader, had a monopoly in this kind of meaningless platitudinarianism.

## Pembroke Notes.

We had quite a happy gathering in the Bottle Makers, Hall, Ringsend, on Sunday, there being a fine crowd of ardent workers waiting to hear Jim Larkin speak. But sad to say, I missed some Pembroke faces, faces which I never expected to miss on such an occasion. Wake up, Pembroke men; if you want look after yourselves, you can't expect other people to do it for you.

Why the delay in getting the building scheme going in Bath Rd. Eh! The P.U.D.C. will need to liven up those contractors. The unemployed in Pembroke are getting impatient.

I expect the present members of the P.U.D.C. will welcome the announcement that the Local Government Elections will not be held for another few months. Let's hope that the workers in Pembroke will make as much use of this respite as the honourable councillors intend to.

I guess it is about time that a certain officer in the Pembroke Fire Brigade learnt to give his orders in a business-like manner, and that the P.U.D.C. will remember that even Urban District employees have certain rights.

More luck to the Pembroke Firemen!

(A CAREFUL WATCHER.)

We are informed by our military correspondent that the Free State Government contemplate demobilising 1,500 of the officers now in the army. On receipt of this news we were shocked to the profoundest depths of our souls at the ingratitude of that Government in dismissing the brave heroes so abruptly. We think that these poor fellows might at least have been given six months notice or the equivalent of that period in money. These poor fellows have risked their lives and the lives of their dependents, apart altogether from the personal discomforts they suffered in defending the rights of a new born and free nation. How valiantly they have withstood all attempts to induce them to forswear their allegiance. Their names will be inscribed upon that immortal roll of unknown heroes who gave all for fatherland and ask naught in return. Anyway, we may comfort ourselves with the thought that England ever treated her soldiers thus.

## NOTICES FOR THE WEEK

Sunday—1. o'clock—Jim Larkin will speak at the Old Spot by the River.

Twelve o'clock Sunday—Meeting of Butchers' Porters, Vanmen, etc., No. 3 Branch, High Street.

Wednesday night, October 3rd, Monthly Meeting of Irish Workers' League will be held in Large Room of Mansion House.

A Feast of Music and a Flow of Soul!

Music, Song and Story!  
Pipers Awa!

# DUBLIN EMPLOYERS' RAIMEIS.

We reprint excerpts from the specially displayed twin columns of special pleading, inaccuracies, illogical deductions, false economics, systematised ignorance, and plain lying, which appears in the advertising section of the venial, subsidised, partisan press of this City.

The columns of concentrated hate, hypocritical whining, pseudo-patriotic mouthings, and an appeal to the selfish and brutal section of the community, an appeal worthy of the gentlemen responsible—The Dublin Employers' Federation.

**Employers' Raimeis.**

**Brief Comment.**

**Employers' Raimeis.**

**Brief Comment.**

All the employers of Dublin—all the willing workers, and all the citizens who are interested in the welfare of the Capital are urged to take common action without delay in order to avert the very serious menace with which they are faced.

The Dublin Employers' Federation and the Cork Employers' Federation, acting under the instructions and at the dictation of the Shipping Federation of London, are directly and indirectly responsible for the dislocation of the trade of this country for the past three months (we refer our readers to letter and circular from Shipping Federation signed by Cuthbert Laws, printed on our front page), proving that these pseudo **Irish Patriots**—“The Dublin Employers' Federation”—have been trying to starve Irish Children and Women, so as to compel their men to submit to wage rates and conditions fixed by the Shipping Federation, London. Irish farmers, producers and manufacturers have been used as pawns by these Federations.

Every form of intimidation, financial, industrial, political, social, has been brought to bear on the employers who refused to lock-out their workers.

We ask what **common action** does the Dublin Employers' Federation recommend—something with boiling oil in it; or just the ordinary **methods** the **Employers** are using nowadays.

The first and all-important problems to be faced are the cost of living and the labour trouble.

The first and all-important thing to do is tell the Shipping Federation of London and its paid creatures—Get out of this country and stop out! We want none of the Black and Tan breed—native or foreign born.

Then the cost of living can be settled—by Irishmen in Ireland—and labour conditions, wages, etc., revised by Irishmen in Ireland, and not by dictation from London.

The citizens are aware of the many fruitless efforts to come to terms between the employers and the men. The latter, apparently not conscious of the fact that they are dissipating their own resources, present and future, refuse to listen to the reasoned and mature advice of their own Parliamentary Leader.

There has been no honest attempt on the part of the employers nor those supporting them to arrange equitable terms between the disputants. Every form of threat and intimidation has been used to compel the workers to accept the employers' terms. The citizens have been wilfully misled by the vicious lying advertisements, well-paid anonymous letter writers, and by the vilest appeals to the unthinking section of the employing class, to organise bands, such as the Fascisti black hand gangs in Italy, to use methods to compel the workers to submit.

Pray who may the Parliamentary Leader be, and what is the implication expressed in such advice.

The public are reminded that there was no exception taken to the many increases in wages which took place automatically during the Great War as the cost of living went up. The Government figures were accepted without a murmur. The Peak Point was reached in 1920.

Yes, a living wage is all we ask—at present.

This terminological inexactitude is as true as the other statements made in this illogical, inaccurate and ignorant compilation. There was continuous industrial strife until the British Government, for their own safety, compelled the patriotic capitalists to recognise a living wage.

Recognise a moral as well as an economic obligation.

All employers and the public are urged to realise that there is a point beyond which capital cannot go if the financial stability of the community is to be maintained and employment found for those who are willing to work at a fair price for their services.

The Glass Bottle Industry has also ceased to give employment for the same reason.

The strike in the Druggist trade was due to a refusal of the employees to recognise the right of the employers to reduce their staffs owing to slackness of trade.

Where do we stand? Are the employers of Dublin, the willing workers of Dublin, the Public of Dublin, the Dublin Corporation and the Government going to stand aside and see the trade and commerce of the Capital held up to ransom by a section of the community that cannot preserve unity in its own ranks?

What unctuous hypocrites these Federation Junkers are—moral obligation. “It is to laugh”—ask Sir John Irwin, O.B.E., he knows—“2/6 per week of 60 hours in a foul disease-laden rag-store, one penny an hour overtime, and one shilling fine if one hour late—1913!” Morals! an ounce of civet good apothecary.

May we suggest to the paid apologists (we desire to be polite), tutored by the super-minds of the Dublin Federation that they acquire a speaking acquaintance with economic terms (we quote)—“Beyond which capital cannot go.” What is this capital? Who is he? What is he? Where is he—or it? Masculine or feminine gender or just neuter like the Dublin Federation? Employment found? Eh, what? Where do these philanthropists dig up employment from? Fair price. Yea Bo. Any old price these philanthropic employers fix. Eh?

Another inexactitude. The Glass Bottle industry is closed down because of the selfish greed of the ex-Black and Tan Smith and the worthy Knight, Sir Andrew Beattie, O.B.E. Sterling Patriots—in fact E. S. D. Patriots; and secondly, because the patriotic publicans and mineral water manufacturers would sooner buy Belgian and German made bottles—and the working class patriots would sooner drink out of foreign made bottles anyhow.

The lock-out of the Druggist employees was due to the victimization of three men because of their Union activities.

We stand where we stood when locked-out, impregnable and determined that we will maintain our right to live—despite a venial, partisan and subsidised press, threats and intimidation.

It ill becomes the Dublin Federation to speak of unity when the trouble-maker and his Fidas Achates had to cross to London to beg and whine to their master—Cuthbert Laws—for help to terrorise and intimidate their business competitors.

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

# IRISH WORKER

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

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

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

We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

## THE PRICE OF COAL

Yesterday, another of the all too-frequent mining disasters occurred in Scotland. There is no need to recount the details, it suffices that 41 men, 41 human beings made in the likeness of God, were drowned and gassed like rats in the bowels of the earth. Down thousands of feet deep, in stifling darkness, struggling for life in the torrents of black, ugly water that came rushing and swirling through the shafts, these miners were sacrificed to the greed and cupidity of their fellow beings. Fellow beings, we say, aye, fellow beings of Satan, things without soul or spirit, animated, and ever soley moved, by the hellish lust within them for the accumulation of the riches of the earth to their sole use.

There is no sense or reason in sheepishly saying that yesterday's massacre was only an accident. It was no more an accidental happening than your death would be if a loaded gun was fired at you. Examine the facts. A disused shaft filled with the accumulated water of years bursts its walls and out rushes a raging torrent upon the unfortunate men working in a lower shaft. Now, we ask you in all fairness, could that be an accident? Yes! It could be an accident if all the mining engineers in Great Britain have turned foolish, but not otherwise. We suppose the company in whose pits the disaster occurred employs a competent mining engineer whose duty it is to inspect the pits regularly. Now that engineer knew this disused pit was likely to accumulate water. Did he inspect it, and if he found water lying in it did he recommend that pumps be installed to keep the pit empty lest the water rise beyond danger point. We may take the inspection for granted, it was part of his duties, and we hope for the good of his own soul he made the above recommendation.

But, remember, he is not the owner, perhaps if he was, those 41 men would be alive to-day. He may have suggested the pumps, but it remained with the mine owner to install them, and on receipt of the engineer's report that owner thought only of two things. Was the pit producing coal, and how would the price and upkeep of the pumps affect the dividends. Well! The pit was idle, and after all the danger was not imminent. The sides of the pit might hold forever and everything would be rosy and bright, he assured himself, wilfully shutting his eyes to the obvious fact that those sides might burst at any unexpected moment, like they did yesterday. Well! Didn't he pay the miners to take risks? Granted,

but did he inform those miners of the death trap above their heads when he took them on? We think not. Miners are brave men, but not even the bravest of them would work under that flooded pit. But that is all supposition, you cry. Perhaps the mine owners didn't really know. We repeat "Perhaps." Yesterday's disaster was the third in the last three months. In three months 76 men lost their lives through carelessness upon the part of the mine owners. Last year over 50 men were killed in the mines. These men were all killed in some big disaster, but there still remain the men who are killed every day in the pits in minor accidents. During the last 91 weeks 1,812 miners were killed. 20 men killed every week, 3 every day. On an average every miner in Great Britain is injured once in six years. We emphasize "every miner." Now, reckon up the agony and tears of the mothers, wives and children of these men. Reckon up the privations they suffer when their breadwinners are disabled. Reckon up the amount of illness caused by the continual breathing in of coal dust. Reckon up the pains and aches suffered by these men in delving for coal, the backaches caused by the continual bending to escape the overhead beams and low roof, the cramps caused by lying in the one position for hours at the coal face. These are the price of coal, not the few paltry shillings we pay for our supplies. In these good days of Christ coal can only be bought by the blood and suffering of human beings. Money is not sufficient, labour is not sufficient, King Coal wants blood, and while these mines are the property of any oligarchy, blood he will have.

We say emphatically that two out of every three mine disasters are caused solely by carelessness, and utter disregard of the men's safety upon the part of the mine owners. This is no idle statement. It has been proved in open court, before Government Commissions, that 75% of the present accidents in mines can be prevented if the owners would install the safety devices recommended by Government Commissions. You ask why these safety devices are not installed. It is simple. They cost money, some of them require upkeep; and you know the old saying "A penny saved is a penny gained." Oh yes! a penny saved on a safety device is a penny gained by a shareholder, aye, and it is a leg or an arm lost by some poor devil of a miner, who is forced into this hellish mode of earning his bread by the system that allows things called men to monopolize the birth rights of a nation in the name of private property.

Such is the price of coal, my Masters!!

### ARE YOU IN EARNEST?

Why not sail a steamer of our own to and from this port. We can buy one cheap. Are you willing to invest? You might as well take a chance in a commercial venture as back one each way—either way you lose—our way you win!

Are you interested?—Write.

Shares will be arranged according to means.

### OUR LITERARY COMPETITION.

Our Literary Competition closes this week. We received many entries, but unfortunately the greater number were unsuitable. In many of the essays the subject matter was entirely unsuitable, in others the grammar, spelling and phrasing debarred them from entrance. Next week we will publish our decision, and also the prize-winning essay.

### The Fascisti

Last week one of our contemporaries published a picture of a group taken after a mass which had been offered up for the repose of the soul of Col. Tellini, whose murder was the cause of the present trouble between Greece and Italy. Attention was drawn to the central figure in the group. We were informed that this person, an Italian by birth, was the leader of the Dublin Fascisti. He wore the regulation black shirt like his comrades in Italy. Two days later another paper published a small paragraph stating that an Italian priest, Don Giovanni Minzoni, had been beaten to death with clubs in Italy. The murdered priest had been presented with a medal for patriotism by the King of Italy. At the urgent request of the Archbishop of Ravenna immediate steps were taken to capture the murderers. Eight people were arrested charged with being implicated in the murder. All of the prisoners were members of the Fascisti, some of them being leaders.

Now, for quite some time we have been listening to an uproar of praise and admiration for this same Fascisti, for their methods and for the results and changes they have brought about in Italy. Especially were the admirers of the Fascisti extra loud in their praise of the manner in which those Black Shirted Knights had restored the sense of public responsibility of the Italian people, and the quick and efficient way they had ruthlessly suppressed the Italian Trade Union movement because of its Bolshevik flavour.

In the course of the last few months we have gathered these interesting facts regarding the Fascisti. First, they are mostly drawn from the middle or business class; secondly, they bitterly hate all Trade Union organisations, and in fact every popular organisation that does not hold their views. That is to say the Fascisti are anti-Labour and reactionary. Therefore, we can understand why the business classes of other countries praise, and in some instances follow their example, even going so far as to quietly overlook such acts as murder, arson and wholesale massacres. They have publicly committed many crimes, including murder; and thirdly, they do not tolerate any opinion but their own opinion in public affairs.

We will leave it at that, practising charity to all men, a precept which has been placed aside in cold storage in Ireland and other countries for many years.

### All Hands on Deck.

Just a word with you, Sailors, Firemen and men of the Catering Department. Not being shareholders in a line of steamers you have to get your living by attending to and performing the several jobs necessary for the safety of the ships you sail, but do not own. Then your names being—Sailor Jack, Fireman Mick, Steward Joe, Cook Bill, instead of Lord Inchcape, Anglo-Indian, head of the P. & O. as well as several other lines, you are therefore privileged to work for wages. And what are the conditions under which you work and the wages for your slavery. It was reported at the Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institution in 1914 that the British Standards of accommodation are the lowest of any country in the world, and your wages are—Sailors £9 a month—Firemen £9 10—Stewards £8. Why even the ship-slaves of your colony, Australia, are considered of more value, their wages are—Firemen £17 10 a month—A.B.s £15 10—Stewards £14 10—eight hours a day and three watches. Australian and Norwegian ships must provide 140 cubic feet of room per seaman, and 18 square feet of floor space, while the British seaman is allowed, according to the Act of 1906, 120 cubic feet and 15 square feet of floor space. This standard of accommodation has been proved by several medical authorities to be responsible for the alarming amount of disease, particularly phthisis, among British seamen. So the British standard all round is the lowest from every point of view, even lower than American and Scandinavian conditions. Of course we know "we rule the waves" and Britains "never, never shall be slaves," but ask yourselves the question "What Britons." These wages and conditions not only affect the British seamen, but also the seamen of the Irish Free State, so now, brother Irishmen—"what about it."

You British Sailors are supposed to belong to a Union known as the N.S. & F.U.; well read, mark, and inwardly digest the following:—

### NEW P. & O. STEAMER'S TRIAL.

#### Distinguished Guest on Board the Mooltan.

The twenty thousand P. and O. liner Mooltan, built by Harland and Wolff, left Belfast to-day for her trial trip. A distinguished party on board included Viscount Pirrie, Lord Gladstone, Lord Peel, Lord Inverclyde, Lord Inverforth, Lord Glenely, Earl of Mount Edgecombe, and Sir William Corry, Bart., the director of the Cunard Line, and a number of M.P.'s. Among the latter were Mr. James Sexton and Mr. Havelock Wilson.

Well, now perhaps you will understand P.C.5. Perhaps you will understand why Wilson, President of N.S. & F.U., and Sexton of the Transport Union, dare not risk a fight on your behalf to secure the same conditions as those on ships sailing under other flags.

If you fail to understand, then you have no brains in your main-top. If, on the other hand, you claim to have grasped the significance of the game these two alleged Union officials are playing, "What are you going to do about it?"

LOOK-OUT.

# OUR WEEKLY FEATURE

## One Thousand Dozen.

David Rasmussen was a hustler, and, like many a greater man, a man of the one idea. Wherefore, when the clarion call of the North rang on his ear, he conceived an adventure in eggs and bent all his energy to its achievement. He figured briefly and to the point, and the adventure became iridescent-hued, splendid. That eggs would sell at Dawson for five dollars a dozen was a safe working premise. Whence it was incontrovertible that one thousand dozen would bring, in the Golden Metropolis, five thousand dollars.

On the other hand, expense was to be considered, and he considered it well, for he was a careful man, keenly practical, with a hard head and a heart that imagination never warmed. At fifteen cents a dozen the initial cost of his thousand dozen would cost one hundred and fifty dollars, a mere bagatelle in face of the enormous profit. And suppose, just suppose, to be wildly extravagant for once, that transportation for himself and eggs should run up eight hundred and fifty more; he would still have four thousand clear cash and clean when the last egg was disposed of and the last dust had rippled into his sack.

"You see, Alma,"—he figured it over with his wife, the cosy dining-room submerged in a sea of maps, government surveys, guide-books, and Alaskan itineraries—"you see, expenses don't really begin till you make Dyea—fifty dollars 'll cover it with a first-class passage thrown in. Now from Dyea to Lake Linderman, Indian packers take your goods over for twelve cents a pound, twelve dollars a hundred, or one hundred and twenty dollars a thousand. Say I have fifteen hundred pounds, it'll cost one hundred and eighty dollars—call it two hundred and be safe. I am creditably informed by a Klondiker just come out that I can buy a boat for three hundred. But the same man says I'm sure to get a couple of passengers for one hundred and fifty each, which will give me the boat for nothing, and, further, they can help me manage it. And . . . that's all; I put my eggs ashore from the boat at Dawson. Now let me see how much is that?"

"Fifty dollars from San Francisco to Dyea, two hundred from Dyea to Linderman, passengers pay for the boat—two hundred and fifty all told," she summed up swiftly.

"And a hundred for my clothes and personal outfit," he went on happily; "that leaves a margin of five hundred for emergencies. And what possible emergencies can arise?"

Alma shrugged her shoulders and elevated her brows. If that vast Northland was capable of swallowing up a man and a thousand dozen eggs, surely there was room and to spare for whatever else he might happen to possess. So she thought, but she said nothing. She knew David Rasmussen too well to say anything. "Doubling the time because of chance delays, I should make the trip in two months. Think of it, Alma! Four thousand in two

The writer of this story was recognised as one of the foremost writers in U.S.A. We had the pleasure of knowing him personally and some day, when time permits and the inclination urges, we will give a word picture of the man, now dead, as we knew him. He was a most prolific writer, too much so, and very little of his work will live. There are two of his works we would recommend to our readers to peruse, and anyone unable to get them we will be glad to assist. They are "The Call of the Wild," "The Seewolf" which has been pictured, and his autobiographical story "Martin Eden."

The short story, of which we publish a measure in this issue and which we will complete in our next, appeared in a Californian paper. It was written for money, and not as literature.

We leave the hero of this story in dire jeopardy. He is right in the spot light, and struggling music is heard without. Whether these eggs will addle, hatch, or whether the hero and his eggs will be made into a Yukon omelet will be revealed in the next episode of this thrilling drama.

months! Beats the paltry hundred a month I'm getting now. Why, we'll build further out where we'll have more space, gas in every room, and a view, and the rent of the cottage 'll pay taxes, insurance, and water, and leave something over. And then there's always the chance of my striking it and coming out a millionaire. Now tell me, Alma, don't you think I'm very moderate?"

And Alma could hardly think otherwise. Besides, had not her own cousin—though a remote and distant one to be sure, the black sheep, the harum-scarum, the ne'er-do-well—had not he come down out of that weird North country with a hundred thousand in yellow dust, to say nothing of a half-ownership in the hole from which it came?

David Rasmussen's grocer was surprised when he found him weighing eggs in the scales at the end of the counter, and Rasmussen himself was more surprised when he found that a dozen eggs weighed a pound and a half—fifteen hundred pounds for his thousand dozen! There would be no weight left for his clothes, blankets, and cooking utensils, to say nothing of the grub he must necessarily consume by the way. His calculations were all thrown out, and he was just proceeding to recast them when he hit upon the idea of weighing small eggs.

"For whether they be large or small, a dozen eggs is a dozen eggs," he observed sagely to himself; "and a dozen small ones he found to weigh but a pound and a quarter. Thereat the city of San Francisco was overrun by anxious-eyed emissaries and commission houses and dairy associations were startled by a sudden demand for eggs running not more than twenty ounces to the dozen.

Rasmussen mortgaged the little cottage for a thousand dollars, arranged for his wife to make a prolonged stay among her own people, threw up his job, and started North. To keep within his schedule he compromised on a second-class passage, which, because of the rush, was worse than steerage; and in the late summer, a pale and wobbly man,

he disembarked with his eggs on the Dyea beach. But it did not take him long to recover his land legs and appetite. His first interview with the Chilkoot packers straightened him up and stiffened his backbone. Forty cents a pound they demanded for the twenty-eight-mile portage, and while he caught his breath and swallowed, the price went up to forty-three. Fifteen husky Indians put the straps on his packs at forty-five, but took them off at an offer of forty-seven from a Skaguay Ceresus in dirty shirt and ragged overalls who had lost his horses on the White Pass Trail and was now making a last desperate drive at the country by way of Chilkoot.

But Rasmussen was clean grit, and at fifty cents found takers, who, two days later, set his eggs down intact at Linderman. But fifty cents a pound is a thousand dollars a ton, and his fifteen hundred pounds had exhausted his emergency fund and left him stranded at the Tantalus point where each day he saw the fresh-whipsawed boats departing for Dawson. Further a great anxiety brooded over the camp where the boats were built. Men worked frantically, early and late, at the height of their endurance, caulking, nailing, and pitching in a frenzy of haste for which adequate explanation was not far to seek. Each day the snow-line crept farther down the bleak, rock-shouldered peaks, and gale followed gale, with sleet and slush and snow, and in the eddies and quiet places young ice formed and thickened through the fleeting hours. And each morn, toil-stiffened men turned wan faces across the lake to see if the freeze-up had come. For the freeze-up heralded the death of their hope—the hope that they would be floating down the swift river ere navigation closed on the chain of lakes.

To harrow Rasmussen's soul further, he discovered three competitors in the egg business. It was true that one, a little German, had gone broke and was himself forlornly back-tripping the last pack of the

portage; but the other two had boats nearly completed, and were daily supplicating the god of merchants and traders to stay the iron hand of winter for just another day. But the iron hand closed down over the land. Men were being frozen in the blizzard which swept Chilkoot, and Rasmussen frosted his toes ere he was aware. He found a chance to go passenger with his freight in a boat just shoving off through the rubble, but two hundred hard cash was required, and he had no money.

"Ay tank you yust wait one leedle w'ile," said the Swedish boat-builder, who had struck his Klondike right there and was wise enough to know it—"one leedle w'ile und I make you a tam fine skiff boat, sure Peter."

With this unpledged word to go on, Rasmussen hit the back trail to Crater Lake, where he fell in with two press correspondents whose tangled baggage was strewn from Stone House, over across the Pass, and as far as Happy Camp.

"Yes," he said with consequence. "I've a thousand dozen eggs at Linderman, and my boat's just about got the last seam caulked. Consider myself in luck to get it. Boats are at a premium, you know, and none to be had."

Whereupon and almost with bodily violence the correspondents clamoured to go with him, fluttered greenbacks before his eyes, and spilled yellow twenties from hand to hand. He could not hear of it, but they over-persuaded him, and he reluctantly consented to take them at three hundred apiece. Also they pressed upon him the passage money in advance. And while they wrote to their respective journals concerning the Good Samaritan with the thousand dozen eggs, the Good Samaritan was hurrying back to the Swede at Linderman.

"Here, you! Gimme that boat!" was his salutation, his hand jingling the correspondents' gold pieces and his eyes hungrily bent upon the finished craft.

The Swede regarded him stolidly and shook his head.

"How much is the other fellow paying? Three hundred? Well, here's four. Take it."

He tried to press it upon him but the man backed away.

"Ay tank not. Ay say him get der skiff boat. You yust wait—"

"Here's six hundred. Last call. Take it or leave it. Tell 'im it's a mistake."

The Swede wavered. "Ay tank yes," he finally said, and the last Rasmussen saw of him his vocabulary was going to wreck in the vain attempt to explain the mistake to the other fellows.

The German slipped and broke his ankle on the steep hogback above Deep Lake, sold out his stock for a dollar a dozen, and with the proceeds hired Indian packers to carry him back to Dyea. But on the morning Rasmussen shoved off with his correspondents, his two rivals followed suit.

How many you got? One of  
(Continued on column 1, page 6)

them, a lean little New Englander, called out.

"One thousand dozen," Rasmussen answered proudly.

"Huh! I'll go you even stakes I beat you in with my eight hundred."

The correspondents offered to lend him the money; but Rasmussen declined, and the Yankee closed with the remaining rival, a brawny son of the sea and sailor of ships and things, who promised to show them all a wrinkle or two when it came to cracking on. And crack on he did, with a large tarpaulin square-sail which pressed the bow half under at every jump. He was the first to run out of Linderman, but, disdaining the portage, piled his loaded boats on the rocks in the boiling rapids. Rasmussen and the Yankee, who likewise had two passengers, portaged across on their backs and then lined their empty boats down through the bad water to Bennett.

Bennett was a twenty-five mile lake, narrow and deep, a funnel between the mountains through which storms ever romped. Rasmussen camped on the sand-pit at its head, where were many men and boats bound north in the teeth of the Arctic winter. He awoke in the morning to find a piping gale from the south, which caught the chill from the white peaks and glacial valleys and blew as cold as north wind ever blew. But it was fair, and he also found the Yankee staggering past the first bold headland with all sail set. Boat after boat was getting under way, and the correspondents fell to with enthusiasm.

"We'll catch him before Cariboo Crossing," they assured Rasmussen, as they ran up the sail and the Alma took the first icy spray over her bow.

Now Rasmussen all his life had been prone to cowardice on water, but he clung to the kicking steering-oar with set face and determined jaw. His thousand dollars were there in the boat before his eyes, safely secured beneath the correspondents' baggage, and somehow, before his eyes were the little cottage and the mortgage for a thousand dollars.

It was bitter cold. Now and again he hauled in the steering-sweep and put out a fresh one while his passengers chopped the ice from the blade. Wherever the spray struck, it turned instantly to frost, and the dipping boom of the spritsail was quickly fringed with icicles. The Alma strained and hammered through the big seas till the seams and butts began to spread, but in lieu of bailing the correspondents chopped ice and flung it overboard. There was no let-up. The mad race with winter was on, and the boats tore along in a desperate string.

"W-w-we can't stop to save our souls!" one of the correspondents chattered, from cold, not fright.

"That's right! Keep her down the middle, old man!" the other encouraged.

Rasmussen replied with an idiotic grin. The ice-bound shores were in a lather of foam, and even down the middle the only hope was to keep running away from the big seas. To lower sail was to be overtaken and swamped. Time and again they passed boats pounding among the rocks, and once they saw one on the edge of the breakers about to strike. A little craft behind them with two men, jibed over and turned bottom up.

"W-w-watch out, old man," cried he of the chattering teeth.

Rasmussen grinned and tightened his aching grip on the sweep. Scores of times had the send of the sea caught the big square stern of the Alma and thrown her off from dead before it till the after leach of the spritsail fluttered hollowly, and each time, and only with all his strength, had he forced her back. His grin by then had become fixed, and it disturbed the correspondents to look at him.

They roared down past an isolated rock a hundred yards from the shore. From its wave-drenched top a man shrieked wildly, for the instant cutting the storm with his voice. But the next instant the Alma was by, and the rock growing a black speck in the troubled froth.

"That settles the Yankee! Where's the sailor?" shouted one of his passengers.

Rasmussen shot a glance over his shoulder at a black square-sail. He had seen it leap up out of the grey to windward, and for an hour, off and on, had been watching it grow. The sailor had evidently repaired damages and was making up for lost time.

"Look at him come!"

Both passengers stopped chopping ice to watch. Twenty miles of Bennett were behind them—room and to spare for the sea to toss up its mountains toward the sky. Sinking and soaring like a storm-god, the sailor drove by them. The huge sail seemed to grip the boat from the crests of the waves, to tear it bodily out of the water, and fling it crashing and smothering down into the yawning troughs.

"The sea'll never catch him!"

"But he'll r-r-run her nose under!"

Even as they spoke, the black tarpaulin swooped from sight behind a big comber. The next wave rolled over the spot, and the next, but the boat did not reappear. The Alma rushed by the place. A little ruffraff of oars and boxes were seen. An arm thrust up and a shaggy head broke surface a score of yards away.

For a time there was silence. As the end of the lake came in sight, the waves began to leap aboard with such steady recurrence that the correspondents no longer chopped ice, but flung the water out with buckets. Even this would not do, and, after a shouted conference with Rasmussen, they attacked the baggage. Flour, bacon, beans, blankets, cooking-stove, ropes, odds and ends, everything they could get hands on, flew overboard. The boat acknowledged it at once, taking less water and rising more buoyantly.

"That'll do!" Rasmussen called sternly, as they applied themselves to the top layer of eggs.

"The h-hell it will!" answered the shivering one, savagely. With the exception of their notes, films, and cameras, they had sacrificed their outfit. He bent over, laid hold of an egg-box, and began to worry it out from under the lashing.

"Drop it! Drop it, I say!"

(To be Continued next week)

Wages is the money the boss so kindly gives to you instead of keeping himself. Price is the money that you pay for an article to the boss for so kindly allowing you to make it; and Profit is the money that helps to swell the bank account of your boss and to lighten the weight in your pocket.

## Shipyard Opens.

There was an interesting letter read at the Meeting of the Dublin Port and Docks Board on Friday. It was a communication from the Solicitors of the Dublin Dockyard Co. notifying the sale of their property to Messrs. Vickers, Ltd. (Ireland), a branch of the well-known firm in England. The letter was as follows:—

5 Stephen's Green, Dublin.  
21st September, 1923.

Dear Sir—As solicitors for the Dublin Dockyard Company, Ltd., in voluntary liquidation, and its liquidators Mr. David Telford of 40 Dame Street, Dublin, and Mr. A. King Farlow, 50 Gresham Street, Bank, London, E.C. 2, we are instructed to give notice to your Board that the premises, plant, machinery, fixtures, stock-in-trade, etc., of the said Dublin Dockyard Company, Ltd., have been sold as a going concern to Messrs. Vickers, Ltd. (Ireland).

Messrs. Vickers, Ireland, Ltd., will, we are instructed, continue the shipbuilding and ship-repairing business carried on by the Dublin Dockyard Co., Ltd., together with the various auxiliary businesses.

The various leases under which the premises are held by the Dublin Dockyard Co., Ltd., from your Board contain clauses restricting the assignment without consent of your Board, and we are now instructed to apply to your Board for its consent to the assignment to the purchasers, Messrs. Vickers (Ireland), Ltd.

The directors of the purchasing firm are as follows:—

Douglas Vickers, Chairman;  
J. F. Barr, Vice-Chairman;  
George Ridgeway, M.I.Ch.E., managing director;  
Senator Moran,  
Commander Sir Trevor Dawson, Bart., R.N.;

Sir Vincent Caillard, D.L.;  
Jeremiah McVeagh;  
Sir Henry Forde.

We will be obliged if you will kindly instruct your Law Agent to communicate with us, so that the necessary formalities may be completed as soon as possible.—

Yours truly,  
"A. COX and CO."

We welcome the news of the intention to re-open the yard, but withhold our congrats. until we see the yard in working order. And we would like to ask a few questions. How much did Mr. Smillie make out of the yard during the years he manipulated it? He was in none too flourishing financial condition when he landed here with a one way ticket some few years ago. If fame rounour speaks true, he and his friend Scott were the only people who got any return from the yard during the time he and Scott were associated with it. We suggest that a better understanding be arrived at with the workers to be employed than was existing during the Smillie-Scott regime. And if credit is to be given for opening up avenues of employment, let us hope the avenues will lead to the homes of Dublin workers, and not to far off fields. And a further suggestion—let there be a Council of Workers—comprising those to be employed—elected before the yard opens, and a sensible understanding arrived at between such a Council representing the workers and the firm of Vickers. If we are

## Letters to the Editor

### SLIGO-GALWAY MATCH.

Sir—My attention has been drawn to a letter which appears in to-night's issue of the Dublin "Evening Herald" with reference to the handing over of the receipts taken on the "gate" in next Sunday's match, after defraying all expenses incurred, to the Strike Committee, who are so ably looking after the welfare of the unfortunate men who are locked-out from their employment on the quays of Dublin. May I say that the suggestion is a capital one, and one that deserves every consideration from those who are in authority to do so. It cannot be denied but that these dauntless men are undoubtedly "holding the line" for the other workers of the City and County of Dublin, as apparently the employers have decided to launch an organised movement for a further reduction in the wages of the working class, notwithstanding the fact that the cost of living, as at present, does not justify any further reductions in the workers wages. Sir, the time is now at hand when all workers, both skilled and unskilled, must put their shoulders to the wheel, and each and all give a helping hand to stem the evil attacks that are about to be made by unscrupulous employers. The comparison set out in the Dublin papers by the Employers' Federation as to the cost of living and wages paid in Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, etc., as against the wages paid by those "generous" employers in Dublin, deceives nobody. Surely there is no better judge than the worker himself as to the purchasing power of the wages he receives. Therefore, it is futile for the employers to dictate—or even attempt to dictate—as to what amount of wages is necessary for the workers in order that they might be in a position to rear up their families in a clean and healthy state, so that they might become good citizens in the community. The Dublin workers, skilled and unskilled, will undoubtedly have at some time or other in the near future to submit to a slight reduction in their wages, but not until the opportune time arrives, and I say that that time is not at hand yet. Until that time arrives it is the bounden duty of every Trade Union worker to stand by every comrade in the labour movement who may be singled out for the reduction in his or her wages. On this occasion, the attack is made on the Dublin Dockers, and I am proud to say that a more worthy body of men could not be called upon to "hold the line" successfully in the best interests of the Trades' Union Movement generally. Let us then stand by them nobly. See to it that the ammunition is kept up, and I can assure you "all is well." In conclusion, might I suggest that a demand be made upon all Trade Union Executives to have all their members compulsorily levied, so that a united front may be shown to this self-styled Shipping Federation.—Yours etc.

G.A.E.L.

not mistaken, the Vickers firm have a none too good reputation in shipbuilding circles. Let them remove any suspicion beforehand by a full and frank understanding and by keeping themselves out of any entanglement with the Shipbuilders' Federation. Let us have a new start.



**Lock-Out Committee.**

WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S FUND:

**A DATE WITH YOU !**

Mary Street Picture House  
Saturday, September 29th  
From 2.30 until 10.30.

By the generous action of ex-Lord Mayor Farrell we are privileged to announce that Mary Street Picture House will be at the disposal of the above Committee on Saturday, 29th September. All the takings for each performance, without any deduction, goes to the benefit of the Women and Children's Fund.

The Brass and Reed Band, No. 1 Branch, will provide a musical treat. A special picture will be shown, thanks to Mr. Farrell, who has taken an enthusiastic interest in the benefit.

All our readers should feel it a duty to bring their friends to support the Fund. Ordinary prices. First performance at 2.30, second at 4.30, third at 6.30, and the fourth at 9 o'clock. Jim Larkin will project a few simple thoughts through the atmosphere.

We are also privileged to announce that Mr. Fagan, the Manager of Manor Street Picture House, has generously granted the Committee the use of the theatre for Wednesday night, October 3rd. All proceeds to go to the Fund. Special pictures will be shown. Bands will attend. Be in time, on time, and every time at Manor Street Cinema.

**PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT**

**KEEP THIS DATE OPEN !**

By kind permission of the Lessee of the Rotunda Picture House, MR. KAYS.

**GREATEST GALAXY**

OF

Bi-Pedal Corpuscular Initiates that ever Galumped in the Boxing Arena will engage to smite each other for sweet charity's sake in the

**ROUND ROOM, ROTUNDA**

ON

Saturday Afternoon, October 13th.

Show opens at 2 sharp.  
Men in Ring at 2.15.

Look out for further Announcements.

**TICKETS - 5/-, 2/- & 1/-**

On Sale at all Branches of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Some of the best lads in the Ring—all weights—have offered to fight for the Fund.

Anyone desirous of lending a hand write to the managers, Jim Young and Pat Fox, who have charge of the arrangements.

The Manager of a certain small Picture House, close to Nelson's Pillar, does not want us to associate with members of the Irish Transport Union.

An dtuigeann tu.

**Irish Transport and General Workers' Union**

Paving Dept., Dublin Corporation, per J. Joyce and W. Monroe—J. Ball, 1/-; P. Geoghan, 1/-; J. Moran, 1/-; J. Murray, 1/-; Mrs. Lardner, 1/-; Wildes, 3d.; James Daly, 1/-; Kernan, 1/-; J. Joyce, 6d.; P. Cullen, 6d.; P. Byrne, 9d.; Gibson, 6d.; J. Kelly, 6d.; P. Mackin, 6d.; J. Brown, 1/-; W. Walsh, 1/-; P. McCormick, 1/-; J. Smith, 1/-; Spud Murphy, 9d.; C. Kelly, 6d.; G. Thunder, 6d.; J. Lennon, 1/-; R. Barry, 1/-; W. Whelan, 6d.; T. Kenny, 1/-; E. Norton, 1/-; Tyrell, 1/-; M. Byrne, 1/-; P. Duffy, 1/-; E. McCormack, 6d.; Malone, 1/-; C. Poole, 1/-; J. Hyland, 1/-; T. Smith, 1/-; J. Sweetman, 6d.; H. Holmes, 1/-; J. Bird, 1/-; Walsh, 6d.; M. Murphy, 1/-; O'Neill, 6d.; J. Sexton, 1/-; C. Cullen, 1/-; McAdams, 6d.; Bridger, 2d.; C. Tyrell, 1/-; Ned Quinn, 6d.; Friend, 1/-; L. Callaghan, 1/-.  
Total, £2 0s. 5d.

Dublin Corporation, Clontarf, per D. McDermott—D. McDermott, 1/-; B. Sheridan, 1/-; K. Francis, 1/-; J. Masterson, 1/-; P. Byrne, 1/-; D. Blaney, 1/-; J. Murphy, 1/-; J. Keating, 1/-; J. Sheridan, 1/-; P. Keegan, 1/-; P. Kavanagh, 6d.; W. Norton, 1/-; Total, 11/6.

Total collected, £2 11s. 7d.  
Previously acknowledged, £258.  
Total, £260 11s. 7d.

**CASES RELIEVED.**

Mrs. McG. and 1 child, £1; Mrs. K., 10/-; Mrs. C. and 4 children, £1. Previously distributed, £258.  
Total, £260 10s. 0d.

**NAMES OF COLLECTORS AND AMOUNTS COLLECTED BY THEM UP-TO-DATE.**

| Name                              | £  | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------|----|----|----|
| W. Holohan and W. Kelly           | 69 | 7  | 0  |
| C. Smith                          | 55 | 0  | 10 |
| Tim Stone                         | 38 | 14 | 6  |
| J. MacCann and A. Henry           | 30 | 13 | 9  |
| Tom Kelly                         | 30 | 4  | 6  |
| T. Dorman and P. Rice             | 30 | 1  | 6  |
| J. Bull and B. Doran              | 30 | 0  | 0  |
| T. Doherty & M. Kavanagh          | 29 | 10 | 0  |
| Bros. Scully                      | 26 | 10 | 0  |
| Gas Co., per R. Patterson         | 24 | 5  | 2  |
| Harry Fitzsimmons                 | 23 | 16 | 0  |
| MacKeady                          | 22 | 10 | 9  |
| J. O'Brien                        | 20 | 13 | 0  |
| P. Flaherty (Stevedor)            | 20 | 0  | 0  |
| J. & W. Moore                     | 19 | 7  | 6  |
| Butchers Hall, per J. Hannratty   | 18 | 1  | 3  |
| M. Heavey                         | 15 | 7  | 6  |
| T. Moore and P. Tobin             | 15 | 1  | 6  |
| Bristol Boat, per L. Brady        | 15 | 0  | 6  |
| Ballast Office Staff per T. Toole | 14 | 11 | 4  |
| C. Harris and M. Donnelly         | 14 | 11 | 4  |
| J. Cunningham and P. Larkin       | 14 | 3  | 6  |
| J. Crawley and J. Grant           | 12 | 15 | 6  |
| J. Baylan                         | 12 | 12 | 0  |
| P. Kavanagh                       | 12 | 4  | 0  |
| J. O'Brien                        | 11 | 17 | 6  |
| P. Byrne                          | 11 | 4  | 0  |
| T. Hannon                         | 11 | 3  | 6  |
| L. Boyd                           | 10 | 12 | 6  |
| M. O'Brien and S. O'Rourke        | 10 | 5  | 7  |
| A. Murray and H. Hardy            | 6  | 0  | 0  |

**CASES RELIEVED.**

**No. 3 BRANCH.**

| Name      | Aug. 4th | Aug. 11th | Aug. 18th | Aug. 25th | Sept 1st |
|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Mrs. A.K. | £1       | £1        | £1        | £1        | £1       |
| Mrs. B.   | £1       | £1        | £1        | £1        | £1       |
| K.E.      | £1       | £1        | £1        | £1        | £1       |

**THE IRISH DOCKER**

Air—"The Men of the West."

By P. O'BRIEN.

I.

When the sun in the west is declining  
And you rush to the Pictures and Play,  
When the lights of the harbour start shining  
And you have finished the toil of the day.  
Could your mind just react to the struggle  
Of the man who, the gangway, has trod,  
He is Irish, he's human, he too has a soul  
And was framed to the likeness of God.

Chorus :

Then here's to the dockers of Ireland,  
Who stand with their backs to the wall;  
Who knows, but it's our turn to-morrow,  
For an injury to one affects all.

II.

'Neath the noise of the fall of the derrick  
Away down in the depths of the hold,  
The docker is hustling and bustling  
With the goods that for profit are sold.  
You will find him again in the coal dust,  
Or the dust clouds of bushing grain,  
And too often he's sent in the ambulance car  
When the sling breaks away from the crane.

III.

When the night clouds roll back from the city  
And the streaks of the dawn light the sky,  
However inclement the weather  
The docker has got to stand by.  
But the Combine who rule us from London  
Have decreed that his wages must fall;  
You can help him to-day, just a few bob this way  
And hold a receipt from the Hall.

IV.

The wild beast that roams in the jungle  
Finds food for the cubs in its den  
But the Octopus monster called Mammon  
Robs the God-given birth-right of men.  
Then brothers, step in with the Old Guard,  
Pass the word round the shores of our Isle,  
That we who produce for the base profiteer  
Shall claim a fair share of the spoil.

|            |      |    |      |      |      |
|------------|------|----|------|------|------|
| K.F.       | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| T.K.       | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| M.S.K.     | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| Mrs. R.    | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| I. MacD.   | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| C.G.       | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| M.M.       | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| Mrs. K.    | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| Mrs. MacV. | £1   | £1 | £1   | £1   | £1   |
| S.R.       | 10/- | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| Mrs. B.    | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| M.E.G.     | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| B.L.       | 10/- | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| M.N.       | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| B.C.       | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| F.F.       | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| L.S.       | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| M.B.       | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| L.M.       | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| B.B.       | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| Mrs. F.    | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |
| Mrs. M.    | £1   | £1 | 10/- | 10/- | 10/- |

**FINTAN LALOR PIPERS**

—GRAND—

**CINDERELLA DANCE**

WILL BE HELD IN

35 North Great George's Street

... ON ...

Saturday, 29th Sept.

String Band Confetti, etc.  
Dancing 7.30 p.m.

TICKET (SINGLE) ... 1/6

PHONE DUBLIN 314.

THE

**Gaelic Press**

National Printers and Publishers

PRINTERS OF "THE IRISH WORKER"

All Classes of Printing executed  
with NEATNESS & DESPATCH  
GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER

NOTE ADDRESS—

21 Upr. Liffey St., Dublin

**EVERYTHING IN**

**THE TYPEWRITER LINE**

**FOLEY'S**

83 Mid. Abbey St.  
DUBLIN

**O'CONNOR'S**

7 Lower Marlborough Street

THE HOUSE FOR  
IRISH ROLL, PLUGS, FLAKES, Etc.

Everything a Smoker Requires

Bicycles Stove Enamelled and Lined,  
New Guards Fitted, only 20/-

Secondhand Cycles and all accessories  
always in stock.

PROMPT REPAIRS TO ALL MAKES

**DWYER & Co.** 4, ARRAN QUAY  
DUBLIN

**Specialists in Overall's.**

WAREHOUSE COATS, BUTCHERS'  
COATS, PAINTERS' JACKETS,  
ENGINEERS' JACKETS,  
OVERALL APRONS, &c., &c.

**F. NORTON**

14 ANGLESEA ST., DAME ST.  
DUBLIN

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