

The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

—James Finlay Lator.



Edited by Jim Larkin.

Who is it speaks of defeat?  
I tell you a cause like ours,  
Is greater than defeat can know—  
It is the power of powers,  
As surely as the earth rolls round,  
As surely as the glorious sun  
Brings the great world moon  
Wave,  
Must out, Cause be won!

Vol. 2. No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 24, 1925.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## ELECTION CRIES

The long-winded exponents of Free Statism are on the stump again. Every day and in every way they are getting worse and worse, and the wind that blows is of Billingsgate. Mr. "Wipe-your-nose" O'Higgins, in the family tradition, promises to excel his Most Excellent uncle's efforts of the past; and, behind, the Blythes, Hogans and McNeills step to the tune of the Pied Piper of Merriem Street.

Cosgrave has returned to Dublin in time to show he is not, politically, a corpse. His return on the loon ship, "Republic" is testimony to his political faith and a reply to his traiturers. His visit to Nice (where the Casinos are) had, we infer from the daily press, a marked effect, and the Italian people are breathing easier; that one, who could show Mussolini how to do it better, has found it his pleasure to leave fair Italia without doing it.

Yet, it is not to be presumed that the return of the President will deflect the course of events. There is a possibility that the faction of Cumann na nGaedheal, as yet assimilated with Ascendancyism, may call on Mac Cosgair to stem the rising tide of disaster; but what, in that event, is course will be yet to be seen.

At the moment, the big guns of Free Statism are booming. On the Western front (last Sunday) Mr. O'Higgins turned on a barrage of "facts" and a stream of prophecy sufficient to convince the legions of "mugs" that the world of Irish democracy is safe for ever. It was noticeable that no mention was made of the Shannon scheme; perhaps the topic has been talked out, but it would seem as if the coming bye-elections will be fought in terms of beet root and promises of agricultural expansion.

After all, elections in rural parts must be conducted in a rural spirit, and so Mr. Hogan, whose business it is to make agriculture at least as great as his colleagues have made their departments in the national economy, is holding out rosy prospects to landless and landed men.

It is now almost two years since the last shot was fired, and it is worth while examining the record of the Government since. Election promises are cheap and are intended to cover a multitude of omissions; therefore, to get matters economic in proper perspective we must examine the legislative Acts passed by the Government.

Apart from the last Public Safety Act, which passed into law subsequent to the cease fire of two years ago, and was definitely intended to hamstring political opponents and create a situation in which agitators of all schools, labour and otherwise, would find themselves at a disadvantage, the record of the Government, wherever it has touched on social or industrial problems has been to the disadvantage of the mass of the people who are the workers. At a later date these matters will be gone into more fully, but, for the present purposes, the case of the Dublin Municipal workers will suffice. The Commissioners appointed by the Government to take over control of the city were put there to reduce wages in the Municipal service, and to ensure the working of certain Acts having that end in view. The Act under which the Commissioners were appointed was passed with a view to bringing public bodies smartly to heel and controlling their finances in cases where they should run counter to Government policy. Under the British Local Government Acts the public always had redress against representatives who mispent public moneys, but it was not found necessary, to that end, to deprive them of the advantages of democratic representation. Under the beneficent rule of the Gaelo-Britons we have advanced so far that nothing short of a complete reversal of democratic principle and procedure

Continued on column 5

## LENIN DEAD! LENIN LIVES!

A year ago he passed—the great master, the mind that shook the world, destroyed an empire and gave hope and inspiration to the common people of the earth.

When the peoples of the earth—rulers and slaves—had lost all sense of proportion; when the Statesmen—so-called—of the great capitalist countries and empires wailed "Civilization is dead. There is no hope for humanity. Society is reverting to barbarism," this man Lenin, the servant of the common people and the mind force of the century, stepped out from obscurity and in a voice that reverberated over the known earth, spoke, and the children of men stood in fear and trembling; and again he spoke and they gathered—the harassed and defeated ones—and they felt strengthened, inspired and aided by his presence and guided by his will to do, and the knowledge of the centuries focussed in the brain of this man Lenin; inspired by his message—a logical, human, commonsense message—they, the disheartened, bestaved, ignorant, selfish ones, cast off their foolishness and bent themselves to the task.

Within a moon's journey they, the common people within the sound of his voice, children of the same country; they who had submitted because of their helplessness—bound as they were in the chains of ignorance, selfishness and superstition—awoke, cast aside their rulers and oppressors, seized their broad acres, their properties, asserted their rights, made good their claim to control of the earth and the fulness thereof; their right to enjoy that which they created and produced; asserted the will to power and took control of their own lives, land and destiny out of the power of the idle, vicious, blood-guilty, brutal and inhuman creatures masquerading as a government in Russia, presided over by a half imbecile and degenerate called the Czar, and directed by the most cruel, licentious and corrupt group of licensed murderers the world had ever been cursed with.

The mind, the pen, the voice of Lenin—the master mind of the twentieth century; a man humble and willing to serve, who had been hounded down by all the governments of Europe for a generation; a man who had to hide by day and work by night; a man whom all the secret police and agents provocateur and their paymasters had chased from country to country, from hiding place to hiding place—aided and assisted by his comrade and wife and the few faithful ones calling themselves the Social Democratic Labour Party (Bolshevik Section). The capitalist governments of the world and the paid defamers and licensed liars may spit out their venom, may continue to lie and malign and even caricature the Bolsheviks and their leaders and their teacher, Lenin—but "he who laughs last laughs best." And to one who has been privileged to look on the face of the dead Lenin, with that intriguing smile which conveys so much, one understands. He laughs last. Lenin laughed away a corrupt despotism in an hour—a despotism that had endured for nearly four centuries. Leninism will laugh the capitalist system out of face and into oblivion.

Because of Lenin the common people must come into their own. Ignorance, selfishness and cowardice may delay them in their march to liberty and life, but they are on the march and must arrive, for the ideas of Lenin are the need of all men and women.

Not in the man Lenin was power, but in the mind of Lenin was focussed the accumulated knowledge of the centuries. The need and the hour called for the man! The need and the hour calls for men of the same type as Lenin—thinkers and doers. It calls for you. There are evil persons, evil forces, evil combinations who have and who are interfering with the lives and liberties of men in this country and in all the countries within the British Empire. There is only one way to put a stop to the evil courses of these evil-minded creatures—Lenin's way! Remove all bigotry prejudice from your mind. Read and study his life and struggle and his accomplishments in life—and go thou and do likewise.



Lenin walking in the garden at Jurki, where he was convalescent after a serious illness.

will meet the case of an outraged Government. In this matter we would point out to our readers that if the Free State Government were merely concerned with purity of administration it would have been found sufficient where public bodies were found neglecting or exceeding their duties, to have embodied in our Act, a clause, whereby the Government could order an election of new representatives. The policy of the Free State Government all along has been to hold the masses of the people and their representatives in the hollow of the Governmental hand, in the interest of BIG BUSINESS. That is to say, that Ireland, what we hold of it is the property of the Messrs. Gools, Barrys, Gouddings, Jamesons, Guinnesses, the Masonic Brotherhood, the Chambers of Commerce, and our foreign and capitalistically-minded banks. It is a pleasing prospect for the workers, verily.

The fact that it is so, will not be blazoned forth in Free State election speeches and literature. These things are not for the hustings. It will have been noticed, in the daily Press of this week, that it is the intention of the Government to accept the advice and direction of the Chambers of Commerce in future before putting forward new financial legislation. No mention of seeking the opinion of the workers. No, No!

These are the facts of the case, and the workers should take them to heart. When they hear Free State electioneers talking about the destruction, etc., that has been done in the country by certain obnoxious people, let them ask themselves who it was that handed over control of the country to the Freemason gang. Let them ask themselves who it was that brought back British officers, some of them Black and Tans, to run the Free State Army. Let them ask themselves, who agreed to pledge the Customs and Excise in exchange for British guns and munitions. Let them ask who it was got rid of, and is still getting rid of, the life-long servants of public bodies and putting under-paid and inefficient ex-soldiers in their place, thereby compelling the forfeit of pensions legally and morally due to these old public servants.

Surgery has, so far, discovered only one treatment for advanced cancer: "Cut it out." In the present political situation in the Free State there is but one hope: it is, that the people are at last awakening to the desperation of their position. To cure the disease that befouls public life in the Free State, there is but one remedy: "Cut the Cancer out."

### HARDIMAN, McKENNA AND KEAVY GET FIRED.

Having done the dirty work for their masters, Hardiman, McKenna and Keavy, of No. 3 Branch of the I.T. & G.W.U. have been given the gate. For the past five months the Dublin Branches of the "O.B.U." have been sitting on subsidising ground, 35 Parnell Square. In other words, income is nil and the cost of their upkeep is being borne out of reserve.

In addition to these dismissals a further batch of clerks have been fired at Head Office. As the banner at Liberty Hall used to say—when the O.B.U. Defence League "used to was."

The same Old Flag.

The same Old Ideals.

The O.B.U. keeps marching on.

Looks like it.

We have also been reliably informed that Robbins has been put on half time. That should give him more time for visiting police barracks. Our travelling correspondent came on him a short while ago entering the same at Coolock. Ole Bill's weakness for the police is strong in his lieutenant, and the "O.B.U. keeps marching on" under police protection. What will happen the O.B.U. when Merriem Street gets on the run we hardly dare think on.

**AMUSEMENTS**  
**MARY ST. PICTURE HOUSE**  
 Thursday, Friday and Saturday:  
 "EAST LYNNE."  
 The story of yesterday, today and tomorrow  
 and Harold Lloyd Comedy.  
 Monday next:  
 "THE NET." A Fox super special.  
 also the "Fast Express" serial, and  
 "The Mistress of the World."  
**THE ELECTRIC CINEMA**  
 TALBOT STREET  
 Zane Grey's Novel—  
 "THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER."  
 A Thrilling Picture.  
 Monday next: "The GREAT ALONE."  
 Starring Monroe Salisbury.  
 ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

**GRAND CENTRAL**  
 Norma Talmadge in her best picture:  
 "THE SONG OF LOVE."  
 Next Week:  
 Zane Grey's Novel:  
 "THE LAST OF THE DUANES."  
 Starring TOM MIX.  
 This is a Wonder Picture.

**Our First Big Concert**  
 By kind permission of the Proprietors, Messrs. Sayers and O'Malley, we will hold

**A GRAND CONCERT**  
 IN THE  
**QUEEN'S THEATRE**  
**On Sunday, February 8th**  
 On behalf of the Good and Welfare Fund of the Workers' Union.  
 An Excellent Programme has been arranged. Artists from Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught will appear.  
**PRICES:** Gallery, 6d; Upper Circle, 1/-; Parterre, 1/6; Dress Circle, 2/-.

**WORKERS' SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERTS.**  
 Every Sunday Evening at 8 p.m. in **UNITY HALL.**  
 Excellent and Varied Talent Appears.

**Foley Typewriter Trading Co.**  
 Everything in the Typewriter Line  
  
 TYPEWRITERS, DUPLICATORS, RIBBONS, CARBONS, CIRCULARS AND REPAIRS  
**83 Middle Abbey St., DUBLIN**

**W. CHASE**  
 —115 PARNELL STREET—  
 Tobacconist, Stationer, News-  
 agent and General Stores  
 PHONE 771.  
**FARRELL'S**  
 Funeral and Carriage  
**ESTABLISHMENT**  
**66 Marlboro Street, Dublin**  
 TRADE UNION HOUSE.

IF YOU REQUIRE  
**GOOD PRINTING**  
 QUICKLY AND CHEAPLY  
 —CALL TO—  
**THE GAELIC PRESS**  
 GENERAL PRINTERS  
 AND PUBLISHERS  
**21 Upr. Liffey St., Dublin**  
 Nothing too Large—Nothing too Small  
**A Trial Order Solicited.**  
 ALL WORK EXECUTED BY  
 TRADE UNION LABOUR

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL."  
**IRISH WORKER**  
 EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.  
 THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—Twopence—and may be had of any newsagent or newsboy. Ask for it, and see that you get it.  
 London Office:—Room D, 143 Fleet St., E.C.  
 We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.  
 Subscriptions, 10s. per year; 6s. for six months, payable in advance.  
 We are not responsible for views or opinions expressed in Special Articles.  
 PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

**THE "GOD SAVE THE KING" IRISH LABOUR PARTY.**  
 The "Irish Labour Party" is seeking to retrieve its fortunes; the methods are Johnsonian. It has been said that,  
 For ways that are dark  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinese is peculiar;  
 but he is not so much so as those who work unostentatiously from Lower Abbey Street.  
 One of the conditions attaching to a T.D. ship as membership of the Irish Labour Party is the acceptance of the verbal formula by which a certain individual in another place is declared, by God (!), to be the centre of authority, on whom "Our hopes we fix."  
 The Irish Labour Party ordinarily stands apart from the aspirations of average humanity, and only admits recognition thereof where it is beyond doubt that they have the weight of popular opinion behind them. They call it the "Will of the People."  
 Today, the country may be Free State; to-morrow, Republican. Next week, being a free nation, it may choose the straight path of Empire. It is all the same: "The way the wind blows, we go." To out of date people, the process is known as "tacking", or more vulgarly, "turning your coat." But in orthodox labour circles it is "the will of the people."  
 There are times, however, when even the most orthodox of labour parties must take a chance of opposing the growth of popular opinion. It becomes a necessity when parties have committed an error of judgment and find the return path strewn with thorns. Lower Abbey Street is in a dilemma and it is of some years growth. Time was when the country thought it was Republican, even, as later, it thought it was Free State. The variable majority without fixed principles, that gave definite colour to the majority view in each case were, and are, broadly speaking, the invertebrates of the nation. But, such though they be, they controlled and control the destinies of the country. At present the variable quantity, is considering its attitude politically, and the portents indicate a definite reaction against the rulers that he, Lower Abbey Street is alarmed. In the days before the Truce, the Irish Labour Party kept clear of the zone of hostilities, and in the assumed role of "Labour men" found they had no use for oaths of allegiance, particularly Republican. That was in the days when Britain was on the wane. In later times, when, as Lord Bickenhead said, "England was being saved the cost in men and money in-

cidental to a campaign in Ireland"—or, in other words, when the Free State was doing England's fighting for her—the Irish Labour Party, led by Englishman Johnson, scolded an oath of allegiance to his Britannic Majesty—and called it "the will of the people." This is the situation from which it is now being found difficult to escape gracefully.  
 The majority of the T.D.'s attached to the Johnsonian Labour Party are members of the I.T. & G.W.U., and the present parlous state of the latter organisation renders it a weak and unsustaining reed in the moment of crisis. It is desired by the wise chiefs to associate with the I.T. & G.W.U. in the possible coming debacle of other Trade Unions, and behold!—out of Winterville Street cometh one, to whom testimonials are not anathema, and with him another, to whom testimonials are anathema, and arm in arm they go to Abbey Street and all is forgiven, and the lion lies down with the lamb, and the Englishman kills the fatted calf.

Still another has been found to join forces with the Johnsonian group and it is thought that by putting these two forward as candidates in the forth-retraiet may be considerably slowed down.  
 The man in the street has not the opportunity of knowing what goes on behind the scenes, and, certainly he has no conception of the game at present being worked by the Irish Labour Party. To begin with it may be said, in the words of the war mongers (slightly changed), "Once an Englishman, always an Englishman." The Anglo-Saxon who rules in Lower Abbey Street, unlike our esteemed President, did not leave his native land nor his allegiance to his own self. Neither did he come here for the good of ours, who "The Rule Britannia" gentleman, who, after the murder of the men of 1916, stated at the Irish Trades Union Congress that he was behind England and France in their fight for "Civilisation, Christianity, and Small Nationalities," is with us still; not so vociferous perhaps but the same in every other way.  
 One cannot blame an Englishman, if he honestly thinks imperially, for taking an oath of allegiance to the expensive figurehead in Buckingham palace. Mr. Johnson may consider himself entitled to the luxury. As an Englishman, it is his own business and we do not complain. But we do think it material to point out, that when "the will of the people" was declaredly Republican and candidates for election to Dail Eirinn were obliged to swear allegiance to that body and to the Republic, Mr. Johnson, mostly stood out of public life, together with the other patriots who now, like himself, have shed their modesty and today grace the Dail, the Senate and the other places where "God-Save-the-Kings" foregather. This is all by way of introduction.

The forthcoming bye-elections mean more to the "Irish Labour Party" than an attempt to cover the retreat from the present position of loyalty to King and Empire. As said before, there is an excuse for Johnson: and let us add now, for his compatriot, Mr. Blythe. The more important issue in the elections, though it will not appear in official "Labour" propaganda, is the existence of the Free State, as such. The Irish Labour Party recognise that circumstances have put Cumann na Gaedheil in an awkward position, from which it may not emerge successfully; so, while recognising the necessity for retreat, to save the (Labour) Party's reputation (?), no effort will be spared to uphold "our hard-won freedom" and the Free State of which it is the expression.

It may be asked why, in the circumstances, more important candidates than Thomas Lawlor, Esq., and Denis Cullen, Esq., should not be found to champion "Labour" interests. Ignorant people are asking why the Lion of the Fold of Judah, ex-Alderman William O'Brien, is not forthcoming. Is it modesty?—No, sir; Strategy.  
 Mr. O'Higgins, Mr. Blythe, Mr. Eoin McNeill and associates have had anxious moments since the defeat of their candidate at the last bye-election in South City. It is thought that a dummy candidate in each of the city constituencies will draw away sufficient disgruntled votes from the Sinn Fein Party to send the latter's candidates about their business. Of course, no one would ever think of putting the matter as badly as that. It reads better this way: "Dear A chara, the moment has arrived for all good men to rally to the aid of the party. Our English Free State antagonists must not be allowed to get away with it. Verb sap. Mise le meas, X.X."

So when honest electors see Mr. Testimonial Lawlor standing on a barrel at a street corner, or elsewhere, pouring his soul into the atmosphere, they will know that the only thing that will save the workers employed by the Dublin Corporation from dismissals and morsel dismissals will be his election to the Dail. Likewise, if they feel outraged at the current price of the loaf they will know that Doughboy Cullen and another oath of allegiance is the price they will have to pay for being allowed to live.  
 Many things have yet to be written of the coming bye-elections. Of these, anon.

**Two Labour Skates**

The circular we reprint below has been handed to us by some members of the Municipal Employees' Trade Union with a request for publication. We are more than glad to be in a position allowing us to respond to the request, knowing, as all must who have followed the course of events in Irish Labour during the years now past, that every charge made against Thomas Lawlor, is true in fact and substance. We would have been only too pleased to have been the first to expose this man Lawlor, by means of facts and documents in our possession, but hesitated to do so, believing that such a step should have first been taken by members of that Union, the funds of which Lawlor has now treated to his own use. But a number of the members of that Union have awakened to their duty and this letter, addressed to their fellow-members, always is, who have not the prior right, to make our statement and charges against this man Lawlor.  
 Tommy Lawlor, at one period of his career, was an honest and upright man, but that period was of short duration and the environment he then moved in was exceptional. Since those days he has gradually descended step by step into the morass. For years he has been a perfect example of the type of trade union official whose life is made up of testimonials (monetary and otherwise), business trips to which are attached large expenses accounts, and smoking concerts organised for mutual admiration.

In 1919, this weakness of his for testimonials was used by William O'Brien as a lever by which he attempted to expel Lawlor from the Dublin Trades Council. We will publish the full report of that trial of strength between O'Brien and Lawlor in our next issue. Now Lawlor, who was sprung and spat upon by O'Brien, Moran and their clique of stool-pigeons, ventures within their presence and, professing with apologies and thankfulness, goes down upon his knees and licks their boots, and receives as a reward—a nomination; a nomination made by the "Labour Party" with the sole idea of splitting the vote as far as possible and strengthening the chances of the Government Party. This is the first instalment of our public examination of this gentleman of testimonials, and we can assure Thomas Lawlor that anything he ever said, wrote, or thought which will be helpful to our examination, will be used; and when we are finished with Lawlor—Lawlor will be finished.  
 There is another self-styled "labour" candidate in the field, Denis Cullen is the lamb for the slaughter. This Cullen—a baker—when a boy in Artane Industrial Schools, volunteered to "come on" and work as a scab in Downey's Bakery during a Baker's Strike many years ago, but not too many for it to be forgotten. And Cullen will partner Lawlor in the centre of the limelight in future issues.

**Irish Municipal Employees' Trade Union.**  
 Fellow Members,  
 We draw the attention of the members of the Irish Municipal Employees' Union to the gross dereliction of duty of your paid official Secretary, Thomas Lawlor; and other officials of your Union, in their apathy to the organised conspiracy between the Government and such, and the Commission, appointed by the said Government, Dr. O'Dwyer, Mr. Seamus Murphy and Mr. Hernon, who have usurped the functions of the elected representatives of the citizens of Dublin.  
 The scheme to reduce wages and determine the conditions of employment in the Corporation service is as follows: Work that should be done in the ordinary way and charged against the Corporation estimates is suspended. Men with long years of service are dismissed, thereby breaking their pensions and other benefits accruing from service. The excuse given for stopping

necessary work is, in every case, that the money allocated for the purpose has been exhausted. But the Commissioners, in their generous and sympathetic spirit, have prevailed upon the Government to advance money to carry on these several services of course, under "relief schemes." These money have been advanced conditionally that the men employed under these grants shall not be paid more than £2 10s. per week and that a proportion of ex-service men shall be employed.  
 This is one of the most astute and cunning schemes to force the reduction of wages that has ever been initiated for any public body. To some extent this scheme has succeeded, due to the disloyalty and apathy of the Lawlors and Tynans, who are the tools of William O'Brien and the Dublin Workers' Council. Your Secretary, Lawlor, was ostracised and expelled from the Trades Council by O'Brien and his clique, now in the Workers' Council.

Johnson, O'Brien and the other suppliers of scab labour are putting up Lawlor as a stalking horse. Lawlor and his group come before you to-day to take £500, or more, from your limited funds to act the lobby-boy feed the dirty work of the united forces of the Government and the alleged Irish Labour Party. The monkey is to pull the nuts out of the fire, and you, poor workmen, misled and betrayed, are to provide the nuts out of your hard-earned money. Apart from the illegality of taking money from your funds for political purposes, money that should be used to prevent reductions in wages and the dismissal of men in the Corporation service, this man Lawlor ought to be ashamed to appear in public after the exposure of his lack of capacity in the late Municipal strike.  
 Members of the Irish Municipal Employees Union, Awake! Arise! Clean out now, once and for all, the Augean stables.

**VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.**  
**Irish Municipal Employees' Union.**

**SOCIETY AND OTHER NOTES.**

The manager of the Metropole Cinema, we hear, has supplied all members of the Employers' Federation, the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club with Free Tickets to see that famous picture—"The Ten Commandments."  
 Among those who also received a ticket in this manner was ex-Alderman William O'Brien. He eagerly availed of the privilege and watched with great interest the many ways in which the different commandments were broken.  
 One of our readers, hearing we were looking for talent for our big concert in the Queen's, sends us in the name of that bird of song "Jailer" Redmond. He informs us that "Jailer" practices with great assiduity every Sunday night in a club bearing the name of Comrades of the Great War. His favourite song, we are led to believe, is "My Irish Home in Mayo." We would greatly welcome "Jailer's" presence at our concert, now that he has so much spare time, owing to the system of working he and his "sidekick," Paddy Nunn, has adopted.

Driver Burke, who son's his son in to scab in Pim's, has undergone a reduction of £1 per week in his wages. This affecting him very much he has turned for consolation to his friends in Jacob's, and in return for the consolation supplied he has advised them to get into the Workers' Union as soon as possible. "The old ship is on a lee shore and the rocks are in sight" is his considered opinion.

**HELLO!**  
 How is everybody? You remember we told you in our last talk we had decided to give up the responsibility of keeping you in touch with things that matter because the responsibility was too heavy to carry. We shut down and shut up. Now we are conscripted and told to carry on, whether we will or won't. Some people think there is a "kick" for the "Worker" and, your humble servant's labours are appreciated, and they have undertaken to do their share and to persuade others worthy of the task to assume part of the responsibility, and all have agreed to help in every way and every day in making the "Worker" worthy of the Irish working class.  
 A big treat, my merry men and women comrades. There are great days before us; great opportunities for service; great responsibilities. Can we measure up to the needs of the hour? We have laughed, fate in the face in the past and we go forward to the future with a smile.  
 Great days, great deeds in the future. Get it, keep it, all of you must play the game. The worker takes his place at the top of the tree.



THE NEED FOR THE "IRISH WORKER"

The following article is written by one of our American readers, Irish by birth, but now resident in the U.S.A. It portrays by means of an apt simile the work and position occupied by our paper in the life of this country, and should impress upon all the vital need for such a paper as the "Irish Worker" (Ed. I.W.)

Once upon a time there was a jungle, a place of danger and death, of creeping and crawling, of ambush and treachery and blood. Old Sabre-Tooth strode round the water hole, fashing his tail in fury. Reverberations of his great voice rolled fearfully up cliffs, from whose high-held safety two-legged creatures pelted him with stones and bombarded him with huge rocks.

Sometimes, when there were many, the two-legs crept down and battled that terror of the jungle with sharp sticks and burning brands. And sometimes, peering through sleep-robbd eyes and matted locks, frozied with delight at all that blood-spilling and skull-crushing encircled below, the chattering females above would so far forget themselves as to fling down missiles upon both combatants.

That ancient jungle and old Sabre-Tooth himself, are still here. The dangers, the creeping and crawling, the ambushes, the treacheries and the blood—all here. To-day old Sabre-Tooth's roar has become the boiler-throated howling of "extras." Ever-shining headlines, curdling details, fearsome predictions, end-of-the-universe congeries, flesh-rending blood, blood—all here: all served up nicely, delivered promptly at your door each morning. It does not matter who you are or what you are, there is something in the bill of fare that will please you all. For no society been stripped naked to give you all the scandal, gossip, crime, etc., that it is possible to give.

There is more on the bill of fare. There are storehouses full of the results of the researches of the Peeping Toms, euphoniously described as reporters or journalists. These Peeping Toms swarm through the night, filting the lids of houses to spy upon the naked souls of the dwellers and catch them in self-forgetting postures of mirth or agony. None know better than they how to insinuate a foot into some timidly opened doorway, to plan off a fire-badge as a symbol of invasive authority, or to sneak a photograph when backs are turned in some trouble-broken household. Unlike the ungallant spy of Coventry, social retribution does not touch these Peeping Toms. On the contrary—they are honoured for their impudence, honoured and paid. For the dominant virtue in the ranks of these Peeping Toms is how much you can "get" on those the paper opposes.

If these Peeping Toms cannot wheedle, bribe or browbeat "facts" from others, they can, like industrious spiders, "spin" for themselves. And spin they do. They are always spinning and weaving, fishily, stretching the lines of their web fat out, doubling back, crossing over, gathering in, fastening innumerable dubious intersections with a question or a hint, fabricating a webbed similitude of truth quite sufficient for readers who are never doubting or analytical.

Implication, innuendo, veiled surmise, the fatally suspended interrogation, maddeningly often than any truth—they had been taught through years of sordid experience how to use these perverse and cowardly weapons of modernity with a finesse that always just escapes courts of law, yet equalled in ultimate deadliness the poisoned daggers and sharp rapiers of Italian braves at the best period of the Renaissance.

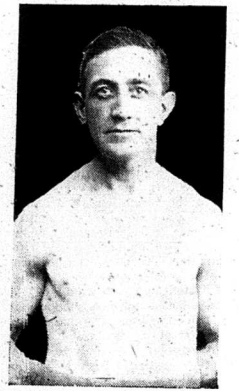
Indeed, far deadlier their pens than the swords of assassins. Unlike those sanguinary Latins of the Renaissance who wounded or slew the body, these corrupt men strike out at the soul—and reach it too. If they do not kill, cripple or suppress at the first stroke, then there are more strokes, later, at some forgetful, some unguarded moment the stroke gets home.

The Press does more to ruin and de-grade the human soul than any other institution that a foul system has created. The Press cannot be bought, for there is no price high enough—not that the Press is without a price. The whole Capitalist press must be smashed. It can only be smashed through organisation; through men and women with a belief, a faith and a hope in their class, sufficiently strong enough for them to do and dare and to be always doing and always daring.

The "Irish Worker" should be the mouthpiece of the working-class of Ireland. No labour paper can exist without a soul, and no labour paper that is soulless can succeed. No paper that is the mouthpiece of officials and is used to mask their wrongdoings can be called a labour paper. When labour papers become such organs they degenerate as the "Voice of Labour" has degenerated. The hands of its editors become foul and dirty with continual searching in the cesspools and the garbage

RECOGNISE A GOOD DEED

On Monday, 23th of this month, when the series of gales which were then raging were at the height of their fury, a cyclist who was riding on his machine through the premises of the Midland Railway at the Spincer Dock, North Wall, lost control of his machine and was blown into the dock. Jim Young, of 11 Hollis Street, who was nearby, rushed to the dockside and after a hard struggle brought the



drowning man and his machine out of the water and had him conveyed to his home.

We publish a photograph of Jim Young, who retired as Middle-Weight Champion of Ireland some years ago. He is a well-known and staunch member of the Union, and his saving of the unfortunate man is worthy of recognition, and this recognition would be quickly given had Jim Young been other than a working man. However, we will see that recognition is forthcoming and this article will be forwarded to the proper authorities with a demand for suitable recognition of this man's feat in saving human life.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING— EDDY COMES!

To all ye who stand in the darkness, who are unemployed, who are living on the verge of starvation, who are sick and ill at ease. To all ye who lie in English prisons and to your relatives who suffer because of their imprisonment. To all those who are victims of the present cursed system and the present cursed and corrupt creatures who manipulate the cursed system. To all who suffer and are oppressed we have tidings of great joy. Deliverance cometh. George Wettin's—now George Windsor—eldest son is coming, Edward, Prince of Wales, is coming—and the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, have nothing on this kiddo—the dancing flash, the lad with the perpetual smile. When he rides horseback the sands are ordered to play "Horsey, keep your tail up!" for fear Eddy would slide off backwards instead of doing his usual stunt, head over ears—horsey's ears.

All ye valiant and loyal ones, unemployed, hungry, homeless, soulless, endure only a few more months; light will illumine your darkness. Eddy comes. Eddy comes! Eddy only charges the poor ignorant Muts some £200,000 per year. Smile on them and at them! But who begrudges £300,000 per year for Eddy's smile?

What a bloody lot of gods we are in this country," as they say at the Abbey.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND.

Meetings for nominations for representatives to Committees—Sectional, Branch and National Offices—are now in progress. Every member must interest him- or herself in the elections. Get wise to yourself. The success of our organisation depends on the intelligent activities of the units comprising the organisation.

The Workers' Union of Ireland has a heavy task before it. Ask the Government—they know. Ask the Employers' Federation—they know. Ask the Transport Union gravers—they know. Ask the employers' scabs—they know. Ask Spain and Vennard—they know

cans for foul abuse to fling at men whose shoes they are unworthy to unlatch.

Readers of the "Irish Worker," no matter who they are and what they are, should make the paper their mouthpiece by writing in letters telling of their woes and complaints. As a prerequisite to sound organisation the need must express itself. The need can be expressed through the columns of the "Irish Worker." Use it, spread it and make it what it was in 1913—the fighting organ of a fighting working class in Ireland.

ALLEN'S—BILLPOSTERS TOE THE LINE LAID DOWN BY THEIR MASTERS.

Being a member of the Employers' Federation holds out certain attractions for individual employers, but of late this membership has come to mean more than a mere matter of paying the subscription and attending meetings. Membership of the Federation in these days of strife means that if an employer has a difference with the Workers' Union he must, at all costs to himself, fight the issue out and make no offer of settlement such has been the position into which employers are now forced when they find themselves at variance with this Union. The first example of this policy of "each for all" was the Marino Strike. Kenny, the contractor, was quite willing to settle the dispute, but the Building Employers' Federation had taken the matter in hands and refused to even acknowledge that a dispute was on, never mind settle a dispute. However, they learnt the error of their ways, but apparently the lesson was not driven home with sufficient emphasis, because they are now following the same line of action in the dispute between the Workers' Union and Messrs. David Allen & Sons, Billposters.

The history of this dispute is worthy of repetition. Early in November the manager of the Tivoli, Mister Jones, dispensed with a member of his staff, although he was even then carrying on with even more than a limited staff. When approached by officials of this Union with a courteous request to discuss the position, Mr. Jones refused to see them and ordered them off the premises. The members of the Union working in the Tivoli then walked out. Previous to the dispute in the Tivoli a difference of opinion had arisen between the Union and Messrs. Allen, Billposters. A settlement was arrived at and it was agreed that the employers of Messrs. Allen would not be asked to post up the bills of either the Tivoli Theatre or the Corinthian Cinema. This agreement was adhered to for some five weeks, during which the dispute at the Tivoli continued uninterrupted. Then a week before Christmas, Allens, taking advantage of the season, informed their workers that either the Tivoli bills must be posted up or the alternative of instant dismissal be accepted, regardless of the fact that a week's notice was required or either side. The men refused to obey the order and were locked out.

In the interval Messrs. Allen, we admit, have approached us on two different occasions with an offer to settle the dispute on one condition, namely, to post up the Tivoli bills. They were forced to insist upon this condition which debars a settlement. They admitted they are not free agents; the monopolists who control the Theatre and Cinema industry have threatened to withdraw their advertising unless Allens include such a condition in any agreement arrived at. The Tivoli Theatre is carrying on with the help of a group of scabs; this includes the artists—the Dixie Minstrels. The Transport Union, of course, has supplied the scabs to replace the staff who walked out. The Dixie Minstrels, who are appearing each night, have thought that they can successfully flout the workers of this town. They will yet learn to the difier. We are going to spread the tale of their doings during the last few weeks throughout the British Isles, and the tale will not reflect to the credit of either their public or private reputation. As to their future visits to this town, when the time arrives for such a visit we believe the Dixie Troupe will seek pastures new. Scabbery is a nasty word and scabs are nasty things, and our fair town would and will be fairer when it is totally devoid of either of these strange growths—foreign and native scabs.

From top to toe, from head to foot Our politics are rotten; And those we pay are bribed to boot, While justice is forgotten; For every one that gets a chance To serve the State is stealing, And honest men must pay again For scoundrels' double-dealing.

No; we did not write it about the Free State; we cut it out of Murphy's "Rag," which published the verse for some purpose not yet discovered by our private detective.

WATCH OUT FOR POSTERS ANNOUNCING LENIN MEMORIAL MEETING.

WANTED.

Three Girls, hard-working, willing and industrious, require work. Any kind of work acceptable. Would any of our readers knowing of such work kindly communicate with this office.

TO ALL DEEP SEA CASUALS AND GRAIN.

A Special Meeting of Deep-Sea Casuals and Grain will be held in Unity Hall on Wednesday, January 22th, at 8 p.m. sharp.

BUSINESS—

Nominations for:

- (a) General Executive Committee.
(b) General Officers (General President, General Secretary, and General Treasurer).
(c) Union Trustees.
(d) No. 1 Branch Committee Representatives.
(e) Delegates.

By Order,

M. J. SUTTON,

Secretary, Pro. Tem.

No. 1 Branch.

BUY A BOND IN THE FREEDOM FUND.

Obtainable at all Branches of the Workers' Union One Pound down or by Weekly Payments. REDEEMABLE IN FIVE YEARS.

CROSS-CHANNEL DOCKERS.

A Special Meeting of Cross-Channel Dockers will be held in Unity Hall on Sunday, February 1st, at 1 p.m. sharp.

BUSINESS—

Nominations for:

- (a) General Executive Committee.
(b) General Officers (General President, General Secretary, and General Treasurer).
(c) Union Trustees.
(d) No. 1 Branch Committee Representatives.
(e) Delegates.

By Order,

M. J. SUTTON,

Secretary, Pro. Tem.

No. 1 Branch.

WORKERS' UNION TONTINE SOCIETY

NOTICE.

The above Society is open for new members until 1st February. Committee sits in Unity Hall on— Sunday from 12 to 2 p.m. Monday from 8 to 9 p.m. Friday, from 8 to 9 p.m. to receive contributions and admit new members.

Queen's Theatre

6.50 - TWICE NIGHTLY - 9.0

Still Running!

ANNUAL XMAS PANTOMIME



HARRY BURNS

Presents

PUSS IN BOOTS

Star Cast, including SISTERS REEVE

The principle I state and mean to stand upon is: that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

—James Finlay Lator.



Edited by Jim Larkin.

Who is it speaks of defeat?  
I tell you a cause like ours  
Is greater than defeat e'er  
knew—  
It is the power of powers.  
As surely as the earth rolls  
around,  
As surely as the glaucous sun  
brings the great world round  
I will wave  
Must our Cause be won!

**Mussolini and Freemasonry.**

We are given to understand by "Dublin's Daily Dreadful" that Signor Mussolini is a scholar and a gentleman, and worthy the support of the nation. The (supposedly) ferocious Catholicity of the east-oil apostasy. To those of short memory the outrages committed by the Fascisti in Italy will not occur when reading Murphibist propaganda in favour of the Italian Cosgrave.

The situation in Italy since Mussolini, who was not travelling fast enough for the Masonic sect, decided to fight that organisation as the easiest way out of his difficulties, is worthy considering. As our readers may know, Masonry occupies the same position in Italian as in Irish political life. It is the octopus grip on the economic life of the country and its suckers are drawing the life blood of the people.

It will have been noticed that the Murphy organ is peculiarly sensitive in dealing with Masonry in Ireland. Invariably it points out that the Continental brand is radically different from the sanctified edition that prevails in this country. Here the "Independent" knows this we do not pretend to be aware, for Masonry is a secret, oath-bound organisation and its acts are not for the public. Within the past week, a re-statement of the claim of the Craft to the good will of the people has been made, but Murphy does not state the reason why. If the editor of the "Independent" or its owners can satisfactorily explain why they champion this anti-Irish and anti-social organisation, the readers of the paper will be better prepared for the spiritual Vesuvius due to come into action in Carlisle, Ireland with the coming Lenten Pastorals.

The real conflict of parties in Italy, as elsewhere, may be summarised in the words "Capital v. Labour." Mussolinism is capitalism; so is Masonry. Unfortunately for Masonry, there are Fascists who are anti-Masonic and in the Italian internal economy they weigh more with Mussolini than the gentlemen of the Square and Compass. In foreign politics (foreign) Masonry is the obstacle to the free play of Mussolini policy and in this field England is the chief aggressor. There is, therefore, a reason, apart from the fact that Mussolini cannot afford to placate Italian Masonry, why the Italian premier should make things as inconvenient as possible for Masons of Italian origin. The pinch may loosen the grip of foreign Masonic influences. To all who do not know it, we add that the whole is greater than its part, and Masonry, as a whole, has no use for the position of political snoots in which the Italian press sneers for the workers should be good, there will be at once a union of hearts between Mussolinists, Masonry, and upholders of Lor an' Order generally; and the Champions of Civilisation, Christianity, and Small Nationalities shall march forward together to victory—Molotov Street licking its lips in intelligent anticipation.

But there is always hope for the dispossessed, if they happen to know the proper grip. Should there be any danger of a social upheaval in Italy in which the prospects of success for the workers should be good, there will be at once a union of hearts between Mussolinists, Masonry, and upholders of Lor an' Order generally; and the Champions of Civilisation, Christianity, and Small Nationalities shall march forward together to victory—Molotov Street licking its lips in intelligent anticipation.

Which will prove to all citizens that "Continental and Irish Freemasonry have nothing in common."

**The National Minority Conference.**

The National Minority Conference of the British Trade Union Movement, convened in Battersea Town Hall, London, at 11 o'clock, Sunday, January 25th, 1925. Tom Mann, Engineers, presided in the enforced absence of Comrade A. J. Cook, Secretary, Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The Secretary of the Conference announced that there were in attendance 630 delegates representing every Union in Great Britain, twenty-eight Trades Councils and some twenty Co-operative Guilds, Fraternal delegates representing the R.I.L.U., the Red International of Labour Unions—with some 10,000,000 members—Germany, France, Checho-Slovakia, Italy, America, United States, India and Ireland. Comrade Cooke's presidential address was read in his absence by Tom Mann, and Mann supplemented Cooke's inspiring address in his own inimitable way, after which the Conference settled down to serious work. Before entering on the business on agenda Tom Mann, reminding the delegates we were meeting on the first anniversary of Comrade Lenin's death—January 25th—suggested that delegates stand in silence for two minutes in commemoration of the life, work and death of our dead comrade—the master mind of Europe. It was a soul-stirring sight to see the sturdy, dour lads from the mines of Scotland, England and Wales and the pick of the intelligent militant working class, representatives of all the basic industries of Great Britain, pay silent homage to the dead Russian worker, Lenin, the now recognised world-leader, even in death, of the conscious working class movement. After the silence the music of the Russian Hymn of Mourning, inspiring in its tragic remembrance of the sacrifices made on the altar of Human Liberty and its challenge to the present system of capitalist society. We repeat an inspiring and significant scene. Out of sacrifice and death comes life, love and liberty.

The Secretary, Comrade Pollitt, announced that the British Fascisti had gained entrance to the hall by a subterfuge early in the morning and had poured some chemical fluid on the floors and passage which caused the irritating odour discernable. It would pass away in a short time. The B.F.'s would learn something before long.

The resolution on Labour Unity which was discussed at some length was carried; also resolution advising all union men and women to get into the Co-operative movement and take control of what should be the commissariat of the organised labour movement. An emergency resolution moved by a Railway Delegate—Loubser—and seconded by an official of the N.U.R., condemning Stephen Walsh, M.P., late Minister for War in the MacDonald Cabinet, for his action in allowing a scheme to be introduced for the enrolment of railway workers in a Strike Breaking Militia under a scheme called the Supplementary Railway Reserves Act, was welcomed and carried with acclamation. Addresses were delivered by Fraternal Delegates from Checho-Slovakia, President Confederation Du Travail, on behalf of French Workers and as Representative of the R.I.L.U. A young Indo worker and student delivered a most moving address on behalf of his fellow countrymen. Harassed and enslaved by the industrial oligarchy which exploits the millions of the Indian working class, enforced slavery, no trade unions allowed to function, any criticism of working conditions is seditious and the bayonets of the British wage slaves enrolled in the English Army of occupation enforces the power of the British capitalist class. Among those who go to make up the British Army in India are creatures like O'Dwyer, the Irishman, and thousands of Irish lads, sons of peasants and industrial workers. What a sad commentary on our race. Not content with being slaves under the British Empire, we volunteer to act as hired assassins in India and other parts of the British Empire to keep other struggling peoples in subjection.

It was good to see the reception our young Indo comrade got. His resolution condemning British rulers in India and demanding that England should get out of India was carried unanimously. Our German comrade, a fighting chief, was enthusiastically received. His logical and pug-nacious address, cheered to the echo. One of the most helpful and inspiring things about the Conference was the intelligent speeches made by the many women comrades. They breathed sincerity, knowledge and determination, so different from the gathering of delegates we are blessed with in this country of the Free! Every delegate who spoke from platform or the body of the hall knew the subject, knew why they were there, knew the purpose of the Conference and knew where they were going and what the objective was; knew the difficulties confronting them, and they had determined, out of their experiences, to see to it that a way would be found to consolidate the forces of Labour for working class emancipation. It was a real throbbing, class-conscious, proletarian Conference. No leaders—comrades all. No talk about class collaboration, no talk about compromise, no place seeking, ambitious, corrupt, political hirelings using the movement for their own advancement, but workers from field, factory, mine and workshop determined to be free, out for the obliteration of the corrupt, brutal, selfish capitalist system.

Your Editor, meeting many old comrades in the flesh for the first time for a long number of years, was given greeting. Our fellow delegate, Patrick Murray, sat awed in silence by the scene new to him.

The Conference renews old ties with comrades of the fighting period. Assurances were given that they can be depended on to assist us to the limit. Congratulations expressed for the magnificent labours of the past few months. A pledge of solidarity. The Conference was an inspiring one. Our slogan for the future—All Power to the Workers!

**AUSTRALIAN DOCKERS RETURN TO WORK.**

**Beaten by Compulsory Arbitration.**

The Australian Seamen's strike has come to an end, according to the latest reports. The Federal Arbitration Court gave judgment in the dispute, but the Seamen's Union refused to abide by the decision. As arbitration is compulsory and all decisions must be accepted. Tom Walsh, General Secretary of the Union, was jailed and the Union threatened with de-registration for their refusal which would involve

seizure of the funds and the dispersal of the members. Being faced with such a result the Union members accepted the decision of the Court and returned to work.

This ending of such a fight will only the Australian Seamen and Dockers made is more than unfortunate, especially when it is remembered that the men had won the strike some weeks back owing to the Federal Government agreeing to abolish the Sydney Free Labour Bureau—the cause of the strike. But though the Federal Government had thus settled the strike, the Government of New South Wales considered it should go on and dissolving the Bureau they again reformed it under another name and insisted upon the ex-servicemen getting first preference at all work, their

action thus re-opening the strike, which resulted as described above.

This ending of a great fight will only incense the workers of Australia against Compulsory Arbitration, which is of great use to permanent Union officials, preventing, as it does, all strikes and only leaving them the job of arguing for or against a particular clause. Some effort has been directed towards introducing this system in Ireland, but so far nothing definite has occurred. Probably the effort will be renewed with greater intensity during the coming year, and it is in preparation for such a fight that all Irish Workers should read with interest the reports of the Australian strike, which ended so disastrously through the application of the Arbitration Laws by the Australian Government.

**THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION.**

Whether it is that the spirit of election times begets activities in other directions our readers can judge; anyhow, the "off and on" Boundary Commission have come together again. The proceedings have resolved themselves into a decision to call another meeting at "a far distant date" and with that done, the hustlers have all gone home again. Sir James Craig has declared the intention of the Government of Northern Ireland to yield "not an inch" and latest information to hand is to the effect that progress towards settlement of the problem is of a like dimension.

In the early days of the present Government, Commissions were a more popular means of exhausting the leisure of legislators than they are now. The Biscageading enquiry, the last of these, put the seal of unpopularity on them as a form of entertainment and profit to legislators, and so, as the only remaining source of novelty in that direction, we have to rely solely on Mr. Justice Fotham and his colleagues.

Perhaps in the interest of Merrion Street it is as well the Boundary Commission should not proceed fast. If we were to find, as a result of their deliberations, that the "territorial integrity, Ulster" could not be impaired a further degree of unpopularity might descend on the saviours of their country.

**FISH MARKET STRIKE.**

**Solidarity Winning Out.**

The men on strike in the Dublin Fish Markets, are still out, and the crews of the steam trawlers continue to walk the streets. The Munster and Leinster Bank continues to press for a reduction in the wages of the fishermen. The Bank directors are solely responsible for the strike, because all others concerned are more than anxious for a settlement.

Although repeated efforts have been made to break the solidarity of the market men, not one has gone back on his comrades. They have voted frequently on the question of accepting the salenasters' terms, but every ballot has unanimously turned down the terms and resulted in the continuance of the strike. The men, individually and collectively, have made a big fight, and success, though long-delayed, will and must eventually arrive.

**"AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."**

The fashion being set by the British Press in its continuous and systematic attacks on Soviet Russia is a daily feature of pro-British organs in Ireland. The most offender is the Murphy paper, the "Irish Independent."

Notwithstanding the violent expression of the "Independent's" piety and the sea-green whiteness so to speak of its inopportunities, our readers may expect a change about, or, at any rate, a modification of the point of view shortly.

The reason is that Britain is beginning to discover a few things, and amongst them that Nippon has been carrying on negotiations behind her back with Russia and has concluded a trade agreement which will give her an advantage in Eastern waters that cannot be regarded favourably in Downing Street.

It will be a natural development of the new situation to find a stampede of Moscow-ards of European and American financiers and that at once. The first in the field should be the U.S.A., whose feelings towards Japan and all that she stands for are not, in any sense, cordial. The spectacle of America "grabbing the boot" will undoubtedly be too much for the champion of "Christianity, Civilization and Small Nationalities," and soon, we will hear as little of "Beady" as we will of "the Japs." The papers used "terms," will cheat you yet." When that happens watch the manoeuvres of the "Irish Independent."

**AMUSEMENTS**

**MARY ST. PICTURE HOUSE**

"THE MADNESS OF YOUTH."  
Starring John Gilbert. A Fox Super.

Also "The Mistress of the World" Serial and Fox Special Comedy.

Monday next:  
JOHNNY HYNES in  
"SMASHING THROUGH"  
The biggest thriller of the year.

Also "The Fast Express" Serial and José Collins in Serial drama.

**THE ELECTRIC CINEMA**  
TALBOT STREET

Roy Stewart in Zane Grey's masterpiece  
**"THE ROARING U.P. TRAIL."**

Monday next:  
**"PARTNERS OF THE TIDE."**

Orchestral Music. ... 7 p.m. to 10.30

**GRAND CENTRAL**

TOM MIX in  
**"THE LAST OF THE DUANES."**  
Zane Grey's Great Novel.

Next Week—  
**"MIRIAM ROSELLA."**

From the novel by B. L. Farjeon.

**Our First Big Concert**

By kind permission of the Proprietors, Messrs. Sayers and O'Malley, we will hold

**A GRAND CONCERT**

IN THE  
**QUEEN'S THEATRE**

On Sunday, February 8th

On behalf of the Good and Welfare Fund of the Workers' Union.

An Excellent Programme has been arranged. Artists from Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connacht will appear.

PRICES: Gallery, 6d; Upper Circle, 1/-; Parterre, 1/6; Dress Circle, 2/-.

**WORKERS' SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERTS.**

Every Sunday Evening at 8 p.m. in **UNITY HALL.**

Excellent and Varied Talent Appears.

**BUY A BOND IN THE FREEDOM FUND.**

Obtainable at all Branches of the Workers' Union.

One Pound down or by Weekly Payments.

**REDEEMABLE IN FIVE YEARS.**

**"THE WORKERS WEEKLY."**

Every Thursday. Price One Penny.

The paper with the largest weekly net sale in the British working class movement, despite the newspaper's boycott. The paper for the active worker. The paper with the courage of its convictions. "A most traitorous publication" said Western Morning News. Agents wanted in Ireland. Write for terms to Business Manager, 16 King Street, London, W.C. 2.

**W. CHASE**

—115 PARNELL STREET—

Tobacconist, Stationer, News-agent and General Stores

PHONE 771.

**FARRELL'S**

Funeral and Carriage ESTABLISHMENT

66 Marlboro Street, Dublin

TRADE UNION HOUSE

IF YOU REQUIRE

**GOOD PRINTING**

QUICKLY AND CHEAPLY

—CALL TO—

**THE GAELIC PRESS**

GENERAL PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

21 Upr. Liffey St., Dublin

Nothing too Large—Nothing too Small

**A Trial Order Solicited.**

ALL WORK EXECUTED BY TRADE UNION LABOUR.

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL."

**IRISH WORKER**

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—Two-pence—and may be had of any newsagent or newsboy. Ask for it, and see that you get it. London Office—Room D, 143 Fleet St., E.C.

We do not publish or waste time on anonymous contributions.

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

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

PHONE NO.—DUBLIN 2686.

**In the International**

Lenin and his contribution to the cause of the proletarian revolution occupies the attention of the leading papers of the working class of all countries during these January days.

Wherever opportunity offers, great demonstrations have been and are being made.

Naturally, in Soviet Russia the greatest tributes have been paid to the memory of Lenin.

The practicality of the revolution is shown in the form of tribute, e.g., since the 9th January the life and importance of Lenin is being taught in the schools and in the Youth and Pioneer organisations.

From the 9th to 25th January the Lenin Week will be celebrated in the Party organisations by meetings, demonstrations and lectures.

The Central Committee, in view of the urgent desire of masses of non-party workers to enter the Party, has decided to open the door of the Party to workers during the Lenin Week.

Delegations from Moscow factories and from sections of the Red Army will visit the Lenin Mausoleum. The Museum of the Revolution and the Lenin Museum will be open during the Lenin Week to workers, peasants and members of the Red Army. The Cinemas are preparing Lenin films. The State publishers are issuing 250 books and pamphlets, totalling altogether 25 million printed pages.

As in Russia, so in Germany, France, Scandinavia, the Balkan States, the Baltic States, legally or illegally, great demonstrations have been held. In Great Britain, monster meetings have been held in the great industrial towns of England, Scotland and South Wales.

At all of these demonstrations the significant note was one of hope and complete confidence in the final victory of the working classes.

In Dublin on Thursday, 29th inst., the Irish working class will pay and bear tribute to the memory of the great proletarian leader, Lenin, alone among the statesmen of Europe, has made a solution of the "National" question possible.

Self-determination from the point of the most complete separation of colonial, semi-colonial and subject peoples has his slogan, and in his own country, Soviet Russia, people of one hundred different nationalities live and work together in the building up of the Workers' Republic.

**The History of Tommy Lawlor**

**Why the Workers Council was Formed**

OLE BILL'S SLOGAN "DRIVE LAWLOR OUT."

In our last issue we promised to republish the report of the proceedings in the 'Dublin Trades' Council when William O'Brien and his clique attempted to have Thomas Lawlor expelled from the Council, they charging him with having accepted testimonials of a monetary nature. Below our readers will find the report. Although Faran and Farn were the chief spokesmen against Lawlor, O'Brien was the person responsible for the attempt to oust Lawlor from the Labour Movement. This is O'Brien's usual role—the puller of strings, and the puppets dance—or talk.

**Delegate From Two Unions.**

As a sidelight upon O'Brien's intrigues in the Labour Movement in those years—(little item of information may be gleaned from the official minutes of the Council for that year. O'Brien appears in the minutes as a delegate from the Irish Union of Tailors and Tailoresses to the Executive Committee of the Council. But when we look up the printed report of the Transport Union for the same year, 1919, we find that William O'Brien appears as General Treasurer; and when we go further and have recourse to the report of the Trades' Union Congress for 1919 we find William O'Brien listed as a delegate from the Transport Union. 'Tis an achievement to be a member of two unions, but to be an official of two unions requires some brains. Now to the report.

Extract from the Minutes of the Dublin Trades' Council for May 19th, 1919, E. O'Carroll in the Chair.

The Secretary (Tom Farren) said he had an important matter to bring before the meeting which had been fully discussed by the Executive who had decided that the matter be dealt with in the form of a report.

The report stated that Mr. T. Faran, President of the Transport Union, had been informed by the Labour members of the Poor Law Board, and asked to call attention to the fact that Mr. Thomas Lawlor had received a testimonial from the employees of the Poor Law Board. The matter was referred to Mr. Lawlor who stated that last January Mr. Faran had shown him a circular purporting to "get up" a testimonial to him and that Mr. Faran had said he knew nothing about it. Furthermore, it appeared that the testimonial was not made to Mr. Lawlor, but to Mrs. Lawlor, and took the form of money. On that account the Executive deemed it advisable for Mr. Lawlor to resign his position as Poor Law Guardian and his membership on the Richmond Asylum Board.

The Chairman said that the decision of the Executive had been made after very careful consideration. He thought that all delegates would be aware of the resolution on the minutes of the Council passed in December, 1917, which set forth that no Labour member of public boards was to accept any recognition of his services.

Mr. T. Lawlor.—Might I ask, Mr. Chairman, will you put the matter before the delegates fairly and squarely. (Interruption from the body of the hall). I do not want you to be putting the circular up your cuff.

The Chairman.—I want to assure you, Mr. Lawlor, that it is the intention of the Executive to keep back nothing.

Mr. Collins.—The Executive in my opinion should have brought down a report of the Executive minutes. Why is there a separate report coming down? If Mr. Lawlor is guilty why is not that down?

**Thomas Stands on Honour and Principle.**

Mr. Lawlor said he wanted to be perfectly frank with the delegates. It was well known in that Council that he had been opposed to testimonials. He was at all times against testimonials and he had done his best to get that one also stopped. It was stated that the matter of the testimonial was merely a rumour. That was so as Mr. Faran had shown him the circular last January at a meeting of the South-Dublin Board of Guardians when he asked him if he (Mr. Lawlor) knew anything about it. "I," explained Mr. Lawlor, "said No, and I asked him for it," but he said "Go and get one for yourself." I stand on honour and principle and of course I can well understand Mr. Faran speaking of honour and principle, the man who left his rifle standing by the wall in Liberty Hall while the other men went out to fight.

At this remark there was an outburst of cheering from the visitors at the back of the hall.

The Chairman appealed for order,

the visitors you should be a little stricter with the delegates who are losing their tempers.

The Chairman.—If a man loses his temper how can I be responsible for him?

Mr. Lawlor rose again and said that he had been asked to take such steps as would prevent the affair becoming a scandal, and if he had done that the Council would not have been troubled with the debate. He had no animosity against anyone, but he believed that the Executive would regret the whole business. A delegate said he considered the Executive were right to take their stand behind the 1917 resolution.

**The Modern St. Patrick and the Serpent.**

Mr. Faran.—He was not going to allow the Labour Movement to be disgraced by the testimonials and the gang who ran the South-Dublin Union. He asked Mr. Lawlor if he knew anything about the circular and he (Mr. Lawlor) replied not and that he would take steps to stop the testimonial. The next thing he heard was that members of the Transport Union were asked to contribute to it. The men who subscribed to it were mostly anti-Labour men, and some publicans, and he felt it his duty to bring the matter before the Council. He had no malice against Mr. Lawlor.

Mr. Lawlor.—You have it for sixteen years and I can prove.

Mr. Faran said that unless the Executive were to swallow its own words and allow its own members to take testimonials it should be stopped.

**The Honour of the Labour Movement—Price £7,500.**

The honour and principle of the Labour Movement was more to him than all the Lawlors and Farans who were in Dublin. He did not care anything about the gaffery. It had been specially provided there that night. It had often been done before. The man who takes a testimonial while in the Labour Movement would have no place in the Labour Movement, and he, for one, would do his best to keep it clean.

**When It's a Friend—Hush! When It's an Undesirable—Speak the Truth.**

Mr. W. J. Murphy.—The peculiarity of this case is that it is always the man who differs from the others who is singled out. Whenever the questions of testimonials arose it was always brought up by those men who differ from the rest, and if it wasn't a testimonial it would be sure to be some other business. The testimonial business originated in the Council and I only hope, Mr. Chairman, that on some future auspicious occasion I may have the pleasure of seeing you get up a testimonial. He went on to say that on one occasion Mr. Faran got a testimonial.

Mr. Faran.—Never, Sir.

**The Truth At Last.**

Mr. Murphy.—The point is this—that it is quite plain and I want every delegate here to understand it, that this thing must stop. There are groups of men out against each other and these are killing the Labour Movement. I tell you that the rank and file of the Trades' Union Movement will want to keep their eyes open. There were the men who are the cause of this turmoil. Each and every Union know these men, and if we do not want to have our—(further interruptions).

Some further remarks, when a vote was taken by a show of hands. The voting for the adoption of the report calling on Mr. Lawlor to resign from the Dublin Union and Asylum Board was 20—against 36.

**How The Workers' Council Originated.**

Such is the story of O'Brien's attempt to cast Tommy Lawlor out of public life. O'Brien failed in this attempt and some weeks later he and his clique resigned from the Trades' Council and formed the bogus Workers' Council. Lawlor continued a member of the Trades' Council, but Tynan, President of the Municipal Workers' Union, who is a tool of O'Brien's, transferred the Union to the Workers' Council and so the Labour Movement was affiliated to the Council which was formed on the pretext that Tommy took a testimonial.

**Daniel In The Lion's Den.**

In this attempt to destroy Lawlor's public career O'Brien dragged Lawlor's private character through the muck and slime of petty trades' union intrigues, and even though Lawlor won on the vote he lost morally. And now Tommy, who stands on honour and principle, is wearing the same sort of trousers and the front of his waistcoat is waving out of the window. He is to O'Brien who did everything in his power to blast Lawlor's character, publicly and privately.

**'Tis Worthy Company, My Brethren.**

But at last Tommy has found his true level. His present company is worthy

IN THE U.S.A.

(From Our Correspondent.)

New Year's Day.

An Bláchain Nuadh.

In spite of gumbots, cruisers and lawyers...

The existence of a homeless army walking the streets...

Today's papers carry the following despatches...

DETROIT, Dec. 30.—A dog's life takes on a new meaning...

Capitalism, whether here or in the great Catholic Archdiocese of Dublin...

In New York, to be out of work without the price of a lodging is by the newer police regulations...

Bill's Photo. If the "Saorstát" is to live over the spring time...

Reproduction of photographs is a fine art with American Sunday papers...

This photograph will, undoubtedly, nullify all Sunday's "hot air" efforts...

If a Wall Street banker looks out of his inner office he can observe his telephone girls...

coat-spots, etc. His good lady could have been advised to don the latest...

Two clean-cut military officers should have accompanied them...

Such a photo broadcasted through the world's press would have meant success...

We feel sure that many Senators, or at least their wives, and the important clerical staff...

Bankers may be forgiven for concluding that the Saorstát has Moscow tendencies...

The French workers' paper printed under Bill's photo—"Vultus est index animus"—the face is an indication of the brains.

His name may be recorded that so simple a thing as a photograph delivered a death blow to a great and noble Saorstát...

A Real Statesman.

Irish workers might contrast the arrival of Cosgrave in Paris, where a couple of railway porters pushing trunks...

The rich, the petit bourgeoisie came out on their balconies and jeered and spit down on the marching workers below.

A Cabinet meeting was hurriedly summoned that afternoon as a fear had come into the hearts of the few who hold the mighty French labour giant in chains...

The Paris workers do not forgive or forget. They will bide their time, making proper preparations...

But the French worker, the Irish worker, the German, Chinese and English worker remembers that unparalleled slaughter of helpless fellow-workers in

a Paris suburb, and they all, Irish, German, English and Chinese will exult when the French worker, properly prepared, again rises and sets up a Workers' Republic...

Cross Word Puzzles.

There is much that Irish workers can ponder over in the present efforts of editors and circulation managers to stampede the docile herd with word puzzles.

On this side millions have but one burning desire in life—purchase of a four letter word commencing with "B" that means a famous Field-Marshal...

Libraries are congested with waiting lines demanding dictionaries. In New York the reader must sign a requisition that he needs the dictionary for proper purposes.

An enterprising taxi firm is repainting their taxis with shall black and white squares with letters.

Our Editor will be pleased to learn of the newer atmosphere of comradeship that reigns in his late official residence.

A few years ago the millions were doped with "The Adventures of Mutt and Jeff," whose later entry into Irish journalism...

Recently the more subtle "Better Ole" heroes of Bainsfater amused the English herd as they flocked into the trenches or sought "a better ole." The American "Mutts" were awakened out of enjoyment of their newspaper heroes to find they had been conscripted to wage a holy war for "democracy" and it was years later before their sluggish brains recorded that their conscription and America's entry into the World War was deliberately planned to enable the House of Morgan and its Wall Street satellites to get back billions of dollars advanced to England and the Allies.

Its effects on labour has been stimulation in the printing and book-binding trades, but also the dismissal of several hundreds in the factories making records, gramophones and violas—the other form of opiate furnished to slaves so they would not feel their fetters, or in a moment of intelligence grasp the freedom already grasped by our brothers in Russia.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must take themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed—Colton.

Mulvaney—The Boy from Deansgrange

Deansgrange, Jan 27th, 1925.

The Editor, Irish Worker.

Dear Sir,

"The Vice of Labour" for Jan. 17th, were certain statements about me which I would like to deal with.

"The Vice" also mentions my entrance fee of 10/- I left this country in 1916 to work in England and returned in 1919. I immediately joined the Transport Union voluntarily and paid 2/6 entrance fee, and kept my card clear until I again was forced to go to England...

I paid the 10/- in April, 1922, and came home at Xmas, 1922, and from that date until May, 1924, when I transferred to the W.U.I., I had always a clear card.

I was a member of the Committee in the Transport Union for eighteen months and never had a charge brought against me. But at a General Meeting in May, 1924, it was discovered that Mulvaney had paid no contribution for three years, yet remained a member and an official.

To end this letter I would ask Mulvaney does he forget that a short year ago, he seconded a motion, proposed by Gurra Byrne, that the men accept £2 per week, although the men had decided at a special meeting that they would not work for less than the Union rate—1/4 per hour.

Yours faithfully, THOMAS KELLY.

DUBLIN UNEMPLOYED.

Dear Sir—Will you allow me a small space in your paper to draw the attention of the above Council to the fact that the time is well overdue for a General Meeting of the Unemployed, in whose name money is being collected for the past six months.

Yours faithfully, R. LENNON.

110 Parnell Street, 27/1/25.

The only progress which is really effective depends not upon the bounty of Nature, but upon the energy of man.—Buckle.

NOTICES

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

MOTOR SECTION.

A special meeting of all members of the Motor Section will be held in Unity Hall on Sunday, February 8th, 1925, at 12 o'clock noon, sharp.

BUSINESS:—

- Nominations for: (a) General Executive Committee, (b) General Officers (General President, General Secretary, and General Treasurer), (c) Union Trustees, (d) No. 1 Branch Committee, (e) Section Committee.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

COAL SECTION.

A special meeting of the Coal Committee and Shop Stewards of the Coal Section will be held in Unity Hall on Wednesday, next, 4th February, 1925, at 8 p.m.

Business of an important nature will be transacted.

M. J. SUTTON,

Acting Sec., No. 1 Branch.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

PORK BUTCHERS' SECTION.

A special meeting of all Pork Butchers will be held in Unity Hall on Wednesday next, February 4th, 1925, at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

BUSINESS:—

- Nominations for: (a) General Executive Committee, (b) General Officers (General President, General Secretary, and General Treasurer), (c) Union Trustees, (d) No. 1 Branch Committee, (e) Section Committee.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

CARTERS' SECTION.

In future the Section Committee will meet on Tuesday night.

By Order,

SECTION COMMITTEE.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

MOTOR DRIVERS.

(Mineral Water Section).

A special meeting of all Motor Drivers employed by Mineral Water Manufacturers will be held in Unity Hall on Sunday, February 1st, 1925, at 12 o'clock noon, sharp.

Business of the utmost importance.

WORKERS' UNION OF IRELAND

Head Office: Unity Hall, Marlboro' St.

CROSS-CHANNEL DOCKERS.

A Special Meeting of Cross-Channel Dockers will be held in Unity Hall on Sunday, February the 1st, at 1 p.m. sharp.

BUSINESS:—

- Nominations for: (a) General Executive Committee, (b) General Officers (General President, General Secretary, and General Treasurer), (c) Union Trustees, (d) No. 1 Branch Committee Representatives, (e) Delegates.

By Order,

M. J. SUTTON,

Secretary, Pro Tem,

No. 1 Branch.

Jack London

HIS PILGRIMAGE THROUGH LIFE.

By Austin I. Davis.

Eight years have gone since Jack London died... I was in a train between Baltimore and New York when I read the news.

Yet, of all things, death is the hardest to associate with Jack London. I knew him first when he was twenty-three, full of vitality and with that great physical strength...

One might write much about his writing and particularly about those first short stories... full of a promise never really fulfilled.

It may be said of the bourgeois that they both seduced and traduced him... when they had him in their light and the stream of tasteless drizzle oozed from his mouth...

It was a gallant assurance, and a certain self-conscious quirkiness which sent him in his shirt to those lecture rooms of the Eastern Universities...

encounters, as Jack London so well described in his "Valley of the Moon". It was a proletarian which, on its sordid, sopping side, showed the reality of a sort of nihilistic Nietzscheism.

And, as a matter of fact, Nietzsche had a profound effect upon Jack London. I remember well that a certain Eastern professor, who was a visitor to the Kilkenny Club, talked about the famous German who books were to begin to appear in English and were exciting the intelligentsia.

But there was one adventure which left permanent marks upon him and from the effects of which he never recovered. That adventure was his visit to England and his stay in the East End, with the crushed population that he described so well in the "People of the Abyss".

It dawned on him that the proletariat of the great cities were something other than that of the frontier. From that time on the zest and abandon of the proletarian enterprise forsook him.

Jack London was a member of the Socialist Party. Its early days of education and propaganda were a delight to him; but when the sinister influences, which afterwards destroyed its usefulness and integrity, became manifest, he turned against it.

HISTORY OF TOMMY LAWLOR.

(Continued from col. 5, page 2.)

of him and he of them. O'Brien who rose to power by refusing widows their money with which to bury their dead with the proper respect, due to the dead; Foran who retained £7,500 in a safe from the women and children who starved...

ECONOMIC LAW RULES.

The starving man may be free to the law of the land, but he is not free by the economic law that you must have something to sell if you want to live.

It is necessary first to have a minimum and then to have a surplus - Aristotle.

Simply Frightful

THE LETTERS OF OLE BILL (No. 4).

Dear Kunnrades,

I is not what they call a high liver though I lack my own when it comes to partake of the good things provided. I must say I enjoy a good dinner and feels all to the body and ivy when the bell rings for the last lap.

It was after my dinner on last Christmas day and I was reading a chapter of Mister Dostoevsky's a sort of reaction to the house of mastication, when I that I had far away in the distance a rumbling like a crowd of people. I thought I was mistaken at first but it grew louder and drawin nearer and in about five minits it sounded as if it was only a hundred yards away.

I did not mind not being able to get up from the chair, but all the time the noise grew louder and as medical men will tell you, heilousness is very serious, so when the purrress of it whatever it was stopped outside the hall door and started showin' i sez to myself "this is a grave matter."

Then three or four dirty looking fellows came in with masks over their faces and they carried petrol tins in their hands. Behind them came a crowd of more fellows and they was all sneerin and singin "it ain't goin to rane no more." In a minnit or two the whole room was packed to suffocation and the fellers with the petrol tins skweered there way throo the knave and out the tins of the legs of the chair. Then one of the men that carried the tins sed, "remove the prisoner to an unknown destination, and there was a fearful explosion and there was an awful smell of burnin hair and meat and the cheers that went up was wild and unearthly.

The next thing I remember was someone sayin "give him a pint of water" and then I opened my eyes and looked round me. At first I did not know what to make of it but there was no doubt it was in a police court of Justis an it was knowled.

I can say conscientiously that I have never to my knowledge given any support to breeches of the law and you can imagine how I felt when the crown State solisitor charged me with "mizapplying, unlawfully and with malice aforethawt various sums, to wit, the property of the Transport Union." I had never first, there was a missent nine pounds sterling. He has, sez he, "paid a mortality claim to a person with a tooth on a penny remained due on the card." Well, I never heard anything like the crowd that went round the court at that. I looked at the jury men and I had horror I saw in their faces a crowd of men who were...

KMAS DRAW, 1924. LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS

We have been asked to publish the following list by some of our readers. It should have appeared last week but owing to lack of space was not inserted. - Ed. I.W.

Table with columns: Prize, Amt., Ticket No., Name, Address. Lists names and addresses of prize winners for the Kmas Draw, 1924.

COMPLIMENTARY TICKET PRIZES.

Table with columns: Prize, Amt., Ticket No., Name, Address. Lists names and addresses of complimentary ticket prize winners.

Seller of 1st Prize Ticket - E. Muldowney, 4 Tolka Avenue, Church Road. £1 Prize. Seller of 2nd Prize Ticket - John Cox, Borecourt, Droichead Na. £1 Prize. Name of Seller of Greatest Number of Tickets will be announced in next issue.

not entitled too. Well, dear kunnrades, they then called it was and he swore I paid him the mortality claim. I couldn't stand the strain any longer and I jumped to my feet and shouted "Mercy! judge, let me say a word in my defense." "Go on" sez the judge. "Sir," i sez, "and gentlemen of the jury. If I paid that claim I did it in an honest mistake, but as my terrible fate depends on the legal fables of the law, I wish to plead that as one farthing is the smallest coin of the Realm there is no such sum as a tenth of a penny and the prosecution is therefore hors-de-combat." Well, the jury snarled at that and I saw I was in a bad way. "Before I sums up," sez the judge, "hav you anny witnessess to call as to your karacter?" I looked round the court and my voice was broke with emotion and i sez, "Is Tom Foran there - Is Tom Johnson there - has i anny friends in court?" For a minnit there was silence and then I saw a disturbance in the court and you kums forward but the two ov them - my too loo friends. They both gets up in the box in their turn and swears I would never pay anything that was not dew legally, and they shuk me by the hand. "Well," sez the judge, "that kloses the case for the defense and I will now sum up to the jury."

He was five hours summin up and all the time i was torn with suspense. At length he sez, "let the jury retire!" Well, they came back in three minnits rubbin their hands and the chief foreman handed a slip ov payper to the judge. "Prisoner at the bar" sez he, "you have been found guilty by a jury of human beings, with a strong recommendation to mercy on akkount of your karacter. It is the sentence of the court," sez he, "that you be taken from hence to the place where you will go and your head be decapitated, from your body until you be dead. In token ov mercy," sez he, "your remains will not be quartered in the prescribed manner, and that you be buried in a dung hill, and your dear kunnrades I broke down and wept. Such a fate for a champion ov the wurkers. "Oh, Ireland! Oh, Wurkers! I kried, is it thus you slaughter your mighty dead. Ahs! Ahs!"

Well, the wardners took me out into the courtyard and was leadin me akross when a door opened at the far side and twenty or thirty men carried out smitthin between them. When they got down I saw it was a large block and then i saw another man with a horrible axe six feet long and i felt my knees give. "Cheer up," sez one of the wardners, "we all have to go some time." "Oh!" i sez, "but not that way." I felt i was dyin. Then the man with the axe started swingin it round his head, givin fancy strokes, and it was terrible to think he had no pity for his victim. I can never forget the last moments. Well, dear kunnrades, they put me knoed down and when they sez i was to be wrot, then i herd a faint smitthin swishin throo the air, and i lets out an agonous wail and for a second i knew nuthin. Then

I found myself sittin on the floor in my library when i had fallen off the chair, and the fire was blinkin at me. Oh! kunnrades, it was an awful dream. As long as I live i will never go to sleep after my Christmas dinner and you will make up my mind in future to be more strict on payin mortuaty benefits.

Yours faithfully,

OLE BILL.

WORKERS' UNION TONTINE SOCIETY

NOTICE

The above Society is open for new members until 1st February. Committee sits in Unity Hall on: Sunday from 12 to 2 p.m. Monday from 8 to 9 p.m. Friday from 8 to 9 p.m. To receive contributions and admit new members.

NOTICE

Thousands of new and second-hand books for sale. You can change each book on payment of 2d. if returned in good condition.

STARKEY

Newsgagent and Tobacconist - 106 MARLBORO' STREET, DUBLIN

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Prime Beef and Mutton, Minceed, Steak, Mince-meat, Slices and Beef Sausages. Best Irish Beasts' heads (half), 1/- Best Irish Sheeps' heads, 8d. each.

GEFF FITZPATRICK & SONS

2 Lr. Dorset Street, and 22 Marlboro' Street (at Pillar).

IRISH WORKER LEAGUE.

General Meeting of All Members Tuesday, 3rd February, at 8 p.m.

UNITY HALL

Also Executive Meeting, Friday, 30th January, at 8 p.m.

Published by the Proprietors and Printed by The Gaelic Press, 21, Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.