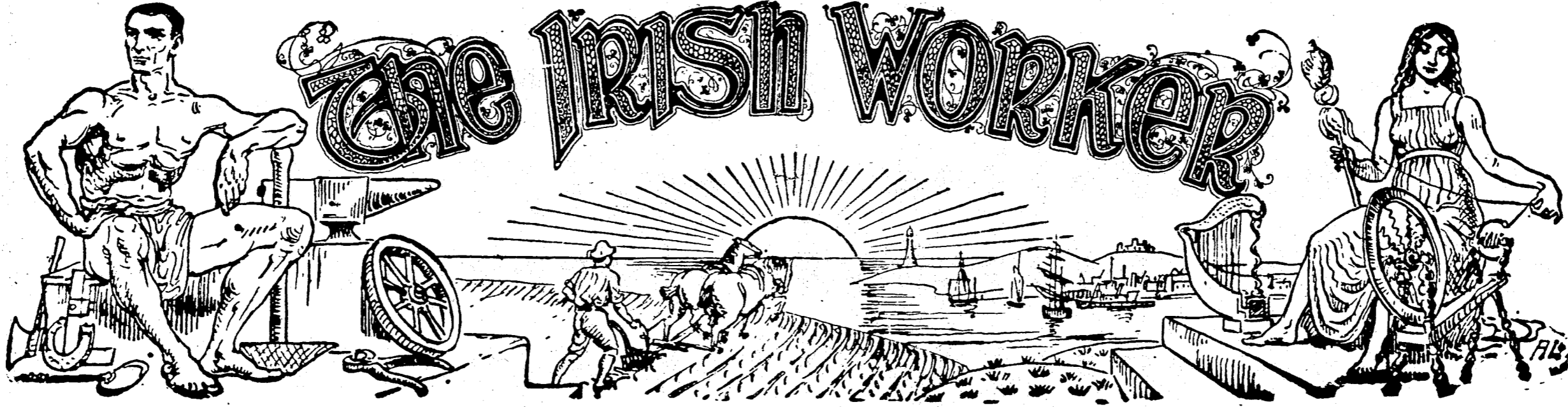


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



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 our Cause be won!

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 44—Vol. III.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 14th, 1914.

ONE PENNY.]

Jim Larkin, the "Irish Liberator" and His New Campaign.

By SHELLBACK.

Since my last article in connection with Mr. Larkin's new campaign in England, matters have rapidly developed.

Brothers Lennon and Donegan have made good use of the time at their disposal, and the one topic of conversation among the workers is the new movement, with the Irish Players a good second. The meetings have been covered with big green posters announcing the opening of the English tour. At every street corner handbills are thrust into our hands, and in the business portion of the city we are constantly coming across the picturesque Pipers in their full regalia, and we lose many minutes of probably valuable time, charmed by the sample of real Irish music that we may be treated to in the real Irish style. A few days ago we were looking forward to the arrival of the Irish Players, with at least, mixed feelings; to-day we have them with us, and our minds are easy.

The individuals comprising the troupe deserve more than passing attention, for a happier-looking, nor a jollier lot, it would prove distinctly hard to find, and one could scarcely credit that this laughing, jiving company have been just six months locked-out from their regular employment; have left plenty of their workmates and relatives at home suffering the hardships that attend enforced idleness extending over such a long period.

They muster just upon a score of young men and maidens, and are under the watchful care of Miss Delia Larkin, whose role is of the fond parent rather than that of the business manager.

The programme gives the names of those taking part in the first performance as follows:—

Thomas Donohue, Scamus Wynne (Irish Pipers), Miss Delia Larkin, Miss Kathleen Moore (Sheila), T. O'Moore, Pat Murtagh, Scamus Smith and Sean Kavanagh (Dramatic Players); Miss Mary McMillan and P. Mc Nerney (singers), Leo and May Ryan (juvenile dancers), Pat Murtagh, M. Whelan, and the Irish Workers' Trio (dancers), while the music is to be provided by Mr. Bingham Sheridan, a capable pianist. This company played to a crowded house at the New Pavilion Theatre, Lodge Lane, Liverpool, on Wednesday, the 11th inst., as I told you last week, and the audience testified again and again their satisfaction with the Players, and the delight afforded them, by the various funny and musical turns that was put before them. Miss Larkin was the recipient of a handsome bouquet; that, on this her first appearance in her new role before an English audience and on an English stage, was a mark of appreciation and esteem that has yet to be experienced by any of the other leaders in the industrial movement. The juvenile dancers also received parcels of sweetmeats from patrons in the audience.

After last Wednesday evening, when the Liverpool people had the opportunity of being introduced to a body of real "rank and filers" in the Transport Workers' Union, they must surely now feel convinced of the contemptible, lying character given to the stage-made-up members of that Transport Workers' Executive Committee that was so much before the public during the past few days in a play, "The Riot Act"—the product of Mr. James Sexton's fertile imagination, in which the workers connected with this particular branch of industry are so ridiculously caricatured and misrepresented. I do not consider it at all out of place to here suggest that Mr. Sexton, who claims to be something of a docker himself, must have lost all knowledge and must be far out of touch with the people he is supposed to serve, and who have proved to have been for so many years past, in his own case, such considerate employers, when he depicts their most important Committee as using the language and wearing the garb and general appearance of what might be taken to be—without at all being considered far-fetched—a body of experienced criminals, who don't seem clean or decent enough to have either just emerged from gaol or to have received the benefit of the enforced habits of cleanliness that is among the little virtues one must practice within the protecting walls of such institutions.

The future engagements of the Irish Players in Liverpool are:—On Monday, the 9th, at The David Lewis Theatre; on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 10th and 11th, at a Birkenhead Theatre; and on Thursday and Friday, the 12th and 13th, at the Garston Assembly Rooms; on Saturday, the 14th, they leave for Manchester where several halls have already been secured.

Regarding the performance itself, I can say that it is the equal of all, and superior to many, that I have witnessed in the leading halls of the country, and it is deserving of support, if for no other reason than its spectacular value, its humorous incidents, its good vocal music and its National Pipers and dancing.

Of course the chief driving force behind all these posters and handbills as well as the extraordinary adaptability for business enterprise that has lately manifested itself among these mere Irish Transport and Factory Workers is the sheer necessities of the thousands of their class who are suffering untold misery, because some of them had evinced a desire for a little more sunlight to brighten the drab lives they spent in the Tramway service or in the dusky darkness of a ship's hold, or the unromantic toil of the quays. It also, receives impetus in its evident determination to secure, from the unnatural treatment that is being accorded to women in that Christian City of Dublin, who are practically condemned to death because they had dared to organise in order to secure some respite from the horrible circumstances that compelled them to voluntarily attach their bodies of flesh and blood to the machinery of the mill where their lives were used up in contributing to countless revolutions to the accompaniment of an incessant devilish droning and tinkling music among the cogs they fitted into, as with the regularity of clock-work they checked biscuits into packages, packages into tins, and tins into regiments of tins, that in bright uniforms of labels were being eternally disposed in regular battalion order and marched away to ship or railway station, where by some peculiar evolution they turned into banking accounts for merchants and middlemen, though they never by any chance lessened in the slightest degree the everlasting grind of the humane machinery that from the cradle to the poorhouse or the grave was continually engaged in producing them, even though they may never have brought suffering and misery to those who handled them or made sailors' coffins of the ships they were carried in.

So far the respectable clique of office-holders, nick-named "labour leaders," have not rendered any assistance to the pioneers of this new phase of labour activity. Like them and their work in Dublin, if they have not actually hindered they have not helped or done anything that might have been considered of benefit or even friendly to the cause of all those women and children of Dublin, no more than they did when the doughty heroes in blue were taking up strategic positions to safely brain the girls as they left Liberty Hall, what time the whole congregation of respectable labour leaders were in Congress holding their annual pow-wow discussing airy nothings or waiting adjourned meetings when possibly they might be able to pass votes of condolence with the relatives of the maimed and killed, and thus justify their existence.

The watchword of these highly-intelligent "leaders" is, apparently, to "go slow and keep in the middle of the road." However, the age of chivalry and fair play has not altogether disappeared into the limbo of the past, from among the English people, even if it has done so in the case of their elected leaders, who seem to be left in a quagmire of selfishness.

The progress of the Irish Players through the country, actuated as they are by a pure spirit of love for their fellows, will certainly prove that, and there can be no doubt but that the result will be the safe inauguration of a new method of fighting moneybugs like Murphy in a saner and a more effective manner than just sitting down and starving. In every town the troupe will visit, they will find true friends and helpers.

The "Daily Herald"—the only real Labour Journal—will continue to give them its valuable support as it has done since the beginning of the Dublin awakening. "Clarionettes" and militant Socialists are everywhere on their side, while the women and men connected with

the fighting Suffrage movement will render their valuable help: so what is there to fear from the Liberal-cum-Tory-cum-Nationalist-cum-Religious swanky-swanks whose one chief Labour-cum topic of importance is "Salaries."

mission to be unfit for human habitation (shame), and 20,000 families were occupying single rooms—a condition of affairs that made common decency impossible. The partial explanation might be found in the fact that there was not in Dublin the circulation of money that accompanied industrial activity. There was a great gap between the professional classes and the great mass of what was called "skilled labour." Half-way across the line there was a merchant class, dealing with the distribution of commodities. This class in combination controlled the means of transport, and with the growing prosperity of rural Ireland, they were growing richer and more tyrannical. On the other hand, the working-class had experienced a deepening poverty through the gradual increase in the cost of living, which normally in Dublin, was higher than any other place in Ireland, and probably in Great Britain. The human urge to a fuller life, which had filtered down even to the lowliest souls in the Dublin slums, brought the inevitable hour, and the hour brought the man of spirit and grit, Jim Larkin (loud applause). The result was a tragic struggle—on the one side a callous indifference to the elementary needs of human beings: a policy of starvation adopted by men who never knew what it was to lack a meal. On the other side—the side of the newly awakened workers—a loyalty to friends and principles that had moved the hearts of sensitive and imaginative people in all corners of the earth. The still 5,000 men idle, making the normal poverty more acute. He was not there because he believed that palliatives would make an end of the evil. No; they must slacken no whit in thinking and working to find a permanent ground of settlement of the problems between employer and employed the world over; they must endeavour to build up a social structure that would be more in keeping with the spirit of the twentieth century, more expressive of the ancient brotherliness of Ireland, more worthy of those who confessed the name of Christ; at the same time, he knew their hearts were touched with the immediate crushing needs of their oppressed brothers and sisters in Dublin, and he knew that those who could afford to translate their sympathy into action would find ways and means of so doing (loud applause).

A Cossack's Letter to His Brother in Crime.

PS. Don't forget the Police King Bunch Coal Bunch 16/12/13

Dear Wicce

I rec your card in due course I was glad to hear by it that you are well.

No Sarge as yet McLovery where from Dimey. Enjoying too good a time strong drinking all day. And a few drunken tips of the "Jarego" each night when the fair ones put in an appearance. If Byrne were here now his tongue would be worn from repeating "Sraundontirely."

I expect you will be soon back. I am appearing to be on the down road yours.

LETTER CARD

William Mulligan Esq
(R. 2C)
Blamienest
Dublin

The State of Dublin.

(Mr. James H. Cousins, poet and playwright, founder and first editor of the "Irish Citizen," was asked, as one of the founders and first dramatists of the Irish Dramatic Movement, and as one who knew Dublin intimately, to give a ten-minute speech on the state of Dublin between the two plays performed by Miss Larkin's Company on Wednesday in Liverpool, where Mr Cousins now resides. The following is a report of his speech.)

Mr. Cousins said it was his business to direct their attention, not to a drama of life, but to the drama in real life that was being enacted in the Capital of the country which, to perhaps the majority of us here present, as to him, was their beloved Motherland (applause). The players had not come to them simply for their own pleasure or the pleasure of the audience, though they evidently succeeded in doing both. They had come for the sheer business of raising money for thousands of their brothers and sisters in Ireland who were in distress. That was a worthy

thing to do worthy of the noble heart and brain of Delia Larkin (applause). They were proud of her and her helpers, and yet, across their pride there fell a dark sense of humiliation that such an undertaking should be necessary. Unfortunately it was horribly necessary. He was a plain man, not a politician, and so he could afford to face and tell the truth. There was no city, he declared, in the Three Kingdoms, and none, so far as he knew, on the Continent, where street-selling and begging were so dreadfully prevalent; and there was no city where they were so cruelly forced to eke out the barest living. If they thought he was exaggerating they had only to read the recent Blue Book on the Housing of the Working Classes in Dublin, and they could reason back from the state of the home to the state of the dinner table. That Blue Book—so called, no doubt, because it gave readers the blues (laughter)—disclosed the appalling facts that 17,000 families, numbering 60,000 souls, were living in places declared by the Com-

CAUTION.

The Pillar House, 81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN, IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workingman, No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairing A SPECIALITY.

that they will remain in Ireland long after she has achieved even the most complete political independence.

It does not follow that political independence is not in the highest degree desirable and necessary. The misery of capitalism and poverty in Ireland is complicated and aggravated unceasingly by alien domination. That, however, is not the fundamental nor the most important evil; it is the last straw that brings the camel to his knees. The removal of that last straw is obviously the first thing to do, but only as a step towards lightening and re-arranging the animal's burden.

When every Irishman and woman is sufficiently prosperous and leisured, when every Irish child grows up in health and freedom to take an honourable share in shaping the destinies of his nation, then shall we find the Irish nation developing to the full the qualities that give it distinction and worth among the nations of the world. Every fireside then will be an altar to the spirit of Nationalism.

It is our work, not so much "to hurl the British Empire to eternal damnation," but to make Ireland in truth "A Nation Once Again."—Yours fraternally, RONALD J. P. MORTISHED.

The Real Nationalism.

DEAR COMRADE,

I have been unfortunate enough to miss the earlier stages of the controversy between Sean O' Cathasaigh and Seumas MacGowan on the Volunteer question. So far as I am able to gather up the threads from MacGowan's article in the last issue I think I should possibly find myself on his side, though for reasons different from his. But there are passages in his article against which I should like to protest.

"All Ireland's misfortunes," says MacGowan, "are traceable, directly or indirectly, to that foul abomination known as English Government in Ireland." That statement is not true. Ireland's misfortunes are traceable to a much more powerful and widespread domination than that of England has ever been or will ever be. What is wrong with Ireland is what is wrong with the world—with England itself—with every country from Russia to South Africa, from Germany to Japan, with republics as with monarchies, with Protestant countries as with Catholic.

The world's evil is, quite simply that, while wealth is produced by the manual labour of the many, it is consumed by the few; that so far from there being any discoverable relation between a man's work for society and the amount of wealth society is allowed to receive in return, the wealthiest are often socially the most useless and the most dangerous; that all the tremendous powers of modern civilization are wasted and misapplied so as to produce degeneration and misery instead of happiness and prosperity. These are not "the products of England's so-called civilization"; they are the products of capitalism. It may be true to say that they "were unknown in free Gaelic Ireland," but it would be equally true to say that they were unknown in Anglo-Saxon England. And it is quite certain

Call to W. FURNISS

For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON. None but the Best at Lowest Prices.

Talbot St. Meats Co., 36b Talbot St.

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But no danger from stones or clinkers by purchasing your COALS FROM

ANDREW S. CLARKIN,

COAL OFFICE—

7 TARA STREET. Telephone No. 2789.

Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire.

SMALL PROFIT STORE

FOR MEN'S BOOTS.

Real Hand-Pegged, Washable, and un-washed ... 4/11 Worth 6/6.

Real Cheeses, Real Golf & Glass Kid Boots; thoroughly done 6/11 Worth 8/11. [read]

Small Profit Store, 78 Talbot St.

Plutocrats and the Press.

AN OVERDUE APOLOGY.

By OSCAR.

I am an omnivorous student of the Press—that is to say, I diligently devour the contents of the daily newspapers with, perhaps, a supernatural zest.

I do not, of course, regale myself with the details of murder trials or speeches of Members of Parliament; neither am I a football enthusiast nor a follower of the doings on 'Change, but I certainly have a penchant for leading articles, though this, I am told, is symptomatic of a deranged mentality.

It must be realised that the average man of the world—provided he has had a University education—is generally credited with being the possessor of a fruitful imagination and a pliable conscience.

The modern penny news-sheet, I venture to assert, has rendered possible the ravages of civilisation; likewise it has made impossible the much predicted reversal of the established social order.

Plutocrats, politicians and playboys: these constitute the pioneers of British journalism. I say British because I know of no other brand.

The individual members of the public are easily satisfied in the matter of literary taste. There is nothing new or even remarkable in this observation.

My own views on what may be called the Press question are practically non-existent. I am only now setting down what I should be inclined to think on the subject if I went to the trouble of thinking at all.

Every day of the year some incident occurs, however trifling, which aids to illustrate the absolute non-partisan principles that actuate our newspaper editors and other devotees of the Yellow Profession.

Personally, I have always been a staunch admirer of the "Army," but I expect I shall henceforth meet with scores of cynical critics who will attempt to make feeble jokes about the opening of a Recruiting Depot in Princes' street.

As we have said before, the brute capable of such conduct is not morally fit to blacken the shoes of those girls—our sisters.

sufficient to glorify the brilliancy of the brass buttons on Tommy Atkins' tunic. If it should happen within the next few days, and it is not unlikely, that a meeting or meetings of the citizens be called to denounce the action of the "Freeman's Journal" in succumbing to the wiles of the War Office, you can take it I won't be present.

The policy of the Press is not always directed in the public weal, as otherwise the existence of alleged humorous publications would not be tolerated for a day. Professional funny men are themselves the strongest argument I know in favour of a revival of the rack as an aid to the advancement of educational ideals.

A newspaper has to guard its traditions, of course (we hear a lot about the traditions and privileges of the Press) but it should also restrain its ambitions, because ambition very often means going one better than your next-door neighbour.

No respectable newspaper—if it wishes to be regarded as such—should attempt to be either honest, witty or instructive, while it ought to be non-committal in its views and neutral in its political professions.

I am at present engaged on the compilation of a list of names which I intend submitting to Mr. Asquith's Government at an early date, certainly before that gentleman has completed his dismemberment of the Empire.

Irish Women Workers' Union, Liberty Hall.

SOCIAL AND ALL-NIGHT DANCE OF THE ABOVE

Will be held on SATURDAY NIGHT, MARCH 14th. Dancing commences at 10 p.m. Tickets, 1s 3d, each (including Refreshments.)

Socials on Sunday evenings as usual. Irish Dancing, Friday nights. Look out for Grand Irish Concert on St. Patrick's Night. Tickets now on sale.

The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

DUBLIN, Sat., March 14th 1914.

The Outrages at Jacob's.

In the course of the abortive Board of Trade Inquiry into the Labour situation in Dublin, Mr. Tim Healy, acting as Counsel for the employers, waxed eloquent upon the high esteem in which the people of Ireland held the Quakers owing to the exceedingly charitable work performed by members of that religion during the years of the great Irish famine.

a tenant farmer, rackrented and starving on an Irish farm. Especially does this show true when dealing with practices by members of a sect which are totally antagonistic to the principles of that sect, which in another and stricter day would have led to expulsion from that sect as the acts of unworthy members.

And this is especially and emphatically the record of Jacob's. If Quakerism—the principles of the Society of Friends—claims to be the embodiment of the most rigid application of the higher moral teachings of Christianity it must be conceded that the commercial principles which in Messrs. Jacob's are practised in their crudest, most shameless form, are the negation or denial of those principles.

Let us be a little more explicit. At the calling off of the strike in Dublin it was understood that since the workers were willing to handle all goods, the employers' lock-out would also be called off. Especially was this believed as the employers had been declaring their desire for peace and restoring harmonious relations with their employees, and as at each conference they had been vehement in their repudiations of any intention to victimise.

Furthermore it must be conceded that the great majority of the employers have so acted as to justify their claims. Among those who have refused to fall in line in the effort to restore harmony in Dublin, and whose mean and petty souls saw only in the occasion an opportunity to wreck vengeance, the employers of women labour are, the worst offenders, and the worst among the worst are the firms of Paterson's, Match Makers, and of Jacobs', Biscuit Manufacturers. Paterson's we will deal with another time, at present Messrs. Jacob's deserve our attention as exhibiting the basest characteristics, and the most cowardly swinishness in dealing with its former employees.

Messrs. Jacob's have recently been luxuriating in a crop of threats or actions for libel against journalists who dared to mention the conditions under which their slaves have toiled in the past. We propose to give them in this article a few grounds for action against us, and we cheerfully invite them to go ahead with their action and give us the greater audience before which we may expose the scoundrelly and blackguardly conduct of their Manager, Mr. Dawson, to the girls who have applied to him for re-employment.

Let it be remembered that in Jacob's case the girls were locked out because they refused to surrender their right to wear a Union Badge, or be false to the Irish Women Workers' Union.

We have been told that when the girls apply for re-employment this manager after brutally insulting them before the scabs whom he brings in, in order that he may parade the applicants before them, compel them to submit to his examination of their clothes, their hats, skirts and blouses, to submit while he pinches their arms, and examines their physical condition and that all through his degrading examination he keeps up a running fire of insulting remarks of which the following are a fair sample:—

"So you had to come back when you got hungry, had you?" "You have bad teeth, that is with eating the rotten English food, from the food ships."

"Did you get that coat from Larkin?" "It is a wonder that the Englishmen did not give you a better pair of boots."

"Why did you not go to the Liberty Hall kitchen instead of coming here? Oh, I forgot, this kitchen is closed, and you are coming here for us to feed you now."

"So you are one of Larkin's girls? It's a wonder he didn't feed you better." "Is this one of the Liberty Hall blouses you have on?" "Where did you get that skirt? Did you get it from Larkin?"

But why go on sullying our paper with further quotations from the language of this brute, especially when we know that no quotation in print can convey the vile nature of the insults heaped upon girls whose boots he is not worthy to clean.

In addition to this the girls have to strip to the waist, take off boots and stockings, and then in a semi-nude state go before a doctor to be examined. After submitting to all this they receive the final verdict from the manager. Usually that verdict is a refusal to re-employ—a refusal that was determined on before the ordeal, and was only delayed in order to give this vile brute of a manager an opportunity to gloat over the sufferings of the girls.

In the re-employment that has taken place the higher-paid girls have been usually refused, and only the lower paid get a ghost of a chance. And boys or girls who get maimed in this service have absolutely no chance of re-employment. The firm seizes gloatingly upon the opportunity to victimise them.

ADDENDUM. In addition to this persecution of the girls the reader should take into account the fact that out of 672 men and boys involved in this dispute this firm has only re-employed about 100, and this too at reductions of from 2s. to 4s. per week. One method of rejecting without appearing to discriminate is by compelling the applicant to undergo a medical examination much more rigorous than he would have to undergo were he a recruit for the army.

The Head Line.

We reprint from the "Daily Herald" of March 12th the following letter, and our own commentary upon it. The facts are so useful as an illustration of the results of the peculiar tactics of Mr. Havelock Wilson that they cannot be too well pondered over:—

"William Barnes, of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, writes from Dublin with reference to the 'Iron Heel at Work in Ireland':

"In your issue of the 9th inst., under the above heading, Mr. Connolly says (referring to the Ulster Head Line of steamers) 'that though the ships are manned by members of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, these latter are now compelled to take out the Federation ticket, though whilst they were working harmoniously with the Irish Transport Union, this badge of slavery was effectually abolished in the ports controlled by that Union.'

"This statement of Mr. Connolly's is untrue. From it it would appear that the Dublin seamen are submitting to the Shipping Federation. I would like to point out that the seamen here would sooner be at the bottom of the sea than accept the 'slip' from the said 'scab association.' We have about eighty seamen here at present. Many of them have been out of berths for three, four, and five months. They live contentedly as best they can, and their only ambition is to stand loyally by their officials in their fight for independence and freedom from the combination of shipowners known as the 'Shipping Federation Limited.'

"I quite agree with Mr. Connolly in his statement about the Federation standard, whom I believe to be directly employed by the Shipping Federation; and I believe if the Trade Unionists would take action in the ports across the Channel, there would be little work for the 'Federation stevedore' or his 'scabs' to do."

We are extremely obliged to our friend Barnes, for his exceedingly able and manly letter. It is however significant that this official of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, a comparative newcomer in Ireland, recognises gladly that the magnificent loyalty of the Dublin men is rendered fruitless by the fact that the trade unionists in the Bristol Channel and other coaling ports are not living up to their trade unionist obligations and that did they do so an end would be put alike to the Federation ticket and the free labour now in Dublin docks. But would he and his Dublin members kindly consider the significance of the following facts:

Mr. Barnes says—"We have about eighty seamen here at present; many have been out of berths for three, four and five months. They live contentedly as best they can, and their only ambition is to stand loyally by their officials in their fight for independence and freedom from the combination of shipowners known as the 'Shipping Federation, Ltd.'" Now, observe. The warning against signing on in the Head Line was not put up in the Belfast offices of the N.S.F.U. until March 12th, the day Mr. Barnes' letter appeared in the "Daily Herald." The "Glen Head" left Belfast on the 2nd March with a Belfast crew; the "Bray Head" was supplied with a Union crew from Liverpool within the past fortnight; this crew was taken off in Dublin, and then the officers and engineers of the "Inishowen Head" took the "Bray Head" around to Port Talbot where it is said she got a Union crew. The "Rathlin Head" left Belfast with part crew made up of a shore gang in Dublin. She got a scab crew partly from Liverpool and partly from Belfast. This scab crew took her around to Barry dock and they were paid off as runners, and a Union crew taken on board. All this within the last month. The Sailors' and Firemen's Union a Belfast and in English and Welsh Ports supplying Union crews to the Head Line Steamers whilst their Dublin members were starving, as Mr. Barnes says, rather than betray their principles by signing on in the very same steamer. It appears that Mr. Havelock Wilson not only betrays and deserts the Dublin branches of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, but he encourages his British and Belfast members to betray and scab upon the Dublin members of his own union. And the Dockers' and Coal Trimmers' Union of the Bristol Channel merrily coal the scabships and so round off the tragedy "Long live Solidarity," as Mr. Tillett said at Waterloo Station last Saturday.

James Connolly.

Labour and the Proposed Partition of Ireland.

The recent proposals of Messrs. Asquith, Devlin, Redmond and Co. for the settlement of the Home Rule Question deserve the earnest attention of the working-class democracy of this country. They reveal in a most striking and unmistakable manner the depths of betrayal to which the so-called Nationalist politicians are willing to sink. For generations the conscience of the civilised world has been shocked by the historical record of the Partition of Poland; publicists, poets, humanitarians, patriots, all lovers of their kind and of progress, have wept over the unhappy lot of a country torn asunder by the brute force of their alien oppressors, its unity ruthlessly destroyed, and its traditions trampled into the dust.

But Poland was disrupted by outside forces, its enemies were the Marcellines of the tyrant kingdoms and empires of Europe; its sons and daughters died in the trenches and on the battlefields by the thousands rather than submit to their beloved country being annihilated as a nation. But Ireland, what of Ireland? It is the trusted leaders of Ireland that in secret conclave with the enemies of Ireland have agreed to see Ireland as a nation disrupted politically, and her children divided under separate political Governments with warring interests.

Now, what is the position of Labour towards it all? Let us remember that the Orange aristocracy now fighting for its supremacy in Ireland has at all times been based upon a denial of the common human rights of the Irish people; that the Orange Order was not founded to safeguard religious freedom, but to deny religious freedom, and that it raised this religious question, not for the sake of any religion, but in order to use religious zeal in the interests of the oppressing property rights of rackrenting landlords and sweating capitalists, that the Irish people might be kept asunder and robbed whilst so sundered and divided, the Orange aristocracy went down to the lowest depths, and out of the lowest pits of hell brought up the abominations of sectarian feuds to stir the passions of the ignorant mob. No crime was too brutal or cowardly; no lie too base; no slander too gauged, as long as they served to keep the democracy asunder. And now that the progress of democracy elsewhere has somewhat muzzled the dogs of aristocratic power, now that in England as well as in Ireland the forces of labour are stirring, and making for freedom and light, this same gang of well-ted plunderers or the people, secure in Union held upon their own dupes, seek by threats of force to arrest the march of ideas, and stule the light of civilisation and liberty. And, "I and I know," the trusted guardians of the people, the vaunted saviours of the Irish race, agree in front of the enemy and in face of the world to sacrifice to the bigoted enemy the unity of the nation and along with it the lives, liberties and hopes of that portion of the nation whom in the midst of the most hostile surroundings have fought to keep the faith in things national and progressive.

Such a scheme as that agreed to by Redmond and Devlin, the betrayal of the national democracy of industrial Ulster would mean a carnival of reaction both North and South, would set back the wheels of progress, would destroy the oncoming unity of the Irish Labour movement, and paralysed all advanced movements whilst it endured.

To it Labour should give the bitterest opposition, against it Labour in Ulster should fight even to the death, if necessary, as our fathers fought before us.

James Connolly.

IRISH WORKERS' Dramatic Company and Concert Party.

The Irish Workers' Dramatic Company and Concert Party are adding to their reputation by each performance. Progress is the watchword of the Dublin workers, and progress is also the watchword of the Irish Workers and Players from Liberty Hall. Their second performance was given on Monday night in the David Lewis' Theatre. The two Kyans—Leo and May—brought down the house; they were encored again and again. The two pipers, Donohoe and Wynne, were greeted with great enthusiasm. Very brave and picturesque indeed they did look in their costumes, and with the streamers floating gaily down their pipes, Peter McInerney and Mary McMahon were in the best of form, their voices filling the theatre and bringing back to the memory of many an Irishman and woman old scenes, old faces. Paddy Murtagh and M. Whelan danced as they had never danced before, the audience encored them time and again. And then the Players. With what zest they entered into their different parts—each one eager to do his or her best, and the result was success. The audience, seeing these players, dancers, singers and pipers, find it hard to believe that they are men, women and children who for six months were fighting the concentrated spite and vindictiveness of Dublin employers. They can hardly realise that this energetic and light-hearted troupe are victims of capitalism.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST. EVERY WORKING BAKER.

But such is the case. However, their efforts in aid of their victimised fellow-workers are meeting with success. Thursday and Friday will find them performing in Garston; St. Patrick's Night at St. George's Hall; the 20th and 21st in Birkenhead, and then, heigh ho! Manchester. All the friends sent their kindest greetings to all in Liberty Hall, and all connected with Liberty Hall.

The Irish Amateur Players, who are touring this country with a view to raising funds for the Dublin Relief Committee, made their second appearance in Liberty Hall last evening, when they presented "The Workhouse Ward," a comedy by Lady Gregory.

The company, consisting of Miss Kathleen O'Connell, Miss Delia Larkin, secretary of the Irish Women Workers' Union, and sister of Mr. James Larkin. The players gave credit to the performances of these pieces, and their efforts were well applauded by a numerous audience.

In "Birthright," Miss Larkin played the role of Laura Moriarty, the other characters being undertaken by Messrs. Paddy Murtagh (Pat Moriarty), Keenan (Hugh Scannan), Sammie (Sammy), and Terence O'Moore (Dan Hastings). Miss Larkin also appeared in "The Workhouse Ward" as Mrs. Donohoe, together with Messrs. Murtagh and O'Moore as the paupers. The programme was completed by a number of songs and dances, and selections by the Irish Warblers.

Religion of Capital. By Canon Hannay.

(From "Sunday Times.") The next thing men really believed in was money. What we call the Industrial Revival was the beginning of that faith. For nearly a hundred years in England and elsewhere getting rich was far the most important thing for a man to do. It was generally recognised that the condition of his soul did not matter compared to the condition of his bank account. The maxim, "Business is business," excused almost any species of iniquity. The body suffered as much as the soul. In order to get rich men worked far harder and far longer hours than was good for their bodies. In order to earn wages even without any very good prospect of getting rich, men, women and children toiled under the most unsanitary conditions, and nobody protested. A regular creed was evolved called political economy, and when an occasional heretic, like Ruskin, protested against it, he was regarded as a fool. There were water-words and battle cries of the new faith, just as there were of the old. "Laissez faire" was one of them. "Supply and demand" was another. The mind came to be regarded as the handmaid of Mammon, in the same sort of way that it had once been regarded as the handmaid of the Church. Education was indulged in because it was supposed that education would produce money-getters of superior efficiency. The apostles of the money faith even went so far as to make education, their kind of education, compulsory. They did not, of course, mean Greek plays and Latin poetry. They protested from the very first against that kind of education. It could by no means be used for getting pounds, shillings, or even pence. What they meant by education was reading, writing and particularly arithmetic; and so general was the belief in the creed that people were actually compelled by law to have their children taught these things. It anybody objected he suffered as usual, just as his great, great grandfather would have suffered if he had ventured to protest against being married in the church. Afterwards it was found out that reading, writing, and arithmetic did not produce a perfect race or money-makers, so education became what is called technical, and the mind was used as an instrument for bettering machines and applying chemical formulae to the manufacture of steel. Bankers were the priests of this faith. They received the confidence which in previous ages were called confessions, the revelations, that is to say, of the most important facts about the private life of the penitents. Sometimes the bankers gave relief and absolution, called by their credit. Sometimes they did not, and then the poor penitent was as thoroughly damned as that creed could damn him. We cannot complain of any special hardness. I suppose that absolution was always denied occasionally, and the consequences were always serious.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland. Ancient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick Street, Dublin.

"CO-OPERATION" THE NEED OF THE HOUR. A Great Meeting.

Will be held at above address on Sunday at 8 p.m. to discuss "Co-operation." The following speakers have consented to attend: George Russell (A.B.), James Connolly, Professor F. B. McDermott-Brown, T.C.D.; Captain White, and others. Songs of Freedom and Light. Admission Twopence Out-of-Workers free.

NOTE.—Vive La Commune. Don't forget Celebration and Presentation of War Medals Monday 16th, at 8.30. Tickets, 1s. each.

Swords and Neighbourhood.

An open air public meeting will be held in Swords, on Sunday next, 15th inst., under the auspices of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union.

Mr. MacParlin, outgoing President, said his term of office had now come to an end, and he had, therefore, only now to thank them all for the assistance they had given him during his year of office.

Mr. O'Brien, who was received with applause, said his first duty was to thank them for the high honour they had done both his Union and himself by electing him President of the Council.

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Wexford Notes.

Jim Stafford has made a manage to get Cooper's work for the scabs, and Jim Mahoney has lost the good opinion he always held of him.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

Any Agent not receiving their proper supply of this paper, please communicate with Head Office, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

COME AND HEAR

GEORGE LANSBURY

On St. PATRICK'S NIGHT (17th March), in the ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS, At Eight o'clock.

Admission 1s. 6d. & 3d. Reserved Seats, 2s.

Irish Women's Franchise League.

We notice by the "People" of last week that Joannee Pierce held a great Ball at Park House a week ago.

Has Johnnie so far forgot himself as to have such festivities in Lent or has he got backbone enough to say "no" to his wife's "yes"?

The Forth Farmers' Association held a meeting on Friday night last to protest against the closing of the ports, when the Irish Party came in for some strong criticism.

Despondency was almost written on every face in the town on Monday night last when it became known that the compromise put forward by the British Prime Minister was that any county in Ulster that wanted exclusion from the contemplated Irish Parliament could take a poll on the question.

At the end of six years, according to Mr. Asquith, the Imperial Parliament is to decide whether the Ulster counties excluded would come under the Irish Parliament or not, which, to our mind, means that they will never come under it if a Tory party is in power.

It has always been the aim of every Britisher to get Ireland divided into sections, and Asquith, by allowing himself to be frightened by the threats of Sir Edward Carson, is playing the game of his forefathers.

There is no use in trying to hide the fact that Ireland is disappointed over this latest shuffle. Even the party organ, the "Freeman's Journal," is very reluctant to deal with the matter.

We do not often agree with William O'Brien; but when he said that the proposals put forward on Monday last was the setting up of an "Orange Free State" he certainly hit the point.

The Government by this act have betrayed the democracies of both England and Ireland. There is no thought for the Catholic minorities in these Northern counties, who are almost all working people, and who will now, if this scheme be allowed, be more subject than ever to the taunts of Orangemen and showers of bolts and nuts after Orange celebrations.

We were told in Waterford that the Bill would pass without the alteration of a comma, and if the Tories thought they could frighten Asquith, they mistook their man. Surely there is no mistake now. He has been frightened, and there has been more alterations in the Bill than commas. What is further to happen to the Home Rule Bill we will have to do, as Asquith told us, "Wait and see."

WE HEAR—

That the journey from Patrick street to Enniscorthy did not materialise.

That there is likely to be a great row over the building of the sanatorium, although it has been passed.

That it will be a case of "Peamount."

That County Inspector Sharpe is making inquiries about the robbery of Stafford's vessel by his own scabs.

That one of our readers is anxious to know if Wickham has any of the saddlebags that was exchanged for beer in the house occupied by Pat O'Leary, Provision Merchant.

That some of the scabs in Patrick's have to lock up their wives, as they are on the beat.

That the Wheelbarrow clerks' parcel still goes to Patrick's square on Monday Mornings.

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Irish Women's Franchise League.

Trades Council's New President.

MR. O'BRIEN TAKES OFFICE.

After the minutes and correspondence had been disposed of at last Monday's meeting of the Dublin Trades Council, Mr. MacParlin, outgoing President, said his term of office had now come to an end, and he had, therefore, only now to thank them all for the assistance they had given him during his year of office.

Mr. O'Brien, who was received with applause, said his first duty was to thank them for the high honour they had done both his Union and himself by electing him President of the Council.

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Queenstown Notes.

In pursuance of my promise in last week's issue, I will now show that the other trade organisations in the town are subject to the B.O.E. control.

NOTICE.

Members can join the above society any Sunday between the hours of 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Good divides at Xmas. Mortality Benefits paid on production of certificates. No delay, no quarterly fees. Only members of Union eligible. Entrance Fee 1s.

I.T.W.U. Tontine Society.

Members can join the above society any Sunday between the hours of 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Good divides at Xmas. Mortality Benefits paid on production of certificates. No delay, no quarterly fees. Only members of Union eligible. Entrance Fee 1s.

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Northern Notes.

Suffrage meetings, arranged by the various Suffrage organisations in Belfast, are following each other in rapid succession and making excellent educational propaganda. On Wednesday, March 18th, in the Ulster Minor Hall, George Lansbury will address a public meeting under I.W.S.S. auspices.

Suffrage and Labour.

Mr. Connolly was the speaker for the I.W.S.S. last Monday night, and took for his subject "A Labourer's Advice to Suffragettes." Arguing from the premise that force is the root of all power, he showed that numerical strength was not sufficient to gain the ends of any movement.

Results.

Mr. Connolly's point of view was new to the I.W.S.S. and called forth a keen discussion. Some of the members seemed reluctant to apply the methods advocated, though this is perhaps due to the fact that they did not grasp the full idea straightaway.

Journalistic Ethics.

The "Irish News" of Monday reports Jack Flanagan as stating at a meeting of the McCracken U.I.L. that the real grievance against the Labour Party was their action at recent by-elections in letting the Tory in.

The Partition of Ireland.

The proposals for the exclusion of Ulster caused little or no surprise in Belfast, where they were generally anticipated, except, of course, in the "Irish News." They are equally unsatisfactory to all parties.

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unionists presiding over and adorning its deliberations. Jack McCarthy, commonly called "Cheeser," another renegade "All For." But, then, there is an excuse for being a political turncoat, as his employer, Joe Healy, President (B.O.E.) Lodge 733, would not be likely to tolerate an "All-For" painter, consequently the twist. Truly, Joe, you have a very dependable following.

The "Gov." Labourers' Union, presided over by Tom Cummins, a well-intentioned trades unionist, but who on being made president of the above union was 'got at' by 'Rajah' and introduced into Lodge 773 Rajah by this means hoped to get control of the Labourers' organisation but he failed to get the Rajah in his fell design.

All this ancient and antiquated rot is, therefore reflected in the composition of the Trades Council which, instead of being a healthy industrial weapon giving life, light and leading to the movement, operated only to the pecuniary and political advantage of the Rajah in the first instance and the B.O.E. in the second, who bossed it as he pleases.

Unfortunately I have been compelled in my previous notes to use a phraseology which may have been unpleasant to some of your many readers, but the despicable nature of the creatures it has been my disagreeable lot to expose has necessitated such a vehicle of conveyance.

The right to safeguard the movement from fakers and opportunists will be jealously held by me, and the public actions of those who would make all legitimate movements of the workers; whether they be social, industrial, or political, into a stepping-stone to greater personal emolument, will be honestly and fearlessly exposed.

For, whatever doubts I had as to the suitability of the terms employed towards some of the creatures who have crawled into the local labour movement, have been completely dispelled as some despicable pedigrees have been outclassed by a more contemptible progeny; for the gaunt emergencyman's son from Ballynoe has blossomed forth true to heredity into a common informer.

So to you Trade Unionists and Hibernians of Queenstown I present your idol shorn of its bumptiousness and pedantry, and leave you to the leadership of one who will find it hard to rid himself of the foregoing hateful and heinous title which is indubitably, and in full conscience with Trade Union principle.

STELLA MARIS.

Lawyers or Liars? Brady and Birrell.

In the official report of the Parliamentary Debate, Vol. 58, No. 7, one of Dublin's Mis-Representatives—Mr. Brady—in his effort to assist Mr. Birrell in refusing to grant an inquiry that would have exposed the brutality of the Dublin police, professes to quote from a statement made by Mr. Rice the Law Adviser of the Dublin Disturbances Commission.

Below the exact words used by Mr. Rice in making the statement Mr. Brady is supposed to repeat before the Representatives in the British House of Commons, and we have bracketed off the words omitted by Mr. Brady in his anxiety to blacken the people who elected him and protect the police who assaulted them.

I would also like to say that, in my opinion, in normal times, under normal conditions, the police force of Dublin is an efficient force and a satisfactory force—a credit to itself and a credit to the citizens. But on the days in question [I will submit] that the police's own case is that they were subject to a very extraordinary strain, by the very bitter attacks [from the rioters], and in fact, [practically] by attempts to murder them, by large number of evilly disposed people [and I will suggest that, after being attacked]—assuming their case to be [perfectly] correct—the natural result is that their temper and their self-restraint

would be very much tried, [and they were actually borne down], that they broke down under the strain, and that, in consequence of that fierce excitement, they lost all the respect they would otherwise have—all the respect due to property and person and life and limb—that they ran amok into these Corporation Buildings.

It is natural to think that men suffering from attacks such as the police have described here as having taken place from these Buildings, which it is the case of the police was made a rallying ground, an ambush, a specially selected place for an attack on the police. Indeed, Mr. Powell said, in his opening statement, that the police were practically lured into all these places, where, they suggest, the people had a lot of ammunition, and had prepared fortifications to receive them.

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"One of the most illuminating works on Irish History ever written"—"Daily Herald."

IRISH NATION—"Mr. Connolly's brilliant work... at last we have a book which states the historic case of the Irish working class with a passionate fervour and conviction that certainly leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Connolly... has performed a valuable service to the cause of real democracy in Ireland."

FREEMAN'S JOURNAL—"Striking and original book... set forth with unquestionable ability... leads Mr. Connolly to a revelation of many great names and events in Irish history as ordinarily related. This book, arresting and stimulating throughout, will be read with profit even by those who cannot agree with his strongly individual views, and serves a useful purpose in drawing attention to a much neglected field of Irish historical study."

IRISH TIMES—"Mr. Connolly has written a very remarkable book... the whole is redeemed by a kind of burning intensity like that which made John Mitchell's 'Jail Journal' the great book it is. Mr. Connolly has real Irish history to some purpose. He writes it without the smallest pretence at impartiality, but with a clearness of vision and a contempt for the catch-words of the politicians which give the impression of absolute sincerity."

ENNISCORTHY ECHO—"The book is brilliant, vigorous, well-informed and thought compelling."

IRISH FREEDOM—"A welcome book; for besides its intrinsic merits it deals with a phase of Irish History that has been studiously ignored or suppressed by almost every writer who has touched the subject."

FORWARD (Scotland)—"Mr. Connolly has done a valuable work... The great Ribbon Conspiracy, the details of the Socialist Utopia at Ralahine... the war against tithes, the Famine of '48 in the midst of plenty, the horrors of transportation, modern movements for freedom—all are treated in a scholarly fashion and with a wealth of particulars. The book should be in every Socialist library."

CHURCH OF IRELAND GAZETTE—"Mr. Connolly has some sympathy with the men of '98, and with John Mitchell and a few others, because they were genuine revolutionaries and friends of the people, and were imbued with French ideas, realising that the real conflict was not between Irish and English, but between the Haves and the Have-Nots all the world over... This vigorous and able writer."

JUSTICE (London)—"A most interesting and well-written volume applying the materialist conception of history to Ireland."

SCOTSMAN—"The statement of the Irish problem in terms of Socialism is interesting, and it may be added that the argument is ably worked out."

POSITIVIST REVIEW (S. H. Swinny, editor)—"And yet whatever be our difference, I cannot read this book, so full of sympathy, so ardent, so sincere without being proud that the author is my fellow-countryman, and glad that the great problem of Labour in Irish History should have had so worthy an exponent."

A large quantity of the 1/- edition is now to hand, and can be obtained at Liberty Hall. The 1/- edition differs from the 2/6 edition in the binding only.

CITIZEN ARMY

Will Parade at LIBERTY HALL, on SUNDAY, at 12 o'clock, sharp, for ROUTE MARCH TO SWORDS.

All men are requested to parade punctually

NOTICE.

All contributors, without exception, are requested to note that all literary matter intended for the "Irish Worker" must be sent direct to the Editor, Liberty Hall, and not to the printer.

All matter must reach office by Wednesday morning at latest.

EDITOR.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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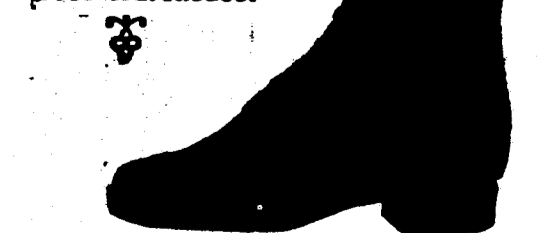
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 Irish Made Boots a Speciality.

A Coming Housing Scandal

By SPAILPIN.

Dublin is well on its way already to another great Municipal Scandal, and this time the scandal bids fair to out-stench all its predecessors.

It might be thought that our scandals have been so bad and so glaring already that not even the most evil-minded of our capitalist class could evolve anything rotter than the normal state of affairs. But if we did think so we would be wrong. Worse is yet to come.

There is the faintest possible hint of what is impending. Let us write it down with all its appropriate settings.

In the Report of the Housing Inquiry just concluded, we find the following facts duly verified by the Commissioners:

We have ascertained that out of the 9,322 tenement houses there are 627 with sanitary accommodation at the rate of 1 closet for 20 to 24 persons, 299 with accommodation at the rate of 1 closet for 25 to 29 persons, 145 with accommodation at the rate of 1 closet for 30 to 34 persons, 58 with accommodation at the rate of 1 closet for 35 to 39 persons, and 32 with accommodation at the rate of 1 closet for 40 or more persons.

In this we find that the housing accommodation was a standing offence to decency, and an absolute bar to the acquisition or retention of cleanly habits on the part of the tenants, that, in short, the conditions of life put a premium upon dirt and immorality.

This is further corroborated by the sentence which appears in page 50 of the same report, paragraph 12. We quote:—

We fully endorse the evidence given by many witnesses that the surroundings of a tenement house in which there can be no privacy, and in which the children scarcely realise the meaning of the word "home," form the worst possible atmosphere for the up-bringing of the younger generation who, as one of the witnesses stated, acquire a precocious knowledge of evil from early childhood.

From this paragraph we gather still further corroboration of our standing indictment of the housing conditions in Dublin as a menace to morality, as being indeed a forcing house of vice. In this case it is not an agitator who speaks; it is a cold-blooded dispassionate Government official in official language.

That this cold-blooded Government official was compelled by the sheer force of facts ascertained in the course of an impartial investigation to echo the words and enforce the doctrines which had become commonplace in the mouths of the agitators is but a repetition of the course of history in relation to many another reform. But another quotation before we begin to draw our moral and sound our note of warning. On page 5, paragraph 13, we read:—

While there has been a slight reduction in the death-rate in Dublin from all causes in recent years, still the death-rate for the year 1911, the last year for which complete returns are available for the United Kingdom, was higher than in any of the large centres of population in England, Wales or Scotland, and we fear that until the housing problem is adequately dealt with no substantial reduction in the death-rate can be hoped for.

Now let us recapitulate—tell over again what these statements of the Commissioners mean. They are quiet, dispassionate declarations that the Housing conditions of Dublin are responsible for creating filthy habits amongst the people, for breeding every kind of vice and immorality, and finally, for the murder, by disease, of thousands of our working-class population. They tell us that the guilt of murder lies upon the soul of all those responsible for the maintenance of the revolting conditions of Housing which obtain in Dublin.

And, let this point be emphasised, it is important to remember, this statement of the Commissioners means that every man or woman who interposes any obstacle to prevent the clearing away of the Dublin slums is guilty of the attempted murder of thousands of Dublin's poor.

Recognising this, it is now accepted by every public man in Dublin, by all thoughtful women and men in public life in the metropolis that Dublin must be rebuilt, that the Capital City of Ireland must be made over again to suit the requirements of civilised beings.

At this juncture, at this turning point in our history, when all that is best in us is called for to arise and do battle for the credit of the race, a number of Dublin capitalists, true to their selfish instincts, are secretly scouring the city to buy up slum tenements with a view to compelling the Corporation to pay exorbitant prices for them when the Housing Schemes are commenced. These capitalist ghouls, knowing that the Corporation must buy many of these properties, are already arranging with their friends in the Corporation that the properties they are now buying for a mere song from their semi-bankrupt owners will be selected by the Corporation Committee to be bought out for clearing purposes.

Certain coal merchants of Dublin and district are busy in this new sphere of activity, trying as ever to reap a fortune by blocking or holding up the aspirations and hopes of their poorer fellow-citizens. We withhold their names at present.

We appeal to the citizens of Dublin to keep their eyes upon this move, and we would suggest that the Corporation resolve that in the case of all properties bought since the issue of this Housing Report the purchase price be no more than the price shown by the latest deed of sale, with a possible 5 per cent interest.

But what do you think of the ghouls, the selfish animals who see in this crisis only a chance to make a profit by a species of brigandage, by holding up to ransom the suffering poor of the Capital City of Ireland?

Clondalkin Notes.

Fellow-workers—It has come! I warned you some weeks ago in these columns about the eviction orders made by the Council. And your sitting Councillors, who, by the way, do not belong to your class, sat there at this meeting and never opened their mouths to defend you. No; they were playing a deeper game, but we can see through it alright—let them make no mistake about that. The notices to quit arrived on Saturday morning last, as we foretold they would arrive, and the Collector told some of the people to go to George Farren, U.D.C., or C. J. Hanlon, C.C., U.D.C., and they would be able to do something for them, and if they could do anything for them the price would be: Give us your vote in the forthcoming elections, we saved you from being evicted. The game is too ancient; we have been in election campaigns before and we are not easily hoodwinked. Some of the Councillors are responsible for the lock-out. C. J. Hanlon was prime mover in the affair, and if there was no lock-out you would have been able to pay your taxes and rent.

There was a Conference last August of the Farmers' Association, at which Conference the representatives of the Transport Union were invited to discuss terms, and it was decided to give the farm labourers 17/- and a holiday; 4s a day casual labour; 5s a day threshing until 1st of November; no stoppage of work until the matter would be discussed between the labour representatives and the employers. But how did the farmers keep their agreement with the Transport Union? They presented their employees with a form to sign compelling them to leave the Transport Union or the alternative of a week's notice. The men refused to sign the dishonourable and iniquitous form.

This form was presented six weeks by the farmers to their men—six weeks after they signing the agreement with the Transport Union—thereby ignoring the Union and dishonourably breaking the last clause of the agreement, viz., that no stoppage of work until the matter was discussed by both sides—that is representatives of the employee and the employer. I called personally on C. J. Hanlon, C.C., on August 11th, 1913, asking him to call a meeting of the farmers—giving him a week to do so. This meeting was held in the Carnegie Free Library in Clondalkin, and they agreed to pay their men on the terms agreed to by the Farmers' Association. Only two men refused, Thos. Hart, of Bettyfort, and Mike Murray, of Balgaddy; these men were the only two honourable farmers in the South County; they would not agree to the terms, and we took out their names on August 18th. We admire these men; at least they were honourable and fought the Union from the start in an open straight manner; also the farmers who signed the agreement and never broke it, notably Messrs. Cullen and Fallon of the Neas Road, and some other of lesser note—small farmers in the neighbourhood. Some of ye have signed forms when you resumed work; that form binds you to nothing, being signed under duress, and no law compels you to keep that agreement. The fight you have made against capital will go down in history as the greatest fight of its kind the world has ever yet known; and all the more credit to you, as you were neophytes or beginners in a trade union movement, the significance of which you have not yet grasped.

The farmers fought you and tried to break your spirit by trying to stave your wives and children—the innocent victims of the lock-out. They kept you in filthy houses and gave you a standard rate of 12s a week—not enough to keep soul and body together. Most of you have from 4 to 6 children to feed. They filled sanatoriums with your wives and children; and if this is not murder I don't know what it is. I can call it by no other name. You labourers, and you alone, have the power to stop this order of things, for you are the chief asset of the Irish nation, whose voice and actions can make kings and dynasties together. You come of a militant race whose forefathers died and filled Saxon jails, and not in vain for the spirit of liberty in '98, '48 and '67. And you are their progeny and direct successors of the men who owned the land of Ireland; the men who shed their life-blood so that you might be free and unfettered. Your fathers killed aristocracy and landlordism in this country by the aid of the Land League and made the farmers independent and free. And what way have these farmers repaid you—the sons of these men? They repaid you by starvation and evictions. The only way you can fight these men is by organisation and by standing by your Union—the Union that faithfully stood by you in your trouble. They have cut your wages in some cases, and they will cut them still more and make you veritable slaves if you have no Union to defend you. Why did they

lock you out and put the ban on the Transport Union? Because they recognised the power and strength of that Union. And it will be a long time before they can afford to fight again, and we are ready for another fight in our cause at any minute, knowing we have them crippled. It was your first fight in a labour movement, and you were fighting not the farmers, but the British employers as well, who poured millions of money into this country to support the employers to fight the Transport Union—a Union that is not seven years in existence and led by the ablest labour leader the world has ever produced—Jim Larkin, who is designated in England as the world's famous agitator: a man who stood up at a conference and made a hack of one of the ablest lawyers in the British Isles. We are entering the era of an industrial revolution that will stagger the world; so it's time to be up and doing, as there is plenty of fighting to be done. Stand by your Union the Union who stood by you in your trouble, and you will never regret your action.

M. C.

Trenchant Criticism of Sexton's Play.

(From the "Liverpool Forward").

Speaking at the Kensington Chapel Lecture Hall, the Rev. Herbert Dunning took for his subject Mr. James Sexton's new play "The Riot Act." Mr. Dunning said that he went to see the play hoping for great things, but was quite disappointed. They could not reasonably expect the author to reveal those marks of skill that distinguished the great dramatists, but they had a right to expect that a play staged at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre would not fall below the level of a third-rate novel. What local success Mr. Sexton's play had achieved was due in the first place to the local setting, the organisations and persons introduced under the thinnest of disguises, and in the second place it was due to the fact that the matter was one of universal interest to this generation. One of the objects of the author was to expose the fallacies and futilities of the Syndicalist policy, and to commend the more sober and cautious methods of the trade union and labour movement. That object was quite legitimate, and the speaker said that on the whole he favoured Mr. Sexton's point of view.

The second object was to give to the general public some glimpse of what took place behind the scenes during a great industrial upheaval. It was here, however, that the play merited the strongest criticism, and he (Mr. Dunning) had the utmost difficulty in finding language strong enough to express his dissent, and record his protest. The strike committee, consisting of the chosen and elected delegates from the "general body," was a wicked and abominable caricature of the real thing; in fact, it was as vile as it was false, and as grotesque as it was untrue, and the author ought to feel ashamed of himself. Whatever position Mr. Sexton now enjoyed, and whatever notoriety he had achieved, he owed it to the very men whose hard-earned pence supported him, and whose confidence had enabled him to emerge from common-place obscurity. It was, therefore, ungrateful, as well as churlish, to portray them as a set of ignorant and incompetent fools, minus even the saving grace of cleanliness.

Every ridiculous idea, bigoted prejudice, and unfounded conception cherished by the middle classes concerning trade-unionism and its methods were more than confirmed by this play, written by a responsible official. If the frantic applause of every middle-class anti-Socialist and opponent of democracy was sweeter to Mr. Sexton's ears than the respect of the men whose interests he was paid to protect, then verily, he had his reward. Mr. Dunning continuing, said he was not surprised that members of the Women's Social and Political Union had protested against the play, for had the author grubbed anywhere else than in a midden he could not have unearthed a more revolting specimen of humanity than the one associated with the suffrage cause. If the organised labour bodies allowed so gross and foul a misrepresentation of trades unionism to pass unchallenged, then they merited Mr. Sexton's cynical contempt.

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The Blackleg.

(Dedicated to many "skilled" workers in Dublin and England, without permission).

Come, see him stand with sated maw
 'Mid want and women's tears;
 A human parasite; by law
 Made bold despite his fears!
 Esteemed for crimes 'gainst flesh and blood
 'Gainst hungering babe and widowhood.

There, hear his boasts, lewd, callous, mean,
 Each word, each breath a stain;
 Human in form, a brute had been
 For half his evil slain,
 Yet as he serves in Pluto's cave
 He thrives—a bestial, pampered slave.

Reared graceless, 'midst the sons of toil
 He early learnt to wound
 The sucking breast, his earliest spoil
 The toys with playmates found,
 Full soon his vampire instincts blazed,
 And o'er his soul a squalid dungeon raised.

By stealth his treach'rous hand would fall,
 The weak and mild to strike;
 Lust ruled his youth—faithless to all—
 Loyal alone to might—
 He burrowed in its shambles, crept,
 And stabbed his brother while he slept!

No eye that fervent natural lights,
 No soul that manhood warms,
 No heart where kindly love ignites,
 Nor cordial friendship charms,
 Could draw from him responsive thrills,
 His presence blights—his friendship kills.

Poor bondsman of deluding Power,
 Cold and perverted heart;
 No Lethæan cup can mock the hour
 When strikes the fatal dart;
 Then, braggart tongue and dastard hand,
 Craven at justice seat you'll stand!

Then, if one record of one word,
 One deed by pity fired—
 Were ransom from the abysses abhorred—
 And mine the proof required,
 I should be dumb—for human pride—
 Nor own thee man before the Crucified.
 SEAGHAN.

A Last Word to Sean O' Cathasaigh.

I have no desire to any further prolong the discussion which has filled the columns of the "Worker" for weeks past in connection with the attempt of the gentleman above—an ineffectual attempt I may say—to smash the Volunteers. His last contribution dealing with this question shows the agility with which he is able to jump over the troublesome points of my last letter. He makes great capital out of the fact that the Volunteer leaders have not declared for a Republic. What an unpardonable omission that is, to be sure. However, that could be remedied if Sean would only intimate to the Provisional Committee his wishes on that point.

Sean seems to forget that when Wolfe Tone, the first of Irish Republicans, started the United Irishmen he did not declare for an Irish Republic. However, that did not prevent the movement declaring itself when the time was opportune. His reference to my attendance at picture houses I pass over as beneath notice. The whole tone of his letters is evidence of the spite which frustrated ambition engenders. In them is reflected the narrow-mindedness, the shallowness and the pessimism which are the chief characteristics of the cynic and the sceptic.

SEUMAS MACGOWAN.

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