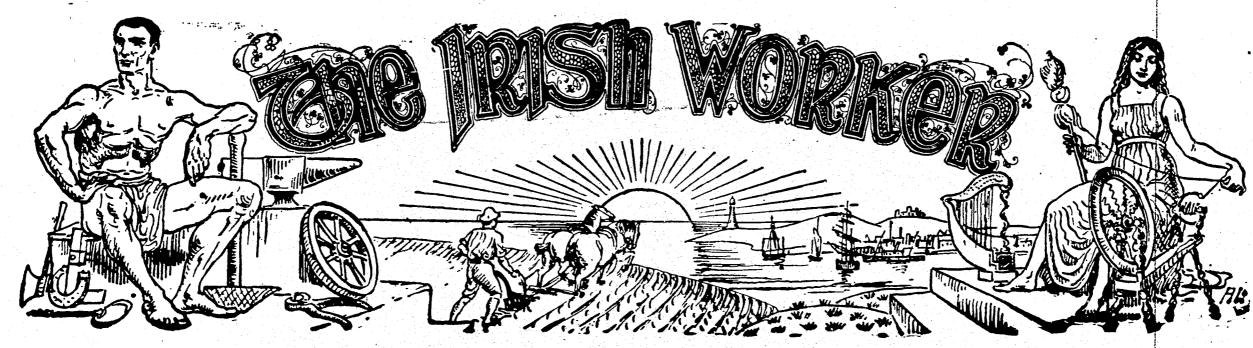
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"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is — that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Finten Later.



defeat?

I tell you a cause like ours;

Is greater than defeat can know—

It is the power of power of power of rolls round

Who is it speaks of

As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon wave
Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by JIM LARRIN.

ONE PENNY.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, APRIL 4th, 1914

CO-OPERATION

AND THE

Labour Movement.

By R. J. P. MORTISHED.

It was a grey morning of fog and rain when the ss. "Hare," with its cargo of food for hungry, locked-out men and women, steamed slowly into Dublin. Yet that day dawned with bright eventfulness for the patient workers waiting for her. Into a struggle that had been distinguished so far only by the intensity of the masters' scorn and the workers' solidarity that mark in some degree every labour trouble, there had now been introduced a new factor, gigantic and powerful. The ignorant insolence of the Dublin employers had provoked a determined resistance from the whole Labor movement in Dublin. Thirty thousand Irishmen refused to sell their liberty. In support of them the financial resources of the two million Trade Unionists of Great Britain were poured out with inprecedented liberality. Then with the calling in of the Co-operative movement in Great Britain and the despatch of the "Hare," the "Fraternity" and the "Pioneer" with food supplies from the Co-operative Wholesale Society, the business organization of one fifth of the people of England was applied in aid of the workers of Dublin. Never before had the international comradeship of the workers found such complete and striking expression. Little wonder then that for many of those defiantly enduring men and women who waited for the coming of that first food-ship, the weary grey mist was dispelled by the bright assurance of present help and future

The action of the Co-operative Wholesale Society cannot pass without leaving abiding results. The first object-lesson on the benefits of co-operation by consumers will be succeeded by another next June when the Co-operative Congress meets in Dublin. The interest thus raised must surely lead to a desire for further knowledge of the history and objects of this great though hitherto little known movement, and result at last in action with a great development of co-operation in Dublin. It is in that belief that these articles are written. Some aspects of the subject will be found to have been treated very scantily, others not at all. I have avoided, for example, all mention of Producers' Co-operation, and have not attempted to examine the possible relationships between agricultural co-operation and urban co-operative stores. Other aspects have been dealt with at, perhaps, unnecessary length because of their general importance and interest. In any event it is the writer's hope that they may add something to the store of knowledge that alone will in the end enable the workers of Dublin to come into their own.

R.J.P.M.

I.—THE BIRTH OF CO-OPERATION.
(a.) THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

Far back in the dim ages of the past primitive man, slowly raising himself from the level of the brute beasts, made two discoveries that cleared the way for his future development. He learnt how to make fire and the tool. When the sociologist of the dim future traces the history of civilized man he will mark out as the starting-point of that majestic progress the discovery in the latter half of the eighteenth century of the use of steam and iron. With the slow hesitating beginnings of that Industrial Revolution there commenced a transformation of the whole aspect and structure of human society of whose colossal importance we can as yet perceive only a glimpse. Till then the fabric of society had rested on the labor of men's bodies, on the meagre fruits they could drag from the clenched fist of Nature unaided save by the stupid strength of a few domestic animals. Now, society is based on the keenness of men's intellects and the giant forces of Nature herself supplant men's puny muscles in the labor of producing wealth. A new epoch in man's history has opened. We are laying now the foundations of a new civilization whose

ultimate glories we are unable to comprehend. The immediate effects, however, of the discovery of the use of steam and iron were sufficiently striking and sudden, though the suddenness of the resulting changes in industry has perhaps been exaggerated by the term "Industrial Revolution" that has been applied to them. The unit of industry throughout the Middle Ages and right into the 18th and 19th centuries was not the individual worker but the family. It was husband, wife and children who shared the manifold labors of the small agriculturist -tilling, sowing and reaping the strips of land scattered here and there throughout the open fields of the village, brewing and baking, making and preparing in the home the whole of the food required for the household, spinning yarn for cloth and making up the woven cloth into garments, and so on. Some industries mining, shipbuilding, iron-working, printing, for instance-of course were never domestic occupations, but the housewife's wooden spinning wheel and the clumsy wooden loom of the cottage weaver were typical of the domestic condition characteristic of industry in England before the Revolution as now in poorer and less developed countries. In 1738 the transformation of weaving began with Kay's invention of the flying shuttle. In 1764 Hargreaves invented the spinning jenny, followed in quick succession by Arkwright's spinning-frame, Crompton's mule, and Cartwright's power loom. These new machines were worked at first by horse and later by water power. In 1769 Watts patented the first of the improvements in the steam engine that were to render possible the application of the powerful, regular and easily controlled force of steam to the new machines. The materials of which the machines were built was changed from wood to iron. Already, in 1735, Abraham Darby had discovered how to smelt iron ore with coke. In 1740 steel was produced Iron rails were made, iron ships were built. Within half a century steam-boats were plying, steam locomotives were running: national and international markets were being opened up. Industry could no longer be confined to the home. The new machines were costly and they had to be set up near the sources of power-at first on the banks of the hill streams and later near the coalfields. The domestic craftsman had to leave the rural districts and follow the machines. His grasp upon the means of livlihood was loosened; he no longer worked in his own home with his own tools; he had to "mind" an employer's machines.

also of his other means of livelihood -his land. The new developments of industry, the rapid increase in the population, the rise of towns, all these changes necessitated and in their turn were rendered possible by new developments in agriculture. The century-old system of agriculture had inevitably to give way to more productive methods. But improvement was impossible so long as the land was still held in scattered strips by poor and unenterprising small farmers. Hence began the movement to enclose the open fields, to turn into tillage the waste and the common lands, to redistribute the lands in compact holdings, each man's fenced off from his neighbour's, to the culture of which newer and more scientific methods could be applied. During the thirty years from 1769 two and a half million acres were enclosed. In 1797 there still remained in England 1,200,000 acres of common fields and 7,800,00 acres, of uncultivated waste. The flood of enclosures mounted rapidly thereafter and the total area of land enclosed since 1760 amounts to over 7,00,000 acres. The effects of these enclosures were far-reaching. Just as in industry there was arising a capitalless proletariat, so in agriculture was arising a landless proletariat. The enclosure of the waste and common lands deprived the small farmer of pasture for his stock. The expense of fencing his land and of the new methods of culture were too heavy for him to bear. Even where some attempt was made to base the redistribution on just principles the small holder would have suffered heavily, and in very many cases the enclosures were simply land-grabbings by large holders, unrelieved by any pretence of justice. The small cottager was driven to a choice of two alternatives—to become a hired labourer to some "substantial tenant of the middle class" or to go into the town and become a unit of the driven army of workers in the factories of the new capitalists. The modern rural and urban proletariat came into existence.

From one point of view the social effects of the changes sketched above were splendid indeed. The new methods of production increased the total output of wealth to a miraculous extent. A single cotton spinner in a factory produced two hundred times as much as the spinner in the cottage of 1760. In 60 years England's foreign trade multiplied threefold. England was rising to the predominant position among the nations of Europe from which she has not yet been dis being welded into a real national unity. A network of new good roads was covering the country; later, the great centres of industry were connected by a system of canals; and finally, with Stephenson's locomotive came the beginning of the modern railways. The newfound wealth of the nation enabled her to bear the brunt of the Napoleonic wars for a quarter of a century. From her inexhaustible coffers she was able to pay an annual charge of £32,000,000 on war loans. England as a nation was rising to mighty power and prestige. Individuals were amassing wealth with astounding rapidity; capitalists reckoned their profits not in fives and tens per cent. but in hundreds per cent. These were the glorious results of the Industrial Revolution.

From the worker's point of view, however, the picture of England after the Industrial Revolution seemed very far from bright. The poor man was now completely separated from both the means of production-land, tools, etc.-and from the consumer who required the goods he produced. True, there might be plenty of work for him to do on the new factories. But he could not read or write; there was no penny post, no ha'penny newspapers, no Labour Exchanges, few roads and no cheap railways. How was he to know and seek out the work that was to be had? Moreover, if there was plenty of work to do, it was often not for men but for women and children. A boy and a girl of fifteen could look after four of the new power looms and produce nine times as much as the skilled adult weaver on the old hand-loom. In any case, the new factories were often in effect prisons. The machines were kept thundering away hour after hour, and the workers had to keep pace with them -sometimes from six in the morning till twelve at nightsnatching even their meals in the foul air and dirt of the factory. Women and children in particular suffered disastrously from the conditions of industry. Women, for example, were made beasts of burden in the mines, toiling at the most dangerous and degrading tasks. In the cotton factories little children as young as six years were not uncommonly employed, and great numbers of children of only nine years worked in them. Poor Law children were frequently sold by the parish authorities into practical slavery to the factory owners. The conditions of labour of the children were incredibly cruel. Their hours of work were almost unending. In 1802 an Act of Parliament fixed the hours for children at not more than twelve a day, exclusive of meals! Frequently a little one would be driven till consciousness left him, and he would stand at his machine with hands still working, fast asleep-till roused by a lash from a strap or a sousing with a bucket of cold water. In 1832 a witness before a Parliamentary Committee said that one could find in Keighley "wagon-loads" of children maimed and deformed by their work in the factories. In 1836 the manufacturers of Oldham declared in a petition to Parliament that it was essential that children of eleven should be allowed to work more than 69 hours a week. It must be remembered, too, that these children received no proper educationso that while their physique was destroyed by drudgery and brutality their minds were stunted and debased. In the worst cases their lives were a hideous nightmare of toiling misery from babyhood till premature death. While the conditions of work in the factories were so bad-

for even if they were not everywhere utterly brutal the system as a whole yet stood condemned—there were other circumstances that aggravated the plight of the workers. The long war, bad harvests, and the vicious Corn Laws, designed to protect the corngrower by preventing imports, sent up the price of bread to famine heights. While food was becoming desperately dear, wages were continually being driven lower; and the workers had no means of protecting themselves. In the simpler and slowly changing age that had gone by rates of wages, conditions of labour and the whole management of industry had been governed by statutes and regulations. Many of these regulations had not been enforced for many years and few of them could be applied to the wholly new conditions which had now arisen. They were now swept away entirely. Freedom of development unhampered by ancient restrictions was secured for the new industries, but at the cost of destroying the security of the worker. Wagewere no longer regulated by the State and any attempt by works

Deprived thus of his industries, the poor man was deprived so of his other means of livelihood—his land. The new de-elopments of industry, the rapid increase in the population, he rise of towns, all these changes necessitated and in their were rendered possible by new developments in agriculture.

men to regulate them themselves was ruthlessly suppressed as a criminal offence. It was only in 1825 that the vindictive laws against combination of workmen were repealed and the workers were allowed to attempt improvements in their condition by open Trade Unionism.

The repeal of the Combination Laws in 1825 marks a stage in the development of a social conscience and of a new social organization which was to be the special work of the nineteenth century. The old order crumbled rapidly away beneath the sudden shocks of new inventions and new conditions of industry, but for long no one seems to have realized that it was necessary to build up a new order in its stead. The employers in each industry demanded the abolition of the ancient restrictions that no longer suited their conditions, and Parliament, acting on no settled principle and with no sound understanding of the changes taking place, repealed the old statutes piecemeal. Neither Parliament nor the employers seemed to give any thought to the hardships inflicted on the workers. The springs of human kindness seem to have dried up, so that the nation could look on unmoved while men and women were ground down in abject misery and little children were tortured in order to secure the greatest possible productivity from the new powers in industry. In the end the wretched workers themselves were eager to offer their own children in sacrifice so as to eke out their miserable livelihood. If the ruling classes did wish to alleviate the lot of the poor, they had neither the necessary knowledge nor understanding, and as a result could produce nothing better than the disastrous and degrading doles from the Poor Rate that pauperized half England till the New Poor Law of 1834.

When eventually a guiding principle of social policy was worked out, it came as the doctrine of "laisser faire"—of letting things alone to work themselves out as best they might in the belief that somehow, somewhen, without men's help, or even in spite of it, some unseen hand would ensure that all was for the best in the end. Parliament declared that "no interference of the legislature with the freedom of trade, or with the perfect liberty of every individual to dispose of his time and his labour in the way and on the terms which he may judge most conducive to his own interest, can take place without violating general principles of the first importance to the prosperity and happiness of the community; without establishing the most pernicious precedent. or even without aggravating, after a very short time, the pressure of the general distress and imposing obstacles against the distress being ever removed." England suffered from the results of the policy thus grandiloquently enunciated all through the last century and in spite of all that has been accomplished by Trade Union and Co-operative development, by the system of Factory Legislation and by democratic political organization, England to some extent suffers from them still.

There was, however, one man who realized the nature of the changes that had taken place in industry as a whole and understood at least the essentials of the controlling social policy they rendered necessary. One man was conspicuous and for long unique in humanity, patience, social consciousness, forethought and wisdom. That man was Robert Owen, the father of Factory Legislation, of Co-operation and of English Socialism.

(To be continued next week)

IRELAND AND ULSTER

AN APPEAL TO THE WORKING CAS

In this great crisis of the history of Ireland, I desire to appeal to the working class—the only class whose true interests are always on the side of progress-to take action to prevent the betrayal of their interests contemplated by those who have planned the Exclusion of part of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill. Every effort is now being made to prevent the voice of the democracy being heard in those counties and boroughs which it is callously proposed to cut off from the rest of Ireland. Meetings are being rushed through in other parts of Ireland, and at those meetings wire pullers of the U.I.L. and the AO.H. are passing resolutions approving of the Exclusion, whilst you, who will suffer by this dastardly proposal, are never even consulted but, on the contrary, these same organisations are working hard to prevent your voice being heard, and have done what they could to prevent the calling of meetings or holding of demonstrations at which you could register your hatred of their attempt to betray you into the hand of the sworn enemies of democracy, of labour, and of nationality.

An instance of this attempt to misrepresent you may be quoted from the Irish Press of March 26th. In a letter from the Irish Press Agency, it says:—

"The proposal, representing the limit of concession and made 'as the price of peace,' would only man, if accepted, that the Counties of D wn, Derry, Antrim and Atmagh, would remain as they are for six years at the end of which time they would come in automatically under Home Rule. They know, too, that the Nationalists in these four counties are perfectly willing to assent to this arrangement, and that they are the Nationalists most concerned."

Remember that this is a quotation from a letter sent out by the hish Press Agency, and that copies of it are supplied by the agents of the Parliamentary Party to every newspaper in Ireland and to Liberal papers in England, and you will see how true is my statement that you are being betrayed, that the men whom you trusted are busily engaged in rigging up a fake sentiment in favour of this betrayal of your interests. For the statements contained in the letter just quoted are, in the first part, deliberately misleading, and, in the second part, an outrageous falsehood.

The statement that the counties excluded would come in automically at the end of six years is deliberately misleading because, as was explained in the House of Commons, two General Elections would take place before the end of that time. If at either of these General Elections the Tories got a majority and it is impossible to believe that the Liberals can win other two elections successively—that it would only require the passage of a small Act of not more than three or four lines to make the e clusion perpetual. And the Tories would pass it. What could prevent them? You can prevent them getting the chance by insisting upon the whole Home Rule Bill and no exclusion, being passed now. If you do not act now, your chance is gone.

The second part of the statement I have quoted is an outrageous falsehood. as every one knows. The Nationalists of the four counties have not been asked their opinion, and if any politican would dare to take a plebiscite upon this question of Exclusion or No Exclusion, the democracy of Ulster would undoubtedly register a most emphatic refusal to accept this proposal. And yet so called Home Rule Journals are telling the world that you are quite willing to be cut off from Ireland, and placed under the heel of the intolerant gang of bigots and enemies of progress who for so long have terrorised Ulster. Men and women, consider! If your lot is a difficult one now, subject as you are

is a difficult one now, subject as you are to the rule of a gang who keep up the fires of religious bigotry in order to divide the workers, and make united progress; if your lot is a difficult one, even when supported by the progressive and tolerant forces of all Ireland, how difficult and intolerable it will be when you are cut off from Ireland, and yet are regarded as alien to Great Britain, and left at the tender mercies of a class who know no mercy, of a mob poisoned by ignorant hatred of everything national and democratic.

Do not be misled by the promises of politicians. Remember that Mr. Birrell solemly promised that a representative of Dublin Labour would sit upon the Police Inquiry Commission in Dublin, and that he broke his solemn promise. Remember that Mr. Redmond pledged his word at Waterford that the Home Rule Bill would go through without the loss of a word or a comma, and almost immediately afterwards he agreed to the loss of four counties and two boroughs. Remember that the whole history of Ireland is a record of betrayals by politicians and statesmen, and remembering this, spurn their lying promises and stand up for a United Ireland—en Ireland broad based upon the union of Labour and Nationality.

You are not frightened by the mock heroics of a pantomime army. Nobody in Ulster is. If the politicians in Parli ment pretend to be frightened, it is only in order to find an excuse to sell you. Do not be sold. Remember that when soldiers were ordered out to shoot you down in the Dock Strike of 1907 no officers resigned then, rather than shed blood in Ulster, and when some innocent members of our class were shot down in the Falls Road, Belfast no Cabinet Ministers apologised to the relatives of the poor workers they had murdered. Remember that more than a thousand Dublin men, women, and children were brutally beaten and wounded by the police a few months ago, and three men and one girl killed, but no officer resigned. and neither Tory nor Home Rule Press protested against the coercion of Dublin. Why, then, the hypocritical howl against compelling the pious sweaters of Ulster and their dupes to obey the will of the m juity? Remember the A.O.H., the U.I.L., and the Parliamentary Party cheered on the Government when it sent its police to bludgeon the Nationalist workers of Dublin Now the same organisation and the same party cheers on the same treacherous Govern-

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—

Bargains by Post.

We de cater for the Workingman. No fancy prices; honort value only,

Watch, Clock and Jewallary tapal-s

ment when it proposes to surrender you into the hands of the Carsonite gang. As the officers of the Curragh have stood by their class, so let the working class democracy of Ulster stand by its class, and all Irish workers from Malin Head to Cape Clear and from Dublin to Galway will stand by you.

Let your motto be that of Fintan Lalor, the motto which the Working Class (itizen Army of Dublin has adopted as its aim and object, viz.—

That the entire ownership of Ireland (all Ireland) — moral and material—is vested of right in the entire people of Ireland.

And, adopting this as your motto, let it be heard and understood that Labour in Ireland stands for the unity of Ireland an Ireland united in the name of progress, and who shall separate us?

JAMES CONNOLLY.

PIONEERS.

An Claipin Oub.

Thro' the darkness I see you peering,
Your strong hands grasping for a firm
hold;

Your minds untrained, the dangers fearing,
That part the rubbish from the shining

Your only light is the hope that beckons, Your only strength is the faith that

fights;
Your only danger, the soul that reckons
The cost of travelling thro' the starless
nights.

Oh noble spirits in the darkness fighting, Around about—you below, above; Your acts are braver, and your words as

As young hearts yearning for the light of love.

Fight on! the hour is dark and o'ercast with sorrow, 'Tis hope and courage that shall light

your way,
And your own renouncing, for a grand
to-morrow,
The selfish joys of a mean to-day.

A Warning to Werkers.

Amongst the brute creation we read of animals in the wilderness why despite their natural ferocity, are by their very nature cowardly. And we are told how, in the light of day, they shun the unheeding traveller, skulking in dark places wearlessly watching his every movement, and when night approaches and while deep shadows fall they gradually crawl, nearer and nearer, and when the wornout wanderer sinks down to well-merited repose they come steathily forward and, with a savage growl, spring upon their unsuspecting prey, whom they rend to pieces in the unguarded moments of slumber. Or we have heard of the wounded lion, tracked to its lair and savagely assuled as it lay exhausted in the throes of death by such animals as tremble at its roar when it roams the forest in its strength.

And can we not discover similar traits in human beings? Do we not find individuals who, despite their physical strength and want of feeling for their fellows, are ardent cowards in their hearts; creatures who voluntarily contribute slavish servicule while fortune favours those upon whom they wait, but who secretly withdraw as the shadows fall, and in the hour of adversity are either entirely absent from the side of those whom they once called friends or openly hostile to them.

Previous to the Murphy-made dispute in Dublin we met individuals who proudly proclaimed themselves pioneers of the movement-who went around enthusiastically applauding the efforts of its leaders and loudly encouraging all and sundry to come in and help. But when the storm burst-when the full forces of capitalism were all combined and hurled against the young Union of the so-called unskilled workers, that stood up so valiantly to the attack; when misrepresentation and unmerited denunciation was poured from the pulpit, the Press and the platform upon the Union and its officials who stood between thousands of women, young girls, tender children, and starvation, death, or worse—all the enthusiasm referred to above seemed to evaporate and our former champions gradually withdrew from the movement they deemed to be lost, while some who followed its leaders, for the same motives as the skulking brute dogged the traveller in the wilderness, took advantage of the opportunity thus offered to make their attack. For while the leaders they pretended to applaud were battling for the cause, travelling in strange lands, pleading to strange people, standing in the dcck, lying in the prisons, undergoing hardships, and facing the death of poor Byrne and Nolan, these false followers were skulking secretly about looking for evidence of guilt, some indication of indiscretion or weakness in the conduct of those whose character they assailed and whose lives they sought to ruin. A thought for their class or the movement never seemed to enter their narrow minds. So long as they reeked vengeance on the individual who had earned the hatred of the employer by his defence of workers' rights they seemed satisfied, and to obtain that end they appeared prepared to sacri-

In this season of repentance and forgiveness we can practice Christian charity. But it is our duty to warn all workers not to be deceived into not supporting the Union that has made history even in the days of its infancy and that will work wonders in the days that are yet to come. Beware of the pernicious advice of the narrow-minded, disappointed individual -suffering from swelled head - who tells you not to pay into the Union merely because he fancies that matters should be differently managed there. Investigate every complaint, remedy every grievance, punish every offender, but on no account forsake your Union. And as this is one of the many methods employed by our numerous enemies to smash up the Union the employers failed to defeat, and as honest men have been deceived and injured, thereby we deem it due to them to speak this word of warning.

fice class-interest, organisation, and all

that aimed at the improvement of their

In the first days of the fight told our readers that the struggle was against labour and not Larkin, as proclaimed by the union-smashing employers, and many members of the skilled trades refused to accept our statement, but time has since proven its accuracy. The treachery of the English labour leaders in refusing to accept the suggestions made by Jim Larkin as the only effective way of dealing with the Dublin dispute was immediately followed by an attack upon the skilled trades. Had Jim been supported we would never have heard of the London lock-out, and the Engineers and others would have received their well-merited ... advance without the present hesitation.

Workers! enough time has been wasted fighting amongst ourselves for unworthy, jealous motives. We have survived the worst and are resuming our upward march. The problem for the future is to win success for our class and not so much as to who is to be the implement by which it is achieved. Rally, therefore, to the ranks of your Union. Support the flag that has triumphantly waved above the greatest struggle ever waged in labour warfare. Sustain the men who have stood the test of time and braved the brunt of the fight, and follow the Leader who never faltered no matter what odds faced him. Remember, your Union is your only protection, and the man who seeks to get you to forsake it or tries to prevent you in supporting it is either a fool or a knave. And whether one or the other is unquestionably your greatest foe, for he seeks to get you to throw saids the only weapon by which you can successfully defend yourself or win any advances. Workers, he warned and beware!-W.P.

Irish Women Workers' Union, LIBERTY HALL.

Social and Al:-Night Dance of the above, will be held on Saturday Night, 11th April.

Irish and English Dancing.

Dancing commences at 10 o'clock, p.m.

TICKETS (Including Reefreshments) 1/6

TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

rich Tradae Union Contract

Irish Trades Union Congress PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

WORKERS! ATTEND
GREAT

LABOUR DEMONSTRATION

Sunday, April 5th, at 1 p.m. O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN

Parliamentary Committee, will preside, supported by Representative Labour Men from Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught.

Remember O'Connell Street, SUNDAY NEXT. AT 1 P.M.

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

Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

All communications, whether relating to literary or business mattern, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone \$421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. fer six menths, psychle in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anenymous contributions.

Dublin, Sat., April 4th, 1914.

EAST FIFE.

WE wonder if the Press of Dublin have a shred of decency left. If so, there is still a suitable bed left for the repose of their dirty, foul carcases. We refer to the residual tanks at the Pigeon House sewerage outfall works, and surely after their carnival of lying during the lockout, they deserve eternal rest. What mendacious, brazen-faced monstrocities they are. These creatures, who are paid to lie at so much a line, we surmise, had parents. Surely, their parents taught them the elements of social conduct. Surely, they were taught the Lord's Prayer; surely they were taught that there is a limit beyond which a creature built in the image of the Creator shall not transcend We are not concerned with the lie personal but the lie collective makes one spit out the nauseous vapours which arise when we think of these Press things. We are not concerned with the betterment of any person. We are out for "the greater good of the greater number," believing that individual salvation or damnation is a small matter in comparison to social salvation r damnation, but when we recapitulate all the foulness, all the wilful, lying statements repeated ad nauseum against the children the women, the men and their leadered uring the late lock-out and strike, we postulate that the eternal damnation of the foul creatures who control the Press of Dublin is more than deserved

and unjustly delayed.

the former Attorney-Generaliby the way) said with that rare christianity that our modern Bishops are capable of "that hell was not hot enough nor eternity long enough" for the members of the Fenian brotherhood, a band of Brothers who were willing to give their lives to save the lives of the nation and the lives o the people who made up that nation. Ye these paid assassins, the Press ghou's of Dublin who sell their dirty mean little souls and prostitute their physical powers for a penny roll, a pint and a slice of hairy bacon, to the capitalist class of this country—at least the victims of Souperism had the one excuse they were starving, there were no workhouses to shelter them—but these ill-paid ghouls who sell themselves for a Judas price could get help at the Mendicity shelter. It would be more honourable to beg, aye or even to steal, than to commit moral assassination such as these cowardly murderers are guilty of every day. To take away life from any human being is an atrocious crime against the person deprived of life, his or her dependents or relatives, and against the welfare of the community. Such a crime only affects the physical body of the victim Such a crime we repeat is a cowardly, villainous act. But what of the depths reached by the cowardly lying skunks who through the intstained columns of the daily and evening Press of this city commit moral assassinations? They dare not injure the body of their victims. The curs try to murder the soul. And the smug complacency with which these creatures write the word christian, write about churches and religion! And I

suppose, like the rest of the brass-faced

What Bishop Moriarity (a relation of

hypocrites who commit blasphomy every day of the year, these Pressworms crawl into church buildings, so that they na7 be seen ostensibly to worship God—as a matter of fact to curry favour with the directors or owners of the papers they dishonour and are dishonoured by. Our readers will recollect one of their special feats of lyingthe Daddy on Strike lie. This week they have excelled themselves. Posters have offended our sight during the week, on which we find the lie displayed. 'Larkin Fights East Fife. Larkin and Capt. White Leave by Motor Car for East Fife, via Belfast." Then we have leaded paragraphs-special and exclusive information about Larkin and East Fife. Then Muldoon, M.P. (the Hibernian) outlies the propagator of true (hristian charity, his comrade, Mr. Wm. Martin Murphy, by suggesting Larkin was spending money in fighting Asquith, the bloodstained, in East Fife, with money subscribed for the victims of William Martin Murphy and his tool, John D. Nugent. What gulls the people of this country must be who are connected with that foul vicious organisation of Catholic Orangemen, the Ancient Order of Hypocrites (Board of Erin), bossed by Nugent and Devlin and Muldoon, M.P! Here we have this dirty gang of office-seekers and jobbers holding a convention in Limerick and passing a resolution condemning William Martin Murphy's lying sheet, the "Independent," for betraying "the cause," and John D. Nugent, the scab organiser for Murphy, laughs in h's sleeve. Yet, fight as they will, they tell the truth about one another, as they do at times. They all agree. "Mail," Ardilaun's organ; "Independent" and "Herald," Murder Murphy's organs; "Freeman" and "Telegraph," Muldoon and Nugent's organs—they all will agree to commit any crime under the sun against the working class: publish any lie, no matter how vicious or hurtful, against a man who, without money or influence, except his own personality, has welded the workers together-who has fought a fight unparalleled in industrial warfare against forces that no other working class leader ever faced in the past history of the working-class movement. This man, Larkin whom these beasts cannot measure nor understand; who stands fore-front to all the winds of outrageous fortune, defying subduing the enemies of his class; a man whom these devils in the guise of humans cannot bend nor break, buy or sell; whom they cannot irritate nor annoy; who calmly faces all forces they send against him, and drives them back shattered; a man who, when they turn his attack in one direction simply swings his army into position to try another road; a man who knows not the meaning of the word "defeat." Such is the man they have been lying about all the week "Larkin leaves for East Fife via Belfast with Captain White!" We have spoken to Larkin, and we are informed that Larkin has neither spoken nor seen Captain White since Sunday; that Larkin has never been outside the boundary of Dublin since Tuesday last; that he (Larkin) never had any intention of fighting East Fife, never thought of Fife, does not like the fife nor the drum.

politician as the Asquith man.

Poor "Caithlin Ni Houlihan," her faithless sons are still betraying her Anyhow Larkin will be in O'Connell street, on Sunday, at one o'clock. Let his critics face the man; let the cur dogs who bark at his heels dare to bite, then we will see conclusions. We would think it a good April Food's Day joke this lie about Larkin and East Fife, but for the vicious, mendacious lying of the drunken Meade and his gang of moral cut-throats in Princes street, we are pleased to know that some of them who worked overtime making up their foul stories during the lock-out are walking the stones. "The truth will

He would sooner hear the violin or harp

anytime. He does not bother about Par-

liamentary action; has no time to waste

at present about elections; that politics

is a dirty game, and the present day

politicians are dirtier than the politics

they play at, and rather admires san-

guinary Asquith for his game of bluff;

pities old Ireland that the playactors

of politicians she possesses have not got

the grit to deal in a proper manner

with such a three-card trickster of a

Father Bernard Vaughan on Socialism.

We wonder what kind of type of infusoria, ichthoysauria, or orolippus Father Vaughan and the other lump of protoplasm who were with him think the working-class are? Do they admit we are possessed of faculties, or in what category do they place us? When in the pulpit Father Vaughan (we notice he is placid; he is a Celt. It must be fashionable to be a Celt these days) is good enough to condescend to call us brethren, if so, we are equal before God to him. Surely the Father would treat all His children fairly? That being admitted, we must possess the same God-given powers as he and Dr. Cox and the political mollusc Sherlock possess; that is the least they must admit, and that is not claiming very much Then, surely, we are entitled to ask the scion of the House of Vaughan to give over his juggling with words and talk sense. The Harry Lauder stunt is alright on the music hall, but when any man invites us to listen to what he calls a lecture on the real things of life, he should take his subject seriously. Father Vaughan is too charitable. He is going to leave the Socialist to his own conscience. Yes, Father, that is the difference between the Socialist and those of the class you apologise for-the Socialist has a conscience which compels him

to cry out against injustice; which compels him to reach down and help the helpless, not alone to pray for them as a profession, but to pray with them and for them and to do more—to work for them. To realise his prayer Father Vaughan admits that the socialist is responsible for the newer spirit of fellowship; that by him and through him the meaning of God's kingdom on earth is carried into the daily things of life; that people masquerading as Chrisians are guilty of unchristian and unsocialistic actions. Then these whited sepulchres of alleged Christians grind the faces of the poor, rob the labourer of just wages—a sin which we were taught in our salad days cried to heaven for vengeance. Yes Father Vaughan, are you and your class, who eat the bread another produces, wear the clothes another weaves, prepared to realise that God gave you a conscience? You use it not. Come down from your coward's castle, Father. We invite you to meet one of these men with a conscience, a Socialist, in debate. The mollusc Sherlock will not, no doubt, lend us our own hall—the Mansion House; and the well-named money-making bazaar, the "SOS." can halve the proceeds. We will promise you that if you don't find your conscience, we will at least ease our conscience. Two thousands years of Christianity! And one of its paid apologists admits that Christianity is a failure. In these, the greatest of Christian cities, we Socialists deny that it is the want of the true meaning basis and spirit of Christianity. We Socialists are out to realise God's Kingdom on Earth as it is in Heaven. That is the crime we glory in. We will return to this subject next week and deal with some of the Christians who spoke in the

Cotten and the Gas Works.

AT long last Cotton has been found out. We suppose that his excuse will be that he has taken unto nimself a wife, and cunot find time to deal with gas. What a strange country we live in. Here we have an undertaking under a private control which should be a pub ic utility, controlled by the public, and this monopoly and legalised system of pocketpicking is owned and controlled by a cosmopolitan group of exploiters who wo ld not allow a workman to breathe, never mind exist, if they could he'p it. When this company years ago employed over three thousand workmen on their premises they could pay 10 to 12 per cent. They were not satisfied. They under the advice of Cotton's son (an alleged gas engineer) should displace men. deprive their wives and children of ford and shelter, injure the credit of the town, ruin shopkeepers. All of these crimes done against the community, so that the shareholders moryah! should get increased dividends. Well, Cotton has had his way—ren driven out machinery brought in no Union men employed, no Union allowed to exist. This captain of industry, Cotton, who was associated with Murder Murphy in locking out he Tram. way men is now locked-out himself, and we fervently hope the devil will allow his offspring Murphy to live long enough and he will go the way of Cotton. May we hope he will live long enough to go the same shelter. Some of his victims went to the workhouse or asylum, that is a shelter on this earth. He will not need room and heat hereafter We wonder how Cotton patriot and Nationalist M.P. appreciates his lock-out? Remember Cotton M.P., what you told the men at the conclusion of the gas strike, "you would starve them" Eh! Well they sent you no wedding present, and they are not starved yet. Some of them fought you during the Tramway lock-out, and they will see to it that when your company applies to Parliament for power to further rob the people of Kin stown they will have a voice in the matter. We advise the new chairman and directors, if they desire to put the company in a good safe position, get rid of the Cotton gang, treat with your men im prove their conditions. Get rid of the scabs. who are an incumbrance Get bona-fide workers in every department. Recognise the world is moving on. Remember a man's a man for a' that As long as your company is known as a refuge for scabs and a non-union sh p, expect the active opposition of the organised workers.

Jlm Larkin, the I ish Liberator, His New Campaign.

By Shelliack.

The last of the varied performances that has been given in the Liverpool district by those in connection with the "Irish Flayers' took place in the Drill Hall, Birkenhead, on Friday, the 27th of last month, and was in the form of a Boxing Tournament, and issed by Mr. Pat Donnegan. Mr. Day Wheligan, the proprietor, kindly placed the hall at the diposal of the Dublin Committee without any fee or reward of an insture.

Although the house was not what could be called "a parked house" the galaxy of talent that we present to take part in the different redounds to the very great credit in Donnegan, to whose extraordinary organising abilities such an exceedingly interesting and altogether unusual collection of world wide notabilities of the boxing profession is undoubtedly due. Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the willingness with which such men as Pat O Keeffe, the middle-weight champion of England; Private Basham, coming welter-weight champion; Jim Driscoll, retired feather-weight champion;

Percy Jones, coming light-weight champion; the Blakeboroughs and many others, so readily offered their services to benefit the Dublin locked-out workers, and we must also not forget the loyalty to their class of men more nearly connected with us. who journeved from Dublin and other parts of Ireland to maintain the character of the Transport Workers' Union as a combination containing men who are the equal, if not superior, to men of any class or organisation in the world. In the persons of Jim Young, the middle-weight champion of Ireland; Young Dwyer, Jack Bollard and Kid Doyle, the Irish Transport Workers found sturdy champions, and though they had just crossed the Channel, they stepped into the ring to meet their classic opponents with a lively air, that established confidence in the hearts of those whose interests they represented Much credit is due to Mr. Pat Fox, for the manner in which he presented his charges, and we hope that his services will soon be requisitioned again to help produce such another programme when given more favourable conditions, the returns may prove more satisfactory. The thinness of the house was in ny opinion due to the fact that the Grand National Steeplechase was run on that date, and the race being of such an important character, it quite overshadowed everything else for interest in that event is not lost, just when the winning post is passed but it continues to form a subject of conversation for even days after among those very people who would under normal conditions be most prominent in supporting a Tournament such as Pat Donnegan had provided. However it is over and though we cannot record a great financial success we have succeeded in making the discovery that the leading men in the Sporting profession on both sides of the George's Channel are friends of our cause, and sharers in that sympathy with our victimised women and children to such an extent that they are impelled to literally make sacrifices in our behalf and in the name of the readers of the "Irish Worker." I again tender my heartfelt thanks to all who so generously came forward and assisted us and for all the good wishes they expressed. And here as I have had my last shake hands with Brothers Lennon and Donnegan on this side of the Channel my records of of the Irish Players must cease They are beyond my ken in a city of Lanca. shire that is famous for men of heart and action. In the city of Manchester, wherein their three countrymen Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, played their manly part for Ireland, and Irishmen so many years ago and I know that there they will meet friends, not only among their countrymen, but in the ranks of organised labour, who will not be lacking in those

least, I will leave them. I am highly pleased to see that in Ireland nothing is going to be permitted to interfere with the extension of the Transport Workers's Union There is a note of steady growth in the reports that reach my ears that is quite satisfying and inspiring The main thing to be attended to, and before which everything else, even the !rish Players themselves. are but secondary considerations, is the solidifying of the workers, in a strong, self-supporting, fighting organisation like that which the Irish Transport Union is destined to become. The point is to hurry up the movement. There ought not to be a single man or woman, whose living depends on wages, outside the ranks, and by all I hear there is really some prospect of such a culmination being reached.

qualities that make for good fellowship,

and in their hands, for the present at

But we want it to come quickly. We want to see such a change in the industrial conditions of Dublin that living men may see their children enjoying a treedo and a liberty that in their own case they had never known. We want to see, in our own lifetime, such an alteration in the political and in the industrial conditions of Ireland, that can only be brought about by a strong combination of industry, so that we can leave our children, along with our blessing, a land in which comfort and joy will prevail, instead of the misery creating desert we have found it ourselves.

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENER L WORKERS UNION. 4 Merchants' Quay,

Cork, March 30, 1914.

At a meeting of the Cork No. 20
Branch of the Irish Transpot and
General Workers' Union, held on Sun-

day, the 29th inst, the following resolution was adopted:—
"That we, the members of the

above branch, take this opportunity of expressing our deepest sympathy with the wife and family of the late Harry Orbell, and furthermore we express our deep appreciation of all he has done for the uplifting of the working class, and we also tender to Mr. Ben Tillet our sympathy on the loss of his able lieutenant, and that copies of this resolution be sent to the 'Irish Worker' and to Mr. Tillet."

BAND NOTICE. IRISH TRANSPORT BAND, Liberty Hall

All members are specially requested to attend Band Room, on Sunday, April 5th, at 11 a.m. sharp.

By Order of Band Committee.

BUTTER.

Finest Farmers Pure Butter

Fresh Irish Eggs at Lowest Prices.

PATRICK J. WHELAN.

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

"Then welcome be the Bivonae, The hardy stand and here attack."

Under the above heading from time to time, with the Editor's permission, will be heard the Bugle-Note of the Irish Citizen Army. Steps are being rapidly taken to extend the Army everywhere a worker bends his back. Who knows but soon the plough and harrow may be beaten into the sword.

Every member before being enrolled should sign a declaration pledging himself in agreement with its Constitution, and resolve to work for its extension and for the achievement of its objects.

The minimum weekly subscription has been, by consent of Council, fixed at one penny, but every workman who can is asked to contribute more generously than this decision indicates, so that the Workers' Army may shortly be placed in such a position as to successfully countet with those who stand to proper class interests and those who hope by drill and discipline to "strengthen Mr. Asquith's hand."

The Badge of the Army to be worn by its member till such time as a full uniform may be procured is to consist of an armlet of blue, on which will be the letters I.C.A.

The following Manifes's will shortly be sued:—

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND:

"Our Freedom must be had at all hazards.."
WOLLL TONE.

The time has come to practise the advice of Fintan Lalor, namely: "To train our hands and our sons' hands, for the day will come when we and they will

have to use them."

The workers must be disciplined and alert if they are to enjoy the just proceeds of their labour. It has been well said:—
"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS

The methods of discipline and alertness and the means of power to train our hands are provided by

THE IRISH CITIZEN ARMY.

This organisation embraces the full principles of Republican Democracy; its aim is to sink the differences of Birth. Privilege and Creed under the common name of the Irish people. It stands for a Union of Progressive Nationalism with the Democratic forces of Ireland, and its policy is to achieve that for which Theobald Wolfe Tone died and John Mitchel suffered—an Independent Ireland.

Irishmen! Join the Citizen Army now and help us to realise the ideal of an Irish Co-operative Commonwealth. All inquiries to be addressed to Hon.

Secretary, Liberty Hall, Dublin. Muscail do Mhisneach, a Bhanba!

On Sunday, the 5th April, in Liberty Hall, a General Meeting will be held at which the first enrolment will take place. The meeting will start at 12 o'clock, afterwards an inspection of enrolled members will be held to select fifty men for first set of uniforms. Conditions will be explained at meeting.

explained at meeting. Enrol! Enrol! Enrol!

DEATH OF PAT CAHILL,

ONE OF WEXFORD'S HEROES.

Pat Cahill is dead. Wexford has lost another noble son. And Wexford-nay, Ireland—could ill afford it. For though she hath many strong men, there are but few Pat Cahills And more's the pity! Throughout the long and bitter though glorious struggle in Wexford poor Pat Cahill was the life and soul of the fight. Through the length of the 28 weeks his stories were told, and when the bosses' spies went back and told of the men who were starving yet laughing, we knew it was "Red" who promoted the hilarity. When the weak were failing, when their courage drooped, when some on the firingline faltered, there Cahill was to be found encouraging, advising and hopeful. And when it was all over and the men returned to work, Cahill was one of those especially marked down by the nark's spawn who controlled his employer's foundry. Across the sea Pat had to seek for work which his enemy—and his enemy only for what he had done for his class -refused him at home. He had been in failing health for some time past, and his sojourn away from the family he loved did not improve his chance of recovery. As surely as if they had shot him, so surely are his persecutors responsible -for to-day Pat Cahill lies dead in Wexford town He is dead, but the spirit he loved lives, and as long as it lives Pat Cahill shall be remembered and remembered with pride. To his wife and children our deepest sympathy is extended, as well as to his other relatives and friends. To his comrades, too, and we are of them, sorrow has come. Together we shall bear it. But to the men of Wexford town every time they visit the grave of him whom we mourne they can say—"There lies the mortal remains of an honest man, who was done to death by the enemies of his class. And may God Rest his Soul!"

Queenstown Notes.

This week we will refer our readers to our Notes in this paper of the 14th inst., when we pointed out that we were privileged to read and inspect the "private and confidential" correspondence passing between the then Secretary of the Queekstown Division No. 733 (BO.E.), Rajah Halloran, and the General Secretary, J. D. Nugent, "ex Bailiff," in The Cabin" at Ballynoe, to prove to its what an intelligent and extraordinarily great man 'Rajah' was to be occulying such an exalted position, and were given to understand there and then that the "dear boy" was not content to rest at that, but would in the very near future control the local lodge entirely, if his ambition oid not carry him further. Subsequent events have proved these statements, because we have seen the sell-ne, which was even then maturing in his crafty brain, brought near to complet , and then foiled.

" Lie Rajah" realised that in order to carry out his ambition it was necessary to remove fee from the chair, and in his varies be boasted that he could do this was reliked as witness his statement the right of the great fracas last January when he in his excited state intormed his "Brudder Hooligans" that Joe was only in the chair on sufferance. an that he, the great "Rajah," could kick I mout when he pleased. In order to rade good his boast he resigned the secreta vsl ip in favour of "Itchy Shoulders' and at the last meeting contested

the chair with "Healy."

Kajah" and his trade union (moryals coque canvassed both town, country an al workshops so thoroughly that the whole district was seething with excitement, so much so that men who krew nothing of F.O.E. Hibernianism were as anxious for the result of the election on the morning of the 25th Match as if they had twe bob on the Grand National. "I. () Mahony." All-for renegade, came spe and from Cork to vote for his pal and tellow conspirator on the ASED.C The injecting was a bumper one, and as it opened "The Rajah" looked around on his trusty henchmen a most of whom were so anxious to strike a blow at Healy that they had not time to attend the confiaternity) with a cat-like smile, and his bosom swelled with confidence as he fingered in the lining of his tall hat for the notes of his carefully-prepared speech to celebrate the great victory for Faith and intherland about to take place. But, alas for the vanity of human wishes The voice was by ballot, 'The Rajah's' followers betrayed him, and Joe was returned by a narrow majority. As to the row that took place afterwards, and

' The Rajah's' toast for the future, we

will deal with later on. It is our duty to congratulate "Joe" on his re-election to the chair of this august and christian like body and also on his elevation to the Jaa-Peeship. "Crostic's" rag states that the appointment was a 'prudent" one. But no sane person outside the B.O.E. lodge admits or would think of admitting such a preposterous appointment as "prudent." The majority of the workers and traders of Queenstown consider the placing of this vulgar and tigoted pendragon of B.O.L. hooliganism on the magisterial bench as an insuit to their inteligence. Crosbie states that Aberdeen did the trick, but we know that "Wee Jos," from the Falls Road is the culprit. But Joe you will be in good company. You will have as companicus men one of whom "Brudder" McSweeney, K.C., described as a man 'who will neither pay rent or his butcher's bil," but went so far as to pinch a venetian blind, although he is an honourable (moryah), and will insist on stopping the fishermen from taking a short cut to their ri ky occupation and another who was described as a "mean, spiteful narrowminded bigot."

The new Jaa Pee is the cur who orgauised and led an attack of hooligans that it needs no repetition from us. nom the local lodge upon a well conducted and interested public meeting, listening to one of finest exponents of Labour in Ireland, and was a party to the briding and supplying of drink to a number of corner boys and old women to break up a subsequent meeting addressed by the same speaker. In view of this creature's previous experience in black. guardism, breaking up of public meetings, and indulging in drunken brawls at the local ratiway station, the people of Queerstown can see the "prudence" of the appointment of this mob law giver, to the magisterial bench, and then wonder if Crosbie wasn't pulling their leg. STELLA MARIS.

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NOTICE.

All contributors, without excoption, 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.

EDITOR.

CLONDALKIN NOTES.

A meeting was fixed at Newcastle, Co. Dublin, on last Sunday under the auspi es of the U.I.L., Kathcoole, in re the Ballybane Estate Distribution This branch of the U.L. and Hibernians is run by deadheads of placehunters by the name of Sheils and Jacobs. of Rathcoole, for the purpose of emolument and in hopes of better jobs in the near future. J. J., K. C., and Lorcan G., the Lord Mayor, were billed to attend, but pressing "engagements" necessitated their attendance elsewhere. So George Farren, District (ouncillor, of Clondalkin, had to stump it on the platform. The logic of his speech was powerful: the like of it was never heard before or since. We never thought George Farren was such a drivelling idiot as to make such an utter ass of himself the way he did on that platform. He spoke about teetotalism, and said more people took the pledge at his counter than they did any where else.

We wonder was it against empty tumblers or bad drink? we can imagive a publican preaching temperance to the multitude, but what an imagination, and if he un lerstood what he was speaking about no one else did. That's a cert, for the people were openly laughing at him and his attempt at elocution. He was escorted round the village of New castle by an ex reformatory boy by the name of Michael Keogh, with a cigar fixed in his mouth, a renegad: cur, and a s ab in Jacobs. What company for a District Councillor! We always judge prople by their company. Any one desirous of knowing Kengh's character might ask Captain Church of Clondalkin, and we think he could give a ter of that lickspittle scab and cowardly

Bert Dowd, of Shoulder of Mutton, Clondalkin, son of the turf man who used hawk turf around the city and county of Dublin, shouting 30, ten a penny. He was so illiterate that he could not count 30, and when he made goo-goo eyes at Ciss Cummins, daughter of the market factor in Smithfield, she told him his aspirations and conditions were higher than that of a mere turf man who could not count 30. This man employs two of the most notorious scabs in the county by the name of Sheppard, who were oftener in gaol than outside it, and one of whom was the cause of shooting a poor woman at the Green Hills with a revolver given to him by Bert Dowd to "protect" himself. First he shot the hand of bimself one evening on the Belgard Road, and then sometime later he ran amok, brandishing a re olver in the Cuckoo's Nest, Green Hills, 'Tallaght. What an appropriate name for a publichouse who supplies scabs with drink

Snowball Hanlon, Co. Councillor, of Airfield, Red Cow, and Abbey street, Dublin, who drives the aforesaid scab and reformatory boy in his trap, has fallen very low in our estimation by the company he keeps latterly. We suppose there is some truth in the old adage birds of a feather," etc. This man also employs a scab on his farm by the name of Keogh, who was never known to work before the lock-out, and who is the most contemptible cur we ever knew who used to go around sponging drink off the hard working labourers, and then he scabbed on them, taking up their jobs when they were locked out. Paddy Flynn from Bray, a man who ran out of Bray, and for what? He used to sleep in the limekilns in the night time when he was hiding from the eyes of justice. and the men whom he scabbed it on used to bring him clothes and food, so that he might not starve or be naked, and his gratitude to those men was to scab it on them

Pat O'Keeffe, another scab, whose character is so well known in Clondalkin

Jack Smith, be'ter known as the "Tiger Smith," who is limeburner for Snowball. The antics of this scab is most a susing. He insulted a transport man in the ranch one night, and they had a scrap over the matter, and the finish of it was—also ran—the scab for the limbs of the law Result-Three summons next court at Tallaght. The mother of the Transport man, an honest womin, was bound over to leep the peace, also one of her sons, and who did not interfere, for she knew her son was well able to take care of himself. The boy who fought the scab was fined £2 and costs, or the option of a month in gaol. The sworn deposition of this scab was absolute lies, but he is too ignorant to care about swearing lies so long as he attained his ends. This fellow is about the limit a big hulking, cowardly, drunken brute, who would not feed his wife and children. The money he earns is too little for drink.

To the Market workers we have some. thing to say about handling scab stuff at at Smithfield and the Vegetable Markets. The farmers who employ scabs are C J. Hanlon, Redcow, Clondalkin, Bert Dowd, Clondalkin, P. Mooney, of Newhall, Mrs Dowling, of the Commons, John Smyth, of Nealestown, Thos. Hart, Clondalkin, The Monastery, Clondalkin, Larry Flana-gan of Crumlin, Clayton of Cheeverstown, John Dowling of Priestown, John Dow-

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ling of Bluebell. Dowling of Gallansto w Mrs. Brien of Balgaddy, Mike Murray Balgaddy, Charles Hughes of Nangor, Lawlor of Irishtown, The Stewart Institute. The men who are scabbing on these farms would scab on you Market men to-morrow if they got the chance. How you will know these gentry is by demanding their cards. No last year's card will do it must be this year's and card will do; it must be this year's, and if he has no card don't touch his stuff, or be put off by any excuse he will make for there is no excuse for any man who has not got a card, so it is np to you Transport wor ers in the Market to help your fellow Transport workers in the county for their fight is your fight. Each for all

EYEOPENER.

Wexford Hotes.

'Spite' Richards is in trouble again. It appears that the restrictions of the foot and mouth disease were removed from the Port of Dublin for a few days last week, when the "scissors expert" sent on some cattle; but they had no sooner left Wexford than there was a fresh outbreak in the Dublin district, and the cattle were held up, to the chagrin of the landgrabber. He had bought another lot of cattle in the meantime, intending to send them after the others, but did not risk it, so brought them to the Fresh Meat Company, who told him to bring them to the hot place; and it was only when he got a farmer resident in the Barony of Forth and a shareholder in the company to bring them down for him that he got rid of them. Poor

We wonder are people aware that Spite is one of those responsible for havtrue definition of the moral; and characing the cattle boat taken off Wexford station. He, with some more of our cattle dealers in the town gave a guarantee to the Bacon Company that he would shift so many head of cattle per week: but he forgot his guarantee when he got chummy with P. J. Hayes, who got inside of him to send them via Waterford. Another of the instances by which we are shown how the G S & W. Co have ruined the town of Wexford.

We have been told that Nicholas Lambert, corner of Anne street, and John! Kehoe are very bitter against the drill movement here, and are out to try to bring about its destruction. Wonderful the patriots we have in town. We are of the opinion that that movement is one that will do something for the country's good in the near future. See what physical force has done for Ulster. The mere fact of Carson being able to bluff the people by saying he was able to put an army in the field to resist Home Rule, has had the effect of forcing the Government to offer concessions, which were laughed at two years ago. We had the Nationalist Party from the chairman down to our own frail creature, Peter Ffrench, telling us that " Ireland was one and indivisible," that she could not afford to lose one of her sons (meaning that she could not do without even a single Unionist). Now we have them agreeing to have their brother Nationalists kept out from under a hone Government which they fought for for so long, and in the face of all this we are as red to have confidence in the Irish Party. Why is this confidence question raised in all public boards now? Simply because they can see that they the Party) have done wrong and want to be helped out of their difficulty.

If Carson and this small band in Ulster can divide the country, as it is proposed to be divided, what's to keep the rest of Ireland from placing three times as big an army in the field to demand that Ireland shall be united?

Why should not John Redmond consult the people of Ireland before he agreed to the exclusion of Ulster? These are questions that perhaps Nicholas or John J. could answer before they con-

demn the people's army Speaking of Lambert, we would like to know from the Municipal Authorities why it is that he is allowed to keep ten pigs on the side of the Main street? Is it because of his brother Mollie Maguires? We call upon the sub-sanitary and sanitary officers to do their duty, or we will do it for

"Oh, Charlie, don't have anything to do about it," it might get to Miss Pierce's ears. Tom Salmon's words to the Quay Constable on Monday morning after the arrest of some of the members of the "Pierce Hinstitute" after a squabble on Saturday night last both inside and outside of the 'Hall of Philanthropy, and, strange to say, there was nothing about it until "the paper that tells the truth" got to know about itanother instance of the privilege 1 classes using their 'Don't Shoot Manifesto.'

We were glad to observe in Tuesday's edition of the "Wexford People" that Mahoney has at last developed the pluck to have a bang at Stafford and his country scabs. You're improving, Jemmy.

New National University.

At a General Meeting of the members of the Dublin Central Branch of the Stonecutters' Union of Ireland, the question of the stone-work for the New National University was under consideration and the following resolution was unanimously adopted :- "That we respectfully request the Governing Body National University to have a Clause inserted in the Contract for the New University Buildings to the effect that the Stone-work shall be executed in the city, and thereby give em-ployment which is urgently required."

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

The Song of the Shovel.

Down on creation's muck-pile where the sinful swelter and sweat, Where the scum of the earth foregather, rough and untutored yet, Where they swear in the six foot spaces, or toil in the barrow squad, The men of unshaven faces, the ranks of the very bad; Where the brute is more than the human, the muscle more than the mind, Where their gods are the loud-faced gaffers, rugged, uncouth, unkind; Where the rough of the road are roosting, where the failed and the fallen be, There have we met in the ditchway, there have I plighted with thee, The wage-slave troth of our union, and found thee true to my trust, Stoic in loveless labour, companion when beggared and burst, Wonderful navvy shovel, last of tools and the first.

Your grace is the grace of a woman, you're strong as the oak is strong; Wonderful unto the navvy, the navvy who sings your song-For ever patient, and ready to do what your master bids, Though you laboured at Beni Hassan, and wrought at the Pyramids, Uprearing the Grecian temple, the gold Byzantium dome, The palaces proud of Susa, the legended walls of Rome, In the earliest days of Egypt, in evil starred Nineveh, When your masters who be were whirling, inane in the Milky Way, In Pompeii of the sorrows, ere the lava of hate was hurled From the fiery mouth of the mountain, in the passionate days of the world.

Older than all tradition, older than Ops or Thor, Gods of the Dane or Roman, gods of the plough or war, In dark preadamite ages used by the primitive man, And unto his needs were shapen ere custom and cant began— A servant to Talos the Potter were you in the ages dim But you helped in the drift of seasons to fashion the urn for him. But you're foul to the haughty woman, bediamonded slave of lust, Who bows to a seignior's sabre, tinged with a coward's rust, Foul to the aping dardy with the glittering finger rings, You who have helped to fashion the charnel vault of the kings! -Ah! the lady fair is disdainful and loathingly looks askew, And the collared ass of of the circle gazes in scorn at you, But some day you'll scatter the clay on grinning lady and lord, For yours is the cynical triumph over the sceptre and sword!

Emperors pass in an hour, empires pass in a day, But you of the line and muckpile open the grave alway.

Tell me what are thy graces, what are the merits of thine? Answer ye slaves of the railway, answer ye dupes of the mine. What do you mean to the navvy, moleskinned serf of the ditch, Piling the courts of pleasure up for the vampire rich? What do you mean to the muck-men, forespent slaves of the street? Life for the wives that love them, food for their babes to eat, Who wear their fetters of being, down where no sunshine comes In the Christian country of sorrows, the civilized land of slums.

Wonderful, ancient shovel, tool of the labour slave! To you the sparkle of silver the hammer and furnace gave, For you the virginal forest was stripped of its stateliest trees, And you have the temper that flame has, and you have the graces of these. Athens and Rome have known you, London and Paris know, You'll raise the towns of the future when the towns of the present go-A race will esteem and praise you in the days that are to be, When I am silent and songless and the headstone crumbles on me!

Wonderful navvy shovel, the days are near at hand When you'll rise o'er sword and sceptre a mighty power in the land.

(From "Songs of the Dead End," by P. MacGill).

Northern Notes

Women Workers and Suffrage.

At the I.W S.S. on Monday night there was a lively discussion on James Connolly's recent lecture, "A Labourer's Advice to Suffragettes." With the exception of those who, like Mrs. McConbry, Mrs. Johnson and Comrade Dornan are in close touch with the labour movement, most of the members displayed a lamentable misunderstanding of the points at issue. We should perhaps also, except the chairman of Monday's meeting, Miss Alexander. A good deal was heard against "side-tracking" the Suffrage movement,
"class" and "middle-class status." The prejudices of people who talk like this are precisely those that alienate the sympathies of the workers. On the other hand on Monday they were freely and trenchantly criticised and combatted.

The Economic Weapon.

At times the real question, the importance and effectiveness of economic power as a weapon, was hopelessly obscured in the welter of misunderstanding. There was very evidently a certain inability to grasp the idea that the organisation of the workers in the industrial field would mean a powerful weapon Suffragettes might wield. There were rumblings, too, of another storm that has been brewing in the Suffrage society for some time. However, that should break and be done with

Time for Reflection.

Suggestions were made for holding mill-gate meetings, the study of workingclass conditions and problems, an industrial committee, &c. Ultimately it was decided to refer the dra'ting of a policy to the committee. In view of the matters to be fught out at a special meeting this week this decision is probably the wisest. Another night is to be devoted to the discussion of the policy drafted by the committee. This will be the third meeting called to discuss labour and suffrage. Labour ideas and ideals are entering in, and these three meetings will make excellent propaganda.

Ulster and Ireland.

The big anti-partition meeting is being further followed up. The publication of James Connolly's manifesto (given elsewhere in this issue) and the firm attitude of labour on the side of a United Ireland are attracting much attention. At a special meeting of the Irish LL.P on last Wednesday night the whole matter was further discussed. CRAOBH DRARG.

"Daily Herald" League. DUBLIN BRANCH.

When the "Daily Herald" was published on the 15th April, 1912, it was given two weeks to live. Having survived that period it was given two months longer. But it is still alive to-day, and "the kick in it" as strong as ever. A SPECIAL BIRTHDAY NUMBER will be issued on the 15th April, and the Dublin Branch of the League will hold a Grand

Social and Dance

at the ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS. on Saturday, 18th April, to celebrate the Second Anniversary of the "Herald." Tickets 1s, each are on sale at Liberty Hall, or can be obtained from any member of the League.

A New Banner will be unforled, and the new platform for use in the coming summer open-air campaign will be opened on this occasion. A fine social programme is being prepared. In addition to the dancing, selections will be rendered by the "Herald" League Choir. A real gipsy from the Dublin Mountains will tell your past, and foreshadow the future, for the usual small piece of silver. She will lay bare all the past secrets of your life for sixpence, and keep them secret for another sixpence. Altogether a great time is in store for the Rebels. Tickets should, therefore, be booked before the Easter festivities claim all the surplus wealth at present lying under the mattress.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland,

Antient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick Street, Dublin

"The Revolt of the Army; The Cry of who shall Govern the Army or the People. and Redmond's Surrender" will be the subject at Great Meeting to be held tomorrow, Sunday, at 8 pm. at above hall. Principal speaker - F. Sheehy-Skeffington, M.A. Heckling allowed; discussion invited. Socialist war songs; inspiring speeches. Admission twopence; all out-ofworkers free. If you want to know is Socialism worth trying, come to the home of Socialism and learn from Socialists. We are the only people who can tell you.

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FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

BOXING!

Tournament in Birkenhead.

"On Friday night last, at the Drill Hall, Church street, Birkenhead, a Boxing Tournament was held, the proceeds being devoted to assist the wives and children of the men who are locked-out by the Dublin employers There was some good exhibition boxing and a couple of contests, in the first of which Jack Bollard best Tommy Cullen, and Yound Dwyer, of Dublin, beat Lippo Griffiths. Dwyer impressed me very much with his style and execution, and I am sure that we shall hear more of him

"Will Blakeborough, brother of the well-known and accomplished Fred Blatchoroug's, boxed a three-rounds exhibition with Young Jim O'Donnell It was a really brilliant display, both lads showing more than average form. I have great hopes of both these youngsters, Blakeborough shaping in splendid style, whilst O'Donnell (a youngster of fifteen years) boxed in remarkable fashion, and I was delighted with the bout.

"Johnny Basham boxed three clever and comical rounds with Willie Hook, and the spectators were immensely pleased. Then came the introduction of some of the champions. I have seen many groups of fistic celebrities during the last forty years, but I have never seen such an array of fistic ability as was introduced in the ring by Mr Dan Wheligan on Friday night last. There were the following boxers, all in the ring to-gether, and I only regretted that I had not arranged to have a photo taken of them, as they were introduced and as they stood together in line. They were Jim Driscoll. Pat O'Keeffe, Percy Jones, Jimmy Wilde, Johnny Basham, and Fred Blakeborough, and I am sure none of my readers has ever seen such an array of boxing skill as represented in or by these six. It was worth a sovereign to see such a gloriously brilliant body of boxers, and it will be a long time, I fear, before I shall see anything approaching it.
"J. Frank Bradley, 'Mirror of Life.'"

Together with the above Jim Young, the Middle-weight Champion of Ireland, who was to have boxed ten rounds with Jim Smith, of Canning Town, was disappointed in his match, but gave a magnificent exhibition of his skill. On the whole, our friends in Birkevhead were surprised and delighted with the show put up by our boys. Bollard won his fight, which was a gruelling one, as did Dwyer. Dwyer was opposed by Lippo Griffiths, a master of the fistic art. They, too, put up a magnificent show, but Dwyer proved too good for Lippo. His defence was magnificent, as was his attack. Followers of the fight game expressed their surprise at Dwyer's footwork, his rapid changing of feet coming as a revelation. Kid Doyle did not travel, and thereby hangs a tale.

We wonder when will the boxers get sense? They are systematically robbed by unscrupulous boxing promoters. We have just heard of another. A "boxing" promoter approached a likely aspirant and offered him a couple of pounds to box fifteen two-minute rounds for the championship. Of course it would not be possible to fight for any championship under such conditions, but the lad did not know that, although the "promoter" did. We have heard of another faker who was commissioned by the management of of a certain hall in Dublin to handle the boxing, and who made it a condition of booking a match that he should get a share of the purse. We have heard of other promoters who make it a condition that the boxer shall take the "count" and allow themselves and their friends to scoop in all the shekels from the "mugs." Why not form some protective organisation that will protect their interests and keep the game clean.

Look out for our Tournament under the management of Pat Fox. Clean fighting and good sport!

DAILY HERALD LEAGUE. (DUBLIN BRANCH)

To the Editor "Irish Worker." 9 Windsor Av., Fairview, Dublin, 2nd April, 1914.

Dear Sir-It has been reported to us that one of our members-John White, of 24 George's Quay, has been accused of scabbing on one of the steam trawlers.

Our comrade has certainly been away for a few months, but his business prevented him dealing with the matter before now. We are fully acquainted with the whereabouts and the movements of Comrade White since he was last seen in Dublin, and the above Branch of the Herald League is prepared to pay the sum of £10 to any man, woman or child who can prove that our member has scabbed, or in fact done anything other than that which any man would be proud

On behalf of the Committee. Yours faithfully, R. L. WIGZELL. Hon. Secretary.

Dublin Trades Council. AGENDA.

Deputation to Lighting Committee— Messrs. J. Farzen and T. Lawlor, P.L.G. Housing Commission: Report Meeting in the Mansion House - The President. Reception of Irish Congress Delegates Mr. Simmons.

Deputation from Citizen Army (9-15). Election of Six Members on Conciliation

is traded a made to 19"

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. * CYCLE! CYCLE! CYCLE! J. HANNAN

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ABONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, no Morth Rari Street and 38 Honry Street DUBLIK,



NOLAN'S. Little Mary Street.

The Oldest Boot Werehouse in Dalle

The Mansion House "Hat."

[The Mansion House is supposed to contain a "Hat" which given a shake and once started is capable of completing the mission solely by itself so often has it gone the "rounds." Well the hat is off once more this time for Wee Alfie's benefit. William Martin Murphy must not have "stumped up" to all who helped him in his effort to smash up the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. So Wee Alfie's friends intend to compensate him for the part played in the struggle when all forces combined failed to break the Union of the so called unskilled workers No doubt the genuine labour element referred to below is meant for Richardson's scab union that Alfie helped to organise. Alfie won on a stuffed register. Who ledged the 700 objections and made the 300 claims? Still his majority did not reach 1 000. The testimorial now promoted is proof that Alfie is not a popular representative, or is it that his supporters do not "sup"

TESTIMONIAL TO ALDERMAN ALFRED BYRNE.

> North Star Hotel Amiens street, Dublin, March, 1914

DEAR SIR,-At an influential meeting held at the above address it was decided to present to Alderman Alfred Byrne a Testimonial as a tribute to his personai worth and to his watchful attention to the interests of the Citizens of Dublin. A committee has been formed, representative of all classes, to give his fellowcitizens the opportunity of demonstrating their high appreciation of Aldeman Byrne's sound judgment, public spirit, and moral courage since he entered public life, and the committee feel confident that the proposed testimonial will surely meet with the heartiest approval and co-operation on the part of his fellowcitizens.

It was the Alderman's lot to enter Municipal life at the period when the position of a public representative was a difficult and unenviable one, owing to the evil influence exercised by a small band of imported Syndicalists, who threatened disaster to the National forces, and well nigh undermined and brought to a complete standstill the business of every trader in Dublin.

It is unnecessary here to refer to the late unfortunate labour dispute in our city; but we cannot help alluding to the Alderman's recent contest in the North Dock Ward, where in spite of all the mean and unscrupulous tactics of his opponents, which must not in any way be confounded with the genuine labour element of that Ward, he crushed the forces of disorder and emerged victorious from the election, and stands to day senior representative of the most commercial and democratic Ward in our city.

In that contest Alderman Byrne took very great risks, and as a consequence he suffered much, financially and otherwise. He is a younc man with all the responsibilities of life only recently started in business a business in which more than in any other a man can be victimised if his conduct is unpopular with a certain element. He had the pluck to take that risk, and the result of the election, making him Alderman with a record majority, fully justified the result and came as a relief to every individual having the best interests of the city at

We feel that you are with us in a-desire that the Alderman should not be allowed to suffer as the result of his public-spirited action, and we therefore invite your active co-operation in making the proposed testimonial the success that

Subscriptions can be sent and cheques made payable to the "Alderman Byrne Testimonial," and all communications to be addressed to William Powell, Hon. Secretary, 48 Amiens street, or to any of the undersigned.

We are, yours faithfully,

Joseph Downes, Knt., Alderman, President; William P. Delany, T.C., President, Victuallers' Association, M. J. Cooke, J.P., P.L.G., Vice-Presidents; William Powell, President, Licensed Vintners' Association, Hon. Treasurer; C. J. Moore, Hon. Secretary.

The Right Hon, the Lord Mayor, L. G. Sherlock, LL.D., TC.; John Purcell, J.P.; Alderman Joseph Delahunt, Michael Humphrys, John Delahunty, Edward Lawless, J. J. O'Neill, T.C.; John Cuffe, J.P., Swords; M. J. Nolan, Pierce Ryan, Joseph Fanning, Gerald Begg, J.P.; J. P. Farrelly, P. Fitzsimons, William J. O'Hara, T.C.; John M'Dermott, Michael Coghlan, John Fogarty, J.P.; Andrew Kettle, John Donohoe, John Kavanagh.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Dear Sir,—As a business man I find from time to time that I am the recipient of many strange communications, business and otherwise, but the enclosed is, in my opinion, the limit. I cannot for the life of me see in what way Alderman Alfred Byrne has 'earned the high appreciation" of what I might call the non-combatants, such as myself, to whom this audacious circular has been tent.

It seems to me that the motives that inspired plain Alf By me to become a highly-coloured Aldernian were not public but private ones. From what I know of this class of individuals it is always telfinterest that in pires them. So long as democracy spells go d business they are out-and-out democrats; but when the r duty as public representatives begins to clash with their private profits they never hesitate to fling the working class over-

Alderman Byrne is in business as a Fublican. If he cannot make his publichouse pay why should he be subsidised by outsiders? If politics interfere with his business why not give up politics? The names attached to the enclosed

The Irish Worker.

may interest you. Very sincerely yours, A BUSINESS MAN. P.S—I understand Byrne is to be nomi-

nate a U.I.L. candidate next January against Richardson.

Correspondence.

To the Editor "Ir'sh Worker." STR.—Just a few lines concerning a few of the employees in Paterson's match factory at the present time and during all the trouble. The first is one Jem Waldron, who was spoken of in last week's "Worker." But you did not get half of the details about him or his family. They are a family of scabs living at 7 Hammond lane. This Jem Waldron was the principal person, as he was described last week as the rateatcher for snaring the scabs as he would snare rats. He employed them from all parts, and the excuse he has is that he is caretaker of a house belonging to Paterson's, and he paying 5s. weekly. He has two brothers working in Inchicore Works, and I wonder what the men of Inchicore Works think of those two men-men, as we call them-having their daughters and sons scabbing on good men and women in places they worked for a great number of years. Hugh Waldron's daughter charged her aunt by marriage, William Waldron's wife and daughter for what they knew nothing about, and gave Mrs. W. a month's imprisonment and a month to bail, and her daughter 21 days to High Park. This is the class of a family the Waldrons are, and we will tell you next week all about the cousins and relations that this Jem Waldron got employment for during the lock-out.

I also want to make a few remarks about Christy Lyman, the scab, who collects on Sunday morning at Arran Quay Chapel. This cowardly cad was afraid to come out along with the rest because his wife has a job in Manor Street Police Barrack, and if she lost her job he would miss all the offal of the policemen's table. That is how he can swank it on Sunday evening in Fagan's publichouse, of Church street, also Mike Ryan, the Dipper, who was a Roman Catholic, and turned his religion to secure a job for himself and his daughter, doing the work for less money, and teeping a good man out of his that served a number of years. these are the class of cads that now employed in Paterson's and keeping poor honest and decent workers out of their employment And the forewoman, Rose Byrne, when she can say nothing else, will say to our girls-" Come along, Captain White's Army."

I lease publish this for us, and oblige A WORKER. Dublin, March 25th, '14.

American Envoys from Gaelic League

A Chara.—The American Press has given considerable prominence to our mission here on behalf of the Gaelic League. It has, however, been pointed out to us that many sympathisers may not have read the articles, and that as your paper has a large circle of Irish readers in America, it would be advantageous to our cause to have the matter referred to prominently in your columns. In connection with the series of lantern

lectures and the other means which we purpose adopting to raise funds, we desire the assistance of all patriotic frishmen in this country, and to this end solicit the co operation of our supporters at home. The latter can help by sending us the names and addresses of their friends in this country, and by personally requesting their support for the im portant work we have on hand.

Communications addressed to the American Headquarters of the Gaelic League, 624 Madison avenue, New York, will reach us promptly, and the earlier that useful data arrives the better. Your assistance and that of our fellow-Gaels throughout Ireland shall be much esteemed.—Sinne, le meas mor,

DIARMUID LYNCH, TOMAS AGILAS,

Delegates from Gaelic League of Ireland.

[We hope that the request of the delegates will be carried into effect without delay.—ED.]

Call to W. FURNISS For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON.

None but the Best at Lowest Prices. Talbet St. Meat Co., 36b Talbet St.

March 9th, 1914.

Dear Comrade, I thought these little items of news which I enclose might in terest the readers of the "Irish Worker," so I am sending them to you for your paper. I have being going day after day to the Cape Parliament House to follow the debates on the Indemnity and Deportations Bill, and though the six Labour members have put up an heroic fight for the liberties of the workers-a fight of which our jellyfish Labour Party in Parliament has no conception, yet I have come away more than ever impsessed with the thought that a capitalist Parliament, reflecting capitalist institu-tions and ideals can be of no permanent use to the insurgent organised workers. They must depend on themselves in their industrial organisations, and on the power of direct action, to which, as you will observe the Union Government has resorted to fight industrialism. With this object in view, I am waiting for Tom Mann's arrival. I am helping now to organise the workers and I feel convinced that if once we got the Transport workers internationally organised all over the world, with a secret cable code, by which the leaders could communicate with each other, we could upset the capitalist apple cart whenever we wished by letting perishable goods rot on the wharves of the world. The South African capitalists should be taught a lesson by organised Labour after the recent occurrences, and it is the Transport workers who can best teach it them. I am wondering often how you are all getting on, and whether Miss Neal is still with you. Wy love to you both and best wishes for the su cess of your Girls' Union. Remember me also to Comrade Larkin. I leave here on April 27th for home, and reach Southhampton on May 18th.

Yours cordially and fraternally, DORA. B. MONTEFIORE.

PRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION.

[Communicated.] Cape Argus, 9/3/14.

A meeting was held at the Socialist Hall, 134 Long street, on Friday evening, for the purpose of forming a Transport Workers' Union. There was a good at-

Mrs. Dora B. Monteficre addressed the meeting, and gave her experiences of the recent disturbances in Dublin in connection with the Transport Workers there. She produced a badge in the form of a Red Hand, with the initials of the Dublin Transport Workers on it, so that by the wearing of this emblem of the Society they knew who were members of the Union.

The Secretary of the Federation of Trades paid a hurried visit from another meeting, and urged the necessity of organisation, as proved by the success of the Bakers' Union in their recent efforts. He explained that the bakers and

transport workers held the key of the industrial machinery in their hands. ople were dependent on the bakers for their sustenance, and upon the transport workers for the distribution of all industrial products.

Speeches were also made by intending members. One stated he was employed by a large firm. Formerly his wages were £2 a week; they were now 30s. Out of that he had to keep a family of nine children, and to pay train fare and rent. His day's labour was from seven in the morning till, perhaps, seven the next morning, if the journey happened to be far enough, with no overtime. He would be the first man to join the proposed Union.

It was then agreed to form the Union, and most of those present enrolled their

They Want Me for a Suldier Lad (From the "Daily Herald.")

They want me for a soldier lad, To fight and bravely battle Against the foe, when white swords flash, And cannons roar and rattle; But all they want is one more lad To murder men like cattle.

To fight for King and country, aye! I'd fight as brave as ony; But for to fight when Right means Might, And Greed thrives on the many, I'd rather roam the heathered hills Along wi' brown eyed Jenny.

But for to dress me up in red To kill p'raps Bill, my neighbour, Because he's trying hard to get A penny more for labour, l'd rather wield with strong right arm A revolution sabre.

J. C. SHORT.

WIDOW REILLY'S

24 Lr. Sheriff Street

Larkin at Llanelly.

Big Meeting at the Market Hall.

Mr. Jim Larkin's first appearance at Liannelly attracted a large attendance to the Market Hall on Friday night. Procreds were devoted to Dublin Co operative and Strike Funds, and the speaker's subject was "Dublin, South Africa, and Socialism." Mr. Dan Griffi hs occupied the chair, and supporting were Messrs. R. Neft, P. C. Hoffman, and members of the local branch of the Independent Labour Party.

Mr. Griffiths said it gave him the greatest pleasure to preside over a meeting of this kind. It was unnecessary to rezind them that they were in the throes of a tremendous war, which was being waged between the producers of wealth, and "you the common rabble." Those who were responsible for all the money made were satisfied to receive a quarter of it, and every day were being ground down more and more. He counselled Lianelly workers to have less of pictures and football, and less of train murders and sack crimes—the miserable result of capitalism—and to think over the more serious questions in life. It was not tyrants that made the slaves, it was the slaves that made the tyrants. and they as workers deserved all they were getting—they asked for it. Proceeding, the Chairman showed how ever since the trade unions had come into being the men had been persecuted. Some years back for making arrangements to form a union of agricultural labourers men had been persecuted. Only last week a Miss Cooper had been sent to prison for endeavouring to form a union among women.

Mr. Larkin, who had a tremendous reception, deviated considerably from the advertised subject, but he did not think it necessary to apologise to anyone. He intended taking them back over the events in the labour movement for the past few years. The Press had misinterpreted their views, and published their own trying to make out that they carried arms on the tops of their heads. He spoke at length on the recent railway strike, and observed that it was a movement to get a section of the men more money. Until they put this behind them they would meet with set backs. In his opinion the present Government were the most vicious that had ever governed the country, and their action in sending the troops out against the men during the railway strike proved that they went hand in hand with the capitalist class. They were the most cowardly Government that ever governed this or any other country." If a fire were made of the Labour men in Parliament the only one who could possibly be recognised after the conflagration would be Mr. Keir Hardie He hoped that in Llanelly they would never forget that they had sacrificed human life in the interest of their class. when the troops marched along the railway line and shot men like dogs all this was at the instance of the Liberal Government. When the Government eventually discovered that they were fighting for a just cause they proceeded in the usual way, namely—that of appealing to the "one-eyed" men at the head of the Labour Party, and then they wanted them to give up their only weapon—that of industrial organisation. The railway officials reduced the number of workers by about 13,000, and when they were turned away nothing was said about the women and children. The appalling railway accidents of late had in some measure to do with the reduction of staff. Hundreds of railway workers, too, had been killed, but of course this was a small matter. The miners' appeal had been met with "they think more about horses football and gambling, and have already more money than they know what to do with." The fact that the miners struck for a minimum wage and had such difficulty to obtain a slight increase in wage was preposterous. If any class of workers were worthy of good money it was the miners, who risked their lives in the bowels of the earth. He found the same fault with the strike of the South Wales miners as with the railwaymen. It lacked proper organisation. They ran short of funds and yet in the coalfields of Derbyshire, Lancashire and South Yorksbire there was plenty of money. The strike organisations lacked unity and Dealing with the conditions in Ireland

the speaker said that some people thought that Home Rule was going to put the Irish in a perfect state of happiness and that the millenium would arrive at last. They imagined they were conferring a favour on Ireland by granting her Home Rule. They were not accepting it in this

A number of questions were answered at the conclusion of the meeting.

-" Llanelly Argus."

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