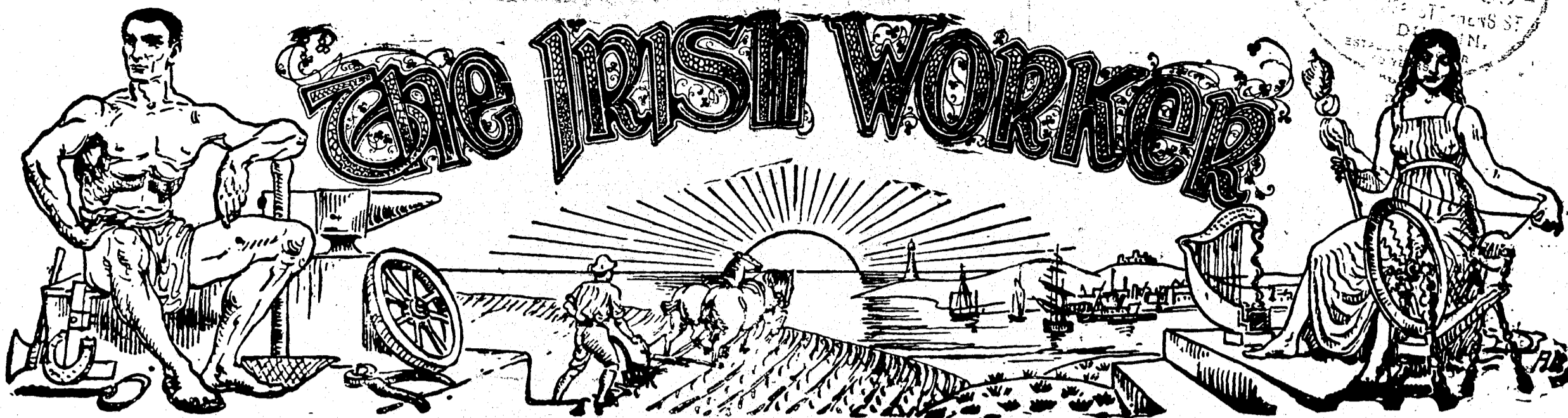


Who if it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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No. 22 Vol. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCT. 10th, 1914.

ONE PENNY.

A Forward Policy for Volunteers.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

I wish to-day to write something about the necessity of a "Forward" policy for the Irish Volunteers, and all those who agree with the revolt of that body against the unscrupulous intrigues of the official Home Rule Party. That some Forward policy must be evolved, and when evolved, acted upon with swiftness and determination, must surely be clear to any one who understands the present situation in Ireland. The Redmondite forces are at work all over the country in an endeavour to recapture their lost prestige, and to demonstrate their ability to deliver the goods to the British Empire in the shape of lusty young Irishmen to swell the ranks of its sorely depleted army. No stone will be left unturned North, South, East and West the emissaries are already at work spreading insidious lies, retailing unprintable slanders, inventing every hour fresh excuses for, and explanations of, the transformation of Irish M.P.'s into English recruiting sergeants.

The scriptural injunction to be all things to all men is being interpreted and practised by these agents of Messrs. Redmond and Devlin in a thousand ways unthought of by the holy writer. To those who really believe that Ireland is irrevocably bound by nature and destiny to the car of the British Empire these agents whisper that every effort must be made to secure an Irish Brigade to serve at the front, that Ireland's credit as a loyal part of that Empire may be firmly established in the British mind. To those whose loyalty to all the high ideals that Irish Nationalism has hitherto stood for makes service in England's army seem an act of treason to Ireland the agents of Messrs. Redmond and Devlin whisper that this appeal for recruits is all a stage play, that the "Party" does not want the Volunteers to enlist, that they only make that call in order not to be outdone by Carson, and that if the Volunteers will only affirm their loyalty to Redmond they are welcome to stay at home as much as they like. No mention is made to these Volunteers of the hundreds of young Irishmen who have taken Messrs. Redmond and Devlin's appeal for recruits at their face value and offered themselves up for England as these gentlemen advised, nor yet is any attempt made to explain in what manner people can know whether the party politicians are lying in their open professions of loyalty to the Empire, or lying in their secret professions of loyalty to the cause of Irish Nationalism. Lying in either case they must be, and yet this is the chief stock-in-trade of the wirepullers in their endeavour to recapture the Volunteers—and with these double-edged lies upon their lips they stand up and sing with Davis that

"Righteous men must make our land A Nation Once Again."

Face to face with such unscrupulous opponents the Volunteers must recognize that their fight is a struggle to the death, that the prize at stake is the soul of a Nation, and that therefore every ounce of energy, every bright coinage of the brain, must be flung at once into the struggle. The Volunteers must realise that against the shamelessly vile methods of the politician there is but one effective weapon—the daring appeal of the Revolutionist. You cannot fight the devil with brimstone; you cannot beat the politicians at their own game. The secret methods of character assassination, elaborated by hordes of ward politicians and perfected by the foul manipulators of Hibernian lodges, cannot be countered by any mere policy, of marking time, nor defeated by any organisation that hesitates to attack in the open the organisations that are everywhere in secret striking at very life. Let us be plain-spoken! The United Irish League, the Parliamentary Party, the Board of Erin Hibernians have at the present moment a thousand foul agencies at work to destroy the Volunteers who dared to spoil their attempt to betray Ireland into the grasp of British Imperialism. The hatred of these organisations for the men and women

who dared to prefer Ireland to the Empire, who dared to prefer the memories of a glorious past and the hopes of a glorious future to the sordid service of England—that hatred is as deep and as implacable as is ever the hatred of the traitor spoiled of the fruits of his treachery. Here and there in the Volunteer ranks are some who whilst true to Ireland are not yet sufficiently convinced of the treachery of their leaders to forsake their old allegiance to them. The presence of such persons will be, is being used as an argument against the Volunteers taking aggressive action. It is argued that these good men must be converted more fully before the Volunteers can do more than remain on the defensive, else they will be lost. To this it must be answered that in politics as in military affairs the attack is ever the best defence. The Provisional Committee must attack aggressively, resolutely, openly, or they and their followers will be wiped out of existence. Aggressive action will convert the waverers better than a thousand speeches, or a hundred printed proclamations.

Again let me repeat it, let us never forget it: This fight against Redmondism and Devlinism is a fight to save the soul of the Irish Nation. Volunteers, your policy must be that of the old German Marshal, Blucher—"Forward!" "Forward!" "Forward!" In what way can that policy best be formulated?

I have neither the ability nor the authority to formulate the fighting policy of the Irish National Volunteers, but I would respectfully suggest that there are certain things which the Volunteers might at once initiate a campaign for, with the certainty of winning the adhesion of everyone worth their salt in Ireland. They might

Pledge the Irish National Volunteers to remain in armed service in Ireland for Ireland, and to resist all attempts of any other nation to deprive Ireland of their services.

Pledge the services of their armed forces to Ireland to enforce the repeal of all clauses in the Home Rule Bill denying to Ireland powers of self-government now enjoyed by South Africa, Australia, or Canada.

These two articles would appeal to all true Irishmen and women as the very minimum of a National program for a Volunteer Force. If the Provisional Committee would adopt some such pledges, and begin to educate and organise public opinion on its side it would be provided with a basis of attack upon its opponents that would effectively place upon these gentry the onus of defending things morally and politically indispensible.

It would compel them either to defeat the recruiting consistently, or to abandon it.

It would compel them to defend all the worst iniquities in the Home Rule Act, or else to join in the attacks upon them.

Such a policy would attract the best elements in the country. But it would need to be carried out vigorously by public agitation, as the Volunteers of 1872 agitated for Free Trade and for the Reform of the Franchise. Merely to indicate the adhesion of the Volunteers to such a pledge will not be enough, it will be necessary everywhere to support and push forward the agitation.

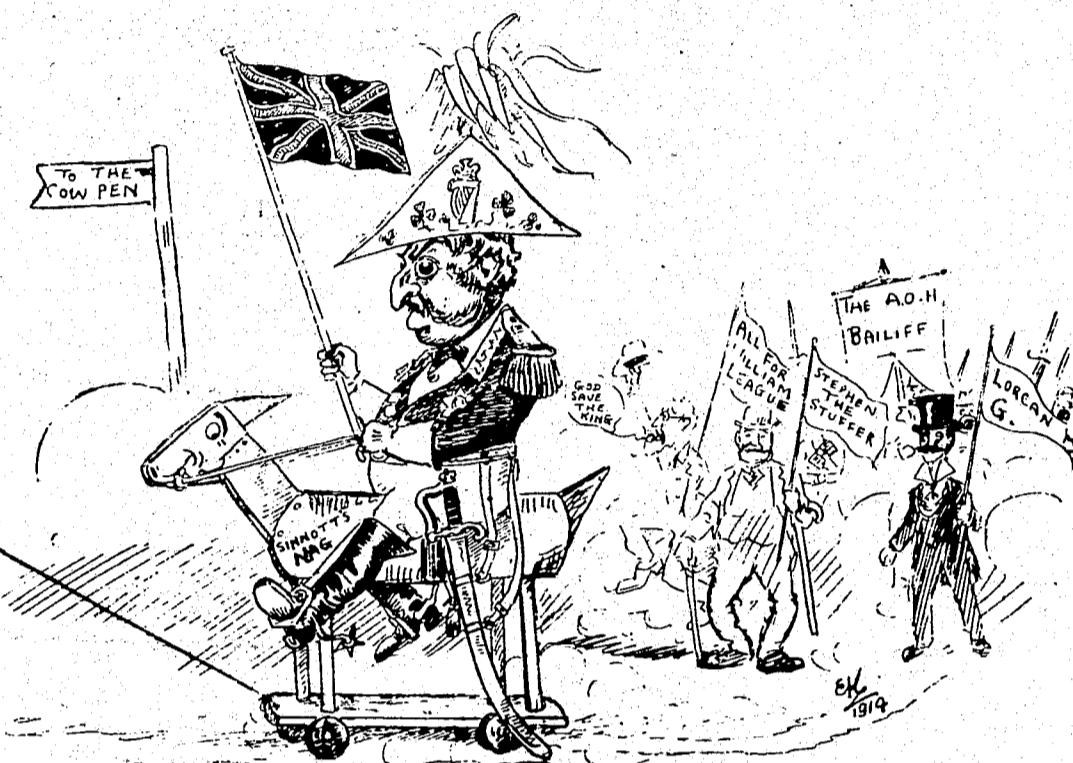
The Volunteers, I will be told, are only a military body, not an agitation. But even the army of an established government requires the support of a public agitation in its campaign, as the English government well exemplifies at this present moment.

Agitation for a definite object is the best recruiting campaign that the Volunteers can carry on; their pledge to fight for that object will be the guarantee of their success in their fight for the soul of Ireland.

Volunteers, Forward! Forward!!! Forward!!!

"Irish Worker" on sale every Friday Morning at this Office.

JUDAS' MARCH ON WEXFORD!



THE RAGTIME VOLUNTEERS.

They sallied forth at dawn of day And stilled all their fears, For they were armed with shot and shell And everybody knew them well— The Ragtime Volunteers.

They came from every publichouse Where they had been for years, They shouldered Joey Davlin's guns And swore destruction to the Huns!— The Ragtime Volunteers.

They boarded the excursion train Amid resounding cheers, They steamed away, the papers tell, Their whiskey flasks replenished well— The Ragtime Volunteers.

A few of them were in their teens And more advanced in years, Bold Judas John and Stephen Hand And all that gallant fighting band— The Ragtime Volunteers.

They bid their boozing pals goodbye And tried to stem the tears, That trickled down their Sunday suits And knocked the polish of their boots— The Ragtime Volunteers.

OSCAR.

A Return to an Old Subject.

By "SHELLBACK."

I am going to give the War a miss this week, not because it has lost importance or interest, but because you have an opportunity of hearing all you are supposed to hear about it through the medium of the news rags that are plentifully supplied to the free libraries, and further, because strange as it may appear, there are other things of far more importance than the doings of generals and armies engaged in the prosecution of a bloody warfare. While we are looking down the Stop Press column, eagerly scanning the very doubtful information that we may find there, we still cannot get away from the fact that bread is bread and that hunger kills far more unmercifully than Krupp guns. That being so, I will say a word or two upon one of those questions that have apparently been allowed to limp behind, but upon which we will have to depend to stave off the peril that we are threatened with by that even greater risk than armed and sanguinary war. Among the things that seem to have lost vigour of late, and that at one time was well to the fore in the columns of the "Irish Worker," is the subject of Co-operation. It is some two years or so now since Co-operation, in land, was mooted by Standish O'Grady, while I, myself, have advocated on more than one occasion a system of Co-operation in industry that would, if widely adopted, do away with any dependence whatsoever upon the master-class that under the present conditions the workers are bound and subject to. Much could have been done in the way of building up an organisation of workers during those past two years who would have been well on their way now towards producing all, or nearly all, themselves required in the shape of food and other necessities, and of providing a number of their own class with profitable and useful employment. But nothing has been done probably because of such unfraternal attractions as the war having captured the attention of even those men who have no business to bother about such things at all, without they can effectually prevent them altogether, so I feel inclined to return to the matter once more. No organisation has a better chance of succeeding in co-operative activities than the organised workers, repre-

sented by a labour union composed of workers in every sort of industry. It is an admitted fact, even by those opposed to us, that all wealth is created by labour, and a union of labour must therefore represent a wealth-producing force, and of course it is, but the wealth produced is taken without so much as by your leave by a class who produce nothing. It is only the most common of honesty that gives to the labourer an inalienable right to the full produce of his own exertions. No one has a shadow of right to take any part of that which by my own labour I produced, yet we freely permit the best part of the wealth we create to be taken from us because we imagine that money is the thing that counts, and not labour. But we can easily see our mistake here, if we take the trouble to open our eyes.

For the men who as masters rob us of our wealth and keep us poor have no money at all. They only make believe they have. What they have got is an unholy mortgage on our future labour, but they have no money. And when we knock off giving them our labour to honour their bank drafts then that mortgage will fall them and leave them poor indeed.

Now, I have no intention of writing in riddles, nor am I going to explain the mystery of stocks or shares or the romance of interest earned by invested capital, for no such earnings really exist, for if I did so, I would invest with some value the doings of brigands and admit there was something real about it. I will stick to the ordinary sort of language that is understood by plain, honest people who have no banking accounts, and I will make it as plain as I can that the man who is usually understood to be a man of money has no money at all but an unlimited supply of gull and the devil's own impudence. I will satisfy you that all the money in circulation (and that's the lot) is in the hands of the workers, or the poor, and is used for no other purpose than that of blinding the workers so that they will not perceive the thing of real value, the result of their labour. A rich man goes to town and orders a five hundred pound motor car or a seventy guinea seal-skin sacque for his wife without a shilling in his pocket. He will pay for them with a piece of paper no bigger than that required to wrap up a half-ounce of tobacco. The dockers want an ounce of tea, but he must pay

cash. No use of him offering a piece of paper in payment. A millionaire leaves America for England, and he goes on board the ship without any of the cases full of gold that he would have to take if he took all the money he was supposed to be worth with him. The money he claims to own is already in the hands of the people carrying on the gulling business. What the millionaire really owns is a lien on the produce of the American people's future labour, and his legal claim to that can be stowed away in a simple little pocket book no bigger or important-looking than the one the average dockers records his betting transactions in. But legal and all as it is, it wouldn't be worth much if the workers declined to admit his right to anything they produced.

If the rich men had money we would often see it being carried about in vehicles or railway trains as we constantly see other articles of value.

There would be barrels of sovereigns departing or arriving frequently at the dock heads or railway stations, just as there are barrels of porter from Guinness' or waggons and shiploads of coal from Lancashire.

Rich men have no money, but they have the porter and the coal. They can make bits of paper take the place of money, but it would never do to try and make paper take the place of porter or coal. And no matter how many bits of paper they threw down a coal mine, or no matter how clever and nice looking they were engraved, the coal would stay there until the men came along with their labour to root it out. So you see labour is the thing that counts, and we, the workers, have that in abundance.

There is no value attached to Guinness' until the labour of men results in barrels of porter, and Guinness sneaks that result. There is no value in coal that lies hidden in the bowels of the earth until men, by their labours, digs it out and brings it to the surface. The coal owner sneaks the result of that labour. True, he pays them for what they do. So he says. But does he? Watch what happens. Every Friday the cashier of the rich man's company goes to a bank and in return for one of those bits of paper I told you of, he obtains a bag full of sovereigns, half-sovereigns, half-crowns, florins, and smaller silver coins and a quantity of coppers. This he gives out as wages to his workers, and they, good creatures, instead of stowing them away in barrels and burying them in the cellar dutifully give most of them to their wives and the remainder to the publican, or the picture-house, or the book-maker. The wife pays the rent, the grocer and the baker, and in a day or two the lot is disposed of and then they are as poor as before. The publican and the owner of the picture-house, as also the landlord, the grocer and baker having now collectively got all the money that was paid in wages for the particular week, take it all back again to the bank where it will lie until the next Friday when it will go through the same performance once more. But the coal and the porter will still remain the sole property of the rich men who did nothing at all towards its production, while the workers who have been paid for their labour and have actually had all the available money there was in the district are still as poor as church mice. The coal and the porter in this case are the only things that possess any real value.

Now, what I would like to see is an effort on the part of the workers to adopt such tactics in their organisation that will enable them to retain among their own class as large a proportion of the wealth they created as possible, and this can only be done by industrial co-operation; by the setting up of workshops and supply stores that will belong to the workers, and that will be run for the benefit of the workers, and only then can we say that our class is aiming in the right direction, to free ourselves from the serfdom that we are shackled to, and only then can we boast of our total independence of the moneyless, rich employing classes.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

India and the War.

By YADARDA VADI.

In view of the expression we find in the English Press of loyalty and offers of services by the princes and people of India, I wish to draw the attention of the public to the following facts. The Indian soldiers, be they Sikhs, Ghurkas or Bengal Lancers, who are being brought to the Continent, it must be remembered are not volunteers or recruits, but a part of the standing army. It is not their desire to shed their blood for the cause of Great Britain; they must go where they are sent. Another seeming incident of loyalty is the offer of the services of the troops of the Maharajas. In the first place, the Maharajas have not their own troops to offer. The troops stationed in their states called "The Troops of the Maharajas" are in no sense their own. They have no control over them; they are there just to crush even themselves if they raise their heads. The offering of their services to the British Government is merely a formality—they are really commanded.

The big endowments to the War Relief Fund may appear to the public as spontaneous. Can any sane-minded man believe in the charity of hundreds of thousands of pounds to a war in which they have no concern, whilst a hundred million of their own people are living upon one meal per day and many millions are actually dying of starvation! A study of the history of India under British rule reveals the various methods the English employ in getting money from the princes and wealthy men.

We hear of many "great" men in India expressing their loyalty. Their names and titles may be high-sounding, but they do not represent the people at all. They are either title-hunters or place-hunters.

The committee which has been formed to raise a volunteer corps of Indian students residing in Great Britain may seem to be another proof of unquestionable loyalty of the educated Indian, but if we go into the matter a little deeper and see who the committee are we find that they are either Government servants or title-hunters, or persons who for various reasons have no claim to call themselves Indians. His Highness the Aga Khan, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., is sometimes a Persian and has a wedge in the Hindu-Mahomedan unity. The two great races of Indians realise that they are one and their interest identical. His Highness posing to be interested in the welfare of the Mohomedans, always tries to estrange them from their Hindu brethren. He is a title-hunter, and has already had many letters at the end of his name, but it will take the entire alphabet to satisfy him; and for the achievement of that he will "go far and dare much." Mr. Bhup-dranath Basu and Mr. Ghokale hardly need the attention of the Indian. These are the men the Committee is composed of. They want the Indian students to join the colours first as butlers, boot-blacks, waiters, and afterwards, perhaps as soldiers of Kitchener's Army. They may succeed with those whose only aim in life is to get some post in the Government service or who want some recommendations, favours or other trifles. There is not up to this time a single Nationalist or person who is considered to be really interested in the welfare of his country offering his services or contributing a penny to the War Fund. He cannot forget the blowing up of the Indian Sepoys at the cannons' mouth, the cutting off of the fingers of the weavers of Decca, the innumerable and untold atrocities that were and are being perpetrated, the barbarous laws or the going to death with impunity of his fellow-countrymen. He cannot lick the feet of those who spurn him, and his life is too precious to be given up abroad to strengthen the heel of the tyrant that trod on him at home. He knows that he was a mouthful to an "Uncivilised Black" and his customs "barbarous" and now he is a "sun burnt white Aryan" with thousands of years of civilisation behind him, and he is black because the sun happened to look upon him. He also knows that England's difficulty is India's opportunity and no amount of humbugging can deceive him.

YADARDA VADI, London.

CONTRASTS.

Every thing in the world gains or loses by contrast. It is difficult to appreciate health until one has known illness...

Let us take a few of the most glaring of these "exhibitions of difference," which must strike even the least observant.

There is the contrast between the life of the worker who makes the wealth and the life of the employer who enjoys it, reduces the wages paid to the man or woman who gives all he possesses...

Or, again contrast the miserable few shillings doled out to navvies and miners who daily risk their lives, with the hundreds a year paid to civil servants and heads of departments for half-a-dozen hours a day spent at harmless quill-driving...

"Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square— The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare— Such scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy, Sure these denote one universal joy! Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes Where the poor houseless shivering female lies."

A reformer points out these incongruities and he is dubbed a crank. Why talk of these things, say the public, they were in the beginning, are now and ever shall be. It does no good, only sets class against class...

Sometimes a corner is lifted, a side-light thrown on some of the shocking inequalities of the underworld; public opinion is focussed for a time, there is a mighty outcry of hysterical indignation and then—forgetfulness.

These things are, but they "didn't ought to be," and it is the workers themselves, the chief sufferers, who must put an end to these unnatural, inhuman contrasts.

There is one thing that all can do—educate the young. Yes. To begin with, to end with, and between times educate, educate, educate. Drill and train the children to the knowledge of all that is wrong with the present social system.

Put before them the ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity. Do not believe people who abster themselves behind the "dispensation of Providence" and prate piously of the blessings of suffering and the beauty of patience and resignation.

LIBERTIA.

Inchicore Items.

The Emmet Dance Class is now getting under way. Young men wishing to enjoy this healthy form of recreation are invited to send their names on to the Hon. Secretary of the Dance Committee...

in the flag flying. A fund is now in existence to efficiently equip this section, and all well-wishers are invited to forward their subscriptions to the Sec., Emmet Hall, Inchicore.

Ambulance Classes are being formed in connection with the above. And those who are anxious to "tie up the bleeding soldiers" are invited to hand in their names with a little delay as possible.

The Citizen Army is not confined to members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. It is open to all honest Irishmen who are not anti-Trade Unionists, scabs or blacklegs.

In the Citizen Army we meet as Irishmen, gathered together for the good of our common country and the protection of the Irish people.

The members of the Inchicore Branch of the I.T.W.U. are reminded that Saturday, September 26th, completed the third quarter. Arrears cards are being prepared, and will be sent out within the next week.

The construction of a miniature rifle range at the Emmet Hall is proceeding, and it is hoped that the Commander of the Citizen Army will open same before he sets out on his American tour.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

DUBLIN, Sat., Oct. 10th, 1914.

An Appeal for Recruits.

THERE is a time for talk and a time for action. Few people in this crisis seem to be cognisant of that truism. When I say "people" I mean those who matter—the real women and men of this Nation. That is to say, those who are of this Nation, who believe in this Nation, and who are prepared to work for, fight for, and die for, if needs be, the Nation or family who live and have their being in this land of Ireland.

of this day should be so unworthy of our trust as to acquiesce in the foul conspiracy and accomplishment of the sacrifice? No; it is unthinkable. Be it one or a thousand or a hundred thousand who have to seal with their blood their protest and determination that the compact of dishonour and betrayal shall not be accomplished. The price shall be paid cheerfully and willingly. To do less were to be unworthy of our responsibility. Therefore, all talk of compromise must cease. Action must be taken and at once.

army, every man; aye, and maid, wife, child, and mother too, there is work for all. Men, into the Volunteers or Citizen Army at once. Be like unto the Wise Virgins: "get oil in your lamps," that is guns in your strong, hard calloused hands.

In our issue of Sept. 26th, 1914, I submitted a suggestion that a daily paper, to express the real opinion of Ireland was a vital necessity in the present crisis; that a daily paper was even more necessary than guns. Every hour since I penned the screech embodying the suggestion tends to confirm my view, a view which has been homologated by some hundreds of our readers; some of whom have been very careful to explain that they don't agree with all I say and do.

The Hackney Branch of the I.L.P. send warm, fraternal greetings to our comrades of "The Irish Worker," and the Dublin Trades Council for their splendid stand against the European butchery and wishes them every success in their noble work.

The Recruiting Sergeant in Wexford.

A Visitor's Impression.

Knowing that Mr John E. Redmond, M.P., was to pursue his recruiting campaign in Wexford on Sunday last, I decided to take a trip to that historic town—more out of curiosity than anything else.

like speed. I took a short cut to the Bull Ring, where the platform had been erected for the occasion, opposite to the 'Ninety-eight memorial. Before Judas commenced his whine for recruits for the British army, a man under the memorial status sang "Who fears to Speak!"

The whole affair was a miserable fiasco, inasmuch as the "demonstration" was worked up to a farcical pitch while the "Meeting" really travelled on the Excursion trains from Dublin. The only people who seemed to appreciate the occasion were the proprietors of the local publication.

They are ignoring the Recruiting Sergeant dawn South, Redmond will get no recruits in Wexford.

If the Germans Come—and After.

BY JOHN J. SCOLLAN, A.O.H. (I.A.A.)

Three powers there are that dominate the world— Fraud, Force, and Right—and two oppress the one. The bolts of Fraud and Force like twins are hurled; Against them ever standeth Right alone.

A great deal has been written and spoken within the past few weeks as to the fate of Ireland if the Germans landed on our coasts in sufficient numbers to drive the English Army out of this country; and fearful pictures have been drawn by frantic jingoes of all the horrors of a German military occupation.

Then, again, are the innocent Irish told that there is no danger of an invasion so long as the British Navy remains intact. This may or may not be so, if England be in earnest about protecting our shores, but if a German fleet were to make an attempt to land a force in England or Scotland, the English Navy, failing to disperse this hostile force, would drive it round the North of Scotland and force the Germans, for their own safety, to land in Ireland, thus saving Great Britain and making Ireland the cockpit of the fight, as has already been done in Belgium.

England thus calculates that to repel an invasion the manhood of Ireland would immediately spring to arms to resist it, thus giving her at once an army of 750,000 men along with the English army of occupation at the time, and reckons that such a force would be quite sufficient to defeat any expeditionary force which could be sent out by Germany or any other country.

Ireland's sons never fought for England or Scotland, where they did not get the worst of the deal. The treatment they received at the hands of the "Catholic" King James and the Scotch Prince (Charles of the same Stuart ilk) should be a sufficient lesson for all time to Irishmen the world over. So, therefore, it would be well for us to consider what line the country should adopt in the event of our island being converted into the battle-ground. We as a Nation have no concern whatever with any of the belligerents in this war except one, and as that Power grows weaker, we, if we are wise and handle the present situation properly, and conserve our man-

hood, will grow proportionately stronger, and as we grow stronger we will be in a better position to deal with any enemy, within or without our gates. It is England's interest that Irishmen should do her fighting for her, and the English Press make "no bones" about it. It says openly that the English skilled mechanics must be kept at home to work the factories when the German markets are captured, and the Irishmen can go to the war and be slaughtered—thus by one subtle stroke still further weakening the country by depriving it of its manhood, and rendering its subjugation still more easy.

The horrors of war can be very readily overcome if the Irish people just sit tight and do nothing. It is England's business to preserve our shores, and also her business to drive any enemy out who may come here. Germany does not want our country. England does, to denude us still more of our blood and brawn, and also to bleed us white in extra over-taxation when the war is concluded.

Irish Citizen Army Notes. On Saturday last a General Meeting of members of the Citizen Army was held in Liberty Hall to elect a new Army Council for the ensuing six months. Jim Larkin, C. O. presided, and was again unanimously elected to position of President.

A General Meeting of all members will be held on Monday Night, Oct. 12th, at 8 o'clock, to elect Company Officers. All members having uniforms are to report with same not later than Saturday night, 10th inst. This is important, by order of Jim Larkin, C. O. This order must not be overlooked on any account.

Tuesday night is specially reserved for the Boys' Section for Drill and First Aid Exercises in Large Room. All parents who are members of the Union—and even those outside the Union—should send their children to these classes.

We intend to make the children's section a special feature. From time to time simple lectures will be given on suitable topics.

We cannot refrain from taking a short survey of eve for the last week. Nothing reliable has been heard from the theatre of war. The glaring disclosures published in the Dublin Press are a disgrace to journalism. One thing at least is certain—the sacrifice of human life goes merrily on.

Thousands of our foolish countrymen are still being trapped in England as here by the hypocritical cry of the Church in danger. Don't heed it, Irishmen. Just imagine England the defender of churches or religion. Irishmen, do you forget Scullabogue and Drogheda; aye, and Mullaghmas! What about the Croppies Hole in Carlow! Does that quicken your blood?

Think of the wealthy Frenchman locked in Paris at the Siege of 1870, who offered 500 francs for a dead rat. The handwriting is already on the wall. Ask yourselves why did the Government cancel all Irish meat contracts? Simply to reserve the Irish supply—seize it whenever necessary.

Mr. Asquith's Speech to the Dublin "Workers."

The following report is issued by the Repress Bureau, which takes no responsibility for the accuracy of the statements therein contained.

Mr. Asquith continued his campaign of recruiting by addressing a meeting in Dublin... Mr. Asquith continued his campaign of recruiting by addressing a meeting in Dublin... Mr. Asquith continued his campaign of recruiting by addressing a meeting in Dublin...

not sufficiently express her feelings for Belgian bravery, Ireland had been fighting for fair play and Home Rule for seven centuries and had met with nothing but contempt and bloody oppression and repression...

Again, the British Parliament recently passed a resolution granting a loan of Ten Millions to Belgium... Mr. Asquith continued his campaign of recruiting by addressing a meeting in Dublin...

CORK NOTES.

ENGLAND'S FAITHFUL GARRISON. It has been a rather lively week in Cork. Redmond's Castle Brigade have been particularly active. Despite an agreement come to between George Crosbie, of the "Examiner," and J. J. Walsh, T.C., Chairman of the Committee of the Volunteers, the Mollies raided the Volunteer rifles, headed by Tom Byrne...

Wexford Notes.

The Recruiting Sergeant has come and gone, and Rebel Wexford lived up to the spirit of his visit by hanging out Union Jacks. Ye gods, did the youngest man in our town ever think he'd live to see Ireland's National Ideals thought so little about. We know that the shopkeepers dressed their houses merely for policy, as they don't care, nor never did care, anything about Ireland a Nation...

NORTHERN NOTES.

For the Old Land. The week before last the Belfast Committee of the Volunteers took a poll of the different companies on the question of standing fast to the original constitution. Of the twenty-two companies seven, by very large majorities, decided to maintain the constitution...

SLIGO NOTES.

If Sligo is any indication of the manner in which Redmond's cohorts of unity are being "worked"—and we believe it is—then well may we repeat "God Save Ireland!" The Mayor convened a meeting in the Town Hall, here, last week. The meeting was published as being a meeting of the representatives of the Volunteers. In order to secure that a "machine" would be worked circles were sent out but to those who could be relied on to "back" Redmond...

The Perfect Packer. As soon as these happenings became known, Joe Devlin hurried immediately to the scene. The "Irish News," after several blackguardly attacks on Eoin MacNeill and the "Cranks," published the votes of confidence but suppressed the other results. Personal letters from Devlin were scattered in all directions...

Irish Builders' Co-operative Society, Ltd. Adjoined general meeting of members, will be held on Sunday, 18th October, at 4 p.m., in Bricklayers' Hall, 49 Cuffe street. All members requested to attend for election of Committee.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES From 30/- All guaranteed in perfect working order. McELROY'S, 28 Wellington Quay. Established 1890.

Established 1851 For Reliable Provisions! LEIGHS, of Bishop St. STILL HERE.

Ireland and the War. Public Meeting in Dublin. A public meeting will be held in the Ancient Concert Rooms on Monday next, at 8 p.m., under the auspices of Neutrality League. Prominent representatives of Nationalist and Labour bodies will speak, defining Ireland's position in regard to the Anglo-German war.

The Last Hill. Bayonets are clashing and trumpet blare O'er the red plains of a continent vast; And England our foe is struggling there For a prestige and power now waning fast. Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union. Quarterly meeting will be held on tomorrow Sunday, 11th October, at 1 p.m. sharp. A punctual attendance is requested.

LOOK OUT - FOR OPENING OF SEASON - ALL-NIGHT DANCE Saturday, 31st October, 1914. TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

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Dublin Trades Council.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Dublin Trades Council was held on Monday evening, Mr. William O'Brien, President, in the chair.

Mr. T. Farren (Stonemasons) reported on the result of his visit to the Lord Mayor in connection with the Feeding of Necessitous School Children.

Mr. Simmons who also waited on the Lord Mayor endorsed Mr. Farren's remarks, and said that the Lord Mayor appeared to be honestly interested in this question of feeding the school children.

Mr. Mulcahy (Cabinetmakers) thought they ought not to recognise the Relief Fund at all if it was going to be disbursed by Government officials.

Mr. J. Farren (Tinsmiths) was opposed to any expression of thanks being made to Mr. Sherlock until they were sure the grant referred to had actually been obtained.

After further discussion, the vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor was passed.

UNEMPLOYMENT & THE NATIONAL RELIEF FUND.

Mr. Grogan (Painters) referred to the circular which had been sent out to the various trade societies asking for figures showing the extent to which distress and unemployment prevailed.

The Chairman was of opinion that the state of unemployment prevailing was not so acute as at the outbreak of war.

CO-OPERATION AND LABOUR.

The Chairman referred to the increasing prosperity of the Co-operative movement in the city.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE CABINET TRADE.

Mr. Clinton (Cabinetmakers) drew attention to the grave amount of unemployment existing in his trade and affecting the Women Polishers.

Mr. Mulcahy bore out Mr. Clinton's remarks, and was proceeding to refer to certain work at the Stanley street workshops, when the Chairman called him to order.

Mr. Simmons remarked that what led up to this was the fact that at the Sub-committee appointed by the Council to deal with the question of distress Mr. Clinton had raised the matter.

Mr. F. Daly suggested that the Secretary of the Cabinetmakers' Society should send in all available figures to the Unemployment Relief Committee.

The Chairman explained that he had done so, and that the Relief Committee had no right to make an attack on another trade.

After a warm discussion, Mr. Daly's suggestion was adopted.

MR. LARKIN'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

The Chairman said he would like to refer to Mr. Larkin's intended tour in America. As they were probably aware he would be leaving Ireland shortly and since they were all associated with him for so many years, and considering his work in the labour movement, they ought to present him with an address from the Council on the occasion of his departure.

"That this Trades Council, having learned of Mr. Larkin's approaching departure from Ireland on an extensive lecturing tour, avails of the opportunity to present an address to him testifying the high esteem in which he is held by the workers of Dublin, and expressing our gratitude to him for the tireless and self-sacrificing manner in which he has laboured during the past seven years in Ireland to improve the working conditions and brighten the lives of his fellow-workmen and women, and to build up a militant labour movement in his native land, and our earnest hope that he will return to us fully restored in health and with renewed vigour to continue the good work in which he has been engaged; and that the Executive Committee is hereby directed to take all necessary steps to give effect to the following."

Mr. Simmons seconded the motion in an admirably worded speech. He said it afforded him great pleasure to support the proposal, as he had recognised in Mr. Larkin from his first appearance in Ireland a man of supreme abilities which had always been given on behalf of the workers of Dublin, although he [Mr. Simmons] had not always fallen in with Mr. Larkin's views.

The Chairman felt that all who either agreed or disagreed with Mr. Larkin would readily join in paying him a tribute [hear, hear]. The motion was then put and passed by acclamation.

Facts and Figures from the Front.

With the Troops at Clontarf.

The Press Bureau neither confirms or denies the rumour that the reason for the Recruiting Depot in Grafton Street has been moved further away from the Picture House is because a large poster bearing the inscription:—

"THE SUICIDE CLUB"

was on exhibition there during the week, and intending recruits worried the picture of the man at the door of the Picture House in the belief that it was the recruiting depot. A banner across the street now indicates the "one bright spot in Ireland," so that there will be no excuse for Irishmen going into the wrong place.

To the "Evening Telegraph," for the trouble it went to in getting ready the "Jim Larkin Arrested" Stop Press, on the occasion of the Redmond recruiting lecture to his pale in the mansion of quaking hearts, and in the loving memory of money thrown away by the people of Dublin on a similar "news." I dedicate the following:—

1st "STOP PRESS."

The Salvation Army is under sealed orders for Berlin, to make the Kaiser a present of its War Cry, "You must be born again." A further Stop Press will be issued immediately.

2nd "STOP PRESS."

The Press Bureau states that it has no official information of the movements of

the Salvation Army, and adds a rider to the effect that it was only a "song" we heard.

3rd "STOP PRESS."

As an act of justice to ourselves we think it right to say that the proceeds of our first Stop Press will be handed over to the Prince of Wales' Fund.

4th "STOP PRESS."

The earlier Stop Presses did not by any means realise our expectations. However, we have added a penny to the net profits, thus bringing the funds available for the Prince of Wales' Relief up to the noble sum of ninepence.

An "Evening Mail" placard informed us a few days ago that the "Japanese succeeded in taking German Port." The Dublin Temperance Association has been acquainted of this occurrence, and is taking steps to have the offenders punished. Of course, the Association will take into account the fact that Champagne is now the favourite beverage of the Germans, and will temper their punishment accordingly.

Small nationalities have every bit as good a title as large ones to life and independence, and freedom for its own sake is as well worth fighting for to-day, as ever it was in the past.

So spoke Asquith—at Cardiff! Why did this man preach the doctrine of slavery over here and the following week preach the gospel of freedom—in Wales? Ask Redmond!

The "Telegraph"—styled "Leader of the Irish race at home and abroad"—has, I hear, decided to cancel the "abroad" portion of the title during the war, but will keep the "at home" all right, weather permitting. In other words, if it does not get too hot for him. He hopes, in the meantime, to enter some of the Irish in the "race" from Berlin which will shortly take place. As he is anxious that HIS interests should be represented "abroad," and as he got a broad hint from Asquith "to get cut and get under" if he did not carry cut instructions, he will leave no stone unturned to cajole the unwary into the "Royal Irish National Militia."

THIS WEEK'S JOKE.

Irish Volunteer—"Do you intend to join the proposed Irish Brigade?" West Briton—"I have decided to 'stand behind' Redmond, as Devlin said we should."

Irish Volunteer—"You are safe enough if you do that. I understood you were all going to Berlin."

I notice that many of the "knuts" who at the beginning of the war "got their rags out," have hidden them again. Possibly these fellows think that if they wear the "colours" now, they cannot "parade" Grafton street in peace, but may be "marched" into the recruiting office "to show cause why sentence of death should not be passed on them."

Trade Topics.

[FROM "THE ALL"]

The report of the last Urban Council meeting furnishes interesting reading, especially to the ordinary worker, who has to pay very high rates for the upkeep of the Council. As stated in a previous issue, the Council decided some time ago to terminate the letting of the Theatre to Jameson and Sons, and re-let it in open competition, the proposer and seconded of the motion saying they knew at least one cinema man who would pay a higher rent and give more satisfaction than Jameson. At the last meeting Mrs. Maude Walsh's resolution to rescind this decision came on. She made one of her usual oratorical outbursts, was backed up by seven other votes, but failed in her object. 'Tis a remarkable thing that her seven supporters like herself are of the moneyed class, and in the main followers of the Scotch tuberculosis "Birdie," and connected with the latter's flying visits to Tralee.

Mrs. Maude said that Jameson was always courteous and obliging. Certainly when she and the Aberdeensites wanted the Theatre for entertainments Jameson always obliged them. And even the other day he gave it for a concert for the distressed Belgians. But what about his generosity when he was asked to give the theatre for an entertainment in aid of the poor, distressed, unfortunate wretches who lost everything they had when their home in Abbey street was bombed down some months ago? These poor wretches, though Catholics like the Belgians, were of course of the lower class, and did not deserve an entertainment in their aid! Furthermore, we all know how he treated the "Cologians" Dramatic Society. They were only wor-

kers, too, and he told them months before St Stephen's Night that he could not give them the Theatre for that night as he was having a special programme himself. The special programme consisted of the most mediocre type of pictures ever shown there. Though Mrs. Walsh does not live in the town, she should be aware of this, but most likely these things are not as important to her as the Empire of which she speaks so fondly. The same remarks must apply to Jerry M'Sweeney, who originally voted for putting Jameson out, but refused to vote either way on Friday. No doubt his connection with the Red Cross Crowd has changed him.

The Theatre is the property of the Urban Council, and in the interests of those who elected them they should see that it is turned to the best advantage. Why not they appoint a manager and run the Theatre themselves? They would then make far more out of it than at present, and they need not be tied down to pictures. Good touring musical and dramatic companies could be secured, and more money earned to lessen the already high rates. Moreover, the Councilors would not be at the whim and mercy of people like Jameson, who has control of a Theatre built for the people, and can snub the Council whenever the Theatre is wanted by them for any special night.

In connection with the Abbey street fire it is pleasing to know that the free use of the Picturedrome, Castle street, has been given for an entertainment in aid of the sufferers, and I hope this deserving object will be well supported.

A word to Tralee readers—give an order to newsagent to keep the "Worker" for you, otherwise you may be disappointed, as the sale is rapidly increasing.

Dublin Re-named & Re-claimed.

Oh! Dublin City famed for long In tourists' tall and poet's song, As very "dear" and very "dirty" (Did you mean it, Cailin purty?) Now your fame has greater grown, And henceforth be thou known— Fond of play and moody pranks— As the "City of the Cranks!"

Offspring of a legal dunce, Who, they say, wore breeches once, So describes your strange gyrations (And he knows so many nations!) Faithful Giel, who lives abroad! Shiver, Laff! at his nod, Flow, oh Anna, in thy banks, Straight—lest all your bends be "cranked!"

Home and grave of Emmet, droop In shame, or swell each sardar troop! By the blood your streets that painted, By the slaves your air that tainted; Hear his summons, fill the ranks, Straight civilians now are "cranks!" Ye who say, ye worship Tone— Leave such crooked stuff alone.

Ye who prate of Sinn Fein folly Only make him melancholy, Has he not his garments swung To fight 'gainst England with the "Tongue?"

In these brave days what a pity Ye should not see Berlin city? And come back like any vulture Gorged with German and culture.

Now the Allies sure are winning! Teuton "Hans" repent their sinning! Serb and Slav and Saxon legions Troop from cold and torrid regions. With Frank and Belge and Jap united Have the German "Goths" affrighted; So enlist if ye would win, With MacGillabride and Gwynne!

"Fly the city brothers tried," They will guard the Liffey side, And if, alas, the foe should come They can sound the "kettle" drum, [That's if they are found "at home,"] And their conscript—volunteers, Can resolve—for forty years, And still! all the invader's ranks In deep precipitation tanks."

Blow the bagpipes, sound the fife, 'Tis his war "unto the knife," Let the German butcher chafe, On the Rhine you'll all be safe, Britain brave has loads of bullion, And a war-sec. misnamed "Seullion"; So we'll make the Teuton heed us, See what champions haste to lead us!

Bottomley—of foetid stories, Redmond—of the thousand glories, Dillon—dauntless, deathless, dismal, William—of the heart abysmal, Devlin—famed for fights and fictions, Lorcau—trained in swift evictions, They will hold the foe at bay, They will strike him with dismay, Go! my heroes; without thanks They'll preserve the "town of cranks." SEAGHAN

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