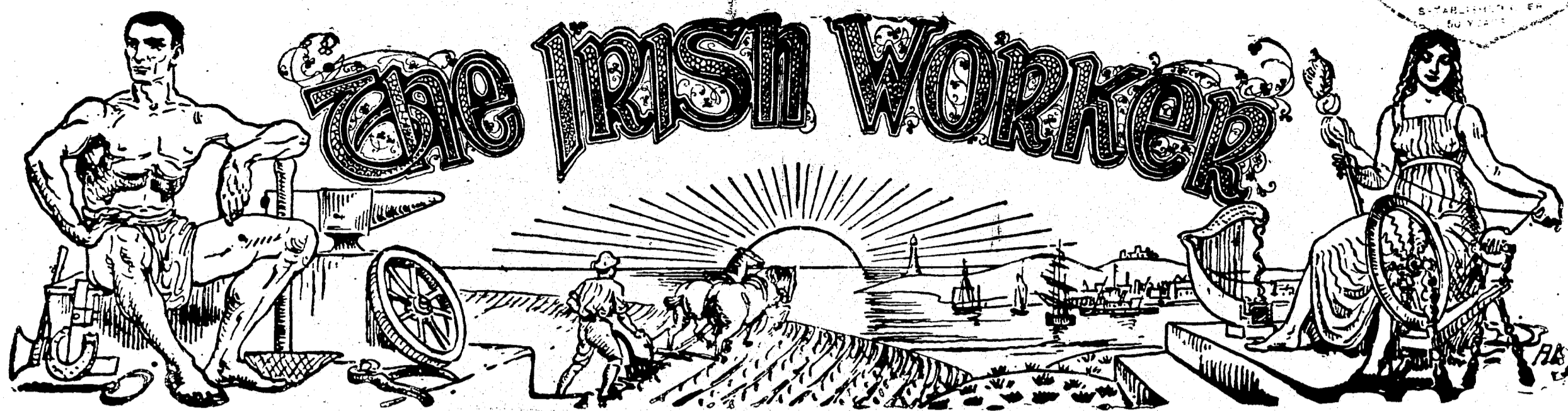


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



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

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 24 - Vol. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCT. 24th, 1914.

[ONE PENNY.]

WE SERVE NEITHER KING NOR KAISER.

OUTRAGES DURING WAR.

WHO IS GUILTY?

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

Since the beginning of the present war upon the German nation the vile jingo press of England and Ireland has made a speciality of imputing to the German soldiers all kinds of atrocious acts. Every species of outrage upon the wounded and upon women and children has been attributed to those brave soldiers of a nation that refuses to allow itself to be trampled into the dust and its industries destroyed for the benefit of the capitalist class of Great Britain.

might be shamming death on the battlefield. Unless this odious work had been efficiently accomplished it would have been impossible for our men to have crossed the ground without the occurrence of many casualties. Another defence of the proceedings which has been advanced is that every wounded man who is saved must have proper medical attention, which means diminishing the precious stock of lint and other necessities, besides making fresh demands on the limited staff

men who lay in their path. The Dervishes who were stretched on the sand within a few yards were bayoneted, or, in some instances, stabbed with their own spears. Arabs wholly further out in the desert at some little distance from the line of march and happened, unfortunately for themselves, to move or turn over in their agony, were immediately pierced by rifle bullets. On some occasions shots were fired into the bodies of wounded men at such close quarters that the smell of burning flesh was positively sickening.

Jim Larkin's Farewell. Dublin Trades Council Present an Address. A memorable meeting was held in Croydon Park on Sunday, October 17th, to give a send-off to Jim Larkin previous to his departure from Dublin for a tour in the United States.

Irish Women Workers' Co-operative Society, Liberty Hall. The Workers' Own Industry. OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE WOMEN WORKERS. WORKERS! By supporting this industry you support yourselves.

Mr. Larkin, in responding to the address, received a great ovation from the audience. He reminded the audience of the conditions that existed in the Labour world of Dublin and Ireland generally before his advent, the degraded state of the unskilled labourers, and the disheartened frame of mind in which they had been as a result of the betrayal of which they had been the victims.

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. British and Egyptian killed 47, wounded 342. Dervish killed 10,800, wounded 16,000.

This wholesale slaughter of practically unarmed blacks was described in the

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION LIBERTY HALL. LOOK OUT FOR OPENING OF SEASON ALL-NIGHT DANCE FARRIN Saturday, 31st October, 1914. TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

On behalf of the Dublin Trades Council: Wm O'Brien, President; Thomas Foran, Vice-President; John Farrin, Treasurer; John Simmons, Secretary. Trades Hall, Capel Street, Dublin, Oct. 1914.

Twinem Brothers' MINERAL WATER. The Workingman's Beverage. TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Brand. The Workingman's Refreshment. Factory—65 S.C. Road, and 31 Lower Clarendon Street. Phone 2468.

England's Chance or Ireland's Deed?

The avowal of the English Government of its love for the cause of anti-militarism is none too bashful. It's deeply smitten and tells all the neighbours. Earl Kitchener, as ardent, is more reticent in the expression of his affection.

Alas! the path of the earnest soul is always hedged with scoffers. A French-Canadian paper was rather irreverent the other day: "After this war upon German Militarism," said the wretched little rag, "we are told conscription is to be introduced into Canada. Oh! get along!" "Militarism or Navalism," exclaimed a Philadelphia journal, "why, it's six of one or half-a-dozen of the other. No wonder the German people resent much of the hypocritical criticism of their Fatherland."

Tut tut, no more unworthy insinuations of the sort. Verily every reasonable ground for suspicion is about to be removed. Our rulers, under the genial guidance and profound counsel of the Secretary for War, are gently feeling the pulse of Irish public opinion as to what would be the most likely effect and sequel of the introduction of the Militia Ballot Act into this country. My soul, we never doubted them.

Do they want to provoke an insurrection? Already a whisper goes through Ireland, in Dublin it has grown to a strong defiant shout: "Bloodshed here rather than an ignoble death in a foreign trench. You may indeed force us to shoot, gentlemen, but we choose our own time, our own place, our own targets." Let our masters be careful in what they do. In pursuing such a course they play with fire.

Coercion, apparently, is unthinkable, not only against the Ulster Nationalist but against the Nationalists of the other three provinces, for coercion it means.

Many of us will never fight for England. We applaud the sentiments of Arthur Griffith:—"If the Empire were tottering to its fall to-morrow and the blood of a single Irishman could save it, it would be useless to give it."

England, by the suggested course, flings down the gauntlet to every Irishman and Irishwoman in Ireland who does not think patriotism is the mildly exciting pastime of a poltroon.

She openly expresses the old unaltered principles of English statesmanship in its dealings with us, that policy so well expressed in Thomas Carlyle's saying about '48 and Irish lawlessness: "When a half-starved rat crosses the path of an elephant, what is the elephant to do? Squelch it, by Heaven, squelch it!"

The British politicians can grow extremely sentimental over former wrongs done to the Irish Nation; but their favourite plan to settle what they call the Irish question is simply to settle the Irish. Another crime to weep over! How many votes will its denunciation be worth in ten years more or so?

What a rare chance for plunder opens before English capitalism with Germany shattered by the foes it has ringed around her, with Europe put to fire and sword, with its own working-class bribed by promises of more employment or curved of revolutionary tendencies through being driven to wholesale slaughter by means of the "sack." Let no one suggest England does not lead the world in political wisdom and in the pacific ideals of an industrial democracy.

Assuredly she takes the best non other nations and conserves what is best in her own! Thus the British hypocrites. May they try it once too often! Conscription is imminent, is it faith?

The deluded country workers—touch the cities if you dare—are to be dratted away to fight in a quarrel which is no concern of theirs. The wealthy and professional classes are to stop at home. Divide and conquer. Let the rich betray the poor. Drive a wedge into the splendid reality of Irish unity already so evident, so promising, so fair. You will shortly discover, let us hope, that blood is thicker than water.

Ireland has regained her strength. She has not yet realised its extent. The Gaelic League killed the stage-Irishman. Sinn Fein shook the power of the politicians and would have well-nigh discredited them but for a political accident: the General Elections which resulted in the gaining of the balance of power in the House of Make Belief by the Parliamentary Party. The industrial development movement raised Ireland generally and gave the Irish worker a strong arm and a strong voice. Carson's playing-act fooled the Orange fanatics and gave us the Volunteers. The batons of Sir John Ross' police won us free speech. The rifles of the Scottish Borderers blew away the last remnants of the authority of British Government in Ireland.

It shall never be regained. The first shot that English soldiers fire upon unwilling peasant conscripts asserting their manhood upon their country's soil, and English prestige sinks lower in Europe and America is lost for ever to English blandishments. It is the Green and White and Orange upon-Dublin barricades and every MAN in Ireland beneath that banner.

Revolutions will be unloosed, and the shout will go forth: "The soul of the Irishman who falls fighting against the oppressor of his country, cleansed of his sins, goes straight to the Arms of God. Long live the Irish Republic!"

The police failed at Clontarf. Irish soldiers, forced by economic pressure into the British Army, will be none too reliable to-morrow. They may refuse to murder their sisters and brothers when all Ireland is aflame against this cynical

infamy of enforced military service. At the front, too, the Germans might no longer marvel why the Irish regiments fought so fiercely against them.

We have given many men we should never have given had not England crushed our national development. We have a greater proportion of recruits in the English Army than England herself, even if the "Westminster Gazette" does not like the invidious comparison.

We have bled and shed blood for the Empire too damned often. Ireland is in truth a decadent and dying nation if this crime be accomplished.

Should she consent to it, in Aquith's immortal phrase, may she be blotted out from the pages of history. Irish deeds before that!

As for England, she has trifled enough with our liberties, our well-being, our dignity. The recent farce in connection with the settlement of our political demands, rooted in justice and the urgent needs of the community, has again brought the spectre of Irish discontent to her gates in the hour of her peril. She is powerful, but we are fearless. Clear is the alternative before her. As she blunders and naggles and goads us to revolt, we wait and cry:—"A plague on your fooling! Choose, the undying enmity of the Irish race here, in America, in your own colonies, a festering sore at your own heart for many a day, or the just and equitable settlement your leader-writers would prescribe for Poland, Finland, or Alsace-Lorraine, the breath of freedom you assure us blows through Canada and Australia, the generous treatment you say rendered German attempts upon South Africa impotent. Reparation at this the fitting hour. Peace or an Irish Republic—Choose!"

BY ORDER.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

NOTICE.

It is requested that in order to facilitate the proper closing of our accounts all persons who paid any monies, subscriptions, or in any other form to William Hopkins, T.C., during the late dispute—1913-14—should report the same to John O'Neill at Liberty Hall.

BY ORDER.

NOTICE TO SHOP STEWARDS. All shop stewards, collectors and delegate, connected with No. 1 Branch, must attend an report to Committee Meeting in Liberty Hall, No. 2 Room, Tuesday, October 27th.

BY ORDER.

SUNDAY'S PROCESSION.

All sections of the Irish Transport Workers' Union will attend and take part in the Torchlight Procession from Beresford Place, on Sunday evening. The Procession will fall in at 6.30 p.m., and proceed with the Volunteers in a march around streets in Dublin in which are buildings associated with the memory of Ireland's patriot martyrs. We expect a full muster of under secretaries, shop stewards and delegates. All bands will attend.—By Order,

JAMES CONNOLLY, Acting Gen. Sec.

Irish Women Worker's Union.

Torchlight Procession, SUNDAY NIGHT.

All members of above must be in Liberty Hall, at 6 p.m.—By Order, Secretary Delia Larkin.

Beginning with this issue and until the return of Jim Larkin the editorial control of the Irish Worker is in the hands of James Connolly. All literary matter should be addressed to Editor, Irish Worker, and reach our office not later than Tuesday of each week.

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

The Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 5451. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Oct. 24th, 1914.

The Ballot or the Barricades.

Towards the close of last week the British Government flew a kite in Ireland. Flying a kite when practised by a Government means getting some person or paper to issue a statement that the Government contemplates taking certain actions. In the announcement arouses no hostility of a serious nature the action is forthwith taken. If, on the contrary, the announcement is met with a storm of hostility the Government declares it did not authorise and does not contemplate any such action as was announced, and that it regrets

that any such statement should have been made by unauthorised persons. Having flown its kite to learn how the wind blows the Government then proceeds to do a little more spade work to prepare the ground for taking the action it has just declared it does not intend to take.

The kite flown last week was the announcement that the Militia Ballot Act was to be enforced in Ireland. As it evoked hostility the Government proceeded to officially repudiate it. The ground was not well prepared, the game was too shy. But nevertheless the iniquitous proposal is only temporarily abandoned. In some form or another conscription is inevitable.

The only thing that can avert conscription is the speedy collapse of the German Army—a thing as remote as the conversion of England's rulers to Christian principles. Already a responsible authority, Sir Thomas Barclay, has declared that England will before the close of the war have two million men with the colours, an army impossible without conscription. In addition to this we have the fact that the slaughter at the front is almost inconceivable. A great surgeon, Dr. Haden Guest, says that at present the military sick and wounded in France number half a million. Thus the gaps in the firing line require the presence of a continually increasing army of support to fill them. Where and how are all those soldiers to be got, if not by and through some form of conscription?

The truth about the German Army is that its position becomes more secure every day. At the beginning of the war the Allies joyfully declared that time was on their side, that every day gained was equal to the winning of a battle, that the Allies could afford to wait and the Germans could not. It is now beginning to penetrate the heads of the military experts of Fleet Street that the boot is on the other leg. The Russians were the great hope of England. Unless the Russians can achieve victory before the closing in of the terrible Russian winter that hope is gone. It will be impossible to maintain in the field the enormous masses of Russian troops, to provision them, to keep them supplied with munitions of war, to handle all the elaborate, cumbersome but necessary machinery of transport and commissariat, whilst the snow king has his grip upon Russian railroads and rivers. Add to this the terrible cost of the maintenance of such an army as Russia requires to face the Germans—the most uneducated nation in Europe to face the most educated, and we see at once that England cannot hope to see Russia win the war for her. She must produce the men herself. Russia is bankrupt. The Czar was only able to crush the Russian Revolution because of the loans from France and England. Now these countries need all their monies for their own salvation.

Thus on the side of Germany there are fighting the influences of Time and of Money, of superior equipment, and of wise provision for the future.

Therefore the Militia Ballot Act or some form of conscription will come. Are we, like our rulers, to await the evil day, and then "muddle through" with ineffective protests? Or are we to make provision beforehand for the fight that will be necessary?

We of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, we of the Citizen Army, have an answer ready. We will resist the Militia Ballot Act, or any form of conscription, and we begin now to prepare our resistance. Upon the Volunteers we urge similar resolves, similar preparations.

Understand what this means. It means a complete overhauling and remodelling of all the training and instruction hitherto given to those corps. It means that the corps shall be taught how to act and fight when acting against an enemy equipped with superior weapons, instead of all teaching being based upon the ideas of British military text books which always presume an equality of weapons, or even a superiority upon the British side. It means that much that has been taught will be worse than useless if acted upon, as such teaching presupposed that the corps receiving instructions were to form part of a regular army in the field, an army properly supported and reinforced by complete arms of the service. The resistance to the Militia Ballot Act must of necessity take the form of insurrectionary warfare, if the resistors are determined to fight in Ireland for Ireland, instead of on the Continent for England. Such insurrectionary warfare would be conducted upon lines and under conditions for which text books make no provision.

In short it means barricades in the streets, guerrilla warfare in the country. To all who are prepared to face that ordeal rather than shed their blood abroad for the tyrant and exploiter we appeal to join our Citizen Army. We propose to make that force the best equipped mental in Ireland. We want no parade ground soldiers. We want young men prepared to die for Freedom in Ireland. If the Government proposes to force us to fight against our consciences and our desire we propose to challenge it upon its own ground, and if it wants us it must take us by force.

From this date greater decision and promptness in action will be enforced in our Army though even now it is an example to follow. All those who fell away because we had not rifles enough are requested to enrol at once and take a course in the preliminary training in the new course of instruction on the lines we have indicated.

The rifles will come alright. And there are other modern weapons of warfare.

The Citizen Army Offices at Liberty Hall, Aungier street, Inchicore, Thomas street, and elsewhere are open every night for enrolment. We want a new muster of men prepared to face the worst, and to take the best if taken it can be.

On Sunday evening there will be a great torchlight procession, under the auspices of the Volunteers, from Beresford Place around places in Dublin associated with the memory of patriots murdered by the British rulers of this country. That procession will be for all taking part in it a sacramental pledge of fealty to and love for Ireland. Nationalist and labour bodies are invited. The Citizen Army will head the Transport Union Section. We invite every young man in Dublin capable of bearing arms and willing to bear them, willing to take a stand with us in a pledge to resist all forms of conscription, and to give his all for the Motherland to fall in along with the Citizen Army.

Sunday evening then at Beresford Place is the rendezvous from which we expect all men worthy of the name of Irishmen to march with us, and with us beside the spots sacred to the memory of our martyrs take the sacramental pledge to give our lives that Freedom might live.

The Flag over Redmond's House.

The Valley of Aughavannagh is situated in the heart of the Wicklow Mountains, and about nine miles from the village of Aughrim.

In the days of Michael Dwyer block-houses or barracks were built to suppress the risings of the peasants, and for years past the barrack in Aughavannagh is used as a country residence by Mr. Redmond, the "Leader of the Irish" people. Great tracts of the country round is "owned" by his friend, the Earl of Meath, and the ruined cots on the hills tell their story of the evictions and the battering ram. Here game is plentiful and peasants scarce.

In the court yard of "John's Barrack" there is an archway, and from a hook fastened in the wall above hundreds of Wicklow peasants were strangled by the Yeomen. The flag under which the unfortunate men were done to death is again floating (by Redmond's orders) in this Valley, and he invites the grandsons of the murdered to fight for the flag and the system that made them slaves!

Will the men who sing of Byrne, of Ballymanus, and brave McVister, who laid down his life for Dwyer, do so? We hope not.

The War and the People.

"It is always the people who pay," was the theme of the Countess Markievicz's lecture for the Independent Labour Party of Ireland in the Trades Hall on Sunday last. The burden and suffering that would fall on the common people as the result of the present war would be greater than in any other war. So, too, the amount of lying, trickery, and treachery that had been employed to cause this war was greater than ever before. The Countess said she had learned that although all Belgium was expecting and preparing for war during the crisis, it was not until the very last moment that they knew whether they were to fight the Germans or the French. The workers ought always to strive to practise the Christian doctrine of brotherhood. The only war that could be justified was a war of self-preservation. The present duty of every Irishman was to stay at home and fight, if at all, for the welfare of his own country. There was a keen discussion after the lecture. Next Sunday there will be no lecture. On Sunday, November 1st, Mr. L. P. Byrne will lecture on 'Co-operation.'

OURSELVES, THE "INDEPENDENT," AND THE "FREEMAN."

During a lull in the mud-slinging encounter between the "Independent" and the "Freeman's Journal"—in which, by the way, the "kept journal" of Prince's Street appears to have come off second best—the "Freeman" has thought it desirable to comment upon the statement published in our last issue concerning the reported intention of the Government to enforce the provisions of the Militia Ballot Act. Thus quoth the "Freeman":

Both the "Independent" and the IRISH WORKER simultaneously published the statements about the enforcement of the Militia Ballot Act on Friday morning. . . . If the "Independent" is wrong, it can at least claim to have erred in distinguished company.

We are not concerned about the accuracy or inaccuracy of the reports in this connection which have appeared in Mr. Murphy's paper. What does interest us is the apparently inspired source from which the "Freeman" derives its information, as there may be something in the rumour which says that the Authorities have suddenly cancelled their conscription proposals. The close ties that exist between the literary scavengers of Prince's Street and the officials of Dublin Castle have already been exposed in these columns. The "Freeman," while displaying a hysterical desire to disprove our statements—to which we still adhere—religiously refrains from indulging in any comment on our publication of that little piece of correspondence which passed between Mr. Brayden and the microbe-hunting amazon from the Vice-regal Lodge.

We wonder when we may expect to hear that the organ of the Sham Squire has lifted its offices to the more homely atmosphere of the Castle Yard.

To the Members of The Irish Transport Workers' Union.

I have found it necessary for the benefit of the above Union and in the interests of its advancement to go on a lecture tour in the United States of America. It having come to my knowledge that the aims and methods and activities of the above Union have aroused an amount of interest amongst the workers of that great Continent, and that advantage has been taken by our enemies of the capitalist classes both here and there, and also by the putrid, political caucus, which is destroying this country, to malign the leaders of the Union and the labour movement in this country generally; to misinterpret our message, and to deliberately misconstrue our ideals, aims, and methods. To you who are with us, and of us, it is hardly necessary to explain that we have always taken a broader outlook on life than the ordinary trade unionist, and keener in sight into the causes that affect the welfare of the working classes of this country.

We at all times have been careful to live up to our motto: "An injury to one is an injury to all." We have refused under the most severe pressure to any way compromise with the oppressors and exploiters of the working class, and have never watered down our principles. We hold still the same belief in the loyalty, sacrifice and honesty of the Irish working class as on the first day we laid the foundation stone of an Irish working-class movement. We have been and remain truly National in our outlook and work because of our belief in a real international labour movement. Our convictions have been strengthened in that matter by the failure of labour movements in Great Britain, Germany, France and Belgium to stem the wave of jingoism and the worship of the God of Militarism by our comrades in those several countries; they talked internationalism but refused to live it. They failed to realise the possibilities of the coming time because they had been humbugging themselves with phrases instead of building the movement on the foundation of sound economic principles. They had come far short of realising the truth, which they professed to preach and propound. We had a bitter lesson during the past year of the insincerity of the one-eyed leaders of the British labour movement, who talked of peace when they meant betrayal. Some of them who had the audacity to attend international congresses in the interest of peace, who mouthed second-hand platitudes which they had laboriously copied from the speeches of real and earnest believers in international peace. These humbugs, such as Henderson, Crooks, Bowerman, Roberts, Thomas, all members of the British Parliament, mark, who were denouncing our movement and men because we were too national, are to-day acting as scab recruiting agents against internationalism and against the best interests of international labour solidarity. Just as they betrayed us industrially in the interest of the British capitalist during the late lock out, so to-day they have betrayed the international labour movement in the same interest—that of their paymasters—the British Capitalist. They refused us the only help which would have made good in our struggle last year—namely, the withdrawal of the labour of organised union men who were scabbing on us. They refused because it paid them better to subscribe an odd penny a week than if they discommoded their bosses, the British employers, and interfered with industry of England, Scotland and Wales. To-day these hell-hounds of British labour instead of trying to bring this shameful sanguinary war to a speedy conclusion are stumping the British Isles arousing passion by the retailing of foul atrocious lies of alleged atrocities of German and Austrian workmen who are now conscript soldiers. Why are these traitors to labour's ideals preaching racial hatred? Why are they brutally frank about it? Because they want to capture German trade. They are even careful to say the Belgian refugees must get shelter in the British Isles. They will find accommodation in gaols and workhouses for them, provide tin cans and badges, so that these unfortunate foolish people will be enabled like unto us last year to stand at the workshop gates collecting monies whilst our Britisher of the bull-dog breed, who can get foolish Irish and Belgians to fight for him, is working overtime at the industries formerly carried on in Germany and Belgium. The Belgian will find out the truth of Johnson's saying that England made friends and treaties with them for the purpose of robbing them. My comrades, we trusted England's labour leaders; they sold us, Belgium trusted England's statesmen. Wait and see what Belgium's reward will be. The political mugwump of this country trusted England's statesman and our reward was a bogus Government of Ireland Bill—a promissory note with qualifications, and, according to our political apologist, for a promise to allow a lot of persons of no consequence to some day assemble in what will be by courtesy called an Irish House of Parliament. These puppets have no real power over the life of the nation. 50,000 useful Irishmen are sacrificing themselves, their women and children to capture Belgian and German trade for English capitalists. These be ye gods! Oh, Israel!

Well comrades, no matter what the future may hold for us industrially, we have the honour of knowing, and our

children's children will take pride in the fact, when all Ireland lay quiescent as unto death; when Judas was about to kiss the Betrayed, when our country was to be handed over to the Enemy, when our name and tradition was to be lowered to the dust, the Irish Transport Union and Citizen Army rang the alarm bell to awaken the country to the betrayal—to the the foul compact of the traitor, Redmond—to hand over the keys of the Citadel of Irish Nationalhood. Let the result be what it may, we stood true to Ireland. That fact alone is sufficient justification for the birth of the Irish Transport Union. That honour confers a heavy responsibility on every man belonging to our Union. As bravely as ye bore yourselves in the past, you are now called upon to do even greater deeds for Ireland and its people in the future. You must live up to your greater responsibility; all selfishness must be got rid of; you must bear yourselves in public life that you will be an honour to your country and yourselves. No meanness, no narrow view can you allow to obscure the purpose of your work. Ours is not an ordinary trade union—our Union is a world movement. We have the honour of inspiring a new spirit into trade unionism. The old apology of the fossilised trades union "combined to defend, and not to attack," is gone for ever. We have been defiant. We have defended our class by attacking. We have been constructive by being destructive. We have given a new spirit, a new hope to those with a spirit and wit-out a hope. We have been pioneers of the newer time—"each for all, and all for each." That has been the belief animating and inspiring all our efforts. Let us not then come short of our aims and ideals in the future. I leave you in this hope that my absence will cause you to feel called upon to do even more in the future than in the past; that you will rally to the side of the men who are in charge, Jim Connolly is in command of the Union, Citizen Army, "Irish Worker" and general propaganda work; P. T. Daly is taking over the work of the Insurance. Foran will take charge of Croydon Park and its activities. Each secretary and official must be unwearied. Bohan and Partridge have each their appointed task. The daily paper I spoke of is now under discussion—a committee is in being to go into the matter of its publication. My tour is to be carried on the same lines as the British tours; the members are invited to subscribe my expenses at sixpence or a shilling per week. You pay all expenses and take all results. You are no doubt aware my first visit to England last year brought into the Union some £1,900. All monies accruing from my tour goes to re-build Liberty Hall, and start productive works. I want every member of the Union who has not already joined the Co-operative Movement to do so at once.

We open a Co-operative store in Sligo almost immediately. A shop will be opened for the sale of underclothing by the Women Workers Union in Thomas street in the immediate future. All members should patronise it. In all our activities we bespeak your ardent co-operation. The election for office-bearers and National Executive will take place next month. I desire that no prejudice will exist in the mind of any member about any little difference with individuals in the past. I go away having full confidence in every man and boy in the Union. To the Old Guard I desire to say, I depend on you not only to carry on but to encourage and help the Young Guard. Remember—Jim Connolly is in charge until I return. Thomas Foran, the President, acts for me in all things. P. T. Daly in full charge of Insurance Section. When I went into Mountjoy Gaol things looked gloomy, I came out finding the membership doubled and 100 per cent. increase in income. I expect even better results on my return home.

Remember, no matter what happens let Ireland's welfare and the betterment of her working class be your aim and object.

"Swiftly spring to the front, Pioneers, O Pioneers!" TO MY COMRADES OF THE CITIZEN ARMY. In my absence James Connolly will take command. Bear yourselves before all men according to your past. Remember your constitution and your oath—Ireland first, last, and all the time. Better to die fighting in Ireland a Freeman than die on a foreign strand as a hired assassin of the enemy of your race. Sobriety, unquestioned obedience, and kindness for drill be your motto. TO THE IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

I have been associated with you as President of your Union since its formation. I have great hopes of the development of your activities in their many phases. May I say that during my absence I will watch carefully and critically your work and its results, and that on my return you will have grown in usefulness and membership. It is impossible for you to grow more beautiful—you are worthy of your race. Remember, as the wives and mothers of a Nation are so will the men folk be—Intelligent, independent, sober Irishmen means intelligent, independent, sober Irishmen. I wish you good luck in all your work.

JIM LARKIN.

NORTHERN NOTES.

Irish Volunteers. There was again too much attention given to wordy criticism of the Devlinite Volunteers at the I.N.V. meeting on Thursday. Some twenty of the supporters of Joe attended, but were obliged to withdraw before they got an opportunity of doing harm. The bulk of seven companies—one each in north, east and south, three in the west, and one central—remain loyal to the Provisional Committee. Drills were arranged and delegates to the Convention elected. Headquarters office remains in the possession of the I.N.V. On Sunday's parade the Devlinites mustered six hundred odd, and they fought amongst themselves on returning to the Boys' Hall. In all directions, Devlinites, including paid organisers, are metaphorically up in arms against the Militia Ballot Act.

Cumann na mBan. On Friday, 23rd inst., at 8 p.m., a meeting of Belfast women to form a branch of Cumann na mBan will be held in McGuinness Buildings, Berry Street. A number of active workers have already enrolled, and helpers are asked to get in touch with the organisers at once. The next move should be a branch of the Irish Neutrality League.

Irish Citizen Army Notes.

Let comrades stand aside, Here's for our own again. It is amusing to watch the doings of the political wire-pullers day by day. Strong recruiters to-day, to-morrow they tell the people their actions have been misconstrued. Every art, every dodge of the devil's invention is used to cloud the issue, but there are chiefs taking notes and no more will be allowed to go unchallenged. This week we have dumped down on poverty-stricken Dublin a number of Belgian refugees. Now, we don't object to the Belgians having support and shelter here; but let it not be at the expense of the Dublin workers. Already we have information that Irish girls and men are to be displaced to make room for these Belgian victims of England's difficulty. There has been refugees of another sort dumped down here since the war started, who, if they followed the dictates of the Master, would be only doing their duty by standing with their people. We, who have always stood by our class, were vilified and condemned during the late strike by the foul Press and those interested in crushing the workers. Have we not here in our midst the refugees of that war? Did any of those who are now appealing for aid for the Belgians come to their assistance? No; but hell was let loose under the protesting batons of the police, and Dublin's streets were stained with the blood of her outraged workers. These selfsame workers are expected to do their duty to King and country, myrah! Out on them, men of Ireland and Dublin. In season and out, we will preach to you to stand by the Old Land. Ireland cannot afford to lose one of her sons for any cause but her own. It must come as a revelation to the Belgians to see Dublin's barefooted children and ragged workers, not forgetting her beautiful slums, and the spectacle of England's debauched and drunken soldiery parading the streets at night. The Irish Citizen Army has proved its worth and has come to be recognised by all classes as the only organised body with a true policy. Fresh adherents are coming in, and now that our Commander has let us for some time, all members should make it a point to have the Army at least 5,000 strong by the time he returns. A movement is in hands to extend it to other centres, and by the time the C.O. comes amongst us again we hope to be in the proud position of being the premier armed force of Ireland.

Orders for Week: Tuesday and Wednesday—Drill at Liberty Hall, as usual. All numbers to parade at 12 o'clock on Sunday, 25th, at Croydon Park. Very important. Full equipment. All rifles to be thoroughly cleaned. Absentees will be noted. Companies or individual members not present at 12 prompt will be refused admission to the parade. Sham O'Farrell will give the word. Forward! Forward! Forward!!! All sections of Citizen Army, city and county companies, will also parade on Sunday evening at Liberty Hall at 6 p.m., to take part in torchlight demonstration in connection with Volunteer Convention.

Tralee Topics. (From "The Mail.") It is too bad that the entertainment in the Picture-drome in aid of the sufferers from the Abbey Street fire was not better attended. Those who got up the entertainment and gave their services gratis deserve the thanks of all who believe in the old saying that "Charity begins at home," and that suffering in our midst should be relieved before we start helping the distressed people of other countries. The plight of the homeless Belgians no doubt is a sad one, but an Irishman's first duty is to his own country, and while we have destitution and poverty at home, we should see that our distressed fellow-beings have first claim on our generosity. The Empire builders in our midst are apparently not of this way of thinking. Where were those who got up the entertainment for the Belgian Catholics, when the Collegians' performance in aid of Tralee Catholics was on? They were conspicuous by their absence,

and showed by remaining away that the unfortunate Abbey Street sufferers did not bother them very much, if at all. Not so last January, when some of them called to see them for votes, shook hands with them, and condescended to speak to them if you please. Oughtn't these lower classes be very grateful! After all, it is only the poor who help the poor, and this was very evident on Monday night at the Picture-drome.

The crisis in the local Volunteers has come and gone. Those who called them together on Wednesday night to declare against the Provisional Committee have been repulsed with heavy losses. Even Thomas Atkins O'Donnell, M.P. for Tralee and district, who forced himself on the meeting, wasn't allowed to speak. He was greeted with shouts of "Turn out the Recruiting Sergeant" and the singing of "Tis a wrong thing to fight for England," "The Boys of Wexford," etc. When the question was put, only at most about 30, I understand, deserted, the remainder (over 200) declaring for Ireland and the Provisional Committee and against the Empire and the recruiting campaign. The scenes that followed are memorable ones; such enthusiasm was never before known at any meeting. The drills on Thursday and Friday nights were well attended, and new recruits joined, while Sunday's parade was a magnificent one. Over 200 Volunteers armed with rifles, accompanied by the Boy Scouts, Signallers and Cyclists, and headed by the Strand Street Band, marched through the town and were received with cheers. Two Irish flags occupied a prominent position in front, and the Boy Scouts carried a banner bearing the inscription "Thou art not conquered yet, dear land!" The Recruiters now know under what flag the Tralee Corps will serve. It is rumoured that the deserters, aided by a Recruiting Sergeant or two, intend forming Volunteers of the Redmond Brand, and are trying to get men to join on the plea that they are against Sinn Fein. Of course, this is all humbug. Mr. MacNeill, Chairman of the Provisional Committee, is not a Sinn Feiner, but he is a man who believes that the Volunteers should be for Ireland and not for the Empire. Those who join the Redmondite Volunteers must accept their leader's statement that Irishmen must join England's army and fight for Ireland's oppressor, and if they are men they must put this into practice. No doubt all the Shoneen "Nationalists" and Jay Pees of the town will give the seceders all the assistance in their power in starting a branch of Recruiting Sergeant Redmond's Brigade.

The local pubs are closed every night now at nine o'clock. Let us hope this will lessen the drunkenness among Kitchener's Army, the members of whom are going around wearing clothes for all the world like a convict's dress.

Wexford Notes.

Politics still hold the field here in town, and anybody who does not agree with the riggers of the recent Bull Ring recruiting meeting, is at once put down as a Sinn Feiner. One of the Redmondite gang, signing himself "Home Ruler," had a letter in last Saturday's "People," denouncing everybody who did not participate in the recent meeting. He also says that it was a terrible thing for a few local agitators to object to the tenour of Redmond's speech; that it was the height of impudence. Well, all we can say is that it is the height of impudence to love one's country sufficiently to make an earnest effort to try to keep John Redmond from selling her sons to England (Ireland's only enemy), then this small crowd of agitators have plenty of chums in Ireland—thank Heaven—and they are worthy of support from every honest Irishman. Surely "Home Ruler" is aware that Redmond went a little too far when he appeared with Asquith in the Dublin Mansion House to appeal to Irishmen to join the British Army. The majority of the Dublin public resented his conduct, and we all know that, ever since, Redmond has deviated from the position he then took up, and that the time of every meeting he addressed since is taken up trying to explain (or apologise, should it be his position. Might we ask, when did the people of Ireland give Redmond permission to do the recruiting sergeant? He got a mandate from them to get Home Rule, and if he pledged the bodies and souls of the men of the Irish nation for such a measure as we are alleged to have got, and they refuse to be sold, that is his look-out, as he had no authority to do any such thing. Ireland's freedom surely does not mean that her sons should be the slaves of Kitchener the autocrat. One of John's pet phrases since he took to the colours is—that if Irishmen join the Army now, they are fighting for religion and civilisation. Imagine England and France fighting for religion, and Russia for civilisation! It's enough to make angels weep. Another argument of his is that you are helping Belgium, and we all know that England has made a perfect tool of that unfortunate little country. A meeting of the Clongeen U.I.L. was held last week, to further the cause of the tenants of Loughnageer farm. Peter French was invited to address the meeting, and refused to attend, sending a pound instead. The members who were present appeared to be very indignant over his refusal, and sent back the pound. Eventually the meeting decided not to support him at all at the next General Election. Poor Peter!

On Saturday evening a man named Corcoran came to the gate of the graveyard in this town. He carried in his arms the body of a child, which was coffinless and shroudless, which had been dead for five days, and which, having gained admittance, he interred in the graveyard without a coffin. "Nenagh Guardian."

Ireland for the Irish.

Send your name, or come and buy your IRISH REPUBLICAN BADGE, 1d. Each, from The Irish Women Workers' Co-operative Society, Liberty Hall.

THE FOOD SUPPLY.

Records of '48.

On Sunday, 4th Oct., at a "Volunteer" meeting in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, "Wee Joe," screaming to the "peaks and muffers" (his own words), made a lying and slanderous attack on the Provisional Committee of the I.V. You could not give me space to enumerate let alone refute all these lies. When I say that "Wee Joe" knew these were lies, I really pay him a compliment; for if he is not a liar, then he must be an idiot; he can take his choice! In the course of his address (address would be a better word, because he exposed himself for what he is), "Wee Joe" told his "clique" that the Provisional Committee, instead of devising ways and means "to arm" the Volunteers, "sat talking about Ireland's food supply." Now this isn't a bad joke for "Wee Joe." It was appreciated, too. Roland and Duggan (you know the summons-server) fell on each other's necks in an ecstasy of delight. Martin Burke so far forgot his new-found dignity as to actually smile at "Skeff," and the "peaks and muffers" rocked with laughter. For the benefit of "Wee Joe" and his "peaks and muffers" I give below some typical cases from '48, when Ireland's food supply was not looked after:—

Rev. P. Fitzmaurice, writing to the "Freeman," 11th Feb., 1848, said:—"I am sure my readers, though shocked, will not deem it exaggerated when I certify to the fact of some persons in these parishes living on horse-flesh for days, nay on that of dogs, until death put an end to their sufferings."

"Bryan Solan, Mary Solan and Ellen Stanton died of starvation in Ballintubber this week; their bodies are still unburied for want of coffins. There are three others in the same village whose deaths are hourly expected from hunger. The creatures were on the relief, but being unable to attend the calling of the rolls, as they lived some miles from the workhouse, they were struck off, and were thus left a whole week without food. Whole villages are already depopulated in Ballintubber. In one large townland every head of a family has been cut away by famine and fever but two men."—"United Irishman," Feb. 19.

"We have been informed that within the last week upwards of twenty deaths have taken place from starvation."—"United Irishman," Feb. 19.

"Mr. Bourke, Coroner, held an inquest on Saturday last on the body of Stanton, of Drimulra, who was found on the roadside in an exhausted state from hunger. On examination of several witnesses, who deposed that deceased had been receiving the rations, but so inadequate was it for the support of himself and his family that he had to beg from door to door, and on this particular day, his family having consumed the last morsel, he made another effort to seek from his neighbours a bit of bread, but, unfortunately, his sufferings overcame him and he sank the victim of horrible hunger by the roadside. A verdict of death from starvation was accordingly returned."—"Mayo Constitution."

"It is our painful duty to announce the wholesale murder of one hundred deaths this week in our poorhouses gaols and hospitals. In Connemara, in the neighbourhood of Randston, four, five and six dead bodies have been for days overground no person being found to perform the sad right of burial for them, and not until the dogs had destroyed the body of an old man (the flesh of the back was entirely taken away). Four persons have been committed to our county prison from that locality charged with stealing a filly, which the poor creatures were found eating."—"Galway Vindicator."

"On Saturday evening a man named Corcoran came to the gate of the graveyard in this town. He carried in his arms the body of a child, which was coffinless and shroudless, which had been dead for five days, and which, having gained admittance, he interred in the graveyard without a coffin."—"Nenagh Guardian."

"A very revolting case of distress occurred last week at the village of Sneem. Mrs. Moran, pedlar, from Killarney, had a horse of hers in the same way while on her way from Iveragh, and on arriving at Sneem had it shot by one of the police to put it out of pain. In a few hours after the horse was skinned, the carcass cut in pieces by several of the poor people, taken away as food, and actually eaten."—"Tralee Chronicle."

"In the town of Dunmore, a few days since, a poor man named Hynes was found dead in the street. Deceased was a young man, and but a short time since in the height of spirits, but now want and destitution had converted him into a mere skeleton, and, unable to bear his tottering frame to his wretched home in the neighbouring village, he is forced to lie down in the street and become the victim of starvation."

"In the village of Balleconlacht, near Headfort, a poor woman named Cecily Buckley was found dead by the roadside a few days since—no doubt from starvation."

"At Caghreens Michael Dea has also died of starvation on the Galway Road in this town."—"The carcass of an ass was found with a poor man named Pat Walsh, upon a part of which himself and his family had been feeding from the previous day. The infectious flesh was taken by the police and the poor creatures were supplied with a small quantity of meal from the relief store."—"Tuam Herald."

committed to take their trial for the stealing of cabbage and turnips. Fever and dysentery prevail in the gaol to an alarming extent. It at present contains more than three times the number of persons it was originally intended to accommodate."—"United Irishman," March 4th.

"An inquest was held last week on the body of a girl named Catherine Downey, who died of starvation. It appeared that the mother of the girl, who had two other children, had been unable to procure food for them for four previous days. She held four acres of land, and was therefore denied outdoor relief."—"Athlone Sentinel."

"Patrick O'Neill, a native of Bruff, died there on Saturday, and it appears by verdict of the inquest on Tuesday, for want of food, having been stinted to one meal per day for a fortnight before his death."—"Limerick Chronicle."

"The following are the names of persons who died from want in the parish of Aughabour within the last fortnight:—March 1st—Duke Dawson, interred without a coffin on the fifth day after his death; Thomas Geraghty, of Garue, March 3rd—Two sons of Francis Nugent, of Curdaragh, one seven and the other nine years old. Feb. 28th, in Srakum, two children of Bryan Scabill, also grandfather and grandmother of the Scabills. At Leturn, Peter Gavan, who went into a roofless cabin, where he died. At Lanmore, Peter Mulholland fell on the road from exhaustion, from which he was carried into a cabin; buried in four days after, without a coffin, in a turf bank. On Saturday last a poor woman carried her dead son on a rope to the grave, but she was so exhausted she could not bury him. A charitable man opened a grave for the coffinless dead. March 6th, at Doon, the wife of Richard Fraghan, died at Kilmenna, of want, this week, Austin Heraghty. The wretched man had been deprived of his scanty allowance of meal during seven days, for having absented himself one day from the stone-breaking depot. He was on that day engaged in seeking out some asylum for the ensuing week, and when he found one the poor heart-broken man had to carry his sick children on his back to their new quarters. 'Tis needless to add that he had to assist in throwing down his own cabin before he could get a morsel of food."—"Mayo Telegraph."

"A woman named Doherty, widow of a purser in the Royal Navy, died on the roadside of cold and destitution near Kiltenera, on Sunday."—"Cork Southern Reporter."

"The 'Galway Vindicator,' April 8th, 1848, gives a terrible case of a mother who ate the legs and feet of her child after it died.

"Maybe these cases could convince. Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., standard-bearer of Nationality—and democracy—throughout the English-speaking world and in the British House of Commons, says that the food supply is an important item. We had the Navy to "protect" our supply in 1848.

1914 is like 1848 in many ways; in that year, too, England wanted men. The then "Leader" of the Irish race at home and abroad appealed. . . . Raise your voices in your peaceful moral right. Tell England new dangers have arisen to her within the last three days. Amongst the leaders of the French people are those who advocate war. War may threaten, and if it comes, how happy for England to have Ireland contented, grateful and devoted to fight to the last by her side!

John Michel's answer to this "Redmond" is as applicable to-day as it was then. "Let no man in France dream for one instant that this dastard, this born slave and beggar represents Ireland, or is in any way authorised to offer Ireland's arm to any nation, least of all to England. In the name of our country we disavow the scandalous negotiation. It was not in the name of Ireland that two weeks ago he sent round among Parisians a dead man's hat, a porthumus begging box, to crave aliens for his country. It is not in Ireland's name he now dares to blaspheme the sacrificial blood poured out for freedom and right. Ireland spurns him, and will yet curse the very name he bears."

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"The gaol of Longford is filled to excess with famine victims who have been

Military Terrorism in Ireland.

Extraordinary Happenings in Cork

Government Treats Volunteer Committeemen as Alien Enemies.

The British Government has, once again, declared war upon Nationalist Ireland. The war is being waged by England and her garrison in Ireland not against the (so-called) "Irish Nationalists" of the Redmond Press gang but against Nationalists true to the traditions and ideals of their race. It has been said now that Home Rule is on the English Statute Book, that the centuries-old war between Ireland and England is at an end. The events in Rev'd Cork, (for be it known Cork still holds "rebels" true and bold, who know and feel in their hearts that England merely waits to enslave our country still more, though "Home Rule is now the law of the land" and "he accused Union of Castlereagh and Pitt is at an end") during the past few weeks demonstrates beyond ye or nay that England still wars on Ireland, despite her latter-day espousal of "smaller nationalities."

The sterling Nationalists of Cork have ever been in the firing line of Ireland's army, and to day, as formerly, men are found in Cork ready to sacrifice their livelihood, eye, their lives if necessary, to effect the freedom of Cathlin ri Houlihan.

When the Irish Volunteers were first started in Cork last December the kept policemen of Redmond in Cork stormed the City Hall (into which Larkin may not enter?), smashed the head of the Chairman, Mr. James J. Walsh, Chairman of the Cork Co. Board G.A.A., wrecked the furniture and attempted to smash up the meeting. And all this was done under the eyes of Sir Roger Casement—Ireland's distinguished son and patriot leader. But it was done by the Board of Erin Hibernians, who, true to the traditions of their Nationalist organisation, now as in not too remote past, are ready to play England's game in Ireland and smash brother Irishmen's heads for the spoils of office, which in their Hall they fight over like starving jackals on the battlefield.

The Volunteers held their meeting, however, but from that day forth Jim Walsh was "a marked man" in Cork City. That is to say, he was marked out for vengeance by the Redmondite hirelings and for transportation by the sleuth-hounds of the British Government in Ireland. Walsh remained loyal to Ireland and to the old Provisional Committee at Dublin, when Redmond went recruiting for bullet stoppers at the Mansion House, Dublin. This was too much for the new but not holy alliance of "Hibs" and Britons. And so Jim Walsh, member of the Cork Corporation, Chairman of the Cork G.A.A., and Chairman of the Cork Volunteers was, through the secret channels of the felon-setters, transferred at a few hours notice from the Cork Post Office Staff to Bradford, England. Another member of the Cork Volunteers Committee—a well-known London Irishman—P. S. O'Heigeantigh, recently made Prest-master at Cove, and President Cork Gaelic League, was similarly treated, and on a two-hours' notice was consigned to Shrewsbury. The ghouls having tasted human blood still craved for more, and so it was sought to sacrifice another brave Cork lad to the greed of the vultures. Jack Hegarty also of the Cork Volunteer Committee (one gets secretive) and a foremost member of the Gaelic League and G.A.A. in Cork, was marked out for destruction, and like his brother and Chairman, got a few hours notice to transport himself from the Cork Post Office (with its English Freeman Postmaster) to Derby, England. Jack, like the brave son of Ireland that he is, stood his ground and declined to go on the relief duty to Derby. He proved that no recognised Irish postal clerk could be transferred against his wishes on relief duty to an English office. That was admitted, but the P.M. stated he should go "if I must go," said Jack "I shall consider it a punishment and accordingly am entitled to be told what I am being punished for. What is the charge made against me?" After consultation with the Dublin imported Post Office Secretary, Norway, the P.M. at Cork informed Jack no charge had been preferred against him. But he was to go. "Then since no charge is laid to my doors I decline to go," said Jack.

There and then Jack was suspended by the Cork P.M. Next day he was again asked to go with the additional promise the world be brought back at the first opportunity; his insubordination would be overlooked and he would be paid for the day he was suspended. Jack declined to be cajoled or bullied. Three hours later a detective brought to his residence an open letter signed by the British Commander at Spike Island, Cork Harbour, giving Jack 24-hours notice to clear out of Cork, and mentioning a list of areas in the South into which Jack was expressly forbidden to show his face. Furthermore he was to report his future address or addresses (like a ticket-of-leave man) to the Authorities. Failure to comply would mean instant arrest, trial by court-martial, with penal servitude as the sentence. So said Kaiser Bill of Spike Island, quoting the "Defence of the Realm Act, 1914," as his text and authority. Jack—lion-hearted, or rather Sean, as he is known to his Gaelic friends—declined to go to Derby at the bidding of the felon-setters and instead went to Ballingary

the Capital of "Irish" Ireland) who he is now virtually a prisoner of war. Two days later Sean got his dismissal from the service after his fifteen years' honourable record in the Cork Post Office. Here, my friends, is the British Government declaring war upon Ireland and the Irish Volunteers, and it is up to every mother's son of us to stand by those brave lads and see that the cause they so unselfishly espoused is carried to victory, and that in the meantime they do not need financial or other aid who felt for the cause, because of their love for dear old Mother Ireland.

In Cork, too, the military have arrested a shoemaker, on whose bench was found a copy of "Irish Freedom." He is now interned in Spike Island and has not so far, been produced before any civil or military tribunal for trial. Gae's, be warned in time. Gird your loins, oil your guns, and keep your powder dry.

We append herewith a copy of a notice served upon an Irish Civil servant by the military officer commanding the Cork District. The man subjected to this outrage is a staunch Nationalist and true patriot. Because he has refused to be a party to the attempt to coerce Irishmen into England's Army he is to be driven like a parish dog out of his native city.

This is a fine example of the felon-setting of the Board of Erin in collusion with the British Government.

Copy: Headquarters Queenstown Fortress, Queenstown, 14th October, 1914

To Mr. J. O'Hegarty, of 1 Wellington Place, Sunday's Well, Cork.

In exercise of the powers vested in me by the Defence of the Realm Regulations, 1914, you are hereby ordered to leave and remain out of the following area:— The County Borough of Cork. The Urban Districts of Middleton, Queenstown, Youghal. The Rural Districts of Bandon, Cork, Kinsale, Middleton, Loughal, No. 1 and 2, within twenty-four hours of this being served upon you, having first reported in writing your proposed place of residence to the Fortress Commander, Queenstown. In the event of your not complying with any of the terms of this order, you are liable to be tried by Court-martial and sentenced to penal servitude for life or any less punishment. (Signed) C HILL, Brigadier General, Fortress Commander, Queenstown.

Notice to Correspondents. Several contributors sent in copy too late for this week's issue. All copy should reach here by Tuesday at latest. We are proud of the splendidly Nationalist stand of our writers, but wish to caution them to keep their wits open for the employing sharks, who will take advantage of the present war excitement in order to still further steal the workers earnings, and to grind the faces of the poor.

All visitors to the Volunteers Convention are welcome to visit Liberty Hall, the home of the only really National Labour Union in Ireland.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland. Rm 3, Liberty Hall, Dublin, 21st Oct., 1914. Result of Drawing of Prizes, in aid of a Worker out of employment, held at 74 Thomas St. 1st Prize, No. 570; 2nd Prize, No. 241. The Prize for being the largest number of tickets, Redmond, 75 Coombs.

Belfast Cumann-na-mBan. A meeting to form Belfast Branch of Cumann na mBan, will be held on Friday, at 8 o'clock, in Freedom Hall, Maguinness' Building, Berry Street. Hopa M Connate, Acting Sec.

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

T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Hairdresser, 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN. An up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, comfort. Antiseptic used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 39 AUNGIER STREET (Opposite Jacob's), For Irish Roll and Plug.

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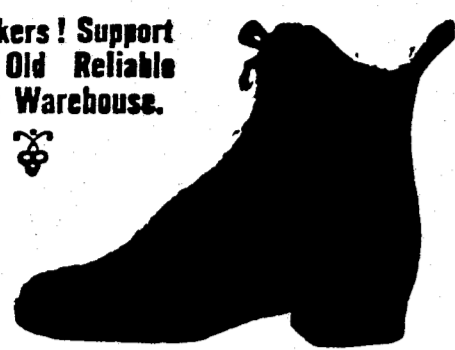
Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire.

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Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland. LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, 29 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street DUBLIN.

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse.



NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street.

The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin. Irish-made Bluchers a Specialty.

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JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book.

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No Irish worker should be without reading this great story of the aspirations and struggles of the Irish working class in the past. No Irish Nationalist understands advanced Nationalism until it is studied.

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

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Facts and Fancies from the Front.

With the Troops at Clontarf. By "J. J. B."

Even the most stupid and ignorant Irishman thought (that is if he ever thought of it at all) that the British Navy was built to protect England's colonies in the event of anybody trying to commit the mortal sin of stealing these ill-gotten possessions. Very few, if any, suspected that England made her Navy for the sole purpose of saving Ireland from the Germans. We live and learn, however; and the longer we live—especially in war time—the more we know. The real object for which the British Fleet was constructed has now been disclosed to us by the "Irish Times" and its faithful morning, evening, and nightly allies, the "Independent," "Freeman," "Express," "Herald," "Mail" and "Telegraph." The "Press Bureau," although presumably in a position to verify or deny the statements which have appeared in the "Irish" papers in question, has not, as far as we know, contradicted them, so they must be true. The fact is that the British Empire in one of those fits of magnificent generosity for which it has always been famous, not content with giving us our liberty (in the shape of a Home Rule Bill payable some time in the future) has presented us with a Home Fleet to prevent the Germans coming in and taking away our newly-acquired Freedom.

Sergeant Redmond was the first to discover this ointment, and applied it with great care to heal the sores which his recruiting business caused on all sides. The "Irish" papers with childlike docility at once started "rubbing it in." "Only for the Fleet where would we be?" "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for remaining in Ireland when we know damn well that there is no possibility of a German Invasion." "It is cowardly for Irishmen to skulk behind the hulks of our Fleet." These are specimens of the stuff we read in the "Irish" papers in regard to the debt we owe England for presenting us with a Navy. I said at the beginning of this dispatch that we did not suspect that the British Navy was built to protect Ireland from the Germans. I withdraw that remark. We knew all along that the Navy was made to keep the Germans from landing in Ireland. It has just come to my mind that it was the Navy which prevented the Germans landing guns in Lorne a year ago and so saved Ireland from being wiped out by the Ulstermen; and it was the Navy which helped the Irish Volunteers of Dublin to successfully smuggle a cargo of rifles into Howth on the 26th July last. Please remember that the duty of our Navy ended when the guns were safely landed at Howth, and it cannot be held in any way responsible for what occurred later on that day. I hope I have proved that our Navy has performed admirably its duty—namely, the defence of Ireland.

Leaving all jokes aside for the moment, however, I must say that it looks as if the Germans intended sinking our Navy in the North Sea (where by the way it is at present defending Ireland) and forming a pontoon-bridge on same across to England—the only friend we have got in the world. We would miss our Navy, of course, but I have no doubt that if the Germans are as nice as the papers tell us they are, they will immediately replace our Navy by one bigger and better in every way than the one England has placed at our disposal.

In a long article dealing with the distress caused by the war, a special correspondent of the "Sunday Chronicle" of the 18th inst., gives us the following pathetic insight into the hardships England the innocent is suffering at the present time, while Irish soldiers are enjoying themselves on the battlefields of Europe. See for yourself:—

"Already the distress is becoming widespread. Blackburn, Burnley, Bolton, Bury, Oldham, Accrington—everywhere where cotton is spun and woven into cloth mills are closing down, and relief funds (altogether inadequate to do more than take the keen edge off the desolating sword of unemployment) are being raised. Almost everywhere there is the spectacle of idle men standing on kerbstones staring—not expectantly—along the stony streets in the hours when they should be making wealth."

I would suggest that Sergeants Redmond, Lorcan Sherlock, and all the rest of them at once proceed to Blackburn, Burnley, Bolton, Bury, and Oldham, and relieve the sufferings of these poor Englishmen by a few Recruiting Meetings.

On another page of the same paper there is an extract from one of the "Times" (English) articles on the War by a Military Expert, and this is what he says:—

"This war, for us, has hardly begun. We have sent the point of our advanced guard into France to skirmish with the enemy. In the spring the rest of the advanced guard will follow, and somewhere towards the close of 1915 the main body will begin to come within view. We are not in any hurry. We are sorry, of course, for our Allies, that we are even slower than Russia in making our weight felt, but they can at least feel happy that at the moment, a year or two hence, when they will expect a rest, we shall be in a position to make good war on our account."

You will notice that England hopes to be in a position to make good war on our own account in a year or two. The men from all the districts mentioned in the preceding paragraph are of course waiting till the war begins in earnest.

A soldier named Martin Kelly, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, stole a watch, and is now doing "time." Mr. Swift commended the detective for his management of the case. I commend Kelly for managing to get out of the Army so easily. If the Ballot Act comes into force, remember Kelly's dodge. I have a good excuse myself—a leaded one.

I wish to add a few words to the note which appeared about Doig, the "Evening Mail" paper-patriot. The line of type is more in his line than the line of fire; lying in bed (when he is not lying in the sheets of the "Late Buff") is more in his line than lying in the trenches; and four columns in the "Mail" are more in his line than columns of four.

I am indebted to the "Daily Graphic" for this week's joke, as under:—

"THE NATION'S ROLL OF HONOUR."

Capt. H. Cobden, K.O.S.B., Prisoner of War; Lt. Ralph Joyson, K.O.S.B., Prisoner of War. Funny, is it not?

The Galway Correspondent of the "Evening Telegraph" is becoming quite candid. Writing in reference to the collision in that city between the Irish Volunteers and a mob made up of the followers of Sergeant Redmond, he says:—

"The more SOBER members of the crowd shouted to those in front to close in on the Volunteers, and wrest the rifles from them."

What I want to know is, Who supplied the "stimulants" to the Redmondites on the occasion?

What will the Volunteers Do?

Who will deny that we in Ireland are now face to face with issues of the first magnitude, that "decisions" must now be taken, the consequences of which will be felt for generations to come? Our various movements—social, literary, political—have stirred up the stagnant backwaters of the native Irish mind, but not to our expenditure of energy alone, not merely to our courage or initiative must be attributed the fact that sights and scenes are now quite common in public places which men grown grey in the one and only Nationalism had never expected to feast their eyes on in their life time. We have advanced rapidly in recent years but events have marched more rapidly still, and to the pressure of outside affairs with their action and reaction on our internal affairs is principally due whatever progress we have made in political education. Has our progress in organisation and equipments been sufficiently rapid to enable us to cope with events? Are we to be dragged along behind the chariot of Fate while the foreigner holds the reins and chooses the course, or are our responsible men sufficiently alive to the burning realities about them as to grasp those reins themselves and lead the Nation on the path of its own Destiny? "These is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, etc.," said Shakespeare. The tide in Ireland's affairs is rising with a rush. Shall we rise buoyantly with the flood, and use it to reach the goal of age-long desire, or shall we be overwhelmed in its waters while, like heedless children, we dally on the way?

Will our leaders lead, or will they be content to follow at the heels of circumstances? The forces of corruption, Redmond's political machine, the 64 Boards that run and ruin Ireland, the vast army of their dependents and agents, the organised hypocrites of the Board of Erin, the secret service with its confidential agents, several of whom are also in our confidence, all the arts from hell by which an Empire maintains its rule over small nationalities are working full blast at the present crisis lest we should come into our own. On our side, if there is anything like the same activity, it is not visible to the naked eye.

Instead, an ordinary Volunteer like myself finds on all sides a lackadaisical spirit of good-humoured drifting which seems to my mind the sure portent of disaster. So far, the majority of our officers seem not to realize what they are up against, the magnitude of the game they are playing, the difficulty of the task before them which they cannot shirk without dishonour. The amount of work to be done before the Volunteers will have become an effective force. In the words of the poet: "We've got a long way to go, and very little time to get there."

If we are not playing at soldiers, then we must concern ourselves solely with the getting of arms and the study of fighting tactics as applied to the needs of an Irish Army. The special training of officers in the science of warfare is also vital work, but I have not heard of any brain training being done to this end. Many of our captains and lieutenants seem very satisfied, indeed, with their titles and their uniforms. Men of responsible years who may have to risk their lives in doing the bidding of these good looking young men would derive some confidence from the knowledge that these officers knew a little more than themselves. In a serious movement we can dispense with ornaments.

In face of the powerful and unscrupulous opposition of Irish Imperialists,

Irish Nationalists will have to put their best foot forward at once, and keep it hard on the move, otherwise the flood tide at present with us will have ebbed away. "The bark will be there but the water be gone." The great danger of the moment is the danger of timidity. When the current is strong, the hand at the wheel must be strong, too, or it is torn away and the barque wrecked. The dangers must be sized up and a course carried out with firmness which will save the vessel. Just as attack is often the best defence, a bold course dictated by fearless judgment is often safer and less costly than the counsels of cowardice and compromise prompted by weak nerves or treachery, and labelled "moderation." If the Volunteers mark time now they are lost. The nation is ready for a lead. Two out of every three men will get themselves killed in Ireland sooner than serve under the hated flag of England, the symbol of poverty and ignorance for us, of dwindling trade and increasing taxation, of spurious culture and increased lunacy and emigration returns, of class ascendancy and unchanging perfidy. They dare not coerce us, for the killing of 100 or 500 of our people would fan into flame the smouldering hostility of our race in the semi-independent states they affect to call their "colonies," and the long sought for alliance with U.S.A. would be farther off than ever. Whatever may be thought of the value of our Volunteer forces as a support for national policy, there can be no two opinions as to the influence our race wield in England's world-politics. Not Redmond crawling to them on his belly, but our blocking of the Anglo-American Alliance six times over in the States has brought the question of Irish self government to the front. The invertebrate crawler in whom childish Ireland placed her confidence as a political leader having failed to bring home the cracked bauble, Home Rule, for us to play with, and that under the most favourable conditions possible, there remains only for vertebrates to accept the conclusion the facts force on us that in politics as in private life, the policy of crawl and compromise can only result in the crawlers being walked on and spurned by unprincipled tyrants.

The horrors of war and bloodshed are brought home to us day by day as we read of the hellish orgies of slaughter wrought by the intrigues of Godless diplomats in the pursuit of wealth and power. God grant such horrors may be spared to the remnants of our race and civilisation in Ireland, that despite the specious pleadings of our advisers some of them wearing the livery of Christ the Crucified, we may stand neutral for civilisation, progress, and religion. As a nation we hold from God himself, not from George, the figurehead of a pagan financial concern called the British Empire the right to the fulfilment of our own destiny. That right is superior to any other artificial authority which would seek to prevent our race from accomplishing the purpose for which we were created. Any honest man, pagan, Christian, or unbeliever, should welcome the prospect of seeing Ireland a country with the clearest national record extant, enriching Europe with such a splendid contribution to its civilisation as would infallibly result from rational development from within on native Christian lines. On the shoulders of the Irishmen of to day lies the holy duty of asserting that right for the sake of themselves and their children of humanity and civilisation. Further, ere, a pressure of physical suffering or hope of national gain can give us the power to abdicate that right, and any such abdication is null and void, because it is a violation of God's plan in the creation of the universe of which the principle of nationality is evidently an essential feature. Such renegadism is always followed by moral degradation, and I invite the clerics who are now exhorting Ireland to shed her skin and put on the skin of another to observe how this point explains the moral superiority of a nationalist over a renegade of the same class, however pious the habits of this latter may be.

The responsibilities then of the men who will be called on at Sunday's All Ireland Convention to decide the fate of the Volunteer movement are great. Every Irish heart will wish, every Irish lip will pray that wisdom and courage will mark their deliberations. On the one side they may have to ask the nation to make serious sacrifices voluntarily in the assertion of our God-given rights. On the other hand if they decide to use the resources of Ireland's manhood in the interests of the foreigner they are faced with the prospect of racial suicide, while if the foreigner is the only one to hustle and they in their prudent moderation continue to mark time the whole Irish race, deprived of that lead they had a right to expect will be seized with despair, and disension fomented by British gold will finish the case for the Crown. Unity we need badly. Progress we must have, but Unity and Progress can only abide together when Progress is made along the lines of Truth, and Principle is the beacon light that will make clear the only road a nationalist can tread with honour.

A DUBLIN VOLUNTEER.

Correspondence.

To Editor "Irish Worker."

Armagh City, 21st Oct., '14. SIR.—It gives me great pleasure to see the Irish Nationalist tone of the "Irish Worker," and it shall have my support, and I shall advance its circulation as far as I possibly can.

The baseless treachery of John Redmond will soon be found out in his recruiting mission to get the manhood of Ireland to fight for Pirate English Government.

The time has come for a forward united movement to secure justice and freedom for Ireland. If we can't proclaim an Irish Republic let us demand the same freedom as Canada, Australia, or South Africa.

The article by James Connolly in your issue of 10th inst. should get quick consideration.

Forward then for Ireland. You have the whole Irish race in America with you. Redmond dare not face America. His Kilkenny meeting was a fiasco. Volunteers, Ireland needs you. Yours faithfully,

D. F. P., E. Co, Armagh Battalion, Irish Volunteer Force.

The Irish (Renegades) Brigade

The fully recruited strength of the Renegades' Brigade now being advocated by our National Recruiting Sergeant will comprise six battalions—of one man each. All these battalions, be it noted, were raised on the night and as the magnificent result of the Dublin Mansion House Meeting—held under the protection of legions of armed military and police. Such an astounding result staggered even the recruiting authorities themselves. And there being in consequence no more men left in Ireland to enlist in Kitchener's Army, the gaps will be filled by those English shirkers whom English employers have had to expel from their service as a means of compelling them to fight for their own country!

The 1st Battalion will be known as the 61st Royal Wolfe Tone Avengers. They will wear green uniforms with scarlet faces (or is "facings" the term?). They will have the principles of Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen branded on the soles of their boots—so that they can take their stand on them.

The battle flag will depict a German Uhlan with his foot crushing the throat of a prostrate Belgian girl, the whole surmounted by the inspiring words—

"REMEMBER ANNE DEVLIN!"

The 2nd Battalion, which will be known as the Eighteen-hundred-and-third Royal Emmet Regiment, will be under the command of a descendant of the famous Irish patriot, Lord Norbury, better known to his fellow-countrymen as the "Hanging Judge." They will wear red uniforms, embroidered with green gallows ropes and their battle flag, displaying a recent painting of the Irish National Recruiting Sergeant, John Redmond, will have, surmounting the head, the very appropriate invitation—

"BEHOLD THE HEAD OF A TRAITOR!"

The remaining four battalions will likewise be equipped according to Irish National ideals, and all will be supplied with the most obsolete non-giving Italian blunderbuses—so as not to embarrass the Government. Every recruit who succeeds in shooting a German or pro-German with one of these instruments of death will receive £400 a year and a seat in the House of Lords. When the war is over, Earl Kitchener, contrary to rumour, will not leave Home Rule on the shelf, and expects soldiers of the Renegades' Brigade to support the Union. That is a base lie—the fact being that he merely intends to make the Union support the disused warriors.

Any men who have shown ability for lying in the trenches or lying anywhere and anyhow will be given a trial on the Press Bureau.

ARTHUR J. HARVEY.

German's Letter to Friends in Ireland.

The following letter was received in Dublin by an Irish lady from a German relative early in the war:—

"This letter will probably be the first and last letter that you will get from Germany, that is if you do get it. I want if possible to let you and all your people know how things are now, especially in the war and must be so anxious. It was awful being alone in Modzeburg, but very interesting watching the soldiers going off; the tramp of feet, rumble of cannon, and thousands of soldiers singing the 'Wacht am Rhein' never ceased, day and night. The organization and wonderful spirit of the army is beyond description. Never a hitch has once occurred during the mobilisation stage when millions of men were going off to France and Russia. Food is the same price, nothing is raised. The Red

Cross work morning, noon and night, and are stationed at every big station in Germany to feed the transports of soldiers as they pass through, and to water their horses. Every soldier who leaves for the front has absolutely brand new clothes from top to toe, and every scrap of harness for the horses, in fact everything that is used is new. Munich is just the same as in times of peace, the only difference being that all the big public buildings are turned into lazarettos (hospitals) for wounded soldiers who are arriving every day. The French wounded are treated the same as the Germans. I have been out in the lazaretto and seen them myself. They have flowers and fruit and their food warm from the same kitchen as the German wounded. Altogether the Germans have 200,000 prisoners, French, Russian and English. They have possession of the whole of Belgium, and the first victories are ours. There is enough food in Germany to last one year without any coming in from other countries. I am afraid these are England's last days, and her barbarianism will never be forgotten by Germany. The most wonderful feature of the whole war is the spirit of the people; it simply thrills one through and through to see it. If only England had remained neutral, but it is too late now. It is terribly hard on most of England's population, for I am sure the people did not want war, especially to fight beside a people like Russia. England's ministers, though, are to blame."

Military Strike for More Pay.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

New Barracks, Fermoy, Co. Cork, 20th Oct., '14.

Dear Jim—I take great pleasure in writing to you, hoping this will find you in the best of health as it leaves me at present.

I have got into a little trouble since I left. You will wonder when you hear we had a strike in the Regiment on last Friday. We got no pay so we decided to strike. So there was close on five hundred men came out and paraded the town all the night, and all we got on Saturday was six shillings. Some of us has got the one shirt for the last six weeks, so I cannot describe it bad enough not being a scholar. We are dressed like convicts in blue serge.

I hear you are going to America. God speed you and send you safe home to us again. I know the employers fear you more now than ever. We gave a hearty three cheers for you and the Union while we were walking up and down the town.

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