

WAGE SLAVES, DEMAND YOUR FREEDOM!

Break Down The Bastilles!

A Call By Countess Markievicz, T.D.E.

There is one distinguished Prelate who does not mind what the Countess Markievicz says.

Perhaps this article will remind him of One Who came to Nazareth, where He was brought up and entered the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and read from the Scriptures that He was sent to proclaim release to the captives and to set at liberty them that are bruised.

Would that all who have received mission from Him would fulfil it!—Editor.

BREAK DOWN THE BASTILLES.

"I'm a lidy, woman yourself." Thus retorted a cross and overheated woman borne along in a queue towards the pit door of a London theatre. I was puzzled; I could not see where she found provocation. My companion had apologised for crushing me, and had said "I can't help pushing you; the woman behind is pushing me, and the woman behind her is pushing her, and so on; and we can't help ourselves."

I never forgot this incident, slight as it was, because it puzzled me, and year by year I wondered more where the sting had lain. When I got to jail I found out.

"Woman" is the jail slang for prisoner or convict; the governess and wardress allude to you as "woman," and when a wardress escorts you from one part of the jail to another, she leaves you in charge of another wardress with the formula:

"One Woman, Miss."

This phrase is repeated by her who takes over the responsibility of making your life a misery for the time being. To distinguish their high social position from that of the mere women, the wardresses are styled officers and young ladies; they call each other Miss, and actually expect you to do the same.

Another thing that used to puzzle me was, why so many girls hated wearing caps and aprons; for caps are pretty and becoming and aprons neat. The reason for this, too, lies in jail. The "women" in local and convict prisons all wear them.

In Aylesbury Jail all the wardresses wear them, and some of those in local prisons do so too. All sorts and fashions of caps and aprons are to be found in jails; so I soon came to the conclusion that the dislike of being called a "woman" and the contempt for one wearing a cap were emotions that come straight from the sub-conscious soul of the workers in their rebellion against one of the worst tyrannies of feudalism and capitalism—jail.

I have been in three of England's prisons, and the more I understood the system the more I wondered at

The Cruelty and the Stupidity

of it; and I would like to ask the workers, not only of Ireland, but of the other countries, how long are we going to tolerate prisons? It is their business to break up the Bastilles of the world, for is it not the workers who suffer behind those twenty-foot walls?

It is a rare thing for a rich and educated woman to get to jail. She must be very stupid if she does so. If she is drunk or drugged she has a luxurious home to stay in and a car to drive in, and need never be found out and caught by the police on the streets in that condition.

A rich woman has no temptation to steal, shop-lift or pick pockets—it would bore her to have to do so. A butcher's shop disgusts her; she draws her skirt aside from a bag of coal; her dainty fingers shrink from an uncooked fish; she would consider it beneath her dignity to carry a parcelled dress through the streets.

Fire, food, drink, clothes are hers by right—I had almost said by night. The sight of the ordinary necessities of life are no temptation to her; her little children are not hungry and cold, so she is never driven to desperate acts; she never asks jail, and she remains

An Honest Woman.

I worked with a gang of murderesses in Aylesbury. Some were bad, but the most were foolish, working girls who had got into trouble, and had killed their little babies because life with them was impossible; because they had no way of earning a living, nowhere to go, and nothing to eat.

The education and resources of a rich girl with an illegitimate child were not theirs; they could not pay someone to mind it; they could not hide their shame.

Each moment life became harder, and the child a greater burden, till poverty—that great devil's accomplice—finished the work of degradation, and they found themselves in the dock charged with child murder.

Some are Sentenced to Death;

some to a varying term of years according to the temper of the judge, and to whether the culprit repels or attracts him.

Divorce costs money; therefore it is only the poor and foolish who risk bigamy. Soliciting is never the occupation of the rich. There are other women, too, in for horrible crimes in their futile efforts to make money.

In jail they divide you into classes. I do not know what is the principle of selection. Convicts are "stars," "stripes"

and ordinary offenders. First offenders are usually stars, and they look down on the stripes, who, in their turn, consider themselves far above the old jail-birds.

Of course this classing is a farce. No matter how you class or label the prisoners it must be so. In each class you find some of the degenerates who are like a plague spot spreading infection. Under the foolish "Silence" rule, by which open conversation is not allowed, prisoners grow very 'cute. The weary war-dress never ceases to reiterate

"Stop that Talking."

It does not stop; it becomes secret and underhand, and then the 'cutest and worst take the lead. Loose jokes, filthy stories, and the eternal discussions of crimes is the rule. Each criminal learns from her companions. Thus, the thieves learn how to kill a child without being caught, and how to procure abortion, while the others learn how to steal.

There is great physical cruelty, too, in jail. In Aylesbury the governor, a woman called Dr. Fox, started "speeding up" the women sewing mail bags. Speeding up is always cruel. It is inhuman under jail conditions. The prisoners' nerves were strained to breaking point trying to finish their daily task; if they did not do so, their marks were stopped and their remission curtailed. The women's eyes were injured trying to sew in a badly-lit cell.

A jail is a veritable sweater's den, where the poor prisoners unwillingly help to keep down the rate of wages. They are packed together in unsanitary, ill-ventilated cells. The food is insufficient and of bad quality, and the limit to work is ten hours per day.

Day by day you get weaker and thinner till on the monthly weighing day you register so light a weight that you alarm the doctor, who then sends you to hospital, and gives you a more nourishing diet till you have put on a few pounds. Then back you go to

Starvation and Overwork.

If you die, there is an inquest, and jail governors don't like inquests; so when you get beyond a certain point you are thrown out to die. If you hang on to life through a long sentence, you have little chance of ever being more than a moral and physical wreck. And what is the point of it all? Who gains or is better for all this misery? How is civilisation helped? One is tempted to accuse the governing classes of having usurped the authority of Almighty God. "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay," saith the Lord, and surely vengeance is all that is gained by the prison system.

CONSTANCE DE MARKIEVICZ.

Bealtaine.

By MAUD CONNE MABRIDE.

The storm and orgy of blood is past; blasted earth, innumerable graves, little heaps of stone that once were villages, remain to mark men's folly.

The peoples waking from the nightmare dream stand aghast, and ask themselves why they fought? And the rulers who ordered that dance of death say each of them: "It was not I who called the tune." Though their voices spoke the fatal words, and their hands signed the leath warrants of millions of men, not quite five years ago, perhaps they are right in their denial, for it was a Greater One who loosed the whirlwind of destruction, that out of death life might be born.

It needed that gigantic travail to bring to birth the New Order.

In the East, in Russia of the Czars, it was conceived, in Holy Russia of the Soviets it was cradled, and the stirring of its giant baby limbs have shaken all the thrones and set crowns rolling.

In the West, through Ireland of the chains, its quivering life is felt like fire, and Holy Ireland of the People holds out her arms in welcome to the new hope.

It is the Easter resurrection of Christ's doctrine of love; the money-changers driven from the temple; the brotherhood of men a fact; the reign of the Holy Ghost, which adds understanding to the revelation of love.

It is fitting that the peoples of all countries have dedicated the first day of the month of Mary, who transcended sorrow, to the celebration of the new Hope, for Nature joins in the festival, and throws garlands everywhere, and in our land of spring flowers raises the green, white and gold Republican colours in such profusion that no government could tear them down.

In the far past our Celtic ancestors, in whom prophetic vision often preceded revelation, made May Day the feast of Beltene, the greatest of their four yearly festivals. Its name was derived from Beltene, God of Death, who yet brought life from death, as the sun brings life from the cold earth. On that day, at Usnach, which was counted the centre of the five provinces of Ireland, the sacred fire was lighted from the sun with a brass burning-glass, and from this sacred fire, the fire on all the hearths of Ireland was kindled.

The divine fire of the sun, not being ashamed to heat the humblest iron cooking-pot, or warm the tiniest child or feeblest old woman, symbolised the equal rights of all, the unity of life and labour.

In communion with the peoples who recognise this unity, Ireland, the ancient nation and the young Republic, will celebrate Beltene.

An Answer.

"What is a man to do who is starving and cannot find work?"

"God knows."—W. H. Taft, Ex-President.

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**PATHS to the CO-OPERATIVE
COMMONWEALTH**

By George Russell, Editor "Irish Homestead."

When I was a boy I had a friend who
saw some of my attempts at painting.
He became so enthusiastic about art as
a profession that without any previous
lessons in drawing or the use of colours
he started at once to paint the culminat-
ing event in the universe. That picture
of the Last Judgment which he showed
me with pride would have justified al-
most any sentence inflicted on him by
the Ruler of the universe. We have to
learn to draw before we can paint pic-
tures, and we must have practical ex-
perience in the democratic organisation
of industry and agriculture in order to
bring about in any shapely form a Co-
operative Commonwealth of our desires.

If we attempted social revolution in
Ireland to-day in order to hurry up the
Commonwealth I am afraid that society
would lapse back into its old form like
stretched rubber, because so few people
with democratic sympathies have the ex-
perience in control of industry or the
business and technical skill which is
needed to control such a vast enterprise
as a nation in being. It is necessary for
the Irish democracy to evolve from its
own ranks leaders with that kind of skill
which cannot be improvised. It is not
God given gift to every man with his
heart in the right place. I know hun-
dreds of men with their hearts in the
right places, but their heads are not
equal to it.

All kinds of people now are speaking
of the Co-operative Commonwealth as
their heart's desire. But how are they
going to get it? They leave us in doubt.
Conceivably it might be brought about
by social revolution, but it could not be
maintained unless large numbers of
people who accepted the idea were edu-
cated to take over the direction of in-
dustry from its present captains. The
alternative is an evolution within so-
ciety urged on as rapidly as is consistent
with safety in which all along the in-
co-operative enterprises are started
wherever there is a chance of success.

Our farmers have their claws deep in
the earth. They have economic inde-
pendence, and they are through co-
operative enterprises getting gradually
out of their individualism, and are evol-
ving the communal spirit. They have got
so far that in some societies industrial
workers and farmers unite to help each
other.

In Lisburn, for example, the urban
workers, having managed well a co-
operative society, invited the farmers to
come in along with them, and they built
at a cost of three thousand pounds two
agricultural stores and purchased a
motor lorry to bring the farmers pro-
duce into town, and have sold their pro-
duce for them.

In Enniscorthy the farmers after hav-
ing built up a big agricultural society,
have offered its advantages as a store
to the workers union, and a joint ar-
rangement has just been concluded. In
the Camus society in Strabane farmers,
industrial workers and railwaymen have
united in a co-operative enterprise. I
believe that this tendency will become
stronger.

But we need not deal with farmers in
the "Voice of Labour." They can look
after themselves, and their evolution as
co-operators will finally bring them into
unison with the proletarians. How are
the latter to begin their campaign?

The Trade Union Comes First.

When the unions have a monopoly of
labour they control the most important
asset in the country. That is the or-
ganisation of the army. Second comes
the co-operative store. That is the or-
ganisation of the commissariat. When
the army is recruited and the com-
missariat in order then the campaign can
begin. The object of the campaign is to
establish a democratic control over in-
dustry, in fact to make Ireland safe for
democracy, and in my opinion democracy
in Ireland cannot be made safe while
autocracy prevails in industry.

How can the campaign be begun? The
wise general will study the tactics of his
most famous predecessors. The wise
democrat will not charge with his head
down like a mad bull, but will use his
brains. The plan of campaign adopted
by the workers in Italy appears to me to
be most worthy of close study. True
democracy began there with trade unions,
which in Italy are called "co-operatives,"
with peoples banks and co-
operative stores. Then the unions be-
gan to educate themselves for produc-
tion. They aimed at technical com-
petence, and at having the brains of in-
dustry with them as well as the muscles
of industry.

The Glass Workers' Union since the
beginning of the century have come to
control their trade, a most important
one in Italy. The union made levies on
its members for months to enable the
first furnace to be erected. Before the
war six factories controlled by the union
were working, and now practically the
entire glass bottle trade is in the hands
of the union. The workers made sacrifices
to attain this just as soldiers do, and
it is more worth while making sacrifices
in this than in most battles. The
popular banks also helped in the fu-
nace, and the stores helped to feed the
members and tide them over critical
periods. The agricultural workers or-

ganised first just as Irish rural workers
have done to fix wages. Then they
went on to purchase requirements co-
operatively. After that they began to
fit themselves for creative and produc-
tive work. They made themselves ex-
perts in road making, bridge building,
railway and canal construction, reclama-
tion of waste lands, etc. One railway
was built by a union of co-operators. It
has since been run by a co-operative
union of railwaymen to public satisfac-
tion. The co-operative management of
all State railways in Italy is reported
within measurable distance.

The Co-operative Guild of Seamon,
which has everybody from captain to
cabin boy in it, is now running ships for
the Italian Government. The alterna-
tives were trust management expensive
to the Italian people, or bureaucratic
management expensive both to State and
people; and as the union had all techni-
cal competence in it there was no reason
to add to shipping trust profits or to
call into being a new hierarchy of
officials. The fishermen are in a union
of their own. There are two co-opera-
tive shipyards at Genoa, a

Co-operative Aeroplane Factory

in Florence and a co-operative iron
foundry at Rome. The town of Milan
is being connected with the Adriatic by
a canal. A union of workers has the
contract. The cost runs into hundreds
of millions of lire. The banks have
learned to trust the unions, and ad-
vanced large sums to enable them to
carry out contracts. The Italian Prime
Minister just before the war said the
Government had found the co-operative
unions more honest than the private
contractors. Several acts were passed
since 1900 in the Italian Parliament en-
abling the State, the municipalities and
other public bodies to give contracts
directly to the unions.

The rural labourers have adventured
upon the land, renting and farming co-
operatively many thousands of acres,
beating out by the excellence of their
methods the old individualist farmer.
Odon Por in the "New Age" reports
that in the Emilia region alone there
are eighty large farms with the a mem-
bership of 19,000 and an acreage of
30,000. The co-operative builders under-
take contracts for large buildings. The
workers skilled in road, canal, bridge
and railway construction who used to be
exploited by capitalists now exploit their
own skill, and have got so far that
lately 150,000,000 lire were advanced to
enable the workers' union to undertake
reparation work in the districts de-
vasted by the war in Italy, Bel-
gium and France.

This seems to me the wisest and most
inspiring policy. Every enterprise
creates among the workers technical
competence in the higher as well as the
lower grades of their industry. The
question for Irish workers to ask them-
selves is whether they have equal capa-
city, endurance and enthusiasm. I have
myself profound belief in Irish brains.
If Irish people will only use their brains
I believe the most brilliant economic de-
velopments could take place here. I
suggest that the Irish unions should
make it their policy to fit themselves for
production under leadership of men of
their own.


Our new political chieftains profess a
belief not only in political, but in econ-
omic democracy. They should be edu-
cated so that when they come to exer-
cise power in the Irish state they will
be ready to give contracts to unions for
public works, and the unions will be
ready and equipped with technical skill
to undertake such work. It ought to
be possible through international labour
channels to get all details of rules,
methods of management and finance of
the Italian unions.

I do not myself believe the
workers will get anything out of
Parliaments before they have got
the best out of themselves.

The contrary belief is a pathetic fal-
lacy which to their detriment has been
held by labour unions across the Chan-
nel for many years. A body with a
monopoly of labour is really, if it knows
its strength and how to use it, more
powerful than any Parliament. For the
organised workers in a country to fix
their hopes on Parliamentary action is
like a lion looking to a mouse to get it
out of the trap. The mouse as a rule
prefers the lion in the trap. It is only
in fable it is otherwise.

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THE SECRET OF CONNOLLY

"THEY FORGET I AM AN IRISHMAN."

By DESMOND RYAN, B.A., Dublin Correspondent of *THE DAILY HERALD*

The secret of James Connolly's greatness was that he knew his mind, his country, his class. He never forgot that the greater includes the less, the International, the nation the nation, the class, the class a subject sex. He knew, none better, how most effectively to manipulate the forces of political, social and intellectual unrest. In his day he was misunderstood by Nationalist and Socialist critics alike, a misunderstanding which seems to have deepened since his death. His dying cry to the Socialists of Europe that they would never understand his last adventure, and would all forget he was an Irishman has proved prophetic indeed, with increasing and striking exceptions. But it is not alone the Socialists who have misunderstood. We hear Republicans calmly claiming that Connolly went into insurrection entirely forgetful of his Socialist and internationalist teachings. This obliviousness is, of course, clearly proven by the notorious absence from the Republican proclamation of any reference to social issues! We hear ardent pacifists assuring all and sundry that the sorrowful gaze of Caitlin Ni-h-Ullachain won Connolly from the smiling countenance of Human Freedom. Mr. Stephen Gwynn swells the chorus with the inevitable gag that Connolly was primarily a Socialist, and secondarily a Nationalist. In short, they would have us believe that the war swept James Connolly off his feet, that the last episode came from despair rather than conviction, that he was a guileful trades unionist who eventually bit off more than he could chew. Assuredly his available writings, the main facts of his life, his methods point the way to a more just and balanced estimate of one of the greatest figures in the modern Labour movement.

James Connolly developed, but his main ideals never underwent an essential change. The "Workers' Republic" of 1916 preaches a more mature version of the "Workers' Republic" of 1897. If we accept his own definition of a philosopher as one who sees both sides of a question so well that he hesitates to translate his ideals into deeds, we must deny him the title. We can trace through his writings and speeches a burning and tenacious desire to apply the gospel of St. Marx to the peculiar conditions of Ireland, a very living Marxism and a very successful attempt. We come into contact also with a deep understanding and affection for Ireland, her people, her traditions none the less profound and sincere for the man's devotion to human struggles for freedom in every clime and age. His propaganda, his guiding formula of peaceful measures if possible, sterner ones if need be, his attitude on the religious, marriage and national questions are a useful model to the Labour movement everywhere, and would certainly save much sterile discussion, not to mention waste paper, were they generally followed.

"Labour in Irish History" is among the great and impelling books of our time, but its success has perhaps helped to obscure aspects of the author none the less important than his scorn for merely political nationalism, his insistence upon the social factor, his confidence in the salvation of the workers by their own efforts. We are inclined to overlook Connolly the Labour leader and Connolly the revolutionary, above all Connolly the Irishman who knew Ireland a hundred times more thoroughly than many of the critics who placidly discuss his motives and beliefs just now.

Arthur MacManus in a remarkable article in the current "Socialist" has practically revealed James Connolly's secret in the statement that Connolly was the first Socialist he had ever met who actually worked for revolution and weighed every public crisis in the light of that possibility. The fact grows clearer and clearer all through early pronouncements and later activities—always remembering his own definition of revolution as "such an organic change in any sphere of human thought and action as shall destroy an outworn or effete system or method, and replace them by a better system or method, founded upon entirely new principles and producing more satisfactory results."

Insurrectionism for insurrection's sake was no more a principle for Connolly than the principal of non-resistance. He disliked them both cordially and equally. Nor, while holding the British people responsible for their Government's actions, did he ever countenance a mere anti-English propaganda. To the end he repudiated that position. In October, 1914, he declares the working class of Ireland is the anchor and foundation for any real nationalism this country can show, that, broadly speaking, it remains the hope of those who hold fast to the separatist ideal, but that it must always refuse to believe true patriotism spells enmity to the toiling masses of Great Britain. Significantly enough Pearse and he proclaimed on the eve of

the rising that there is no other nationalism than that which seeks to enthronate a sovereign people. Pearse and Connolly were deep humanists indeed. The sentence in the Republican proclamation which declares the right of the Irish people to the ownership of Ireland and the unfettered control of Irish destinies to be sovereign and indefeasible is one of the tersest and truest summaries of the spirit of modern Irish nationalism ever penned. If we were asked to quote some passage from Connolly's writings to explain the final episode, the only difficulty would be to choose from an innumerable mass of material. The early "Workers' Republic," "Labour, Nationality and Religion," the *Rossa Souvenir* or the final "Workers' Republic" leave no doubt that the writer was determined upon the reconquest of the lands, the wealth, the liberties of Ireland for the mass of the Irish people willy-nilly, peacefully or otherwise. Always and ever he remained Marxian, Republican, Separatist, close to realities, militant, human and fully alert to the difficulties of the tremendous task in which he was to play more and more a leading part.

Connolly's recognition of nationality was generous, full but discerning. He recognised its strength in Irishmen and Irishwomen, everywhere as a force which perpetually reasserts itself amidst the most varied circumstances, scenes and vicissitudes of all their lives. No man has flayed Irish Jingoism so thoroughly; but Irish patriotism he understood even more thoroughly.

In the "Harp" he declares war upon the Socialist attitude which would divorce Irish Socialists from national movements. He has been criticised for his lack of idealism, but if lip-service to the things of the spirit be the hall-mark of idealism then James Connolly is an idealist a thousand times over. In truth he was none of your enervated idealists, but a forceful and concentrated idealist who believed that in the kingdom of the spirit cant should have no mansions. An essential sanity reveals itself in Connolly's pronouncements on men and things. His general forecast of the Labour movement's probable action in a European crisis, his judgments on men and movements at home and abroad sound frequently weird and unerring to-day. Let one suffice: his comments on the French and German views of anti-militarism which clashed dramatically at the Stuttgart International Socialist Congress in 1908. Writing in the "Harp" he genially asks his readers whether they have followed the American critics of the controversy, and proceeds characteristically: "I read the other day where some American Socialist said that the military question was one of those which we consider settled in America, and could not come up for discussion in our locals, the inference being that we are so much ahead of Europe in that question. But are we?" He grows sceptical as to Socialists, in the event of war between U.S.A. and Japan, rising to the heights they applauded in the anti-militarists of France

and passes to the contrast between the spirit of France and Germany—the one, ardent and ready to fight the world for a truth at stake, the other cold, cautious, tenacious and resolved to fight only in its own chosen manner and season. Connolly concludes that both are earnest and necessary while nothing is to be gained by a pharisaical thanking God American Labour is not even as these backward European tribes.

It would take too long just at present to do justice to Connolly, the Labour Leader, the intellectual captain of Irish Labour's forces in its economic battles from 1910 until the end. Although he cried repeatedly "less philosophising and more fighting" he had not forgotten or grown indifferent to his earlier and militant working-class gospel. He was only more sober, less academic and irrevocably determined. His influence on the Labour movement grew more marked after his return from America in 1910. His experience as S.L.P. and S.P. organiser there, the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the United States, a deeper knowledge of political campaigning somewhat disillusioned him and his subsequent history is more that of the realist and persuasive trades unionist than the rigid propagandist.

Connolly from 1910 onwards knew his earlier teachings had taken root, gained a stronger grip upon Nationalist and Labour organisations alike, knew how to get things done and set his listeners aflame. Larkin and the I.T.W.U., the awakening of the democratic elements in Sinn Fein, the middle-class, the Church, even the Irish Parliamentary Party, to

social issues, the spread of inquiry into wages and housing conditions characterised the year of his return, and Connolly turned to build up slowly, steadily, but passionately, the army of Labour upon which he believed the salvation of Ireland depended. If Larkin was the voice and arm of the Irish workers, James Connolly stood out as its brain and soul, while the I.T.W.U. was the promising beginning of that industrial action he had striven for when the idea appealed to small coteries only, and roused no response in the popular consciousness. From 1910 onwards the deeds of Connolly's thought have marched on conquering.

"Things are desperate indeed," said a well-known Irish-Ireland poet, as he watched James Connolly marshal his shot-gun army behind sand-bags during Easter, 1916. "Things are desperate indeed when this lover of peace, this humanitarian, this anti-militarist leads us into this." It was true things were desperate indeed. It was also the first expression of a widespread and common misconception of Connolly's anti-militarism.

Yes, when you consider the question Connolly's secret was that he knew his mind, his country, his class, and that the greater includes the less. He came before his time, but Ireland is nearer to his dream than when he lived and died. Peace and justice to that indomitable spirit! May 1st, 1919, shall be one fitting salute to his incomparable shade. For the rest, when we realise his genius was concrete and militant, gain an insight into his achievements salute the pioneer equally with the working-class philosopher we shall have done all that is in our power to do. Ireland's May Day message to the world's workers is a monument that James Connolly would deem more noble and appropriate than any in bronze or marble alone.

If my soldiers were to begin to reflect, not one of them would remain in the ranks.—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

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IRISH OPINION.



 Thursday
 FIRST
 MAY,
 1919.

:: ALL-IRELAND LABOUR WEEKLY. ::

THE FIRST OF MAY.

It is usual to mark the annual festivals of the civil calendar as they occur by moralising on the period ended by the feast, and to indulge in forecasts of the coming year. The opportunities a calendar offers and the topics it suggests are too inviting to be neglected except by the exceptionally strong minded. Ireland last year deprived itself of the advantages of May Day as a convenient talking point for demonstration orators, by anticipating the calendar and making its silent assertion of the common people's will on April 23rd.

There were many circumstances that made easy the universal down-tools that marked the occasion. People who do not usually associate themselves with common persons, gladly welcomed the aid of labour to avert the scourge of conscription. Many of them have since regretted their acquiescence in the strike policy. They have forgotten its success in the immediate issue. That peril they regard as past, and now they are filled with anxiety because Irish Labour's first general strike taught its lesson to the most inattentive and casually indifferent among the working class.

Sundays and holidays the workers had known as days of rest for most of them. These were inherited traditions, and abstention from servile work was a duty imposed by august authority. Such cessation from toil had no lesson for the unthinking.

April 23rd and its idleness resulted from the declaration of the sovereign will of the wealth-makers, the workers. They learned from that day of voluntary rest that wealth was made by them, and without them was not any wealth made

that has been made. One day's rest told the workers of Ireland they had nothing to lose but their chains.

The perception of this truth was immediate, and its effect electrical. At that strata of slavery that lies at the base of the social pyramid became rebellious. Having learned and realised their power, they took the first steps to put that power into action by aligning themselves with the militant industrially organised forces of labour. Results some of them have gained in better pay and shorter hours of work.

Now comes the period of the First of May. Again Irish Labour has resolved to claim and have, if for one day only, the control of its own productive powers. It will be a day of retreat, of thought, and of reflection, in which to think calmly and dispassionately of the world and its rulers. The silent meditation of the vast mass of labour is terrible in its potentialities.

"Power discovers the man," said a heathen sage, and the people's meditation on their power has discovered them to themselves as men. What we need now is a practical means of harnessing our power and directing all its energy to the overthrow of the personal slavery of the apparently free, vote-possessing citizen. Let that be the subject of our May Day meditations.

Now we we know that the power of the common man or woman is generated at the place where they do society's work in field, factory and workshop. We must use that power to obtain control there. Unity of aim and purpose must be arrived at immediately, and to ensure the victorious attainment of the aim unity of organisation.

Begin then on the First of May to make the workers of Ireland One Big Union.

Karl Marx and Young People.

 By EUGENE
 V. DEBS.

The day and the year that Karl Marx was born—May 5th, 1818—appear in red letters in the calendar of the social revolution. For on that day the eyes of the revolution's prophet and pioneer opened upon the world. In fancy we can see the baby Marx engaged in his first struggle, doing his best and worst in baby fashion to give evidence that he was alive and to have his arrival duly noted. We can next see a little toddler nosing about for suitable opening for his prying activities, little dreaming of the prodigious task awaiting him on the stage of life.

And now it appears the boy, the youth upon the scene, and sober facts begin to jostle rosy dreams in his dawning mentality and imagination.

Marx, the boy, was healthy, handsome and natural, full of the sap and song and sweetness of life. Like all normal boys, he loved to play pranks, and for the same reason he was also serious and studious, and quite early he began to realise that life meant struggle and service and that he must in grave earnest prepare himself to act nobly his part in the great drama that spread out before his awakening vision.

The boy, Marx, in the light of his subsequent phenomenal career, and of the social revolution now thundering at the doors of the capitalist world, presents a vivid theme and a fascinating study for the young people of to-day who are reaping in knowledge and strength, in inspiration and high resolve, where he sowed in poverty and pain, in suffering and exile, to the very end of his days.

It is peculiarly appropriate that the birth of Karl Marx should be celebrated by the young people. The programme of appreciation would be sadly incomplete without the participation of the young people who have been quickened into new life and have had their eyes opened upon a new world, by the magic of his awakening philosophy, and directed toward the shining goal of international freedom and fellowship under his masterly and inspiring leadership.

The heart of every young Socialist throbs faster and keener with the zest of life as he contemplates the lofty figure of Karl Marx in the perspective, and what his coming has

meant to the cause of oppressed humanity, especially the enslaved and exploited workers of the world.

Karl Marx, the founder of modern socialism and of the international socialist movement, was indeed an intellectual titan, but he was more than that, he was in the supremest sense a Man! He had the exalted moral character to match his commanding genius. He was as firm as an oak, yet tender as a babe. He was absolutely honest. He could not dissimulate. He knew not how to be hypocritical. He was a stranger to the ways of darkness.

What he saw with his keen eye and thought with his clear brain and felt with his warm heart, he also had the courage to utter with his honest tongue and to stand or fall by, without equivocation or compromise.

The crowned despots of Europe who hounded Marx and his loved ones into poverty and exile would have vied with each other in opening wide their palace doors to him and showering him with wealth and honours had he but known how to trim and compromise for the sake of harmony and peace.

But Marx did not know how to make traffic of his talents or how to barter his principles; he scorned to deny the truths he had launched that made thrones tremble, or to betray the trust of the downtrodden who looked to him for counsel and leadership, and this at once sealed his doom and gave his name to glory.

In the harrowing exile and pitiful poverty that followed, the moral heroism of Marx was monumental, and it was during these tragic days and years that his beloved wife, the beautiful and charming Jenny of Westphalen, rose to the supreme height of her noble womanhood and sustained the cause for which they were banished with a courage and fortitude that defy fitting characterisation.

Jenny Marx, his beloved wife, shared equally with Karl Marx the bitterest poverty and the most relentless persecuton for the sake of the cause we love to-day, and on this anniversary we hail them both with pride and joy as the inspired prophets of internationalism and the thrice-honoured leaders of the social revolution.

BUNNING RUNS AWAY FROM BERNE DECISIONS.

able Sturats, was one of the English delegates to the Berne Conference, and endorsed all its decisions.

It would be interesting to learn by what process of casuistry (modern English—Twisting) he reconciles the Berne May-day resolution with the decision given above.

Is it another instance of the Civil Service Unions playing the parasite on organised labour?

In a letter to C. P. Kelly, Secretary of the Dublin Branch of the Postmen's Federation, G. H. Stuart-Bunning says with regard to May Day:

"We feel we must regard the Post Office as a necessary service, and therefore neither in England or Ireland are we agreeing to a cessation of work on that day."

Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning, who is descended from the Royal, but not respect-

The Workers' Republic.

 The great only appear great because we are on our knees:
 LET US RISE.

Are we in Earnest?

The great struggles of nations seeking freedom, and of empires trying to make freedom impossible, cannot fail to divert attention from the thing that lies nearest and is therefore most easily accomplished. Usually it is the thing that most needs attention. The Local Government Elections offer no strong attraction to those whose minds are grappling with the problems that perplex the world-politicians at Paris. Nor do the vexed questions of road-making secure much consideration from the revolutionaries who want an immediate and profound social change.

That is what we want, but we have a feeling that there is an ominous hint hidden in the Scripture, which suggests that he that is faithful in little will be faithful in much. In the minor world that has the parish pump for its axis there are opportunities ready to our hand. If we mean to rule the earth, can we not administer a rural district?

Organisation Wanted.

Elections are not won without work and planning and the exertion of some ability. Trade unions are not (happily constructed to take political action in areas which are territorially nor industrially delimited and if the unions are to be victorious at the polls nothing will bring victory but zealous and sustained hard work. The Labour Party has proclaimed its intention to secure adequate representation at the coming elections. We shall not be too sorry if the most ardent hopes are disappointed—but it would be a catastrophe if the high prestige won by organised labour on the industrial field were to be shattered by failure at an election of guardians.

Electoral Work Needed.

How many trade union branches know how many of their members and members' wives and sisters and brothers and sons are on the voters' roll? Have any unions evolved plans for ensuring that their members will poll on election day and vote for the right candidates? A case in point is the I.C.W.U. in Dublin. It has nominated four candidates for the Guardians' Elections, but it has not the information or the plans required to make victory sure. The same may be said of the Dublin branches of the Transport Union and what is true of these may be safely assumed of other unions.

New Pledge-bonders.

An attempt is going to be made by a political party to obtain victory at the coming Local Government Elections by reviving the old fetish of a pledge-bound party, and the nature of the pledge is to be something very remote from questions like direct employment of labour, the wages of council employees or the provision of decent housing for the people. The pledge will be so designed that almost anyone who is not a devoted adherent of the Royal House of Windsor will be able to take it—and probably like the old pledge-bound party, to swallow it. Once the pledge is taken, any person or group or party that dare oppose the new pledge-bonder will be labelled an enemy of Ireland, a West-Briton, a Westminsterian, and an anti-Republican.

"We can't trust Labour," is the unspoken thought of the new pledge-bonders, and in local government they will prefer to trust the penny-hunting little bourgeoisie, the respectable merchants, the tri-colour publicans, and the latest out-pouring of the National (save the mark!) Universities.

Real Democracy.

The greatest good of the greatest number is the alleged aim of all democracies. The greatest number is the working class, which comprehends more than the classes that soil their hands. None are so competent to express their needs in small or great matters as fellow-workers. Therefore the non-working-class candidates, whatever his temporary pledge or his party, must be firmly rejected by Labour.

We have had enough of representatives pledged to find jobs for their partisans. Recent events in Cork seem to show that the old spirit can dwell in new bottles. If Labour is to triumph at the polls it must announce at once that it rejects totally any pledge that non-working-class parties seek to impose.

And looking to the composition of An Dail we should think the only party which that institution can speak for has reason to regret the too sweeping nature of its victories.

The Peace-makers.

The barriers raised by the New England Puritan Professor, to the satisfaction of Italian sacred egoism, have revealed the true nature of the projected but perhaps never-to-be-realised League of Big Nations. Italy is willing to enter the League provided her imperial ambitions are gratified no matter at whose cost. Her capitalist class aim at controlling every outlet of the vast wealth of the fields of Hungary and all the lands that were the Austrian Empire. They wish above all to be in a position effectively to strangle the international trade of the Socialist communities of German Austria and the Hungarian Soviets.

The Last War.

The inefficacy of the Paris League to prevent future wars is strikingly emphasised by Italy's fears of the new and

greater Serbia. Serbia, like Italy, will be a member of the League and bound by its rules, yet Italy cannot trust its fellow-Leaguers' pacificism unless an Italian Albania cuts the new Serbia off from the Mediterranean, and an Italian Dalmatia throws it back from the Adriatic and Italian Illyrian islands provide naval police stations to guard the rocky coasts. Such is the great League.

A Society of Peoples.

When before the League is established its advocates quarrel about the very difficulties the League proposes to overcome, we feel that the instinct of the workers who have distrusted leagues of capitalist states, has justified itself. There can be no community between nations except that which is based on a community of economic interest. That is to say there can be no League of Capitalist States because inevitably they are in economic conflict with each other seeking their place in the sun, markets for their products. A society of peoples alone is possible, for peoples who organise production for common good, for use and not for profit. Abolish capitalism and you abolish war.

Queries.

If England has right in Dublin, why has Italy none in Fiume?

Or if Italy is wrong in Fiume, is England right in Ireland.

Turkish Delight.

The outbreak of a new revolution in Turkey and the establishment of Soviets at Constantinople means the disappearance of one more tempting slice of war conquest from the Paris dinner-table.

Turkey, like Russia, was largely a police empire imposed on village communities which preserved ways of life in which the heroes of Troy could they return would find but little that was unfamiliar.

Mohammedanism has this to its credit that it offered more serious barriers to the inroads of capitalism than could the refined fancy religions of the West.

WAGES AND PRICES.

How can facts be reconciled with the theory that wages don't affect prices? Here are two cases coming within the experience of the I.W.W.U. within the past few weeks, which speak for themselves.

Increases were secured for the laundry employes: prices were raised the same week as the wages, and the employers made no secret that this was their method of paying the new wage bill.

A large tobacco manufacturer put forward as an excuse for refusing an increase in wages the fact that at the moment he may not increase prices; but Government restrictions will be removed as soon as the Tobacco Trade Board is established, and wages and prices can rise simultaneously. (This fact is so illuminating as to the power of control over the workers' position which the Government can exert.)

Would it not be wiser to concentrate effort on making the workers realise that they must combine co-operative with trade union activities if they are to secure release from poverty—that they must win the power to control prices as well as wages?

And in this connection the question arises—will a co-operative movement which merely transfers the power of capitalism from a bourgeois to a working class group, ultimately benefiting the rank and file of the community? If the co-operative movement aims at dividends instead of lower prices, what does the man in the street stand to gain from it? What have the farm labourers gained for the agricultural co-operative movement? What have the industrial populations in England and Scotland gained from the urban co-ops? Have the paltry dividends compensated for the unaltered prices? Now that the Irish Transport Union has embarked on the co-operative store policy, trade unionists reflect upon this dividend problem.

LOUIE BENNETT.

THE APRIL "COMMONWEALTH"

Were we to enumerate the good things in the second number and to criticise the provocative articles in detail, we could easily fill the "Voice." Of particular interest to advocates of the Workers' Republic is the description of the Indian village community from within by P. H. Gupta, B.A. Now that India is "disturbed" its internal economy, the guild organisation of labour and the rule of mutual dependence within the commune cannot fail to interest our own disturbed nation.

The conclusion of Prof. Rahilly's article in the March "Commonwealth" appears in the new number, and our contributor's strictures of his little vethelism are justified by Mr. Rahilly's statement that "theological and other controversies about Socialism are for Irish workers a divagation of useful energy."

Ernest A. Boyd rings the changes on the Wilsonian phrase and speaks of making the drama safe from democracy. Was he anticipating the suppression of "The Dawn Mist"?

Trades Council Officers Report Progress

THE PREMIER COUNCIL'S MESSAGE

"Steadily the cause is moving, new bodies are daily taking refuge under our banner, new and powerful fortresses are being daily assailed." This is the message which the Dublin Headquarters may well proclaim to the workers of Ireland. Many years of hard work and sacrifice will soon yield luxuriant fruit and our gallant army of workers may well be relied on to throw their last ounce into the scale that long since has begun to turn in our favour.

While progress is everywhere to be recorded, there is need for further vigorous strides. The ground now won must be consolidated and fresh attacks directed. As we move forward every step must be carefully chosen. The strength of the chain will be determined by its links. Let the test be applied. There can be no overlapping in the Trade Union affairs of to-day. Identical interests must find a common home. Clumsy machinery makes not for progress or smooth running. On every worker the necessity for clear thinking must be impressed. The worker makes the movement. Let every thought and word, idea and ideal, be carefully sifted, and when the final test of strength arrives the workers' army will present a front of steel.

E. O'CARROLL,
President.

BALLINASLOE'S TURF MINES.

Two years ago Ballinasloe had three affiliated branches; to-day it can boast of sixteen, with a real live Trades Council. Working hours have been reduced to fifty for all skilled trades. Members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union work fifty-one. The Asylum staff have obtained a fifty-six-hour week. Wages have risen from eighteen to thirty-seven shillings for unskilled workers, while the Urban Council employees get two pounds a week. State ownership has been adopted on a small scale, the local Dail having purchased turf mines for its members. A co-operative store is in sight for this western town. Arrangements are being made for a monster procession on Labour Day.

THOMAS CRAUGHWELL,
President.

TRADES UNIONISM IN CO. KILDARE.

The year has been one of marked progress in the county. Active organising propaganda has resulted in largely-increased membership, and a few unorganised workers now remain. Week by week successful negotiations have taken place, resulting in greatly-improved conditions for the worker.

The County Kildare Trades Council was established in September, 1918, and includes representatives from the National Teachers, Shop Assistants, Carpenters, Painters, Farriers, Railway Men, Agricultural Workers' Union and Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. Since that date the Farriers, Shop Assistants, and Agricultural Workers have joined the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Meetings of the Council are held regularly in Newbridge, Kildare and Naas, at which arrangements have been made for putting forward candidates for the Local Government Board elections.

A fine hall and adjoining dwelling, centrally situated in the town of Newbridge, has been purchased. A formal opening of the hall will take place on Labour Day, which will witness a great hosting of the workers of the county. Prominent speakers have promised to attend, and a ball will be held on the night of 1st May.

Steps are being taken for the formation of a co-operative society in connection with the new Trades Hall.

WM. CUMMINS,
Chairman, Co. Kildare Trades Council.

CLONMEL AND FOREIGN UNIONS.

Clonmel and District Trade and Labour Council has been in existence only about eight months, and has fourteen bodies affiliated to same. Now that the Transport Union has established a branch here there will be something doing. The only black clouds in the way of Trade Unions are those held in check by English executives. The motto for all Irish workers should be, "Irish Trades Unions for Irish Workers." However, Clonmel, the capital of the Premier County, will be second to none in the ranks of Trades Unionism. We are out to beat the federation of sweaters now established here.

MULLINGAR TRADES COUNCIL.

Mullingar Trades Council, formed March, 1918, has affiliated to it the following trades:—Teachers, Shop Assistants, Asylum Workers, Railway Men, Carpenters and Allied Trades, Postmen and Telegraph Clerks, and several branches of the Transport Union, including Mullingar and Killucan; aggregate membership about 1,500.

Since its inception the Shop Assistants have got a half-holiday and increases in wages up to ...£40 per year in some cases. The Tailors have gained a 60 per cent increase in wages and shorter hours. The Asylum Workers gained a substantial increase and shorter hours. The Carpenters are at present on strike for 1/3 per hour and a 48-hour week. The bosses refuse to recognise the Union (Please note).

ATHLONE TRADES COUNCIL.

There are 18,000 workers in the organisations affiliated to the council. The president and secretary are members of the U.D.C., and by their efforts have secured the completion of a housing scheme which provides 400 new homes. This is one of the first schemes to be fully realised in brick and mortar.

The Trades Council actively promotes the organisation of labour in town and district arranging frequent mass demonstrations and addressed by the officials of the council, speaking for all grades and sections. The Council has proved itself a great boon to the workers of the town.

J. F. MARTIN, Secretary.

EDENDERRY AND DISTRICT TRADES AND LABOUR COUNCIL.

Labour here has awakened. It has exuded the dope of ages. It has wiped the blinding film from its eyes, and has sprung from its bed of repose. It has inhaled a giant's breath which has invigorated and purified the life-blood of its existence. It shakes its growing mane and the shears are slipping from the trembling hand of Delilah. What of its future? Shackle it again, and it shall pull down the edifice. It shall suffer death at its own hands before it ever bedmates again with the harpies, want, poverty and degradation.

TOMAS MAC AN FERANNAIGH,
Chairman.

IRISH AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS AND MECHANICS' UNION.

At the last meeting of the Management Committee of the above Union it was unanimously decided to grant £100 to the Limerick Branch to help the members involved in the Limerick strike, and to open a special fund to be subscribed to by members of other branches.

It was also decided to notify all members to observe Labour Day (1st May) as a holiday, and that branches make arrangements for their members to attend the Branch Rooms on that day and sign the roll between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Number ONE Branch



Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

THE UNION'S PIONEER BRANCH

was founded in the year nineteen hundred and nine, and to-day musters more than eleven thousand members. Number One Branch Irish Transport and General Workers' Union is organised like an army. The members are grouped scientifically in their industrial sections. Each section regulates its peculiar interests, its members plan their own campaigns, and choose their own officers.

The Branch Committee is representative of all sections. Thus members in every branch of production and distribution share the benefit of massed power of eleven thousand workers while retaining expert direction by men of their own trade and their own choice.

IT IS A UNION OF SMALL UNIONS.

Number One Branch has attracted to itself several local trade unions, which, under prevailing conditions, were powerless, in their isolation—miscalled independence—to improve social conditions. Behind the banner of Number One they have preserved all that was vital in their old traditions, retained full freedom of action, and have raised the standard of living for every one of their members.

There is no need to talk theory or discuss rival policies of working class organisation. The enormous change for the better in the life and work and wages achieved by the One Big Union is an unanswerable argument.

SUCCESS IS OUR BEST ADVOCATE.

If your Union remains isolated, weak and helpless, confronting hopelessly the well-knit organisation of the master class, don't let the interests of persons, the bondage of alien and narrow craft-unionism, or the fetish of funeral benefits, keep you apart from us.

Act now. Lead your fellow-workers to see their future assured in the One Big Union. Number One Branch will send its delegates to any meeting of Dublin workers to explain the principles and practice of the industrial union.

Liberty Hall is open daily for the enrollment of members from ten a.m. to eight p.m.

DON'T FAIL TO READ
LINES OF PROGRESS

Post free, 1d., from
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FOR CLEAR NOTIONS, STUDY
TRADE-UNIONISM

From Liberty Hall, three
half-pence, post free.

Number One Branch has successfully organised and won substantial benefits for women and men employed in the following trades. The same methods can serve your interests:

Foundries.
Poulterers.
Mail Drivers.
Rope Workers.
Brewers.
Distillers.
Chemical Trades.
Mineral Water Operatives.
Drug Workers.
Artificial Limb Makers.
French Polishers.
Fish Market Men.
Tobacco Pipe Makers.
Bank Porters.

Window Cleaners.
Account Collectors.
Music Trade Employees.
Grocery and Wine Trade Workers.
Corporation and Public Board Staffs.
Bottle Makers.
Confectioners.
Marble Polishers.
Stonecutters.
Printers' Assistants.
Soap Makers.
Laundry Workers.

Builders' Providers.
Engineering and Ship-building.
Railwaymen.
Oil Trades.
Millers.
Gardeners.
Potato Factors.
Grain Trades.
Carters.
Gas Workers.
Dockers.
Coal Workers.

YOU
CAN
JOIN

THE WIDER RANGE OF NUMBER ONE BRANCH'S ACTIVITIES IS INDICATED BY THESE EXAMPLES:

CO-OPERATION. A Grocery, Provision and Bakery Shop will be opened shortly to increase the spending power of our members.

CAFE AND RESTAURANT, opened lately for the Hotel strikers, will be continued as a permanent factor in our social life at 31 Eden Quay.

TONTINE. Our club provides a supplement to the Union's funeral benefits and divides its funds annually at Christmas.

CONCERTS are provided in Liberty Hall every Sunday evening during the winter months, and numerous Ceilidhe among the sections.

DRAMATIC CLASS stages plays frequently at the Concerts, and has toured the districts with much success. Two new plays are being published shortly.

ATHLETIC CLUB. The Liberty Boys have acquired fame in various tournaments, and scope is being found for them in many directions.

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Romance.

The old idea of romance: The country boy goes to the city, marries his employer's daughter, enslaves hundreds of his fellow humans, gets rich, and leaves a public library to his home town.

The new idea of romance: To undo some of the mischief done by the old idea of romance.—Seymour Deming.

The only way to save our empires from the encroachment of the people is to engage in war, and thus substitute national passions for social aspirations.—Empress Catherine II. of Russia.

The freest government cannot long endure when the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few, and to render the masses poor and dependent.—Daniel Webster.

"Have you ever made a just man?"
"Oh, I have made three," answered God. "But two of them are dead,
And the third,
Listen, Listen,
And you will hear the thud of his defeat. . . ."—Stephen Crane.

Liberty Hall, John O'Neill,
Dublin. Secretary

THE TRAVAIL OF LABOUR

W. P. RYAN'S GREAT BOOK.

The history of the nameless workers who made the Irish Labour movement, which W. P. Ryan has given us in his book, "The Irish Labour Movement" is, for the workers, the most important book since Connolly's "Labour in Irish History." Mr. Ryan carries on the tale of the toiling masses from the beginning of the nineteenth century. He masses from forgotten periodicals and Parliamentary papers the facts behind which a tragedy of a nation's ruin and the ruin of a people. He writes with a full sense of what the Irish people had lost, or were losing, in his period, their land and their clan—the commune of the Gael, their language and their native culture, but his pen refrains from the brutal realism of truth in the nude.

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CLERKS ARISE!

Your long night of Slavery is over.

JOIN

THE

I.C.W.U



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GEN. SEC.,

1 COLLEGE ST.,
DUBLIN.

Government is not reason, it is not eloquence—it is force! Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master; never for a moment should it be left to irresponsible action.—George Washington.

Far better to have the front of one's face pushed in by the fist of an honest prize fighter than to have the lining of your stomach corrolled by the embalmed beef of a dishonest merchant.—Jack London.

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AN CANA NA FEACA.
FEAR EASGAR "EIRE O,"
OO REHO.

Inniu som, a leigtheoim ehoirde ipriis.
Bhuil fhoir asac cas r coimri ann?
No an amharo nari aihuigir muah triact ar an...

Ar fag la. Asur na dhair rin bi cupla
ceao na cuirthead culair raigoiuna oira.
ba cuma cas dhairthead doib.
Bi Dhockway ar an dteam ro.
Ta olisio as dait leir an bhioran.

LABOUR AND THE EX-SOLDIER.

Disagreeing with the warmongers and not believing in assisting the capitalists of any country—even though a "Gallant Belgium" or a "Downtrodden Ireland" forms the veneer of plausibility to gull the wage slaves—I can approach Spartacist's problem with an open mind. I think he is unduly pessimistic regarding the future of the ex-soldier. I thoroughly appreciate Spartacist's endeavour to sound the tocsin of alarm; but my estimation of the spirit of my fellow-workers is not so low that I could conceive of their allowing their soldier comrades to bog in such a capitalist cesspool as what Spartacist depicts.

THE METHODIST WORRIED.

It is no wonder that our opponents constantly refer to Bolshevism as an "insideous menace." The Methodist Church is in a fair way to be split wide on the question, if we are to believe the newspapers. Dr. Harry Ward, professor of Christian ethics in a Methodist University, it appears, has refused to slam the Bolsheviks and his reverend colleagues are out for his blood, metaphorically speaking of course. We may shortly expect to see the formation of the Bolshevik Methodists and the anti-Bolshevik Methodists and perhaps even the charge that Lenin is a Methodist. The last would be hitting below the intellect!

E. K. Sean J. West suggests an Ernest Kavanagh Freedom Club to perpetuate his memory and carry on his work. Education, agitation is the royal road to Industrial Freedom. Remember, every day you work eight or ten hours a day you donate to your master six or eight hours every day. Let's get the six-hour workday and give the other fellow a chance to earn his living. The Auto-craacy. Liam Slattery has been appointed organiser of the Irish Automen's Union. His experience in Thompson's will stand him in good stead among the drivers and mechanics.

"UNITY AND SELF-RELIANCE."
THE IRISH DRAPERS'
(AND ALLIED TRADES')
ASSISTANTS'
ASSOCIATION.

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Present Reserve (Trades' Union Section) £7,000.

Over £150,000 secured in increases of Salaries during the past twelve months.
£60,000 secured in bonuses during the same period.
In addition to substantial benefits during Sickness, Unemployment, and at death, Benevolent Grants are also given, as well as Strike pay. Free Legal Aid and other numerous benefits which accrue from the Activities of A Real Live Trades Union.

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"ULCERINE" THE HEALER WITH A REPUTATION
Cures Bad Legs, Varicose Ulcers, Piles, and Indolent and Suppurating Sores of all Kinds
Dear Mr. Smyth, I received Ointment all right, thanks ever so much for sending it. The woman I got it for has been in hospital here for the past twelve months and her leg has been bad for three years. I need not tell you it is doing splendid work, and I am delighted with it.—Yours sincerely, M. STACK, Drogheda, 9/7/18.
1/PER POT. F.D.SMYTH, Chemist, 43, GREAT BRUNSWICK ST., DUBLIN.

To all whom it may Concern
The WORKERS OF IRELAND have decided to Celebrate
LABOUR DAY
(THURSDAY, MAY 1st)
As a General Holiday
All work will be suspended for that day to demonstrate that the Irish working-class joins with the
INTERNATIONAL LABOUR MOVEMENT
in demanding a
DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS
as the necessary condition of permanent peace based upon the
SELF-DETERMINATION
of all peoples including the
PEOPLE OF IRELAND.
For the National Executive of the Irish Labour Party and Trade Union Congress.
WM. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

Southern Irishmen have shown the world how the conscriptionist designs of a British Parliament can be successfully thwarted; and I have no doubt whatever, that any sinister schemes of either orange or green demoniacal capitalists, supported by a melodramatic press, can also be frustrated if Irishmen to themselves remain true. Why should the Irish workers allow political or theological differences to bolster up a system which degrades humanity and perpetuates the aggravated evils which all shades of Irish working class opinion wish to abolish? The more I consider the ex-soldier's position the more I'm convinced that his future is wrapt up with organised labour's. Craft Unionism is passing, and it behoves those who believe in Industrial Democracy to see that the door is thrown open to every toiler. Too long have we underestimated the forces against us; too long have artificial barriers and snobocracy allowed capitalism to keep the wage slaves manacled. Every ex-soldier must be brought into our ranks, not because he fought for capitalism (bygone sentiment), but because he belongs to the exploited class; and any soi-disant comrades or "democratic" party, that thrives on ignorant passion, must be unmercifully fought with the very weapons which it forges. I feel disgusted with the notorious bosh which is constantly being flung at soldiers. I have spoken to men and officers whose fighting qualities were not displayed at Whitehall, and their ardour for a complete revolution in the conditions of the workers generally far exceeds the endeavours of those whose chief expression of hatred of capitalism consists in the vulgar waving of a flag. The army and navy are instruments used by capitalism to smash militant labour movements, because the workers being politically and industrially silent or foolish, sanction it. The Irish trade unionists must stand sponsor for their comrades who unwisely, but heroically, went forth "to make the world safe for democracy," but, alas! on returning home find that democracy at home is still in chains. We must not allow another chain to be forged out of the ex-soldiers; we cannot afford to swell the reactionary forces in Ireland. Let us avail ourselves of every opportunity to effectively impress the Irish workers that religious animosity must cease, that they must bury the past, live in the present, and work for the future. The realisation of the highest aspirations of Irish democrats will be completely frustrated if they parley with capitalism; the class war must be continued until the last vestige of thralldom disappears. We demand the fullest economic and political freedom, the discontinuance of the internecine conflicts within the movement, the present unrepresentative Parliament to be constitutionally or otherwise deposed, in short, the International in its truest sense to be firmly established; these can only be accomplished by a realisation of our dormant power, and by the concentration of our energy towards the complete emancipation of our class. Agitate! Educate! Organise! then we need not dread the reactionary politicians or unscrupulous capitalists in their latest debut at reinvigorating the "Ulster" impasse. Let them flog their dead horse; obstinacy cannot always be regarded as strength. Irish labour is leaving its swaddling clothes, and despite the great difficulties, the gauntlet will be defiantly thrown down. WM. LORIMER.

DENTAL SURGERY
NEW SETS FITTED TO A "T"
TEETH ROUBLED REATED HOROUGHLY
PEACE & GOOD HEALTH
You cannot enjoy good health if you have a mouthful of Bad Teeth, because you cannot masticate your food properly, and because stomach trouble and indigestion are sure to follow. Then you do not know the misante when they will start to ache and rob you of your sleep, giving you no peace.
Go at once to
MR. M. MALAMED,
16 HENRY ST.
For Treatment and Advice.
MODERATE TERMS.
M. MALAMED, 16 HENRY ST.
ADJOINING ARNOTT'S DUBLIN.

Fianna Eireann, Bn. II.
SUNDAY, 11th MAY;
CROKE PARK
(Jones's Road).
FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

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A Rebel Song.

Words by JAMES CONNOLLY.
With spirit.

Music by G. W. CRAWFORD.
Arranged for four-part chorus by the Comp. ser.

Musical notation for the first system of 'A Rebel Song' with lyrics: 1. Come, with us, sing a rebel song, a song of freedom...

Musical notation for the second system of 'A Rebel Song' with lyrics: low-ly and of ha-tred to the great, The great who trod our fa-thers down...

Musical notation for the third system of 'A Rebel Song' with lyrics: steal our chil-dren's bread, Whose hand of greed is stretched to rob the liv-ing...

Musical notation for the fourth system of 'A Rebel Song' with lyrics: Then sing our reb-el song, as we proud-ly sweep a-long, To end the age-long...

Musical notation for the fifth system of 'A Rebel Song' with lyrics: tyr-an-ny that makes for hu-man tears; Our march is near-er done with ea-h...

Musical notation for the sixth system of 'A Rebel Song' with lyrics: set-ting of the sun, And the tyrant's might is pass-ing with the pass-ing of the years.

Block lent by Tom Anderson, Editor of the Proletarian Song Book (price 7d., post free, from Proletarian School, 550 Argyle Street, Glasgow.

THE CALL OF ERIN.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Air "Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland."

Key C.

: d . m | s : - : s : f e . s | l . s : - : m . s | m . l . : - : d : s . m |
With the en - gines neath us throb-bing, and the wind up - on our

- r : - : t . d | r l : - : d : t . f | l . s : - : f e . s |
stern, Lit-tle rock we of the dis-tance that div-

t : - : l : f . s | m : - : d . m | s : - : s : f e . s |
ides us now from Erin For we hear her voices

l . s : - : m . s | m l : - : d : s . m | r : - : t . d |
call-ing Sweep-ing past us on the west Call-ing

r l : - : d : t . f | l . s : - : f e . s | t : - : l : f . r |
home to her the child-ren She once nour - ished on her

Chorus.

d : - : d . m | s : - : s : f e . s | l . s : - : m . s |
breast. She is call - ing, call-ing, call-ing in the

m l : - : d : s . m | r : - : t . d | r l : - : d : t . f |
wind and o'er the tide We, her child - ren hear her

l . s : - : f e . s | t : - : l : f . r | d : - : : |
voices call us ev - er to her side.

Oh! ye waters bear us onward
And ye winds your task fulfil,
Till our Irish eyes we feast on
Irish vale and Irish hill;
Till we tread our Irish Cities,
See their glory and their shame
And our eyes like skies o'er Erin,
Through their smiles shed tears of pain.

Glorious is the land we're leaving
And its pride shall grow through years
And the land that calls us homewards
Can but share with us her tears;
Yet our heart her call obeying,
Headless of the wealth men crave,
Turneth home to share her sorrow,
Where she weeps beside the wave.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

I.C.W.U.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

Splendid Achievements in Twelve Months.

The annual meeting of this branch will take place at the Central Hall next week, the exact date having not yet been fixed. The successes of the past twelve months have been numerous, and the various offices concerned have displayed the true trade union spirit in all the respective battles, the result being the Government branch has now well over 1,000 members, and forms one of the largest units of the Irish Clerical Workers' Union. Temporary Government clerks have found the benefit of their union far greater than perhaps any other class of worker, and by hard work and grit forced the hands of the Government in the cases of recognition, increased war bonus and better working conditions.

AMY PAY OFFICE.

Still more room for recruiting. Our comrades in this department will do well to stick closely to their union, as they seem to forget at times "the interests of the union is purely and simply the interest of the worker."

RECORD OFFICE.

Our members here claim victimisation in the case of dismissed employees, and may rest assured the policy adopted by other departments will be enforced without delay.

MINISTRY OF LABOUR.

The arbitration award has just come to hand. Our members are to receive an increase of 5/- per week from January 1st, 1919. They thoroughly deserve it, and more in the future.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

A large number of these clerks are still unorganised, therefore "unprotected." They will do well to join up immediately, as a demand has been lodged for increased war bonus.

Watch the next issue of the "Voice of Labour" for report of annual meeting and details of "Out-of-work donation to clerks."

P. J. McGuinness.

WHAT DO THE RAILWAY MEN THINK OF THIS?

We are reliably informed that a well-known Irish railway official has recently presented to a "Right Honourable" gentleman, well known to railway men, a valuable case of Irish whiskey. The drama is made somewhat lurid by the report that the case was lost in transit, and that a fresh consignment had to be conveyed under escort "free to replace." If this is true, we should advise railway men to keep their eyes open.

ARE YOU AN AUTO MAN?

If you are an Automobile Driver, an Automobile Mechanic, Improver, or Apprentice, the Trades Union for you is the

Irish Automobile Drivers & Automobile Mechanics Union

which has increased the wages, shortened the hours, and improved the working conditions of its Members.

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Two years ago the women workers of Ireland were sweated, exploited, down-trodden. To-day the power of the Irish Women Workers' Union enables them to win not only a fair Living Wage, but also to help in Labour's common struggle for the right of the workers to share in all the opportunities life offers for happiness, knowledge, adventure, enterprise, and acquaintance with Nature, Art, Science and Literature.

The Emancipation of the workers is close at hand.

Women of Ireland, unite to make it a noble Emancipation, faithful to the best conceptions of Liberty and Fraternity.

Affiliated Organisations: Irish Nurses' Union, 29 South Anne St., Dublin. (The first Nurses' Union in Great Britain or Ireland). Domestic Workers' Union, Denmark House.

KILLARNEY TRADES COUNCIL.

Labour Progress and Prospects.

We have eight of the different Trades bodies who are well organised and affiliated to the Trades Council. We have made good progress considering the local conditions prevailing, and I think we can compare favourably with any part of Ireland. We have gained from 80 to 120 per cent, increase on pre-war rates and an 8-hour day. Those conditions were won without having to resort to the strike weapon by any body connected with our Trades Council with the exception of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, whose demands were met after a one-week fight. The local branch of the Drapers' Assistants' Association got 30 per cent, increase, and have to put up a fight against one firm who refuses to toe the line.

So far for progress made. Space does not permit me to enlarge on methods which may ensure better conditions. I would say if we are to gather the masses of unskilled labour into the fold of Trades Unionism, the workers must be properly housed; they must do their own thinking and must be educated and taught to rely on themselves and their own class. Labour must be represented on all governing bodies. This accomplished, we may say, "Our claims are only moderate; we only want the earth."

WM. BLAND.

As this issue has gone to press earlier than usual, several contributions and advertisements are omitted.

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AND NOISES IN THE HEAD.

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