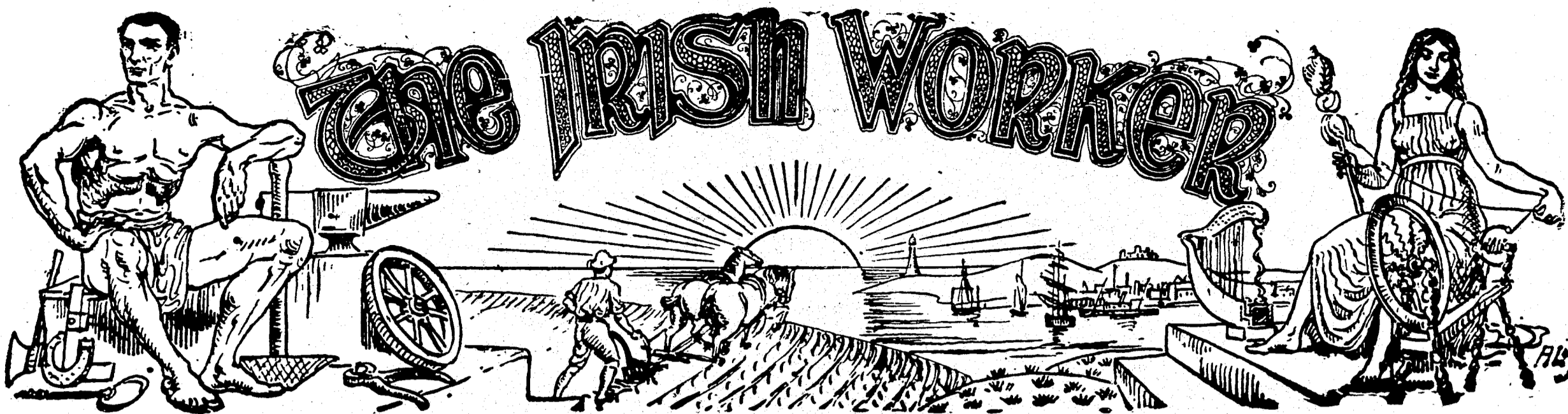


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Finian Lalor.



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

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23th, 1914

ONE PENNY.]

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

By SHELLBACK.

On Saturday, the 7th of the present month, there arrived at Liverpool two delegates of the Irish Transport Workers' Union—Brothers Lennon and Donegan—charged with a mission on behalf of the victimised workers of Dublin, that could only emanate from the wonderful vitality and the all-embracing activities of that organisation that, after six months' hard fighting against not only the combined capital and treachery of Dublin, but also all the forces of a slimy Liberal Government and the oily-tongued Press of both Ireland and England, backed up by the jealousy and cowardice of a corrupt Labour caucus, is still so full of fight and still so determined for victory.

Unannounced and unexpected these two men reached Liverpool without any pre-arranged programme or plan of action, but with a religious determination to attain the object of their visit. Within a few hours of their landing on English ground, they were taken in hand by the writer, their wants attended to and in comfortable quarters, were arranging and detailing schemes for immediate operation.

These men's account of the troubles of Dublin, coming first hand as it was straight from the firing line, is well worth referring to here. Seated at a pleasant fireside, the wants of the inner man having been attended to, and the blue tobacco smoke curling in peaceful clouds to the ceiling, these two locked-out workers of Ireland's Metropolis went through in real veteran fashion the stirring episodes of their long fight.

They told of their flesh being broken, and depicted the various parts of their bodies that had been injured with all the pride and satisfaction that the battle-scarred warriors used to exhibit in the days when men risked life and limb in a holy or an honourable cause. To them there was more glory in receiving a cowardly clout from a policeman's baton and there was more honour attached to the scar that remained than in any of the armless sleeves and legless trousers that are too often the result of trailing arms across a strangers' country to maintain the so-called integrity and the doubtful honour of a commercial and a Godless flag, even though bravery may be emphasised in medals of gold or silver that have been pinned to the breast by the hand of the Sovereign himself.

The cause they fought for was the only cause worth fighting for—the cause of suffering humanity, of the toil-worn and the helpless, of the enslaved and maltreated and overburdened men, women and children of their class, and the war they waged was against the powers of hell and its brimstone, the devil and his angels, the ugly adorers of the modern false god, Mammon, whose Juggernaut-like car is ever crushing and pounding the workers' bodies beneath its gory wheels in order that the Shylocks who are its retainers may gorge themselves fat and drunk on the people's blood.

No wonder these men enthused. No wonder their eyes glistened when they spoke of their leader, Jim Larkin. Plain "Jim" he was to them—"Jim" and nothing more. But though they were so much in earnest regarding Mr. Larkin and so affectionate in their esteem of him, the highest point of their admiration was reached when they spoke of their women and their leader, Delia. And again no wonder. Beyond any doubt the working women of Dublin have surpassed all the great feats of suffering and sacrifice that history records of women in the past. They have stuck to those principles they fought for despite the coalition of money, Government and creed that was arrayed against them. They have maintained a fight for many weary months in spite of the fearful risk that hunger and despair might subject them to in the dangerous atmosphere of respectable, Catholic and virtuous Dublin. All through the long weeks of empty cupboards, when they seen the scab traitors taking over their means of living, they have kept their hearts up with true Spartan-like pluck, and now when they are offered the chance to go back to work on the old terms that they had never quarrelled with, they decide to die, if need be, rather than work with the scabs who sold them.

Does there exist another trade union with such a glorious chapter in its history? I'm afraid not. But they must not continue suffering. They are real heroines of Labour, and it would be cur-like and contemptible for Labour to shirk its responsibilities in their case, no matter what the "top-hatted, frock-coated, six-penny cigar" trade union leader may advise.

They are, after all but women, and in the words of Brother Lennon, "the men can look after themselves, but the women and bairns must be protected." The Irish Transport Workers' Union intend to afford their women and children that protection, and as an important and fundamental trade union principle is involved as well as one of a humanitarian character, Brothers Lennon and Donegan are in England to enlist the support of the workers in this country as well as the large number of people who must be inspired by the justice of the women's case in a movement that is the latest development of Dublin's big fight. Like most things that come from Jim, or Delia Larkin, the stupendous possibilities that may result from the new phase of the campaign, will give the old-fashioned trade unionists a shock, particularly when he realises that it is redolent of assured success.

The Irish Transport Union possess as their own property a large mansion standing in its own grounds, a beautiful park of sixteen acres. Here is the workers' children's romping ground; the lovers' quiet bowers, and the old peoples' cozy retreat, where among gnarled trunks of trees, ages old, though still capable of producing a summer maze of green leaves all may escape for a time from the heat and cares of the day. It is intended to make use of this large house and grounds as a hotel where workers, men or women, can spend week-ends or even longer terms at rates well within their means. This proposition will provide comfortable occupation for a large staff of those women who care for that sort of employment. It is also proposed to set a number of women and girls to work making shirts, dresses, underlinen, &c., &c., particularly for the use of their own class, who will thus be supplied with all the garments they may require very much below the prices they at present have to pay for them.

One can easily imagine how extensive this phase of work may become when made self-supporting. Already arrangements are being made for obtaining the necessary grounds and buildings for the carrying on of this work. The proposition that appealed to me to be of the greatest importance was that by which it is intended to employ all the women and girls who were locked-out and have been victimised, in the particular branches they understand, such as biscuit-making and bread-baking, to which may easily be added all the connected industries.

I don't want to emphasise the irony there appears to be in the defeated Union entering into competition with the successful employer and eventually driving him out of business, but I cannot repress the satisfaction I feel that Miss Larkin has given the lie so direct to the gutter rage, mis-called newspapers, who so loudly declared the strike was over, and whose writers are so blind that they can see neither blemish or stain on their escutcheon in assisting Murphyism to crucify the people.

There is also a coal supply to be carried on. Cargoes are going to be brought over and Transport men set to man the boats and work the coal out of them. It will be carted by Transport men and supplied to Transport men at first cost, and that will settle our account with some more of those employers who have "defeated" us. An attempt also going to be made to successfully enter into competition with those contracting firms who make big profits out of merely supervising labourers.

I think this lot presents a fair programme for a start, and if anyone thinks it is in the least unattainable, I would just remind them of that Jingo song of old, "We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money, too," to make it quite clear to them that it only requires the intelligent co-operation of the workers to give us the ships and the

money, the men and the brains we have already got in galore.

As a means to help in getting the initial expenses we are to have a visit from a troupe of Irish actors who are going to tour England and truly portray Irish life on the stage in true dramatic style. They will act Irish dramas, they will sing Irish songs and they will dance Irish dances, and they will look for the support of the English workers without fear. They are also going to march through the streets of English towns, an Irish pipers' band, true to the Irish pipers traditional garb and music, and they are also trusting to receive the appreciation of the English workers, in the only manner that, at present, will prove effective. All these actors and bandsmen, are locked-out, and victimised workers, who bear marks of batons and jail, for the principles they fought, and are still fighting for.

And now I have got to the end of my space for this week.

There is a lot yet to tell, regarding the subsequent happenings of brothers Lennon and Donegan. There are renewed introductions to such old friends of the Transport workers as Bob Manson, Fred Bowers, Arnold Sharpley, H. Potts, Ike Pick, W. Finn, J. Bennett, Will Bewley, and many other staunch supporters of the workers cause, who know no country but the world, and no cause but humanity.

A LETTER.

OH! FOR A——!

For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen As would go and lie to a poor marine.

DEAR PATSY—

That comic paper which you sent Appears to be on business bent; Mug-catching seems to be its game, Whatever else might be its claim.

In letters large he writes his name That all who run may see Horatio is not to blame For all this misery.

The workers have his condolence, At least he tells us so; But they must show that common sense Which don't let wages grow.

To strike for higher wages Is according to some "sages" An infernal mean and vulgar plan Invented by the working man.

A better plan by far would be To take advice from old H.B., Then no doubt later on you'd see The skinner and the skinned agree.

Oh, for a bizness guy! One which we all can buy; One which will have a simple plan Of hoodwinking the working man.

The pub-lick then will be at rest, The gov will know just what is best To do with Larkin and that nest Of labour agitators.

When "lunatics" lead striking men, 'Tis well to look just now and then, And see which way the cat doth jump Before you take the public stump.

To tickle your audience it is clear Your sympathies they must appear To be with those who hold so dear, i.e.,—the workers, savvy?

So now, dear Patsy, fare-thee-well, In time our foes will be in China; But until then we'll work and strive, And show our mates we're still alive.

JAMES MORTON.

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Should the Workers Join the Volunteers?

Sean O' Cathasaigh in a series of vague generalities, which are to say the least of it unconvincing, endeavours to justify his attitude on the Volunteer question, and at the same time to confound my arguments. In this case he makes the initial mistake of misrepresenting—I don't say wilfully—what I have written on the subject. Those who have so far followed this little controversy can see plainly that he misinterprets my epistle in its entirety. He evades the unanswerable points I made, but makes an onslaught on what he considers the vulnerable parts of my armour. Curiously enough that onslaught leaves my position unaffected. His wordy arrows seem to have gone off at a tangent, as I still occupy the same vantage point I held in the beginning. Sean is very fond of a text on which to base his case. In this instance he goes to Mitchel for his inspiration. This to my mind is a very unfortunate circumstance—for Sean. His position, as I understand it, may be summed up in one sentence—Don't join the Volunteers because they have not placed in the forefront of their programme Sean O' Cathasaigh's views on the Labour question! And because of this omission the workers of Ireland are counselled to boycott the only movement which in our day has caused a flutter in the dovescotes of Downing street and Dublin Castle. Don't arm, says Sean O' Cathasaigh, with the manacled figure of Mitchel in his mind's eye! manacled workers of Ireland because a gullible people disregards his glorious message in '48—a message embodied in the one word: "Arm." That message comes thundering down the years to us to-day, and now when his countrymen have at last hearkened to the appeal of the great apostle of Irish Nationalism, a man who claims political kinship with the mighty dead does the garb of faction and seeks to close the ears of those to whom that appeal has been directed.

As far as my position as a Volunteer is concerned I am proud of it, but when Sean O' Cathasaigh says I complain because the workers are beginning to dribble into high places, he states what he above all others knows to be absolutely untrue. He seems to forget who was his chiefest support in other quarters on this very question of the rights of the workers. But, let that pass. I do not complain because the workers are beginning to elevate themselves from the slough of despair to which hunger, disease and pain, combined with oft-repeated treachery on the part of alleged leaders, had so often consigned them in the past. I rejoice as heartily as he does in the re-awakening of the wage-slaves of Ireland to a sense of their own power, to a consciousness of the noble destiny that awaits them if they only prove true to themselves in this the critical moment of the struggle.

But to proceed. I do not mean to plead for a development of silent cowardice when the time has come to speak. I plead with the class to which I belong, that they may render allegiance to the teachings of Mitchel and Emmet and Tone. I plead for the loyalty of my class to the grand ideal of Irish nationhood. I plead for the unwavering adherence of my fellow-workers to the cardinal principle of our Nationalist faith. That principle is that every Irishman should arm, and thus be in a position to win back and defend the political independence of his country. I appeal to them to cherish the spirit of '98, '48 and '67. Take away that spirit and there is nothing left but ashes.

In his reference to the rod of Aaron, Sean O' Cathasaigh pretends to believe what he knows will never come to pass. That is that the Volunteer will be used sometime in the dim and misty future to keep the workers down in the abyss of industrial serfdom. He says he quotes Mitchel because he is a Republican in principle and practice. Is it I ask, the principle and practice of a Republican to tell a people, oppressed and disarmed for centuries by a hostile foreign power to remain in that helpless plight, when they have the opportunity to enrol in a National Guard formed to gain and defend our stolen liberties? Is it the principle and practice of a Republican to try and find flaws in a movement which, like all things human, cannot be perfect no matter how noble and inspiring its immediate objects may be? Is it the principle and practice of a Republican to stand aside

when the Irish people have at last realised the meaning of Mitchel's mission in life. when with a spontaneous outburst of genuine patriotism they have responded to the call of the Motherland, and joined hands in a holy and unbreakable band of brotherhood beneath the fluttering banners of the Irish National Volunteers? Is it, I repeat, the principle and practice of a Republican to stand aside at such a time contributing nothing to the movement but the counsels of despair and the poisoned arrows of spiteful criticism?

The Volunteer movement, it is hardly necessary to say, is one of the most democratic movements of our time. In its constitution it is more democratic than the old Fenian movement. Yet where is the man calling himself a Nationalist who is not ready to doff his hat to the memory of the gallant men of '67? When James Stephens and John O'Mahony started the Irish Republican Brotherhood was the Co-operative Commonwealth inscribed on their banner? No! Farseeing men that they were they knew that there could be no permanent improvements effected in the conditions of the Irish working class while the Union Jack floated within a stone's throw of College Green and while the hired assassins of England in their uniforms of red and blue paraded the streets of our great cities and towns. These men (God rest their immortal souls) realised the eternal truth that all Ireland's misfortunes are traceable directly or indirectly to that foul abomination known as English Government in Ireland, and so they devoted all their intellect and all their energies to securing its overthrow. The one question for Irish Nationalists to consider to-day is how to achieve that glorious consummation.

Sean O' Cathasaigh talks of the "ranting extreme Nationalists" who ignore the fact that Mitchel fought for the class they elect to despise. One would imagine from this that these individuals were high and mighty ones who regarded the world as their own and the workers as their bondslaves. Yet some of these men—leaders at that—have scarcely a second coat to put on their backs.

When I speak of the unity of Irishmen of all creeds and parties, which I believe the Volunteers will accomplish, I mean the unity which will spring from knowledge of the fact that one and all are soldiers prepared, if need be, to fight and die for the independence of their country. All sections of Irishmen coming together will learn to know each other better. The differences that kept them apart in the past and that loomed so large in their eyes will vanish to a considerable extent. Because, remember the disunion we have always had in Ireland, against which Davis, Mitchel and Tone directed their fiercest attacks was not the result of any inherent love for internecine strife on the part of the Irish people, rather was it because their gullibility encouraged every self-seeking politician with a tongue of silver and a cheek of brass to delude them with meaningless platitudes about Irish freedom while the poor people contributed to keep those political corner-boys in luxury. The unity which I speak of is not another name for placid hypocrisy, but it is the unity that shall yet mean the downfall of English rule in Ireland. There may not be any affinity of thought between a Republican and a member of the Board of Erin, but it is possible, ay, probable, that the latter may have Republican principles drilled into him in the ranks of the volunteers.

With regard to the criticisms of my friend, I do not condemn any criticism so long as it is honest, but I do condemn criticism which is intended to damn in the eyes of the workers of Ireland a movement fraught with great possibilities for their future and the future of their country.

Sean is of opinion that because, as he alleges, Davis, Mitchel and O'Connell, the Gaelic League and Sinn Fein failed to unite the people of Ireland, the Volunteer movement will also fail to bring about such a glorious result. The statement if it were true is not in consonance with logic. But I deny that either Davis or Mitchel failed to unite our countrymen. Davis died before his teachings had time to take root, and whatever chance they had of doing so, was blasted by the famine, a disaster which could have been prevented were it not that wretches like my friend were out preaching to the people the folly of arming Mitchel was carried off in chains before his policy had developed.

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As space is limited I have not time to go into all the points raised in Sean's article. But one or two I cannot refrain from noticing. I did not say that National Freedom surrounds social and intellectual emancipation. What I did say was that National Freedom is essential to the social and intellectual emancipation of our people, quite a different thing. Again, I said if Tone, Lalor and Kingham had done as Sean would have the workers do, that is act on all questions as the interests of their class dictated, we would not now look back on the stainless records of their lives with pride. He says, "We, toilers, will welcome the help of all men who realise, as Mitchel realised, that the life of one labourer is worth the life of one nobleman." Quite right, Sean. But if the classes have other interests besides their own, does it not follow that the workers have other interests besides their own? In other words, the interests of the country overshadow the interests of any section or party.

Sean reiterates the statement that the Volunteers are modelled on the lines of the Volunteers of '82. Had he read the constitution he would see that in essentials they are as widely divergent as the Poles. The Volunteers of to-day are open to all Irishmen, irrespective of creed or party. Was that one of the principles of the men of '82? He asks me have I read certain papers I have read all and have found nothing in them to give the lie to anything I have written. To the statement that Irishmen differ, not as to the end to be attained, but only in regard to the means to be used towards the attainment of that end I still adhere. That end is the happiness and prosperity of the people as I said before. Republics, Co-operative commonwealths and all the other panaceas are only means to that end.

With regard to Pearse, if he has done what this correspondent alleges, I do not intend to try and excuse him. But the record of Kelly as a champion of the rights of the workers is too well known to be dilated on here. "It is true," says Sean O' Cathasaigh, "that the British Government spilled the blood of the Dublin workers; it is equally true that the Irish mercantile Shylocks of Dublin created the conditions that gave the Government their sweet opportunity."

Granted that these Shylocks created the conditions that gave the Government their opportunity, who created these same Shylocks? Are they not the products of England's so-called civilization? The evils of capitalism were unknown in free Gaelic Ireland, but they shall remain to blight our country and her people until the day when a revived Ireland shall rise from the ashes of the past glorious, immortal and free, strong in the devotion of her daughters, invincible in the courage of her sons. That day shall only come when the Irish race, armed to the teeth, gives the signal that shall hurl the British Empire to eternal damnation unwep, unhonoured, and unstrung.

SEAMUS MACGOWAN, Pound street, Sligo.

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The Bishop's Pastoral.

For be it from me an humble layman lacking any special qualification to attempt to criticise the Pastoral issued by the Irish Hierarchy and directed mainly to the causes and effects of the recent labour troubles in Dublin. But as it was evidently the intention of their Lordships that their Pastoral should reach the humblest homes carrying with it the generous influence of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, it may not be quite out of place if I as a member of the working community endeavour to voice the opinions of those who like myself are in the Faith responsive to its teachings and who through no fault of their own one time or another, have been victims of the very necessities of life under the domination of a tyrannical overseer and the whim of an avicious employer.

It is a remarkable thing in the history of this country that the princes of the Church springing from the people and who in the people have yet been unacquainted with the fundamental principles underlying the labour problem. This may partly be accounted for by the fact that the training and shopkeeping classes in Ireland from which the priesthood has been largely recruited have shown a lamentable lack of sympathy with the workers in either the rural or urban districts. One has only to read the reports of the proceedings of the District and County Councils to be convinced of this unimpeachable characteristic. Every effort has been made by those bodies when dealing with contracts for supplies to shelve the trades union resolution passed by the House of Commons and embodied in a circular issued by the Local Government Board recommending its adoption by all public bodies in Ireland.

The District Councils have displayed an antipathy to the Labourers' Act as equalled by Carson's expressed hostility to the Home Rule Bill, and it is only under extreme pressure that they consented to provide proper dwellings for the rural population. The worst sites in the district were too frequently selected, while the highest prices were paid to the farmers for the wretched plots destined for the labourer and his family.

Outside the manufacturing centres in Ireland the Labour problem does not forcibly present itself. It is dormant. That it is present cannot be denied, and that it will become active and insistent for a satisfactory solution of its grievances is inevitable. Hitherto, because of its torpidity, it has been ignored and despised. It can hardly, therefore, be wondered at if the sons of farmers and shopkeepers destined for the Church at a very early age, brought up in such an atmosphere, are either ignorant or indifferent to its throbbings for emancipation. They leave the paternal roof to enter the local seminary, and subsequently pursue a long course of study in classics and logic in the seclusion of Maynooth. After their ordination they are again relegated to rural districts, where the selsame conditions prevail as in their boyhood's days, and where progress in any direction is practically unknown. Their very training and environments preclude them grappling with such a complex subject as the Labour movement, which requires not alone a close study of its principles, but a most careful investigation of the elements which endeavour to keep it in continual subjugation.

The hypothesis that Labour to even maintain its impoverished life must be in constant rebellion does not appeal to their imagination. Poverty, they repeat, is a necessary evil, and must prevail for all time. Hence they look with suspicion upon those who are out to rescue the victims and to crush the oppressors who are responsible for it.

Of course it must be said that in rural districts the clergy are closely in touch with their flocks, entering fully into their troubles and aspirations but in a city like Dublin with its big population it is only on rare occasions that the priests feel called upon to enter the tenement or take any active interest in promoting the temporal welfare of their parishioners.

Their Lordships commence their dissertation by bewailing the evils arising out of the struggle in Dublin between the capitalists and the working classes when the former under the direction of that pillar of the Roman Catholic Church, William Mariah Murphy, backed up by John Good, the high priest of Freemanism and the armed forces of the Crown, waged a relentless warfare, carrying with it devastation into the humbler homes of the worker, but I look in vain throughout this lengthened document so widely circulated for one single word of condemnation of the barbarous methods of those chosen apostles of the Dublin employers—unequaled only in ferocity by the soldiers of Cromwell who were responsible for such terrible scenes of carnage and massacre during the Protector's sojourn in this country.

Moreover it occurs to me, a simple layman, that their Lordships lost a most excellent opportunity in December last, on the approach of Christmas—the season of peace and goodwill, commemorating the advent of the Saviour of showing their anxiety for the downtrodden toilers. At that particular juncture they choose to remain silent. Had they given but a word of warning to the Scribes and Pharisees and boldly destroyed the idols of greed, self and avarice, which they had set up and worshipped in the capital their Lordships would have merited the gratitude of the workers and accomplished more for Catholicity and Nationality than it is within my province to describe.

Their Lordships consider it humiliating that at the workers who were struggling for the right to live should have accepted the assistance so generously afforded by their co-workers across the channel, but doubtless they would have not have

condemned the sources from which it emanated, had it been obtained through their instrumentality and under their distinguished patronage. As they were not consulted the timely help rendered forthwith assumes a "tainted" character and becomes a fitting theme for anathema. It is hard however to reconcile this daring pronouncement with the blessings which their Lordships heap upon the heads of the devoted pastors who are being continually sent forth to seek foreign aid for parish or diocesan purposes in Ireland.

The mild reproof administered to Socialism might well apply to those of their orthodox followers who know but little of the subject, but who on every occasion put it into the forefront, to bring as they fondly hope confusion to their enemies and bolster up their own cause, however unjust.

Socialism, the true meaning of which is practically unknown to the many, has served well as a party cry for the hypocrites and place hunters, appealing with considerable force to the foolish and ignorant; but within the Church itself there are certain communities holding goods in common from which an object lesson may be derived clearly demonstrating that Socialism possesses well-defined advantages over the conditions at present prevailing in our midst.

With pardonable pride their Lordships refer to the care lavished upon the poor workers by the Church when, as they say, the workers did not possess that power in the State which they now enjoy. The Irish farmers who have obtained millions of money from the Government to purchase their holdings, must have loomed largely in their Lordships' thoughts when inditing that remarkable passage; but the workers, as such, received but scant consideration from either Church or State. To anyone remotely acquainted with the Irish farmer, conservative in thought and deed, it will be a source of wonder whether the farmer, in his treatment and control of the humble and helpless worker has displayed that spirit of Christ's charity which would justify the numberless sacrifices made in his behalf.

I can only reiterate the pious hopes contained in the Pastoral as to the splendid things that are in store for the democracy when we secure Home Rule. If in such an event the workers rely upon men of the type of Brady and Field, M.P.'s for Dublin, then I fear it will be a case of each disaster following fast and following faster.

It is easy to suggest the establishment of conciliation boards now that the evil has been wrought, but it may be of some interest to those readers of the Pastoral who are also readers of the "Irish Worker" if I draw attention to the splendid efforts made by Jim Larkin some time ago—long before the long drawn-out strike, to firmly establish a conciliation board in Dublin. The Dublin employers however with a full knowledge of the wealth and power behind them and of the wretched condition of their employees scoffed at its foundation and refused to assist in its formation. Now however that their Lordships have even at the eleventh hour expressed their approval of the establishment of such a board that ardent Catholic and "charitable" iconoclast, William Martin Murphy, may be induced to descend from his pedestal, cry peccavi and do penance in sack cloth and ashes.

It does not need even a rudimentary knowledge of theology or philosophy to understand that the rich are well able to take care of themselves, though it must be noted that the Pastoral countenances a "union of employers." The workers too when they have the opportunity of obtaining the education so long denied them will realise their power and also be in a position to take care of themselves.

In the meantime they should not be refused the protecting arm of the Church, of which they form a vast majority, and when Capital and Labour, might and right, are again pitted against each other, it may earnestly be hoped that the ministers of Christ's Church on earth will pause before they condone the acts of the wealthy and indolent, the Castle Catholic and Freeman gang, who before God are responsible for the unhappy conditions and incarceration of the Dublin workers and for the scenes of police brutality and blackguardism that have disgraced the city.

Theoretical principles of living, when applied to a semi-starving populace, will not hold water, nor will all the sophistries of the Aberdeen lecturers convince the hungry that more nutriment is to be obtained from a fresh herring than a cut off a sirloin of beef. The homilies of the philanthropist capitalists of the Eason and Jacob type, and the exhortations of their sympathisers in high places, are merely part of the campaign to keep the worker, who produces the wealth, under foot, lest he should have the opportunity of realising his true position, and by a supreme effort shake off a yoke that he has borne so long.

POO SCHOLAR.

The Searchlight of Truth.

Hail! Bringer of the Light, Flash the Searchlight of Truth Far and wide into the night Without warning or ruth; Till the things that hide in darkness Shall stand forth in all their starkness. Till the Incent rays shall scorch and sear And set the brood to flight. Let it beat fierce and strong, Like a flame from the skies, On the Citadel of Wrong, On its dupes and its spies— And, too, upon that fearsome world Where Vice, unchecked, her flag unfurled, And the dens that flank the broad highway streets Where Power and Fashion throng. MARVE CAVANAGH.

Swords and Neighbourhood.

The one time King of the Cabbage Market, Gerald Begg, "Ja Pee," ex-T.C., seems to have a mania for meddling in other people's affairs. But the recent lesson taught him may show him the advisability of minding his own business. On Friday, the 20th inst, this intelligent "Ja Pee" visited Homestead Farm, Cabra, to inspect it, get the owner to lay it down in grass as soon as the crops were out, and reduce the men's wages from 17s to 13s. per week. If the workmen did not agree the owner was to lock them out. This is not the first time Bully Begg, "Ja Pee" tried the same game on the men however were prepared for him, and as soon as the motor car, containing the one and only Gerald came into the yard the men headed by the overseer, Mr. C. Brady, walked out. The men were sent for but they declined to return, while the motor car remained in the yard. The owner of Homestead Farm immediately issued pre-emptory orders to Begg to take himself and his motor car away from the place and never come there again causing disturbance between her workers and herself. Poor Gerald had to take himself off looking for all the world like one of those ill-bred mongrels after a hearty whipping. Brothoon Begg will now have an opportunity of devoting his whole time to the law, the electors of Inns Quay having dispensed with his services as a Corporator. Heel-bill Moore may be able to give him a few tips.

John Buttery of the Ward, the fellow with the goat in his head, has a different form of renunciation to the would-be suicide and scab organiser, Early of Swords. Early Buttery got his four scabs to stand in the yard and hold their Transport Union membership cards in their hands while he went along with a lighted candle and set fire to them. The scabs were obliged to hold the cards as they burned and say the following words after Gouty:—

"I announce" Larkin and all his works and "pumps" (Pumps, Mr. Printer, please, pumps is the word he used). Lest the names of the scabs should be forgotten we insert them here for the benefit of future historians. James Ross, Michael Smith, better known as "Stavo," and the two Bymes from Blanchardstown.

Jackeen Cuffe, "Ja Pee," says he will buy every vote in Swords at the next election at the rate of one pint of porter per vote. Jackeen, did you ever hear of the "Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act" and do you know anything about Election Petitions? You might be made king.

Peter Long (Boar) got his corn threshed some day last week. He ordered all Union men out of his yard when they refused to renounce the Union. This is the Peter Long who took forcible possession of the land he now says he owns and gave his cousin, who owned it, a month in jail.

John Kettle (Hoppy) Drynam, brother of Whingeing Paddy, got his threshing done last Monday by scab labour. He, too, ordered all Union men out of his place, saying that "any man belonging to Larkin's Union did not belong to this country." We wonder what claim have the Kettles to be called Irishmen.

Mrs. John Kettle (Sarah Earley), a sister of Joseph Earley, the scab organiser, thought a 3d. fresh herring good enough for dinner for two servants on a certain Sunday about twelve months ago when she was going out to drive with "Hoppy." At the same time she ordered the unfortunate servants not to touch the pound of butter, as it cost 1s. 5d., and was too dear to be eaten by them.

Hoppy John told the Union men that he would be disgraced and shot if he employed any of Larkin's men. As his brother-in-law, Joseph Earley, the scab organiser happened to be inside the house at the time, poor Hoppy might have reason to fear results if he did employ them; and yet we are told there is no intimidation on the part of the farmers.

John Kavanagh, of Streamstown, also employed all scabs at threshing, the "Banjo" M'Mahon being foreman. Mrs "Nigger" M'Mahon will not allow Kavanagh to get his corn ground anywhere except at Nicholas Long's, in order, perhaps, to show that she must be his boss. The "Banjo," "Pussy" Morris, "Navy" Griffin, and Mickey Connor paraded the streets of Swords last Tuesday. Banjo and Morris have sworn they will kill Woss, White, and Mike Toole for putting their names in the "Irish Worker."

These two rascals set about beating a harmless old man named Jemmy Rourke at the Turnpike on Monday night last, using at the same time the vilest expressions in the presence of several women and of a sergeant and private peeler of the R.I.C. When poor Rourke complained to these limbs of the law he was told by them "to go home at once." Are these two rascals to be allowed to say and do as they like in the actual presence of the guardians of the peace (as the pigdrivers are usually called)? What has District Inspector Dowling got to say? Will he wear that pleasant smile of his and do nothing?

The reference to Crows' Castle contained in our Notes last week has set certain individuals in Swords wild. In the days of O'Connell there was a noted character in Swords named Jane Brien. This Jane Brien got seven innocent men taken out of their beds, tried, and hanged in Trim Jail for the robbery of the above-mentioned castle. Next week we shall give a list of Jane Brien's relations now living in and around Swords. Despite the fact that "Ja Pee" and the Drogheda rascals sentenced him to 14 days' hard labour and ordered him to find bail for his good behaviour for 12 months, himself in 1910 and two sureties

of £5 each, Frank Moss is once more at liberty after 11 days in Mountjoy Jail, no hard labour and no bail. We shall deal elsewhere with his treatment in prison. Cabinet Minister Masterman has some reason to remember Moss. Perhaps Jackeen Cuffe, Paddy Kettle, Mike Dunne, and Company would now oblige the Liberal Government that made them "Ja Pees" and its representative in this country. Humbug Birrell by getting the K.C. Clancy to resign the North County in order to run Masterman for the constituency. They should do something in order to show their gratitude to the present Government, for there was never a Government, there is not present a Government, nor will there ever be one, save and except the present Liberal Government that would bestow Commissions of the Peace on such ignoramuses as Gerald Begg, Mike Dunne, Paddy Kettle, Jackeen Cuffe, and all the other boys who have the tail "Ja Pee" clapped on. The North County Dublin Executive of the "Lague" should convene a special meeting at once and pass a vote of censure on Jackeen Cuffe for his action in the Moss case. Cuffe's influence with the other "beaks" got Moss into jail and the treatment of Moss while in jail influenced many voters in Bethnal Green to vote against the Liberal. There you are you can see Cuffe is indirectly responsible for the loss of Bethnal Green. If the members of the "Executive" would not like to pass a vote of censure sure they could recommend that ackeen be relieved of the "Ja Peeship." Something should be done if Home Rule is to be saved.

We are again compelled to leave over many items including list of scabs in and around Kinsealy. We shall deal with them next week.

ROUND TOWER.

Wexford Notes.

A gloom has been cast over the County Wexford since Saturday last, when it was found that the Fethard lifeboat had been wrecked on the Keerig Rocks, in attempting to save the lives of the crew of the "Mexico," which had been blown there a few minutes before. With the exception of one of their number who died from exposure, the crew of the "Mexico" were saved, while nine out of the fourteen who manned the lifeboat were drowned. The other five along with the crew of the doomed vessel were on the Rocks from five o'clock on Friday evening until nine o'clock on Monday morning (sixty-four hours) under a heavy storm with nothing to appease their hunger but a very limited supply of tinned meat. All day on Saturday, three lifeboats and the Wexford tug did all in their power to reach the unfortunate men but the sea which "ran mountains high" seemed to laugh at every attempt they made. In the evening the storm lashed with greater fury than ever, so that they were reluctantly compelled to withdraw from the scene and proceed to Waterford for shelter. We can imagine the feelings of the poor fellows on the Rocks to see themselves abandoned for another long lonely night at the mercy of the wind and the raging tempest. Saturday night was the worst of all, all through the night a regular hurricane prevailed, and the people who from Friday evening had been watching from the shore did not expect on Sunday morning to see anyone alive on the Rocks, but the brave fellows lived through it all. The storm continued all day on Sunday, and none of the lifeboats that were there on the previous day could approach the vicinity of the wreck without courting disaster. On Monday morning, however the sea had settled down a little and the Wexford lifeboat under the command of one of the best men on the Irish coast (Ned Wickham), got alongside the Keerig and with the help of the Dunmore boat succeeded in rescuing twelve men, seven from the "Mexico" and five from the lifeboat. We can imagine the joy mingled with grief there was in Fethard village when those five heroes were brought back safe as it had been published in all the newspapers that the crew of the Fethard boat had all been lost. At the time of writing seven bodies have been accounted for and the sad scenes witnessed at their burial brought the tears to many eyes, and will not be forgotten for many a long year in the district.

A fund has been started in the town for the relief of the relatives of the heroes who perished, a sum of £300 being already received, and we would appeal to all workmen to do their little best to help to alleviate the distress brought about by the dreadful disaster. They, like ourselves, were sons of toil went to their death at the call of duty to their fellow-man. It is only amongst the working classes that such heroes are to be found. Therefore it is we, who are of that class, should appreciate their worth, not by lip sympathy, which is no use to those left behind to mourn their loss, but by sending on any little monetary help at our disposal.

In consequence of this disaster people are beginning to ask what are the coastguards on the Irish coast doing. From the evidence given by some of them at the coroner's inquest one would think that they knew nothing whatever about the sea. One fellow could not tell from what point the wind was blowing. If Churchill would pay more attention to the safety of the coasts, and less to Dreadnoughts and armaments, the country would be much better off. We cannot see why there should not be State aid given to lifeboats.

We understand that Prendergast was very annoyed at the few truths we told about him last week, and will think twice before he proceeds to make such an ass of himself again. He ought to never speak about his dealings with Tate,

as he never got sugar direct from him: Twenty-five bags is the smallest consignment Tate will ship, and Prendergast hasn't sold twenty-five bags since he started. He was always a miserable creature. When he had a clerk he ate his meals in the shop for fear he might be robbed. As for Billington, he hasn't been seen since. He might resign in favour of Antonio.

It must be amusing to some of the old sailors and inhabitants of Wexford to hear these fellows clattering about the trade of Wexford Port. Where were they when there was trade in it before? Barry ruined the firm of Devereux, and Stafford run young Pat Lambert out of the town.

We hope to be able to tell our readers next week what was done with the labels taken out of the Wexford Distillery. Who said "adulteration"?

On Wednesday last the Scab Hotel was being cleaned out, under the supervision of Joe Fathead Salmon. The beds and chairs were all removed to Lem Cabbage's auction yard, where, we understand, they are to be auctioned shortly. We hope the people of Wexford will have the good sense to steer clear of such stuff which, in the words of Dr. Pierce, was responsible for the late epidemic of measles, which killed a number of young children.

At the time of writing there is a meeting being held in the County Court-house by the County Wexford Insurance Committee with reference to the advisability of building a sanatorium in a certain portion of the town. About a fortnight ago a memorial of protest, extensively signed, was handed in, and is to be considered also. On the other hand, the Mollie Maguire gang are signing a memorial to have it built, on the plea that their shops would benefit by having the custom of the institute. Now whilst we are in favour of sanatoria treatment for consumptives, we think that the proper place for a sanatorium is out at the Three Rocks or some other place like it. Wexford town is a low lying, damp town and unhealthy enough without bringing infection from all parts of the country to plant amongst the people. Ask the people of Newtownmountkennedy what they think of the Newcastle Sanatorium? Their village has more consumption in proportion than any town or city in Ireland, it is so bad that they have refused the patient to go to Mass or mix amongst them at all.

Jem Breen is instructing the foundry men to protest against the building and he is a Mollie, whilst Phil Keating and that gang are canvassing every man who goes into their shops to sign to have it built. WE HEAR— That English has been found out at his dirty tricks. That the "Bacon" Company say that their reason for taking of the cattle boat is due to breach of contract by Spite Richards. That he was not allowed to use the scissors in that Company.

CORK NOTES.

St. Devil's Day The B.O.E. seemed to have collared the St. Patrick's Day Demonstration Committee and anyone who does not agree with them is open to insult if he does not agree with what they say and do. The Gaelic League used to run the show, but they have been swamped by the Ancient Order of Scabs on the committee this year, and as some of the "leaders" of the Gaelic League are members of the Scab Hibernians they are evidently going to acquiesce in the scab-mongers bossing the show. Of course it means if the B.O.E. take part in the Patrick's Day procession no self-respecting trades unionist will take part, and the crew who provided William Martin Murphy and Kit Kulkins will have the scab show all to themselves. Our advice to the workmen of Cork is to put their feet down on this business. If the Gaelic League are afraid to exert their authority in preventing Patrick's Day being utilised for a scab parade, well it is time the Trades Council gave notice that they were not going to be seen in company with those who scabbed on the Dublin workers, and arrangements should be made for a Workers' Demonstration.

The Benevolence of the B.O.E. I see by Mr. Scollon's letter that the B.O.E. are claiming that they provided funds for locked-out workers, and that they got money from America for these locked-out in Dublin, but the "Cork Free Press" published a list of subscriptions received by the American Alliance, and surely the Mollies can publish their list also, that is, if they ever got any money from the Board of Erin branches in America, which is very doubtful.

The Citizen Army. We were expecting that the Citizen Army would be started in Cork before now, but as yet there is no move. The sooner it is done the better, for many will not touch the National Volunteers. The local crowd of the latter are struggling along, but very few workers attend. The fact that the show is bossed by the Kettles and McNeills is enough to damn the thing in the eyes of workmen. Councillor J. J. Walsh, who is at the head of the Cork crowd, is alright himself, but if he is going to take orders from the Kettles and the Employers' Federation crowd in Dublin he will soon tire. Those who are trying to run the National Volunteers in Cork hardly know that the Provisional Committee of Kettles and other scoundrels refused to acknowledge the Citizen Army which is in existence before it. No wonder the business is such a frost up to the present.

Trades Union Printing.

The School of Music Committee have decided to refuse their advertising to the "Cork Constitution" because the latter does not employ trades-union printing. This is a victory for trades-unionism which should be followed up, but we doubt if the Mary street crowd have the backbone to do it. Dennehy, who bosses this show, is a tool of George Crosbie's and a leading light in the B.O.E. He will not do anything against his boss, never fear. In fact I am told that the B.O.E. have such control over the Cork Typographical Society that anyone not a member of Norrison's Island have been chucked off the committee. These fellows are Kit Kulkins' first and trades unionists after. I wonder is it a fact that the apprentices trained in the "Constitution" office can join their society without any trouble?

Workhouse Management.

The Cork Board of Guardians have refused to provide sufficient accommodation for the children in the hospital. These have for some time past been sleeping two in a bed, with the result that children going in with broken limbs have contracted consumption. The matter was before the Board last week, and all the hungry farmers who are on the Board trooped in to refuse to expend the money necessary to provide proper accommodation. Certainly the worker who would vote for one of those hungry hounds deserves to have his children murdered as they are being murdered in the workhouse through want of proper care. Yet the Poor Law elections will, I dare say, see the Labour representatives beaten by the votes of those whose children will have to put up with present conditions, while those elected will only trouble to get jobs for their friends. At present the workhouse is a happy hunting ground for jobbers by all accounts and is dominated by two or three families who have family doctors to keep in jobs.

General John Regan.

The much-talked-of play is in Cork this week, and a finer satire on Dublin Castle and its string of crawlers could not be seen. What Wespert saw wrong in it I cannot see, for every character in it is only too common, from the tub-thumping newspaper editor and the bung merchant to the wives of the R.M. and D.I. who quarrel over the right to present a bouquet to the Lord Lieutenant. Even the latter catches it in some allusions to the spending of "largesse" out of the public money. We want a few more of those plays. They would do more to purify public life than all the resolutions ever passed.

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**An Object Lesson for Dublin Workers.**

One of the most pitiable spectacles that it has been our misfortune to chronicle that has been presented in the British House of Commons on the night of Wednesday, 18th inst.

Barnes, a member of the so-called English Labour Party, in a half-hearted fashion, moved a resolution dealing with the ruffianly methods adopted by the police during the recent labour troubles in Dublin, and incidentally with the constitution and finding of the court appointed by Birrell, the Chief Secretary, evidently for no other reasons than to whitewash the police, the capitalists, and myriads of Dublin Castle who were responsible for the brutal outrages perpetrated in our city in the name of law and order.

Assuming that Barnes was actuated by the most worthy motives, it was quite apparent that he was incapable of handling his subject adequately. His denunciation of the police was weak, and one can only heave a deep sigh of regret that it had not been the lot of Jim Larkin to have been placed in a similar position to bring out forcibly and luridly the intimidation, indignities, and outrages to which the citizens of Dublin have been subjected during the police regime. Yet Barnes succeeded in making an unanswerable case, and, backed up by Booth, who was himself an eye-witness of the scandalous police batoning in O'Connell street on the day of Jim Larkin's arrest, forced a division on the issue, which must give the workers of England and of Ireland great room for thought and action. From the beginning it was easy to observe that Barnes was acting more or less on his own responsibility and against the implied wishes of his colleagues, who call themselves a Labour Party, as well as against the combined forces of Liberals, Nationalists, and Unionists.

The Chief Secretary in his reply endeavoured to condone his breach of faith with his Bristol constituents to whom he promised an impartial commission which would include at least one representative of the workers and in order to bolster up his perfidy he had recourse to the usual clap-trap and apologies with which the ruling powers in Ireland have made us so familiar. He failed miserably to justify the police authorities in their endeavours to blacken the characters of the Dublin workers after succeeding in scourging and crucifying them and extending their tortures beyond human endurance.

But what shall we say of Brady, one of the members of Parliament for Dublin who with smooth tongue and varnished lips bemoaned the trials and tribulations of the Dublin employers and damned with faint praise the workers his own constituents who despite Murphy and his crew fought and struggled so valiantly and fearlessly in a noble and just cause. Brady was merely the mouthpiece of the so-called Nationalist Party who are now bargaining for the partition of their country, and it must be said he played well the part assigned to him. He was a fitting instrument to set about the task of cloaking the barbarities committed by the police in the metropolis of Ireland, and his crocodile tears for the sufferings of the workers were copious if not convincing. It needed but the uprising of William Field to mark a dramatic touch in the comedy enacted in Westminster. He would have illustrated the villain of the play and "brought down the house with his lugubrious lamentations."

The Irish Nationalist Party proved if proof was necessary their total want of sympathy with their own people. The English Liberal Party who are playing ducks and drakes with the English Labour Party nods its doggy head and forthwith the tail the Irish Party wags in a like manner.

Some forty members voted for Barnes' motion. The debate deserves the attention of every worker in the three kingdoms. It shows clearly and definitely the hollowness of election pledges and the weakness of the workers themselves in sending employers and professional place-hunters to represent them in Parliament, men who at the first opportunity betray them into the hands of their enemies who sit in high places and know the prices at which those so-called representatives may be purchased.

Think ye, workers, of your Parliamentary representative P. J. Brady, joining with your masters in trampling upon your most cherished ideals and in besmirching the fair fame of your friends and leaders.

ONLOOKER.

The following is the letter upon which the Recorder again granted a postponement of the trials of the unionised hoodlums:—

To the Editor of the "Irish Times."  
Sir,—The placard of the "Irish Times" for to-day bears the legend, "Exonerated of Police," and your leader-writer, by his comment on the report issued by the Commission of Inquiry, leaves the same impression; yet the charges which most shocked and startled many citizens have been endorsed by the findings of the Commissioners. Unnecessary batoning and grave injuries to innocent persons in a main thoroughfare are not denied by the Court, but attributed to a pardonable error. On this point, as on others, I understand that important evidence exists which was not tendered, but withheld, on account of the composition of the Court; the hopes of a wider and more representative inquiry, for which the Labour Party intend to press next Wednesday, in accordance with Mr. Birrell's unredeemed pledge. Consequently the Commission had to rely very largely on police evidence. But the amazing occurrences in the Corporation Buildings led to the production of testimony on both sides. I wish to point out the gravity of the fact that the Commissioners' findings here emphatically condemn the police. Now, in the first place, this shakes our confidence in police testimony; for, since the evidence of the victims is accepted, the

police denials can be only organised lying, or suppression of the truth. Secondly, though the Commissioners refer to provocation and excitement, we pay our policemen to be self-restrained and patient, even under stone-throwing. But, indeed, the facts accepted as true by the Commission point either to drunken frenzy or deliberate and organised savagery. The police are not a military force, licensed to carry on general war by sieges, yet to break into ten or twelve dwellings, and smash utensils, and images; to wreck a room where a woman is the only occupant; to baton and break the arm of a man not even alleged to have thrown a stone—these are acts of which a British soldier in warfare could hardly be guilty. That such acts are possible, and so far unpunished, among so large a party of police, indicates something radically wrong in the discipline of the force and in the conduct they are instructed to observe in dealing with the poorer class of citizens. It is unnecessary to reflect that for all we know, these are the men who have been in charge of the streets and on whose unsupported testimony workmen (not cornerboys) have throughout the labour troubles been committed to prison. And we must also remember that, though as yet unproven, similar incidents are reported from other streets.

Whether the stories of brutal batoning of crowds be true or untrue would be a comparative small matter, if they stood alone; not only because everyone feels that an inspector may lose his head and imagine unreal dangers, or a constable see red and mistake an old woman for Mr. Larkin, and a prayer book for a revolver, but much more because the general public is likely to be injured and resent it. But for officers of the law to commit a deliberate outrage on the homes of the poor knowing that it can be done with impunity because they are poor and helpless, leaves a sense of burning wrong, and it inevitably follows that the workers and not a few who sympathise with them, refuse to give the police the benefit of the doubt in cases where it is possible to suppose mistake.

You conclude your leader with an appeal for extra pay for the police on the ground of their good service. Whether this is timely or good policy, in view of the points just mentioned, I have my doubts, but I am sure the majority are decent men; and in any case it always pays to treat a man fairly and pay him well. But if justice be not a word without meaning, your first demand ought to have been for compensation to the victims mentioned in the report for the moral, material, and physical damage which they have suffered.—Yours, etc.,

R. M. GWYNN,  
40 Trinity College, Dublin,  
February 16th, 1914.

**Correspondence.**  
**Soldiers in the Cork Technical School.**  
To the Editor "Irish Worker."  
Sir,—The facility to enable Soldiers to attend classes in the Cork Technical School is a move in the right direction. All soldiers are workmen's sons, and no workman ought oppose it, as it enables them to take up a trade, etc., going into civilian life. Is it because a man enlists that you are going to close all doors on him? If we look at the list of the Transport Workers' Union we will find 80 per cent. ex-soldiers or connected with the military. In any movement the ex-soldier always gives a lead, he may have a certain amount of work to do during strikes which he dislikes, through no fault of his own. The ex-soldier is always opposed whenever anything to his advantage is about to take place. Well if this is to continue, it is about time the ex-soldier started a society of his own, unless this attitude is dropped. It is only what I call a dog in the manger policy.  
Yours truly,  
TIME EXPIRED.  
[Our correspondent would seem to forget what occurred in Dublin recently.—Ed.]

Feb. 22, '14  
Sir,—The necessity of a co-operative stores is needed in the City of Cork. The prices of the necessities of life are beyond the workingman's reach, and higher and higher they go. I can see by the "Irish Worker" how Dublin is provided with such stores. If the workers in Cork were only organised, they could have the articles cheaper and profits divided amongst themselves. Let us hope somebody will make a start, as the brains are there, and I think the cash could be found. It is a great credit to the President of the Bradford Trades Council to provide food and medical attendance for school children. There is many a boy and girl goes to school hungry, and we all know the brain can't study with a hungry or craving stomach.  
A WORKMAN.  
[There is a co-operative already in existence in Great George's street, Cork. It is evident they don't want too many persons to know about them, or perhaps our correspondent is not a very observant man. We may add that Ireland could have the same facilities for feeding the hungry school children only for the "patriots" who compose the Irish Party.—Ed.]

**Subscriptions Received by Transport Union.**

We give this week a thirteenth list of the subscriptions to the Lock-out Fund received in the Transport Workers' Office, and from week to week we will continue to give a list until all the sums received directly in Liberty Hall are acknowledged in the "Irish Worker."

Nov. 10th.—Seven Rebels, per E. Rose, Castletown, 7s.; Orchestral Co. employees Elm St., 7th donation, per F. H. Austin, £1 13s. 3d.; The Forward, Glasgow, per Thomas Johnston ... £200 0 0  
Hull Tannery workers, N.U.G.W. & C.L., per A. Brown, 5s. 6d.; Dublin Breadserver, 2s. 6d.; R.M.T.F. Greenock, collection per Hugh Hinchelwood, £3 10s.; Hartley Withers Esq., per Miss S. C. Harrison, £1.  
Nov. 11th.—City of Chicago Municipal Pension fund, per B. McMahon £4; Atherton, Bch. Lanc. & Ches. Miners' Fed., per James Latham, £4; A few Stockport Hatters on short time per J. Jennings, 3s. 9d.; Catford Bch. Postmen's Fed., per J. Homewood, 4s. 6d.; Musselburgh Bch. Paper Mill Wkrs. Union, per John Black, Sec. 12s. 6d.; Thornbury Tram Depot, Bradford, per Ned Shaw, Winterburn, Morgan & Cross, £3; Limerick Bch. Typo. Assoc., per John J. Christie, Sec. £4; I.T. & G.W.U., Bch. No. 20, Cork, per D. Coveney, £20 6s.; Manchester No. 13 Bch., N.U.R., per W. J. Griffiths, £3; Burnley Miners' Assoc., Prosperity Lodge, per James Alfred Sampson, Sec., £4 5s. 9d.; Workmen of R. Lawson & Sons, 4 Lane Ends, Hetton-le-hole, per D. Smith, 4s. 6d.; Crew of ss. Blackwater, per P. Nolan, 9s.; The Cumberland Iron Ore Miners & Kindred Trade Assoc., Moore Row, Cumberland, per T. Gavin-Duffy, £20; B. C., Dublin, £2; C. B. Postmen, Liverpool, per John Holland, 12s. 6d.

Nov. 12th.—The Grimby Rev., B.S.P., per H. Greene, £4 15s.; Rev. Percival M. Medcalf, Hull Mission, £1; P. O'Neill, Westport Bch., N.U.R., £1; Stereo and Electrotypes, per T. H. Middleton, 16s.; H. Lepimere, One and All Adults School, Walthamstow, 7s.; F. C. Cooper, Newfoundland, Leicester, 7s.  
Nov. 13th.—Leith Bch. Boilermakers, and Iron and Steel Ship Builders, per J. M. Airie, £15; Tilbury Progressive Club, per W. W. Krance, Sec., £2 5s. 6d.; Rossendale Union of Boot, Shoe and Slipper Operatives, per Albert Taylor, £5 3s. 2d.; Derbyshire and Notts Engine-men and Firemen's Union, Ripley Bch., per Edmond Cox, £1; Putney Bch., N.A.W.S.A. & S.A.W. & C. per R. G. Curtis, 6s. 6d.; M. Brady, Hamilton-Ontario Canada, 5 dollars, £1 0s. 10d.; William Flood, Lumb Lane, Bradford, 2s. 8d.; James Leech, Trafford Park, Manchester, 1s.; J. J. O'Leary, Dublin, 5s.; J. J. Farrell, per J. J. O'Leary, Dublin, 2s.; Adolph Worm, per J. J. O'Leary, Dublin, 2s.

Nov. 14th.—Rhymney Valley District, S.W.M.F., per Rees Parker, £15; Grimby Bch., B.S.P., per D. Walmesley, 13s. 6d.; Warrington Bch., B. & S.M.W., per James Powell, 10s.; No. 21 Bch., I.T. & G.W.U., per D. Carey, Cork, £2; For relief fund from Dublin Exile, Oldham, 2s. 10d.; Mrs. Dudley Edwards, Dublin, 8s.; A. Philpott, Tranmere, Cheshire, 1s.  
Nov. 17th.—The Forward, Glasgow, per Thomas Johnston ... £175 0 0  
Birkenhead Bch., B.S.P., per A. Andrews, Sec., £3 12s. 6d.; Prestwith Bch., I.L.P., per Harold Robinson, £2; Bernard Baron, Carrars Ltd., London, £10; Hull Branch, D.W.R. & G.W.U., per Samuel Wood, £2; Proceeds of Meeting held under the auspices of Swindon Trades and Labour Council, per H. Martin, £1 14s. 2d.; Cork Branch, N.S. & F.U., per J. Bennett, £1 4s. 6d.

**Subscriptions Received by Dublin Trades Council.**

Socialist Club, Merthyr Vale and Aberfar, per J. Evans, £6 11s. 1d.; Clarion Scouts & D.H.L., Leeds, per Mrs. Twye, £5; Employees, Hyde Road Car Works, Manchester, £5 14s. 8d.; D.H.L. & B.S.P., Erith, per R. E. Warde, £5 16s.; Clarion Institute, Leeds, £6 4s. 6d.; N.U.R., Newcastle Central, per T. Taylor, £5; Weavers and Winders, £5; Soc. Sunday School Demonstration, Leeds, £7; Erith D.H.L. & B.S.P., £5; Poplar Trades Co. per J. H. Banks, £5 0s. 4d.; York and Dis. Trades Co., £7; Manchester Corp., Hyde Road Car Works, £5 4s. 3d.; Boilermakers, Newcastle, £5 16s. 6d.; The Daily Herald, £8 16s. 6d.; Miss Gibson, Haslemere, £5 15s. 4d.; Sunderland Trades Co., £5; Southampton Trades Co., £8; The Daily Herald, £9 3s. 3d.; Motherwell Trades Co., £6; The Daily Herald, £9 15s. 9d.; B.S.P. Leazes, Park Rd., Newcastle, £9 10s.; N.U.R. Maesteg, per W. Curl, £5 5s.; N.U.R. Brierley Hill, £5; Hyde Road Car Works, Manchester, £9 10s.; Sunderland Trades Co., £5; W. Williams, Balby, £8; N.U.R., Newcastle central, £7; D.W.R. & G.W.U. Cardiff, per J. Donovan, £9 10s.; Sunderland Trades Co., £5; H. Fryer, Thurleigh Road, Balham, £6; Proceeds of Concert, Failsforth, £9 6s.; D.W.R. & G.W.U. Cardiff, £9 17s.; Sunderland Trades Co., £5; D.W.R. & G.W.U., Bristol, £9 1s. 9d.; Daily Herald, £7 3s. 2d.; Miss Gibson, Noonfield, £5; D.H.L. & B.S.P., Rotherham, £6 10s.; York and Dis. Trades Co., £6 12s.; Bakers and Confectioners, Manchester, £8 6s. 9d.; Daily Herald, £9 4s. 3d.; H. Fryer, Clapham, London, £7, and £6; D.W.R. & G.W.U., Cardiff, £9 2s. 8d.; Daily Herald, £6 9s. 2d.; R. Baldwin, Openshaw, £4 6s. 6d.; Hips, Ltd., Leeds, £3 11s. 7d.; Fire Brigade Union, Tara, Street, £2; R. A., per W. O'Brien, £2; Brushmakers Society, Dublin, £1 6s.; Dublin Glaziers, £1 1s., £1 7s.; Am. H. Painters, Dublin, No. 1, 2, £2 5s., £1 1s.; N.A.U.S.A.W. & C. Dublin, £1 5s. 2d.; Scientific Instrument Makers, £2; Cab and Car Drivers, Broadstone, 10s.;

Boot and Shoe Operatives, Dublin, 19s.; From friends, per P. Grogan, 13s. 6d.; Belfast Coopers, 15s. 9d.; I.L.P., North Belfast, 12s.; A.S. Tailors, Newbridge, 15s.; W. Chase, Parnell St., 15s.; Butchers' Soc., Dublin 16s.

**A Song About "Mr. Y."**  
With Choruses in Syncopated Metre.

We've heard of Lorcan Sherlock, or The Summerhill White Hope; We've heard of Mr. Scully, too, The Keeper of the Rope. And thoughts of heroes such as these Must moisten any eye; But can you tell us anything Concerning Mr. Y.?

First Chorus:  
See him shuffling along  
Midst that clamouring throng  
He's got a great head,  
Well bred,  
And beautiful manners,  
Those two-and-a-tanners  
Are eagerly waited by us,  
So please don't make any fuss;  
It's simply great, mate,  
Waiting near the Pillar—  
Waiting for our friend Mr. Y.

We've heard of Dr. Jekyll and The famous Mr. Hyde;  
We've read about King Canute who Was baffled by the tide.  
We know the harebrained leprachuan Who masquerades as "shy,"  
But now the puzzle of the hour Is: Who is Mr. Y.?

Second Chorus:  
Keep your heart up, Mr. Y.  
Keep your heart up, Mr. Y.—  
Last night  
In a gutter fight  
I saw you, I saw you  
With the "Green 'Un" in your hand  
But there's no green in your eye  
When you're chucking half-a-crown  
About for exercise  
Keep your heart up, Mr. Y.

Don't talk about Napoleon or Extol him for his size  
Until the great biographers Have written Mr. Y.'s  
And when they raise his monument Each Irishman expects  
To drink the health of Mr. Y. In special double X.

Third Chorus:  
Oh! Eve'y evening hear him sing,  
It's a most mysterious thing,  
While the changes he does ring  
Mr. Y. Mr. Y. Mr. Y.  
Oh! How the public's heart will ache  
If they suddenly awake  
And discover it's a fake  
Mr. Y. Mr. Y. Mr. Y.  
Well, they'll do it just like no one  
could  
And they'll send him home a corpse  
to Spud  
Oh! Won't the "Freeman" yell  
with glee  
If the Jury should agree  
And bring in Felo-de-se?  
Mr. Y. Mr. Y. Mr. Y.

Additional Chorus  
(Only to be sung by employees of the D.U.T.C.)  
Where will he be to-night, to-night?  
Oh, where will he be to-night?  
Where will he lodge,  
Or hide or dodge,  
Or how will he keep from sight?  
Will he attempt to sell us?  
Tell us.  
Or we shall die with fright,  
Won't somebody kindly inform us  
Where he will be to-night?

He's well supplied, we are aware,  
With Mr. Murphy's wealth,  
And goes around from night to night  
A doing good by stealth.  
So, buy the "Ha'penny Horrible"  
At once and try the trick,  
Perhaps you'll find you're richer  
By a quid or half-a-thick.

Final Chorus:  
He would go, go, go  
Each evening with the booty  
He would go, go, go  
Around the town on duty  
And every now and then  
He'd look about him when  
Some extra watchful "G"-man would  
Be after him again.  
And then he'd go, go, go,  
Right up to Brother Nugent's  
He would go. Oh—oh—oh—oh!  
Where he'd raise all their hopes  
With his wee envelopes  
And then he'd—  
("Same again, boss, but put in a tankard this time. What's that? . . . Oh, yes. They're writing nigger melodies about me now.")  
OSOAR.

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**A Clean Sweep-Out of all remaining Winter Goods at any Price.**  
Nothing kept over. No reasonable offer refused for shop-soiled, tossed, faded, or out-of-fashion goods, odds and ends, and remnants to clear up; practically given away. Remember this is your last opportunity.  
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