"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 Fintan Later.



Who is it speaks of defeat?

I tell you a cause

like ours;

Is greater than defeat can know—

It is the power of

As surely as the earth rolls round

powers.

As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon wave

Must our Cause be

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Edited by JIM LARRIN.

No 45 - Vol III.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 21st, 1914

ONE PENNY.]

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

BY SHELLBACK.

I have another week of glorious success to record for the Irish Players at Liverpool. The people in the City don't seem to tire in the least of Jim Larkin or his sister, Delia, and her merry troupe of Players, and the latters experience of Liverpool, particularly of the Garston district, must long remain a pleasant recollection. The visit has made many supporters for Industrial Unionism among the thinking section of the workers, and a friendly hand has been held out to the strangers. They have been feted and lionised in a manner that makes it quite clear that their holy mission, on behalf of those wounded in the Dublin fight, is thoroughly appreciated. Under the direction of Mr. I. Pick, who was ably assisted by, among many others, Comrades Finn, Murray, Bennet, Eade, Kelly, Soarfleet, Bewley, Donnelly, Smith, Warren, Cameron and a group of ladies headed by Miss Kate Kelly, the large Assembly Hall was packed on the two evenings the Players performed, and the result is that a sum of some thirty pounds will be handed over for the objects the Irish Workers have in view. So far I am not in the position that would allow me to give the returns for the other Liverpool performances, as the accounts for the "New Pavilion" and the "David Lewis Theatre ' are not vet settled, but there must be a fairly large amount to be paid over as the performances at both houses was most successful: and when the whole is totaled up, I am sure that the result will prove highly creditable to Liverpool, particularly as certain people had openly proclaimed their intention to use what

influence they could command to make

the visit unprofitable, and had more than

hinted at hestile action by informing

newspaper men that if Jim Larkin came

to Liverpool they would know how to deal

with him. It must be a source of annoy-

ance to them to know that the Liverpool

workers did know how to deal with the

wearers of the "Red Hand," though not

altegether in accordance with the manner

that the aforesaid gentlemen would have

preferred.

It cannot be too well known that much of the success of the dramatic efforts by the Players is due to the really clever acting of Mr. T. O'Morre, Mr. P. Murtagh, and Miss Kate Moore, who possess the necessary national characteristics of manner and voice, without which the p'ays would not have proved so attractive. Miss Larkin, Mr. Smith, Mr. Kavanagh, and the other players all shew marked ability and promise well for the future. The dancers-Messrs. Murtagh and Whelan - could hold their own on the boards of any hall in the country. In fact—and this is not my own opinion only—they would take a mighty lot of beating anywhere. Leo and May Ryan, the juvenile dancers, are without a doubt marvellous exponents of jigs and reels, and I think I am quite safe in saying that at their ages they are without an equal in the public halls of Great Britain or Ireland. And then the fiddler. What Irishmen with feet could resist the heeltickling that is set up when Fiddler Kenney is manipulating the bow? What colleer but wants to step it out, to bow and prance, join hands and skip up and down the middle, when the charms of Kenney's music fills the air? The very scent of turf fires is in the notes and takes one's mind back with their airs of childhood to, maybe, a little old mud cabin who e whitewashed walls glint silvery in the sun, and where poverty never killed the spark of generosity and good humour that is so naturally inherent in the Irish character Pat McInerney and Miss Mary McMahon in their grand singing, help us along on our way back to youth, with songs that, though they are very old, will never die. The songs of our Irish fathers and mothers sang in their baby days and erconed in their old sge. Mr. Bingham Sheridan at the piano, was also a marked success. The whole performance is ushered in by Irish War Pipers, Donohue and Wynne, with quick-step marches, typical of the vitality of that movement that is to help universal Labour to come into its own, and closes in a crash of voices by the combined troupe in a musical and vical rendering of ". he Watchword," an anthem that is suggestive of the great

hopes of the workers, hopes that will surely

materialise when Labour will have at last "got up from its knees, and claimed the whole world as its own"

Half way through each performance time has been given for a short speech from some local celebrity. This duty was attended to at Garston by Mr. J. Cousins and Councillor Robinson respectively, who, in their usual vigorous style (the first as an exponent of literary Ireland, and the second as a stern fighter in the workers cause), expressed the faith that is in them regarding the ultimate triumph of the people and the consequent downfall of all the Murphy's of the earth.

It would not do to pass over one of the many instances of the hearty welcome that has been extended to the members of the troupe and at which I was present. This was on the Sunday following the Garston performance. By the great kindness of a lady (Mrs. McGarry) a hall was placed at the disposal of the local Committee to hold a real Irish night in honour of the visitors. The same lady provided everything requisite for the comfort and refreshment of those who attended, and a right lively time was the result. There was lashings of punch for those who were not sentimental, there was tea and cocca for those who had bees in their bonnets, and there was singing and dancing, and maybe lovemaking—but I didn't see any -till the evergreens that were hanging to the girders and the very girders them selves were affected and shook with laughter and gaiety. Long after midnight the merrymaking went on, and it was not until the "grey dawn was breaking" did those intensely rish souls permit their Dublin friends to depart, and not then before the stirring strains of "The Watchword" had gathered a small body of peelers who, like their kind in Dublin, are out of place where there is joy and gladness, and only seem to be at home where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

To Mrs. McGarry, of Garston, I respectfully doff my caubeen. Long may she live to spread sunshine and pleasure around her and extend the hand of sympathy to the afflicted stranger within the gates.

Many sorts of people have seen the Irish Players since their arrival at Liverpool, and many can hardly realise that the happy-looking lads and lassies are a part of those people for whom they are appealing to the workers of England.

The stolid Englishman who views their performance and laughs and laughs until the tears run down his cheeks at the lrish wit and rich humour of the actors, can scarcely believe that all this playacting is to lessen, in some degree, the sufferings and the misery and the destitution of a whole people, of whom the merry company is part. He can scarcely believe that the laughter-provoking play is an earnest appeal to him, on the part of those actors, to stay the tears and the trials of their kindred at home in that Dublin that is so desperately oppressed. But he is beginning to understand. The fellow-feeling spot in the English heart has been reached—of that there is no doubt. The brotherly and sisterly feeling that should ever exist among the enslaved of every land is being awakened, and in that direction the "Irish Players" will have contributed no mean part.

That being so, one can only wonder—why only one troupe? Why not a hundred companies of Irish Players, all simultaneously playing in the different industrial centres of Great Britain, all reaping the same success, all the same

That could be done. There is plenty of material at Liberty Hall, and there are plenty of Liverpools in Great Britain.

We have just been informed of the recommencing of the baton argument in
Dublin, and we all regret very much to
hear that Captain White, who has done
more for England than all the police in
Ireland has done, has been so brutally
treated by those alleged to be serving the
Crown. We are also just informed that
one section of workers in Dublin have
completed arrangements by which all the
building operations in the new Dublin,
about to be undertaken, may be not only
affected but may be carried on by the
workers themselves who, in that case,

out the employing middleman. The Irish Transport Union will appear in the future as a competitor with the bosses, and owing to the less need for private profit that exists in the care of the Union. the building bess bids fair to become a rapidly disappearing body. Altogether the prespects seem so bright in connection with the whole of the co-operative schemes of the Irish Transport Union that one need not be surprised when I tell the Dublin workers that, in spite of labour leaders, a committee is already being embodied to manage the affairs of the Liverpool and District Branch of that Union, and to which membership is now open to all workers, male or female, no matter what their calling or profession may be.

On Tuesday evening the 17th of March, St. Patrick's day, the Irish Players were in possession of Liverpool's most important building-St. George's Hall. The gaoled, police-batoned, locked-out Transport workers of Dublin exhibited their qualifications as actors in the same building that, on one day in August two short years ago, was packed with British soldiers armed to the teeth with rifle, bayonet and ball cartridge that was to be used against the Transport Workers of Liverand every one of those locked-out and persecuted Transport Workers on this great occasion proudly wore and exhibited along with their sprig of Irish Shamrock the emblem of their Union—the Red Hand of Jim Larkin.

The Irish Party and the Betrayal of Ulster.

Ireland is again seething in one of those periodical political crisis that requires the master-mind and skilful guidance of a Parnell. Instead, however, of the immortal Parliamentarian, the Irish Nation is at present favoured with a set of pigmy statesmen who strut the political stage after the manner of the fabled jackdaw in peacock's feathers. These sagacious leaders have asked us to chorus the "Ireland a Nation" anthem in return for an alleged Home Rule Bill that is an insult to the memory of Ireland's martyred dead as well as to every living Nationalist. They have asked us, in addition, to acquiesce in the determination of the British Government to stereotype, by Act of Parliament, two distinct Irelands. They are encouraging a spirit of political mendicancy in the form of seeking Government jobs that is a violent departure from recognised National tradition. Their speeches are couched in language of loathsome flattery of a British political party, under whose table they appear to lie, Lazarus like, awaiting any political crumb that may be offered. To those of us who can recall the spirit of militant Nationality displayed by the old National League, a glance over some of the speeches of its great Chieftain will serve as a refreshing tonic in these days of decadence.

Speaking at Cork on 21st January, 1885, Mr. Parnell said: "We cannot ask for less than the restitution of Grattan's Parliament with its important privileges and wide and far-reaching constitution. We cannot under the British Constitution ask for more, but no man has a right to fix the boundry of the march of a nation. No man has a right to say, 'thus far shalt thou go and no further,' and we have never attempted to fix the ne plus ultra to the progress of Ireland's nation-hood, and we never shall."

Contrast this declaration with speeches of men who accept as a final settlement of Ireland's claim to freedom a Bill containing Clause 41.

This infamous Clause reduces the prcposed Irish Parliament to the helplessness of a mere debating society. It gives absolute power to the Euglish Parliament to destroy, by a single Act, the work of Sessions of the Irish Parliament. The working effect of this Clause will be that, after the Irish Parliament has passed an Act the English Parliament can come along and legislate on the same question. and, in the words of the Clause, "the Act of the Irish Parliament shall be read subject to the Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and so far as it is repugnant to that Act shall be void." In other words, the English Act cancels the Irish Act. The Irish Parliament being, therefore, unable to forsee English legislation, can never a sure itself that its work will remain permanent. It has been

will reverse the present position and lockout the employing middleman. The
Irish Transport Union will appear in the
future as a competitor with the bosses,
and owing to the less need for private
profit that exists in the case of the Union,
the building boss bids fair to become a
trapidly disappearing body. Altogether the
prespects seem so bright in connection with

Speaking at Waterford on 28th January, 1891, Mr. Paruell said: "There can be no mistake about it that we want a Parliament with full power to manage the affairs of Ireland-a Parliament we must have that will be supreme with regard to Irish questions. We will have no English Veto; an English Veto on the laws that you shall make would break down and destroy that Parliament before it had been two years in existence." The presence of Clause 41 in the present Bill would undoubtedly have forced Mr. Parnell to reject it as a cunningly-devised Veto, more deadly in its underhand working than even Poynings Law. The great source of Parnell's influence consisted in the lofty grandeur and noble sublimity of his spirit of independence. He always maintained as a fundamental. dogma of his National propaganda, that his Party should hold sternly aloof from all English influences. Speaking at Burslem, in Staffordshire, he said-"It was a matter of history that Irishmen were not valued until they learned to betray. The Irish members (the followers of Mr. Butt) said we must behave as the English members behave; in fact, we must be English; we must go into English society and make ourselves agreeable and not cause a ruffle on the smooth sea of Parliamentary life, lest we forget our position as gentlemen and as members of the British House of Commons. Mr. Biggar and himself, however, thought that that was a wrong view to take, and that it would be better for them always to remember that they were Irish representatives." At a later period, speaking in the Rotunda, Dublin, he stated: "The air of Westminister would demoralise anyone, no matter how imperceptibly. As the air of London would eat away the stone walls of the House of Commons so would the atmosphere of the House eat away the honour and the honesty of the Irish members." Replying after having received the Freedom of Limerick on November 1st, 1880, he said—" I am not one of those who believe in the permenance of an Trish Party in the English Parliament. I feel convinced that sooner or later the influence which every English Government has at its command -the powerful and demoralising influence -sconer or later will sap the best party you can return to the House of Commons.' Speaking at Ennis on September 19th 1880, he declared—"I have seen that the more independence the Irish Party showed.

Ireland."
Year after year we find recurring in his speeches the remarkable warning that—"The Irish people should closely watch the conduct of their respresentatives in the House of Commons." Again speaking in the Rotunda, he said—"There can be no doubt that the more every Irish member keeps aloof from private communication with English Ministers the

the more respect it gained for itself and for

What do old National Campaigners who followed the National League banner for years think of the present leaders of the alleged National Party dining in their official residences with Cabinet Ministers and, over walnuts and wine bartering away an historic area of Irish soil? In Antrim, our National Apostle spent the days of his youth, in Armagh he established his episcopal See, and in Down his saintly remains

are interred Yet, men who claim political descent from O'Neill of Benburb, the Chieftains of Tyrconnell, not to mention the hero of Cloutant, are calmly assuming that the Irish people will silently acquiesce in one of the grossest attempts at betrayal in Irish history. Were Parnell alive to-day he would hurl back with scorn any such suggested multilation of the Irish Nation. His observant eye would have penetrated to the depths of the crafty English Premier's mind and would have, long since exposed the fiendish delight of the Ministry as they encouraged their English settlers in Ulster to organise and arm, in order to thwart the grant of any concession to the "mere Irish." Speaking at Cardiff on 28th June, '85. Mr. Parnell said "In fact, you will find that when you have conceded to Ireland the right of selfgovernment, a great many troubles and dangers which appear to you now to be difficult will vanish into thin air. It is intolerable that our nation should reme n any longer the football for unscrupul us English politicians; at the mercy of the deliberate incitements to violence of ex-Ministers of the Crown who are protected by their political position and their position in the English world from the justice of the law."

As illustrating the spirit in which Mr. Parnell approached any discussion of the Irish question or relations with any English Party, the following quotation from a speech delivered by him at a banquet in Cork on St. Patrick's Day, '91, is appropriate:—"There is one thing, ladies and gentlemen, that you may be assured of, you will not get any English Party to help you and to save you unless you first show that you are sufficiently powerful to help and to save yourselves, and above all things you will not get any English Party to help or to stand by you if you run cringing to them, or allow your representatives to cringe to them, and to attempt to think you can do nothing without the allignes of the Libert Party.

without the alliance of the Liberal Party. The last trace of the old spirit of the National struggle in Parnell's days seems to have disappeared with the acceptance of a Crown salary of £400 per annum from the Liberal Party. It is questionable if this ingenious method of the Whig Ministry to purchase Irish attendance and votes would have ever received Parnell's sanction. In a speech at Kildare he used the following remarkable words: "I claim for Ireland, claimed for her, the right of deciding her own destinies and of electing her own members. Surrender your free choice of your own members to no Englishman and keep your members, as long as you have members at Westminster free from contamination from English parties, from English politicians, and from English clubs. Guard them if they are weak, for there is always danger of weakness, and I have never concealed it from you that there is danger to your cause and to your representation in the powerful engines of contamination which these English parties have ready at hand. Keep your heads straight to the enemy and make your members keep their heads straight to the enemy."

With what contempt and indignation Mr. Parnell would denounce the revellers and the money-changers who have now possession of the Irish temple of Nationality, and who, under the cloak of religion. scramble with unblushing effrontery for all the Government jobs that an English Chancellor, at the expense of the Irish taxpayer, can create in Ireland. Then, again, the unseemly rush of a section of Irish Catholics to organise a sectarian society, bound by secret sign and password, on what they called the "eve of Home Rule" to grab all Government and other positions of emolument, brings into relief the need for some such guiding mind as that of Parnell. While steadily refusing to be influenced by the noisy threats of a section in Ulster he constantly counselled, as he did in Tralee, in '90, the Irish people to abstain from any action tending to show that any section of the Irish electors allow any religious body to influence their political opinions. Even the most intimate friend of Parnell could hardly imagine his feelings if he had lived to see anyone galvanise into life the decayed fabric of Orangeism by the establishment of a society pompously styled the Ancient Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin). Were it not for the existence of the Board of Erin the Orange Society would have long since ceased to exist. The existence of the one justifies the existence of the other, and to Brother Devlin and not to Brother Carson is mainly due the progress of the Covenanter movement in Ulster. English Ministers must feel deeply indebted to the Hibernian President for placing such an effective check upon the fusion of Orange and Green that was rapidly taking place amongst the workers of Ulster. In resurrecting the old religious quarrels, new opportunities were given to English statesmen, and the result is to-day beheld in the lopping off of sufficient territory as will ensure for generations to come that Irish energy, wit and enterprise will be spent in factionfighting between two avaricious bodies in Ireland rather than in a combined effort to lift the toilers of all creeds to a position

of affluence in the land of their birth.

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

812 HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE.

Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workingman. No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs

Irish Trades Union Congress,

PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the Irish Trades Congress was held on Tuesday in the Library of the Trades Hall, Mr. Thomas Johnson, Vice-Chairman of the Committee, presiding; also present—Messrs. D. R. Campbell, Belfast, Treasurer; Richard O'Carroll, T.C., P.L.G., Dublin; John O'Sullivan, Cork; W. O'Brien, Dublin; Thomas McPartlin, Dublin; M. J. O'Lehane, Dublin, and P. T. Daly, Secretary. Mr. M. J. Egan, T.C., J.P., was absent through illness and Mr. J. Larkin through absence in England.

Correspondence was submitted from Mr. A. Henderson, M.P.; Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland; J. E. Redmond, M.P., J. S. Middleton, Asst. Sec. Labour Party, &c.

PROPOSED EXCLUSION OF ULSTER IN THE HOME RULE BILL.

Mr. Thos. Johnson (Belfast) proposed, Mr. John O'Sullivan (Cork) seconded, and it unanimously resolved:—

"That this Committee, representing the Trade Union and Labour Movement of all Ireland, views with dismay and anger the attempt to divide Ulster from the rest of Ireland under the proposed amendments to the Home Rule Bill. We declare our belief that the suggested exclusion of Ulster (or any part thereof) will intensify the divisions at present existing and destroy all our hopes of uniting the workers of Ulster with those of Munster, Leinster and Connaught on the basis of their industrial and economic interests.

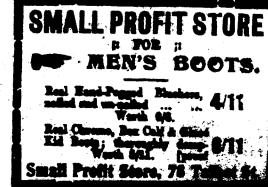
"We call upon all those who profess to have the well-being of the workers of Ireland at heart to vigorously oppose any form of 'exclusion,' either temporary or permanent, and to insist that whatever measures may be enacted concerning Ireland's political future must apply to the country as a whole."

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones of clinkers by purchasing your COALS
FROM
ANDREW S. CLARKIN.

7 TARA STREET.
Telephone No. 2769.

Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire.



Labour's Victory in South Africa smites both Smuts and Botha.

From "The Daily Herald." Johannesburg, March 18 —There have been sweeping Labour victories The Rand Unionists have been almost blotted

The Labour representatives have so far been winning heavily in the Witwatersrand district the issue upon which the elections are being fought is the recent deportations of the Labour leaders.

Thursday 95 am.— he greatest enthusiam prevails amongst all the miners and other workers in the ! ransvaal at the victory of the l abour Party.

The Labourists will have a majority over all other parties in the Council, and the result looked at it the light of recent events, is regarded as most significant.

The victory is attrib. ted to the declaration of martial law by 'he Union Government, to the recent d portations of the labour lead is, and to the projected legislation of General Botha's Cabinet. The enthusiam of the Labour Party

kn ws no bounds The phenomenal successes of the labour candidates mean a Labour Executive, whereas Labour formerly only held two

The victory has staggered Ministeralists and members of the Opposition alike, and it was never believed previously that the auti deportation feeling was so widely held among all classes of workers.

It is significant that the Dutch vote and Jewish vote on the Rand and at Pretoria were both overwhelmingly against deportation and repressive legislation.

All Labour men returned have been gaoled by Botha and Smuts during late struggle along with deported men.

Northern Notes.

No Partition.

In all quarters in Belfast it is now recognised that the Asquith proposal for the partition of Ireland is impossible and unlikely to be carried out. Feeling runs strongly against partition. In progressive Labour and democratic Nationalist circles James Connolly's summing up against partition in last week's "lrish Worker" is reckoned as an excellent and pithy statement of the case. Business concerns like Forster Greens, Hasletts, &c., which do a big trade with the South and West of Ireland, and are Unionists in politics and sentiment, openly acknowledge that exclusion would mean the closing up of the distributive agencies. The same feeling against exclusion is manifested amongst Orange workers of the rank and file, as for instance, in the Sirocco Works. This is the opposition of sectional interests, but in Labour and Nationalist centres of thought, the IL.P. of Ireland and the Y.R.P., for example, the feeling is that partition is dead and damned. I.L.P. Against Exclusion.

At the I.L.P. of Ireland on Sunday the question of exclusion was discussed in all its bearings. Finally it was decided to hold a big anti-partition meeting in St. Mary's Hall. The branch passed a resolution declaring against exclusion and calling on the Parliamentary Labour Party to vote against Home Rule in all its stages if the exclusion policy be proceeded. with. We agree that Home Rule plus partition is a worse proposition than no Home Rule at all, but we think the Labour Party in the House of Commons will. follow the precedent they set on the Insurance Act. They are not likely to embarass the Government when the Liberals are in danger of defeat, especially when the Irish Home Rule Party inter-

Suffragettes and Carsonism.

Mrs. Drummond and Miss Evans, of the W.S.P.U, addressed a fairly large but rather phlegamatic gathering of suffragettes and supporters in the Ulster Hall. on Friday week. Mrs. Drummond spoke on the general question of Militancy, and Miss Evans, on behalf of the W.S.P.U., declared war on the Carson and Ulster Unionists.

Some disturbance was created by welldressed Carsonites with attempts to sing "God Save the King," and the usual hooliganism of the Ulster Unionist brand. At question time the interrupters showed. up badly, Mrs. Drummond admirably hitting them off at every turn.

Methods-Old and New.

Since the declaration of war on the Unionist Council, the suffragettes have been demonstration at the Ulster Players' performance in the Opera House and attacking the statents of letter boxes. We hardly think this is the way to wage war against Grandism, for we fail to see how it hurts the Paionists in a vital spot. A perusal of the Trish Citizen ' report of Connolly's lecture before the I. W. S. S.. would, we fancy, suggest newer and more effective methods to the W.S.P.U. Women Workers' Social.

On Easter Tuesday, in Whitehall Buildings, Anne street, the Irish Textile Wor-kers' Union will hold their Third Annual S cial and Dance.

CRAOBH DRARG.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland. Antient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick:

Street, Dublin. Come hearken, boys, and listen to the

Countess Markieviccs lecture on a "Revolutionary Programme for Labour" on to-morrow, Sunday, at 8 o'clock. Questions and Discussion. Songs of

the lavolution. Admission Twopence; out f werkers free.

BOXING!

In Aid of the Women and Children of the Dublin Locked-out Workers.

Galaxy of Star Contests

Will take place at the OLD DRILL HALL, Pricry street, BIRKENHEAD

when the following well-known boxers will positively appear, viz.-CONTESTS.

15 Rounds—Jem Young, Middle-Weight Champion of Ireland, v. Jem Smith, London (Canning Town).

15 Rounds-Frank Dwyer, Dublin, v. Young Thorogood, London (Canning Town) 8 st. 7 lbs.

10 Rounds-Kid Doyle, Dublin, v. Young Burke, Birkenhead.

10 Rounds-Young Bell, Liverpool, v. Tom Graham, Birmingham. 6 2-Minute Rounds Side Stakes £5 a side:-Young Tiernan, Garston, v.

Young Penkett, Woolton. EXHIBITIONS.

Jem Driscoll, v. Young Blakeborough. Pat O'Keeffe v. a well known White Hope. Jemmie Wilde, Tylerstown (the unbeatable) v. Bernard Nolan, Birkenhead.

ALSO A HOST OF OTHERS, AND PLENTY OF OTHER TURNS ON HANDS.

Referee-Mr. Frank Bradley, "Mirror of Life," London. Boxing Manager-Mr. Dan Whelligan,

NOTICE.

Birkenhead.

All contributors, without exception, are requested to note that all literary matter intended for the "Irish Worker" must be sent direct to the Editor, Liberty Hall, and not to the printer.

EDITOR.

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

The Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421, Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six menths, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anenymous contributions.

Dublin, Sat., Mar. h 21st, 1914.

We Live in Strange Times.

We wonder if Ireland will awaken from her death sleep, or is it to be her fate that the crime Dane, Sax'n and Norman failed to accomplish is to be perpetrated by her own unworthy sons? Is the agelong struggle to be ended in dishonour and disgrace? Is all the blood and tears shed by the Irish race to be but the cement to bind a disgraceful act of treachery? Is there no honest man or party left in this country who will cry out in horror and loathing at the despicable trafficking in Ireland's shame? So you died, Tone, Emmet, McCracken and all your valiant comrades, that Ireland might be bar ered away by politicians to the blcod-thirsty, vicious and despicable Government of tin-chapel bell-ringers, Marconi shares' scandalmongers, wage - slave traffickersa Government of tricksters, place-hunters and renegades; a Government who have used every artifice, every political dodge to keep themselves in power and to find jobs for their friends and relations; a Government who have waded through the blood of the working-class slaves and who have lost all claim to respect from any decent-minded woman or man. And now, to crown all their infamies, they decline to carry out their pitiful mean bargain with our political poltroons! Like Jacob, they have given willing service to this mean, untrustworthy, ghoulish Government on the understanding that Ireland. should have the power (limited power, we admit) to do her own work in the future. And now, when the time arrives to make good their promise, these creatures attempt to trick the Irish people. We repeat: What Norseman, Saxon or Norman, could not achieve by the sheding of blood, the destruction of women and children, the wholesale starvation and deportation of our bravest and best by the liberal use of the gaol and scaffold; hamstringing, pitchcapping and bribery, this Liberal Government think they can accomplish by political dishonesty and chicanery! Ireland is to be divided; the old feuds are to be perpetuated; Ireland's right arm is to be severed from her body. And such a crime is to be allowed to pass without a protest. It is significant of what political jobbery can do for a nation. Is it too late, even at this hour, to make a call upon our unworthy representatives to spurn the bribe, to reject the unholy bargain and demand, in no uncertain tones, the carrying out of the long delayed promise of Home Rule for Ireland a united Ireland, the Ireland of Tone,

Emmet and McCracken-anything less

would mean dishonour and betrayal.

Better death than dishonour!

South African Resurgam.

Congratulations to our comrades of the working class of South Africa. Our benison on you, good men We felt that you would rise to the occasion A strong lead and urgent demand made by determined men and women never failed yet. The wage-slaves of South Africa in their darkest hour have risen and given renewed hope to the proletarian classes of all nations Now, you wage-slaves of Erin, arouse! Take an example from the Rand. You can do things if you but will. Labour united is the hope of the world!

DEATH OF JACK BRITION.

We regret to announce the death, at the early age of 40 years, of John Britton, or, as he was known to us, Jack Britton He leaves a widow and three children to mourn his loss. He was a consistent Trades Unionist and a member of No. 3 Branch of the Irish Tran port Union for years past. He was one of the leading spirits in Nationalist circles in Dublin since coming from his native county Wexford. His introduction of the old historical pageant dances, known as "The Mummers," at the Michael Dwyer Club Sgoireachtanna, will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of witnessing the events. A man amongst nen, quiet as a child, loyal and faithful to his ideals, he was beloved wherever he was known. The sympathy of every man and woman who knew Jack goes out to his sorrowing relatives, whilst their sorrow is, of course, keener because of their immediate connection with him; nevertheless, that sorrow is shared by everybody who had the privilege of knowing poor Jack. We offer them an expression of that sympathy which we feel for them in their great bereavement. The remains left Dublin on St. Patric 's Day for in terment in the family burial ground in Wexford.

Alfie Byrne also Ran.

At the meeting of the Dublin Port and Docks Board on Thursday, the following motion was proposed by Councillor W, P. Partridge:-

That owing to the unsatisfactory statement of Accounts presented by the Docks Office of the Custom House Dock for the year ending 31st December, 1913, showing a deficit of £2,055 17s. rod., and owing to the complaints concerning the action of the Manager in relation to the discharge of his duties by refusing to allow certain persons to work in the Docks even when employed by outsiders. Be it resolved that an independent Accountant be requisitioned to investigate and report on the accounts mentioned above, and that a special investigation committee be appointed and empowered to engage experts and to fully inquire into and report on the present condition of the Warehouses Account and upon the management of the Custom House Docks
That it be a

engaged under this Board not to prohibit trade union officials or others having businesss transactions with men or officials engaged on ships from entering on the Board's premises during working hours provided such persons cause no inconvenience or annoyance.

The motion fell through for want of a seconder. Amongst those present was Alderman Alfie Byrne. When the motion was proposed. Alfie disappeared, but of course Alfie is a great triend of the workers-at election times. We wonder when will the workers get sense !

Literary Extracts with a Labour Moral.

THE CHARITY OF THE RICH.

(From the "Saturday Evening Post." U.S.A)

We all of us have such a chance in one way or another. The answer is that, in spite of the admonition of Christ to sell our all and give to the poor, and the rest of His teachings as contained in the Sermon on the Mount, you probably, in order to save the lives of persons unknown to you, would not sacrifice a single substantial material comfort for one year; and that your impulse to save the lives of persons actually brought to your knowledge would diminish and fade away in direct proportion to the neces-sity involved of changing your present

Do you know any rich woman who would sacrifice her automobile in order to send convalescents to the country? She may be a very charitable person and in the habit of sending such people to places where they are likely to recover health; but, no matter how many she actually sends, there would always

luxurious mode of life.

be eight or ten more who could share in that blest privilege if she gave up her motor and used the money for that purpose. Yet she does not do so, and you do not do so; and, to be frankly honest, you would think her a fool if Suppose, for instance, he could, save

his own child by spending fifty thousand dollars in doctors, hospitals, and nurses. Of course he would do so without a moment's hesitation, even if that were his entire fortune. But suppose the child were a nephew. We see him waver a little. A ousin—there is a distinct pause Shall he pauperise himself just for a cousin? How about a mere social acquaintance? Not much! He night, in a noment of excite ent, jump overboard to save so rebody from drowning; but it would have to be a dear friend or close relative to induce hi to go to the ban and draw out all the money he had in the world to save that same life.

The cities are full of lives that can be

saved simply by spending a little money; but we close our eyes and with pocketbooks clasped tightly in our hands, pass by on the other side. Why? Not because we do not wish to deprive ourselves of the necessaries of life or even of its solid comforts, but because we are not willing to surrender our amusements. We want to play and not to work. That is what we are doing, what we intend to keep on doing, and what we plan to have our children do.

Brotherly love! How can there be such a thing when there is a single sick baby dying for lack of nutrition—a single convalescent suffocating for want of country air—a single family without fire or blankets? Suggest to your wife that she give up a dinner-gown and use the money to send a tubercular office-boy to the Adirondac s-and listen to her excuses! Is there not some charitable organization that does such things? Has not his family the money? How do you know he really has consumption? Is he a good boy? And finally, "Well, one can't send every sick boy to the country; if one did, there would be no money left to bring up one's own children. She hesitates, and the boy dies, perhaps!

Via Sacra.

[Thomas Street, 4th March, 1914, anniversary of Emmet's birth.]

Oh! think as you gaze on these ruins around, With what memories of passionate glory

they're crowned: Where the tempest of youth went tumultously forth-

Where tyranny triumphed o'er valour and wor!h-Where the unsubdued soul of a hero at

agt On its flight to the gates of Eternity

Oh! think of the hearts once left desolate When the fervour of sacrifice led to the

bier ; Of the hopes that were cherished; the ideals fraught

With the seed of the martyr; the miracle wrought That was gifted alone to inspire and sustain

remain. Oh! here if a freeman your soul must be

The hopes and the hearts that unsullied

thrilled With the depth of the love in that young heart now stilled

Oh! how sacred this spot is that drank up nal unity, his blood, Oh! how sacred your trust is to stand as

he stood; Tho' they strove c. his relies to leave not His fire in our blood is the life of our

And think, if a foeman, how futile your might When you fain in his martyrdom essayed

to blight Our devotion, our love in our souls plant

And sunder our race as you severed his But in vain—e'en those stones grim sen-

tinels say, "Behold here the soul of his Nation at

And ye, the fainthearted, who bid us for-Our wrongs, and in ignoble servitude

And forget our young chief and his infinite love.

Have you hearts? Have you souls? Does not manhood reprove Such falsehood to glories that manhood

adorn, To duty -- cevotion, to tyranny - scorn?

He boasts of no stone, for a destiny higher Left his Name and his Cause to the brave who aspire.

Not the guerdon of minds who would pay with mean things, But to men who will march when war's

wide blanner flings Its radiance to heaven, its shade o'er the

stricken, And the genius and spirit of Eire shall quicken.

No crumbling stone can betoken decline In the cause he espoused—for that cause is divine n our love, in our honour, no slackening

zeal Tell the tocsins of freedom and victory

Thy blood swelled the soul-tide of thy Motherland, Emmet!

And tyrant nor traitor, nor dastard dare stem it! SEAGHAN.

BUTTER.

Finest Farmers Pure Butter 1/-, 1/1, 1/2 per lb: Fresh Irish Eggs at Lowest Prices. House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman. PATRICK J. WHELAN,

82 QUEEN ST. DUBLIN.

Please Support Our Advertisers

The Voice That Once.

A Song of St. Patrick's Day.

AIR-"The Harp that Once."

From "The Daily Herald." [Dedicated without permission to the Irish Parliamentary Party, who killed the Conciliation Bill; passed the National Insurance (Slavery) Act; accepted a Home Rule Bill that left Irish women out, and sup-ported the deportation of the South African Labour Leaders, the shooting of strikers, the starving of Dublin workers, and the torturing of women political prisoners.]

The voice that once in College Green The soul of Freedom shed. Now sits as mute below Big Ben

As if its tongue were dead: So sleeps the fight of former days That wielded blade and brand; And tongues that once spoke Freedom's

praise Now lick the Saxon's hand!

Choked now in tactics blue with fright, No song of Freedom swells, The glass alone that cracks at night The rebel spirit tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The only throb she gives Is when some "Suff" a window breaks To show that still she lives!

> S. MAC O. (After Thomas Moore)

(We can now add to the other list of their treacheries-agreed to the dismemberment of the Irish Nation.—ED.]

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD CLUB.

Dublin.

20 Kyngdon-street-North Sydney. The Sscretary, Transport Workers.

Dear Fellow Worker,—The heroic struggles for better conditions of our Irish brothers has won the admiration of all who know the strength of the forces you have had to contend against, and we earnestly hope that you are near the dawn of a brighter day. The fight for justice going on in the Old World and the New should cause every thoughtful worker to reflect how we can bring about universal solidarity to meet the common foe. By the exchange of fraternal messages with our fellow-toilers who are rightly struggling to be free from slavish conditions in every country it is to be hoped we will yet establish an international unity that will prove that the cause of Labour is one throughout the world.—With our heartiest sympathy and sincere well wishes, yours, in frater-

> GEORGE WAITE, Cor Sec., I.W.W.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION Liberty Hall, Dublin.

All sections of women workers are eligible to join the above union. Entrance tees, od. and 3d.; contributions, 2d. and ld. per week.

Irish Dancing, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 p.m. Socials, as usual, on Sunday nights.

GREAT UNION

RALLY

ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS,

Monday Night,

At 8 o'clock.

Speak.

ADMISSION CARD.

Workers! Support the Only Picture

THE IRISH CINEMA Capel Street (next to Trades Hall),

New Open Daily 2,30 to 10.30,

Read! Read! Read! "Labour in Irish History."

JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book. Published at 2s. 6d. New Edition, Is. post free, is. 3d.

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

Wholesale and retail from "Irish Work ker" Office, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

PRESS OPINIONS. "A very remarkable book"-"Irish Times,"

"One of the most illuminating works on Irish History ever written "-"Daily Herald."

IRISH NATION—"Mr. Connolly's brilliant work. . . . at last we have a book which states the historic case of the Irish working class with a passionate fervour and conviction that certainly leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Councily has performed a valuable service to the cause of real democracy in Ireland,"

FREEMAN'S JOURNAL Striking and original book . . . set forth with unquestionable ability . . leads Mr. Connolly to a revelation of many great names and events in Irish history as ordinarily related. This book, arresting and stimulating throughout, will be read with profit even by those who cannot agree with his strongly individual views, and serves a useful purpose in drawing attention to a much neglected field of Irish historical study."

IRISH TIMES-" Mr. Connolly has written a very remarkable book the whole is redeemed by a kind of burning whole is redeemed by a kind of burning intensity like that which made John Mitchel's 'Jail Journal' the great book it is. Mr. Connolly has read Irish history to some purpose. He writes it without the smallest pretence at impartiality, but with a clearness of vision and a contempt for the catch-words of the politicians which give the impression of absolute sincerity." ENNISCORTHY ECHO-'The book is

brilliant, vigorous, well-informed and thought compelling." IRISH FREEDOM-" A welcome book: for besides its intrinsic merits it deals with a phase of Irish History that has been studiously ignored or suppressed by

almost every writer who has touched the subject." FORWARD (Scotland)-"Mr. Connolly has done a valuable work. The great Ribbon Conspiracy, the details of the Socialist Utopia at Ralahine. . . the war against tithes, the Famine of 48 in the midst of plenty, the horrors of transportation, modern movements for freedom-all are treated in a scholarly fashion and with a wealth of particulars. The book should be in every Socialist

library.' CHURCH OF IRELAND GAZETTE-"Mr. Connolly has some sympathy with the men of '98, and with John Mitchel and a few others, because they were genuine revolutionaries and friends of the people, and were imbued with French ideas, realising that the real conflict was not between Irish and English, but between the Haves and the Have-Nots all the world over. . . .

This vigorous and able writer." JUSTICE (London)—"A most interesting and well-written volume applying the materialist conception of history to Ireland."

SCOTSMAN-"The statement of the Irish problem in terms of Socialism is interesting, and it may be added that
the argument is ably worked
out."

POSITIVIST REVIEW S. H. Swinny, editor)—"And yet whatever be our difference, I cannot read this book, so full of sympathy, so ardent, so sincere without being proud that the author is my fellow-countryman, and glad that the great problem of Labour in Irish History should have had so worthy

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

I.T.W.U. Tontine Society.

NOTICE.

Members can join the above society any Sunday between the hours of 11 am. to 3 p.m. Good divides at Xmas. Mortality Benefits paid on production of certificates. No delay; no quarterly fees. Only members of Union eligible. Entrance Fee, 6d.

D. HAYDEN, Secretary, Room 5, Liberty Hall.

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BERESFORD PLACE Best House Coal

delivered at Lowest City Prices.

WIDOW REILLY'S

LITTLE SHOP,

24 Lr. Sheriff Street

Swords and Neighbourhood.

John Early, commonly known as "Noccer," legal adviser to the scab Union is at his dirty tricks again. The height of this professional (?) gentlemanbeg pardon—cad's ambition is a dress suit ball, providing he can hordwink the parties running it and get in free Alas and alas the prestige of the Early's is gone and John is no longer 'welcome to Swords." John was a great party man while his brother Jem was on the job. and at the time of the Boer war he was goir; about a terrible Empire man weating brooches of Lord Roberts, etc. Have you taken the pledge yet, John, and given up your drunken orgies? If not do so at once, or full details of your madman's actions will be published. Once upon a time, John was to go to the Fiji islam's but the natives intimated their unwillingness to let him in, so he is still to the fore in Ireland-more's the pity.

Another light of the scab Union though as usual not publicly is "Cooney" Kane—speiled Keane since his da left the polis' This human hairpin is the lapdog of the Early's and when there is any dirty work to be done this cowardly cring ng crawler does it for them. "Cooney" is reported to be a constant visitor to his neighbours' houses in or about meal times to see what time it is (we don't suppose). 'ack, do you still bring home the overweight' from the Maypole? Stick it, man and you'll get fat on it:

The Farly-Keane-Tyrell crowd from the nucleus of the Ancient Order of Hooligans in Swords It is reported that a big (now Mr. Printer, please), meeting was held in the Library, Swords, on Sunday last. Was it for electioneering purposes or to refund the money collected from the men locked out by these blood-sucking vampires? By the way, perhaps the Financial Secretary, Joe Early, could enlighten us, anyway when are we going to see that hall? Perhaps John Tyrell now that his dog, Nelson, is dead and that it is too cold for white elephants, could audit the accounts for them.

Just fancy the Early crowd holding up the 'Banjo' as a sample of a gentleman. Oh, shades of the Hotel. What a fall was there, my countrymen! What must Mrs. Sarah Kettle's feelings be? Last Sunday's meeting had a good effect on the madmen. It almost drove the leader

Mention of the library reminds us that the so-called Ancient Order of Hibernians of Swords hold their monthly and other meetings in that building. The Library being a public building is intended for the use of all the inhabitants and not of a section If the Ancient Order of Hooligans are allowed the use of a room the lo al Branch of the Irish Transport Union should also be granted the same privilege. Either give it to all or give it to none. When next the Local Government Board uditor visits Balrothery Union for the audit of ac ounts we will have a few words to say about the Swords Library.

Colonel Foster gave the farmers of Swords and district a touch of the lockout a fortnight ago when he refused them the use of his park for their socalled Spring Horse Show. The Colonel is to be congratulated on teaching these ignoramuses a lesson. The farmers were responsible for driving the Colonel off the Bilrothery District Council three years ago, though he was one of the very few on that Council to take an active interest in the treatment of the inmates of the workhouse. As against the farmers we would have no hesitation in recommending our readers to support the Colonel for a position in public life. He can at least keep his word and that is more than can be said for any of the farmers in and around Swords.

Last Sunday's meeting in Swords was, despite the inclement weather, a magnificent success. The Irish Transport Union, so far from being beaten and broken (vide Paddy Kettle at the U.I.) North Dublin Exe utive), in the North County, is as strong and as vigorous as ever. We would earnestly recommend to the vounger members the advisability of joining the Citizen Army in process of formation in words.

To the workers of the North County Dublin we would again say, get ready for the coming elections. Shunt the farmers off the local Councils.

ROUND TOWER.

KOUND TOWER.

Murphy's Loyal Printers' Thanks. Editor "Irish Worker."

Have to work National Holiday same as any other day, while "Evening Herald" says it was "observed as a general holiday." Every other printing office fares better. "Man's ingratitude to man."

Emmet Fife and Drum Band, Emmet Hall, Inchicore.

A SPECIAL MEETING

of members and supporters of the above Band will be held on TUESDAY NEXT, 24th March, 1914, at 8 o'clock, sharp. W. P. PARTRIDGE will preside.

Ireland's Own Band Concert, ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS.

SUNDAY NEXT, 22nd MARCH, At 4.30 punctual.

Miss Florence Cahill ... Soprano
Mr. W. Sheehan Baritone
Mr. J. O'Keeffe ... Clarionet Soloist
Mr. J Inskipp Euphonium Soloist
Grand Overtu:e "1812."

ADMISSION ... 6d. and 1s.

Pembroke Notes.

It is to be hoped that any parents who reside in the Pembroke District, and who are endeavouring to have their daughters employed in that firm which was the subject of the leading article in last week's "Irish Worker," will think twice before they allow any member of their family to be subjected to such

scandalous treatment.

I know several of the girls who came out on strike, and who unfortunately had to seek re-employment in this same firm.

I believe that if their fathers knew that they were to be compelled to submit to such insulting remarks, and also be forced to strip to the waist, march before a doctor, and then be told there was no vacancy well, any father whose blood would not boil were his child to be so treated would be unworthy of the name.

Now, all ye who have for some months past been pouring forth praise in favour of this firm, what do you think of this vile wretch who would subject your own daughter to such treatment?

"Who's Big Ben?" This question has been asked so often that I once more, and for the last time, answer the question.

Big Ben is one of the "uniformed bullies" of the "Chamber of Horrors." I explained some time ago how this overgrown vulture uses his position in order that he may compel poor shopknepers to give him articles of wearing apparel (shirts, for instance), and then not pay.

One of his latest is to borrow a male canary. The owner never expects to see it again, as Big Ben always holds on to what he gets, and dare you ask it back. I say serve those people right when they encourage this ragamuffin.

The "Silent Barber" is a spy for the

above, and notwithstanding all that has been said in those columns about this "Four-by-Two" article, I still find some of those who were locked out for months giving this thing employment although he admits himself he is a scab. The "Silent Barber," in ore of his drunken bouts, declared that he had received enough from "Murther" Murphy and M'Intyre to keep him for some months. Friends, will you still continue to support one who admits that he was paid for helping to keep you walking about idle. I am informed that free beer is given to the "Uniformed Bullies" in order

that they may become customers.

You should allow this drunken cur to remain idle by visiting a Trade Union shop when you require the services of a Borber.

There is another member of the "Chawber of Horrors," 64E. I am informed this is a second edition of Big Ben. If this Bully has not already committed murder he will, as the stamp of it is in his countenance. I am informed his name is Deeming. I wonder is he any relation to "Demon" Deeming on view in Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors," London?

Since I wrote last in connection with the Duignam site cottages the alleged contractor has employed more men. On having a bird's eye view, I find any amount of material being used that is bound to create damp. I hope the Urban Councillors will take note of this. More "concrete" facts to fo'low.

If there is any place in Ireland that needs housing accommodation it is Pembroke. The conditions under which the people live are desperate, and why the Council will not hurry on. Now that they have procured the money, I fail to see. Why not commence the Riverview site? Surely there is nothing to prevent at least some portion of that site being started.

I find that the Beattysfield cottages will shortly be finished and that they will be an improvement on the Donnybrook cottages. I hope Duignam's site will be an improvement on Beattysfield, and there is no reason why it should not. I believe the Clerk of Works deserves to be congratulated on the way he did his work. I hope other Clerks of Works will follow his example and see that the contractor does his work in the same manner.

Nix

British Blood Money.

The following is clipped from a socalled Nationist paper that advertises for recruits for the British Army:—

"The superintendents of the various

D.M.P. stations in Dublin have received an official memorandum from Sir John Ross. Chief Commissioner, conveying his pleasure at the action of the Treasury in sanctioning the extra allowance of a month's pay to the men in consideration of the duty imposed on them during the strike period. Sir John Ross has also expressed his own high sense of the general conduct of the police during the period. The memorandum was read to the men on parade at the various stations yesterday morning. It has been intimated that the leave of absence curtailed or stopped owing to the extra duty involved during the labour troubles will be granted in addition to the ordinary leave this year, and men in whose case special recommendations have been made for awards in consideration of the duty performed by them will also receive their amounts.

Poor Nolan and Byrne!—may their souls rest in peace. The Treasury has not assigned any sum to sustain the dependents of these murdered men. The friendly Liberal Government that refuses a sworn investigation that would establish their guilt now rewards those who are charged with the most cowardly and wanton murders in the annals of police crime in Ireland.

W,P,1

Wexford Kotes.

On Monday night last, the Larkin Daly testimonial was opened amid scenes of great enthusiasm. After the preliminaries had been gone through the Mogul arose, and in his bog latin elequence proposed that the health of the brave Jim be drank after which Judas Byrne sang "the lock out cong." Beb Malone was here heard to call out encore in a deep bass voice, whereupon Judas sang "Carrig River,' he then seated himself on that now historic bellows near the fire. 'Slate Face' was the next on the programme, and his singing of the 'Blackleg' was fully appreciated by verybody but Johnnie Daly who thought he was referring to the broken-toed greyhound. The greatest treat of the evening was the rendering of that famous ditty, "we're all in the one boat," by Bobbie Malone, the foreman, who up to this had been drinking beer at Dan's joining very vigorously in the chorus. The proceedings were brought to a close after the Mogul had called for cheers for Larkin which were given freely, Judas standingat the billiard table waving his Panama hat.

Does anybody in Wexford dare to suggest that this club would have ever been started, only that the men in Pierce's joined the Transport Union? This is a direct result of organisation, and an admission by Pierce and Salmon that prior to the trouble at their works (brought on by themselves) that they had been treating their employees as slaves. But has this been done through love for the men' Emphatically no, it is a dodge purely and simply to keep a hold over the men night and day. If a trade union organiser happened to be holding a meeting in town on any particular night and the bosses saw any slackness in the the club at the time of the meeting, they would probably surmise something and then the inevitable sack comes.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Harbour Board, held this week, Prendergast, the Bachelor taxer and antisuffragette, referred to the breeze between himself and the Mayor, reported some time ago in this paper, when, after he going away from the discussion before the chair, made unfounded remarks about the Dockers' organisation on the quay and their General Secretary, Jim Larkin. The Mayor on that occasion intervened and called upon the chairman "to stop the ravings of this man," and made a tew more remarks which we appreciated very much. It appears from the Press reports of the meeting that the "Rose Stand" has worked Prendergast to call upon the Mayor to apologise. He is reported as having said that anybody who read that particular portion of the papers which reported the Mayor as having said, "Stop the ravings of this man," would think that he was not responsible for what he said. Sure everybody in town says that Prendergast is only the mouthpiece of that school for scandal opposite to him. Before and after a Harbour Board meeting he has a long chat with the proprietor, and Jemmy Mahoney always waits in the shop for the Board meetings to be Well, if we know the Mayor, the last thing he'll think of doing will be to apologise to a creature who cannot think for himself, as he remarked at the meeting. Prendergast was merely helping Powel and Hough out of their difficul-

Anybody reading the report of the meeting would not agree with the remarks of Hempenstall that Larkinism is dead. It has not got into the Harbour

It is a great shock to all self-respecting citizens to hear that the Wexford Harbour Commissioners are trying to extract the exorbitant sum of three hundred pounds from the Lifeboat Institution for services rendered by the "tug" at the recent Fethard disaster. One would think that they should be satisfied with a moderate sum, sufficient to pay the expenses, not to be making a trade out of the duty of saving human life.

The people of the town are still very much annoyed that John Redmond should compromise with Sir Edward Carson (not Sir William) to leave part of Ulster out of the operation of the Home Rule Bill. The more one thinks of it the more laughable it seems. Surely we cannot say Ireland will be a nation if the Bill passes in its amended form. It must have been a great shock to the Nationalists, in those counties proposed for exclusion, when Asquith's proposals were made known to them. Those people have been fighting for their political beliefs since they were able to leave their cradle.

We would like to hear what Joe Devlin has to say to his constituents in West Belfast over the intrigue. Those men who have been faithful to him so long will now, in the event of the Tories agreeing to the compromise, be cut off from Nationalist Ireland, which they have been fighting for, with their lives in their hands, every day that was given to them WE HEAR—

That a scroll is to be placed over the "Pierce Institute" bening the words, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

CITIZEN ARMY

A GENERAL MEETING of present and intending members will be held on SUNDAY, March 22nd, at 12 o'clock mid-day, in Liberty Hall.

BUSINESS—

(a) Acceptance and Amendment of Proposed Constitution;

(b) Election of Provisional Executive Chair will be taken by Captain White, D.S.O.

How the Civic Anthorities in Cork Spread Disease

Men and women of Cork, do you ever stop and think of the vile, ignorant way that infectious diseases are spread in this city by the alleged representatives that are on the public Boards? In the Children's Ward of St. Agnes' Hospital the flowers of the race, the children of the poor, suffering from various infectious complaints contracted through the foul, insanitary arrangements in the slum districts of the city and the low miserable wages that are paid to the parents of the said children by the sweating employers of Cork, the poor innocent mites are huddled together two or three in a bed, and when a complaint was made the following circular was issued, the contents of which is an eye-opener:-

"Now it becomes a question whether the majority of the Board must rule as regards the expensive extension of St. Agnes' Hospital at a cost of £680, which with extras will cost over £1,000, if not more. Now is no time to embark in a big extension which everyone knows is not required. With cattle disease and the wholesale slaughtering of cattle, sheep and lambs, all of which must be paid for by the ratepayers and by the ruined and beggared farmers, matters for the moment are very serious indeed for the liberty of farmers and ratepayers. This very day there are 928 less inmates in the house. Last spring, summer and autumn there were 1,113 less in the house than there were in February, 1903. We earnestly appeal to your love of country and the welfare of its people to be in your place on next Thursday to strike a final blow for country and freedom."

"Several members criticised the action of the Guardians who opposed the extension of the hospital, and it was decided to send a deputation to the next meeting of the Board in connection with the matter."

Of course, this was issued to roundup the money grubbing farmer, the slum landlord, and the profit hunting shark, so that they would be able to block any suggestion that would tend to alter the conditions of the poor, unfor tunate children. A deputation selected from the delegates of the Cork United Trades Council spoke to one of the members of the Board, a slum property owner and a T.C. named Goggin, who represented the South Centre Ward He treated the whole thing as a joke and shifted on the blame to the doctors of the hospital by stating that the doctors kept the patients too long.

Now a man who will make a statement like that could only have one idea in his head at the time he was spoken to, and that was that the children be thrown out half cured, and then they would die, which no doubt would give a fillip to the two burial societies in which he may be interested.

Now citizens of Cork, what are you going to do about it? Do you intend to allow these double-dyed villains to go on with their nefarious work, or are you going to put a stop to it once and for all? For remember you live in the same city, and by such a scandal being in your midst you may any day wake up to your responsibility when it is too late, when your own children are the victims.

Another item I would like to draw

your attention to is the laying idle of the men in the sewage department of the Corporation. Of course the dismissal of these men is trotted out by the civic representatives of the people that they are trying to stop the raising of the rates. Ye gods, to stop the raising of the rates, the most important branch of any township. The men who risk their lives in cleaning the drainage of the town is dis rissed, and the foul, obnoxious gases arising from the accumulated 61th in the city is allowed to remain, and disease is spread broadcast. It naturally follows that the wives and families of the men left idle must seek admission to the workhouse, and the children of other workers in the city contracting the divers diseases arising from the sanitary arrangement can go to St. Agnes's Hospital and enjoy the salubrious surround ings of a germ-infested at osphere, and all to lower the rates. Human life and human happiness is of no consequence so long as the slum-landlord, sweating employers, and the beer lords who live upon the heart beats of little children get their pound of flesh. And then we are told this is a Christian country. Come, people, the remedy is in your own hands, remember God helps them who help themselves. Wile the mist of political hypocrisy from your eyes and you will see that the sun was intended to shine on you and yours, as well as on those who have styled themselves your masters. Your motto must be one union for all and an injury to one is the concern of all. And then you can demand the same treatment for all. P. LARKIN.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

A PUBLIC MEETING

To-morrow, Sunday in CLONDALKIN,

At 5 pm.

JIM LARKIN, and others will attend and speak, supported by the Liber Councillors under the Chairmanship of the President of the Dublin Trades Council.

Larkin at West Wylam.

"THE ISHMAEL OF THE TRADE UN'ONISTS."

few months ago, addressed a large neeting in the Miners' Hall, West Wylam, on Monday night, in support of the Dublin strike pay, a charge for admission being made to the meeting

Mr. Harry Dean, of West Wylam, presided supported by Mr. Wm Weir, president of the lodge, and others.

The Chairman described Larkin as one of the greatest humanitarians who had appeared at the psychological moment.

Lar in, who had an enthusiastic re-

ception, said it was all right getting into the limelight, but his purpose in life was to talk to his own class. He was the Ishmael of the Trade Union Movement: he was not only a danger to the capitalistic class, but to those in office. He was commonly called a pioneer, but he was not a leader; he was simply a worker. Years ago he saw the shortcomings of Trade Unionism; but there was a new Unionism, a new humanism arising. The old movement with its fossilised Lideas and brutal methods, was passing away, and men and women, too, were realising the power of oneness of effort. They had to broaden their lines of development and put the whole basis of trades unions on a sounder foundation. What they had to seek was the greatest benefit for the greatest number Some people said all they wanted was work work work. He said d- work. There were higher things in life than work. He knew it was essential that some should work but there were men who never worked and yet they had the best things in life. He was not concerned whether a man got an extra shilling a week or a limitation of hours; he was concerned first and last that the workers should realise his own possibilities, make his full claim, and demand the full results of his labour. Miners lacked perspective and imagination. The wage-slave was the lowest form of slavery. No one could measure in money value the work the miner did. His work was essential to the welfare of the whole community. The miners could do more than any other class to injure industry. If the miner and transport worker realised the power and possibilities of amalgamation and identity of interests they could make the world stand still. They had no conception of their power; if they did, they would realise it in a business like way. Every thing that was good in life was given to the miner. The young miner was going to teach them what they were and what they should stand for.

LIBERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STRIKERS.

At their last great crisis they ought to have made a bigger claim. When they stopped work the whole world looked on with amazement, but what did they find? Their Liberal Government, whom many of them supported, sent troops in their districts and warships round the coast because they were regarded as a menace. It was all right when they were working; they were only a danger when they were idle. It was not the troops that defeated them; it was their own machinery. Each county acted on its own and it was tinchapel beliringers who led their unions. Money never did and never would win a strike. Some of the present leaders were fossilised—their day of usefulness was past, and their machinery would have to be scrapped. There was no communion of interests in the late strike; they simply played into the hands of the capitalists. Could anybody tell him when political action ever did anything for the worker. Politics! When they touched politics they touched a filthy, foul and corrupt thing. He had known self-respecting men enter politics and become worse than the beasts of the field. The industrial weapon was not forged properly, it wanted to go through the fire. It wanted men to see that the blow was delivered effectively.

The new weapon was one big union in the whole field of industry. The miners' case would be the case of every worker in the country. It would be one case. When wrong was done to the miner it would be done to all The capitalist did not talk sympathy; he talked business. He did not know politics; the only colour he knew was the colour that ran through the veins of the worker. He controlled Parliament because he centrolled industry. The workers wanted better leaders—those who were not with them were against them and were their greatest enemies. If they had unity of interests they could whip

the capitalist in one round. The miner ought to have the best of everything lavished upon them. Let them think more of their homes, their wives and children than they did of the capitalists. The miner stood for everything that was beautiful and good in life; and they had the right to the best pictures, the best books, and the hest of everything it was possible to get. Yet they were told if the miner had a bigger wage it would be spent in drink, gambling and rabbit-coursing. That was a libel upon them. Mr. Larkin referred to the South African Question, and said he would only go out when his comrades in Dublin wished him, and he would assure them he would get into the country, though it might not be by the mail boat. Referring to his work in Dublin, he said it had been one long crucifixion, yet they had been the best years of his The present Government were a set of une ucu; hyporites and tricksters, masquerading as friends of the workers, yet denying the right of free speech and assemblage in South Africa. The "deported nine" should be escorted back to South Africa with all the honours that could be accorded them. If they were found innocent after a fair trial then Botha and Smuts should be led out into the Market square and dealt with in the same manner as the Liberal Government dealt with the miners of Featherstone.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS

St. Patrick's Night Concert.

The St. Patrick's Night Concert, which was held in Liberty Hall under the auspices of the Irish Women Workers' Union, was a great success, judging from the attendance as well as the manner in which the large audience appreciated the various items.

The concert opened with a selection of Irish airs played on the piano by Master Percy Frayer, who showed remarkable talent for a lad of his years The singing of "Step Together" and "The Sword" by the Choir, which was specially organised for the occasion, was highly appreciated.

Miss Mary Dixon is the possessor of a beautiful voice, as her rendering of "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer" and "My Fairest Child" clearly demonstrated. It is to be hoped that more will be heard of this young lady on the concert platform.

Our old friend, Mick Mullen, was at his best in the recitation "Anne Devlin," while Mr. Michael McKeown captivated the audience by his singing of "An Carteam an Stear" ("The Wearing of the Green"), and had to respond to the repeated calls. In the duet "Larboard Watch," with Seaghan O'Rogan, he acacquitted himself excellently. Miss Rosey Moran gave a sympathetic rendering of Rooney's "Lift your Heart up, Mother Erin," and also sang "She Came from a The Dear Little Shamrock was rendered by Miss Katie Costello in a faultless style, as was also "Love Thee, Dearest" by Mr. Paddy Ryan, and "My Mary of the Curling Hair," by Mr. S. Clarke.

Respecting the dancing, suffice it to say that such names as the Misses Kathleen Pollard, K. Mullen, and the members of the Dwyer National Club appeared on the programme. The quartette (Messrs. J Brunton, S Clarke, J. and P. Rogan), gave that beautiful glee "Stars of the Summer Night" with much feeling. Miss Dodd, who sang "Mother Machree," and Seaghan Finnegan's recitation deserve special mention. 'he concert was under the supervision of Seaghan O'Rogan, who conducted with Master Percy Frayer, to whom a word of praise is due for the excellent manner in which he accompanied the various artistes.

Irish Women Workers' Union. The above Union held a very success-

ful All-Night Dance on last Saturday night in their spacious hall Close on sixty couple (members and friends) sat in the large supper room placed at their disposal by the I.T.W.U. The catering was ably carried out by the Amusements' Committee. Messrs. Brady and Jones acted as M.C.'s, and dancing was carried on until wee sma' hours on Sunday morning. All going well, the above Union will hold their last All-Night Dance of the season on Easter Saturday Night.

season on Easter Saturday Night.

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Clondalkin Notes.

The lock-out in the South County is practically over and there are several different men in the different districts victimised. These men had too much spirit to bow to any employer or to sign any humiliating form to keep them in subjection. It is now the farmers are feeling the effects of their wanton and dishonourable lock-out. William the Great, otherwise known as Bill Masterson of Ballyowen, farmer of 150 acres, had to sell his farm some time ago to a Mr. Bewley, and when Bill was paying his men last week, he remarked to one of his men this is the last money you will ever get from me. This is what Larkin has done for you. The labourer replied, I can work anywhere Bill, and if you can't pay me someons else will, and now you are practically a beggar. That's what Jem Larkin done for you when you broke the terms you made with the Union. Now, Bill Masterson is one of the biggest farmers in the South County, if not the biggest, now in what position must the smaller upstart farmers be in? It will take them years to recover and they will remember with aching hearts the day they tried to fight the Transport Union, that is if the factors don't sell them out before the convalescent stage is gone through. There was a ploughing match at Rathcoole lately, and Laurence Meehan, a Transport Union man one of the best ploughmen in the County was appointed one of the judges of the event. Jem Callaghan of Kingswood, sent Larry ward by one of his henchman (Bill Keogh to wit), that Percy Lawlor of Irishtown would not act with a Transport man and course Larry must go and they could not offend Sanatoria Lawlor's son, a budding J.P., and one of the "Girl's from the Park" pageboys. What a lot of dastards and ill bred curs to insult a man because he is a staunch Transport worker? Arrah what does Percy know about ploughing or farm work he would not know how to yoke horses in a plough; he knows more about taking orders for the interment of stiffs in the office at the North Strand road (O'Neill and Sons.) Pat Hart (Swanky) took one of his scabs I suppose it was one of the bunch supplied by John Sweetman, a Director of Irish industries, Sinn Feiner and strike breaker. This scab told Pat (Swanky) that he could beat all newcomers. Pat had to take the plough out of his hands for he made a show of him, and he threatened to take his life going home for making a laughing stock of him before all the farmers entered. Tod Dowling is going around lamenting the men's action for leaving him when he presented them with the form to sign. Sure my mother used to give the cobbler his dinner sometimes and now she gives it to Phil Doran who wants it worse and he deserves it for he helped us during the lock-out to dig out

the spuds for the Market when the cobbler left. Poor Tod was heartbroken, but mamma had not many dinners when Colonel Finlay and Jem Tutty of Baggot street helped to make her a respectable tarmeress. but dirt the same as water will always find its own level.

The Bird Flanagan of Walkerstown, Crumlin, a gentleman with a past has been going around his district telling the farmers to stop the half-holiday off the men, and he had not the pluck to do it himself and wanted someone else to start the racket and he'd back them up, but it did not come off, Birdie. We are ever watchful and can hear the grass growing. So give up your tricks, or we might pull aside the curtain and reveal your past which to say the least of it is as filthy a one as we have ever heard. and we have heard a few belonging to farmers in the County Dublin.

Sanatoria Lawlor C.C., U.D.C. J.P., won't give his men a Catholic holiday. Now this is a very religious gentleman and is interested in sanatoriums because he supplies funeral requisites to the said sanatoriums. Now Canon Baxter is a great friend of Sanatoria's, as he visits him regularly and he might bring the erring one to book and let his workmen spend the holiday in a manner fitting and as God intended it should be spent. EYEOPENER.

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Random Thoughts.

It is the 17th of March, 1914. The day is typical of the month, being cold and blustry. I sit by the window with an open book upon my knees, but my eyes are fixed upon the group of children playing in the street opposite. Not one of those little ones display even a taste" of green in their apparel. And I think of the days when I was of such an age, and sported a Patrick's Cross as large as a saucer. But that was away down in the heart of Connaught. Now I reside in an aristocratic portion of the Capital of Ireland, known in the guide as Brookfield avenue but ever recollected by the old inhabitants as Watery Lane. And the people who call it by the former name do not regard you as respectable unless you go to business on a week day and grow orange lillies in the front garden.

From the wearing of the green my mind travels to our promised Home Rule Bill, with the most prosperous portion of the country left out. And I wonder how long we shall remain out of bankruptcy under such conditions? I can imagine the over-taxed people clamouring for relief, and the loyal minority calling for the restoration of the "Union." And it strikes me that this is after all but a constitutional method of accomplishing the last conquest of Ireland. The Parliamentary agitation has killed the National spirit in Ireland. The Bailiff who has evicted the tenants at the command of the rackrenting Landlord—now that the landlord is bought out at the expense of the inhabitants in Ireland, farmers and workers alikefinds his occupation gone, comes to Dublin, be omes a Nationalist Leader. and founds a sectarian organisation that would banish from Ireland Emmet. Wolfe Tone and Grattan, had they but lived in our time. And then the "Freeman's Journal" allows itself to become the medium of advertising for the British Army. But are not our Crown Prosecutors and our judges recruited from the staff of that venerable rag? And are not most of the officials in the United Irish League ex-policemen drawing their comfortable pension from the Crown? And is not the self same inconsistency existing right throughout the whole Parliamentary movement?

Taking up the book that has so long been neglected on my knees my eyes fall on the following passage: -

I There are no titles inherited there: No hoard or hope for the brainless heir; No gilded dullard native born To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn:

Eshemia has none but adopted sons; Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream Its honours, not garnered for thrift or

But for beauty and truth min's souls have made; There is value, maybe, in a purchased

But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know

The moistureless froth of the social show; The vulgar sham of the pompous feast Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;

The organised charity, scrimped and iced, In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ: The smile restrained, the respectable

When a friend in need is a friend in

want; Where the only aim is to keep affoat, And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat."

Poor Boyle O'Reilly, had he lived in our time, he would in all probability be denounced as an enemy of His God and his country by our "latter day saints," led by the ex-bailiff Nugent, and the "Freeman" and "Independent" would be shrieking for his scalp. And some superannuated "souper" might turn his spare time to profitable account by coming forward as the champion of the Church he despises and has lived by

Surely the time is ripe for intelligent minds to manifest themselves and refuse to be cheated any longer. Jim Lokin has said no more than John Boyle O Reilly has so beautifully expressed in the lines just quoted. And Jim is opposed by ex-police politicians, ex-bailiffs, etc. All the forces of reaction combine to thwart him in his struggle to estab-

lish the ideals of O'Reilly. When Murdering Murphy sounded the call to arms, and gathered around; him those who fatten on the poor, in order to overthrow the movement that made for the people, he was assisted by many whose minds were poisoned by the lying Press. Time has torn aside the mask. And now we find the civic exhibition promoted, as far as he is concerned, for the purpose of repleting the empty coffers of the Dublin United Tramway Company. But while the

victims of his spleen walk idle through the streets of Dublin, Murphy will learn that the Tramway strike is not over. William Martin Murphy may prohibit the men he seeks to starve from getting work elsewhere, but he will live to learn that Larkin and Labour cannot be defeated, even though Labour members in Parliament may sell their principles for their salaries and their seats, for the near future will pay them in full their treachery.

Dublin would never hear tell of the Civic Exhibition or the housing problem but for Jim Larkin's exposures. Mr. Eason may now approve of higher wages for the workers, since the claim in our Bishops' Pastoral has gone forth; but it was Jim who stirred up them all, and this is but portion of what they must

"If all this is righteous, then why prolong the pain for a thing that must be endured?

We can never have palaces built with. out slaves, nor luxuries served without ill-paid toil.

Society flourishes only on graves, the moral graves in the lowly soil.'

These lines by O'Reilly might also be written by Larkin, so faithfully do they portray his mind and the movement Larkin leads rests on education.

What the unthinking call his failure has been more fruitful than he ever dared to hope. Many now have learned what Jim might have striven in vain for a lifetime to teach. They have realised what class distinction is, how it is sustained, and who their real friends are: and, fortified by that knowledge, they are nised organ of the Catholics of Victoria, moving forward on safer ground towards that goal that ultimately must be reached, even though many labour to

"What are these things to Heaven— Races or places of men? The world through Christ was forgiven, No question of races then.'

W. P. PARTRIDGE.

Paterson's Slave-Drivers.

We are informed that the conditions of re-employment at Patersons are much the same as at Jacobs. The persons inauthority there continually exhibit the same smallness of soul and the same cowardly meanness of spirit towards the girls as disgrace the former firm.

In the case of Patersons the chief offenders against public decency of business relations are the manager. Mr. Pentony, a forewoman, Rose Byrne, and an engineer, Mr. Gallagher, of Bath avenue, who, it is alleged, by virtue of having recruited scabs during the strike, now declares that only those of whom he approves will get their situations back. We wonder To the empty heart in a jewelled breast if this wretch is a member of the A.S.E. or the Stationary Engine Drivers' Society? It ought to be inquired into, and, if he is a member of either we trust that the officials will see that their books are purged of his name and the Union of his pre-

All girls applying for re-employment are brought by the forewoman before the manager, and the scabs are given an opportunity to look at them and encouraged to insult them. Mr. Pentony at the same time indulges his heavy wit and expresses his vileness of soul by such remarks as:

"Oh, you are there? Larkin is tired of you, is he?" "Have you torn up your Union card

"No work here until you tear up

your Union card." At the same time the forewoman (Rose Byrne), who is of course bound to imitate the manager, and who in this case delights in being meaner and nastier than her superior, being naturally made that way, makes the life of the girls employed as miserable as she can.

She hops around the workrooms, and if she sees any of the girls bending towards eoch other as if they were talking she snarls out :-

"No more secret societies here." "None of your Larkin-Carey business in this place.'

This nice lady (save the mark!) slept, ate and worked for three months in the factory while she was training the scabs to sell their sisters. This training and recruiting of scabs brought to light a nice collection of reptiles in Dublin. Another of Paterson's creatures in that directionone Jem Waldron—declares he got 1s. a head for the scabs he recruited during the strike; he speaks of getting scabs as a rat-catcher would talk of snaring rats. In addition to the 1s. a head which is a poor price to receive for selling your title to respect of decent people he got a job for his brother, Pat, who now works in Patersons, though he never worked before in his life when he could get out of it.

who was a professional children's nurse

in Bray, and left that beautiful seaside resort to come at his solicitation to scab in Dublin and take the bread from the mouth of a woman who had served the firm faithfully and well for 22 years. This woman had sold her labour to Patersons, but because she also refused to sell her liberty, she has to give way to a scab.

It is worthy of note that the manager, Mr Pentony, who now vents his cheap sarcasm and his unmanly bullying upon the poor girls, was very glad some years ago to accept a marriage present from their hands, and in accepting it, to tell them how much he valued them and their appreciation. The cowardly cad now insults and starves all of them whose spirits were noble enough to refuse to allow him to rob them of their right to organise in the union of their choice.

"A Larkinite" in the U.L.

It is not often that Jim Larkin is referred to in terms of admiration at meetings of the United Irish League, or as we used to say, the Benighted Irish League. therefore when such a phenomenon does occur it ought to be chronicled forth-

At a meeting advertised as the "Annual Demonstration of the United Irish League of Victoria," held on the 25th of January, with Dr. O'Donnell, President of the United Irish League, in the chair, and attended by a great concourse of priests. members of the Australian Parliament, National 'rish Clubs, and an audience of over 2,000 people, Dr. T. P. M'Inerney, Warden of the University, is reported by the "Advocate," the recogas having said—

They rejoiced with all their hearts that the veteran Irish Nationalist, Dr. Nicholas O'Donnell, had been selected as their delegate to attend the opening of the Irish Parliament (applause). Ireland's cause was a living force, and she was to become a nation once again (applause). She is not dead (applause). Let him quote from "Romeo and Juliet"-

Beauty's ensign yet is, Crimsoned on her lips, And on her cheeks, and Death's pale flag is Not advanced there.

(Applause.)

Dr. M'Inerney made passing reference to Jim Larkin, who, he said, was helping to get bread and a decent living for the sweated workers of Ireland. He had much pleasure in moving a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. O'Donnell.

Notes. Queenstown

I have in my previous Notes shown how, generally speaking the Trade Union movement in Queenstown has become almost dead or defunct by putting its administrative control in B.O.E. hands, and the subsequent driving out of its higher offices men of all shades of progressive thought who had truly and properly interpreted the industrial upheavals of the present day, and who had tried to apply the education emanating from these upheavals to local affairs.

That the local Labour movement should now be stagnated is a logical sequence, for the lack of ideals and imagery on the part of those now in control is the outcome of B.O E. education, with its identity of interests between employers and employed and its appeal to brotherhood as between master and man.

This education, therefore, carried over from B.O E. lodges into Trade Union branches and councils, being the negation or denial of real working class advancement, renders nugatory the forces of Labour by its confusion of thought. which secures the supremacy of employers' interests by this misleading teaching and careful shepherding of employers in B.O.E. lodges. This sinister and insidious method of

employers in exploiting the National political movement to their industrial advantage, causing the workers to for-sake their Trade Union interests and commit the most ridiculous and reactionary acts on their own organisations, believing in the vain delusion they are serving "their" country and immortalising themselves in the cause of Ireland.

Hence by denouncing and vilifying those who endeavour to lead the Labour movement out of the labyrinth of political muddle and middle-class thought the B.O.E. hopes to retain its hold on the workers' minds and deter at all costs their class-conscious education, for the day the workers realise that they must organise as a class that day the B.O.L., with its identity of class interests, the most subtle and binding of mental shackles, resolves itself into its natural state, a middle organisation, and the Irish working class movement will spring upward as it is relieved of the medieval-In addition, he got a job for his niece, like and mind-trammelling incubus. STELLA MARIS.

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