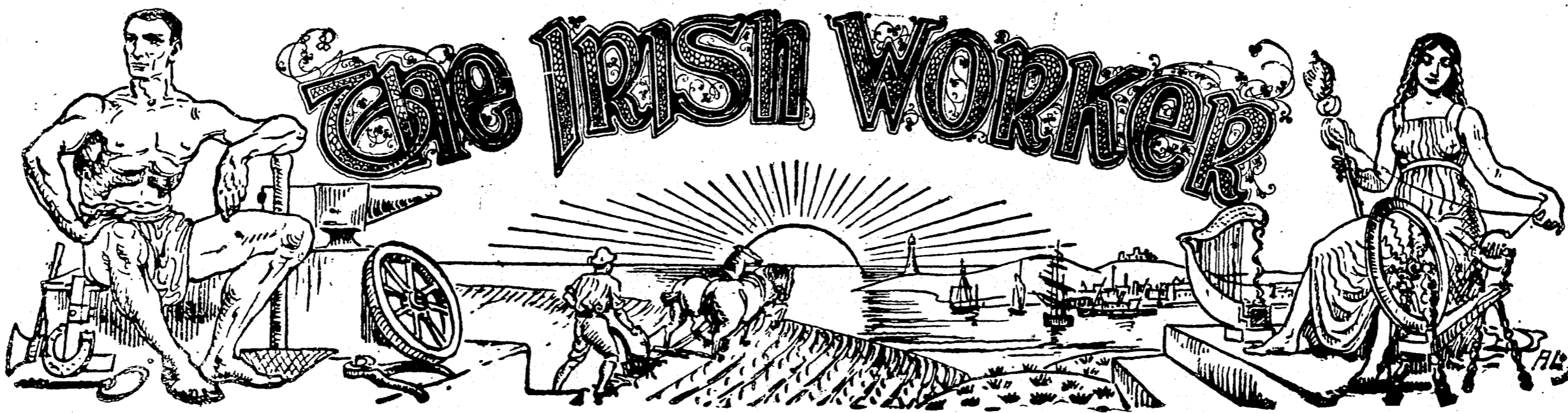


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Finian Labor.



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

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 3 - VOL. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MAY 30th, 1914

1

ONE PENNY.]

Who Would be Free Himself Must Strike the Blow.

By "Shellback."

Every day we see more clearly defined the three distinct parties the human family is divided into by up to date Civilization. First there are those who "sow not, neither do they reap," though their individual wealth is ever increasing. Men grown rich by selfish grabbing and dishonest methods of exploitation. Many of them are not fit, mentally or physically, to successfully run a chip potatoe shop, yet they own and control the means by which other men must live. Many of them are millionaires. Fifteen hundred of them have incomes exceeding £30,000 a year, and they mostly claim to be Christians, because they sit in an upholstered pew on some Sundays in the year, and listen to a weak-minded "gentlemanly young man," whom they keep in office, as he reminds the ordinary members of his congregation that it is as hard for a camel to be crissled through the eye of a needle as it is for a rich man to get to heaven. These men are what are popularly called "the owners" for everything worth owning is their property. They own the Government, Liberal or Tory, because they pay the bills for their parties' organization, and they run it to suit themselves. They own the Army and Navy, and maintain these two forces by taxing all the rest of the people, their food and clothes, their labours and pleasures.

They own the railways and ships, and the machinery used in their construction. They own the land and all it produces, the animals that live upon it, and the birds that fly over it. They own the rivers, with the fish they contain, and all the flotsam and jetsam that accident or disaster may cast upon their tides or shores. Collectively they stand for Christian England and twentieth century civilization.

The second part of the human family trinity is made up of a gradually decreasing number—the workers—whose constant activity produces the great and luxurious wealth that the former section continually rolls in. They are those who invent and create the machines that keep kings and Cabinet Ministers and company promoters loafing and idling. They not only invent and create them, but by hard labour they build them, but when they are fashioned into the giants of industry they are—instead of keeping them for themselves—they hand them over to the idlers, who compels them to keep them going by their labour and sweat—aye, by their blood, and that of their wives and helpless babes, so that the gold bugs that own them may fatten and fester in their stalls. These are the workers who, after they build ships and railway tracks, after they have constructed engines and hammers and cranes and trucks, delve into dark holes in the bowels of the earth to get the coal to keep them all in motion for the men who own them.

They steer the ships across the trackless wastes of oceans bring gold and precious stones to the Christian gentlemen who own them. They guide the life-like tery horse along its steel pathway in order to meet the requirements of that creature who owns them. And these are the workers who, if they so decreed and held their labour for a week, the engines and ships might have just as well remained in their original o'c state, and the coal have continued its slp in the depths of the earth's crust for all the value they would be, and the loutish, pot-bellied owner of all these things would have starved to death if he was too tired to pick blackberries or ensnare the juicy slug. These are the workers who, in return for all they do, are permitted to live mostly in slums, if they are not blown up in coal mines or drowned in sinking ships, or smashed to pieces in railway accidents. They are paid wages for all they do on a standard that allows them to live on bread and margarine, adulterated foods, and boracic washed foreign meat until they are 40, when they are too old for further use, so are thrown on the scrap heap, with the rest of the ashes and worn out material, where they remain, unless they are lucky enough to have children, to whom they may go and share with them their "bit and sup." These are the workers who produce all, and who could retain all.

The third and, from some points of view, the most important section of the human family, is that enormous and ever-growing "unemployed army"—at least that is the descriptive title that statisticians and officials and members of Boards of Guardians give them. It is altogether wrong, for heaven knows, they are kept busy enough keeping breath in their bodies.

The "Hungry Army" would be a more fitting and the "Dispossessed Army" a more truthful title. This great army is composed of all the unfortunate or unlucky ones displaced by the machinery they themselves have created, the "too old at forty," and those whose young daughters have taken their places in factory and mill. They live anywhere and dwell anywhere. They have lost all respect for State or Church. They are the robbed and despoiled of the race, and have neither souls to be saved nor bodies worth kicking. But they are absolutely essential to Christian Civilization.

They provide the "handy men" for the Navy and the "Tommy Atkins" for the Army. They provide the scabs and blacklegs that "owners" use to keep workers in subjection. They justify the existence of gaols and lunatic asylums, and Poor Laws and Boards of Guardians. They keep up the supply of youth and flesh for Coroners juries to gloat over, and doctors keepers to grow rich by, and brothels to experiment upon. These are the poor and needy, who are nearer God and Heaven than any others. These are they who ask for bread and are given a stone.

I don't think anyone will disagree with me when I say that everyone in the British Isles, or any other isles for the matter of that, must belong to one of these three classes. He must either be a Shirker or a Worker or a Starver, and as I am directing my remarks to the Workers particularly, as they represent the most powerful section, I ask—What is your immediate duty, in your own interests, in that of your dependants and your fellow-man?

The active Workers produce all wealth, and allow it to be taken from them by the idle rich, who leaves them nothing. Not one of these workers will escape dying a pauper, if work does not murder him before his time, or if he has children he can bleed. He will fetch up some day in that hungry army, and will join in its horrible march if he neglects the opportunity that is within his reach to day.

The Labour Movement is that opportunity. The Labour Movement will wipe out the bloated capitalist class, and will secure for the worker all the wealth he produces, and will prove a sheet anchor and a safeguard in his old age. It is your bounden duty to be in that Movement in order to make things better for your children than they have been for yourself, and for my own part I would even persuade children to refuse to support a father when he has reached the age limit, who, having had the opportunity in his early days to help by his membership of a Union, in improving the chances of life for his children, had neglected to do so. He has been wanting in his fatherly duty, and his old age should be passed in that broken-hearted army he done nothing to save his children from.

Think it over well. Shackleton pays thirteen shillings a week to the workers who make him rich, but Larkin will, by the help of the Transport Workers' Union, force him off the earth, or extract a living wage, and a little more, for the workers. The Railwaymen's Union in England have promulgated demands for 5s. a week increase on present rates of wages an eight hours' day, and recognition of the Union. They will win, because they represent an united body of workers. Larkin and Partridge and Connolly, and all the others who lead the Irish Workers, will make the same demand in Ireland when Irish Labour is united, and they, too will win.

But not till then. Until you form up in your Union, prepared in battle array, your pre-ent state will continue. Toil, worry and anxiety for yourself and family, and in your old age hunger and an insignificant corner of the Potters' Field.

DON'T FORGET! Women Workers' Grand Excursion



Bludgeons and Blarney; Or Robert's New Pupil.

"Come along, come along," says the limb o' the law, "Come along till I tache ye me thrade; Till ye learn for yer good that there's nothin' like wood, If ye're wan o' the Kettle brigade.

"'Tis as aisy as winkin', so don't be afeard, For me logic is perfectly sound; I'm yer friend so I am and I don't care a d—n While there's eightpence to come from the pound.

"I'm the guardian o' pace in this troublesome town, I'm as dhreaded as dhreaded can be; Whin I'm not bein' abused—well, I'm probably boozed— So ye'd best take example by me.

"I'm the terror of all the small boys that I meet, An' I'm most to be feared, whin I laugh; An' betwixt portner-pulls an' the smashin' o' skulls I'm kept pretty busy—no' half.

"Come along till I show ye the way to begin, Wid yer cranium-baththerin' text, Sure I'm earnin' me pelf whin I do it meself, An' Y'EAR might be as good as the next."

BATONIO.

SOCIALISM IN AGRICULTURAL FRANCE.

(The spread of Socialism among the rural districts in France is one of the most significant features of the recent Socialist victories in that country. The following article, translated from "L'Humanité," by F. Sheehy-Skeffington, is by Compe-Morel, who has specially devoted himself to propaganda among the agricultural workers.)

When, some decades ago, we began to spread Socialist ideas in the country districts, the defenders of Capitalism made great fun of us. According to them, we were only wasting our time, our ink, and our breath; no matter what we might say or do, we would never succeed in shaking the rooted commercialism and fierce individualism of the peasant. They could afford to give us our share in the big industrial towns, where the proletarian masses live, suffer, and die; they could always count upon the solid phalanx of the peasantry to arrest the progress of an expropriating and liberating Socialism. You should have heard the skilful and unscrupulous writers and speakers in the pay of the possessing and governing classes expounding to us the monumental silliness of our country campaign!

"How can you expect the country people," they would say, "to listen to you or understand you? Doesn't the agricultural labourer live with his employer almost as one of the family? Don't they share the same work, sit down at the same table, sleep under the same roof? Leading the same existence, experiencing the same sorrows, participating in the same pleasures. How can there be any class-war, any conflict of interests, in these rustic and arcadian surroundings. As for the tenant-farmers and the co-partnership tenants, are they not prosperous? Is not the reform from the land amply sufficient in the one case to pay the rent, in the other to keep themselves

and their families, after giving the landlord-partner his half-share of the harvest? And the peasant proprietor—are they not particularly well-off? Working their own land, extracting from soil that belongs to them a quantity of products, which, sold at a good price, enable them to enlarge the farm, to improve the machinery, and to increase the live-stock? What more can any of them possibly want? And where will you find peasants so simple, so crazy, or so regardless of their own future, as to venture to follow men whose only thought is to substitute collective, common, and impersonal property for individual property, whether it is capitalistic or not?

For our adversaries have always alleged—they dare to allege even yet—that Socialism would turn into public property all the hundreds of thousands of small and medium farms put into cultivation and worked by the owners themselves.

Well, we went to talk to these workers on the land, to all those fine fellows with the horny hands, with faces roughened by the wind and tanned by the sun. We addressed ourselves to the farm-servants and to the day-labourers on the big farms. We talked with hundreds of thousands of small tenant and co-partnership tenants. Those that we could not touch directly in the village tavern, we reached by pamphlet and leaflet. And not only did we get a good reception, but we rapidly brought them into our party.

Moreover, our rural Socialistic groups are strongest precisely in those quarters where the worst reception was foretold for us. It was not in the regions of "large culture," where big capitalist farmers employ 10, 15, 20, 40, or even 50 or more labourers, that we formed most branches and obtained most votes at the last elections. No; it was amongst the rent-paying tenants, the co-partnership tenants, and the small peasant proprie-

These people are not paupers. They all have a little savings; they have land, their stables are full of animals, and their sheds of agricultural implements. When they join the Socialist Party, it is not hastily; it is after serious consideration, and because they understand perfectly both our object and the means by which we propose to attain it.

They come to us, because they know that Socialism, far from wishing to rob them and to tear from their hands against their will, by a brutal law of spoliation, the goods which they now possess; far from wishing to take from them the land which they water with their sweat and fertilise with their toil, in order to return it to them under a technically different form for which they are not prepared, intends, on the contrary, to assure to them its complete and definite ownership, while ridding it of all the unjust and arbitrary burdens which weigh so heavily upon them.

Our opponents may well mourn; the hard-working population of the countryside, just as much as the hard-working population of the towns, is leaving them more and more every day.

In proportion as the horizon of the worker on the land widens, in proportion as new methods of cultivation, improved methods of business, growth and development, his mentality, and his customs alter. The division of labour, the commercialisation of agricultural production, the introduction of chemical manures, and the progress of modern agricultural science, compel him to abandon his wretched routine, take him out of his deceptive individualism, urge him towards association and collective effort, make him interest himself in the different forms of human activity. The peasant feels a new life, experiences new wants, and desires to enjoy a greater sum of well-being. Hence, his complete adhesion to Socialism, which alone can bring order and abundance into production, is only a question of time. These rustics, formerly looked on as the "Old Guard," the stalwart world, will become the most stalwart and the most faithful troupe of the Socialistic Party on its march towards the conquest of political power.

THE WISDOM OF CROYDON PARK

To-day in Dublin the respectable have not yet discovered that "God's poor" rather resent being gushed over when naughty, and being given charity instead of justice; but they find social reform has a certain claim upon conversation, sandwiched in between amiable slander and the eloquent nothing in particular. "Larkin is so hot-headed, something is wrong perhaps; let the lower orders look beyond their noses and we shall approve." So sounds the familiar tune in drawing-rooms, public places, and similar dens of boredom and inanity. It is a strain upon the listener who has caught but the faintest glimpse of the inspiration slowly hastening through the dark lonely wastes of commercialism, calling to men and women to never yield to the evils that crush and degrade them, but to use the weapons that daily experience in workshop, mill, and field demonstrate to be potent and unbreakable, to destroy and to construct. It is an opiate to the utterer, as good as drink and leading articles and airy speech to lull the stirrings of a none too tender conscience. Providence, no doubt, sees to an increase in the fuel supply of the spiritual under-world, and sends down little cherubs to whisper truths irresistible in the ears of good men like Prior McNabb.

In the meantime a pleasant drama is going on within our capital. The workers have won, thanks to wicked, fiery agitators a piece of their kingdom down by Fairview, Croydon Park, to wit: Last Sunday, Labour took holiday there. Up a winding pathway came crowds and crowds, and endless crowds—men, women, and children in swarms to laugh, to enjoy themselves, to drink Murphy's health in lemonade, in tea, but not in champagne. They danced upon the generous green, to pipes and drums and bugles. Songs cheered them. Songs—national—to remind them they came of no helot race, but a race that can strike hard and wait long. A song of Larkin's fighting evangel to remind them they had wrongs to right. Songs—mirthful, to keep them human and safe from prigs and boes. Thought was not absent—Anger—smouldering anger helped it. "Day, Tom," says a mild-looking man to two companions. "He's victimised," whispered one of the two. "Never mind,"

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

81a 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 Repairing A SPECIALITY.

came the reply, "so are we all. The cursed system has us in its grip more or less." Murphy, lemonade is a dangerous drink! "Don't give the dog biscuits," cries a lady near by, patting the beast, "he dines at seven." Back we came to the funny side of things. Sport followed. Races in which comely limbs and fine, sustained speed, won the admiration and applause an witticisms of the crowd. Round the course, strolling, chatting, cheering, directing, walked Jim Larkin. Never would one take him to be the same man they have nearly killed the English language in the one day's support. In a huge tent, one saw the twin principles of co-operation and competition on terms of fraternity—the first in handing out the grub, the second in getting it. Then came the Citizen Army. It drilled, it marched, it manoeuvred, it rushed down in one grand charge upon the stockade that cowboys—the admired of all admirers—held with frequent, vigorous fusillades. Down went the stockade, amid smoke, blows, cheers and excitement. "Hurrah" yelled the kids in glee, "That's Murphy!" It was a rare day, an earnest of the coming rule of the workers, the rise of that principle of mutual aid which strengthens them in the fray to-day, and shows for all eyes to see a promise of the victory of the mighty faith of the militant working class: "Each for all and all for each."

A significant sight. Listen to the tune again: "Larkinism is dead. Larkinism does nothing." The workers cannot save themselves.

Listen—but go to Croydon Park.

D. R.

P. QUINN & CO., Makers of Beautiful Enamel and TRADE UNION BADGES. CHURCH STREET, BELFAST. Don't send your orders for Badges to England when you can get them as good and as cheaply at home.

FOR MEN WHO WORK.

WE make a speciality of high-grade, but popular-priced, heavy boots for men who work. We invariably plan on obtaining the most serviceable boot on the market, but also insist that the boot must be comfortable. We have this combination in our famous Boots for men, and we are anxious to put your feet into a pair of them. HERE ARE A FEW OF OUR LINES— Army Bluchers, Spring-god or Nail 5/- Whole Hoak Bluchers, Hand-Pegged, Plain, or Nail 6/- Glove Hide Derby 5/11 Boots, Stitched Soles, or Stitched Soles Glove Hide Lace Boots 5/11 Stitched Soles Box Hide Lace Boots 6/11 Stitched Soles Box Hide Derby Boots 7/11



UNAPPROACHABLE VALUE.

BARCLAY & COOK, BOOT MANUFACTURERS,

104-105 Talbot Street, 5th Great George's Street, Dublin.



Address to the Delegates.

By JAMES CONNOLLY. No body of workers that ever met in Ireland have ever had before them a more important and delicate function to fulfil than you have. You are meeting in the capital city of Ireland in a year that the millions of the Irish race the world over have been looking eagerly forward to as the year of the political resurrection of the Irish Nation. And you are also meeting in a year whose preceding months saw the close of the greatest general engagement between the forces of Capital and Labour that Ireland ever witnessed. To the thoughtful delegate both his considerations will operate to make him or her approach the Irish Trade Union Congress of 1914 with feelings of disappointment. There must be his appointment upon the political field because not only is the political field of our lops but miserably situated in the Ireland offered to us in the Home Rule Bill, but even that Bill under the menace of still further amendment and emasculatation. Still over our heads hangs the threat that the political debaters who control our national destinies will commit the unparalleled crime of dismembering this country in order to please the unnatural hatred of their own country which a section of Irishmen and women have had instilled into them by the foul brood of aristocracy which for so long fattened upon the vitals and drank the life-blood of Ireland. The Exclusion of Ulster, or any part of Ulster, is the fearful price we are asked to pay for our weakness as a nation—a price so dishonourable that rather than consent to submit such a question to the arbitrament of a vote of all patriotic Irish men and women had better far consent to accept the destiny of being rebel slaves of England in an undivided Ireland, as preferable to contented accomplices of English statesmen in the partition of Ireland. That there are in Ireland to-day accepted leaders of the Irish Race who feel that they can receive from an English minister a proposal to dismember their country without being compelled to instantly emerge that insult by throwing such a minister out of office is bad enough, but that such leaders can come back to Ireland and still secure the confidence and be sure of the plaudits of the Irish people is worse, as greater proof of the degeneracy of national life in Ireland. Disappointed as we may well be at the fact that such a suggested abandonment of the high national ideals of the past could be met in the sordid huckstering spirit we see around us on this question, so also we must feel disappointed that the Labour Movement in Ireland did not emerge from its recent ordeal with more substantial spoils of victory.

But in this case our disappointment is tempered by the reflection that never did men and women better deserve success than did the heroes and heroines of the Dublin Labour Struggle of 1913-1914. As the souls of the politicians descended to the mire of national betrayal and the souls of the workers ascended to greater heights of comradeship and solidarity. By all that makes for the greatness of a people, by heroic refusal to surrender principle, by comprehension of all the true essentials of liberty, by devotion to the common cause, by undaunted facing of all the powers of government and by scorn of its batonings and its failings, by its patient martyrdom of hunger and its blood atonement of deaths by violence by uniformed bullies, the working class of Dublin have redeemed the honour of their race in an age saturated by the spirit of the huckster and the worshippers of mammon. Never did Ireland in her most heroic moments rise to higher altitudes in the estimation of all lovers of progress than she was raised to by the fact that her working class—although surrounded by the most unclean pack of wolves that ever yelped at the heels of honour, and threatened by the most unscrupulous coalition of tyrants known to industrial and political history—by their own strength had forced forward to the front the question of the moral responsibility of all for the sufferings and the degradations of each. That responsibility which the teachers and rulers of all the ages have been engaged in evading or denying was at last raised by the Dublin Working Class into its true position and forced upon the consciousness of an unwilling public compelled by the events of a great dramatic industrial war to consider its portent. To the Dublin Working Class belongs the honour of making the sentiment of

AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL, one that all Labour Organisations and all political parties must henceforth be measured by. That the Irish people as a whole did not realise the great moral issues involved in this struggle was to be expected, and deplored. We are cursed in this country with the most unscrupulous, and where not unscrupulous the most evil minded, set of journalists that ever consented to prostitute their talents in the service of a purchaser, and when a naturally open minded people have to depend upon a Press served by such creatures it is but natural that the interpretation of public events which that people receive should be of the distorted and filthy nature such a Press must furnish. It was not so reasonable to expect that even a small section of the Labour world should fail to rise to the same height as the Labour Movement of Dublin as a whole did rise. But a stream can only rise higher than its source, and when Trade Unions take their inspiration from the columns of the Capitalist Press, and accept the praise of that Press as evidence of wisdom

instead of regarding such praises as proofs of foolishness or worse, then it is but natural that their Trade Unions will fail their brothers in the hour of trial. We are not mentioning these disappointments in order to carp at or belittle you and our Congress and the movement it represents. Rather do we mention them in order to stimulate you to still further exertions by pointing out the real underlying cause of our present unsatisfactory position, socially and politically. That underlying cause is to be found in the industrial divisions amongst the Working Class.

WE HAVE TOO MANY UNIONS IN IRELAND, too many Executives with separate Balance Sheets to nurse, too much temptation to nurse these separate Balance Sheets at the expense of Solidarity. We tried to set our face resolutely towards the task of joining all the workers of each industry into one Industrial Union all General Workers into one General Workers' Union, all such Unions into one Big Union able to launch the powers of all in the instant service of each. We need to realise that the Master Class have definitely decided to make war upon the Working Class; that for the purposes of that war they have coordinated and disciplined all their forces, and hold them ready to use at a moment's notice whenever the further subjection of Labour seems possible of achievement. We need to feel in every fibre of our consciousness that all the offices and positions through which civilization performs its every function are manned, equipped and sentinelled by alert and implacable enemies of our class, and so feeling we must labour to create a public opinion of our own—a Working Class public opinion that shall eventually supersede and destroy the public opinion of the master class as the standard by which our patriotism and the value and efficiency of our institutions are to be judged. At present the slave spirit is so to speak, dominant in our souls, and as a result we unconsciously and instinctively accept inferior position and inferior treatment in all things as being right and proper for our class. Hence as we are subjected socially we are ignored politically, and forced to be content with the merest of husks educationally. This slave spirit arises from the fact that the disorganised, or badly organised, position of our class renders us impotent upon the industrial field, and any industrial impotence finds its accompaniment in our political out-laws and national helplessness in this hour of our national danger.

From all this the moral is plain. The true path of salvation for our class is along the line of a closer organisation of our forces; let us regard the industries of this country as our own; let us organise our Trade Unions as we would organise them were it our purpose to conduct industry and to have the operatives regimented and brigaded for the task. Let us in short proceed upon the principle that if the employer needs a man or woman in an industry we need him or her in the Union of that industry. As we reach the completion of that task we will feel the result in the increasing self-respect of the worker, and in the increasing determination to exert upon the political field that working class independence such unity will give upon the industrial. Political power must wait upon economic or industrial power; you must be strong on the dock, ship, railway or workshop before you can be strong in the halls of legislation. But if political Power will only come as the ripened fruit of economic power political agitation need not wait. Nor yet need wait political organisation. Let them march abreast—the army of organised Labour the director of the campaign on both fields.

Had we such organisation of Labour to-day there would be no fear of the Exclusion of Ulster, nor any other betrayal of our national hopes. The Ulster Volunteers may be able to frighten a Liberal Government willing to be frightened, but were a Labour Movement able to call out the Textile Operatives of Belfast, or even its spinners, and to keep them out until Ulster threw in her lot with Ireland, the paralysis of industry and loss of profit to Belfast capitalists would frighten the guns out of the hands of the Carsonite army without the shedding of a single drop of blood. In conclusion we say to our fellow-delegates with all solemnity that we believe that there are no real Nationalists in Ireland outside of the Irish Labour movement. All others merely reject one part or another of the British Conquest, the Labour movement alone rejects it in its entirety, and sets itself to be the Re-conquest of Ireland as its aim. Let that be the end and aim of all our deliberations.—Yours fraternally, JAMES CONNOLLY.

JOHN MASTERSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, 19 Guild Street. All Repairs neatly executed at moderate prices. Gents' Boots Soled and Heeled from 2/0; Gents' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 3/6; Ladies' Boots Soled and Heeled, from 1/9; Ladies' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 2/6; Children's Boots Soled and Heeled from 1/4. Workers! Don't Forget THE WIDOW NOLAN'S LITTLE SHOP, Lower Summerhill.

Labour Day DEMONSTRATION (SUNDAY)

Every man and boy of the Working Class should make a point of joining in Procession and being present at Meetings in Park.

Remember July, 1913, and the long months that followed. Transport Workers every man attend.

Irish Women Workers attend and shame your brothers.

Irish Citizen Army will parade at Liberty Hall at 3 o'clock.

Labour Day Committee.

The above Committee made final arrangements for the carrying out of the Demonstration on next Sunday. And judging by the number of Delegates present at last meeting, the celebration of Labour Day this year promises to eclipse anything held in recent years, notwithstanding the fact that the National Volunteers have organised an opposition Demonstration for the same date.

The Stationary Engine Drivers secured the first place in the ballot; all other bodies will take their places as they arrive.

All contingents are requested to march to the starting point via Middle Gardiner street, Mountjoy square, and Gardiner's place.

Mr John Lawlor, P.L.G., Chief Marshal, assisted by a number of sub-marshals, will place them in their positions as they arrive.

It is particularly requested that those taking part in the procession should assemble at 3.30, as the start will take place sharp at 4 o'clock.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

All sections of women workers are eligible to join the above union. Entrance fees, 6d. and 3d.; contributions, 2d. and 1d. per week.

Irish Dancing, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 p.m. Social on every Sunday Night, commencing at 7.30. Admission 2d.

"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—may be had of any news agent. Ask for it and say that you got it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Burnside Place, Dublin. Telephone 2421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 2s. 6d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., May 30th, 1914.

"To the Nation or any part of the nation or any city of the nation." RESIST MUCH! OBEY LITTLE! "Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved; Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, or city of this earth ever afterwards resumes its liberty." —Walt Whitman.

Glorious old comrade, Walt, truly have you made your claim good of the prophet of the coming time. How true rings your warning of the fifties to your nation in arms, to our own distracted. "Once fully enslaved no nation ever resumes its liberty!" What would you think, Walt, of the Leaders! of a nation who deliberately and with "malice aforethought," as the lawyers have it, conspired with the enemies of a race and nation to deprive it of liberty and, more shameful still, when the comrades of the rank and file, out of sheer apathy and ignorance, acquiesce in the shameful bargaining. Admitting that the betrayal is being carried on in a clever and diplomatic manner, admitting the pill is sugared? A nation that can be humbugged is partly enslaved. When we are reminded of the fate of Troy, how its courageous citizens were hoodwinked, actually received within their gates the engine of their destruction with welcoming and rejoicings, we are reminded of the foolishness of our own courageous, generous, guileless, people. Here we see a legislative measure, fraught with momentous possibilities to the future of our race, the destiny of our nation and its place in the comity of the nations, received with apathy; no intelligent understanding of the measure; not one out of ten men you speak to understanding the provisions of the measure; not one in ten could tell you the wording of the clauses and what they determine for this land. Any criticism offered, though in an honest and common-sense way, is met by the professional politician in a bitter and acrimonious spirit and a compact entered into with the framers of the unholy bargain that a campaign of slander is to be undertaken against any person or section who dare to criticise any or every provision set down in the Bill. Surely the strongest link in a chain is the weakest link. That being so, why object to the testing of the links. Comrades of the working class, by your apathy, by your pusillanimity, by your silence at this juncture you are allowing insuperable barriers to be erected to

our onward march to social, political, and economic freedom; barriers which you and your children will have to tear down in blood and tears. Has the night descended? "Was the road of late so toil-some? Did we stop, discouraged, nodding on our way?" If so our children must pay the penalty; but why even at this hour hesitate when much work might be accomplished? We have been like unto a voice crying in the wilderness, and no echoing hallo! from the comrades has reached our ears. It may be because our medium of deliverance of the message was imperfect and inadequate for the distance. We have no doubt of the truth of our message and the need of it. When there was a possibility of the sleeping giant of labour awakening when the canting Liberal Government were exposing their hand, when, as Carson boasts in South Wales, the Government were using class discrimination, were allowing well fed, well clothed, bloodstained criminals like Londonderry, the degenerate, vicious offspring of the foul monster, Castlereagh, along with other titled parasites, to propagate uncharitableness, sow suspicion between the people of this country; when these foul growths in our commonality even conived at organised massacre and murder of citizens of this country; when this cowardly, hypocritical Government condoned all the foregoing crimes against this state of Ireland; and, again, the laws governing the islands adjacent, this class-conscious Government did not hesitate to prosecute and imprison men of your class—the working class—because they dared to assemble in public meeting, because they dared to warn their fellows, because instead of preaching disunity and hatred, we spoke of unity and understanding, then at that hour it seemed that the working class had awakened. When we formed a defensive, disciplined force, we found this Government of curs and hypocrites immediately issue a governance prohibiting arms, etc., from being imported into this country. Finding that did not deter us, they called upon placemen politicians and job seekers to found an opposition organisation controlled by safe men, and so the birth of the Bogus National Volunteers. And though our comrade, Granuaile, like others, is obsessed with the spirit, as he says, behind the movement. No movement of organisation is of any value without principles, a constitution, an ideal. This National Volunteer Movement (?) is a movement for to excuse the political betrayal of this country, a movement organised to save the politicians from moral and political obliquity. The creatures who are in control, we repeat, are worthy of the dirty work they are charged with, namely, to side-track any real movement. Every criticism we have offered to the National Volunteers has been proved out of the mouths of its prophets. We repeat it is a Castle-controlled organisation. Their last manifestation of vindictiveness against the working class is worthy of note. They won't fight an armed Orangeman because he is a countryman. The Orangeman won't fight the forces of the Crown, but all three will only too willingly, if given the opportunity, attack, baton, shoot, and massacre the organised working class.

The bitter class antagonism of the self-elected Leaders and controllers of the bogus national movement is now exposed. For weeks it had been published broadcast that organised Labour intended holding a procession and demonstration in Dublin the Sunday before Whit Monday. Singular to relate, the National Volunteers call for an all-Ireland parade on that day and penalise by dismissal all members absent the parade. Now the Volunteers are inchoate body as yet. Let every Trade Unionist who is a Trade Unionist, who has been misled into joining this reactionary class movement, should shown on Sunday his belief in the working class by not only not attending the parade but by attending the labour demonstration, and, if possible, as an unit of Army of Labour.

"Oh you youths, Western youths, So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship. Plain I see you; Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost." Pioneers! O Pioneers.

LABOUR AND THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Jim Larkin, in his reply last week, certainly stated the strongest case possible against the wisdom of the workers joining the Volunteers. Before stating the view some of us hold on the subject, let it be clear that the writer claims neither infallibility, nor wishes to assume any superiority. That would be uncalled for, nor is it intended. He merely wishes to stress an aspect of the argument, which is very liable to be overlooked in the just anger of the workers aroused by the pressure of daily wrongs, and the attitude of callous indifference certain Nationalist leaders maintain towards the righting of those wrongs. Nor is the desire entertained of attacking the formation of the Citizen Army. There is naturally a powerful set of arguments to favour its development and extension, and if it were as strongly in proportion as the Volunteers are, we should have little to discuss, save perhaps to plead for proper charity and understanding. A fight, by all means, if forced upon the workers, a good fight, but no squabble! That is what every honest Nationalist would say. But the case for the Volunteers' movement is no mean one. It is quite true there are ugly and disquieting factors in the situation. The Hibernal element is a grave danger. The suggestion Colonel Moore has made regarding co-operation

with the police, the Derry telegram, the story of the "Liverpool Post" as to the encouragement a certain section of the Cabinet are anxious to bestow upon the movement, are food for very serious reflection. Should these dangers materialise, the case of the opponents of the Volunteer movement is unanswerable. A worthy effort to provide the Irish people with an adequate defensive army—extremely necessary in the present state of affairs and full of hopeful things for the future well being and security of the nation—will have been sacrificed in the miserable party game we imagined to be drawing to a close.

It is doubtful, however, whether the first rocks are going to wreck a fine vessel. Whatever dread, too, we may have of our domestic heads—a flourishing family—we are not inclined to neglect the menace of those tigers—even more flourishing—the great English political parties, who do not want a healed and progressive Irish nation, who do not want Irish unity, who have no decency, no sense of proportion, and no consciences. The Volunteers are one guarantee that the Irish people's political destinies shall no longer be trifled with; that it shall be granted the very modest instalment of political freedom, sectarian rancour and party passion are conspiring to defeat.

The inspiration behind the Volunteer movement is not dead yet. It is far from dead. It has called forth sacrifice of time, energy and money. Lung power and tremendous flights of poetry and oratory have been present, no doubt.

But the mingling together of men from diverse parties, creeds, and places, the drill, the rifle practice, the marches, will level down the earlier outbursts of exuberance, the cool common sense of those—the greater number—will prevail. The things that matter will be talked about, a healthy atmosphere will be created. The workers in the ranks will not be dumb. They will have their say. Let them voice their wrongs and their ideals from the pages of the "Worker." It will have an effect when they throw the passion and enthusiasm they have thrown into their strike hitherto, the humours they indulge in on their merry-makings, the good sense they introduce into discussions they care about.

The organisation in the long run will express the will of the bulk of that organisation—if that bulk is wide-awake.

Every volunteer who deserves the name will assuredly, when the facts of the case are put before him, straightly assert the honour and dignity of the enterprise by a firm stand against incitements to sabbatry or fratricide. He is in the movement as a voluntary unit, open to no compulsion. Trifling in such a matter as the very possibility of coercing the workers would be a blot and a shame upon the name of nationality. It would be a thousand times sadder thing than the conduct of many who should have (and in their hearts really do) know better during the late lock-out. It would have more disastrous results to the cause of true patriotism than the fatal indifference to facing the social question fairly has had, than the cant about "the iniquity of setting Class above Nation" has had, than all the imbecile but understandable fear of strange words and new ideas ever could have.

The day for silence has gone by. The workers are awakening fast; their critical attitude towards the movement in question is a healthy sign. And when all the eloquent gentlemen drunk with words, arms outstretched, eyes upon the distant heavens, the right accent for ever upon the most impressive syllable, recognise this, they will be more than ornaments to the nation; they will be no longer parasites upon a fine tradition; they will be worthy of the past by not refusing to face the needs of the present. It will pay, they will discover.

Workers, Republicans, and Labour men in the Volunteers—speak out! "Oh!" you will say, "this is all very fine, but what about those pertinent questions about the lessons of history? The record of history is hard upon leaders. We shall have the leaders we deserve. We shall do well to be critical." Casement, you say, is a good man. The rank and file you admit are good men. P. H. Pearse in his speeches has shown—it is almost patronising to say it—a fine ideal.

Eoin McNeill has £500 per year! Well, well, ye burning souls, I don't know or care what Eoin McNeill thinks about the present capitalist system, but I suspect his knowledge of ancient Ireland would not lead him to swallow it wholesale. And I draw a rather different conclusion from the £500 per year. I am glad he took it from the English Government for these reasons: first, it is never a bad thing to take money from a debtor who has dallied so long; second, he was as good a man as could be appointed to the post! and, lastly, because all patriotic, respectable Dublin howled in horror over the financial support the workers of England gave to the Transport Workers during the recent lock-out. A venerated leader in a national cause has been drawing five hundred actual sovereigns sent from the same plague spot some time before the row started. What mistakes people make!

To sum up. The Volunteers are in the end what the Volunteers make them. Labour in the ranks of the Volunteers, organised and ready to defend itself from foes within and without, will strengthen both itself and those of its demands it wishes to enforce. The voice of the Volunteers will soon repudiate the unworthy attempts made to side-track it; if it does not, the volunteers will have a fatal spirit

to enter amongst them which will disrupt to enter. I do not believe it will happen. Let us see that it does not happen. And if in all this controversy Labour finds no satisfaction, surely it is because Labour has a big fight before it, and the weapons that shall carry it to victory are not in arms alone, but in the workshop, the field and at the polling-booth. For the rest: "Perhaps it is right to dissimble you love, But why should you kick us down stairs?" GRAMVALE.

NORTHERN NOTES.

You are invited. To-night (Saturday) at 8, the Young Republicans will meet in the Freedom Club hall, Berry Street, to reform the Party and decide upon policy, work and propaganda. If you are young and republican, and willing to help in propagating the idea of the Co-operative Commonwealth, then come to the Y.R.P. and take a share in forming and moulding the Party. If you can talk (but not too long), and have ideas you want to air, you will be all the more welcome. To Berry Street, then, to-night, and help to give the Revolution a start.

Belfast I.T.W. Union. On Thursday night a general meeting of the members of the Belfast branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union was held. The auditors' report was read and adopted, and other business in connection with the branch was transacted. The Belfast dockers have been through a very trying time, but they are coming out on the right side, and the fighting spirit, unrepentant, undaunted, is still showing to the good.

Mr. Connolly reviewed the general situation at length, and re-told the tale of the damnable treachery of the officials of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union. In spite of all, the principles the I.T.W. stand for are spreading and are compelling acceptance in the Labour movement. The news that the Union had turned the corner in Dublin was enthusiastically cheered. The secretary, the chairman, and James Flanagan spoke on the situation in the Belfast docks, and the secretary was unanimously chosen to represent the branch at the Irish Trades Congress next week.

The Slave Peace.

Peace and calm and quiet prevail in Belfast, but it is the peace of slavery that holds the city in a death grasp. From pulpit, Press and platform the Nationalists have been admonished to make no displays of their jubilation on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill. One wonders why on earth they should be jubilant over such a measure. This counsel to have neither celebrations nor bonfires is the counsel of slavery, and, truth to tell, the slave spirit is now so strong in the followers of the Irish Party here that they hurry to crawl and cringe at anybody's bidding. We have heard that a Peace Preservation Committee has been formed. This is wasted energy, for there is not enough fire or spirit in the Devlinites to make any attempt at rejoicing, much less breaking the "peace." And really when the Carsonites want to make trouble, they won't seek about for "provocation." It was not for such as these that blood has been shed and good men's and women's lives sacrificed in Ireland. CROSS-DEATH.

The Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

BRANCH NO. 3. A General Meeting of the Members of No. 3 Branch will be held in Club Rooms, 17 High Street, on Wednesday next, the 3rd June, at 8.30 p.m. W. P. Partridge, T.C.; Thos. Lawlor, T.C., P.L.G., will attend. All Members, lapsed and otherwise, are requested to attend. Workers, support your own cause! JOHN BOBAN, T.C., Sec.

Tailors, Attention!

All members are expected to form up at Trades Hall at 3 o'clock sharp on Sunday in order to take part in Labour Day Demonstration. McVahan and Lawlor, Secs.

Brick and Stonelayers

are requested to turn up in full strength at 2.30 o'clock on Sunday next in Cuffe street to march in Labour Day Demonstration. W. Flynn, President. R. O'Carroll, Gen. Sec.

Boot and Shoe Operatives.

All members meet at 3 p.m. on Sunday, 31st May, at Commarket to take part in the Labour Day Demonstration. Band will attend. By Order of the Committee.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

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MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. SWIETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKERS.



Clondalkin Notes.

Snowball Hanlon is getting very uneasy now that the election day is so near...

Hanlon called a meeting of the farmers to see would they give 17s a week and a half-holiday to the men...

The labour candidates are out to see that proper sites be chosen for labourers' cottages...

Farren says that the labour candidates will have to buy their votes, and we say that is an insult to any labourers' intelligence...

We wonder will Hanlon ever pay Farren the money he lent him during the lock-out...

The labourer who votes against his own class is committing as big a sin as the Jews who crucified Christ...

If you, labourers, only could realise the power you have collectively, and in voting solidly for labour...

Home Rule is practically on the Statute Book, and when they are forming the new Government in Ireland...

As we were rambling through Crumlin, we noticed that the road-men, who are paid by the Co. Council...

are taken away from the work they are paid for and sent to work which they have no right to do...

EYROPENBR.

Wexford Notes.

The Home Rule Bill has been passed through the British House of Commons, and whether it be a good or a bad measure...

There can be nothing really done to benefit you unless through the instrumentality of a properly established Labour Party...

Joe Devlin, we are told, is going to lead a Labour Party in the new House, but we have no doubt that the Wexford workers will give Josey a wide berth...

Canvassing is going on brisk with both sides for County Council honours, and we expect O'Brien, the Labour candidate...

Eddie O'Callen was rambling about it in his leader of Saturday. He says that no man should be returned unless he was a consistent follower of John Redmond...

The Presbyterian congregation are still up against Nick Lambert keeping pigs, and are saying that it is no use for him to be sprinkling the place with disinfecting stuff...

We are holding over comment on the McGoldrick sweating care until the case is over. Two shillings for nine months. And this is Christian Ireland.

We would like to remind our readers that at the time of the Parnell split John J. Kehoe and Phil Keating were amongst those who called John Redmond a priest hunter...

John J. Keating was elected some years ago, and was awarded by three votes. We should like to see this repeated, as he is no better now than he was at that time...

Finest Creamery Butter, 1s. 2d.

Finest Farmers' Butter, 1s. Fresh Irish Eggs, 9d., 10d. & 1/- doz.

P. J. WHELAN, Queen St.

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For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON.

None but the Best at Lowest Prices.

Tablet St. Hill Co., 274 Table St.

The Co-operative Congress.

The first Co-operative Parliament ever held in Ireland will be held this Whitsuntide, when the representatives of over three million co-operators will meet in the Metropolitan Hall, Abbey Street...

The power of the Co-operative Movement is well illustrated by the report presented for the consideration of Congress—a bulky volume of 450 pages, with a further 120 pages of statistics...

Reviewing the whole movement, the Central Board of the Union reports that "progress has been general throughout the movement, and would no doubt have been much greater but for the unfortunate strikes which have taken place in several districts during the past year."

The Irish Executive of the Union, while they have to chronicle one or two adverse experiences, reports considerable progress generally. Special reference is made to the "interesting and significant" establishment of a co-operative society in Trinity College...

"In Dublin the labour disputes during the autumn and winter have directed a great deal of public attention to social, industrial, and housing problems. While the disputes ended somewhat disastrously, one gratifying result has been a very large access in trade and membership to the local society."

The conversion of Civil Servants to co-operation, following on that of University men, is deeply significant. But it is to be hoped that co-operators in the Service will give the matter their maturest consideration before deciding to establish a separate society...

The growing importance of the Irish co-operative movement is reflected in a proposal to raise the status of the Irish division of the Union by giving the Irish Executive direct representation on the United Board (the highest authority in the Union), instead of the present partial representation.

CO-OPERATION, TRADE UNIONISM, AND POLITICS.

The feeling amongst co-operators in favour of a closer union with other sections of the democratic movement has been steadily growing keener and keener, and it is probable that the Central Board's report on "Co-operation with other forces" will provide the most vigorous debate in all the proceedings of the Congress...

Congress will decide against any close alliance. It cannot be long, however, before the movement will find it necessary to take up politics thoroughly. The report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee to this Congress gives conclusive evidence of the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of securing adequate attention to co-operative affairs from the orthodox political parties...

In this connection it should be mentioned that the Irish Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee is to take part in welcoming the Congress delegates to Ireland. The extension of co-operative education, the valuable work of the Co-operative Women's Guilds, and the steady success of the campaign for the establishment of a minimum wage for employees throughout the movement, are among the most interesting items in the Report to Congress...

The round of activities connected with the Congress begins on Saturday with the opening of an exhibition of co-operative productions in the Rotunda Rink at 3.30 p.m., and a public concert in the Round Room of the Mansion House at 7.30. The Congress proper begins on Monday at 9.30 in the Metropolitan Hall, when Mr. Fleming, of the Belfast Co-operative Society, and Irish propagandist of the Union, will deliver his presidential address. A special International Session will be held in the Round Room in the evening.

The educational work of the Congress will be effected by a joint demonstration with the Workers' Educational Association on Saturday afternoon, the speakers at which will include Miss Maxwell and the Rev. R. M. Gwynn, of Trinity College; Prof. Powicke, of Queen's University, Belfast; Pro. Hall, of Belfast Technical College; Mr. W. H. Watkins, of Plymouth, and Mr. Alfred Mansbridge, M.A., of the Workers' Educational Association, and by a special Educational Session on Tuesday evening. At this Session addresses will be given by Father Finlay on "Co-operation in Agriculture," and by Mr. T. W. Allen (Director of the C.W.S.) on "Distributive Co-operation." Father Finlay will also open a Congress discussion on "Co-operation and the Increased Cost of Living," and Mr. George Russell ("B.") is to open the discussion on the relations between agricultural, distributive and productive societies.

On Thursday a special excursion to Killarney has been arranged. The proceedings of the Congress will be watched with interest by every Irish Worker, whether at present a co-operator or not, and delegates may be assured of a hearty welcome to Dublin.

May the labours of Congress bring forth abundant fruit, and hasten the establishment in Ireland and the sister kingdoms of that Co-operative Commonwealth which was the inspiration of the greatest Irish patriots in the past and is the end to which all the energies of the IRISH WORKER are directed.

R. J. P. M.

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

The Festival on Sunday was a great success. Enormous crowds attended, and the stewards found it very difficult to keep the ground clear to run off the events. The Marathon aroused considerable interest, and was eventually won by a young and popular member of the Transport Union, J. Maher.

The various artistes acquitted themselves with honour, and were a source of pleasure to hundreds. The Workers' Choir were in great form, and rendered their several items with vigour and enthusiasm. The attack on the Cowboys' Stockade charmed all and captured the hearts of the youngsters. The cowboys acted as if to the manner born, and made a great defence against innumerable odds. We hope to be able to reproduce this event on a more elaborate scale in the near future. The committee have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of their tournament.

Workers are reminded that they may enrol any night in the Citizen Army, from eight to ten o'clock. Minimum fee:—One penny weekly.

Dublin Labour Party's Candidates

WORKERS! Don't Neglect to Support Your Own Candidates in the Forthcoming Poor Law Elections.

- Inns' Quay—Joseph Farrell. Mansion House—A. Gibson and M. J. White. Merchants' Quay—John Bohan, T.C. Mountjoy—Arthur Murphy, P.L.G. James J. Campbell. North Dock—Michael Brohgan, T.C. P. T. Daly, and Miss Della Larkin. South Dock—Thomas Foran and Denis Hayden. Titania—Joseph Byrne. Wood Quay—Thomas Lawlor, T.C. P.L.G.

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North Dock Ward "Babs" Combination.

On Monday, June 8th, the electors of the North Dock Ward will be called upon to choose five representatives to look after their interests on the Poor Law Board. Now, little or no notice might be taken in this contest, outside the fact that the U.L.L. would, for the time, be resurrected, were it not that the lady representative for the past nine years has, like the chameleon, changed her colour. Just imagine this erstwhile Sinn Feiner allowing her name to be coupled on the same ticket as that staunch U.L. Leaguer, Mr. J. P. Farrelly. Does she forget the noble little band of workers who placed her at the top of the poll nine years ago, much to the discomfort of Mr. Farrelly and those who were on his ticket? Does she forget six years ago, when she again was placed at the head of the poll, the anonymous letter sent to her, and the contents therein circulated under cover of the U.L.L., by one of the people with whom she is now associated? Oh, shades of some of that noble little band! It's enough to make them turn in the clay. We suppose Miss Murphy imagines herself rather a clever sort of person when she managed to qualify herself to run as a candidate in the North Dock Ward at this present election. Let Miss Murphy pause and consider. Her little game is known. For the past two years she has lived in Dalkey, and has not resided in Fairview for at least five years. She knows the meaning of the word "stuff." Her vote in Fairview is a "stuff." The Interview she had with the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, in or about Revision time last year, and the little game that was worked to have her returned as a voter for a house she did not reside in, are well known to us, and inquiries may be made that will cause trouble to somebody. Yet this lady and her new found friends prate about the "deportment of the children." Would her vote, about a year ago, refusing to sanction the advertisements of the Board appearing in the IRISH WORKER be the price she had to pay to have her name appearing with the stalwarts (bless the mark!) in the coming contest; or was it her little twist with Christy, three years ago, when she refused to stand on the same ticket with her colleague, Mr. Paul Gregan, who had represented the ward for upwards of six years, and in doing so let in the Ryans, Byrnes, and Kavanaghs, who were afraid to face a contest. It would be interesting to know what official Sinn Fein thinks of this lady. Will they call on their followers in the ward to vote for her? If so, they should not forget the two other renegades, Christy Ryan and Johnnie Kavanagh. The funny little games of Miss Murphy won't work. She believes that she is on the strong side. Let her remember that there are still some lots of the North Dock national workers who are prepared to show up twists in her or any other person who reneges their principles.

A word here to the electors may not be out of place in connection with the other candidates. It would be well if the workers of the ward would try and discriminate when voting, as to who would best serve their interests. No sane person could imagine that Christy Ryan, political gymnast, would try to do so, because his whole time throughout all his public career has been taken up trying to get jobs for his sons. No one would deny any man the right to place his sons in suitable positions, but at the same time it is anything but decent for a person to use his position as a Guardian of the Poor to influence any elected body to support him in his family requirements. As to Mr. John Kavanagh, it is sufficient to say that John's knowledge of nationality or current affairs are gleaned from the front page of the "Early Bird." Mr. Madden, industrial insurance man—who said Polisman?—like the Leonard person of six years ago, is an unknown quantity in these regions, outside the Verdon Bar, and will not, we hope, be taken seriously. Were it not that I have just learned that Ald. Alfie Byrne is not making a "book," I should have been disposed to take some slight odds against our Lady Guardian's chance of topping the poll.

S. O. R.

LABOUR DAY DEMONSTRATION. Members are requested to assemble at Trades Hall, Capel street, not later than 2.30 p.m. As this Union has secured first place in the Procession, it is urgently requested by the Committee that every member will be in his place punctually, and those who have badges are notified to bring same. By Order of Committee, James Brennan, Pres., John Coffey, Sec.

Amalgamated and General Union Societies Carpenters & Joiners. All members of above Societies are earnestly requested to attend at Hall, Gloucester street, on Sunday, 31st May, at 2.45 p.m., to take part in Labour Day Demonstration. Andrew Breslan, D.S.

Merchants Quay Ward. A Public Meeting in support of the Candidature of Councillor John Bohan will be held at Blackpits, on Thursday, June 4th, at 9 p.m. The Candidate (Councillor Bohan), Thos. Lawlor, F.C., P.L.G.; W. P. Partridge, T.C.; R. O'Carroll, T.C. P.L.G.; P. T. Daly, J. Farren, Treasurer Dublin Trades Council; Thos. McPartlan, and other labour men will address the meeting. Band will leave 74, Thomas street, at 8 p.m. for parade at the Hall. Women, support your own cause.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union. The Trade Unionists of the above Ward will assemble at 2.30 on Sunday next and march in a body to take part in the Labour Day Demonstration. The members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union will assemble at the Emmet Hall at that hour. Local Bands will Attend. It is up to the workers of the Ward to make this Demonstration a credit to themselves and their district. W. P. PARTRIDGE.

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out the number and the names of people residing in the house. Whatever answer he receives satisfies him, and off he is to another house to rehearse the same thing. What is to prevent anybody giving false information to this inspector? He does not ask how long have the tenants been in the house; he makes no attempt to have a look at rent book; he makes no inquiries from other tenants; he merely breathes the first individual he meets, and is thankful if he hears anything. And next Revision I suppose will be all clapping one another on the back owing to the purified register brought about through the exertions of Councillor Bill Richardson, Councillor Fox, and the "purified" City Fathers. I wonder what will MacCaffrey say to Jimmy Vaughan when it's all over? If the City Fathers were as anxious as they are loud-mouthed about a purified register, they would make it their business to see that the Rate Collectors, or whoever distributes the Requisition forms through the city, did the duty they are well paid for. Instead of throwing Requisition forms about to the wind, so to speak, they should be made see to it that whoever is entitled to receive same should get it. In Marlborough Street three Requisition forms were handed to a child of three or four years of age to bring to its father a few weeks ago. Is that the manner in which the work of the Dublin Corporation is allowed to be carried on?

If some of the officials of the Corporation paid the same attention to their work as they appear to do to that sham Fenian force, the National Volunteers, we would have little to complain of. But then when we remember that the Volunteers are, like the City Burgess Roll, packed with "stuffs," whose fights will be mostly confined to being first at Mansion House suppers and "At Homes," perhaps we shouldn't be too severe in our criticisms.

But let the workers remember this, that now is the time to mind their votes. Get your landlords to return you on the Requisition forms. Ask the agent or landlord about it the next time he calls for the rent. If you don't bother about it now, well, don't be complaining in January next when you are not on the register. Let me express the hope that the Town Clerk will this year take the necessary steps against landlords to fail to return names of their tenants to him. In conclusion, permit me to state that I do not believe the Town Clerk to be in any way responsible for any dereliction of duty in this matter on the part of any of the Corporation officials.

MICHAEL MULLEN.

Monster Carnival CROYDON PARK, Whit Monday, From 12 noon to 5 o'clock.

BOYS AND GIRLS—Sack, Obstacle, Egg-and-Spoon, 100 Yards, 440 Yards and One Mile Races. [Postponed Races from Citizen Army will be run off at 12 o'clock, sharp.] ADMISSION—Adults 3d.; Children 1d. Good Prizes. Grand Sport. Refreshments at popular prices. Last Race will be run at 4.30. Union Band will attend.

New Kilmainham Ward.

The Trade Unionists of the above Ward will assemble at 2.30 on Sunday next and march in a body to take part in the Labour Day Demonstration. The members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union will assemble at the Emmet Hall at that hour. Local Bands will Attend. It is up to the workers of the Ward to make this Demonstration a credit to themselves and their district. W. P. PARTRIDGE.

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Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day, Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.  
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**LEIGHS, of Bishop St.**  
STILL AHEAD.

**To the Workers of the North County Dub'in**

This week I would again remind you of your duty to your class in the coming County and District Council Elections. For the County Electoral Division of Coolock remember Michael Nolan is your man. The great and only Squire, Joe O'Neill, is at last getting uneasy; he now fears the power of the Workers. He visited Howth about a week ago, the first time for twelve years. Here is his County Council Election Address—"I again offer myself as a Candidate for County Councillor for the Coolock and Howth Division which I have represented on the Dublin County Council for the past 12 years. I hope to be favoured with your vote and influence." His District Council Election Address differs from the above only in the number of years he sat on that Board (16 years). Note, friends, that there is no mention of anything he did while there, or of anything he proposes to do if elected. As to anything he did you know well that if any worker went to him to ask questions with regard to labourers cottages work on the roads, etc., the great Squire's answer always was—"I'll see" and it ended there. When he solicits you for your votes, my friends, don't forget to ask him about the Labourers Cottages and the nice soft fat job his son, Larry (the Solicitor chaff) has. Ask him what sum was paid the aforesaid Larry for, say, the last two or three years for the job he has. You can take my word upon it that it will exceed any of your miserable wages by thousands of pounds. And perhaps the Squire will explain how Larry got the job from the start. And perhaps he will not, for in these little matters the "cold chain of silence may hang o'er him long." Be wise, workers. None of you can get your sons—whether their names be Laurence J., or Patrick J., or Squire Joseph or plain Larry, Paddy, or Joe—into well paid jobs under the County or District Councils. You may manage an odd days work with pick and shovel on the roads, but there is a "vee bit of difference" between that and sitting down in an office in O'Connell Street receiving nomination papers or dealing with Labourers Cottages. You will also remember how the Squire locked out his men and brought them twice to Swords Court-house to have them pitched out on the road-side. You will bear in mind, too, how the Squire's son, young Joseph, went up as witness in Swords against a young child, 12 years old, for stealing potatoes, moryah. Nor will you forget the strange women the Squire brought from Dublin to take the place of your women folk at the potatoe picking so that he could more effectively crush you. You will also call to mind the 15 R.I.C. men he had in Emsworth House ready, at a moment's notice, to crush you and yours. Again I say be wise. Vote for the men who will be pledged to open all positions to the poor man's child as well as to the Squire's child if he is fitting for same, and the man who stands for that policy is Michael Nolan.

Christy MacMahon or Maughan is now going about doing the bear's dance. If the voters don't vote for Christy he imagines the world will come to an end. Well, Christy, you needn't fret, the world will still go on in its own worldly fashion, whether you are on or off the District Council, and we much prefer to see you off. Here are a few facts, Christy, that perhaps you may be able to explain. Explanations you know, are never now from your pal, the Squire, and from yourself. You say you lost £30 for the past three years on account of your connexion with the District Council. It's rather peculiar, isn't it, that you'd be anxious to get in ten to lose £30 more for the next three? You know you started with an ass. Now you have a horse, two bullocks, and several holdings of land round about the County. And, Christy, it would be interesting to know what influenced you to vote as you did many a time on the North Dublin Rural Council? Christy, do you remember the contract for the privet hedge and the £11 that was paid for it? Who got that, and how does purity in public life fit in with it? The voters of Baldoyle will remember the question of the wall along the Moynettown Road. That was to be built to enable the people to walk dry shod to Mass instead of wading through four feet of sea water. When the question came on before the Council what way did Christy and the great Squire O'Neill act? You know, voters, that if that wall was built it would mean work for many idle men in the district. Squire O'Neill and Christy Maughan, the workers' friends. They are in my eye. Voters of Coolock, you will remember all Christy knew about you at the inquiry in February last. Treat him now as he treated you then.

It is said that if the Larkinkins get elected all the others will resign. I sincerely hope they will. We will have a proper Council then, but what fools they are. Does anybody imagine that Henshaw, if he got elected, will resign. What would the rent collector do? Remember, boys, that Richard Dignam and Pat Masterson are the Labour Candidates for Coolock and Johnny Walsh for Drumcondra Rural. Mr. Kelly-tighe is a man who, when he made an agreement, stuck to it, and that should be borne in mind. What will Tench do for you? His only qualification is that he is a solicitor and a Hibernian. Have nothing to do with those chaps of the law. They are far too clever for you.

With regard to the elections in Swords, your man for the County Council is Thos. McLean. He stands for Labour and Labour calls to you. McLean will be but one of the many out to assist you and yours in the great fight for Industrial Freedom. P. J. O'Neill is the representative of the class that has ground you down for years. He

can hob nob with the big pots when you elect him, and 'tis but little he'll care for you. His brother William and himself locked out their workers, too. Tim White and Paddy Flanagan stand as Labour Candidates in Kilsallaghan District Ball and Woods are your men for Swords. Vote solid for them. Don't bother about the second man in the district in which MacLean stands as candidate for District Council. Vote for McLean only. By voting for the second man you will only help to defeat the Labour candidate.

And a final word as to the voting. Most of you think that if you don't receive a card with name and number on it you have no vote, or cannot vote. If your name be on the Register you are entitled to vote, and nobody can stop you, whether you receive a card or not. See that your name is on the Register, and go up to the polling booth on the day of the election. The X you put after the name of the man you intend to vote for is your vote. The cards you get for candidates are only directions how to vote, or card asking you for your votes. These cards are of no earthly use to you. As to getting to the poll. Get up on any yokes you like. Nobody ever knows how you vote when you can read and write. You are free to do what you like, and no one can order you to vote this way or that.

Let us immediately know if any farmer or other employer intimidates you or any voter into voting this way or that, and when the law is done with him—not the law made by the Johnny Cuffes and the Paddy Kettes in Swords's Courthouse but the law in the King's Bench—he won't intimidate another voter for some time to come.

Remember that in voting for the Labour Candidates you are voting for yourself and your class.

MICHAEL MULLEN,  
Irish Transport Union.

**A WARNING TO PRUDENTIAL POLICY HOLDERS AND AGENTS.**

The public and above company's policy holders in particular, are hereby informed that there is at present in this City of Dublin a gentleman who styles himself "an official from London" of the "Prudential Assurance Company," but who in reality is only a mere special canvasser.

This self-styled individual leads the policy holders to believe that he can and will add a bonus to their policies. But mark his method. Only on condition that they (the policy holders) pay an increase of premium, and enter into it there and then; otherwise this bonus will be forfeited.

Now, this is a misrepresentation of the Company's system and caused a good deal of anxiety and misgivings to many policy holders. The Board of Management allot these bonuses (as can be seen by all circulars relating thereto) each March, and no employee, agent, superintendent, or inspector of the Company outside the Board has any right or authority to interfere with, alter, add to, or take from, these bonuses. How much less right or authority has a mere canvasser to interfere with these bonuses. He (the canvasser) who is only paid out of the pocket of the weak and inexperienced agent who agrees to accept his services—a service the agent pays dearly for and very often his ruin, rather than to his advantage. It is remarkable that since this gentleman canvasser's previous visit to this city, which was in the autumn months of 1912, two or three of the agents who then accepted his services are left the company's employment. On that occasion he (the special canvasser) was promptly removed from Dublin at the request of the Agents' Union by the responsible official. It may be here mentioned that it is for the protection of policy holders, to save them from any anxiety or misgivings, and in the interests of the company, that this article is written.

Finally, the best advice that can be given to all the policy holders of said company, who may have any grievance or complaint regarding this gentleman, or who may yet be visited by him, is to write a full statement of facts to the company's chief office, Holborn Bars, London, where they will receive full information, and policy holders can rest assured that the company will not, to their knowledge allow any employee, even a special canvasser, to cause them any anxiety.

A SYMPATHISER.

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**QUEENSTOWN NOTES.**  
**Rajah's Treachery to "The Worker."**

Last week we showed our readers how Mr. Charlie O'Callaghan is being used by the B.O.E. (Div. 733) to score what they bluff the electorate into believing to be a Home Rule victory. We ask any sane man how will the present Home Rule Bill be effected by the election or rejection of Mr. O'Callaghan? No, the B.O.E. is simply pursuing its usual course of removing from its path all those who dare to disagree with its actions or criticise its contemptible methods, and anyone, as in the present case Mr. O'Callaghan, will be used as a tool as a means to this end. On last Wednesday evening a meeting of Mr. O'Callaghan's election committee was held in the Town Hall. The B.O.E., as all would expect, dominating it, the reason being they have not a man in the "lodge" fit for the position; so Charlie, through his popularity, not his ability, is to knock out "their" opponent.

President Joe Healy, of Local Lodge 733, showed up to perfection. Any motion Councillor Fitzharris (ex-Brudder) brought forward, Joe consistently put his foot on it, thus proving that poor Fitzie, not alone being fired from the Lodge by Joe, is to be shown he is now no use to the B.O.E., and they don't want his assistance. Fitzie said he would canvass Haulbowline and Spike Island on Charlie's behalf, but Joe would not listen to anything he said, and Fitz, being over-awed and obsessed by this Pendragon of B.O.E. Holliganism, was afraid to squeak any further.

Of course the "Rajah" was there, and when Fitz told the meeting that two of his cars were employed for next Sunday's meeting at Ballymore, and asked "Rajah" to take a seat on one of them, "Rajah" contemptuously refused, saying "he preferred shank's mare to Fitzie's plugs." Now, Councillor Fitzharris, be a man; the B.O.E. does not want you. You can yet do good things for the workers of the town if you give up the idea of trying to crawl back into the local lodge, from which you were fired for acting honestly, a quality not known nor required in B.O.E. lodges.

We wish to call the special attention of those workers who were led for the past few years and who are still blind to the villainous hypocrisy of the man into whose hands they gave the secretaryship of the Queenstown Trades Council, the most responsible Trade Union position in the town. Allow us to take your memories back to last January and the attempt you made at that time to secure the Municipal Board of Queenstown for the workers through the instrumentality of your Trades Council. At that time the Labour movement in Queenstown was rallying its strength for a final blow, and made an attempt to remove the old Councillors whom they had judged to be responsible for the lack of sufficient housing accommodation and many other improvements which they as a Council, of which Mr. O'Callaghan has been a member for 18 years, had the power of establishing for the comfort and welfare of the workers. Now, your secretary, "Rajah" Halloran, as a responsible official of your Trades Council, played a part in your fight against the shopkeepers at that election, and by his virulent denunciations and slang appellations, both inside and outside the Trades Council, was the cause of driving Mr. O'Callaghan, in November, 1913, from public life as a protest against the manner in which "Rajah" was "smashing up the only industry in Queenstown." The star of ascendancy of the Labour movement at that period was at its height, and "Rajah" could see in it possibilities of pecuniary emolument and advancement which caused him to play the part he did. In concentrating his endeavours on the election he exploited the movement for all it was worth.

As all are aware, it was not the success the workers expected, and the super strength called forth at that effort failing to achieve its object, has left the movement prostrated and practically non-existent. Now note. The Labour movement in Queenstown to "Rajah" is like the gold vein panned out is to the miner; there is no more wealth to be extracted from it; the "Rajah" has flitted to prospects new and pastures green with filthy lucre, which has ever led him on, and has hopped down on the side of his one-time opponents and is now a hiring hack in the pay of J. E. Martin in the interests of the B.O.E.

Now, workers, your duty is obvious. This renegade creature is not to be relied upon; he has betrayed your interests into the hands of the Philistines, and if you would save your movement from total extinction return to your Trade Union branches which you have forsaken in disgust at B.O.E. intriguing and "Rajah's" despicable, and pitch him and his brother vipers out of the Labour movement.

Further meetings have been held, and on Sunday last, 24th inst., the residents of

**LABOUR IN NEWRY.**

The Newry Trades and Labour Council deserves our heartfelt congratulations for the fight it has made for labour representation on the Urban Council last January, where it was successful in returning Comrade Cunningham as its representative. Now it comes forth again with a candidate for P.L.G., but this time the enemy runs away, and Comrade Cunningham, U.C., is returned unopposed as the labour representative. All those interested in the labour cause will find it very encouraging to know that the workers of the provincial towns are taking a leaf out of the Dublin workers' book and returning men of their own class to represent them in the Councils; and we predict that the workers of the frontier town will yet possess one of the strongest branches of the Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

Comrade Cunningham, U.C., P.L.G., is the worthy secretary of the Newry Trades and Labour Council, and a member of the Typographical Association. He is a worthy representative of Labour, and we trust he may be spared many years to represent our cause in the U.C. and P.L.G. Below is a report of the Trades Council taken from the *Frontier Sentinel*—

**NEWRY TRADES COUNCIL.**  
**MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION IN DUBLIN.**

The weekly meeting of the Newry United Trades and Labour Council was held in the Dockers' Hall, Soho Place, on 13th inst., at eight o'clock. Mr. R. Kelly (President) occupied the chair, there being a full attendance of delegates present. The Secretary (Mr. W. F. Cunningham, U.C.) read correspondence from General Secretary of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks, London, and same was considered. Correspondence was also received from the Dublin Trades Council re Labour Day demonstration. After some discussion, on the motion of Mr. Hughes (Typographical Association), seconded by Mr. John Gordon (Tailors), it was unanimously decided that Mr. Thomas McCann (Carpenters) represent the Council at the May Day demonstration to be held in Dublin on May 31st. Other routine business having been dealt with, the Council

NEWRYTTE.

Ballymore were treated to copious doses of soda water Nationalism, Joe Healy's diatribe being of an unusual fizzy nature. It must have been nectar in the mouths of the joiners and other tradesmen present who have the pleasure of being wage slaves in this tyrant's building yard to hear their taskmaster become eloquent over the sorrows of Ireland. Joe Healy never told them that it was he and his brother bosses and landlords who were responsible for all the sorrow, sordidness and destitution in the country; and that the establishment of a semi-independent Legislature in Dublin, in the hands and control of building bosses and general exploiters of labour, will not in the least effect or advance the material welfare of the working class, to whom it can only be a means to the end of making Ireland the common collective property of the children of Ireland, which will be real Home Rule.

STELLA MARIS.  
**Correspondence**  
54 Talip Street,  
Kentish Town,  
London, May 25, '14.

Sir,—Some of the members of the Hackney Branch U.L., with the members of the "Daily Herald" League, helped me to organise an entertainment which was given by the Irish Workers' Dramatic Society at the Lansdowne Club, Hackney, on Wednesday last, May 20th. A fortnight previous I asked Mr. O'Hare, whose name you can see on enclosed handbill, if he would be so kind as to support us. He told me he was a member of the A.O.H., and that he had been informed from an official source that any Division that helped Miss Larkin or her Dramatic Society would be dissolved, and any individual member that helped would be suspended. He could not see his way clear to do anything for us.

I don't want to take up too much of your valuable space, but I must inform you that Mr. O'Hare did not turn up, I suppose on account of the pressure brought to bear on him by the A.O.H. But, in spite of their cowardly boycott, I am proud to say that every Irishman that was Irish turned up to support us, while the Shoneens and Jackeens of the whistdriving and shoddy gentility A.O.H. stayed away.

Hoping you will publish this letter in order to teach some of the Dublin workers a lesson, and in order to point out to Irish Irelanders the hopelessness of realising their ambition while such narrowmindedness exists in any Irish organisation.

I remain,  
Yours for Ireland for the workers,  
JOE MURPHY.

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**Irish Women**  
**Workers Union.**  
GRAND  
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