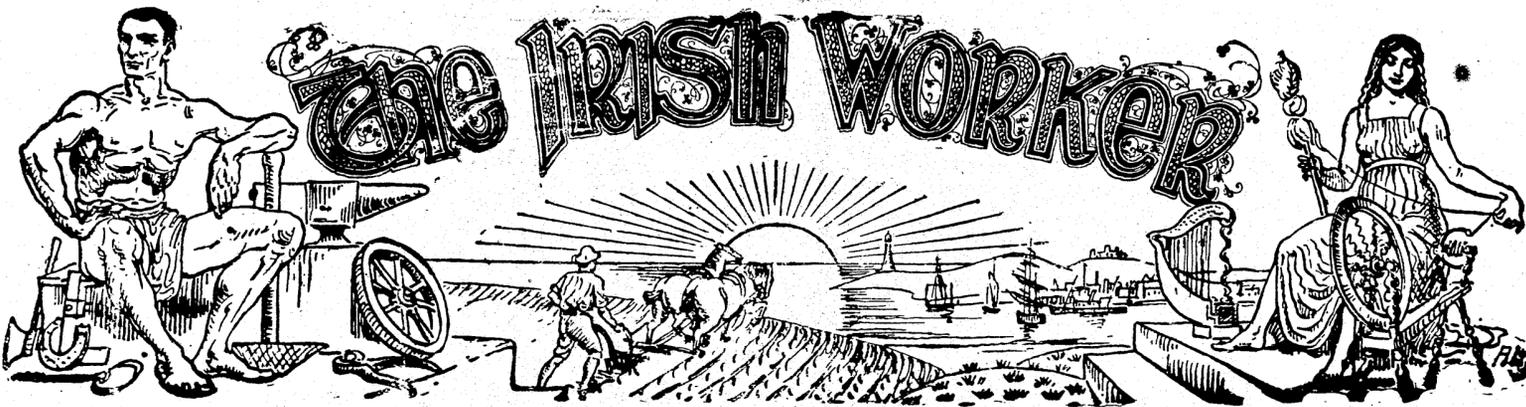


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



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

James Fintan Lalor.

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 15 - Vol. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22nd, 1914.

ONE PENNY.]

The War and the Workers. MEETING AT CROYDON PARK.

A mass meeting was held on Sunday last in Croydon Park, under the auspices of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. Mr. William O'Brien, President of the Dublin Trades Council, presided. The Citizen Army were present, accompanied by the Fintan Lalor Pipers, and made a fine soldierly display marching through the grounds with shouldered rifles. Their neatness and precision formed the subject of much favourable comment on all sides.

Mr. O'Brien, in opening the meeting, explained that it had been called to deal with the questions of unemployment and the food supplies in Ireland having regard to the present European war. The workers of Europe in general had no say in this war because they had no desire for war, and had nothing to gain by it. It was the capitalists who desired war because of the money to be made out of the sale of gunpowder and the armaments of war. They had the same thing exposed at the time of the Boer war. Now, unfortunately, the working classes were not sufficiently strong to demand that the war be stopped, but at the same time they in Ireland should see that adequate steps were taken to safeguard the food supplies for the people. On this question and on the question of unemployment a conference would shortly take place, and its views placed before them (hear, hear).

Mr. Jim Larkin, who was received with applause, said he would like people to understand his position. He was against all war, although there were times when war was essential—times when a man must defend himself and his home and the country he belonged to. Such a time, however, had not yet arisen in Ireland. The working class were being chloroformed and poisoned by the Press. One could not recognise this country at present as Ireland. Those who had read her history should require no advice on the present situation because the record of their union with England had been one long crime. The people of this country had had great men and great leaders in the past, but the British Government were the greatest diplomatists on earth. England had great belief in herself. The man or the country who possessed this power and who had in addition a lack of truth and honesty was unbreakable. The public Press was filled with lies. They were being told that this war was forced upon England. "If this were so let her fight it; if she wanted war let her have her bellyful (cheers)." If the people of Scotland, England or Wales wished to engage in this war let them do so but in God's name what had Ireland to do with it? No country on the face of the earth had ever had an opportunity like the present. Ireland could now, if she wished, stand up and claim that her position amongst the other countries of the world should be secured. Admitting that she was part of the Empire, she could tell England that if her help was needed she would give it, but that at the same time a bargain must be made—that she must receive a quid pro quo—in other words, that her national independence must be secured (applause). But instead of this they were now told to be good boys and to eat dirt and to give up the best of their race to fight England's battles. Ireland, of course, furnished the best fighters; the figures at the British recruiting offices proved this. Surely, then, if they were such good fighters they were entitled to equal rights with the other people inside the Empire. But they were further told they must volunteer—go out to defend their country. For whom? For the very people who were crushing them for centuries (applause). They got no quid pro quo; the only thing they got was a nebulous sort of promise. They were told by England that in return for their men they would be given Home Rule! Sacrifices were being made on the strength of that promise, but when all was over some people in the North of Ireland would come forward and say, "Take away that Home Rule; we won't have it." In Ulster they were making loud-mouthed speeches and passing resolutions, but the order was "Stay at home!" This order had gone forth

through every Orange Lodge—and these were the people who were fomenting all the trouble, but they were advised that not one of them should leave Ireland because they were wanted here at home. The workers were being made the pawns in this game. If they read the papers up to recently they would see it stated that the people of Munster, Leinster and Connaught were not fit to control themselves. Six months ago they were all—in the words of Lord Salisbury—hottentots; they were everything that was foul; now, however, they were all patriots and defenders of the Empire! In the "Irish Worker" he had published war news which had come into his possession, but which the other Dublin papers had been warned against printing, and threatened with penalties if they did so. Even Murphy had been told by the authorities that if he published anything of this nature the tape would be cut. He (Mr. Larkin) was aware that certain British regiments had been landed in France and accordingly he had published the news (hear, hear). The French never did anything for Ireland. Irishmen had sowed the earth in blood for France's sake, and now they were going to do it again. They had Volunteers who were now sweating they were ready to defend the coasts from Nicholas of Russia, Bill the Kaiser, or George Guelpf Wettin, the German of England. At the commencement of the present war Germany agreed to recognise the integrity of Belgium. She asked England to state her demands, and they would be considered, but this fact was not amongst the statements made in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Grey. The people of Ireland had always been trampled down by England. She had always stood on their necks, and the only time they could ever get anything was when they were ready to stand up and demand it. They were told that guns were being imported for them, but these guns (one of which Mr. Larkin held up for inspection) were each valued for 5s. 6d. (laughter). They belonged to the class of rifles with which the Germans beat the French in 1871. If the people, however, were determined that this country should be won back for Kathleen n' Houlihan, they could get serviceable rifles immediately, but it was now known that all of the money subscribed by America for the purchase of arms had not been handed over (hear, hear). It was said that Ireland was part of the Empire, but he (Mr. Larkin) would declare on behalf of the people of this country that that was a lie (cheers). Turning to the question of unemployment, they were already forming Committees in England, but for what or whom? For their own people, because they never went away from their own hearthstone. In Dublin, Lord Mayor Sherlock, who said he would never have anything to do with the King, or the Government, was now collecting money—the workers' money—along with the sweaters of Dublin, in order to have the pleasure of going to tea with some "Noblewoman." Was the money being collected for the poor of this city? No, it was being sent to the "Prince of Wales' Fund," to feed the wives and children of the English territorials and navy-men. The Government had a right to pay the men who did their fighting (hear, hear), and this money should be given to those unfortunate people who had been victimised by the Dublin sweaters. Jacob the biscuit maker had received a big order for supplies of biscuits for the "front." This gentleman was a quaker, and was opposed to war! The Supplies Departments of the Government were working in collusion with a certain ring for the purpose of making profits and robbing the people. They in Ireland had to pay about 40 per cent. more for food than the people in England. The Dublin Corporation had formed a Committee to look after this matter, with Lorcan G. Sherlock at their head, and John Scully to fix the prices (laughter). What really ought to be done was to bring the old statutes into force, because they would hardly expect the Scully gang to look after the interests of the poor. England was now in the death grips of war,

and she had got to win out, but Joseph, and Nicholas and George, and the other kings would meet around a table to laugh and joke over the men who were laying down their lives. The People did not realise what war was—the Military authorities never taught them this. The people were brought into Cinema theatres and shown pictures of a big battleship that cost millions, steaming into a harbour; then a whiskered gentleman was thrown upon the screen, and they were asked to sing "God save the King" (laughter and applause). But real war was a different thing. They could never picture the battlefields, where maddered creatures with rifles shot each other down. He (Mr. Larkin) had never sung "God Save the King"—any King, it didn't matter who—because he would not shame the country he belonged to (cheers). They had got to make an agitation in the towns, for there were many things yet to be done. There were food buildings to be pulled down, and unwholesome areas to be purified. Ireland had always been the Ishmael of the nations—always betrayed by her own sons. Parnell was not overthrown by the English—he was pulled down by his own countrymen, at the request of the British Government. John Redmond, perhaps, would be pulled down tomorrow. It might not be good news for them, nor for the country, or for John, but it had happened over and over again. The worst of it was that the people would not use their own brains. They relied a great deal on the Press, but the newspapers were full of lies. Only the other day they were told that nineteen German ships were sunk and seventeen captured! This was done to arouse the "patriotism" of people who did not think the German Government were no fools, they had not come into this war without thinking the matter out (hear, hear). The Germans were a kindly and courteous people, but they lived under the domination of the military juntas, and it would be a fine thing if Kaiser Wilhelm was pulled down. Germany, in fact, had produced some of the cleverest men the world had ever known. Why, then, should they in Ireland be asked to go out to fight these people? It was because of the soulless grabbers and money grubbers who urged them to do it (applause). They succeeded in taking the Boers' land, but what did they get for doing it? It was a walk over for them with the Boers, but they would find it no walk over when it came to fighting the Germans. Germany was being beaten, they read. Let them not believe it, it was all lies. The German troops were being led by men with brains—not by children. They were men with intelligence—men of genius, and there would be no walk over. It was the unfortunate Irish fool who always fought England's battles; it was they who did the fighting in the danger zone. About twenty-eight per cent. of the British Army were Irishmen, and they could read how in South Africa the Connaught Rangers were sent across the bodies of the dead to get at the Boers when the English regiments were afraid to go. They in Ireland had been told in the past that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity, but now their leaders told them they were all up for the Empire. Still, if all Dublin or all Ireland were to shout for war, or cheer for the King and sing "God save him," he (Mr. Larkin) would reply by singing "God damn kings!" He cared nothing for Kings. The only people he cared anything about were the working class—the class he would always stand by. They should not take part in this European war. They should stand aside as an independent people (cheers).

The meeting concluded with a few words of warning from Mr. Larkin regarding the reported outbreak of bubonic plague in Liverpool, and a brief address by Councillor T. Lawlor.

Established 1851

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGHS, of Bishop St. STILB HEAD.

AMERICA AND EUROPE.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

In my communication last week I wrote that "North South, East and West anti-Irish aristocrats are rushing in to officer the Irish Volunteers," and went on to point out the paralysing effect such officering would have in a National emergency, but the compositor fiend set it up as rushing in to "oppose" the Irish Volunteers, and thus spoiled all the rest of my warning. I do not blame the poor, harassed compositor, but if ever I meet the proof-reader in the dark, and he is not looking, may the Lord have mercy on his soul! Certain English Press agencies and their Irish imitators have during the past fortnight been hard at work assuring the reading public that in the United States public opinion is practically unanimous on the side of Great Britain and her allies. It would be as well for the readers of the "Irish Worker" to take that statement with the proverbial grain of salt and bucket of sea-water. It is as true probably as the currently accepted English yarn that the United States is a great Anglo-Saxon nation—a yarn that is blatantly asserted by all English politicians and journalists and readily swallowed by most working people in England despite the fact that ten-minute's calm reflection upon the history of immigration into America would show that the Anglo-Saxon in that country represents but a very small drop in a very big ocean of races. Somewhat similar reflection upon facts will serve to dispel the idea of the solid American sentiment for England. The present writer does not know from personal knowledge the present state of public opinion in the States, but he does know from personal knowledge the various elements of which the population of the States is composed, and he knows their usual affilation and political leanings. And from such knowledge it is not hard to guess at the state of public sentiment upon this war.

Next to the native-born Americans, who although derived from all races are in all things loyal first to American interests and American ideas, the two greatest elements in America are the Irish and the Germans. Of the German-American population then it may be quite safe to say that their sentiments are most likely with the Fatherland, even although they may be entirely opposed to the German Government. The German Press is the most powerful Press in America not printed in the English language. It is read not only by all German immigrants and their children, but as the German language is a sort of lingua franca, or free common language to Hungarians, Poles, Lithuanians, Czechs, slaves and Jews, it is read by all those races and nationalities likewise. One may be sure that the German journalists have kept well to the front the fact that the German Government offered to concede all that the British Government had asked for in the matter of Belgium, and had even asked the British Government to name its own terms of neutrality, and that the British Foreign Minister concealed this fact from the Parliament when speaking before the declaration of war. One may be sure that such a typical act of British double-dealing has not been allowed to escape the attention of the readers of the German-American Press. Nor yet is it likely that the non-German elements of the foreign-speaking population in America are any more in favour of the allies than the Germans. Belgians and French are numerically insignificant in that country in proportion to the North and South Europeans.

The Hungarians are not likely either from present national reasons, from Socialistic sympathies, nor from their past traditions to favour any policy likely to increase the favour of their Russian neighbours in Europe—the Russians whose armies in 1848 laid Hungary in ruins in order to drive the Hungarian revolutionists back under the heel of Austria; the Russians whose brutal despotism is the perpetual menace of every freedom-aspiring community from the Black Sea to the Baltic. The Finns, most enlightened and most progressive of all the races within or bordering upon that

vast stretch of territory, may well be trusted to work and pray for the humiliation of the Russian tyrant whose hand is even now upon their throat, whose Cossacks were but yesterday trampling into the dust their laws, their language, their liberties, their very existence as a separate people, and so trampling despite all treaties to the contrary. The people of the Baltic provinces were but the other day harried with fire and sword by the Russian allies of the British Lion. They have swarmed into America to escape the fury; can they be wishing for the success of the allies of Russia? Not the most numerically important, but surely one of the most influential of the races represented in America are the Jews. Particularly is this true of the eastern states, and in the commercial and journalistic world. I observe that in one of the recent proclamations the Russian Czar speaks of his "beloved Jews" in calling them to the army. English newspapers speak with tender admiration of such Imperial manifestoes; honest workers can only feel sickened by the thought of this imperial bully whose passion it is to torture, imprison and slaughter in times of peace those to whom he appeals with snivelling panic in times of war.

Conscientious and impartial authorities have proven from official documents that the pogroms or race riots for which Russia has been notorious, and of which the Jews are the victims, have almost always been the work of government agents, and have always been carried out with government connivance. In these pogroms the Jewish districts were given up to pillage and outrage by mobs of armed men, whilst the police looked calmly on. Shops and houses were burned after being looted, women and children were ravished, babies and old men and women were thrown from windows to their death in the streets, and hell was let loose generally upon the defenceless people. After long months some few nobodies were occasionally arrested and sentenced for these crimes, only to be set free again by pardon signed by the Czar's own hand. And now this same Czar addressing the unfortunate survivors calls them his "beloved Jews."

Verily there must be laughter in hell these days.

Surely the Jews are not unanimously wishing for the success of the British armies which are fighting to increase the power of this monster over Europe.

And the Poles: Is it possible that they, like the fool Irish, will rush out to fight for their tyrant, for the tyrant whose prisons are full of their compatriots. Or that the Poles in America are praying for the success of the Russian Czar. Certainly the Press tells us with tears of joy dropping from their printing machines that the manifesto to the Poles promises complete autonomy to Poland, and that in view of that promise the Poles will be radantly joyous with enthusiasm for the Czar. Ah, promises! How easily promises fall from the lips of tyrants! Remember the words of Whitman, the "good grey poet" of America, when writing on the promises of European Royalty to the revolutionists of 1848.

"For many a promise made by Royal lips, and broken, And laughed at in the breaking."

The Poles know, the Revolutionists of the world know; if others have forgotten that in his manifesto of October, 1905, this same Czar guaranteed in his own words that the population of all Russia and Poland was to be

"given the inviolable foundation of civil rights, based on the actual inviolability of the person, and freedom of belief, of speech, of organisation, and meeting,"

and that as soon as his Government had crushed the revolution "those who tried to realise these principles were treated as rebels guilty of high treason," as Prince Kropotkin truly remarks.

One small item will illustrate the fidelity of the Czar to his own royal promises. For trying to act up to the principles laid down by the Czar at

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 Repairs

A SPECIALITY.

above there were exiled to Siberia by administrative order—that is to say without trial—in 1908 no less a number of political prisoners than 74,000. These are the figures as supplied by the Department of Police to the Russian Duma upon the request of that body for exact information. We are scarcely likely to hear of the subjects of the Czar who have escaped to America swelling the chorus of prayers for the success of Russia and her ally, Great Britain.

Next to the Germans the largest and most respected non English speaking element in the States are the Scandinavians, Danes, Norwegians and Swedes. The largest in numbers are the Swedes, who indeed rather dominate the others. The attitude of the Swedes towards the war and their prayers for the victor can easily be judged if we remember the question that formed the issue upon which the last general election in Sweden was fought. That issue was the Government demand for more soldiers, more ships, and more fortresses to protect Sweden against Russia.

It was freely declared that the anxiety of the Russian Czar to wrest her liberties from Finland and to Russianise her armies was a mere preliminary to open the way for a conquest of Sweden. Hence Sweden and all the Scandinavian countries, and all their friends abroad felt that the present campaign of the Triple Alliance, France, England and Russia, is a campaign to make the Russian despot the overlord and master of all the free countries of Northern Europe, as the struggling peoples of Southern Europe feel that the same campaign is designed to place the greatest enemies of social and political freedom in an impregnable position of military strength.

It is felt, in short, that England is sacrificing the hopes of civilisation in Europe in order to safeguard her commercial prestige and destroy a successful commercial rival. Just as it felt that the capitalist class in France in lending money to the Russian Czar during the Revolution of 1905 struck down the hopes of freedom in Russia, and in order to secure the dividends upon that unholy loan are now needlessly plunging their country into war—betraying a Republic in order to support an autocracy to which they have lent money. These are the considerations of which the Irish Press is for the most part laughably ignorant, and which they suppress all mention of when they do know, but which are perfectly well-known to the American public.

Do not let us therefore worry over the carefully-manufactured lies of the news agencies as to the attitude of the great American public. For the native-born Americans suffice to say that to aid their judgment they have a rooted inherited distrust of England, and a dislike of Russia born of broad human sympathies and love of liberty.

Finally, as a word of warning this week. Do not let anyone play upon your sympathies by denunciation of the German military bullies. German military bullies, like all tyrannies among civilised people need fear nothing so much as native (German) democracy. Attacks from outside only strengthen tyrants within a nation. If we had to choose between strengthening the German bully or the Russian autocrat the wise choice would be on the side of the German. For the German people are a highly civilised people, responsive to every progressive influence, and

(Continued on page 2.)

rapidly forging weapons for their own emancipation from native tyranny...

To help Britain is to help Russia to the dominance of Europe...

Searchlight Flashes.

By no process of evolution can an Irishman become an Englishman...

My friends, in the Volunteers who went out of their way to shake their collection boxes...

It is high time for Irishmen to examine their conscience when "not to be English"...

The Citizen Army and all connected with it stand for the principles of Tone, Emmet, and Fitzgerald...

The time for manly action has come. Ireland ought and is the only concern with Irishmen as such...

Ireland never had a quarrel with the democracy of England...

Irishmen, use your brains. Line up for Ireland's sake. Let there be no move, hesitation, or division amongst us...

Send subscriptions to the Citizen Army to provide guns that are guaranteed not to be employed to aid our enemies...

She our mother. She who ground us, Hopeless 'neath her iron heel.

Is it by the bitter memories Of the thousands famine slain?

Is it by the men imprisoned For the love they bore their land?

From the vales and hills in Ireland, Where her martyred children lie.

Never while old Ireland's mountains Lift their foreheads to the sky.

By God's Help and with God's blessing We sit rebels to the end.

WAR.

To bind the wounds of nations, heal each bruise; To make all races one in purpose...

These form the inspiration to contend 'Gainst war and all its fearful cost in woe.

But oftener, that some money is at stake, And capital, that queer and timid thing...

Set on a hill, and firm as its own base And this it is: Who, from his coign secure

Shouts loud that war must be, and murder reign.

WAR IS HELL! Come then and Enjoy a Peaceful Happy Day.

Sports. Sports. Sports.

Come and enjoy a day's outing at CROYDON PARK, Fairview, on SUNDAY Evening, 23rd inst., at 3.30 sharp.

100 yards race, for boys under 12 years; 100 yards race for girls under 12 years...

100 yds. sack race for men; 100 yds. Siamese (three-legged) race for men; 1 mile handicap for men.

Refreshments on grounds at popular prices.

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

The Irish Worker

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent.

DUBLIN, Sat., Aug. 22nd, 1914.

THE POPE IS DEAD.

LONG LIVE THE POPE.

THE saying, "The King is dead, long live the King," at one time carried truth with it, meaning that though one king had passed, the dynasty still held.

Is it by the men imprisoned For the love they bore their land? Is it by the bard justice Wrang from her unwilling hand?

From the vales and hills in Ireland, Where her martyred children lie.

Never while old Ireland's mountains Lift their foreheads to the sky.

By God's Help and with God's blessing We sit rebels to the end.

WILLIAM F. FARRINGTON, T.C.

Pope will be soon elected, and that he will immediately take steps to let the fomentors of this sanguinary crime feel his denunciation of their methods...

MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

Written by Michael Davitt while undergoing the horrors of Dartmoor Convict Prison.

In England's felon garb we're clad, And by her vengeance bound; Her concentrated hate we've had— Her justice, never found.

Nor can the dungeon's deepest gloom, But make us love thee more; We'd brave the terrors of the tomb To keep the oath we swore;

From Irish mother's hearts has flowed This sacred love of thee, And Erin's daughters' cheeks have glowed That love in deed to see.

Then let our jailors scorn and roar When cheerful looks we wear; The Patriot's God whom we adore Will shield us from despair.

Here, chained beneath the tyrant's hand, By martyr's blood we swear! To freedom and to fatherland We still allegiance bear;

[The above poem was sent us by a reader in Cork. It was written by Davitt when lying in Dartmoor Gaol. We suggest, as a greater number of our readers know this poem, as we say, by heart, that they should cut it out and present it to any Volunteer they may know.]

"From Irish mother's hearts has flowed This sacred love of thee. Nor felon's fate nor England's hate nor hellish fashioned gaol, Shall stay our hand to wield a brand this day for Innisfail."

For Innisfail! be it remembered, John E. Redmond, Henry Herbert Asquith, and George Guelph Wettin, Mr. John E. Redmond can make any bargain he chooses with the despoilers.

There was a man born in Queen's County named James Fintan Lalor. He was a farmer's son. When the O'Moore's, of Leix, are forgotten and unremembered the memory and work of Fintan Lalor will live on and inspire men to work for Freedom.

THE POPE IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE POPE. THE saying, "The King is dead, long live the King," at one time carried truth with it, meaning that though one king had passed, the dynasty still held.

Is it by the men imprisoned For the love they bore their land? Is it by the bard justice Wrang from her unwilling hand?

From the vales and hills in Ireland, Where her martyred children lie.

Never while old Ireland's mountains Lift their foreheads to the sky.

By God's Help and with God's blessing We sit rebels to the end.

WILLIAM F. FARRINGTON, T.C.

accomplices authority to say they are willing to become tools and slaves? If rumour speaks true, you are going to have an awakening.

Citizen Army Orders.

No. 1 Battalion - All Sections muster at Liberty Hall, to-night, Friday. Roll Call 7.30. Full Dress A & B Companies, Rifles.

C. O. D.

JOHN REDMOND, MR. HASQUIT, SIR WILLIAM LEEBAWN, SIR EDWARD BARCAR, AND MISTRESS IRELAND.

SCENE:—John Bull's Pastry Shop. Mr. Hasquit Attending to Customers.

JOHN—My Missus sint me over agin for that Home Rule loaf. 'Tis nearly time 'twas ready now.

HASQUIT—John, my boy, keep cool. That loaf, after your recipe, has got a second turning, and another is all it wants until I can send my messenger, Mr. Libeller, across with it to your household.

JOHN—She bid me say 'twas time 'twas ready, an' she says she has often asked you to send that loaf, but you always managed to overbake or somehow destroy it.

HASQUIT—We know, John, we know, and we will in good time give your missus her full measure of justice. Wait and see.

JOHN—Yes, but she is becoming restive, an' as you know she has eighty ones of coal, I would ask you to consider that she might start baking on her own account.

HASQUIT—But I thought you secured the keys to the coal cellars.

JOHN—Try another recipe. HASQUIT—I shall mix the flour with water.

JOHN—Excellent, excellent, and Boyley water if possible; 'twill kind of mollify the swallowing process, and promotes a healthy digestion.

HASQUIT—I was, Sir William, when you entered, about to tell John, our friend here, about how we intended to manage that order from Mistress Ireland.

JOHN—We will forego that loaf for the present, and I, who have myself, fed from the crumbs that fell from noble Hasquit's board and filled my pockets with them also to feed Missus Ireland's children, now will make the recompense.

SIR EDWARD BARCAR—I have as I entered heard the offer of Customer Redmond, who offers you his brand of coal known as the Volunteer Brand.

THE WORKERS' CYCLE! KOLLY SPECIAL AND ARTISTS. Write or call for Order Form.

J. J. KELLY & CO. (KOLLY SPECIAL) 111, AGNEY STREET, DUBLIN.

July—that is from the 10th to the 15th. I give it you with all good wishes.

HASQUIT—I thank you, gentlemen, with all my heart. [Exit Sir Edmond.] HASQUIT—But John, may I rest assured of your coal when I want it.

MISTRESS IRELAND—Redmond, I sent you here with no mandate to barter my property. I have listened to all your confab, and my eyes are now opened.

JOHN—I have secured that. I've got the keys an'— [Enter Mistress Ireland, her face showing intense anger.]

JOHN—She bid me say 'twas time 'twas ready, an' she says she has often asked you to send that loaf, but you always managed to overbake or somehow destroy it.

HASQUIT—We know, John, we know, and we will in good time give your missus her full measure of justice. Wait and see.

JOHN—Yes, but she is becoming restive, an' as you know she has eighty ones of coal, I would ask you to consider that she might start baking on her own account.

HASQUIT—But I thought you secured the keys to the coal cellars.

JOHN—Try another recipe. HASQUIT—I shall mix the flour with water.

JOHN—Excellent, excellent, and Boyley water if possible; 'twill kind of mollify the swallowing process, and promotes a healthy digestion.

HASQUIT—I was, Sir William, when you entered, about to tell John, our friend here, about how we intended to manage that order from Mistress Ireland.

JOHN—We will forego that loaf for the present, and I, who have myself, fed from the crumbs that fell from noble Hasquit's board and filled my pockets with them also to feed Missus Ireland's children, now will make the recompense.

SIR EDWARD BARCAR—I have as I entered heard the offer of Customer Redmond, who offers you his brand of coal known as the Volunteer Brand.

THE WORKERS' CYCLE! KOLLY SPECIAL AND ARTISTS. Write or call for Order Form.

J. J. KELLY & CO. (KOLLY SPECIAL) 111, AGNEY STREET, DUBLIN.

192 Parnell Street, Dublin, August 20th, 1914.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." SIR,—I know that through the war many important matters of interest are forgotten, but one with its tragedy, and heart-rending circumstances ought still to bear its freshness within the public mind.

Undoubtedly the Lord Mayor has many matters just now to occupy his attention, and I merely move in the matter to ask our charitable fellow-citizens to show by their generosity that this sad affair is not forgotten by subscribing to the Family fund, after this appeal.

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM CLARY.

To the Editor "Irish Worker" Cork, August, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—Your leader and article in a recent issue struck the right note, and have given a lead to Irish public opinion. Our commercial (so-called National) Press is scattering broadcast its advertisements to gull more Irish souls to sacrifice their lives and health to defend the British Empire.

The "Daily Sketch" to day says that—in proportion to population, Ireland has more men serving with the colours now than any other part of the United Kingdom.

Our interests have been injured by no people but England, and all other peoples are our friends. A victorious England by land and by sea can give us what terms she likes: England beaten to the ropes will yield what we like.

I am, dear sir, yours, &c., "A CORK NATIONALIST."

Dublin Trades Council.

AGENDA. Report of Richmond Asylum Governors, Messrs. Lawlor and Farren.

A Fool and His Money.

WILLIAM "MURDER" MURPHY HAS TO PART WITH 2s. A beautiful little anecdote has come our way concerning the one and only William Martin Murphy.

That same day the irate individual who once complained of being depicted by us as a gnu, handed over two hundred pounds to the Prince of Wales' Fund.

TRANSPORT UNIONS.

The group under the heading "transport" record a membership of 639,952, an increase of 185,173, or about twenty-eight per cent.

I know that in the streets they are in at present it would be useless to ask the bulk of you readers to attempt to look after the families of these German guests of ours, in any financial sense; but I am confident that an appeal from you to the men of the Transport Union and of the Citizen Army to act as a guard for their homes would not fail to produce good results.

THE WORKERS' CYCLE! KOLLY SPECIAL AND ARTISTS. Write or call for Order Form.

J. J. KELLY & CO. (KOLLY SPECIAL) 111, AGNEY STREET, DUBLIN.

NORTHERN NOTES.

WEXFORD NOTES.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

Inchicore Items.

Dublin Trades Council

Dublin Co-operative Industrial Society, Ltd.

Conference in Trades Hall.

Workers and War.

In numbers, Sunday night's meeting at Library Street was the greatest held on that pitch this summer. James Connolly spoke on the war and its effects industrially. Like all other parties his own was divided in opinion. For that reason he made it clear that his opinions were personal and did not necessarily bind others who spoke from that platform. The war was the greatest crime of modern times. The nations and peoples involved in it were plunged into it by a dozen men about whose doings and intrigues nobody was allowed to know anything. All the misery, murder and suffering were brought about by those few men in spite of the wishes and desires of the people. The workers of all countries were the sufferers, and it was they who were paying for the war in both blood and money. Already its evil effects were felt in the prevailing unemployment and the rapid rise in the cost of living, and they were only at the beginning of it.

The Great Crime.

Thousands upon thousands of workers in France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Britain and Russia were being sent straight to death in a war in which they had no interest, fighting for a cause they neither knew nor understood. Homes were broken up, wives and children left behind to starve and suffer, and blood spilt like water to satisfy rulers and exploiters who never as much as consulted their peoples before going to war. He had worked with men from all these countries. He knew the German workers to be a kindly people and he could never forget or fail to admire the sacrifices and fights made by the French for liberty and freedom all over Europe. But Britain's was a criminally disgraceful part in the war. Everybody knew that her pretence of defending Belgian independence and integrity was a sham and hypocrisy. Even the English people were not consulted about the war, and with none of the peoples had Ireland any quarrel. Every soldier or sailor killed in that war was in reality murdered. Even should he stand alone he would always protest against wars of aggression. One thing he would not sacrifice at any cost and that was honour and principle.

Charity.

Willie M'Mullen also spoke, but in rather a different strain. We are surprised that whilst against war in principle he should seem, as he did on Sunday last, to back up war once it has been brought about. Besides, to support measures of relieving distress by subscription funds is simply bolstering up the causes of the distress instead of forcing those responsible for it to bear its burdens themselves and take socialist measures to deal with it. The little gang of jingoes again attended and prayed publicly for their king—God help him! The police tried to bully the Socialists into running away after the meeting, but they insisted upon going their own path. The meeting again concluded with the singing of the 'Red Flag.'

Spreading the Light.

James Connolly's manifesto, published in last week's 'Worker,' is being extensively distributed. At the week-end another bill, 'Ireland and the War,' was also distributed throughout the city. To-night (Wednesday) at King street, of many memories, the Irish Textile Workers are holding a meeting to urge that immediate steps be taken to remedy the poverty and misery caused by the war. CROSBY-DEARG.

Co-operation and the Workers.

How to Fight the Food King.

At a Conference of Trade Unionists held in the Trades Hall, Capel street, on Tuesday last, August 18th, under the auspices of the Dublin Trades Council, it was decided to have meetings in several centres of the city for the purpose of making arrangements to open additional Co-operative Shops. Accordingly the following meetings have been arranged:— TUESDAY, August 25th, Bricklayers' Hall, Cuffe street. WEDNESDAY, August 26th, Liberty Hall, Beresford place. FRIDAY, August 28th, Trades Hall, Capel street. Prominent Co-operators and Labour Men will address these meetings, and all workers in these districts are urged to attend and hear what the Co-operative movement is and what it can do for the working-class. A cordial invitation is also extended to working-class women to attend.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

ROOM 3, LIBERTY HALL.

Through War to Socialism.

Propaganda Meetings on Sunday, Aug. 23rd—Beresford place, at 12.30; Foster place, at 8.30. Wednesday, Aug. 26th—Inchicore (McCann's corner) at 8.30. Thursday, Aug. 27th—Charlemont Bridge at 8.30. Friday, August 28th—Business meeting, members and intending members, Room 3, Liberty Hall, at 8 o'clock.

War fever is still very high here, and it is amusing to see how every stranger who happens to come into the town is stared at to try and find if he is a German or an Austrian. In the windows of the "People" office each day we have telegrams supposed to come from the front telling us about the thousands of Germans supposed to have been killed; we also see pictures of cruisers and dreadnoughts which are described, in Rebel Wexford, mind you, as our Fleet. What have we come to anyhow? A few years ago this would be called the British Fleet, but since John Redmond has offered the Volunteers to protect British interests in Ireland that is all changed.

We notice by the Dublin "rags" (if we can believe them) that some of the Irish regiments have landed in Belgium. They describe it as a splendid military achievement, bravely and efficiently done. They also tell us that the Irish regiments were singing as they marched to the front that musical-hall ditty, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." How different this is from the last occasion when the Irish fought on Belgium soil for France against Ireland's real enemy, with the cry of "Remember Limerick" on their lips, and the irony of it deep down in their souls. History will not repeat itself on this occasion, unfortunately, as George V. will not have to say as his predecessor (and the George) said after the Irish had defeated the English at Fontenoy: "cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects," the best men in his army are now unfortunately Irishmen.

We are informed that Nick Lambert has got in another litter of pigs to his place at the corner of Anne street. Doctor Pierso was there a few days previous to his having bought them, and probably settled the matter for him alright. If a poor struggling man with a family were to try to feed one pig in his yard, Pierso would swoop down on him immediately and it would have to go. Phil Keating is cut for blood, because Corish raised the matter of extortion of prices on foodstuffs at the Corporation, he says he will take Corish's life poor fellow, we are glad to see that it is annoying him, as we have heard that he was one of the first to try to make his pile on the poor.

We are glad to notice that James J. Stafford has sent for his old bands again, and that he is getting about of the black-legs, some of them were sent to work at the schooner "Excellent" on Tuesday last, but immediately they arrived the sailors and fillers walked ashore, till they were sent about their business, which was quickly done.

Pierce is shutting out his men on Saturday next to enable his undertrappers to take stock of the returned machinery made by incompetent hands, while they victimised their good men two years ago, because they could not break their magnificent spirit after six months fighting. But Johnnie is beginning to waken up now, and Salmon and himself are having hot over the lack of profits.

FAKING WAR NEWS.

For over a fortnight we have been deluged with "news" from the scene of action. When you get up the first thing to greet your ear is the raucous shout, "War Special," the shout goes on all day and into the night, then when, after a day of German defeats, reverses and routs, you retire to rest you are awakened out of your beauty sleep to hear of the total destruction of the German fleet (by arrangement with the "Daily News").

Along with this you are provided with an official warning against publishing false information.

The brave little Belgians (alias Congo butchers) have routed, defeated, reversed, annihilated, roughly speaking, 200,000 Germans. The French have devoured battalion on battalion. The British fleet, by arrangement with the "Daily News" and kind permission of the "Evening Telegraph," have destroyed about three times the number of ships with which Germany began the war. Nearly 3,000 spies have been captured between Camden Street and North Strand. The National Volunteers have arrested two bacilli found prowling at large in the Roundwood Waterworks (the prize money will be shared equally between Lorcan and Beattie). But that is not the best: two Irish women (married to German porkbutchers) have been routed with complete success.

On Sunday we were seriously informed of the complete destruction of the Germans and the occupation of Mulhausen by the French, the Germans losing 80,000. Mulhausen was an entrenched position held by a brigade of Germans. The Germans, it was stated "on good authority," retired across the river. This is where the joke comes in—a brigade of infantry consists of 4,500 men. 4,500 less those who retired across the river, equals 30,000. Those Frenchmen were devils. Then some inquisitive busybody found out that the number slain was 100, and spoiled the joke. The "best service of war news" (by arrangement with the "Daily News"), are bringing the matter up before the Board of Erin to have the marplot severely dealt with.

Notice to Newsagents.

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

Why Should Ireland Starve?

MANIFESTO TO WORKERS OF IRELAND.

10th August, 1914.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN AND WOMEN,

A European War for the aggrandisement of the capitalistic class has been declared. Great Britain is involved. The working-class will, as usual, supply the victims that the crowned heads may stalk in all their propensity of state. Men will die and women and children will be left to weep the loss of husbands and fathers. Ireland is our country, and whilst the signatories to this manifesto may hold different views with regard to politics, we all join in our love of Ireland. The history of Ireland makes a glorious reading for our countrymen. It teaches lessons of endurance and points out mistakes. It shows us what men can do and suffer, and teaches us why they failed in the past. From its pages we can take the good and reject the evil. From its study we can realise things our fathers should have done and which they did not do. In the middle of last century our countrymen died of hunger in thousands, and mothers of Ireland tried to nurture the babe without the sustenance to perform the function that Nature intended they should perform. Children died in the ditches because famine walked the land. In a land of plenty hunger claimed and famine swept the finest peasantry in the world. Our desire is to prevent a recurrence of those horrors.

Our land has been given over to a privileged class. It lies fallow and unfruitful. Our credit was pledged to enable the transfer to be effected. The land our fathers fought for, suffered for, bled for, died for, was bought back with our money—the money of the working-class—from the people to whom it was given when our fathers were betrayed and their heritage stolen. To-day it is in the hands of the profit-mongering crowd. It is tilled here and there, but the bullock roams the lands and the people flee the soil. In the forties the reason of the famine was because the people were slavishly foolish, and they allowed the food that was needed in Ireland to be exported from our shores. And now, although much of our land is not cultivated, there still remains enough foodstuffs to feed our own people. The local authorities should make arrangements immediately for controlling the food supply of the country.

Irish women, it is you who will suffer most by this foreign war. It is the sons you reared at your bosom that will be sent to be mangled by shot and torn by shell; it is your fathers, husbands and brothers whose corpses will pave the way to glory for an Empire that despises you; it is you and your children who will starve at home if the produce of Irish soil is sent out of this country. To you we appeal to aid us in this struggle to save Ireland from the horrors of famine.

Fellow-Countrymen, if we allow the farmer to sell his crops for export our people will starve; if we allow the profit-monger to sell the products of our land to be exported to foreign countries our people will die of hunger. Already we are threatened with famine prices; already the gaunt frame of hunger looms large in the outlook because the people think that you will do in 1914 as your fathers did in 1846-7-8. Is it not better to take the risk and responsibility of preventing a repetition of this than to die as our fathers died of hunger and of fever begotten of famine? And you can prevent it. To the men of our class who are armed, we say keep your arms and use them if necessary. If God created the fruits of the earth He created them for you and yours. Do not allow our crops to be gleaned for any other country. They are yours. Keep them at home! Keep them at home, we say! Keep them at home by the strength of your right arm!

"At last be men, stand forth and clear For Freedom's course, a highway."

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

Published by National Executive Irish Trades Union Congress and Labour Party.

Irish Soldiers to the Front to Fight for England.

Toll for them, blush for them, they who have bartered Manhood and honour for England's mean dole; Lads from the hillsides and cities of Eirinn, They shall be foremost when War takes her toll. Weep for them, pity them, England's poor hirelings— Silent the voices that should have forewarned— Led like the dumb brutes to red fields of slaughter, Guarding a flag had they known they had scorned.

Eirinn shall blame them—but them will she pardon Before those who sold them and left them untaught; Leaders and pastors whose craven quiescence, By sordid self-interest was readily bought, Glibly they rant of the "Great God of Battles," "England's vast Empire—the glory of war," Smugly secure in their rich homes and mansions, Little they reck of War's dread abattoir.

They whom brave timely advice would have succoured Lie writhing or stark on some red plain afar, Whilst their eyes challenge with death's awful challenge Responseless night sky and pitiless star. Weep for them—Eirinn had need for the least of them— Yet they desert her to fight for her foe, Great God! that our land should be shamed by such treason, Accursed be the teachings that brought her so low.

Raise the green standard, the green flag, the rebel flag, Whilst they go forth to the shambles and shame; Truer men flock to the posts they abandoned, Show England we hate her as when first she came. Bear we in mind still her pitch-caps and gallows, Slayer of Emmet, destroyer of Tone; Let not the fool's rantings confuse the true issue, England, false, brutal, our foe is alone.

MARVE CAVANAGH.

TRADES-UNIONISM GROWING.

The statistics of Trade Unions for 1913 have been published. They show a very satisfactory state of affairs with regard to membership. Never in the history of trade unionism was there such a boom in members. During the

year an increase of three-quarters of a million members was recorded, or 21 1/2 per cent., bringing the numbers for 1,735 Unions up to 3,993,767. Since 1905 the numbers have more than doubled, since 1895 nearly trebled.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

BEST AND CHEAPEST THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKERS.

This week we chronicle the sad and sudden death of a valued member of the Transport Union—John Benson, of South View Terrace, Inchicore. Deceased was employed in the wagon shops of the G.S. & W. Railway where he was deservedly popular. On Friday week, while following his usual occupation, he was taken suddenly ill and expired in a few minutes. To his friends and relations we tender our sincere sympathy, and trust the Railway Company will do its part in trying to lighten the blow that has fallen so suddenly upon them. R.I.P.

We also have to deplore the departure of many of the most active members of the same Union to the continental scenes of repine and murder. No Trade Unions in this or any other country will send so many members to the "firing line" as will the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and this is the Union the Liberal Government and the Dublin Employers failed to crush last year.

Its up to all members, past and present to now rally to the old flag and keep it flying while our boys are abroad, so that when they return they will have an organisation to protect them from those whose battles they have gone to fight or should they fall in that fight—to look after the wives and little ones they leave behind.

During this period of goodwill in Ireland, when we find the lion lying down with the lamb—and the lamb outside—would it be too much to expect the union smashing Employers to cease penalising people who in the fight of last year played "the noble and manly part."

I publicly put it to our friend Mr. William Martin Murphy if he is prepared to withdraw the "ban" and re-employ O'Hanlon, Clarke and Councilor Donnelly—three men who possess the esteem of everyone favoured with their friendship. I put this question solely on my own responsibility, and as man to man.

To my friends of the skilled and other trades I invite their co-operation in the work of organising that grade of workman for whom organisation is so essential, and especially during times such as the present, with employment so uncertain—for with their assistance there would not be a non-union labourer in the entire world.

On Tuesday evening next there will be a public meeting in the Emmet Hall, at 8.30. All members, past and present and prospective are invited to attend, sympathisers belonging to other Trades will also be made welcome, and many vital matters of the moment will be dealt with by prominent speakers.

I am glad to learn that a new spirit of independence has sprung up with the new movement—and trust it may lead to the abolishing in the workshops of conditions of employment injurious to the health of the working class and detrimental to their interest.

Although having no legal power to interfere, a Committee was appointed by the Corporation at its last meeting for the purpose of preventing panic prices being charged for the necessities of life. A conference was held with the "Merchant Princes," and Traders of Dublin. The prices fixed by them and submitted to the Committee represented the highest prices to be paid for the commodities named, which the individual Trader was free to sell as much cheaper as he was able. In this way it was sought to prevent prices becoming extravagant. I was also selected to act on a Committee formed to prevent distress during the present crisis, about which I shall have something to say at the meeting in the Emmet Hall on Tuesday night next.

W. P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

HOCH DER KAISER.

We wonder would some obliging member of any of our numberless Local Government bodies—Dublin Corporation for preference—kindly propose the following "resolution" at the first available meeting:—

"That we, as representatives of the Irish people, strongly condemn the action of the Kaiser of Germany in precipitating a European war which we consider detrimental to the interests of the (alleged) Irish nation. That we regard same as being likely to lead to endless strife amongst our peace-loving citizens, if not to grave dissension in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and that we now call upon the said Kaiser to abandon his belligerent attitude forthwith, as otherwise we shall be compelled to denounce him in the columns of the Dublin evening newspapers."

The foregoing suggestion is born of our belief that the German people are a hopelessly incompetent race—barbarous, cowardly, dishonest, lying, unscrupulous, cutthroat and immoral. We could continue our list of adjectives were it not that we have kindly feelings for our pliers. There seems to be no doubt that the German Empire is wholly unfit to be allowed to continue on the face of the globe. One Paddy Meade says in the "Evening Telegraph" and in the "Oval Bar" so it must be gospel. Therefore

"Upon the Kaiser's Veterans we'll stick the words 'To Let.' For George's loyal Irishry will tame the Eagle yet!"

On Tuesday evening in the Trades' Hall a Conference was held between the representatives of the Dublin Industrial Co-operative Society and delegates from the various trade societies to consider the working of the Society in the city, and the question of the food supplies as it affects the workers during the present European crisis. The chair was occupied by Mr. William O'Brien, President of the Dublin Trades Council.

The Chairman explained that the Conference had been called to deal with the situation caused by the war and the rise in the prices of foodstuffs. The Executive of the Dublin Trades Council decided to confer with the Co-operative Society as to the position occupied by the Society at present and as to what help it could give in the situation that now arose so that they might come to some agreement for the benefit of the workers of Dublin.

Mr. Maguire, of the Management Committee of the Dublin Co-operative Society, remarked that they were now up against the practical problem of the food question arising out of the European war. What the Society proposed to do was to sell the non-fluctuating articles at the ordinary prices and the fluctuating articles at invoice price. An important matter which they had to bear in mind was the question of new members. They were always willing and ready to open up new branches wherever there was a prospect of trade, and they were now prepared to do anything desired in this direction so long as it did not interfere with the interests of their existing members (hear, hear). They were prepared to open a branch wherever the promise of support was sufficiently great so long as those who promised such support became not mere members but co-operators. If they could get a guarantee of a sufficient number of purchasers the shop would be opened at once, but he regretted to have to say that the trade unionists of Dublin were not giving the co-operative movement their full support. He was not in a position just then to place any really practical proposal before the meeting.

Mr. T. Farren said he understood the Society had been asked to open a branch in the Capel Street district and had been given a certain guarantee.

The Chairman suggested that provisional committees should be formed to operate in the various districts in which they thought they would meet with success. Three, he thought, would cover the city—for the present at any rate. The Co-operative Society was naturally reluctant to help the workers if it thought they would fall away when the crisis was over, and he believed they were right in their view (hear, hear).

After further discussion, in which Messrs. O'Lehane, Farrelly and Councilor Partridge took part, it was decided to leave the matter to a meeting of the Executive of the Trades Council, so that practical steps might be taken to deal with the situation.

On the motion of Mr. Larkin, seconded by Mr. M. J. O'Lehane, a vote of thanks to the representatives of the Dublin Industrial Society for their attendance was passed by acclamation, after which the Conference separated.

LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

Grand Theatrical Performance

On Monday, August 24th, 1914, by the Irish Transport Workers' Dramatic Co. Irish Plays, Songs and Dances. Come and have a pleasant Social evening. Admission Three pence.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS LIBERTY HALL.

THIRD ANNUAL EXCURSION

To the Rocky Valley. Via Scally, Bunsberry and Kilmacoge. Sunday, Aug. 30th.

Tickets 3s. Each. Tickets can be had on any night at Liberty Hall from 8 to 10 p.m.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones of olden times by purchasing your COALS FROM ANDREW S. CLARKIN, 7 TARA STREET.

Support the Trades Unions and secure a good fire.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

## Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

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

Workers! Support  
the Old Reliable  
Boot Warehouse.



## NOLAN'S,

Little Mary Street.

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

## Call to W. FURNISS

For Good Value in  
**IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON.**  
None but the Best at Lowest Prices.

Walbot St. Meat Co., 36b Walbot St.

## JOHN MASTERSON,

Boot and Shoe Maker,  
19 Guild Street.

All Repairs neatly executed at moderate prices. Gents' Boots Soled and Heeled from 2/9; 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.

## Read! Read! Read!

## "Labour in Irish History."

JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book.  
Published at 2s. 6d. New Edition, 1s. post free, 1s. 3d.

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

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

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

Go to

## MURRAY'S

Sheriff Street,

FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS  
AND GROCERIES.

## Don't forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE

in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,  
36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.

IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

TELEPHONES 1266 AND 597.

## PAT KAVANAGH,

Provisions,

Beef, Mutton and Pork.  
GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.

74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street;  
71 and 72 New Street; 1 Dean Street,  
DUBLIN.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CYCLE! CYCLE! CYCLE!

## J. HANNAN,

174 Nth. Strand Road,

Agent for Locomotives, Ariel and Fleet Cycles.

Easy Payments from 2/- Weekly.

All Accessories kept in stock. Repairs a  
Speciality by Skilled Mechanic.

Phone 3562.

## For First-Class Provisions

AT MODERATE PRICES,

CALL TO

## T. CORCORAN,

Capital T House,

27 North Strand Road.

## Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A.

The West British Venus.

According to the daily Press of Dublin Lord Ashburne—William of the Surrey Gaelic—and Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A., have been preaching Love of Empire to the peasantry of Kilsheary, Co. Tyrone, at a Gaelic League Aeridheacht held in that village. Breechesless William's cant may be dismissed as the splutterings of an English lord, but what are we to think of the gentle Agnes? I listen to her pearls of wisdom:—"England's difficulty was Ireland's difficulty, and the man that preached the contrary was a fool"

We remember some years ago when the gentle Agnes in the Gaelic League raved about the Sunburst being the emblem of hope, and what great people the Germans were for the Irish language. Fat of course, she was not at that time the paid menial of the British Government. In Sinn Fein days the gentle Agnes was a rabid Sinn Feiner. Later when the balance of power reposed in the hands of the Leader of the Irish race at home or abroad or at the front (and here Agnes became a determined Parliamentarian. Now she is a fully-fledged Imperialist. There are times when Agnes spouts blood and thunder, but that is when there happens to be no reporters about. At the recent Gaelic League meeting in Killarney, Agnes's blood was up on account of the shooting outrage in Dublin, and she suddenly blossomed into a youthful fire eating patriot of the Fenian type. But alas! old age cannot long sustain such an effort, and she has already grown a "lover of peace and concord" and of the Empire. We sincerely trust that her teaching of Imperialism will be as successful as her teaching of the Irish language. The students of the Leinster College of Irish have every reason to congratulate themselves on getting shut of the gentle Agnes as Professor. Here are a few samples of the idiomatic Irish of this Professor who draws a fat salary from the National University at the expense of the unfortunate ratepayers:—

1. "Ni leanann se sin e seo."
2. "Sin e an fear an chluig is fearr a bhi againn fos."
3. An m baigh se sin go leor. (Ach Bimmel!)
4. Ag togaint suas a phost. (Mein Gott!)
5. "Ta se ag crothadh fein suas." (Donner und blitzen!)
6. "Seas amach fear."

There is only one expression in Irish to accurately describe the above. We leave its discovery to Joseph Lloyd of the Book Department.

MICHAEL MULLEN.

## Old Songs for New Times.

## Tipperary Recruiting Song.

STREET BALLAD.

Air: The Caddy O!

'Tis now we'd want to be wary, boys,  
The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys,  
If they offer a glass, we'll wink as we pass—  
We're old birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary, boys,  
Although we're "cross and contrary," boys,  
The never a one will handle a gun,  
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys,

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys,  
In the days of our famine and fear, my boys;  
He burned and sacked, he plundered and racked,  
Ould Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys,

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys,  
And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys;  
But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade,  
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys.

So never to list be in haste, my boys,  
Or a glass of drugged whisky to taste, my boys;  
If to Belgium you'll go, 'tis to grief and to woe,  
And to rot and to die like a beast, my boys.

But now he is beat for men, my boys;  
His army is getting so thin, my boys,  
With the fever and ague, the sword and the plague,  
Oh! the devil a fear that he'll win, my boys.

Then mind not the robbing ould schemer, my boys,  
Tho' he says that he's richer than Damer, boys;  
Tho' he bully and roar, his power is o'er,  
And his black heart will shortly be tamer, boys,

Now isn't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,  
In his mortal distress and his evil, boys?  
But we'll cock each caubeen, when his sergeants are seen,  
And we'll tell them to go to the devil, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary, boys!  
Altho' we're "cross and contrary," boys,  
The never a one will handle a gun,  
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

## Irish Citizen Army.

The last few days have brought a very considerable increase in the numbers of the Citizen Army, occasioned, no doubt, by the decided stand taken by us in the recent crisis. All around us we have had a storm of changing opinions; those who once stood firm as Nationalists hastening to show their loyalty to Redmond and the Empire in shouting "God Save the King." The only body who have stood with unchanged front is the Irish Citizen Army. In the very beginning, when both we and the Volunteers were in the process of formation, we believed it advisable to lay down a written constitution, so that in the eventuality of any unforeseen mishap we should have a clean guiding line to save us from the trap of frivolous side issues. Had every other body in Ireland seen fit to do similarly there would not have ensued the deplorable spectacle of an Irish people-run riot and deserting their age-old principles in the fever of a new-found "loyalty."

In the beginning we adopted our simple straightforward Constitution and we have adhered to it and intend always to adhere to it. It admits of no possible deviation from its simple issues. Its lines are cast inflexibly; it is simply Labour and Republican. From that there can be no withdrawal. The soldier of the Citizen Army is a soldier of the Irish Labour Army of Republicanism.

The declaration signed by the members is clearly worded and straightforward.

## CONSTITUTION OF THE CITIZEN ARMY.

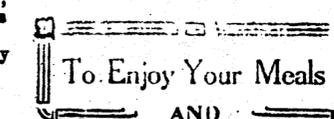
1. That the first and last principle of the Irish citizen army is the avowal that the ownership of Ireland, moral and material, is vested of right in the people of Ireland.
2. That its principal objects shall be:—
  - (a) To arm and train all Irishmen capable of bearing arms to enforce and defend its first principle.
  - (b) To sink all differences of birth, privilege and creed under the common name of the Irish People.
3. That the Citizen Army shall stand for the absolute Unity of Irish Nationalism, and the recognition of the rights and liberties of the World's Democracies.
4. That the Citizen Army shall be open to all who are prepared to accept the principles of equal rights and opportunities for the people of Ireland, and to work in harmony with organised Labour towards that end.
5. Every enrolled member must be, wherever possible, a member of a Trades Union recognised by the Irish Trades Union Congress.

Several officers of the Army having left, the Council has decided to fill their places immediately. Sergeant Fitzpatrick, of A Company, has been promoted to Captain, to take command of A Company. The command of B Company will be taken by McGowan, with the rank of Captain.

It has been decided that in future all members attending drills are to take their membership cards.

The names of those wishing to join the Engineering Section should be handed in at once. In such a venture no time can be lost. It is not necessary that intending members should be engineers; any man who can work and work willingly is eligible. The intention of the Council in forming the section is to take certain protective measures in time of conflict. To allow a troop of men to go out into the streets defended only by those arms they can carry in their hands would be suicidal. For an efficient and effective corps other protective measures are essential; these measures the Engineering Section are intended to take. Any worker is eligible; worker means one who will work.

Readers will assist us materially by mentioning the "Irish Worker" to our Advertisers.



STILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE,  
CALL TO

**MURPHY'S, 6 Church St.,**  
North Wall,

The Workers' House, where you will get all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

## The Saxon Shilling.

KEVIN T. BUGGY

Hark! a martial sound is heard—  
The march of soldiers, fitting, drumming,  
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—  
For bold recruits the sergeant's coming,  
Ribands flaunting, feathers gay,  
The sounds and sights are surely thrilling,  
Dazzled village youths to-day  
Will crowd to take the Saxon Shilling.

Ye, whose spirits will not bow  
In peace to parish tyrants longer -  
Ye, who wear the villain brow—  
And ye, who win in hopeless hunger—  
Fools, without the brave man's faith—  
All slaves and starvings who are willing  
To sell yourselves to shame and death—  
Accept the fatal Saxon Shilling.

Ere you from your mountains go  
To feel the scourge of foreign fever,  
Swear to serve the faithless foe  
That lures you from your land for ever!  
Swear henceforth his tools to be—  
To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—  
Honour, home, and liberty  
Abandoned for a Saxon Shilling!

Go! to—find, 'mid crime and toil,  
The doom to which such guilt is hurried;  
Go!—to leave on Indian soil  
Your bones to bleach, accursed, unburied;  
Go!—to crush the just and brave,  
Whose wrongs with woe the world  
are filling;  
Go!—to slay each brother slave,  
Or spurn the blood-stained Saxon  
Shilling.

Irish hearts! why should you bleed  
To swell the tide of British glory;  
Aiding despots in their need,  
Who've changed our green so oft to  
gory?  
None, save those who wish to see  
The noblest killed, the meanest killing,  
And true hearts severed from the free,  
Will take again the Saxon Shilling.

Irish youths! reserve your strength  
Until an hour of glorious duty,  
When Freedom's smile shall cheer at  
length  
The land of bravery and beauty.  
Bribes and threats, oh, heed no more—  
No more let despots find you willing  
To leave your own dear island shore  
For those who send the Saxon Shilling.

[In this trying time of Ireland's hopes and fears, it behoves those of us who stand for complete independence and the Republic to summon to our aid, in preparation for the battle of to-day, all the forces that our country's chequered history offers. Therefore, it is I would ask the Editor to re-enforce the band of poets he already commands with contributions from song-writers of the past. This week nothing could be more appropriate than the two stirring and popular anti-enlisting songs now given. The "Tipperary Recruiting Song" dates from about the time of the "Inian Striver." The "Saxon Shilling" was written by Kevin T. Buggy, a Kilkenny man, sometime editor of the "Kilkenny Journal," who succeeded Duffy in the editorship of the Belfast "Vindicator" when the "Nation" was started in 1843. He died in the following year, aged about thirty.]

## Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.  
Dublin, Aug. 17th, 1914.

Dear Sir—After the scenes which were witnessed in the streets of Dublin on Saturday night, when the shops of respectable citizens of German extraction were besieged and looted, one cannot help thinking that the Irish people who degraded themselves by participating in such outrages are lost to all sense of decency.

The people of this country are fond of recapitulating their own virtues and boasting of the kindly characteristics and traditions of their race, but these boasts are sorely borne out by the above display of barbarity such as one only associates with the uncivilised peoples of the East.

If it be that the Dublin citizens who are so full of their newly-found loyalty wish to take part in the safeguarding of the Empire, surely they are prepared to face the armed Uhlan (whose savagery we have been reading so much about) instead of assailing his defenceless compatriot and violating the sanctity of his home.

We have much to be proud of in the Empire whose vaunted glory thrives upon the sentiments which animated the Britisher about whom the late T. D. Sullivan wrote:

"He swore that looting booty  
Was a Briton's pleasing duty  
Wherever he could get it,  
Heave yoho!"

One of the most distinguished gentlemen upon whom the Freedom of this City

was recently conferred was a German—Dr. Kuno Meyer. On the occasion of the ceremony much platitudes were indulged in by all and sundry concerning Dr. Meyer's work in the saving of the Irish Language. He was then acclaimed a public benefactor, but now it seems that were he found in our streets he would be apprehended as a conspirator against the British Crown and Constitution, and perhaps his residence looted by the King's Irishry. Fickle, indeed, is the gratitude of the Grand Old Celtic Race!

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL MULLEN.

[The foregoing letter was sent to the Editor of the "Evening Telegraph" for insertion in his columns. Publication, however, was refused, probably because it would be likely to ruffle the pro-British feelings of the "Pressman's Journal Staff"—Ed.]

## The Bachelor's Walk Massacre

How "The Regiment" Saw It.

"The Regiment," the military weekly, has seen fit to discuss the assassination of the victims on that fatal Sunday. One of its contributors, "Hand Grenade," attempts a feeble (very feeble) defence.

## Events in Dublin.

At last the British soldier has been goaded into retaliation, but it is most unfortunate it should have happened at such an inopportune time and place. I cannot, and will not, believe any person looking dispassionately at both sides of the question can blame the men for their action. It requires an infinite amount of self-control to remain passive whilst being harassed and beaten for no other reason than that you are wearing uniform, and I do not imagine anyone could control their temper with the ache of a brickbat behind their ear, or the bottom of a glass bottle hanging to their chin. It is said the people were exasperated by the rumour that volunteers had been killed, but it has been clearly proved no volunteers were amongst those who stoned the soldiers, the mob consisting mainly of the lowest type of cowardly hooligans, whose low standard of intelligence precludes the possibility of their being animated with patriotism, and points to a brutal and frenzied desire to maim and ill-treat those who, man to man, would have been more than a match for them. As a matter of fact they relied on their previous experience of the soldier not being allowed to make serious reprisals, but lost sight of the fact that at times it is impossible to restrain human passions.

For years our soldiers in Ireland have been smarting under vile abuse, insult and every conceivable form of annoyance and ill-treatment; it speaks volumes for their self-control and temperate bearing that up to now serious conflicts have been avoided. But there is a limit to human endurance, and when this is strained to breaking point and men are goaded past all bearing in addition to the memories of past insult it is not surprising the younger and most impetuous should lose their heads and retaliate.

## Workers! Don't Forget

THE  
WIDOW NOLAN'S  
LITTLE SHOP,  
Lower Summerhill.

## NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

## Kenna Brothers

PROVISION MARKET,

58 Lower Sheriff St.

Best Quality Goods,  
Lowest Prices :: ::

## DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

T. P. ROCHE,

The Workers' Hairdresser,  
34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

An up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness; comfort. Antiseptics used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

## N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco

Store,  
39 AUNGIER STREET  
(Opposite Jacob's),

For Irish Roll and Plug.

## Please Support our Advertisers.

## Twinem Brothers' MINERAL WATERS

The Workingman's Beverage.

## TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce

The Workingman's Relish.

Factory—66 S.C. Road, and 31 Lower  
Clanbrassil Street. Phone 2658.

If you have not the ready money convenient, there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on

## Easy Payment System.

IT IS THE

Dublin Workmen's Industrial  
Association, Ltd.,

10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET.  
Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day.  
Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings  
7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.

Manager—Ald. T. Kelly.

**SMALL PROFIT STORE**  
FOR  
**MEN'S BOOTS.**

Real Hand-Pegged Bluchers,  
nailed and un-nailed. 4 11  
Worth 6/6.

Real Chrome, Box calf & Glace  
Kid Boots, thoroughly damp 6/11.  
Worth 8/11. [proof]

Small Profit Store, 78 Talbot St.

**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,  
proud, 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, Spigged  
or Nailed 5/-  
Whole Black Bluchers  
Hand-Pegged, Plain,  
or Nailed Soles 6/-  
Glove Hide Derby 5/11  
Boots, Stitched Soles  
Glove Hide Lace Boots  
5/11  
Stitched Soles  
Box Kid Lace Boots  
6/11  
Stitched Soles  
Box Kid Derby Boots  
7/11  
Stitched Soles

[UNAPPROACHABLE VALUE.

**BARCLAY & COOK,**  
BOOT MANUFACTURERS,  
104-105 Talbot Street, 5th Great George's  
Street Dublin.

## FANAGAN'S FUNERAL

Establishment,  
54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN.

Established more than Half-a-Century.

Coffins, Hearse, Coaches, and every  
Funeral Requisite.

Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House  
Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed.

Telephone No. 12.

## COAL

For best quality of Home Coals delivered  
in large or small quantities, at City Prices.

ORDER FROM ..

**P. O'GARROLL,**

BLACK LION,

INCHICORE.

The Up-to-Date Paper Shop.

## KEARNEY'S

Has the best stock of smoking-class papers in  
Ireland. Come to us for "The Worker,"  
"The Nation," and all progressive books  
and pamphlets. All in stock. Phone No. 4180.

Note Only Address—

**KEARNEY'S** Newspaper, Tobacco  
SHOP,

10 Upper Stephen Street,  
Dublin.

Keane & Co. are the Proprietors at the City  
Trades Union, 12, South Street, and  
at the City of Dublin, 18, Broad Street, in  
the City of Dublin.

## Great Clear-out of all Summer Goods.

## DUBLIN'S BIGGEST BARGAIN SALE

NOW ON! Every Article Reduced.

## BELTON &amp; CO., DRAPERS,

Thomas St. and Great Brunswick St.

We are the Cheapest People in the Trade.