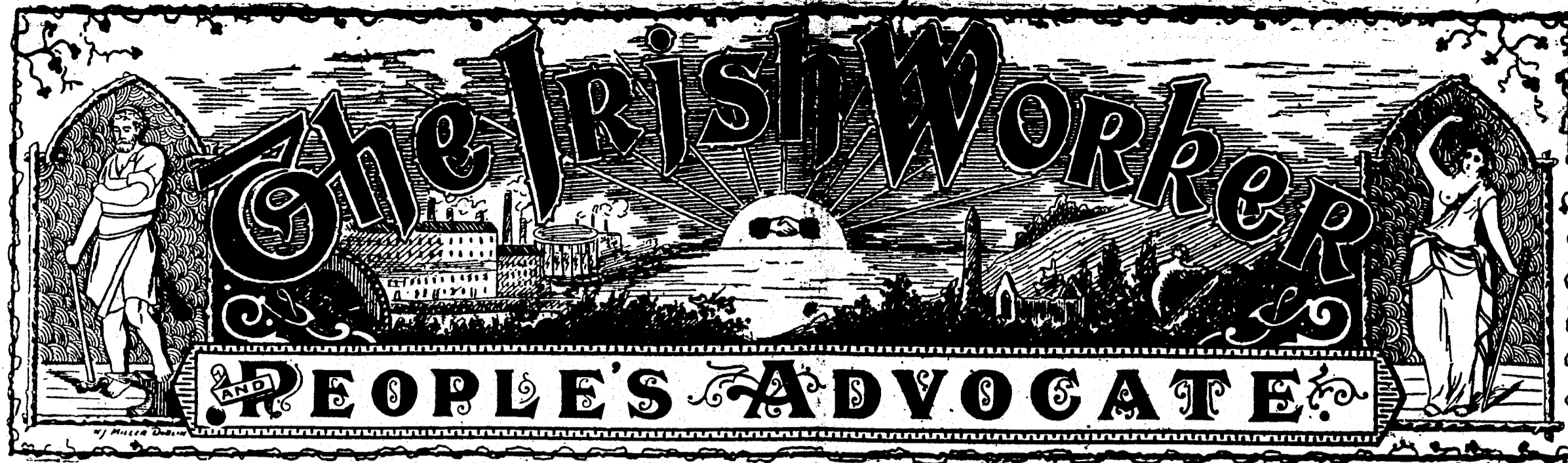


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



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!

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 9.—VOL. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JULY 22nd, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

Clearing the Decks.

By JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

(From the "Irish Felon," July 22nd, 1848.)

It is never the mass of a people that forms its real and efficient might. It is the men by whom that mass is moved and managed. All the great acts of history have been done by a very few men. Take half a dozen names out of any revolution upon record, and what would have been the result.

Not Scotland, but Wallace, barred and beflled Edward. Not England, but Cromwell, struck a king from his seat. Not America, but six or eight American men, put stripes and stars on the banner of a nation. To quote examples, however, is needless; they must strike at once on every mind.

If Ireland be conquered now—or what would be worse—if she fails to fight, it will certainly not be the fault of the people at large, of those who form the rank and file of the nation. The failure and fault will be that of those who have assumed to take the office of commanding and conducting the march of a people for liberty, without, perhaps, having any commission from nature to do so, or natural right, or acquired requisite. The general population of this island are ready to find and furnish everything which can be demanded from the mass of a people—the numbers, the physical strength, the animal daring, the health, hardihood, and endurance. No population on earth of equal amount would furnish a more effective military conscription. We want only competent leaders—men of courage and capacity—men whom nature meant and made for leaders, not the praters and pretenders, and bustling bothys of the old agitation. These leaders are yet to be found. Can Ireland furnish them? It would be a sheer and absurd blasphemy against nature to doubt it. The first blow will bring them out. But very many of our present prominent leaders must retire or be dismissed. These men must be got rid of utterly. They must. There is nothing else for it. They are stopping our way, clinging round our arms, giving us up to our enemies. Many of them came into this business from the mere desire of gaining little personal distinctions on safe terms, and at a cheap and easy rate of obtaining petty honours and offices—of making a small Dublin reputation—of creating a parish fame or a tea-table fame. They will never suffer the national movement to swell beyond the petty dimensions which they are able themselves to manage and command; and are, therefore a source not of strength, but of weakness, and the source of all our weakness. But for them we could walk down the utmost force of England in one month.

In a movement of the nature which has been going on for years in this country, it was impossible to prevent the intrusion into offices of command of that class of men who mar success instead of making it. Indeed it was into their hands those offices have been almost exclusively confided up to the present hour. This can hardly be called a mistake, for it was unavoidable. The movement, naturally and of necessity, belonged to them. It was of the mock-heroic order, the machinery of which none but mean hands could undertake or be competent to manage. The class of men who make revolutions, and who doubtless exist here as elsewhere, have been altogether disgusted and driven away from the service of their country by the peculiar character of that sort of "struggle for freedom," the system of "moral agitation" which Ireland thought fit to adopt; and from which their pride of manhood and pride of country revolted. The staff of leaders which that system created, and has left behind it, is composed of men utterly unfit and unwilling to take charge of a military struggle, and who ought at once to be superseded and replaced. For two generations—may history forget to mention them—those men have been working to do this—the best work that was ever done for tyranny—to take from the people the terror of their name and make popular movement a mockery. And what now are they working to do? To hold Ireland down, hand and foot, while her chains are being locked and double-locked, and her four noble prisoners sent fettered and handcuffed to a penal colony of England—hear it, O Earth and hear it, O God!—for saying that Ireland should suffer famine no more. Oh! worse for us than the foreign tyrant is the native traitor; and worse than the open traitor in the enemy's ranks is the vile trickster and the base craven in

our own. Away with them! They must quit at once or be quashed. One man, and every man, of those now in the prison of Newgate, is worth a host of the dastards and drivellers who are bidding you stand by and "bide your time," while your best and bravest are being transported as felons in the face of your city, in the sight of two islands, and in view of all earth.

But how are you to know them, those menials of England in the green livery of their country? By this shall ye know them: Any man who objects to every plan of armed resistance that is proposed, while he produces none or no better one of his own. Or any man who tells you that an act of armed resistance—even if made so soon as to-morrow—even if offered by ten men only—even if offered by men armed only with stones—any man who tells you that such an act of resistance would be premature, imprudent, or dangerous—any and every such man should at once be spurned and spat at. For, remark you this and recollect it, that somewhere, and somehow, and by somebody, a beginning must be made; and that the first act of resistance is always, and must be ever, premature, imprudent, and dangerous. Lexington was premature, Bunker's Hill was imprudent, and even Trenton was dangerous.

There are men who speak much to you of prudence and caution, and very little of any virtue beside. But every vice may call itself by the name of some one virtue or other; and of prudence there are many sorts. Cowardice may call itself, and readily pass for, caution; and of those who preach prudence it behoves to inquire what kind of prudence it is they speak of, and to what class of prudent persons they belong themselves. There is a prudence the virtue of the wisest and bravest—there is a prudence the virtue of beggars and slaves. What class do those belong to who are prating now for prudence and against premature insurrection, while rejecting every proceeding and plan for preparation?

Against the advice of those men, and all men such as they, I declare my own. In the case of Ireland now there is but one fact to deal with, and one question to be considered. The fact is this—that there are at present in occupation of our country some 40,000 armed men, in the livery and service of England; and the question is—how best and soonest to kill and capture those 40,000 men.

If required to state my own individual opinion, and allowed to choose my own time, I certainly would take the time when the full harvest of Ireland shall be stacked in the haggards. But not infrequently God selects and sends His own seasons and occasions; and oftentimes, too, an enemy is able to force the necessity of either fighting or failing. In the one case, we ought not, in the other we surely cannot, attempt waiting for our harvest-home. If opportunity offers, we must dash at that opportunity—if driven to the wall, we must wheel for resistance. Wherefore, let us fight in September, if we may—but sooner, if we must.

Meanwhile, however, remember this—that somewhere, and somehow, and by somebody, a beginning must be made. Who strikes the first blow for Ireland? Who draws first blood for Ireland? Who wins a wreath that will be green for ever?

The "Irish Felon" was suppressed by the Government after the appearance of the above article.

*Smith O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue had just been sentenced to transportation.—E.H.

WORLD'S FAIR
6½d. BAZAAR,
30 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

Established over 20 years. Everything possible for 6½d.: Cheap and Good.

Encourage Irish Work.

GET PHOTOGRAPHED

AT
Finnerty's, ESTD. 1903,
46 HENRY ST. and 77 AUNGIER ST.,
DUBLIN.

Best Work—Lowest Prices.

This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. off List Prices. See our Staff at all Bazaars and Public Sales.

Our Defiance.

By THOMAS F. O'REILLY.

As changeless as the mountain stream,
Still onward ever rushing,
Young Liberty's pure sacred beam
Each Irish heart is flushing;
We never knew the word despair,
Nor hid our chains in garlands,
Although to bask in freedom's air
Some sought a home in far lands.
We never bowed to England's wrong;
Ourselves our sole reliance—
By word and pen, in prose and song,
We hurled her back defiance.

Unceasingly we toiled for bread
With manly, brave endeavour,
Although a ray of hope was shed
Upon our efforts never;
We sowed the seed, who reaped the grain
Left nothing but the stubble,
Our bondage one long night of pain,
Our lives one endless trouble.
We never bowed to England's wrong;
Ourselves our sole reliance—
By word and pen, in prose and song,
We hurled her back defiance.

But now, thank God, our native land,
Raised up like broken column,
Contains a faithful, fearless band,
With purpose firm and solemn,
Who'll never bow a slavish head
To tyrant's vile dictation,
But freedom's light more widely spread,
And free our Irish nation,
While we bow not to England's wrong;
Ourselves our sole reliance,
By word and pen, in prose and song,
We'll hurl her back defiance.

Manufacturing a Famine.

There is likely to be an advance in the prices of many things this week or next. In fact coal and bacon have gone up to an extraordinary figure. It is not because there is any shortage in either of these articles that we are now paying more for them, but because an attempt is being made to create an artificial famine in Dublin, for the purpose of starving the men into submission who are on strike, or who are locked out by the employers. There is absolutely no necessity for running up the retail prices of food at present as there is no shortage in the country. The whole thing is a dodge between the employers and the wholesale merchants. American bacon could be imported at the same rates as hitherto and the shipping companies would still make a profit on it, even if the employees were paid the advance in wages they are asking for. The same applies to coal.

Instead of taking advantage of the temporary scarcity of American bacon to run the Irish up to famine prices, one would think the Irish firms would try to secure the market for themselves by supplying the shopkeepers with their own goods. There has been no advance in railway rates and there is no reason why the Irish firms could not meet the present demand. They should aim at increasing their output rather than their prices, and they would find it pay better in the long run. But they are too shortsighted and unenterprising to do anything like this.

Coal boats are still running and should be well able to meet any demand that is likely to be made at this season. There would be some justification for the increased price if it was later in the year; but now there is none. As we said in the beginning, it is only an attempt to create an artificial famine, and will help, rather than hinder us, by showing up the methods adopted by the shipping companies to starve the men into working for starvation wages.

Bear in mind it is the shipping companies who are responsible for the increased prices of food and coal, not the men who are on strike.

WORKERS!—Fall into line! Join the Transport Workers' Union—not an English branch affair, but a Union of Irishmen, governed by Irishmen—and doing good work.

Workers! Remember, to be free, yourselves must strike the blow!

For MEN'S BOOTS,
Chrome, Box Calf or Glass Kid,
AT 6/11.

78b Talbot Street.

A Plea for the Children.

Now that the workers have come to know their own value, both intellectually and physically, and to realise that they are the source from which the wealth of the country is derived, that the shipping business, industrial, and agricultural worlds, in fact all the fields of labour in every capacity, would suddenly collapse, without the brains and labour of the great army of workers, they must remember that they owe a duty, not only to themselves, but also to all those who bear a heavier burden, to those whom we might term the destitute, but more particularly to the children belonging to this poor down-trodden class. It is these children who are demanding immediate attention from you workers. The children of the workers who receive what is termed a fair wage, but with which we are not satisfied, have some chance in their coming conflict with the world, in as much as they are able to get at least proper food to help to build up the physical system, clothing which helps them to preserve a right amount of respect in their personal appearance, and, we hope, as good an education as their parents can give them. It is encouraging to find, now that parents have awakened to the fact, that a good education is most essential to the future welfare of their children. No doubt those parents have to sacrifice a great deal to do all this, but it is a sacrifice in the right direction. So much for the outlook of these children.

But now, how about the children who belong to that portion of society who are unable to get constant employment, or employment of any kind, and have to eke out a precarious existence, and are compelled to exist under the most horrible, degrading conditions. It is these children from the under-world, who must be rescued from the terrible future that looms in front of them. If things are allowed to go on as they are going, then it is for them a future of the utmost sordidness, a future of hunger, ill-health, uncleanness, lack of education, and what is to my mind a most degrading aspect, a future of systematic begging. One would almost think that alms-asking had become a recognised institution here in Dublin. It is only necessary to pass up the principal streets of this city to see to what a terrible pitch this begging has come. Now, we cannot blame these children, semi-starvation they are used to, but wholesale starvation is more than even these poor wails can face. They must have food in some way, and as they cannot procure it in a legitimate way, they are compelled to resort to one of the worst forms of procuring it, by begging. Just think of it—young children, of the same flesh and blood, not a bit better nor worse than those pampered, over-fed, over-dressed, off-spring of what is termed the "upper ten," have to creep out to beg and implore the passers-by to give them coppers, to procure something in the shape of food to keep them from starvation. And then we are supposed to be living in an enlightened and Christian age—the absurdity of such a statement, as though true Christians, in the real acceptance of the word, would allow such a state of affairs to exist. Now, you workers have it in your power to put a stop to scandalous wrongs of this kind. In the first place you must see to it, that you become one great organised body, united and firm, so that the employers would have reason to fear you, and therefore your just demands will be recognised and granted.

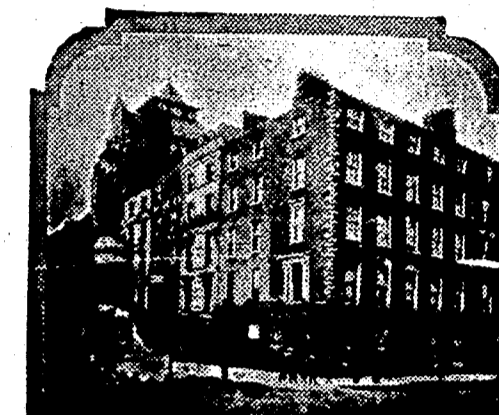
Then, as an organised, powerful community, you must make it your positive duty to see that the unemployed are granted the right to work, and not only to work, but also to receive a proper return for their work—that is, sufficient wages to make it possible for them to live. Then we will have some hope for the future of these helpless children. It is a glaring crime—a crime committed against the weak and helpless; against a class who are powerless to fight for their rights, and who have no one to fight their cause only you workers. Therefore, you must get ready, and be determined that they shall not be allowed to sink into this awful state of dependency and begging. Just think for a moment what such a life must be—hunger and its accompanying woes

in the past, hopelessness in the present; and if something is not done in their interests, a future too awful to contemplate: such is the existence human beings are compelled to live. Far too long has such a state of affairs existed. There must be an end to it. During three days of supposed gaiety and dissipation in honour of what was termed the Royal Visit, I myself saw numerous instances of this alms-asking, but two struck me as somewhat worse than the others. The first instance was on the Sunday previous to the departure of the King of England. Two navy men belonging to the English Fleet were trying to make their way down Cavendish Row, but owing to the amount of liquor they had on board, their progress was slow and unsteady. Following them were a group of young children, to judge from appearances, ranging in ages from 6 to 10 years, begging the men in the most cringing tones to give them coppers. Things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when we must become eye-witnesses to such degrading scenes. To think that poverty has got such a grip on our people, that little Irish boys and girls, who ought to be enjoying a happy, healthy, child-life, are compelled through force of circumstances to come in contact in their earliest years with the vice of drunkenness. Then again, on the following Tuesday evening, I had occasion to pass up O'Connell street at a rather late hour, when I saw a scene which annoyed and disgusted me. Two half-drunken soldiers, a girl about 12 years of age asking them for alms, which they were giving her, accompanied by some drunken, jesting words. I passed on, thinking deeply and sadly, that here in this city of Dublin thousands of pounds were being spent in lighting up inanimate objects, such as shops, banks, Post-Offices, &c., while human beings had to go out at such an hour at night to implore passers-by to give them help. Surely anyone with sense of justice in them at all must see the absolute wrong of actions of this kind, and also the necessity for you, workers to realise your responsibilities. In the time of Oliver Cromwell the English soldiery considered it their duty to send the younger generation of Irish into eternity by the brutal use of pikes and swords. The years have passed by, and we now find them dispensing coppers to the poor, helpless boys and girls of the same race—the irony of it! Alas, that such things should be. Surely death by the sword or pike were preferable to the degradation of alms from such a quarter.

Have the writings, teachings, imprisonments and cruel deaths of our dead and gone great men of Ireland to go for nothing; are their sufferings and trials to sink into oblivion; surely not. Surely you workers cannot and will not forget the teachings of these men, and therefore you must realise you have a duty to perform, a duty that will not wait nor be put off, a duty to yourselves and your people. I am leaving out altogether the monied class, who stand for nothing in the cause of Labour and Nationality. Labour is to them simply the source of their wealth, whereby they may get every luxury, comfort and gaiety. Nation is to them a myth, and which they would sell and forfeit any day for a paltry title. No, it is to you, the workers, we appeal, and I am sure not in vain. It is you who are the backbone of the country, you have the brains, strength, and numbers, and in your heart of hearts you have true Nationality, and a dominant desire to be free both from the foreign yoke and the oppression of the employer. 'Tis to you, then, alone, we look for the wiping out of the gross wrongs that are to be seen in our streets. 'Tis to you alone we look for the uplifting of the nation and the people. 'Tis with you the training and bettering of the helpless children rest. You must always remember that they are the future men and women of Ireland, and things must not be allowed to happen that degrade them or instil into them a cringing spirit, they must be taught to preserve their National independence and freedom, which belongs to them by right of race. 'Tis a hard battle to face, but nothing worth having was ever yet got on easy terms; all worthy objects and attainments have had to be fought for, and fought hardy, but it is a battle worthy of you. Think of and remember all it means to you and yours, and if you do your hearts will not fail, nor your courage desert you, and in the near future you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it was through the courage, perseverance, and steadfast attitude of the workers that this Ireland will be a prosperous, healthy, and self-respecting nation.

Hurling and Football teams visiting Dublin should patronise
KAY'S
Douglas Hotel and Restaurant,
11 EDEN QUAY.
Billiard, Dinners and Teas. Bedrooms, 2s.
Open on Sundays.

The above represents the Spacious Premises of Hopkins & Hopkins Jewellers, DUBLIN, Who employ 50 skilled men in the Manufacture of Gold, Gem-Jewellery, Medals, &c., &c. THEY ARE REALLY MANUFACTURERS. We made Badges for the Irish Transport Workers' Union, Corporation Workmen's Trade Union, and many others.



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THEY ARE REALLY MANUFACTURERS.
We made Badges for the Irish Transport Workers' Union, Corporation Workmen's Trade Union, and many others.

American Comment on the Strike.

The following extract from "Solidarity," the Eastern organ of the Industrial Workers of the World, will be read with interest:—

The strike of sailors and dock workers, though by no means international in scope, is nevertheless big enough to have caused no end of consternation in and around the ports of England and Ireland, where practically every steamship line is reported to have been put out of commission during the past week. The dock workers, who were the last to strike, appear to be the backbone of the movement. Although many of the shipowners have offered to yield and grant all the demands, the dock workers refuse "until all the lines give in," thus maintaining the solidarity of the workers against their masters.

The social effects of this strike of water transportation workers leave no doubt in the minds of intelligent observers that the economic field is the place where lies the power of labour. The masters cannot run their own ships; neither can the "Government" step in and compel the marine workers to run them. And because the slaves refuse to run them, "business" is paralysed, and all classes of people are affected. This strike shows that a greater power than the State and the employers combined rests with the workers when the latter learn how to use it.

What is evident from a partial strike of the marine transportation workers is seen to be but a fraction of what is possible when the workers shall be ready for similar action in every great industry. Shipowners and other employers' associations, as well as political States, will melt like wax before the world-wide industrial organisation of the working class.

"We are coming, Father Abraham."

We see it stated in the daily papers that the Women's National Health Association will benefit by over £1,000 from the U.I. Bazaar Exhibition.—The All-for-Ishbel League gets the cash—Ireland gets the all for Ishbels. (Will our late correspondent, "R.J.S." please make a note of above?)



Mutual Trading Stamp System.

Having come across the above system, which we consider is a great help to the careful housewife, we are wondering how many of our readers are taking advantage of this system and reaping the benefit.

To Our Masters.

You call us rebels and traitors, Who spurn all your honeyed advice, Because our hearts bleed for the working slaves' woes,

Aeridheacht at Dolphin's Barn.

The promoters of Sunday's Our Door Entertainment at Dolphin's Barn are sparing no effort to make the event worthy of public support.

Irish Worker AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, 22ND JULY, 1911.

An Interesting Item.

To-morrow the Freeman's Journal Staff Sports will be brought off at Jones's road, when many important athletic and cycling events will be contested.

AN TOIREACTAS.

Great Attractions this Year. Magnificent Pageant IN ROTUNDA GARDENS. "A Feis at Ancient Tara." JULY 29th, AUGUST 2nd, 5th & 7th.

HURLING AND FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT, Jones's Road, July 30th. Leading Teams will compete.

LANGUAGE, SINGING AND DANCING COMPETITIONS, On August 1st & 2nd, in the Rotunda.

AUGUST 1st, LECTURE ON IRISH FOLK MUSIC, By Tomás MacDonnall. Illustrated by leading Irish Artists.

AUGUST 3rd, GRAND CONCERT OF IRISH, SCOTCH AND BRETON MUSIC. Oration by AN TACAIR MAC TUATH. Recitation of Oireachtas Ode. Reception of Foreign Delegates.

JULY 31st, A NEW DRAMA by MÁIRE NÍ CHINNÉID. "COIS ADHAIN ARASLAINN."

AUGUST 4th, Revival of "SEASÁN NA SÚAB," AND "AN TIONNCEIR 7 AN-TSÍOÉIS." Produced by Oireachtas Special Dramatic Company.

AUGUST 5th, TWO NEW COM-PETITION PLAYS, Produced by CROSB NÁ SCÚIS SCUI.

Industrial Exhibition in Rotunda Rink, From JULY 29th to AUGUST 4th.

Will also include a Special Art Section for Pictures by Irish Artists, and another Section devoted to a beautiful display of Irish Costumes by some of the principal Irish firms.

Union of Dock Labourers, which agreed the men in the port repudiated, and it was because of that agreement, made against their interests, that the men threw over the National Union.

BLACK LIST.

TEDCASTLE, M'CORMICK, HEITON & Co. J. J. CARROLL, FLOWER, M'DONALD, S. N. ROBINSON,

UNION LIST.

DUBLIN GENERAL STEAMSHIP-PING CO., Beresford place. Telephone—336 and 102. W. W. ROBINSON & SON, 19 Westland row. Telephone—1599.

The Lock-Out.

THE MEN'S CASE.

Now, as to the alleged lock-out, which has turned out to be the greatest fizzle on record. Out of all the coal firms in Dublin only four carried out the resolution to bluff their men.

STRIKE!

The position is as follows:—The Burns Line struggling along, scabs working boats across, very little cargo passing through. Laird Line, practically tied up. City of Dublin boats, all tied up, no cargo moving.

We, therefore, ask the commercial people, consignees, and cattle salesmen, how much longer are you going to allow Watson to use your needs and necessities, that he, the mighty one, may play the game of beggar-my-neighbour?

According to the terms of the contract the Company are bound to pay the recognised standard rate of wages and observe fair conditions of labour.



CHRISTIAN COAL IMPORTER—Their funds should be exhausted by now. If we can't beat them we will starve their women and children.

THE WORKERS.—Hold hard Mr. J. Carroll, Mr. Thos. Heiton, Mr. McCormick, Mr. M'Donald, Messrs. S. N. Robinson and Capt. Donnelly. We are going to take a hand in this. Boys who are fighting must get ammunition, and we will send our money on to help the women and children.

uared to hear any complaints from their men, and if genuine, redress them. Why cannot those shippers both general produce and cattle, also manufacturers, come together as the Manchester shippers and merchants did, and say to their servants, the shipowners, either meet your men and discuss terms, or we will get boats of our own to carry our goods?

Challenge To Mr. Edward Watson AND Mr. Samuel M'Cormick.

On Saturday evening, July 15th, a message was delivered to me by Superintendent Whittaker that the Under-Secretary for Ireland desired to see me with reference to the present dispute.

their case. Why don't they ask for someone to tell them how their grandmothers should suck eggs. I don't think we will worry about the editor of the "Evening Mail." We think that gentleman, is paid to state the case for the gang of monopoly and privilege in this country, and to write down as a scoundrel any and every man who tries to do his duty to his country.

Seamen's Strike.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR—The statement appearing in the Dublin Press re above is certainly, in my judgment, not in keeping with the actual position as set out by the Executive of the Seamen's Union.

CORK.

Here is the evidence—if evidence were needed—of the necessity of organisation. When the Irish Transport Workers' Union was in full swing in Cork the labour conditions on the docks of the city were the best in Great Britain and Ireland.

BELFAST.

While prosecuting our mission boldly and candidly, it is not our purpose to make invidious distinctions, but considering the circumstances in the case of Belfast, we are constrained to do what may seem a departure from the rule we have set down for our guidance in dealing with the questions which affect the general interests of our class.

We know from long experience that the Low dockmen are not cowards nor traitors to their class; and we know also that their seeming backwardness in the present international, as well as national, struggle was due to causes which might well deter even heroes, such as they are, from taking more than a sympathetic interest in it.

Treachery and trickery, allied with the Shipping Federation, deprived them of their only weapon of defence, and for more than two weary years they have been at the mercy of the so-called Labour Bureau, hounded on and harassed by the ship-owners and stevedore bosses, and watched like thieves by Dards and his fellow spies.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The following unsolicited Subscriptions towards the Strike Funds have been received:—

Lightermen and Jettymen, Guinness's Bfweary, £3 6s.; Mr. Horan, Grocer and Provision Merchant, Gt. Brunswick street, £3; Mr. L. Healy, stevedore, Dublin General Steam Shipping Co., 10s.; Mr. Roche, 24 North Strand, £1.

United Corporation Workmen of Dublin Trades Union.

HALF-YEARLY BALANCE SHEET, From 1st January to June, 30th, 1911.

Table with columns for INCOME and EXPENDITURE, listing various financial items and their amounts in pounds and shillings.

Table with columns for INCOME and EXPENDITURE, listing various financial items and their amounts in pounds and shillings.

MICHAEL CANTY, Secretary. FRANCIS O'HANLON, Treasurer. W. CROKER, JOHN KANE, Auditors.

A racehorse has died in Britain and the news has been cabled out to the "Dominions beyond the seas." The animal, when alive, was valued at £20,000.

Freeman's Journal Staff SPORTS, SUNDAY, 23rd JULY, 1911.

Five Mile Flat Championship of Ireland WILL DALY DEFEAT HARRIS?

See GIONGO, the Italian Champion, in the sprints, and CASTEREGNA in the Half Mile and Six Mile Heat. Come and see who is Ireland's Six Mile Flat Champion.

BOYS! BOOK AUGUST 27th, 1911. TRADES SPORTS, JONES'S ROAD.

WE WILL ALL BE THERE. Quarter Mile Bicycle Championship of Ireland, ALSO 5 Mile Bicycle Championship of Leinster.

ALL THE CRACKS WILL COMPETE. Refreshments, Good Company, and we have fun about the weather. Bring yourself, yourself and yourself will be there.

SAVE MONEY! The Ball of Blue

Gives the Best Value in Dublin in BOOTS, SHOES and other Goods.

Come and see; you will be surprised. ADDRESS—Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.

Save your Money and think of "The Ball of Blue."

THE Mutual Window Cleaning Co.

59 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET. We charge 25 per cent. less than any other Window Cleaning Company in Ireland, and pay our men 50 per cent. more. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Telephone No. 7.

Gaelic Games.

Last Sunday's Matches in Dublin. [SPECIAL REPORTS TO THE IRISH WORKER.]

LEINSTER CHAMPIONSHIPS.

On Sunday at Jones's road two matches in the 1911 Leinster Senior Football Championship were brought off between Meath and Queen's Co., and Kildare and Wicklow in presence of a fairly large attendance of spectators.

This match started shortly after the advertised time. Both teams turned out neatly attired—the Meath men dressed in yellow and black jerseys, while the Queen's Co. men wore red and green.

Meath ... 1 goal and 3 points. Wicklow ... 1 goal.

On restarting the Meath men broke away, and before the Leix men could get to their places Fox had a point up. The Leix men were called on to defend on delivery, but Hughes got through, and another point went to the Royal County men.

Meath ... 2 goals and 2 points. Leix ... 1 goal and 3 points.

Mr. Maurice Collins, Dublin Geraldines, refereed.

KILDARE v. WICKLOW.

Kildare turned out in their usual familiar colours, all white; while the Wicklow men were neatly attired in blue jerseys and white knicks. Wicklow played to the canal goal, and on the throw in the Wicklow men made a great burst down field, and Kavanagh kicking to Gray, the latter sent through a grand goal, completely mesmerising the "short grass" men.

Immediately after the half time whistle sounded with the scores reading—

Kildare ... 1 goal and 3 points. Wicklow ... 1 goal and 2 points.

After the usual "refresher" the teams lined up again. On the throw in Kavanagh was fouled and the free put Wicklow up field. The forwards attacked with determination, but the Kildare custodian was reliable.

Kildare ... 2 goals and 6 points. Wicklow ... 1 goal and 3 points.

Mr. M. F. Crowe, Hon. Sec. Co. Dublin Board, G.A.A., refereed.

Football League Ties at the Thatch, Drumcondra.

Ideal weather favoured the Football League at the Thatch on yesterday, when they brought off two important ties in their competitions. At 12.15 the Bray Emmetts and James's Gate senior teams lined out in the semi final.

Malachy Doyle and M. Byrne played a hard game for the Emmetts in the back division, and it was owing to their splendid defence that the score was so small.

The usual weekly meeting was held at 68 Upper O'Connell street on Monday evening, Mr. John Kirwin presiding.

FIXTURES FOR JULY 22nd.

HURLING GROUND.—Junior Hurling—Albert College v. Fianna, 4 o'clock, J. Furlong, Junior Hurling—Crokes v. O'Mahonys, 5 o'clock, T. Atkins.

LAST SATURDAY'S MATCHES.

Out of five matches fixed for last Saturday only one was played, that between Albert College and St. Kevin's, Junior strings. The game was very fast all through.

GAELS AND "THE IRISH WORKER."

The special "Lock-Out" edition of "THE IRISH WORKER," issued last Monday, was eagerly bought up from the newsboys in the streets by hundreds of players and followers of Gaelic games.

CAMOGMDHEACHT.

A very interesting Camogmdheacht or ladies' hurling match, was played at Lusk on Sunday last between the St. Margaret's (Finglas) and Kevins (Dublin).

James's Gate, 2 goals. St. Patricks, 1 point.

With the sun behind them the Gate Seniors commence the second period on good terms with themselves. On throw in the Patricks looked like scoring, but the right back of the Gate relieves with a nice kick.

dangerous, which eventually turned out to be so as the kick, splendidly taken by McGowan, was sent over the cross-bar for a goal. The "Gate" backs now asserted themselves and placed the leather in the hands of their forwards, who, after manoeuvring, scored a point.

James's Gate, 2 goals 1 pt. St. Patricks, 1 " 2 pt.

Mr. George Byrne refereed and gave every satisfaction.

DUBLIN FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

Mr. K. O'Loughlin presided at the weekly council meeting of the above body Monday evening at 68 Upper O'Connell street. Also present—Messrs. F. Jaldritt, T. Geraghty, M. J. Little, Thomas Stanley, J. M'Grath, H. Morris, Thomas C. Murphy, George Byrne, M. Murphy, M. Byrne, Robert Page, J. Stapleton, W. Crawford, and Lorcan O'Toole, hon. sec.

The following fixtures—which will wind up this season's League—were made for Sunday next, at the Thatch ground, Drumcondra.

United Labourers of Dublin Trade Union.

On Thursday night the Management Committee of the above met at their Hall, 3 High street. William Johnston presided and the following members of committee attended:—Joe Cullen, Wm. Reilly, Joe Nolan, J. Carroll, P. McLoughlin, P. Maguire, T. Lewis and P. Kavanagh, trustees; and T. McCullagh, secretary.

State Insurance Bill.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has arranged to meet the deputation from the Irish Trades Congress on Thursday next. Messrs. O'Lehane (Chairman) and P. T. Duly (Secretary) are the representatives appointed to represent the Committee.

ADMISSION - 3d.

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Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, Tweed Caps, Hats, Braces, &c., &c. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

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For Best Quality and LOWEST PRICES.

Note Addresses:

57, 139 & 113 Great Britain St. 26 North Strand.

5 Wexford Street. 28 Bolton Street, and

4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'. 15 Francis Street.

People's Bands not good enough for People's Parks.

The following has been sent us, and we are glad to publish it as civilian bands do not get anything like fair play. We should make a point of pressing the claims of our own bands in every park, bazaar, &c., where bands are required.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed is the reply received by the Secretary of Ireland's Own Band, in answer to an application for an engagement to play in the "People's Park," Blackrock:—

28th June, 1911.

DEAR SIR—Adverting to your letter of 15th inst. I beg to inform you that the Council have made arrangements for bands for Tuesday evenings during the season—but if your band would care to give a performance in the People's Park on Friday evenings the Council would give them the use of the park free of charge and allow them to make the usual charge for admission, and to keep the gate money, and give them the use of the turnstiles, and to facilitate them in every way. Yours faithfully,

R. FINLAY HERON, Town Clerk.

The Secretary, Ireland's Own Band, York street.

Now, I want to know if the military bands who play there on Tuesday evenings do so on the terms offered to us. I hardly think they do. I would also like to know if the semi-aristocracy who pay to hear a military band or the mere "people," who would be satisfied to listen to our band, are the owners of this so-called "People's Park."

It becomes a question of merit our band last October went into competition with the best bands in England at the Crystal Palace, London, and got third place, and then only two marks separated us from the winners (a military band).

However, when the people start owing their own parks, perhaps civilian bands will receive the recognition they deserve. Yours, THOS. IRWIN.

Bravery Unrewarded.

We gave an account last week of a gallant rescue from drowning at Butt Bridge on Sunday, July 9th. A boy named Thomas Kelly, 17 Marlborough street, fell into the river, and although two policemen were standing by looking on, he would certainly have been drowned were it not for the promptness and bravery of a man who was passing, and whose photo we reproduce. Without waiting to divest himself of cap or coat, Edward



Photo by FINNERTY, Henry St.

Harney, of 4 South King street, dived into the river and succeeded in bringing the half drowned boy ashore.

We have been told that it is contrary to their instructions for the police to go into the water, even for the purpose of effecting a rescue. We do not know how much truth there is in this, but if they are forbidden, it seems an extraordinary thing. It may be for fear of spoiling their uniforms, that they are told to stand idly by while a little child is struggling for life in the waters below them.

P. O'CARROLL, Coal, Coke, Hay and Straw Factor, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

Orders for Coal received by us can be immediately carried out.

Our Men are not in Dispute.

We have no connection whatever with the firm of J. J. CARROLL, Brunswick St.

IRISH DUBLIN WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD

ARE GOING TO THE Heridheacht

On SUNDAY NEXT, July 23rd, AT DOLPHIN'S BARN, Commencing at 3.30.

ADMISSION - 3d.

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Workers' Mass Meeting.

Big Gathering in Beresford Place.

ADDRESS BY THOS. FORAN, JAMES CONNOLLY, P. T. DALY, HARRY HOPKINS, PRESIDENT GOVAN TRADES COUNCIL; COUNCILLOR MICHAEL M'KEOWN, AND JIM LARKIN.

A meeting of the workers was held yesterday in Beresford place in connection with the lock-out in the coal trade. The gathering was extremely large, and was held under the auspices of the Transport Workers' Union. Contingents were present from the various branches. Two bands attended, the Transport Union and the O'Connell Band, City Quay, and made a parade through portion of the city prior to the meeting. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Thos. Foran, President of the Executive of the Transport Workers' Union; James Connolly, North of Ireland, organiser; P. T. Daly, Southern organiser; Harry Hopkins, President Govan Trades Council; Councillor M'Keown, Secretary, Belfast; and Jim Larkin. As usual there was a force of police present, larger in numbers than at any meeting previously, but as customary they had no other business at the meeting than to listen to the addresses.

Mr. Thos. Foran, who was moved to the chair, said they had a host of speakers who would deal ably with the situation, and he first called on Mr. Connolly, organiser North of Ireland, to address them.

Mr. Connolly, who was received with cheers, said—I am glad of such a large gathering, and I am more glad because of the purpose for which it has been called together. It makes it clear to me what for a long time I have been saying, that whatever else may be said about Dublin people, there is one thing they are prepared to do, and that is to stand straight and true to the working classes. Now, I want to call your attention to some peculiar features of this strike or lock-out which marks it off from all previous fights we have had in the shipping industry. As you remember, this is by no means the first fight there has been in the shipping industry of this and other countries. If you go back a little while you will remember there has been enormous struggles fought by the dockers and seamen of these countries before. You remember the great strike in London, which was practically the beginning of the organising of what is called unskilled labour. You remember we have had strikes in Liverpool, Glasgow, and Newcastle; and you remember the great strike in Hull, in which the dockers went out on strike some 20 years ago. Mr. C. H. Wilson, the proprietor of the Wilson Line, said he was prepared to spend a quarter of a million of money—money wrung from the sweat of the dockers, to smash if possible the dockers of the city of Hull. The feeling at that time in Hull became so great that they had not merely the police and military, but they had some gunboats brought up the river. Still, despite the quarter of a million of money and all the forces they did not succeed in smashing the dockers, and I much mistake that they will succeed in smashing the workers of Ireland now when they did not succeed in smashing our English brethren. You remember the dock strike in Hamburg also. Now, in all these strikes there was one feature distinguishing men which neither runs through nor distinguishes the present struggle. Then they had as much heroism and as much self-sacrifice as to-day, and as regards heroism and self-sacrifice let me say this. Some persons who have never been in a strike, those who are only lookers on, are perhaps inclined to sneer at the rough ways of the dockers. Yet there was never a war in which there was more heroism, more self-sacrifice and more humanity, more intense love of fellows, and more capacity for sacrifice shown, than is shown by the working classes during strikes (cheers). They have shown lessons in heroism and martyrdom that might well be copied by some of the frock-coated and top-hatted people who criticise them so rudely. Now, in all these strikes hitherto there was one feature—a distressing feature—which is not present to-day, and that was that while they had the sailors out they had the dockers in, or while the dockers were out the sailors were in—in fact, while one body was out they had the other scabbing on them. We, of the Irish transport industries, have learned a lesson from all that, and that is to fight in an organised, sensible, and orderly manner. Hitherto the seamen have been in a union by themselves, and the dockers were in another; and when the seamen and firemen were out on strike the dockers were working—and when the sailors were out a scab crew would manage the ship and bring it into port. All the sections were working against each other, and the master class were able to employ one section to smash and destroy the other. It reminded him of what he had seen in various parts of the world, how the master class, wise in their generation, employed one body of workmen to get advantage of the other. He remembered in the big copper mine at Butte, in North America, how Marcus Daly, the owner, used to pit Limerick men, and Tipperary men, and Dublin men, and Kildare men against each other. He would go to the Tipperary men and say, "I always heard you were stone-fighters, were good workmen, but look at those Wexford fellows—are you going to let yellow-bellies like them get the better of you?" Again, he said to the Cork men, who came from God's own town, and were the Devil's own people, "were they going to allow those Kildare fellows from the short-grass country to get the better

of them?" In this way he put one county against the other, and in the evening they fought each other in the saloons, and Marcus Daly was killing himself laughing at the way the workmen were killing themselves for his benefit. The men were acting singly, each county against the other, and thus Marcus got the best of them. They did not realise the importance of acting together, and thus get the better of Marcus. Now, we to-day in this great strike have all learned the lesson of acting together. Henceforward, when the sailors quit, it will be a sign for the dockers to quit, too (applause). And when the dockers quit working it will be a sign for the sailors to walk ashore also. We have learned the lesson of acting together. They had seen at Liverpool recently how the men on the great liners, having got their increased wages and the recognition of their union, took up their kits and walked ashore because the dockers would not get the rights they were looking for. If, therefore, it was good for Englishmen and Scotchmen to fight together, why should it not be good for Irishmen also? Were we going to be the scabs of the international battle-field of the present time? ("No, no"). Well, the Transport Workers' Union is here now, and we say that the more Irishmen we are, the more it is our duty to act the part of men in this international struggle of the working classes, and by so doing we are going to bring this fight to a successful issue. We appeal to you to recognise what it is we are fighting for. We are fighting primarily for the right to organise. Our point is that labour should have the same right to organise as the other class. After that we place our rights in regard to wages and hours and conditions of work. But we place this question of the right of organising first, and also that the union must be recognised. By proceeding on these lines we will build up our organisation and get higher wages and better conditions of employment in the future. In building up the union we are raising Ireland up. By means of this organisation the people will be given a better chance of living—they will be given better wages and better house accommodation, instead of living in the slums. In Belfast the workers were not as strong as they were in Dublin, because the old policy of dividing the workers is in progress in Belfast. In some places in the past it was union against union; but to-day in Belfast it was religion against religion. But we of the working classes are getting slowly and gradually into our own heads that so long as the masters make no distinction as to who they will employ, be they Catholic or Protestant—but were quite ready to make profit out of them—we will refuse to allow religion to divide us in our unions. I don't care where a man worships, but I do care where he works, and I do care where he gets his pay on a Saturday night. I don't care how a man worships, but I do care that he has a man's rights allowed to him, and that he is a man standing along with his fellows in the common battle for the uplifting of the human race (cheers).

MR. P. T. DALY'S SPEECH.

If Mr. Connolly has come from the North, I have come from the South, and I bring a message from the men working in Cork that they are with you heart and soul. I have been hearing it for a long time that your employers are charitable men, and are very anxious to show their philanthropy to the men standing out for the masses of the workers, who claim for them the fruits of their labour. But in Cork, where the men who stood for what is best for their class and sought to get recognition of that class, so as to get the fruits of their labour for them, they have been denied a living in the city of Cork (shame). As I came to the station in Cork on Saturday night to travel up to Dublin by the night mail, there was a body of men there, in appearance humble, but in hearts noble, who said, "those men have sacrificed themselves for us, and now we are going to throw or relieves into the battle of the wage earners the world over" (applause). Mr. Connolly has told you some of the things that came to his knowledge in the United States and in Glasgow, to show how, when employers want to defeat the men, they set them against each other. He has told you about Marcus Daly, of Butte, and how he put county against county; but he should have added that when the men were done work there was no saloon they could go to but Daly's, for he owned all the saloons in the place. So that, after sweating them by day, if they wanted to wet their whistle at night to do a little more for him, they should go to Marcus's saloons (laughter). Now, I need not say to you "stand together," and you are bound to win. You are standing together, and your example is a noble one for the workers all over Ireland. When we started out in this work of the Transport Union some people said "we were foolish," and that "we were very young, but when we get bald we would have sense" (laughter). But I have lived to see that these people have been disappointed. We have educated the working classes in this country to the necessity of building up in Ireland an educational movement on labour, and the necessity then of taking our stand in the international movement and standing up for the rights of labour the world over. A great deal has yet to be done. I am living in the hope that this organisation is going to be extended North and South, East and West. It will not only take in every man engaged in the transport trade, but the agricultural labourers and the men working on the land in Ireland (cheers), because, as Mr. Connolly said, when you are only united in sections you might be attacked, one section after another, but when you are all united as one, and when we will not be so easy to attack us. That is the policy of the Irish Trans-

port Workers' Union, and it is the noblest policy ever put before the country (cheers). Let them recognise that their duty is to stand together. Let them recognise the necessity for organisation and the necessity for self-reliance and self-respect, and the sooner they would have done their duty to their country. What is our country? Is it not all that affects Ireland? Who are the people of this country? Are they the men who drive in motor cars and live on the fruits of the labour of the working classes? No. It is the men who work the soil of Ireland—the men who are working in the docks and the factories—these are the people of Ireland (cheers), and to these might be added the great proportion of those who had to fly from Ireland because the conditions that obtained there were not of the kind that would enable them to live in comfort at home. There may be many panaceas suggested to remedy that state of affairs, but the one they had to live up to is—to make the condition of the working classes and of the workers in the cities such that they can be self-respecting, and that by the education they receive in the labour movement recognise their duty to the country and their duty to each other and to their own class. Let them become class conscious—patriotic men, working for the uplifting of their fellow-men, and, in my opinion, the man who works for the uplifting of the masses in this country is the greatest patriot. You are only in the beginning of this fight, make no mistake about it. You are showing the workers the world over how to fight, and how to win. It is not the first time that men said to be unskilled workers have had to show the skilled workers how to fight. You are showing the masters that even though they might accede to all that you demand for yourselves you are not going to "scab" it upon your brothers, and that you are going to see that they get what also they in reason demand for themselves, and above all this must be the watchword in this battle that there must be no parley about going in or coming to terms without the first condition being the recognition of the men's trade union—the recognition of your organisation, and in recognising your organisation they recognise your strength. Five or ten men in a body is small, a hundred is a little more; but when it comes to thousands you are strong, and now when your organisation has mounted up into hundreds of thousands you are an army marching for progress, and the demands of which cannot be denied. I can tell you the men in Cork are as full of fight as in the old days, when they made a good fight at the initiation of the Transport Workers' Union. I need not tell you the history of the movement in Cork. The men who were betrayed, and basely betrayed, at that period have now opened their eyes and have begun to see that the greatest enemy they have is the man who "scabs" upon his class, and they are determined that in the future they will not be led astray by any man, or section of men, and are determined to take their stand in this fight in order to better the conditions of the workers. Their numbers are small, but it is not because they are small that I despair; they are good stuff, and there are men in Cork just as ready to face the same trial as before and go through the same punishment. They told me when I was coming up here to tell you that their eyes were centred upon you on your fight in Dublin, and they are willing to do whatever your leaders in this movement direct you to do. But I told them that they were to do just exactly as they were bid and nothing more, and they were just waiting for orders (cheers). In conclusion, Mr. Daly said—I am glad to see such a large number attending this meeting. I think in a short time we won't be meeting in connection with a struggle to better the condition of the workers; but, without claiming to be a prophet, I think I may say that in the near future we will be holding a meeting to celebrate the great victory labour has attained (cheers).

Mr. Harry Hopkins, President Govan Trades Council, who was warmly received, next addressed the meeting, and said:—Irishmen have gained a reputation for eloquence the world over, but they have got the other characteristic as well—the blarney (laughter). Now, you have listened to quite enough of the blarney. What we want is hard common sense. All over the country the workers are recognising more and more the need for organisation. The times are changing. At one time in the history of industrialism the employer worked at the bench alongside of his worker, and they had the same interest in common with all that bound all in human sympathy or feeling in coming in contact with one another. The employer understood how things were when Bill got married. He understood things when Bill's wife was ailing and when Bill's child fell sick. But the times have changed. Our employers now know nothing of Bill or his wife or children, and what's more they don't want to know. What they only want to know is when their annual meeting comes round what the annual dividend is to be. I remember a parson on the north side in Glasgow delivering a sermon, in which he pointed with the accusing finger at the smug respectability of the congregation, composed largely of the middle classes. He said—"Mark well my word, you can't hide yourselves from the all-seeing eye of Almighty God in your limited liability company" (laughter). We live in the ages now of limited liability companies, but they can't hide themselves from the All-seeing eye of the Almighty, though they could hide themselves from the working classes. But for one thing, we are putting on the screws and the times have changed. It reminds me of a story I heard once. A friend taking a walk called to see a companion who was engaged in the fruiterer's busi-

ness. His friend was packing a barrel with apples. Lo, and behold! he put all the large apples in the bottom, and gradually put in the smaller ones on the top. The friend said—"I think you are making a great mistake in the packing of that barrel. Why, bless you, when they open that blooming barrel they will see all the small apples." "Ah, my friend," said the other, "the times are changed; the individual I sell these apples to opens the barrel at the bottom" (great laughter). Now, my friends, the times have changed. The sooner you get to understand that the better for yourselves, your wives and little ones. Never mind your charitable philanthropist, and I understand that in Dublin you have quite a number of them (laughter). Never mind those people, for after all their fairy tales and stories you will find they have their hands in your pockets if you have not your eyes upon them. Their object, as Mr. Connolly said, is to keep you divided and to keep you unconscious of the admirable trickery that is being resorted to for the purpose of keeping you in subjection, but also trickery resorted to for the purpose of keeping you divided. Well while you are divided you are a mob, but collectively you are an organisation of workers that has to be reckoned with. When I go back to Scotland and tell them about the beauties of Ireland, there is one thing that I must not omit to tell them, and that is that one of the most inspiring sights I witnessed is this enthusiastic meeting assembled at the Custom House here on this Sunday afternoon. You are, as Mr. Daly has said, winning the first victory for industrial organisation. But don't fall asleep again. Keep to it and recognise that though you win on this occasion, your enemies will adopt other ways and means in the hope of beating you at some future day.

Councillor M'Keown, Belfast, said—I saw it announced in the placard of a newspaper this morning that 800 coal workers have been locked out by the masters in Dublin, and previous to that there were many others also out. Now, looking at this great multitude around me, I might ask a question that was asked forty years ago in Belfast, when matters were in a similar position, and that question is—Are you down-hearted (no, no). This meeting does not look like it. It does not look as if the coal workers who have been locked out are down-hearted. Now, this is a matter of a struggle between two parties—the party on the one side is the Shipping Federation, and on the other side is the organised workers of Dublin. Mr. Connolly, who came from Belfast, has referred to that city. I know something of it. I happen to be one of its first citizens (laughter). I know something of the difficulties that men in my position have had to face for a number of years. Three and twenty years ago or thereabouts some of my friends and myself made an effort to do what is being done here successfully in Dublin, that is, to establish an organisation of Irish workers that would embrace the whole of the workers of Ireland. We failed, and I am beginning to see that the cause of our failure lay in the fact that the movement was not started in the right place, because it is an undeniable fact that there is a spirit in Belfast which has kept the workers asunder. Mr. Connolly says it is the spirit of religion. It is quite the contrary. It is the spirit of irreligion, of make-believe, and of hypocrisy, and not of religion. That is the spirit that is keeping the workers of the north of Ireland asunder. When they come to understand the true spirit of Christianity they will come together, because the true spirit of Christianity is the love of one another, and not attacking each other with paving stones. The latter was the spirit that existed. It is not so rampant now for some time; but undoubtedly if the employers could they would revive it. It is due to the fact that Larkin and others have kept that fell spirit down, that it is not so rampant to-day as in the past. Now, so far as our position went, we claim the right to form ourselves into a company as well as the masters, and I say that the company henceforward that we belong to in Dublin and others in Belfast and Cork belong to, and that the Boys of Wexford also belong to (cheers) is called by the name of The Irish Transport and General Workers Unliability Company (applause), and that company is to go on organising until it embraces every worker worth his salt within the four seas of Ireland (cheers). Another thing that struck me, looking at this meeting, was where were the employers going to get men to supply the places of the 800 they have locked out I don't know. I don't think they will within the four seas of Ireland get a better body of men than those they have locked out. They may ransack the slums and doss-houses for scallywags, but these could not give them the same satisfaction as the workers of Dublin have given them in the past. You have given them too much in the past. Mr. Connolly has told you how the employers pitted one section against the other and one county against the other; but the workers had now learned a lesson from all that, and what was more they were determined on getting the value of their labour. The man who had to sell the labour of his hands, who has to sweat and toil and exert his energy, that man was entitled to a wages consistent with the labour he was prepared to give, and just as a shopkeeper will put before you an inferior article, if you are not prepared to pay a higher price for a dearer one, so, if an employer does not pay his workers what they are entitled to, they should adopt the policy of Ca'anny, and take the work easy. It was the Divine law that every man should support and decently bring up his children good citizens, but if the wages he is getting for his labour will not support that, then it is his bounden duty to try to

get more so as to do his duty to himself and his family. If their demand was a fair and reasonable one, and considering how things stood, they would have to go a long way before their demands reached anything unreasonable; but if they did succeed in getting what would be a just equivalent for their labour, they were bound to exercise the right of giving their employers only just labour as was sufficient for the money he pays. Now, the workers in Dublin, he was glad to be able to say, were united; but the workers in Belfast—the unskilled workers—were not. But there was a class in Dublin that could keep the workers in Dublin from getting what they should get. That was the shoddy class, belonging to what was called snobs—snobocracy was rampant in Dublin. Wherever that spirit was manifested they were sure to have alongside it extreme poverty and want. That was to be found in Dublin more so than in Belfast. They had their faults and failings in Belfast, but, as a man who has lived there for over 20 years I must say I never witnessed anything like the snobbery I witnessed in Dublin during the past week. You are not responsible for that. You are only responsible to those who depend on you and to discharge your duty to them. If you discharge your duty faithfully as "citizens of Dublin, if you carry on your work, notwithstanding the snobbery amongst you, you will be able to go on to victory and to say to those men, "before we go in again you will be sorry for it."

JIM LARKIN'S SPEECH.

Jim Larkin, who was received with cheers, next addressed the meeting. He said—God's bright sun is shining on us, and I hope it will continue and be the sunshine of success. I am sorry that our friend Connolly, in illustrating the benefits of industrial organisation, left out one link in the organising of the working classes. He did not refer to that large aggregation of men engaged in the transport of goods along the railway line. I want to emphasize the fact that they are again absent. They are not absent in England. In Ireland they are playing a game of waiting. There are some of them in this meeting. These men are as good trade unionists as any class of workers in the community. I want to know how long are they going to keep standing aloof—to be apathetic—to play the fool?

A Voice—When we get our rights.

Jim Larkin—The man will get his rights who fights for his rights. The man who is not prepared to adopt that will get nothing. He will get only insults from the men who exploit him. Now, they had on the one side the organised employers—the master class—the class who demand that you should be exploited. They are a unified body. There is a solidarity amongst them that is not amongst the workers. On the other hand, they had the organised working classes, but apart from that they had what M'Keown referred to as the snobocracy. Well, my friends, let me tell you snobocracy is rampant amongst our classes. We have men in this country—there are men even in this crowd who despise the dockers men who don't recognise themselves as of the same blend as the sailors and fireman, who think themselves a little above the ordinary worker, and who sometimes get very less wages and have far worse conditions of work. Snobocracy cannot exist if the working classes are true to themselves. It is built upon a peculiar basis and not like a building on well laid foundation. It is built upon an apex instead of upon a base, and must accordingly come tumbling down. They had first the little gang of place hunters and their servants, then they had the middle class, the shopkeepers, and then the skilled worker and the semi-skilled worker, while the men who were outside the pale of society were the workers and the labourers. You can't live without them. Who is going to load ships and railway trains, or what will you put in them if you have not the fellows who work the land. They cannot be done without, but nobody cares about them, because these men do not consider themselves; they are apathetic, they are ill-educated, they are unorganised; they are a prey to every demagogue, whether labour or political; they are a prey to every sycophantic person in the country. Then when a strike occurs they are brought in to do the scab on their fellow workers, just as Wallace is going, if he can, to bring men from Rathnew to scab on the dockers, the same as men were brought from Ballybricken to scab on the coal heavers of the Dublin South Eastern railway. It is, my friends, all your own fault. These men, when they come to Dublin, know nothing at all about your conditions; they know nothing about Dublin; when they come they see you in your good clothes on a Sunday; they go back and tell their countrymen that Dublin is a fine place, you get lashings of everything up there (laughter). The others are therefore longing to go up to Dublin. What is wanted is that someone would open their eyes to the facts that prevail there, and bring them to the Coombe or some of the other slums that are a disgrace to Christianity. Let them know about the men that are working in this town for 13s. a week, men working for 90 hours a week, and women for 111 hours. That keeps them and other women from something worse than death and makes them take to drink to forget their misery in drunkenness. If the men who claim to be leading us out of the Slough

of Despond went down O'Connell street at twelve o'clock at night, they would see something that would open their eyes, men and women in this town working for magistrates at 2s. 6d. per week, and who are docked in their wages if they are late in the morning. Commenting on the effects of low wages, both in regard to men and women, he pointed out how even these people were not given an opportunity of adoring God in a proper manner. There are thousands in the city who do not attend their religious duty because of their bad clothing. The women were in a wretched ill-clad condition—below the level of humanity; and little children were brought up in surroundings of sin and misery. I know what slum life is, and I know the cause of emigration—misery and vice—which is the low wages that people are compelled to work for. Our aim is to change those conditions—to improve the lot of the toilers—and I do not know of any organisation in the world that in its time has done so much in the same period to improve the workers' conditions as the Irish Transport Union. I challenge you to name any other Irish movement, political or industrial, that has done so much for the workers. There is no point on which, through the Transport Union, that they made attack but they have succeeded. We may for a time be beaten back, but we have ultimately succeeded. Employers that would not recognise the union have been obliged to recognise it. Shipping companies that would not recognise it have come to recognise it. The Manchester Line, which would not recognise the union, now recognises it. Through its Dublin agent, the great Watson—the man who above all others in this town owes most to the workingmen—has refused to recognise the union in connection with his City of Dublin Company, though he recognises it in connection with his Manchester Company. Some of these employers have issued a manifesto about an agreement in 1908. We don't recognise that agreement. This (Sunday) morning I was speaking to a certain man in Dublin. I told him our position, which is that we have a right to organise in our own union, to be conducted by our own managers as a registered friendly society. It is not the increase of wages that is troubling those employers. They would give the advance asked for in the morning, but they went trembling because the workers were now all acting in an organised body. It only remained then for the workers to be true to themselves, and not to scab or blackleg on their fellows. Everything promised success. Let them therefore be true men, but let them act like the men who went before them, and Ireland would one day thank God that she produced the men who stood around him that day (applause). They had so far asked nobody in town for assistance financially in this fight. They had been distributing their own money. The first week they paid out £470; last week they paid £450, and last Saturday £600; that shows that we have safeguarded your money all along, and used it wisely. The employers have put out the story that there has been a half crown levy on men in the Union. You know that is not true. The men voted a levy of 6d. per man, and it is quite voluntary on any man to contribute it or not, and any who does not like to give it need not do so (applause).

THE SENTENCE ON CARPENTER.

Jim Larkin, before concluding the meeting, said—I wish to call attention to the outrageous sentence passed on the Englishman, Carpenter, who was arrested on Friday night. He was telling the truth. It was admitted by those who arrested him, yet they swore that the man said things that were against the law. They took him to Store Street Station, where they made no charge against him for three hours. They then charged him with inciting to a breach of the peace, and the following morning they put on another charge. The sentence of two months passed on him is an outrage. They said that his language was calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. Was that true? (No, no). Poor Carpenter is not strong in health. I want to ask you was there any disorder at the meeting when he spoke on Friday night (no, no). We protest against the sentence passed upon him and sympathise with him.

The meeting then concluded.

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