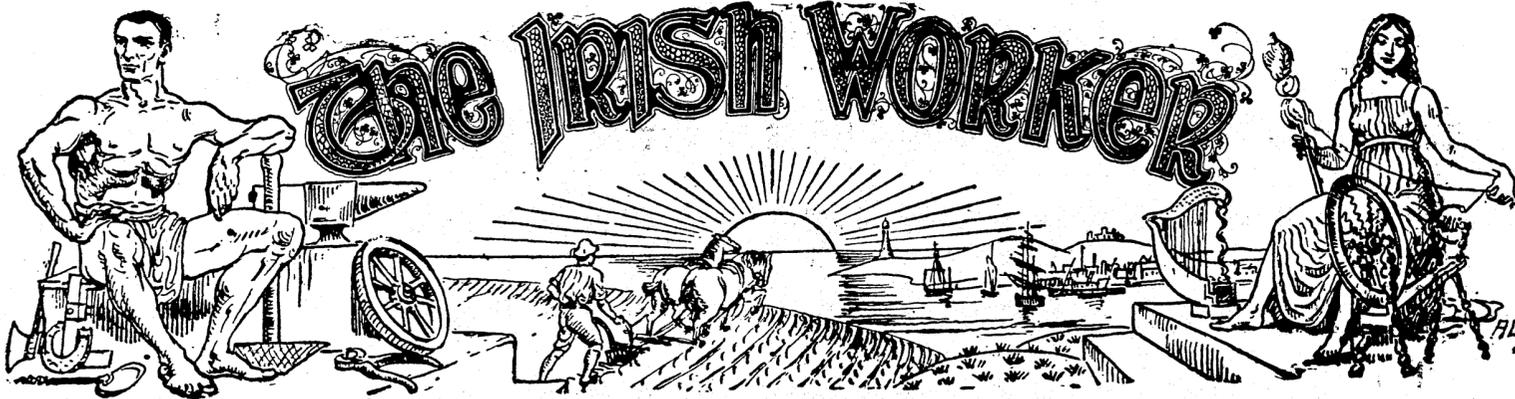


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

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!

1

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 25.—Vol. III.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

From the Prison Gates.

COMRADES—At the entrance to Mountjoy Gates I desire to address a few words of encouragement and hope to you. We have now been associated together for the past seven years. Throughout that period of time we were in a chronic state of Sturm-und-Drang, always and ever advancing from position to position. Attacks on us have been made in front and flank, and we have always proved unconquerable. The fort is as impregnable to-day as in the past days when we hoisted the flag. This great fight of ours is not simply a question of shorter hours or better wages. It is a great fight for human liberty, liberty of action, liberty to live as human beings should live, exercising their God-given faculties and powers over nature; always aiming to reach out for a higher betterment and development, trying to achieve in our own time the dreams of great thinkers and poets of this nation—not as some men do, working for their own individual betterment and aggrandisement. It has always been in our mind the building up of this nation, not that we ourselves might enjoy the fulfilment of our own work, but that those who come after us may enter into the promised land. This work requires the right not only to combine, but to use that combination for our own economic and industrial emancipation. Now, I will be away from you in body, but I will be with you in spirit. I have faith that those men who are honoured by being left to bear the standard will get your heartiest, honest and sustained support, that there will be no compromise. Trust no one but yourselves; have faith in the men you have elected and will elect; they must be the men who will decide what settlement shall be arrived at in our present conflict. Without wishing to cast any reflection upon our friends across the Channel, this fight must be settled by the men here at home in our own Union. Without in any way disparaging any order or section of the organised working-class, we of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union cannot only claim but make good our claim of being the pioneers in this grand class war. History speaks in no uncertain way; it tells us that the pioneers must suffer, but suffering brings satisfaction, and to us who have been pioneers, we must during the period of this class struggle which we have entered into depend upon the loyalty, the faithfulness, and the determination of what is known industrially as the unskilled workers. Sometimes compelled to retreat, we have come back again into the battle with renewed strength and courage.

Men such as Daly, Partridge, McKeown and Connolly—any of those may be at liberty. These and these only must we allow and authorise to act for you. There will be an attempt to seduce you from your allegiance, but no one can mislead truth. Everyone hopes such a deep and just cause as that in which you and I are engaged must win out. Don't forget the RED HAND that struck terror in the hearts of the Sweaters and Slum Property Owners, the publicans and all who may be out to destroy life. We live to give life, hope and joy. And now for the sake of your children, and children's children, be true to yourselves; and, moreover, may you by the stress of the attack of this struggle learn anew; stand by the Union and live out the motto of your Union—"Each for All, and All for Each." I enjoy, even to the humblest, and I so convey to all good luck till the prison gates are open.

Yours fraternally,
JIM LARKIN.

WHAT MATTER.

(TO JIM LARKIN),

All sorrow's but the dust of evolution
The working of the one unfinching law;
All tears are but as spray across that ocean
Upon which Time is but a drifting straw.

What matter though the Masters may have cast you
In prison for their malice and infame?
What matter though their venal Courts condemn you
To silence, and the solitude, and shame?

They cannot cage the message you have spoken,
Though all too fleeting life they may despoil;
For though the misused clay they may imprison
Your spirit floats above the sea of toil.

The dimness of the cell within your bosom
Benumbs each sense with leaden fogs of pain;
Your spirit brooding o'er the brooding waters
Gives hope to those who've ever hoped in vain;

What matter though the footsteps of the "The Walker"
Beat senseless, trackless paths across your brain?
Cross other brains perchance are other Walkers
Abeating paths as senseless and as vain;

What matter though the stairs you climb are steeper;
What matter though your bread be mixed with tears?
The soul of Labor which you have awakened
Is waked to sleep no more through all the years.

What matter though the hand of Sorrow's crowding
Each moment with the anguish of the years?
For sorrow is the source of new creations,
A world or child is born 'midst strife and tears.

Our sorrows are the only flowers immortal,
The only flowers that bloom throughout our world;
And sighs are but the highways of the morning
Across the rising clouds of Labor hurled.

GERALD J. LIVELY.

(* "The Walker."—See Arturo Giovannetti's poem of that name.)

OUR FIGHT.

Never in the history of industrial struggles have innocent men been subjected to misrepresentations so vile and vicious to intimidation so glaringly unabashed and to opposition so powerful, so united and in some cases so unscrupulous as are the poor unskilled workers in Dublin who are joined together under the banner of The Irish Transport Union in their present effort to prevent its assassination.

This war was declared by "William Murder Murphy," who unjustly dismissed from the service of the Dublin United Tramway Company and the Independent Newspaper Company all employees known to be Members of the above Union, and then at a meeting of the Dublin Employers, William Murder Murphy proudly boasted that he had got Larkin on the run and that it was up to them to keep him going. The Employers responded to this cold-blooded invitation and immediately wholesale notices of dismissal were served on the men as punishment for their support of principle.

In the meantime the remainder of the men employed by the Tramway Co. who were worthy of being called men came out on strike mainly to secure the reinstatement of their victimised fellow-workers referred to above, and instantly the whole putrid press of Dublin united in misrepresenting the case of the men, and sought to blame them and their Union, for the trouble for which Murphy alone was solely and only responsible, and when the men's accredited leaders came out in the open to remove this deliberate misrepresentation by exercising their legal right to Free Speech they were immediately placed under arrest and charged by a Government that is conveniently deaf to the seditious utterances of ex-Cabinet Minister Carson who has armed our northern countrymen to fight them.

Now, while all this was happening many of our local present-day friends did not seem to worry; some of them boasted that Murphy would wipe out Larkin, and were evidently well contented with that anticipated result. But our Jim takes a deal of wiping out, and when the hitherto "bottom dog" fought his way up and came out on top and commenced worrying the Murphy mongrel, all became excitement, and the cry was raised to pull him off.

Our kind English friends, who have subscribed thirty odd thousand pounds to prevent the attempted destruction of Trades Unionism in Dublin, now offered to share their homes with such little children as were still suffering from the action of William "Murder" Murphy, and their kind offers appeared in the "Herald" and the "Citizen" for some weeks without being availed of. Then kinder friends were sent over to assist in removing the children and depriving Wm. "Murder" Murphy of the pleasure of seeing them starve and die.

During all this time scarce a single Roman Catholic cleric or lay, in Dublin displayed any concern for the well-being of these children. His Grace Archbishop Walsh, who had previously subscribed one hundred pounds to the Mansion House to feed those children, now publicly warn the parents of the danger of sending the little exiles to reside in the homes of persons unknown. And this reasonable action of His Grace has been made an excuse for the most undeserved and injudicious display of unreasonable bigotry ever experienced in the city hitherto famed for its tolerance. And this display is made solely in the interests of the sweated-employers of Dublin, since the clergymen who led that display had not followed the good example of their Archbishop and proved their interest in the welfare of the children by subscribing to the fund so liberally supported by His Grace; and as the Ancient Order of Hypocrites who followed these reversed gentlemen cheering and waving their sticks through the streets have a large number of members at present scabbing on the trams, we feel assured of the above fact.

And we stand prepared to remove any child from a home in England not approved of by the local priests there, and undertake to place it in any home selected by him, but we will not allow the generosity of our cross-Channel friends to be misrepresented or abused and we shall not permit any child in Dublin to starve while such assistance is available, neither will we be influenced by a dog in the manger policy. The Catholic citizens of

Dublin who would not subscribe sufficient to feed their hungry Catholic school children ought to have the decency to keep their mouths as closed as their pockets when their Catholic and non-Catholic people of England were performing to the helpless children of Murphy's dispute in Dublin the duty they failed to do.

In the meantime the men stand justified in their fight, for the report of the Commission is practically in their favour, and the employers, who are the originators of the trouble and the true obstacles to immediate peace, are left without reproach. I wonder what would occur if the men happened to be equally guilty.

Well, comrades, although the leaders go to gaol or die in it, the fight still goes on. The London "Times" has declared that the Employers cannot crush the Transport Workers' Union and it is up to you to prove the accuracy of that declaration. The trades unionists of Great Britain have pledged themselves to see you through this great struggle, then in God's name press on to victory.—Yours till death,

W. P. PARTRIDGE.

Agricultural Labour Campaign.

By "IRELAND'S EYE."

Workers Confident—Farmers Despondent
—Evictions *sub rosa*—Hypocrisy Unveiled—Jim Larkin Imprisoned—
Packed Juries the Order of the Day—
Truth Triumphs and Principles Prevail.

A word to the wise is sufficient, but evidently the combined wisdom of the members of the County Dublin Farmers' Association knoweth no understanding. True there are some of the farmers who have seen the error of their ways, and are now doing penance in sackcloth and ashes for their indefensible action in locking out their workers—men who had served them long and faithfully—others, obstinate as the ass, are privately bewailing their misfortunes while publicly lifting up their heads in supplication and proclaiming as the Pharisees of old that they have done their duty to God and man. The poor worker, on the contrary, deprived of the right to earn an honest living in his own land and among his own people, contents himself with the hope that truth and justice must prevail, and that the punishment due to greed, selfishness and avarice will be inflicted on those responsible for the "d—'s work" in the County Dublin.

The farm labourers in the present struggle, in face of tremendous odds and unprecedented difficulties, have displayed a heroism and self-sacrifice which must ever redound to their credit and serve as a beacon light to those who are fighting for the uplifting of our race. It is to men like these that the future destinies of the country will be committed, and they may be trusted to use their powers with a full sense of the gravity of the issue.

The farmers, now that their maw is full and their appetite for the annexation of land is nearly satiated, concern themselves but little with the affairs of their less fortunate brethren and have made no efforts to brighten the lot of the workers, to whom they are indebted for all things that they have and they hold. In the early days the workers fought bravely for the right of the farmer to the land which he tilled. It was the labourer who made land-grabbing impossible; it was the labourer who isolated the emergency man and banned the importation of Scotch planters; it was the labourer who provided shelter for the evicted tenants, the heroes of the land war, as they are now called, and kept an eye on the holding and refused the tempting bribes held out by the landlord to work it.

And how has he been recompensed? The worst half-acre in the parish is generally allotted to him by a Rural Council who have no sympathy with his portion, and the farmer takes good care that the price received from the taxpayers for this half-acre is much in excess of its legitimate value. For the past twenty-five years the lot of the Co. Dublin labourer has practically remained unchanged—drudgery from the small hours of the morning until the late hours of the night, denied of all recreation, his family frequently deprived of the simple necessities of life; his children, through the necessities of the case, deprived of even an elementary

education—all this that the farmer may grow more expensive and prosperous.

The poverty which has rarely if ever been absent from the homes of the agricultural labourers, has too frequently been the cause of sending the children into the fields—boys and girls—at a very early age, so that they might add a little to the miserable pittance received by their parents, who otherwise would be unable to keep body and soul together. Once started on this life of drudgery there is practically no escape. Thus we have generation after generation toiling for an existence, occupying the hovels of their forbears without sympathy or encouragement from those whose duty it was to bring about a reformation in their condition and bring some little sunshine into their lives.

Against this there are very few farmers in the Co. Dublin who occupy the home-steads of their fathers; they reside in the mansions of the erstwhile landlords and have added to their acres time after time.

Now, when they are confronted with an organised body who have shaken off the yoke that had lain so heavily upon them, the farmers make haste to hide themselves under a cloak of hypocrisy, and forthwith pass a resolution after a silence of twenty years that "the wages of the agricultural labourers owing to the increased cost of living call for adjustment." Yet in face of this they still persist in the attempt to starve the workers into submission. They already are endeavouring to call in the aid of the emergency men, and it is a most pitiable thing to see a man like Andy Kettle exhorting the clergy of districts in Ireland to come to the aid of pillars of sanctity, like himself and the O'Neills and the Dunnes.

The O'Neills and the Kettles have fattened, as have many others of the County Dublin Farmers' Association. Acres have been added to acres by those gentlemen who in days gone by fought the cause of the "downtrodden" farmers of Ireland and held out hopes for the emancipation of the labourer, which they took care would never be fulfilled.

Larkin in a few months has done more for the workers than the 103 members comprising the Irish representation in the English House of Commons and all the Magranes, Robertsons, Grimes, Malones, Beggs and O'Neills and Kettles put together, and well the Co. Dublin workers and the city workers realise this.

There is a big issue at stake. So far as my knowledge extends the workers were never more determined. There was never any reform accomplished without self-sacrifice. The City and County Dublin labourers are already being forced to the slaughter. The portals of the prisons are being thrown open to receive them, and their leaders, worthy of the cause they espouse and the high principles at stake, are themselves assailed with a vindictiveness and animosity rarely witnessed in any civilised country.

We have, however, evidence beyond question in this country that "stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage." The imprisonment of the leaders, the starvation of women and children, the brutal baton charges of a debauched police force, and all the place-hunters, horse, foot and artillery of the Government cannot sway for a moment the indomitable spirit displayed in this great crisis by the workers of city and county.

A great current has been generated, and the sparks flying on the wings of the air give warning to be up and doing, to hold tight, to remain loyal and true to one another until victory is assured.

The workers will not be deceived by the latest cry of the enemies of the labour movement. Yesterday it was Socialism; to-day the faith of the children is in danger. What rank hypocrisy! The most elaborate precautions had been taken to ensure that the poverty stricken children would be cared for in Catholic homes, but this would not suit the book of the A.O.H. (the Pharisees) who betrayed their brothers engaged in the labour movement and supplied scabs to assist Wm. Martin Murphy.

The lights of Catholicity discovered that a Catholic matron in Hazelhatch, Co. Dublin, was resident in England, and that there were no Catholic parents in that essentially Catholic quarter known as Falls road, Belfast, Ireland.

Striking illustrations of the need to provide the poor Catholic children with the necessities of life in Catholic homes are brought home forcibly to us every day. It is computed that there are over

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,
81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,
—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—
Bargains by Post.

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALITY.

three hundred children lost to Catholicity in Dublin every year. The Elliott Homes, the Bird's Nest, exist for the purpose of Proselytism alone, and not a single member of the A.O.H. has raised his voice or joined in the work of rescue.

There had been no playing to the gallery until the time was ripe to strike Larkin and the labour movement in the back: Fortunately during the struggle the workers have been able to realise that those who were not with them were against them, and view with contempt the futile attempts of those saintly satellites of Nugent and his gang to besmirch the labour movement by foul misrepresentations and calumnies, bringing the sacred name of religion into play to advance their own personal interests.

As I write I am informed that Jim Larkin has been put through the farce of a trial at the Commission Court and has been sentenced to seven months' imprisonment. With all the forces of capital arrayed against him and the pernicious influence of Wm. Martin Murphy with the powers that be, backed up by the paid hirelings of Dublin Castle, including that soul of honour (I don't think), Attorney-General Moriarty, the wonder is that the Judge did not pass a sentence of seven years on Larkin for doing what Sir Edward Carson has been doing day after day. Larkin has been sentenced because he was neither afraid or ashamed of his public utterances and because he was a man whom the Moriartys and the Nugents feared would blight their place-hunting prospects.

In passing I may remark that the findings of the jury on the count on which he was found guilty would not admit of imprisonment with hard labour. The Judge, therefore, did not err on the side of leniency and we owe him nothing. Imprisonment for sedition has been practically unknown in this country since John Redmond and his followers became the tail-end of the British Liberal Party. It remained to be brought into play where the labour leader was concerned in this twentieth century, by Moriarty and Nugent, who are indebted to Redmond for their jobs.

In the old days it was not unusual for leaders who had filled a place in the hearts of the people to be imprisoned and to be subjected to the most harrowing indignities. The cry of sedition was sufficient to hang any man who had any sympathy with the people, and it is a satisfaction to me at any rate that Jim Larkin's name goes to swell the roll of those who sacrificed everything for principle—the men of '68 and later in our own time the founders of the Land League, Davitt, Parnell, Brennan and other good men and true. They, too, were put on trial for sedition; they, too, suffered and triumphed. Their cause was a righteous one; and Jim Larkin in prison will appeal far more forcibly to the democracy of Ireland than Jim Larkin free and unfettered. His cause is ours, and gratitude for his services and for the self-sacrifice of our leaders in the hour of our conflict will be ungrudgingly and unstintedly rendered.

The fight must go on. We will stick together in spite of intimidation and Castle influence and place-hunting lawyers and hypocrites of the A.O.H. type, whose private lives would not bear the limelight.

Insidious influences have been at work, our leader has been cast into prison; but the Moriartys, the Murphys and the Nugents have yet to learn that the Democracy of Ireland, awakened from its slumbers, is out to get a bit of its own back. Success is assured, and in a few days it is computed that there are over

(Continued on page 4.)

Larkin's Trial (?)

On Monday, October 27th, Jim Larkin was arraigned, tried and sentenced to seven months imprisonment for the crime of 'sedition'.

The character of the trial may be judged from the fact that three of the non-drawers for the jury panel stated that they were employers, who had a dispute with men of Larkin's Union, and hence that they did not believe they could fairly and impartially try the prisoner without undue prejudice against him.

Elsewhere we give the opinions of many eminent men and women upon this gross travesty of justice. Following is a brief report, copied from the Freeman's Journal of Oct. 27th of the speech of Mr. Hanna, the Counsel for the defence.

Mr. Hanna, K.C., then addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner. He said the course the Crown had taken that day had certainly taken him by surprise. In the investigation of the charges in the Police Court they had a futile attempt by the Crown to establish that the various occurrences that took place in Dublin after this speech of Larkin on the Friday night were due to his remarks, but the Attorney-General had left the case to the jury without endeavouring to establish that anything had happened after the speech was due to the speech.

The man in the dock, for the last eight weeks, counsel said, had been tried in public. In the Press, in the tramcar, and everywhere, where the men move among their fellows. They heard frequent denunciations of the prisoner, and there was no doubt that Larkin had been tried by the Press of this country.

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By Order, EDITOR.

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DUBLIN, Saturday, Nov. 1st, 1913.

How to Release Larkin.

We have always held that when we are at war we should fight according to the rules of war, and that means that the first aim and object of all our activities ought to be to disarm and destroy the enemy.

Larkin, counsel proceeded, came to Dublin five years ago. His career since then had been open to the public, and in those five years he had reached down his hand to the people who were in the very mire of poverty and degradation and endeavoured to do his part to lift them up.

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Was it not to stand to this man's favour, counsel asked, that he had always counselled temperance and sobriety amongst his followers. The police had to admit that the meeting was quiet, and that the people were asked to behave, and they were well behaved.

Counsel, therefore, asked the jury to take the speech as a whole, and to come to the conclusion, as Sergeant Reville said, that the idea, which was carried away in the minds of the people that night was that they should stand firmly where they were.

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or a tub there was a police reporter lurking at the background. Men who were leaders of the people had to use strong language. They had a terrible fight to make; the employers and the people whom they were fighting were in an impregnable position, buttressed by centuries of habit, and of their own course of thought.

The Irish Transport and General Workers' Union APPROVED SOCIETY.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will every person (man or woman) who transferred from another society to the above kindly call to our Insurance Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. after this date?

We are particularly anxious that every Transfer Member should present himself or herself.

The matter is urgent, and needs prompt attention.

Yours fraternally, JIM LARKIN.

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It is war, war to the end, against all the unholy crew who, with the cant of democracy upon their lips, are forever crucifying the Christ of Labour between the two thieves of Land and Capital.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

To the Dublin Strikers.

By BEN TILLET.

Dear comrades, men, women and children of the labour movement, Ireland was never, as now, face to face with the real enemies of Ireland and the Irish people. Judge and Jury were alike, the puppets of the master-despots; even the Crown Lawyer is forced by the compulsion of the real masters of the people, to crucify a good man in the person of Jim Larkin, and his fellow-fighters for justice.

There was never a more cruel and brutal persecution in the history of Irish torture than the present conspiracy of capitalists, using the English forces to coerce a great people. I am sure, though, that if the workers of Dublin and Ireland respond to the great heroic call to save their children from the sweater, the thief and the political charlatan, that Ireland will be freer for having brave good men to fight for them.

The workers of England are also having their eyes skinned to the brutality of the conspiracy against the workers, and the heart of every English worker loving freedom and truth is with you. Not only food, but money will be sent you. We shall try on this side, to make the movement even still more significant. The Irish workers here join with their English mates, and we shall be making a movement that will be handed down to history as an epoch.

The Dockers' Union will do its best to help you, and as soon as I can I will come across and lend a hand if you want me. But I glory in the magnificent fight you are making. There is some Connemara away in the veins of me, and I want to see you win. Tell the men to keep together and we shall be able to win, for England is awakening to the dreadful atrocities and the murdering of the innocent children and the men and women who are denied a bare subsistence and the elementary rights of living.

Yours sincerely, BEN TILLET.

Lansbury's Message.

To the Men and Women of Ireland who are Fighting the Great Fight for the Emancipation of Humanity.

COMRADES,—I am asked to send you a message from Great Britain. I do so with great pleasure from the men and women who are members of the "Daily Herald" League. We have watched your fight, admired your endurance, and now bid you still hope and fight on.

We ask you to remember that the darkest night is that which precedes very often the most glorious dawn. Your country has suffered much, sometimes at the hands of the possessing classes of this country, but the common people over here have suffered at the hands of these people just as you have suffered, but now we have learnt, and we are not going to fight against one another merely because we live on two sides of the Irish Channel.

But all of us have now awakened and the fight that lies before us is the fight, not for sectarian domination, not even for national domination, but it is a fight for the workers of the world to come together and join their hands with one another and march forward, not to conquer other people, but to conquer their own conditions and out of the misery and the destitution and the other evils amid which we now live to build a new Jerusalem. Therefore, it is that we men and women who belong to the "Herald League" bid you hope, be true to one another, don't let anything divide you. The most sacred thing in life is the unity of men and women, and so come together, let the spirit of love for one another animate and dominate you all the time.

Think of the other men's children, the other men's wives, the other men's mothers, as you would of your own and inscribe on your banner the words, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

You will hear a great deal of religion. The Founder of our religion said that there were two great Commandments, the first of which was "To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength"; and the second was like unto it: "To love thy neighbour as thyself." It is still true and the words of the Master ring down through the centuries—"This do and ye shall live."

It is because Society has forgotten this, because many of the so-called religious people have forgotten this, that Dublin and other industrial centres of this and every other land witness the scenes that are witnessed every day, and it is because I believe that the Irish people will once more be in the van of that progress which means the uplifting of the whole of the human race that I join with all my fellow-members in sending you this message, and conclude by asking you in your heart of hearts to cheer and keep alive the idea of the solidarity—the oneness of the great human family of men and women the world over.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

The Lesson of Dublin.

By Chas. Lapworth. "Daily Herald."

The fight that has been put up in Dublin is one of the most inspiring events in modern industrial warfare. It is absolutely impossible for people in England to appreciate exactly what is happening.

That Larkin, Connolly, O'Brien, Lawlor, Partridge and Daly and the other men who have been able to organise the bottom dogs who have hitherto been held to be the despair of all Trades Union Organisations is surely the most encouraging sign that if the working class will only rely on itself; if working men and working women will trust working men and working women there is nothing our class cannot achieve. It will be to the eternal shame of the skilled Trades organisations of Great Britain if they do not stand by their comrades in Dublin, and I am glad so far as to the "Daily Herald" League is concerned to say that there are numerous signs that Dublin is not to be left alone.

Our League has organised a huge demonstration in the biggest Hall in the Empire namely, Albert Hall, and every penny of what is anticipated will be a record collection, will be sent straight away to Liberty Hall. George Russell (A.E.), Connolly and Miss Larkin are to come over from Dublin to speak there, George Bernard Shaw and other Irish men are also to speak; this is but the commencement of a series of demonstrations of class solidarity to be held in all parts of the Kingdom and not only to raise funds, but to demand the release of Jim Larkin.

The way is very rough in Dublin just now, but when the victory is won the Dublin rebels will have the satisfaction of saying that not only have they taught Murphyism a lesson, but they will have stimulated in a far higher degree than all the Politicians and Barristers could have accomplished, the great working class warfare in Great Britain.

Larkin's Sentence.

By THOMAS JOHNSTON (Editor "Forward.")

The judicial atrocity perpetrated on Jim Larkin has aroused the wildest feelings of indignation in Scotland, and the very naked joy of the Socialist Press is in itself evidence of the wicked class-devility of the whole business. The "Glasgow Herald"—our great Tory commercial newspaper here—while exceedingly joyful at the vindictive sentence, says "If the employers are wise they will not attempt to press their victory too far"—a comment which should let the workers understand exactly what lay behind the proclamation of the meeting, what lay behind the arrest of all the Transport Union leaders, what lay behind the refusal to delay Larkin's trial, what lay behind all the faked-up scare about the proselytising of the poor little children of Dublin, what lies behind the silence of the great political parties! It is Capitalism—Murphyism—Greed—Class-Dominance!

The only course now is for thou and upon thousands of us to write our Members of Parliament demanding Larkin's release, otherwise we shall vote against them at the next elections. Frighten the Four-hundred-pounders, compel them to move; we must bring the full political force of the Labour movement to batter open the Bastille in which the Master Class has incarcerated one of the most winning spirits, one of the bravest and ablest leaders, one of the kindest, cleanest and most honest of men who ever carried the standard of the poor in the struggle for emancipation.

Yours faithfully, THOMAS JOHNSTON.

IN JAIL.

By MADAME MARKIEVIZ.

Jim Larkin is in jail. In jail for fighting the workers' cause. In jail for championing the poor against the rich, the oppressed against the oppressor. For daring to speak straight and fight straight he is sentenced to seven months for "using seditious language."

He dared attack "Capitalism." Under the flag of "Capitalism" you find the British Crown with all its minions, its judges, magistrates, inspectors, spies, police, the Ancient Order of Hibernians—even some of the clergy—all the worshippers of Mammon, all these were ranged against Jim Larkin.

The case was tried by his enemies, his accusers; the "just" judge a capitalist; the "twelve honest men" men of the capitalist class—some Hibernians, some interested in the various businesses now combined against "Larkinism"; all the craft and cunning of trained police witnesses, and of Castle note-takers; the whole power of Capitalism and English rule were ranged against the man, Jim Larkin.

In the little Court House in Green Street Jim stood—a noble figure, fearless, with no thought of himself, strong in his faith, certain of ultimate success. He had faced jail before without flinching, and he will face it again. Many a fight in the cause of

Freedom has been fought in the Green street Dock; it was one of the last stations on Robert Emmet's road to Galvry. It bears a great tradition of noble souls who gave their all in the cause of freedom. Jim Larkin has given his youth, his strength, his brains, his courage, his greatness to the cause of freeing the enslaved; his liberty is his last gift. To the wage-slaves—his brothers—whom he loves, his life is theirs should they require it. All honest men and women must love, respect, and honour him; all true hearts must be prepared to follow him; to carry on the fight as he would have it carried on; to give their all in the cause of freedom—the workers' cause. Let his last message be written in flowing letters in our hearts. Remember you are Irishmen. Stand fast! Let there be no weakening.

Jim is in jail for us; what sacrifice can we make for Jim? What offering of work and self-sacrifice can we lay at his feet? Let none of us think that we are of no importance and that we don't count; every little one of us is something to Jim. Let not the least of us forfeit the right to look him in the face and take his hand when he comes out of jail.

Dublin Fanaticism.

By W. B. YEATS.

I do not complain of Dublin's capacity for fanaticism whether in priest or layman, for you cannot have strong feeling without that capacity, but neither those who directed the police nor the editors of our newspapers can plead fanaticism. They are supposed to watch over our civil liberties, and I charge the Dublin Nationalist newspapers with deliberately arousing religious passions to break up the organisation of the workingman, with appealing to mob law day after day, with publishing the names of workmen and their wives for purposes of intimidation. And I charge the Unionist Press of Dublin and those who directed the police with conniving at this conspiracy.

I want to know why the "Daily Express," which is directly and indirectly inciting Ulster to rebellion in defence of what it calls "The liberty of the subject," is so indifferent to that liberty here in Dublin that it has not made one editorial comment, and I ask the "Irish Times" why a few sentences at the end of an article, too late in the week to be of any service; has been the measure of its love for civil liberty? I want to know why there are only (according to the Press reports) two policemen at Kingsbridge on Saturday when Mr. Sheehy Skeffington was assauled and a man prevented from buying a ticket for his own child? There had been tumults every night at every Dublin railway station, and I can only assume that the police authorities wished those tumults to continue. I want to know why the mob at North Wall and elsewhere were permitted to drag children from their parents' arms, and by what right one woman was compelled to open her box and show a marriage certificate; I want to know by what right the police have refused to accept charges against rioters; I want to know who has ordered the abrogation of the most elementary rights of the citizens, and why authorities who are bound to protect every man in doing that which he has a legal right to do—even though they have to call upon all the forces of the Crown—have permitted the Ancient Order of Hibernians to besiege Dublin, taking possession of the railway stations like a foreign army. Prime Ministers have fallen, and ministers of State have been impeached for less than this. I demand that the coming Police Inquiry shall be so widened that we may get to the bottom of a conspiracy, whose like has not been seen in any English-speaking town during living memory. Intriguers have met together somewhere behind the scenes that they might turn the religion of Him who thought it hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven into an oppression of the poor.

The Real Criminals.

By MAUD GUNNE.

The employers of Dublin have asked their workers to sign a document which no self-sacrificing man could sign. They would oblige them to sign away their free will.

For the honour of our race, the men have refused; there would have been small hope for the Irish nation if they had consented! It would have meant that foreign domination had destroyed all manhood.

Because the workers have shown that poor and down-trodden as they are, their souls are not enslaved and that they are worthy of Ireland, the employers have declared they will starve them into submission, and that their women and children shall die of hunger in the streets.

In a free country employers of labour would never have dared to propose such a thing, for they would have been treated as the criminals they are. In Ireland they are protected by a police force over which Ireland has no control, and encouraged by a magistracy whose object seems to be to make justice a derision.

What wonder that the Labour Leader, James Larkin, was condemned by a picket jury, some of whose members said themselves they should not act because they were parties in the trouble.

Until Ireland is free such things are inevitable. We can only stand by the workers, remembering that they are fighting for Ireland's honour.

THE LORD MAYOR'S INSULT.

At the Peace Meeting, on Monday night, the "Morning Mirror," in a very sneering way, said that if he needed the cheers of the crowd he could have easily obtained them during the past few weeks. We thank him for the insult; we expected no better from him. If he thinks the working class of Dublin devoid of reasoning power, and likely to cheer any cheap orator that comes along he is mistaken.

We have a little more intelligence and more of the critical faculty than the old generation—now happily passing—had when they were told "the day is not far distant." We of the trade union class do our own thinking; we are not the mob of cheering, excited idiots that Sherifflock has labelled us.

It must be fully borne in mind that over six weeks ago the Lord Mayor was asked through the Press and in the Corporation to start a Mansion House Relief Fund to provide food for the women and children that were to be callously starved to death; while good, virtuous, philanthropic citizens stood by and watched the starving innocent women and children that Murphy sought to starve. He, in his fitful moment, was being on the side of the locked-out men, refused to open a public fund. The reason he gave was that he could not get any money for the Nelson-Byrne Fund. That excuse for not doing his obvious duty to the starving non-combatants of his own city will be fresh in your minds. Remember it when he is again seeking your vote.

When the civilised world stood against at the attempt to starve the Dublin working class into

subsidisation and the money began to pour in from America, Australia, Holland, Germany, Britain, France, and other countries, the official head of our starving city still refused to compromise. Mansion House Fund, Trust, a Ladies' Relief Committee and sub-committee, a League, it was pointed out that it was only a Ladies' Relief Committee.

It will be remembered that His Grace the Archbishop gave £100 to this "Ladies' Committee," and in the set-posed to the public duty of providing food for the women and children. The Archbishop showed Sherifflock that he had made an error of judgment. It brought home to him that he had failed in his duty, that he had dallied too long in had a way of rectifying the error as I will show.

In the "Daily Express" of Tuesday last, his good woman, Mrs. Mary, has a letter signed "Mrs. Sheehy," Secretary of the "Mansion House" Ladies Fund. Note the remarkable coincidence. Prior to the Archbishop's contribution, it was plain Mary, the story of the "Ladies Fund" in the English paper she becomes "Mrs." Secretary of a "Mansion House Fund."

We will remember this sneer, as also his refusal to open a public fund, and we will remember more from the other side of the "Relief Committee" we ask a protest against the changing of the name of their fund in anticipation of the January elections.

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THE CRIME AND THE PUNISHMENT.

James Larkin deserved to go to jail. He was preventing a social experiment of great importance to Ireland from being carried out. We have never accurately determined how little human beings can live on, and how little air space is necessary for families. Scientific men are continually telling us how adaptable human nature is; that it can live near to the icy Pole and in the torrid Zone; but except in Dublin no experiments on a really large scale had been carried on for generations on the economic feeding and housing of workers. It is quite possible that after exhaustive experiments had been carried out we could have produced the really economic worker who would be content with five shillings a week, which would suffice for his simple wants; we might have found out that human beings could be packed comfortably in rooms like bees in a hive, and could generate heat to warm themselves by their very number without the necessity for coal; we might have bred human beings immune through long familiarity to the attacks of bacteria, to whom dirt was native, and so enable Municipality to dispense with sanitary officers at great expense. There is no reason to suppose that in another generation our Dublin workers would not have lost all superfluous desires and been happy in what are called slums. The birds, less adaptable than men, became quite content in their cages, and if they are taken out will go back again. Experiments have been already successfully tried with Dublin workers. Some of them were continually moved into new houses but soon went back to their old quarters. The experiment was necessary. The importance of all this will be seen when it is remembered that the world is rapidly filling up and the pinch will soon be felt. The now proud and well-fed races will die like flies, when their rations are cut, but if Ireland has trained its workers to live on the minimum of food bought by the minimum wage and to be content with mere body space in a room, then Ireland will be the premier country and the Irish will subsist, and inherit, the earth. Nothing is more annoying to scientific investigators than the unscientific, humanitarian-like James Larkin, who comes along and upsets all calculations and destroys the labour of generations in the evolution of the underman, which was going along so well. He was not only insisting on more food and better houses, but was actually removing more of the subjects of experiment out of their scientific environment. As the Archbishop explained: "Taking the children away for what I heard is called a holiday can do no real good. It can have but one permanent result, and that surely the reverse of a beneficent one. It will not make them discontented with the poor homes, to which they will sooner or later return. That surely is a result by no means to be viewed with anything but abhorrence by anyone sincerely anxious for the happiness of the poor." Exposed to the contagion of cleanliness, the alien influence of what is called a nutritious diet introduced into stomachs unprepared to resist such insidious influences, the young underman is thrown back in his evolution. He is no longer the noiseless and efficient social machine; he is actually discontented with the christian atmosphere of the slum, a thing we may rightly say is abhorrent to those who were bringing about the happiness of the worker by the scientific elimination of all unnecessary desires. James Larkin in his prison cell will have time to think of the great work he has interrupted, and for which interruption it was obvious he really was punished. Sedition is no crime in Ireland. Everybody—Unionist and Nationalist alike—talk sedition. People, like Sir Edward Carson, are actually encouraged to be seditious. The army deserts to join him; the Church, which is predominant in Ulster, blesses him. The real crime James Larkin was guilty of was interrupting the scientific evolution of the underman. Remember how anxiously the Attorney-General argued for the inclusion on the jury of those people who were carrying out the experiment, and who understood its importance. He almost asked them before trial would they give a verdict on the right or scientific side before he would allow them sit on the jury. Packed! Of course the jury was packed. Does anybody think the ordinary unscientific human being with his sympathies in favour of full wages, with his extravagant notions about wages would be allowed to try such a case? If the unscientific were allowed a free hand—why, they would have had all the employers in the dock as criminals engaged in a conspiracy to starve one-third of the population of Dublin. Such are the fantastic notions of the unscientific mind. James Larkin was rightly locked up before he made matters worse. We can now without interruption retrace our steps backward in the direction of the cave man!

GEORGE RUSSELL.

PEMBROKE NOTES.

Are ye there, Bella? Who's Bella? Bella is the Township tout for the "Chamber of Horrors." She is the wife of one of the members, who has the reputation of being one of the greatest cowards in the force, "Nappy" Murphy (132). How Bella came to join the force is well known, and need not be repeated. Bella parades the village of Irishtown, and visits all the little shops, seeking all the information possible, and conveys it to "Nappy." She dare not visit the "Chamber" herself. Nappy does not look too well lately. He has been on his holidays in Kerry, and had to come back in a hurry. The Jewman has evidently been putting on the scow. Three visits a week from a Jewman looks as if there was something wrong. "Nappy" is a great hand at wielding the baton, especially when a lot of idle boys are playing about. He was one of the baton brigade who helped to knock out the old men in Ringsend on Bloody Saturday. This boy is a pure nut. Where, oh, where are you, "Arklow Kate"? Now, "Nappy," can you give any information? More anon. My note last week regarding the Chamber of Horrors Drinking Den caused a flutter. The messman refused several of the very doubtful characters who were in the habit of getting drunk there. The Superintendent should pay a surprise visit there either on a Sunday morning or Sunday night. He would be surprised at the "sights" that would meet his gaze. I have evidently earned the disapproval of the members of the Bottlemakers' Society for my reference to some of their visiting scab agents. What I stated was absolute truth. A rigid boycott should be established by the residents against all those who are scabbing in Pembroke. Shopkeepers should refuse to serve them. It remains with the members of the Transport Union to start the boycott. By this means those creatures will be made feel that they are despised. Shun them everywhere. Refuse to purchase goods in the shops where they or their people visit. Transport workers, instruct your wives and children to adopt the boycott. Up lads. What up-to-date information the members of the "Chamber of Horrors" receive. The Black Lad (Sloan, 92), was in Ringsend during the week looking for two young men (that went to Australia six months ago), in connection with some crime that was supposed to have taken place last Sunday. Try again; you may be able to fix it on some person who is dead. Why does Big Ben always select a Butcher's shop to find information? Now Diamond and Mary Haythorpe-Tay, can you answer? Certainly he is no ornament to the shop. Sullivan (the Mock Monk), scab conductor, made a flying visit home across the park during the week. He was escorted back by a member of the Chamber of Horrors. This "fed on the neighbours" lick-spittle was never known to do a day's work till "Murder" Murphy called for "scabs." "Andy the Bull," scab conductor, wants to know if there is any cure for "scab." The Department of Agriculture, Veterinary Branch, may be able to inform you. In the meantime I would advise you to use plenty of vaseline. Wilson, scab conductor, has evidently got tired walking out with Long Jack Murtagh's (scab driver) daughter. He is now walking out with a young lady that does business in a pork butchers. This scab (Wilson) Orangeman, got some severe punishment not long since for making love to another man's wife. Towser Mooks, scab driver, is looking somewhat worried. Towser, did you lose the pepper castor? The Mermaid and "Singer" have disappeared from the window at Bath avenue. Now blow, Towser! What a disreputable lot are the members of the Idlers' Club, the few that's left. All the members who had any self-respect resigned their membership. "Best All" was in fighting attitude at the last meeting—at least if the report written by Pat Joe be correct. Pat Joe has been very silent lately. He is, from all accounts, endeavouring to locate the long-lost 3/4. "Jam Pots" is very busy collecting for the loyal tramway scabs. There has been no account of his collection of blood-money published. It's in good hands. Every effort possible has been made by them to induce some people who were members to act as scabs on the tram. Some have proved themselves men; others scabs. The Sanctimonious Crawl-thumpers' Association have surpassed anything yet established for the production of scabs. What trade unionist with any respect for himself or his class could belong to an order with such a reputation? Some time ago, in reply to "Mary of the Outing Knot," I stated that the unfortunate individual who resided in the same establishment should wear the trousers. My advice has not been taken. That person is now scabbing in the Fort and Lecks. Evidently Mary is the man. The scab microbe seems to have taken deep root in the Pembroke Cottages, Ringsend. The following are now to be known as scabs:— P. Clarke (Starry), J. Clarke (Kidney), P. Clarke (Waxer), Stephen Colleen, Mike Fehan (Whinger), Frank Hopkiss, Turance Whelan, Wm. Murphy (a chip of the old block). Shopkeepers are warned not to supply any of the above with any article which they require. A vigorous boycott. New

trade unionists and friends of the workers take note. All credit be given to those who proved themselves to be men. Some with young families; some old men; they are worthy of the name. Stand loyally together and the battle is won, and then remember the scabs. NIX. Wexford Notes. Our Chief is in gasl, and still the fight goes on with more determination than ever. Administrators of the law, always on the side of the employer, thought that by getting Larkin out of the way the men could easily be got at; but the Dublin men have been taught in a dear school, and will not deviate an inch from the position taken up in the beginning. The anti-deportation force has been carried on to such an extent that some of the "Ancient Order of Hyppocrites" have actually gone to the parents of children in Wexford, telling them to mind their children, as there were kidnappers in town. Was there ever such fanaticism and from such a body, too? Heaven keep this country of ours from the rule of John D. Nugent's gang! Dr. Halligan is the latest addition to their ranks in Wexford. He must be of opinion that they will shortly be a power on the Boards in town, and anticipates being pitched for a job; but if we have any say in the matter, and we think we will, this will never happen. Labour is out to clean public life, and will do it at all costs. At a specially convened meeting of the Transport Union, Wexford Branch, on Tuesday night last, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That we, the members of the Wexford Branch of the Irish Transport Union, condemn the action of the Government in sending our Leader, Jim Larkin, to jail on the verdict of a packed jury, composed of men of the capitalist class directly implicated in the present dispute in Dublin, whilst Sir Edward Carson is allowed to preach revolution and drill troops in the North to fight against the coming of Home Rule; also that we demand his instant release." There was a bit of a squabble between two men in Billy Doyle's "Noah's Ark" last week which led to the Law Courts. One of the interested parties happened to be a crony of the boss; this individual happened to be the complainant, and because two other chaps in the same firm went to give evidence for the defence, the all-powerful "Sweet William" locked both of them with the defendant out for a week; and this man is allowed to act as a magistrate. How long, O Lord, how long! John Redmond, M.P., was in town last week, and the chagrin of the Mollies knew no bounds, when they found that he had gone, without paying them a visit. Now whatever John is he is not a Mollie by choice, and he was in the hands of a very prominent member of a most tolerant society during his stay in Wexford. We have heard told that John Belmont was motoring into Greystown Sunday evening last, when he collided with an ass and car, after the accident, he jumped to the ground with the now famous WRENCH in his hand, the driver of the car evidently having heard about him, ran away shouting to him not to murder him; half an hour afterwards he was in Boyne's Hotel running down Salmon and Pierre as only a twister can, and there was a little bird there. Mick Parle, Pierce's foreman blacksmith, "save the mark," was in a bit of trouble last week with that big scab in High Street and his son, it appears that Parle went to tell the son how to do some work, the wrong way (of course), he got indignant and told his father who told him to go home until he would see Bobbie Malone, he saw him afterwards and told him that both he and his son, knew their business and would not have any dictation from Parle. Malone then talked soft to him, and told him to send for his son and he would deal with them for the future, they must be badly off for smiths. Jimmy Mahoney is showing the sort of Labour man he is during this last week by keeping money on men who had earned it hard. It appears two men named Malone were employed by him to stow timber in a vessel's hold for a certain sum per ton. When she was loaded he offered them half the amount, which would not be taken. A summons was got out against him in due course to recover the money, but a few minutes before the case was called, he paid up, with a little extra for the solitons who had been employed. In all seriousness, is this man a friend of the worker? The Kidnapper Caught. A prominent official of a public institution in Dublin, and a pillar of the A.O.H., who has for many years conducted a highly remunerative business in body snatching whereby the helpless children of poor parents were rushed through the initial stages of the Industrial Institution System which fits them for the army or the jail, is now supposed to be the author of all the outcry about Proselytising concerning the generous actions of those who trespass upon his preserves; and an article will appear about this modern "Sack-en-off" later. Independent Labour Party of Ireland Ancient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick Street. Lecture to-morrow (Sunday) at 8 p.m. by Tom Lynch, entitled "Socialism." Admission Free. Questions and Discussion Invited. Lectures by Socialists on "Socialism" every Sunday at 8 p.m. If you want to understand what Socialism means come to the Home of Socialism and learn. For information write to Walter Carpenter, Ancient Concert Buildings, Dublin.

BELFAST HELPERS. Readers of the "Irish Worker" may be interested in the activities of our young Belfast rebels on behalf of the locked-out Dublin workers. Help of various kinds was rendered by the younger members of the Irish Textile Workers' Union, under Miss Carney and Mrs. Gordon, and by the boys and girls of Naí Finna Eirann (National Boy Scouts and Gial Guides). Meetings to influence public opinion and to solicit public support have been held at the principal street corners in the industrial districts. Sometimes we faced well, sometimes ill; but we took all in good humour. Practically five nights out of the seven were given to these during the last six weeks, and each of these nights could be seen, or rather heard, a spirited little band, which included Jack Carney, Mrs. Gordon, Jim Granley, and Cathal O'Sullivan, holding forth on the rights and duties of the workers in the struggle. Church door collections have been taken up at most of the services of the past three weeks; and I very much fear that many a coin dropped into the boxes—"Dublin Lock-out—Help the Women and Children"—that ordinarily would have found its way into the collecting boxes of St. Vincent de Paul. But, sure, it only saved the same and, though through different channels and I am confident that could we only know the opinion of this spirit he would most likely tell us that the double purpose was served of feeding the hungry and helping to lighten the increasing claims made upon his benevolence which this rotten social system of ours is creating. Substantial sums have been lifted at football matches, meetings, house-to-house collections, etc., and this day (Saturday) we will begin a crusade of the theatres, music halls and picture houses; and this we shall continue throughout the whole of next week. We hope to be able to forward good sums each week until the end of the struggle, and look to that spirit of good fellowship and comradeship that has stood as in good stead these last eight weeks. For these be the times that try men's souls—and women's. WINIFRED CARNEY. Boxing Tournament in aid of the Women and Children Fund. To the Editor "Irish Worker." 4 Irvine Crescent, Church Road, Dublin, 28th Oct, 1913. DEAR SIR,—The Committee of the above desires to express thanks to all those who so kindly helped in the promotion and support of this good work. To Mr. Pat Fox, as organiser of the Tournament, a deep debt of gratitude is due. To the management of the Tivoli Theatre we feel indebted, more particularly to Mr. Jones, Manager, through whose kindness and courtesy, the Theatre was placed at our disposal. To the Boxers we offer words both of praise for their sincerity and thanks for so manfully coming forward gratuitously, at such a time in aid of such a noble cause. To Mr. J. Frank Bradley, "Mirror of Life," we feel thankful for travelling from London to referee. We also beg to thank all subscribers for their liberal subscriptions, and though last not least, the Band which contributed a fine selection of music.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, PATRICK LENNON, Hon. Sec. Established 1880. For Reliable Provisions! LEIGHS, of Bishop St. STABLE HEAD. T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Hairdresser, 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN. An Up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort, Antiseptic used. Success to the Workers' Cause. N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 39 AUNGIER STREET (Opposite Jacob's). FOR IRISH PLUG & ROLL. Kenna Brothers, Provision Market, 58 Lower Sheriff Street, Best Quality Goods, Lowest Prices. DISCOUNT FOR CASH. SMALL PROFIT STORE FOR MEN'S BOOTS. Real Hand-Pegged Blacklers, nailed and un-nailed ... 4/11 Worth 6/6. Real Chrome, Box Calf & Glod Kid Boots; thoroughly damp 6/11 Worth 8/11. Small Profit Store, 78 Talbot St. J. L. Doyle, "Publican, BRUNSWICK ST., Serving Scabs out of "Independent" and "Herald."

To the "Villas of Genteel Dastards." ("A City of Bellowing Slaves! Villas of Genteel Dastards!— JOHN MITCHELL, Jail Journal). It was a glorious civic boast—civic Romanus sum! But we—we want no citizens, we have the Orange drum; We have the Ancient Order and ratapayers of renown, And publicans and peelers all over Dublin town. Oh mean and crafty Dublin, the sons you've flung away! The tale of your iniquity you're filling up to-day; You cringe and slink before the lash, I know you for a cur, Who turned on a Lord Edward, who fawned upon a Sir. You stood aside while Emmet died, you let John Mitchell go Across the seas of exile, nor struck one man's blow; To save the ardent hearts who would have set you up on high; You found the paid informer, you cheered the penion spy. You sit within your villas, genteely, as of yore, Unheeding the fierce life that throbs a stone's throw from your door; Have you no blood to nerve your arm to do the deed? The portents that surround you have you no eyes to read? I see a band of shabby men, down in a shabby street, I see the light in eyes upheld a leader's eyes to meet; I know that spark of holy fire and bend a reverent knee Before the light unquenchable of man's divinity. No prouder sight has Ireland seen since banded peasants stood Upon her fields for freedom than this famished brotherhood, Who in their leader's message have caught a distant gleam Of that far Holy City, our glory and our dream. These are the sons whom Dublin should gather to her breast; These—these her citizens to spread her glory East and West. Ye cannot quench the spirit, but oh, consider well, Lest ye should turn the torch of God to light the fires of hell. SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

The People's Chief. Come forth, come forth, Anointed One, Nor blazon nor honours bearing; No "anointed line" be thy seal or sign, The crown of Humanity wearing. Spring out as lucid fountains spring Exulting from the ground; Arise, as Adam rose from God, with Strength and knowledge crowned. Years of misery, of unrequited toil of soul-killing slavery, had crushed the spirit of our workers; in their wretched homes they lived their cheerless lives, illumined by no ray that heaven sends to brighten man's path through life; soulless, spiritless, bereft of ideals, they lay in slumber and dared not even dream of "brighter days to be." The bitter cry which at length arose from the unseen depths of misery and squalor in which they lay called forth the Chief—the man of the hour—who was to right their wrongs. Like unto the cry of the child, of old, a Patrick came in answer to their call. He came unto his own, for he was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, and they received him. With eager ears they drank in the saving gospel of hope, which bade them cast aside their shackles and stand forth erect and defiant as men with rights to maintain and courage to achieve their objects. Into their parched souls flowed the red wine of hope—hope that begot courage—that courage which in after days made them do and dare all for the new ideal. Their masters told them that they must either starve or desert the Chief, whom they had proved and found true. 'Twas to be a war regardless of sex or age; the tiny infant at its mother's breast must feel the pang of starvation if the father would not forsake the leader. To break their loyalty the armed hirelings of the Empire dyed the streets with innocent blood; yet even the workers knew not fear. The most formidable combination that the wit of man could devise stood leagued against them; Priest, Parson, Press, and Politician made common cause, but still they did not falter. Now, when your Chief lies in the prison, shall your courage fail? A convicted criminal is he in the eyes of the English law, but his crime is the noblest and holiest crime that Irishman can commit—the crime of Sedition; 'tis a crime for which many a one of your race has not feared to tread the scaffold in the days that were. To us, as ever, a "felon's cap is the noblest crown that man can wear." Like Mitchell, who stood in the same dock, can he prove that "one, two, two, aye, three hundred," shall carry on the holy fight for justice. Then keep the watch, my brothers all, Let not your courage fail; Within the gloomy prison wall, He does not flinch or quail. ONLY. When You Want Anything, Don't forget to go for it to the WIDOW REILLY'S LITTLE SHOP, 24 Lr. Sheriff Street. KATIE LYNCH, (Now Mrs. Brazier) HAMILTON ROW, Selling "Independent" & "Herald" WORKERS PLEASE NOTE. Irish Stationery Engine and Firemen's Trade Union, Trades Hall, Capel street, Dublin, 31st Oct, 1913. The Management Committee of above, at their meeting held on Thursday, 30th inst., the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That we extend to our brother P. Conroy, our sincerest sympathy in the hour of his sad bereavement, owing to the death of his son." Passed in the usual way. JOHN COFFEY, Secretary. MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. SWEETEST AND BEST, THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

DUBLIN
COAL FACTORS'
ASSOCIATION.
Registered 301.
Liberty Hall,
BERESFORD PLACE.
Prices on Application.
Trades Unionists!
Support Your Friends.

Tobaccos,
Cigars, Cigarettes,
AT CONWAYS.
31 Exchequer Street and 10a Aungier St.
[Opposite Jacob's Branch I.T.U.]
Established 1894.
Good Value and Courtesy our motto.

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.

Go to
MURRAY'S
Sheriff Street,
FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS
AND GROCERIES.

Don't forget LARKIN'S
LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE
Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,
38 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.
IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

Irish Manufactured
WAR PIPES
MacKenzie & Macken,
War Pipe Makers,
54 Bolton Street, Dublin.
Every Instrument guaranteed to give
entire satisfaction. Everything relating to
the War Pipe kept in stock. Save the
Middleman's Profit by purchasing direct
from our Workshop.
All information necessary for starting
bands, &c., free on application.
Note Address.

Every Workingman
SHOULD JOIN
St. Brigid's Christian Burial Society,
RINGSBEND.
Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality
Benefits. Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'clock.
One Penny per Week. Estd. 52 Years.

TELEPHONS 1266 AND 597
PAT KAVANAGH,
Provisions,
Beef, Mutton and Pork.
GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.
74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street;
51 and 73 New Street; 1 Dean Street
DUBLIN.

Please Support
Our Advertisers.

Labour Campaign—Continued.
The judges, lawyers, magistrates and
sycophants of the Nugent and Moriarty
type find it in their interests to again
turn their coats.
But we must not forget.
Sir Edward Carson, P.C., is still at
large, and column after column of that
"popular paper the Freeman's Journal is
devoted to his seditious utterances. "Are
you there, Moriarty?" Attorney General.
Are you the same Moriarty who states
that Carson was responsible for the dis-
turbances in Belfast? Why not prose-
cute him now? I hardly recognise
you, for I have not seen you since you
made a gallant effort to mount an U.I.L.
platform in O'Connell street some couple
of years ago, and strange you were re-
pulsed. You got on the wrong platform,
for your friend, "Wee" Joe, was speak-
ing from another, and John D. Nugent
was not in evidence. This was about the
time that you endeavoured with Denis
Johnston, John D. Nugent, "Wee" Joe
Devlin, and a man named Dalton, of
laundry fame, to found a National Club,
bless the mark! But you were all too
well-known, and the aristocratic club of
the Board of Erin did not mature.

NOTES.
That P. J. Kettle, Hibernian J.P., fol-
lowing the footsteps of his uncle, Andy,
has out-Heroded Herod. P. J. at one
time, not so long ago, promised to become
one of the most popular men in the
county. He was ready to lend a helping
hand now and again to his poorer neigh-
bours when he could afford it, which was
not often. He was ready to mount the
platform and to pose as the friend of the
worker, but that was the time when he
was planning to oust P. J. O'Neill, now
the protegee of the Aberdeens, from the
Co. Council, and the P. J. K. succeeding
at the elections in beating the P. J. O'N.
He was the white-haired boy in these
days; but evil association corrupts good
manners, and the contamination of the
A.O.H. and the award of the J.P. killed
any decent instincts he possessed. His
appearance in the role of evictor backed
up by policemen and bailiffs caps the
climax and destroys for ever his chance
of again representing the people. R.I.P.
That Wm. O'Neill and his brother P. J.
are qualifying for their entree to the
Castle-Levy, their nephew, son of Squire
Joe, has already been "presented" and
doubtless lawyer like is on the look out for
a fat job. I hope to be a silent witness
outside the castle gates of the advent of
Stadig William and debonnaire P. J.,
dressed in court costume, full bottomed
wigs, cut away coats, knee breeches, silk
stockings, buckled shoes, and swords by
their sides.
Oh shades of Don Quixote and Fanchon-
passa, it will be enough to make a cat
laugh. Of course the D.M.P. will be there
to prevent the wind coming twixt them
and their nobility. By the way the Police,
R.I.C. (in this case), I understand are tired
saluting the "master's" as they pass to
and fro through Kinsely, and derive end-
less amusement, even a policeman laughs,
in listening to William's strident tones
denouncing the scab ploughman he has
imported from the North. Patience Wil-
liam and turn the plough, and to h—
with the headlands.
That a prominent member of the Em-
ployers' Federation, and a particular
friend of some of the County Dublin farm-
ers, who buy his coal and carts away his
stable manure, was one of the "Grand"
Jury who found a true bill against Jim
Larkin. This gentleman of the rubicund
visage and ponderous capacity for the
storage of Varray carefully blended with
distilled barleycorn, was unable to contain
his feelings, even though he was able to
retain his feet. His reference in the
Grand Jury room to the "bottle throwers"
was well received, and were the issue in
his power he would make the "punish-
ment fit the crime." Probably my "coolly"
friend had dined not wisely but too well.
Thought of, yet not of, the same name as
the Scotch seedman Robertson, who led
the County Dublin farmers into the mire,
"Eye" would suggest that you be more
careful with your alcoholic vapourings,
you old S.N.R.

TRADES UNIONISTS!
KEEP AWAY
FROM
THEATRE DE LUXE
CAMDEN STREET,
And support your brothers
in their fight!

ALL NEW GOODS.
Immense Display of NEW AUTUMN GOODS.
We have just now arriving daily the Smartest, Newest and Most Up-to-Date
products of the home and foreign markets.
OURS—Always the keenest popular prices. OURS—Always the largest stock to select from.
Every item in both our houses the best value. We want your business.

Belton & Co., General Drapers,
THOMAS ST. AND ST. BRUNSWICK ST.

Irish Transport Workers' Union.
CORK BRANCH.
John Dillon installs J. F. Moriarty as
Attorney-General.
It is to be hoped that the powers that
be are satisfied, at least for seven months.
They have succeeded, aided by the At-
torney General, whom John Dillon, Irish
Parliamentary Party, placed in position
by his influence; the job is £2,500 with
emoluments.
It is clearly stated in the "Gaelic
American" that John Dillon obtained the
job for Moriarty, and that he (Moriarty)
pays back the compliment by using his
eloquence to place Ireland's Labour
Leader in durance vile. Therefore he
will be unable to frustrate the passing of
the Home Rule Bill, as he has been
accused of doing by those non-represent-
atives of the Irish workers—an acusa-
tion that is false, as every trades unionist
throughout the length and breadth of Ire-
land has testified.
It is now time for the workers of Ire-
land to combine into one gigantic associa-
tion, and adopt a resolution demanding
the release of their leader, as it is now
definitely established by the bogus trial
that he was subjected to that there is a
distinct class of law for the worker to
that of the politician, as Carson has
preached sedition from one county to
another in the province of Ulster with
impunity.
Workers, then think of it! Jim Larkin
to get a fair trial by a jury whom he
has been at war with for the past five
years. He would have obtained a more
just trial in '98, when it was a crime to
be an Irishman, and particularly a
Catholic; and what have we to-day?
We have a murderous gang of capitalists,
comprising all demon nations, banded
together for the extinction of all and
every member of the Irish race who will
not submit to their tyrannical dictat-
orship. And these are the men who formed
the jury to give their fierce and honest
opponent a fair trial. What chicanery!
At a specially convened meeting of the
Branch, the following resolution was un-
animously agreed to:—
"That we the members of the Cork
Branch, in meeting assembled, strongly
condemn the farcical methods adopted
by the minions of the so-called Liberal
Government, in having their leader
placed on trial during the present labour
dispute.
And we further condemn the in-
justice of his trial by a jury who were
publicly known to be antagonistic to
him.
And we further condemn the unjust
sentence of seven months, while another
subject of the Crown is preaching sedi-
tion throughout Ireland with impunity."
I wish to draw the special attention of
the police authorities to the conduct of two
members of the R.I.C. at the "witching
hour of midnight (or to be more accurate,
between 12.30 and 1 p.m. on Sunday morn-
ing), who deliberately cut away a portion
of the doorway of Liberty Hall, Merchant's
Quay, with a knife. Those two R.I.C.'s
may consider it a clever art, but, if they
were not on duty, perhaps, they may be
able to state a reason to their superior
officer what they were doing out at that
hour, especially injuring property that
the force is paid to protect. No doubt
they have heard of Sergeant Sheridan, etc.,
but we know that a relative of one of them
resides close to Liberty Hall, Merchant's
Quay. "How they all love Jim."
Three of the members of the Branch
have made application to take one child
each from Dublin, during the struggle for
emanipation of the workers, and I can
guarantee to the parents that they will be
carefully attended to, both spiritually and
temporarily.
These, I hope, will not be the only appli-
cations from here, as I am informed there
are several others who intend doing like-
wise.
This, I hope, will allay the feelings, or
partly do so, of our clergy, as they are
greatly distressed about our children being
taken across channel. Perhaps, our clergy
may know of some who may also come to
the children's aid, by taking over some of
them while their fathers are engaged in
this struggle for a "fair day's pay for a
fair day's work."

TRANSPORT WORKERS.
Correspondence
To the Editor "Irish Worker."
Abbey street, Roscommon,
27th October, 1913.
SIR,—I append copy of a resolution
passed unanimously by the members of
the Roscommon Trade and Labour Society.
—I am, sir, yours faithfully,
MICHAEL L. NOON, Sec.
Proposed by Bernard Heare, seconded
by Michael Noonan.
Resolved:—"That we, the members
of the Roscommon Trade and Labour
Society, congratulate our fellow-workers
in Dublin and their trustworthy leaders,
Messrs Larkin, Farbridge, and Connolly,
etc., on the brave stand they are making
against Capitalism and blood-sucking
employers; that we condemn the mean
action of that double dyed monster—
Murphy, who, by his writings in the
Press as well as his duping of the other
employers, is trying to lead the workers
of Ireland blindly; that we advise the
workers of Dublin to stick together like
brave men until they get their rights,
as there never was a battle won with-
out some sacrifice, and when the day
of deliverance is come Labour will gain
a victory which your generations to
come shall never forget, and in which
we, your fellow-workers, shall reap the
reward.
"May God bless you in the noble
work, for, in the words of the Bible,
the labourer is worthy of his hire."
Passed unanimously.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
CYCLE | CYCLE | CYCLE |
J. HANNAN,
175 Nth. Strand Road,
Agent for Lancia, Ariel and Fleet Cycles
Easy Payments from 2/- Weekly.
All Accessories kept in stock. Repairs a
Speciality by Skilled Mechanic.

WORKERS IN TRINITY WARD TAKE NOTICE.
Mr. Magrane Chandler, Lincoln Place,
received Coal under police protection.
When asked his reasons for so doing by
a few Trade Unionists, he stated he would
buy his coal where he liked. Now Mr.
Magrane, you seem to forget that the
workers give you the means to buy not
only your coal but other commodities, but
we don't forget and let me tell you, that
previous to this lock-out you could not
afford to buy a ton, but were satisfied with
a bag from a bellman.
Workers, wives, and small shopkeepers,
keep clear of the above, and let Magrane
see we have a say in this matter.
A worker from Trinity Ward,
D. HAYDEN.

Finest Farmers Pure Butter
1/-, 1/2, 1/3 per lb.
Fresh Irish Eggs at Lowest Prices
PATRICK J. WHELAN,
82 QUEEN ST., DUBLIN.
The Up-to-Date Paper Shop.
KEARNEY'S
Has the best stock of working-class papers in
Ireland. Come to us for the "Irish Worker,"
"The Labour Leader," "Forward," and all
progressive books and pamphlets. All on sale.
Note Only Address—
KEARNEY'S Newsagency, Tobacco
SHOP,
59 UPPER STEPHEN STREET,
Established over 50 Years.

INDUSTRIAL
Co-operative Society
(DUBLIN), LTD.
Bakers, Grocers & General
Merchants.
Owned and controlled by the working
classes, who divide the profits quarterly.
Payment of 1s. Entitles you to
Membership.
Grocery Branches—17 Turlough Terrace,
Fairview; 82B Lower Dorset Street,
165 Church Road.
Bakery Branch—164 Church Road.

O'HARA'S,
Tobacconist, Newsagent
and Chandler,
74 BRIDE STREET

JIM LARKIN.
Where freighted Mersey bears her argo-
sias,
And vaunting Commerce spreads volup-
tuous wings,
Claiming her tribute from a hundred seas,
Proud, rich and ruthless as were Peria's
kings;
Amid the wrecks of Fortune and of State,
The sweating thousands—Toil's un-
numbered clan—
Hair to no riches but a MAN'S estate,
Powered with no favours, there arose—
A Man.
Amid no jubilee that infant raised
Its wondering eyes upon a heedless
world;
But on the restlessness of Labour gazed
The while his angel watched with wings
still furled.
The press of life passed by; his puny
wants
Distressed him little; for his sire won
By ceaseless toil amid those busy haunts
The frugal fare he needs must thrive
upon.
His baby cries by simple songs were
stilled,
His childish steps by gentle hands were
stayed,
His early flights with noble tales were
thrilled,
But ne'er to littleness or vice betrayed.
And ere the fabric of his frame had set
He took his place amid his peers and
and felt—
"the pride of honest labour and the sweet
Nursing the soaring visions of the Celt.
He learned amid the strains of frown and
brain,
His destiny, his lesson, and his goal;
Beheld how nobleness in man is slain,
And how God's image withers in his
soul.
His mind undimmed by excesses of ill
Beheld the miseries that round him
thronged
His heart responsive, roused his potent
will,
He struck the vibrant tocsin of the
wronged.
And, as the lightning flash of thunder
warns
His wrathful soul betokened bursting
clouds;
Striped of its panoplies—he fronts and
scorns—
The golden fetich wrapt in purple
shrouds.
His destiny, wherein no timid fears,
Nor faltering hands, nor compromising
gauge,
Have room or place, the hoarded wrongs of
years
In him embodied—fuel his just rage.
He may be broken, but he won't be bent,
He may be courted, but he can't be
bought,
Though breath and blood may futilely be
spent,
He yet will triumph in the truths he
taught.
Unloosed the darts of calumny may speed;
Swift winged by Hate, or Envy, fiercer
still—
Who smites the savage beast of lust and
greed
Must know that vampire ever bleeds to
kill.
But he reckes not the brave and just man's
friend,
True to his lineage, tutelage, and aim;
Scathless, scornful, faithful to the end,
Scattering the hosts of tyranny and
shame.
SHAGHAN.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
But no danger from stones or
clinkers by purchasing your COALS
FROM
ANDREW S. CLARKIN,
7 TARA STREET.
Telephone No. 2769.
Support the Trades Unionist and
secure a good fire.
Not affected by the present crisis
in the Coal Trade.

**IF you have not the ready money con-
venient, 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.

FANACAN'S FUNERAL
Establishment,
54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN.
Established more than Half-Century.
Coffins, Hearses, Coaches, and every
Funeral Requisite.
Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House
Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed.
Telephone No. 12.

COAL
For best qualities of House Coals delivered
in large or small quantities, at City Prices.
.. ORDER FROM ..
P. O'CARROLL,
BLACK LION,
INCHICORE.

BECKER Bros.
FINEST, PUREST AND
CHEAPEST
TEAS.
PRICES—2/5, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6,
1/4 and 1/2.
8 South Great George's Street,
AND
17 North Earl Street,
DUBLIN.

To Enjoy Your Meals
AND
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.

Workers in Trinity Ward take Notice.
Mr. Magrane Chandler, Lincoln Place,
received Coal under police protection.
When asked his reasons for so doing by
a few Trade Unionists, he stated he would
buy his coal where he liked. Now Mr.
Magrane, you seem to forget that the
workers give you the means to buy not
only your coal but other commodities, but
we don't forget and let me tell you, that
previous to this lock-out you could not
afford to buy a ton, but were satisfied with
a bag from a bellman.
Workers, wives, and small shopkeepers,
keep clear of the above, and let Magrane
see we have a say in this matter.
A worker from Trinity Ward,
D. HAYDEN.

Finest Farmers Pure Butter
1/-, 1/2, 1/3 per lb.
Fresh Irish Eggs at Lowest Prices
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