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



Edited by JIM LARKIN,

won!

Who is it speaks of defeat?

Is greater than defeat

As surely as the earth

rolls round ' As surely as the

glorious sun Brings the great world

moon wave

Must our Cause be

can know-It is the power of

powers.

1 tell you a cause like ours;

No. 38 -- Vot. III.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1974

ONE PENNY.

A Tale of a Pub:

at newspaper rate, and to Canada and Newfoundland at magazine rate of posters.

OR WHO SAID "CAUCUS?" BY OF CAR.

On Thursday, the 22nd inst., in the back parlour of a gin tavern in Abbey street a special meeting of the Dublin Corporation was held for the purpose of electing a Lord Mayor for the ensuing term, and also to select the names of three persons qualified for the job at present in the hands of Mr. John Scully, J.P. The "Council Chamber" was taste-

fully decorated with an assortment of Chinese lanterns and imitation evergreens, all of which were thoughtfully provided by Councillor James after some excavations at Washington Hall. The centre of the ceiling was draped by the huge Star-Spangled Banner that one time fluttered

gaily on the breeze in Henry street.

The gallery at the back of the Chamber was filled to overflowing mainly by friends of the various members, who had been admitted on producing copies of the Lord Mayor's portrait which had been given away gratis with the current number of the "Weekly Freeman." As each successive alderman or councillor appeared he was greeted with round after round of applause, except in the case of Alderman Alf Byrne, when the "round" was of a more tangible nature.

At 1.30 p.m. there was a large number of gentlemen in attendance, also Mr. Lorcan Sherlock, who opened the proceedings amid a chorus of long-drawn

His Lordship said that before they transacted the business for which they were called together he desired to propose a vote of thanks to the electors and others of North Dock Ward for having returned Mr. Alfred Byrne as their Alderman and thereby assuring the safety of Home Rule. This, he added, was only fair on his part considering that Mr. Byrne was well known as an upholder of the maxim which urges that one good turn deserves another.

The motion having been duly seconded and adopted with mutual handshaking all round, Councillor Sherlock began his momentous speech.

"Gentlemen," he said at the same time adroitly concealing the box of voice tabloids), I stand before you once again with mingled feelings of modesty and elation, imbued with the knowledge that my enemies are scattered and my friends in the forefront while yet the lustre-laden mantle of office lies lightly on my shoulders I return to you as your trusted representative in the hour of peace and goodwill (cheers). I have been the victim, as you are aware, of base slanders, vile innuendoes, and brutal, calculated misrepresentation, but for all that my victory is complete. I have shattered the designing forces of Socialism and Syndicalism in our midst, and my triumph is so complete as to have been shouted from the housetops in Summerhill—metaphorically speaking, of course. I stand here and thank you one and all out of the fulness of my heart for the honours you have heaped upon me. We are met to-day for a purpose of signal importance, and I will only remind you that in this red-letter year of Ireland's history (vide John Redmond, M.P.) your responsibilities are enormous. Again let me thank you, gentlemen, for your kind favours in the past, of which I confidently hope I shall have a speedy renewal, and therefore, gentlemen, I shall not weary you with a recapitulation of my virtues, for I am conscious that there are many of you now eager to leap to your feet and say what you think of me (tumultous applause, during which the room was darkened by a forest of hats, sticks, umbrellas and

mineral water bottles). The next speaker, Alderman Byrne, reminded his hearers that he came straight from the polls with the confidence of the people. He admitted that the people had not gone "straight" from the polls-the condition of his wine cellars proved that. However, he had received the support of all classes of the community workers, free labourers, pugilists, sons of rest and employes of the "Independent" newspapers company, and therein lay the secret of his success. He had now great pleasure in proposing that Councillor Sherlock be asked to accept a third year of office not. indeed, that his Lordship would require much asking, but that was neither here nor there. The present year would be one

fraught with great importance to Ireland, and they would require a man to fill the office of (hief Magistrate, who would be able to meet Irishmen from all parts of Ireland and North Pock who would congregate to play "tig" in College Green. He was sorry that he himself could not oblige them by relieving Mr. Sherlock of the trouble and in the circumstances he would only seek to obey the dictates of a righteous conscience ("How to make a Speech": price 2d). In conclusion he might remark that the city of Dublin had never prospered so well as it had done under the regime of Dr. Sherlock.

Alderman Quaid - Question. Another member—That is a tall order.

Alderman Byrne—It has been admitted by all the lodger voters on the Register.

Several members—Bravo Alfy! Stick it! Order having been restored by the instrumentality of the Lord Mayor's baton, the motion was seconded by Councillor Devlin-no relation to Joe-who was interrupted during his remarks by the intervention of Alderman Quaid who repeatedly declared that Mr. Sherlock was a Mayoral Monopolist."

Mr. John S. Kelly next rose and addressed some observations to the worthy David A. which appeared to be uttered in a foreign tongue. He was understood to say that he challenged the Prime Minister to resign his seat in Parliament and he would get a candidate from New Kilmainham to oppose him. The Premier's chances would then he hopless, he declared. He would not poll a dozen votes; he might manage to secure eleven. Mr. Kelly then renewed his profession of friendship for the Lord Mayor.

Mr. Sherlock rose excitedly and repudiated Councillor Kelly. He glared angrily at the "sparrow" and even went so far as to shout: "I wouldn't be got dead with you." His Lordship then produced a sheet of antique vellum and announced that he had just received a letter of approbation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, (wild enthusiam.

(It should have been mentioned that prior to the commencement of the fireworks the Press representatives present were handsomely tipped by the Lord Mayor as a gentle reminder that a verbatim report of his oration - not forgetting the sub-headings - was eminently desi-"Of course," remarked his Lordship, "I do not care a thraneen for all the newspapers in Christendom," whereupon the representative of the ha'penny picture paper who was seated in a corner crossed to the fire-grate and dropped a packet of films into the flames. He then marched out in disgust).

Councillor Richardson now appeared, and said that Mr. Sherlock was an unmitigated scoundrel. Consequently he would vote for his re-election as Chief Magistrate. Mr. Richardson vehemently protested against the allegation that the body to which he was attached was a "free labour "organisation. He would have it known that his society had nothing to do with labour, "free" or otherwise (applause—from Councillor Gately,)

Councillor Charlie Murray was the next panegyrist. He said he would content himself with quoting the editor of the "Freeman," who had once described Mr. Sherlock as "a wee, little man with a great big heart and a great big weakness for making great big speeches" (here some would-be humourist in the gallery interjected a remark about the former

great bigness" of the salary). Alderman Quaid fairly risked his life by rising to make an attack on Lord Mayor Sherlock. There were frenzied cries of "lynch him!" "shoot him!" and "elect him High Sheriff!" When the noise had subsided Councillor Richardson reminded his audience that he had always been the advocate of a municipal cemetery. This remark at once restored the good humour of the gathering.

On a vote being taken Councillor Lor-can G. Sherlock, LL.D. of T.C.D., polititician, patriot; philanthropist, and pro-prietor of the huckster's shop in Rue de Summerhill, was thereupon elected Lord Mayor of Dublin by a majority of votes numbering 63,794,882.

The election of Head Hangman was productive of no less interest and excitement. Early in the proceedings the Council Chamber was startled by the entry of the hall-porter in a dishevelled condition, one of his eyes being blackened and a jaw bone swollen perceptibly. He complained that

Alderman Dr. McWalter had made a determined attempt to obtain admittance, but had been bafiled after a severe tussle on the doorstep. The Lord Mayor then presented the janitor with a packet of Lyons's tea as a recognition of hi-gallantry together with an invitation to the Verdant Bar provided the meeting terminated before 11 p.m.

During a further contribution to the speechmaking, Mr. Sherlock took the opportunity to rebut the suggestion that he was angling for a title in view of coming events. It would hardly be proper, he avowed, for the Speaker of the Irish House to receive favours at the hands of Fritish

At this there was some dissent from the back of the room whereupon his Lordship threatened to have the gallery cleared, but on being informed by a whisper from Alderman Farrell that the galleryites were nearly all patrons of the Talbot street Electric Theatre, Mr. Sherlock hurriedly apologised.

The names of three candidates for the Shrievalty were ultimately decided upon after a considerble gaseous effervescence which was largely the creation of one or two lay lawyers and a youthful civic administrator, who can organise ward meetings with such skill that large numbers. of the public have to be refused admission.

Some light amusement was caused by Councillor Delany rising absent-mindedly to propose that Mr. Shortall's name should be placed FOURTH on the list. The incident appeared.

Swaine as being particularly funny.

Mr. Richardson stood up and informed the Chairman that he was obliged to take his departure as he was required to attend ve evidence at the Police Inquiry As an Irish Nationalist he deemed it his bounden duty to facilitate the forces of law and order—that is, if there were such things as law and order still left in the country. After a number of exciting street corner incidents he had some reasonable doubts on the point.

The Lord Mayor explained that the subject was quite irrelevant and he ruled Councillor Richardson out of order. The ballot was then proceeded with and the result thereof is by this time known in every corner of the universe where "Guinness" is retailed or the United Irish League flourishes.

At the close of the meeting the Lord Mayor despatched a messenger to the offices of the "Pink 'Un" in Princes st. with a complete report of the proceedings. But a remarkable thing happened. The said report was straightaway returned to his Lordship accompanied by a curt missive from one, Paddy Meade, politely referring Mr. Sherlock to the manager of the advertising department!

Labour, Nationality, and the Political Question.

It is high time we discussed the political question and its relation to Labour. The Home Rule Bill, the rise andspread of the Volunteer Movement, the Ulster agitation, are heralds of an approaching battle, in which one does well to decide quite definitely the merits and demerits of the antagonists. And during the present industrial conflict the minds of many of the workers turned to reconsider this very political. issue in a new light.

The enemies of Labour declared themselves for all men to see. The classwar raged in the streets of Dublin. Ireland, long abnormal, grew as normal as the normal nations we hear so much about. The rich were support-ing the rich. The armed forces of England, her law, her Dublin Castle bureaucracy, the Press, pulpit, the politicians united in touching reconciliation to crush remorselessly the small measure of freedom left to the poor. Strange irony! English worker and lrish worker against Irish capitalist and English capitalist machinery. Grave warning to those who neglect the consideration of the importance of the

What is the political question? It is that question which has its basis in the natural right inherent in every nation to manage its own affairs. Its expression amongst the Irish people

is a persistent demand for a separate, distinctive, and independent legislative existence. This demand ranges from the unflinching Separatist ideal of an lrish Republic down to-and very great is the fall!—the Home Rule of the successful politicians.

One may well understand the three attitudes- prevalent in Labour circles towards this controversy and struggle in general. The attitudes referred to are (1) indifference; (2) insistence upon the undoubted fact that as economic conditions determine largely the life of a community, in the absence of an equitable social system, the finest political constitution proves but a delusion: (3) the assertion that patriotism either meaningless seen in the light the class-struggle or else a sentiment, antiquated and unsuited to an international age.

One, indeed, can well understand and sympathise with those attitudes though sharing none of them One has but to listen to the arguments of their sincere and able advocates. One has but to reflect upon the hypocrisy, the enmity, the ignorance, the stupidity, the affectation of an idealism devoid of a basis in life and reality, the cynical indifference to the sufferideals, and struggles of the working class, so characteristic of the majority of official Nationalist leaders of every shade of opinion.

In justice, however, it must be admitted that even amongst those leaders Their conduct is sometimes to be explained by class prejudice; but more often it is but a logical outcome of a sincere conviction that foreign government is the cause of all Irish evil poli-

tical, social, moral. Certain Socialist and Labour propagandists, too, have, in pardonable zeal and in passionate protest against material wrongs, given needless offence to National sentiment and tradition.

The sins of Nationalist leaders are hardly the sins of the rank and file. No one would be more pained and amazed at such an accusation than that very rank and file. Even when it swallows the middle-class legends of the leaders, instinctively its heart goes out to the workers, both in their constructive efforts to further social peace and in their militant attempts to terminate social war. Nor is this strange. In many cases the workers are merely applauding the wor-

The democratic gospel is welcome. Day by day one meets earnest Nationalist workers who have tackled the study of the social question—a study which really commenced shortly after they left their cradles !- perplexed, anxious, startled, and divided in mind between the urgent call of class and country. "The green flag over Dublin Castle," they murmur, 'or the Union Jack? Shall we be slaves all the time 'Still English Labour leaders landing on our soil are often damnably stupid and offensive." The truth in both cases lands us in a cruel enigma. Happily they are not absolutely true, as I hope to show.

We must avoid applying general rules to particular cases. Ireland stands in a peculiar and unique situation, her social and political growth arrested by the past and present actions of English Government, but still within the grip of the universal wage system.

Nationalism has a different aspect in Ireland than elsewhere. Peculiar vices and virtues distinguish Irish patriotism. It both soars to heaven and rolls in the muck. Nationality, remember, has two faces. On one hand it is the natural affection of a people for its territory, its language, its traditions, its great rien, its distinct national genius. It is a sense of solidarity among members of a nation as members of a nation.

In this aspect Nationality appears as a determination to work out national salvation along lines 'natural' history, character; and circumstances dictate. It also appears as a conviction that the nation derives its governing power from itself, and that no other nation has the economic factor. Yesterday the danger right to interfere in its external or interwas to over estimate politics; to day nal affairs. Guns, dreadnoughts, and we are in danger of under-catiniating the engines of warfare can subdue but cannot kill that nationality.

Look at Poland, Finland, Egypt, India, or any oppressed nation if you doubt it. Nor is a glance at Ireland at all out of place. No, my brothers, here we are faced by universal sentiments that live

A mental constant and the same the

and wax strong in the hearts of the peoples. Everywhere popular songs perpetuate the memory of the hero who gives up life and wealth and happiness either to break the foreign yoke oppressing his land or to defend his country against the armies of an invader. Even amongst the imperial races capitalism and militarism do not produce a lasting reaction against nationality. The most anti-patriotic Socialist hesitates to sacrifice the political independence of a

Says Gustave Herve, the French antimilitarist:-"The mad and criminal idea that one may put an end to the national independence has never entered into the mind of a single Socialist, still less the monstrous idea of handing over his country to a foreign dominion . . .

those who have at heart the greatideal of international justice are not so foolish as to create, to-day, new Polands at the expense of their own country." Herve in his most brutal onslaughts upon jingoism and patriotism never advocated such a course of action. He did advocate a biliteral propaganda in France and Germany in favour of an insurrection in case of war between those two countries—a very different proposition than is contained in the anti-patriotic creed preached by bank clerks, candidates for the R.I.C., certain Unionists, and others, whom it would be indiscreet to mention in this fair isle of Eire. Blatchford and Hyndman are also familiar examples. Whether their anti-German government propaganda is just-by the integrity of the national constitution. Jaures is another case in point. Innumerable other cases might be quoted to appease the malignant and hostile

Tradition, language, customs: these have a mighty force to sway the emotions and mould the destinies of men, despite the tendency of our age towards more intimate association between nations owing to the international growth and spread of the wage system and the deeper feeling of solidarity amongst workers in all lands who become more and more inclined to fling aside ancient race barriers in order to meet uniformity of suffering by a unity of action against a system that degrades and crushes them, their wives and children. And the last point brings us to the second aspect of nationalism—to its frowning face.

Patriotism is used ruthlessly in every country to divert the direct political and industrial attack of the militant working class upon the capitalist system to obtain control of the instruments and means of wealth production in the interests of the whole of society. To the cry of the workers for bread, the bread they have produced answers the throb of the war drum the waving of familiar standards, the black whisperings of blind irrational race prejudice-negation of all morality, all truth, all of whatever remains of religion in the world. The retort of the working class has been bitter and defiant. It has no sentimental objection to bloodshed in a good cause. It does not cry peace where bloody battles are inevitable. Its skin is too precions to be broken for the profit of gunmakers and shipbuilders, for markets for its real enemies the rulers and capitalists of every country. Life and strife, the struggle for existence are dread realities to-day, the worker knows full well. But his enthusiasm is for the class war—the only war that might bring advantage and lasting peace.

The only war beside defensive warfare

and the insurrections of oppressed nationalities that can claim to be morally justifiable at the present time.

War, to-day, declare the workers of the world through the mouths of their writers and speakers, in their journals, congresses and meetings is waged not to assert right and justice, but to inflict the dubious advantages of civilisation upon races too uneducated to retaliate efficiently and to sidetrack the Labour movement.

Let us hope the English Workers will understand that and not take the Empire too seriously before the next European war rescues Ireland from the tender mercies of the English Government. Some opine English and German warlords will unite to crush the workers movement so menacing to them both. I wish I could believe it. The two sets of thieves would get more than they bargained.
We have considered the two sides of

the argument. We must do so if we are honest. Otherwise, circumstances drive us to it. To reach an adequate meas-

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ure of truth, however, other admissions are required. The day of Mazzini's holy alliance of the peoples, the time when the sword shall be beaten to plough-share is not yet. The Balkan war, the undying assertion Polish, Irish and other nationalities exploited in the interests of the empires suggest that the enquiry must be pushed further back. Let us come to Ireland to the relief of our Nationalist brethren who don't like these generous surveys, these troublesome theorisings. Let them cheer up. We shall be practical

What reflections occur to the earnest democrat in Ireland to-day? Briefly, peculiar conditions which will take a strong mental effort to judge fairly.

He will find it difficult to keep his balance, to render to the class wha longs to the class, to the nation what the nation may justly claim.

First, he will find in the Irish Ireland Movement a noble protest against the strangling of everything which is fine in the traditions, civilisation, and literature of a great people to debase its finer sides to the level of what is most noble in English Capitalist imperialism. The Irish language died no natural death; it did not go the way of the worn effete tongues of mankind. but sank beneath sheer unnatural force.

Ancient Irish lore has restored a new beauty to the cultures of the nations and its province widens daily. Modern Irish literature in its slow, steady, and marvellous renaissance trenches gradually upon the whole field of life, suggesting that something vital and sacred in the soul of the race responds to our ancient lauguage. For all the futilities and attempts to use the Irish-Ireland Movement in the interests of conservatism and reaction, no honest observer can deny that its influence is sane and lofty; that it makes for mental stimulous and hardiness; that it affords a valuable corrective against what is vilest and most disintegrative in a hateful commercialism. In theory, at least, one may have an Irish nation without an Irish language, but in practice it would be almost impossible. The nation would not be a strong-minded entity, adding fresh treasures of thought, and achievement to the common treasure house of civilisation, but a second-rate imitation of another civilisation, whose evolution has worked along far different lines, inspired by a different character. The fight is not Ireland versus the world, but Ireland versus a damned bad part of Ireland.

It may be objected that the task is rendered too impracticable by the dead weight of material environment, that overworked men and women cannot learn a new language after a day's work. There is much in the objection. But in such matters faith works wonders. Who can say, too, what immense results the proper introduction and teaching of Irish in the schools would have? Jim Larkin, the dire foe of the nation, realised that long ago. As for the silly (Continued on page 4)

Every Workingman

SHOULD JOIN St. Brigid's Christian Buijal Society. RINGSBND.

Large Divide at Christmas. Mortalite Benefits: Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'c. Que Pasny per Week. Estd. 52 Years!

Jim Larkin's Bi thplace.

AN UPPER KILLEAVY MAN.

From the "Frontier Sentinel," Saturday, 24th January, 1914:-

" A Killylea correspondent writes:-" In the 'Irish Times' of the 12th inst., in the report of the Riots Commission, it is stated that 'Mr. Larkin denied that he was a son of James Carey, and stated that his father was James Larkin, of Killylea, County Armagh.' As the result of inquiries made I can state positively that no family named Larkin resided in or near Killylea for the past 80 years, so that if Mr. Larkin has been correctly reported his claim to be a native of the Killylea district can hardly be substantiated. I learn on most reliable authority that Mr. Larkin's father lived in a small thatched cottage about a stonethrow from the Great Northern Railway line in the townland of Dromolane, between Bessbrook and Adavoyle stations. In the winter time, when work was slack at home, he occasionally went to Liverpool and got employment there, leaving his wife behind on a small farm of thirteen acres, which he owned. Finding that he could get constant employment in Liverpool, he sold his small holding and went with his wife to Liverpool, and in a few months afterwards 'Jim' was born. The house they lived in near Bessbrook is still there."

" It is our opinion that Mr. Larkin meant to state that his father belonged to Killeavy, and that 'Killylea' was a misprint on the part of the Dublin Press. From personal experience, we can definitely state that James Larkin's people belonged to Upper Killeavy, County Armagh, near Newry, and not to Bessbrook district—which is in the parish of Lower Killeavy. A cottage once occupied by his father and grandfather stood near the Great Northern Railway line, and close by is a bridge well known to us, which to this day is known as 'Larkin's Bridge.'—Editor, 'Frontier Sentinel.'"]

The foregoing, we presume is based on a statement made by Mr. Larkin himself in O'Connell Street on Sunday, 11th January, in answer to the atrocious calumnies circulated regarding his birthplace and parentage by a wretch called Mc-Intyre, a vile tool of the Dublin employers. The statement of the "Irish Times" correspondent is entirely inaccurate. The editorial note in the "Sentinel" as far as as it goes is nearer to the truth, but is only part of the truth. Killeavy was the place mentioned, and not Killylea, by Jim Larkin as the place to which his father, James Larkin, belonged. Upper Killeavy, in the County Armagh, is a place we know much better than Liberty Hall, Dublin, though we are writing from the lastnamed place.
And we know the Larking and are re-

lated to one family of the name which is: said to be related to the family from which Jim Larkin takes his name. But Jim Larkin, like other men, had a mother as well as a father; she belonged to the County of Down, and her maiden name: was McAnulty. It was in his mother's native county that Jim Larkin was born and baptised, the ceremony of baptismi taking place in Burren Chapel, about two miles from Warrenpoint, a summer resort. of wide repute. These are the facts of Jim Larkin's parentage. The Larkins are well known in Killeavy. The McAnulty's are: well known in Burren, Ballyholland, Corry's, and the district to the south-east: of Newry, and we never heard of any one: belonging to either family being a murderer, a highwayman, a spy, an informer,. or an emergency man.

Now, who is Larkin's accuser, and what: is the character of the parent he takes his. name from? The parents of the accuser,. P. J. McIntyre, came to Killowen, near Castletown, Co. Wexford, when he was: a boy; the place of his birth or that of his: parents is unknown in the district, nor did the good people of Killowen trouble: themselves to find out where the family came from. The head of the family came: to act as an emergency man on a farm: from which Bernard Farrell was evicted! by the landlord, a Mr. O'Connor, butter merchant, Kevin Street, Dublin.

It is satisfactory to note that Me--Intyre's reign came to an end and Farrell! was reinstated in his holding. But after the descent of the McIntyre family on: Killowen, near Castletown, Co. Wexford,. Paddy, who was then a boy of schoolgoing age, went to Castletown school;: but the children attending that school went on strike and remained out until! Paddy McIntyre, the emergency man's: son, and his sister, retired from Castletown School and betook themselves to. more congenial quarters in one of the: Erasmus Smith foundation schools at:

At a subsequent period, Paddy-or P.: J. McIntyre, as he now signs himselfwent to the school of Rev. Mr. Hallows, of street preaching fame, at Arklow. When he finished his education in that: home of learning and sunctity he made his debut in Dublin; his first recorded appearance being in High Street as a membes of the Independent Labour Party. Jim: Larkin was also a member of that Party, . and when he came to Dublin from Belfast he paid a visit to the Branch in High:

The first thing that attracted his attention when he entered the Branch rooms: was, to use his own words, a little red! fellow jeering at the Immaculate Conception, and he took the insignificant mortal by the back of the neck and threw him out in the street. He then found out that. the jeering soundrel was P. J. McIntyre; and so began the hostility of the Catholic Emergencyman's Souper educated son to Jim Larkin. Subsequently he became secretary of the Dublin Branch of the Workers' Union, and turned that organi-

sation into a strike-breaking institution, supplying men to the Dublin carting employers during the strike of 1908, to the Coal Importers when they were resisting the men's demand for increased pay, and to Varian's during the Brushmakers' Strike. We see from these performances that the Emergencyman's son was true to the traditions of his dear Papa.

The Workers' Union, however, paid the penalty of McIntyre's perfidy, for its representatives were expelled from the Trades Council of Dublin, the Trades Council of Belfast, and from the Irish Trades Union Congress, and he himself was expelled from the Workers' Union.

We next find him as a contributor to the Press under the title of Secretary of the Dublin Branch of the I.L.P. Socialist Party-which Party consisted of Paddy, or P. J. McIntyre, and another gentleman -moryah-a disreputable beer shark called Stewart-an ex-Orangeman. A Duet well met.

For several years Paddy McIntyre, erstwhile R.C., was engaged in running a Proselytising Den financed by the Irish Church Misionaries, in Swift's Alley, Dublin; but lately, we understand, his services have been dispensed with in that institution. We cannot say for what reason such brilliant services as his were set aside, but we hear it was something about a chest of tea. Anyhow, McIntyre is a nice cup of tea, and we leave him for the present to the care of his new found friends and supporters, amongst whom we find, as advertisers in his calumnious Blackleg sheet the Jesuits of Gardiner Street.

Stion For From Paddy Doyle, a Wexford man, well known to Paddy McIntyre, will have a word or two to say about the latter next

Daily "Herald" League Social & Dance.

Rebels, Revel!

Antient Concert Rooms, Saturday, Jan, 31st, from 8 p.m. till 3 a.m. Admission by Programme only, price 1/-

To be had from Kearney's Stephen street; No. 4 Room Liberty Hall, or any member of League.

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

EDITOR.

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

The Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Jan. 3 st. 1914.

Messages from our

Leaders. "Glasgow, Friday. "Comrades,-I came on from Birmingham, where a most enthusiastic meeting of rank and file promulgated our work and promised to help us through. Amongst the prophets, "leaders," and official clique of the chilled meat labour party, I found as I expected a most vindictive spirit abroad. These creatures who froth solidarity act in a manner that outbirrells Birrell. The application from the victims of international capitalistic devilry in Dublin were denied a hearing, thanks to the Standing Orders Committee composed of one intelligent brute called Shaw from Oldham who believes in large families so that the weaving masters may have sufficient child labour, and was stupid enough to admit that all Labour men were not honest. Anyone looking at this beefy animal would know that without his admission. Another was O'Connor Kessack, who has been in all camps; now one of Sexton's leeches. These two. with the other three democrats, recommended that the deputation be not heard. The Chairman-Councillor Tom Fox, of Manchester - refused to accept an amendment allowing the deputation a hearing. A number of delegates made strong protest, but the official clique backed up refusal, and so we had to call a meeting hurriedly in the City Hall to-night. Cannot expect a large gathering; but shall give those present food for thought and action. The spirit of the Conference can be measured by the fact that an academic discussion about a new electoral system occupied over four hours; the South African deportation crime and attack on human liberty one hour and a half. If ever a Party sought condemnation and oblivion this jellyfish gang at least deserve it. You and I in Ireland can thank this official gang for our set-back. Still the cause must go on. The road of the pioneer is by the way of the workhouse, gaol, and scaffold; but we must arrive. Home on

Sunday. Then, comrades!

"JIM LARRIN."

Conference earn and receive universal commendation from the capitalist Press, and yet am not grateful. The Conference in Glasgow, by temporising platitudes about South Africa and uncompromising rejection of Dublin's desire to present its present case, has won the plaudits of all journalistic enemies of Labour and earnest praise for its wise statesmanship. How are the mighty fallen! And yet Dublin and South Africa are but presages of the greater storm to come, and failure to meet them resolutely invites the swifter coming of that storm. Dublin stands firm, and wins through suffering and martyrdom, though cowards falter and maily and traitors betray.

"JAMES CONNOLLY."

The Bosses Pow-wow.

THE Publin Chamber of Commerce have met and resoluted. They had the questionable benefit of a speech from W. M. Murphy, the estimable Chairman of the Chamber. He told them the many benefits they have from time to time conferred on the working classes. Above all he was emphatic about. the evils which other wickedly-inclined persons have wrought upon the working classes, in whose interests it would seem the Chamber have been deeply concerned. He informed a wondering populace that he had never had any dispute with the workers in any of the concerns in which he is interested. He is not, and never was, opposed to trades unionism, but he adds, as it has been hitherto understood. And so on ad nauseum The statements quoted above will undoubtedly be "news" for the workers in the city. We would, however, be glad to have facts and not bald statements. We challenge Murphy to tell us one occasion upon which he has shown any desire to benefit the workers of this or any other city. We challenge him to give us one instance where he agreed to negotiate with any trades union until the year 1913 We challenge him to deny that he had men in his employment who were paid far below the standard rate of their trade union. We challenge him to deny that on some of his undertakings men were paid a wage that a fair-minded employer would hesitate offering to a boy. And to the thundering plaudits of the "patriots" assembled in the Commercial William Martin delivered himself of a homily on Irish Industries. May we ask what did he ever do for Irish Industries? He talks of Dixon's soaps, of Jacob's biscuits. Did he ever support them? And is it not a fact that in the several companies with which he is connected specifications were drawn for supplies in such a way as to deliberately preclude Irish manufacturers from tendering? He talks of the Trades Council and Irish Industries. Why the Trades Council of Dublin have done more for Irish industries than all the Champers of Commerce in the country put together. Irish industry inagh! The only time Murphy recognised any of them was when he wanted to use them, and that was only when he was tired abusing them. The whole of his laboured utterance was intended to "whitewash" himself as his minions have been doing for the police. His dirty gang set out to starve the workers of Dublin into submission. The women and children in ordinary war times would be looked on as non-combatants. Even in South Africa during the war they were concentrated in camps and fed and clothed. The Press of Ireland rung in protestations anent their conditions. Still they were fed and the enemy provided them with food In the industrial war with General "Murder Murphy at the head of the army of the enemy every effort was made by him and his myrmidons to starve our Dublin mothers and their children. And when efforts were made to provide for them the sanctimonious old hypocrite pretended to be shocked. English charity forsooth! What about the bossing gang? Was what they were getting English charity? What does Brother McLaughlin say? He was across and at the time Murphy was abusing the democracy of Great Britain, he was seeking the support of the English bossing gang. And of course Murphy had a word to say about the Dublin slums. There are too many working class people, too many workingmen and women and too few bosses, says Murphy. And that is the reason of the slums; that is the reason of the degradation of our brothers and sisters. There are too many of us. Ah, the irony of it As we explained in former issues in

the history of the fight, our attitude has been that of resisting an unconscionable attack by Murphy and his dupes. He set out to prevent men and women joining the trades union of their choice. We remember the history of Ireland has taught us that a number of people from time to time endeavoured to prevent our people from exercising their free choice of what Church they should belong to. And we think none of the lot was more emphatic on that point than Cromwell. You must not worship in your own Church "said Cromwell and his brood of Barebones and Searchlights. "You are not orthodox; you must worship God as we direct." Murphy and the other hypocrites say in this, the Twentieth Century, "You must not join your own trades union; it is not orthodox; and if you do we will dislocate the trade of the city and starve your women and your children." And the putrid Irish capitalist Press, who revile Cromwell's memory. give to Murphy and his gang their approval and support. With this we note that on yesterday a meeting was held of the U.I.L. Directory. Every subject was referred to, unless the Dublin dispute or the position of the town workers. They express their gratification that one million pounds has been allocated for build-

"I have lived to see a Labour Party ing labourers' cottages. They alluded to the agricultural lapourers as "this most deserving section of our countrymen.' But they appointed Andy Kettle as one of the treasurers of the organisation, notwithstanding that Andy had locked-out and evicted some of "this most deserving section of our countrymen." They added insult to injury by appointing D. Sheehy, M.P., chief organiser, although his work during the last year has included the procuring of scabs to work against "this most deserving section of our fellowcountrymen" locked-out by Andy and his gang in North and South County Dublin. They made no reference to the bogus Court of Enquiry which sat in the Castle to whitewash the polis'! Mayhap they feared 'twould embarass the Whigs ! Surely it is time that the workers realised their position It is time that they recognised that their only bulwark is selfreliance. It may be said, and rightly said. that the workers have friends outside their own ranks. This fight has proved that. It may be said that they have enemies amongst their own class. This is also true. We know that if it were not the working class would beat any combination that dared oppose them We have but to follow the lesson of Thomas Davis, 'Educate that you may be free." And when we have done that we can defy the

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Rotunda Ward and the Shortall Family.

The Rotunda Ward is being made the cockpit of Dublin. There is a vacancy for a councillor in room of Alderman Laurence O'Neill, who after a very plucky fight ousted his opponent, the man Shortall, member of the Employers' Federation and one of the building gang who still persist in carrying out their insane policy of refusing to recognise the rights of the workers to join any Union

they please. Shortall, despite the most pernicious and insidious influences of his colleagues and wardheelers posing as Nationalists, received a well-deserved beating, and crept back to his kennel like the mongrel that he is. Taking fresh courage, however, from a secret meeting of others of a similar breed, he has again emerged into the open licking his wounds and seeking for sympathy. A hurried consultation convinced him that the other halfbreeds who had deemed discretion the better part of valour were at least ostensibly anxious to show fight, provided they were not put in the forefront of the fight; and forthwith a plan of campaign was arranged to capture the seat in the Council vacated by the victory

Cunning gave place to cowardice. Shortall had sustained many scars as well as deep humiliation and the little dogged determination left, barked out with increased ferocity when they got the scent of their quarry. To bark if not to bite appealed to their canine sense and like the pariahs of the Indian bazaars and others of that species—the dog scavengers of Constantinople picking up every possible crumb and bone available, arranging themselves in groups so as to avoid the possibility of any incursion into their territory, they agreed to use every effort no matter how disreputable to retain the bone or that portion of it remaining in their own manger.

The first plot was to select one of the species which being ignorant of the risks or odium of defeat was ready to make a preliminary reconitre. They found a ready tool in one of the immediate family of the Shortall tribe. His fatherin-law and brother-in-law both bearing the same name. Pat Coyle offered their services. Hereupon a dispute arose, accompanied by loud barking and gnashing of teeth as if the followers feared that a trap was about to be prepared for them, but eventually they were appeared with the smell of plunder. They feared that owing to the great prominence given to a conviction in the columns of the "Evening Telegraph" of 14th December, that their efforts would be disastrous.

The paragraph reads as follows:-" Patrick Coyle, 8 Grahams court and West Park Glasnevin, for having sold milk on November 5th, in Richmond avenue, which was found to be adulterated with 57.4 per cent of added water and to have a deficiency of 40 per cent. of natural fats was fined fio. It was stated that there had been five previous convictions."

Now, in face of this gross robbery of the poor by the members of the Coyle family, is it not the coolest piece of effrontry on the part of Shortall to put either Patrick Coyle, senior, or Patrick Coyle, junior, forward as a candidate for the Councillorship of the Rotunda Ward? And in this connection it is only right to draw attention to the fact that this is the same Shortall who was defeated for the Aldermanship and whom the caucus meeting of so-called Nationalists wished to foist upon the city as a man competent to fill the office of High Sheriff of our city. True, he occupied a low place on the list; but the fact remains that the Council, under the presidency of Lord Mayor Sherlock, became responsible for this degradation.

To Shortall is also attributed the discreditable tactics of putting forward bogus candidates with the hope of Coyle stepping in and thus secure Coyle's election. There were four Lawlors, two O'Briens, and two M'Guinnesses nominated, when in reality there are only five genuine candidates in the

Coyle, the milk adulterator M'Guinness, the pawnbroker's son O'Brien, the vegetable man M'Guinness, the draper Lawlor, the car proprietor

and it is for the burgesses to choose from this group.

Above all, the Coyle and Shortall clique should be taught a lesson, which would prevent the recurrence of such unscrupulous tactics and misrepresentation as have been practised in the Rotunda Ward for some time past.

The milk adulterators of the Coyle and the wire pullers of the Shortall type are the greatest edemies of the poor and friendless.

Dublin Port & Docks Board

Last Thursday week, it was announced from the chair at the ordinary meeting of the Board, that a special Finance Committee meeting was to be held immediately after the Roard's proceedings, for the purpose of considering the reinstatement of the former employees, who were still idle through the "Murphy made" dispute. Councillor Partridge to whom this information was publicly and officially given, complained at the last, meeting of the Board of being misled and deceived through this statement. The Committee in question refused to discuss the matter, under the plea that they were prohibited by an order of the Board, and, went no further than instructing the Law Agent to draft conditions of service to be displayed in wor shops, &c.

Councillor Partridge also drew attention to the refusal of this Committee to receive a deputation from the Stationary Engine Drivers Society, in connection with which Mr. Field proposed a resolution which was withdrawn after some discussion. Councillor Partridge then moved the deletion of the paragraphs dealing with the "deputation as complained of "and refusing an applicantion made by him for the holding of a special meeting to consider the re-employment of the men in dispute." It was unanimously agreed that the decision in both cases be post-Councillor Partridge next asked if the

statement that one of the two expensive weigh bridges to which Messrs. Heiton had exclusive rights, had, after a very brief period of use, been renewed was correct, and if the firm in question were charged the ten per cent. on the additional outlay as well as a similar percentage on the original outlay. He further asked if the Board were aware and approved of the action of Mr. Grandy in connection with the Dublin Salt Company, when this valued customer of the Board is stated to have been obstructed and its manager insulted by Grandy; who he was informed, abused the manager of the Salt Company; refused to allow the men employed by him to load the Company's carts; and when the manager, assisted by a clerk, had succeeded in loading the carts with salt, Mr. Grandy himself out of sheer cussedness, is reported to have insisted on having the carts unloaded and reloaded with a species of salt the firm did not urgently require. Both questions were disallowed, as the Committee still have the matters under consideration Councillor l'artridge's motion to rescind the order of the Board and to re-employ the men idle in dispute was ruled out of order; so also was another motion by the same representative dealing with the unauthorised expenditure stated to be incurred by Mr. Grandy in his anxiety to crush the men. This Report of what actually occured at the meeting of the Dublin Port and Docks Board, on hursday last, may be read as a contrast with that appearing in the Press in which the name of Councillor Partridge is "religiously" avoided.

Bray Notes.

Well Master Tom, your success with regard to the crane at the harbour did not last long. Your expectations of crushing the workers proved disastrous. No more dumping, Tom. The workers and their friends have smashed the com-

bined efforts of the slavedrivers of Bray. When you received the result of the Council meeting on Wednesday, the miserable frame of your seems to have fallen asunder. And by your appearance the next thing you will want is a box. "Stiffs" are scarce, Tom!

Well, Jack the Baker, I believe you were greatly upset about last week's Notes. I hope your great friend, Tommy did not forget you for your services to him, and also I hope he shared the meat which he had in stock for his friends and supporters in order to celebrate his great victory as Councillor for Little Bray. But, John, what a surprise!

The Council's Sanitary Officers had better be careful what work they are doing and not be doing other men's work. I believe the ratepayers pay them a large Support the Trades Unionist and salary for doing their work, but when they take it upon themselves to do outside work during the hours they are paid for it is time the people who are paying the piper should call the tune, and not allow these Officers to deprive men of earning a loaf.

So I hope the people responsible for looking after these men will keep a sharper look out, for if they don't we in-

AU REVOIR.

CORPORATION OF DUBLIN ESTATES AND FINANCE COMMITTEE.

ABATEMENT OF TAXABION.

Application for Abatement of Taxes on find ags suitable for, or occupied by artistics or involves, and valued at £8 or under, in respect of the year commencing 1st April, 19 1, and ending filst March. 1915, will be received by me up to but not after 2nd February, 1914. Applications must be made on Forms to be obtained at my Office as under.

By Order,

EDMUND W. EYRE, City Treasurer, Secretary

Municipal Buildings, Cork Hali. 27th January, 1914.

CITIZEN ARMY.

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY Ist, A Public Meeting

Will be held in the EMMET HALL, INCHICORE, for the purpose of forming a local branch of the Citizen Army. CAPTAIN WHITE, D.S.O., will deliver

an address, to be followed by enrolment

The Citizen Army is the best jossible foundation for industrial combination, and as a means of procuring stronger and finer manhood. It may be made a mighty iustrument to support the workers demand for a just and equitable social order. You are asked to make the Army the stronghold of the New Ireland Join now. Come to the Meeting on Sunday. Councillor William P. Partridge will preside. Chair to be taken at one o'clock, sharp. Come in your thousands and bring your friends.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland,

Antient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick Street, Dublin.

THE NIGHT OF THE SEASON Captain White, D.S.O., lectures tomorrow, Sunday, at 8 p.m. on "The Regeneration of Ireland." Questions and discussion Admission, 2d.; Locked-out Workers Free.

Inquiries invited regarding Socialist Movement in Ireland. Address same to Walter Carpenter, Secretary, Autient Concert Buildings, Dublin.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Annual Election of Officials and Committeemen of the Inchicore Branch, Emmet Hall.

A Special Meeting of the Inchicore Branch of the above Union will be held on Sunday next, February 1st, to deal with matters arising out of the last meeting of the Branch. Jim Larkin is specially invited. Members are earnestly requested to be present and to vote when their minds are freed from prejudice, Ballot to take place between the hours of 1 and 2.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

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Has the best stock of working-class papers in Ireland Come to us for "He ald of Revolt" 'Labour Leader" and all progressive books and pamphlets. All on sale. 'Phone No. 4150. Note Only Address-

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EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWELTEST AND BEST, THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

Wexford Notes.

The elections are still the topic here, and people of all classes are still wondering how the nominees of Labour were beaten. Joe Kelly is boasting that he can put whom he likes into St. Mary's Ward for the future. We are perfectly well aware that he could do so at one time; but alas! for Joe's presumption, that day is gone for ever. He says that he is in favour of workingmen representatives on public boards, which statement we can contradict, as it was always his idea to pitchfork some voting machine into a seat to suit his own purposes. If he was in favour of Labour representation, why did he not let Michael Martin go in in the year 1910? Surely there was no talk of syndicalism or Socialism then. No the moment he heard that Martin was nominated he approached John Murphy, who very reluctantly agreed to go, but who never attended when he was elected. But what did Joe care when he had kept a workingman out of the seat? And there was no organisation amongst the working classes then to see through his little, mean ways.

We take the following from the Wexford Notes in the 'Enniscorthy Echo' about the recent Wexford elections, which speaks for itself ;—

"STUPID MUD-SLINGING.

"One sad result of the elections is the fact that the bitter class feeling which has coloured Wexford life for some time past has been intensified. Class hatred is a poor, mean thing entirely foreign to the Irish nature, and if Messrs. Daly and Larkin were wrong in giving it voice, surely the opponents of the Labour cause were doubly wrong in making the feeling more bitter. The epithets Socialist, syndicalist, and anti-cleric were hurled right. left, and centre at the elections, and the sacred name of religion was dragged into the fray recklessly and needlessly. There are no Socialists in Wexford. Amongst the Wexford workers there is as deep a feeling of reverence for their religion and for their Church and priesthood as ever there was, and assertions to the contrary not only blacken the fair fame of Wexford, but create a situation which is fraught with danger to religion itself. The responsibility of making religion a party cry in ward elections should be too heavy for any man lightly to take up. The Labour candidates were selected at public meetings presided over by a saintly and zealous saggart, Father Mark O'Byrne. The majority of those present at the meetings were life-long members of the Third Order and Confraternity, and these men must keenly feel being branded as Socialisis and anti-clerics. There were 1,729 votes cast for Labour as against 2,379 for their oppenents. According to the latter this would mean that nearly half the voters of Wexford are Socialists and anti-clerics,'

We heard a good one about "Sponger" Lucking and we don't wonder now at the prominent part he took in the election. It appears that at the end of the last year Tommie had occasion to pay a visit to Coffey's. While he was there a gramaphone was playing, which Coffey remarked would be a fine thing to have on board the lightship which Tommie is skipper of, and told him he would give It to him for five shillings cash down, and the rest after the election if he did not win, but that if he did he would not ask him to pay anymore. Tommie took advantage of the bargain and got plenty of whiskey thrown in.

Unfortunately we have some gullible people in Wexford, who fondly imagine that the members of this new organisation that has sprung up here, professing fealty to faith and fatherland with of course the interests of the trade of the town and inevitable worker thrown in, is all that it professes to be, From our knowledge of most of its principal members we know that the policy of faith and fatherland as we know it is and has always been foreign to them and their actions. For our part we do not think there is any necessity for any organisation to be formed in Wexford to teach the workingman of the town the duty they owe to their God and their Church, nor will there ever be a need for such an organisation, and as to their talk of fatherland and the howl they raised at the elections about the alleged antipathy the workers of Wexford have against John E. Redmond, we can say that the object of this society (the Molly Maguires) is to run John Redmond from the prominent position he now occupies, and place Joe Devlin in our fellow-townsman's stead, as leader of the Irish race at home and abroad.

Fellow-townsmen, don't be gulled any longer by this organisation, which in the words of the Rev. J. J. Kelly, P.P., Ballyfin, is almost under the ban of the Catholic Church, he says:-

"The judgment of the Church upon the A.O.H., though not a formal, is yet a virtual condemnation of that association. The words 'this association must be closely watched' -expressed—not implied—qualify the judgment: they imply a censure. The A.O.H. and the B.O.E. are not exactly the same association. A few Years ago delegates came across to Ireland from America to amalgamate the Hibernians in both countries, but because the rules of the association forbade politics in its constitution, Mr. Devlin objected to the desired amalgamation. He, therefore, gave the name of Board of Erin to the Hipernians in these countries, and became its first President. In his hands it is a purely political association, masquerading as a religious society. In America and Australia Hibernians are a non-political that salutary body, but the Hibernians in Incland are absolutely political and mischievous."

The above clearly proves what we have stated-that the gang who imposed upon the voters to the extent of routing decent workingmen representatives are truly an organisation of hypo-

HARBOUR BOARD MEETING.

The fortnightly meeting was held on Tuesday, Alderman Hanton Chairman, presiding. Also present—The Mayor (Alderman Sinnot). Alderman J. Kelly, Messrs. N. Prendergast, N. Byrne, J. French, J. J. Kehoe, R. Housten, The Secretary said there was a debit balance of £57 after paying all expenses. This was very satisfactory, as they had paid £147 to the Dublin Dockyard Co. and £280 interest to the bank. They were better off than they were this time last year.

Nothwithstanding the above, Joe Kelly was loud in his protestations, some time ago, that Dick Corish should dare to say at the public meeting "that there were not men enough on the quay to do the work of last summer": and the Harbour Board finances were stated at that time, which showed a state of bankruptcy. Now we can see that after the payment of two extraordinary sums quoted above that they are far better off than they were this time last year.

Cork Notes. A Lie Nailed.

The reference in these Notes to the greatness of Mr. Patrick Bradley, who was a Molly candidate for T.C. in the West Ward, gave that worthy an opportunity to advertise himself. In the leaflet he reprinted a paragraph denying the truth of the amount stated as his own salary. Paddy, why did you not deny the rest of it? Will you deny that your society is keeping dockers out of their sick money and that you have written them that they have broken the rules and that they are not entitled? Paddy, my boy, will you publish an other leaflet with an audit of your accounts in the Land and Labour Society Insurance Section? What is your salary? What is Jim Mahony's? What is the typist's and who is she? What salary has your district visitor and who is she? How many claims have you refused to pay and why? Why is it that your dupes are leaving your society? Why, Paddy, if you had not your relatives muzzling the "All for" and "Molly" organs, you would be properly shown up. Some of your relatives had to clear out of the country before; so beware! Why did not John Croke, 4 Brother Duggan's avenue, get the money due to him, or Stephen Higgins, 15 Convent place, Dan O'Brien, Cornmarket street, John Buttimer, 34 Eason's Hill, or others who failed to get what you owed them, to mention only a few? Now, why is it that over one hundred have applied for transfer to the I.T.W.U, Insurance Section, and why is it all the trouble has been raised over your refusal to give the consent which you are bound to do? Answer those, Mr. Bradley; and we have a few lies for you to nail when you are standing for P.L.G., which your cheek is aiming at after the kick-out you got in the last election despite all your

The Parliamentary Vacancy.

John Redmond has decided not to fight Cork—so we are reported—yet Sir Edward Fitzgerald would have been only too pleased to have been the candidate; but "Fitzy," though he might be all right as Alderman is not liked by the 'Examiner' clique for the part he took in the defeat of George Crosbie when the latter stood for Parliament. So "Fitzy" is "up the shaft" for the start, though he went to whisper into John's ear in Waterford. Another candidate talked of is Tilson, High Sheriff, whose speech at his re-election about the cause his fathers died for has amused all Cork. Tilson's father was one of the baton brigade during the Land League, and the son, as a Protestant Home Ruler (!), would have conciliated the Unionist vote, and left the conciliationists without a leader, as the leader would have been beaten if the Mollies and Unionists banded together like they did in the municipal elections. It speaks volumes to think it possible; but, though William O Brien had a fine band of workers round him when he started his League, the jobbers got possession of him, and the workers were pushed aside. Paddy Murphy, J.P., and Co. have made as good a job or the O'Brienite movement as they did of the Labout movement in Cork, and William O'Brien is lucky that his fool's paradise has not left him like it left Parnell at Cleggs, deserted by those whom he trusted most.

The United Trades and the Elections. We were left lamenting at the Trades Council on Thursday night, but what are we to expect when members of the Coun cil are allowed to go on using the Trades as a step ladder to jobbery. Murphy Egan, Kelleher, Lynch, are standing arguments against voting for Labour candidates, yet the workers of Cork are too cowardly to give them notice to quit. The debacle at the late elections is proof that the Labour movement in Cork wants reorganising und it is for the workers to do it themselves. If they depend on the leaders they will remain as they are in the

BUTTER.

Fivest Farmers Pure Butter 1/-, 1/1, 1/s per lb.

Fresh Irish Eggs at Lowest Prices. PATRICK J. WHELAN.

82 QUEEN ST. DUBLIN.

Northern Notes.

The Workers and Education.

Belfast workers are beginning to take considerable interest in educational matters. This is all to the good and shows that they are awakening to matters that vitally affect themselves and their children. If action follows the aroused in terest, this awakening will mean much in the stirring times to come.

Thus at the last meeting of the Trades and Labour Council, the citizens' move ment to deal with the interests of the primary schools in Belfast was discussed. Adequate accommodation is a crying need; but so many factors are concerned in that aspect of the question that public discussion would lead too far afield at present. The Trades Council has adopted a resolution declaring primary schools should be provided, controlled and maintained by the community. There can be little doubt on that score, though the adoption of the principle will be preceded by a long-sustained and at stages a hard and trying struggle.

Pelfast's Dental Clinic.

In the I.W.S.S. Rooms on Saturday night Professor Powicke explained to the W.E.A. how the Dental Clinic, founded last April works, and what its prospects and needs are. From his remarks we understand that a sum of £500 per annum is necessary for maintaining the clinic. The British Treasury, he states, has devoted £39,000 for clinics. Local effort must find one-half of the sum required and if this be forthcoming, the National Board will draw upon the Treasury grant for the other half. Professor Powicke reckons that £100 can be found through the schools and managers. He did not indicate what managers, but we fancy that difficulty will be found in at least some quarters. The National Board will grant £250 and the raising of the other £250 remains the great problem.

Trade Unions and Friendly Societies were suggested as possible sources, but general opinion was against the likelihood of these bodies contributing. In a normal country the local authority would find the money but it is not clear whether the Belfast Public Health Committee has this power or whether it is willing if able.

It would be a thousand pities if this good work, little as it is, should fall through. We hope the W.E.A will take steps to have Professor Powicke's lecture reported in the Press. We do not look to the daily Press to do much, but a report of the working of the Belfast clinic would interest workers in other centres and lead to bigger and better things in the schools.

Mr. Connolly has had a rather serious illness, but is almost quite recovered. He spoke for the I.L.P. of Ireland on Sunday night, and also addressed a meeting of the Head men on Tuesday night. The men showed how much they appreciate and trust their secretary and

The Irish Textile Workers' rally in Whitehall Buildings on February 5th is to be a great gathering. Lady Gregory's rollicking comedy, "The Workhouse Ward, is to be staged. Miss Delia Larkin, Mr. P. Murtagh, and Mr. J. A. Casey are coming especially to stage the comedy, and, from all we hear of them, they will bring down the house.

Irish dancing will be a speciality, and a varied programme of recitations, songs, and instrumental music will be given. Coming Events.

Monday, Feb. 1-Irish Women's Suffrage Society. Professor Meredith on "The Economic Functions of the Family." 8 p.m.

Friday, Feb. 6—Irish Textile Workers'

Union. Third Annual Social and

CROBH-DEARG.

A Misnaderstanding.

9 Windsor Avenue, January 28th, 1914.

Dear Sir-There appears to be some misunderstanding as to the meaning of a remark passed by me whilst in the chair at the meeting addressed by Tom Mann on Monday last in the Ancient Concert Rooms. The remark in question arose out of the following quastion which was put to the lecturer:

"Does Mr Tom Mann not think that "the English workers need his lecture "more than the Irish ones do? Had the "English workers downed tools and " given something more than lip and "financial sympathy to the Irish wor "kers the strike would have been won "twenty-three weeks ago. Is it not a "case of the Durham and Northumber-"land Miners of whom he spoke over "again. Still his English trade union-"ists carted scabs to Dublin. Would'nt "he spend his time more profitably in "lecturing in England? We have

" scabbed." Mr. Tom Man replied to the question, and then I added -

"demonstrated our solidarity pretty

"well. It was the English who

"That there was a point to be kept "in mind when on this subject, and "that was that if Irishmen had not "taken the goods to England, the "Englishmen would not have been "called upon to refuse to handle "them."

I understand that Miss D. Larkin took exception to that remark upon the grounds. Do you think of the desolate homes that Irishing did not take the tained. While you languidly did and goods to E which the the craw which came over took the "tainted goods" to Engage

Under the e circumstances I considered it my duty to call at your office to see

whether you also took exception to my statement You were away, but I saw Mr. P. T. Daly Before I could approach Mr. Daly he asked me "What kind of gas I was after giving off on Monday night?" I replied that I hardly spote, whereupon he informed me "that it would have been better if I hadn't." Now, whilst this was not polite, it certainly had the merit of being devoid of any ambiguity, and left no doubt in my mind that my statement was denied by the officials of the Transport Union I asked where I had fallen short, and I was informed that I said "the Dublin men were the first to scab."

This is such a serious misrepresentation of what I said, that I considered it necessary to take it down in writing. This I did, and Mr. Daly signed it. When I asked for the source of information he referred me to Miss Kennedy, who at once denied having said any such thing. Mr. Daly had another guess and said it was Miss Larkin. I then interviewed Miss Larkin who admitted speaking to Mr. Daly on the matter, but corrected his statement to read as follows:-

"That Irishmen were the first to handle tainted goods.'

Neither of the above are correct, but Miss Larkin is nearer the truth than Mr. Daly. I asked Miss Larkin if she took exception to my statement as mentioned above and she replied in the affirmative. She insisted upon saying that there was no scabbing until the Englishmen came over to "Lady Jocelyn" and that my statement was uncalled for, and was a reflection upon the solidarity of the men in Dublin. I deem it necessary, therefore, for me to deal with the question in order that I may make my position quite clear. No one who is acquainted with my career in the labour movement would suggest for one moment that I would offer any apology for the failure of the men across the water failing to carry out the move which I as a Syndicalist would like to have seen done. But at the same time I do not think any man or woman is justified in saying as the questioner did on Monday night, that it was the English who scabbed. Of course, if any of your readers can show me that I am wrong, then I will hasten to withdraw my remark and make ample apology for having made it. What I said, was said in good faith, believing as I did that the men who too 'Jacobs' biscuits to the Quay were Irish; that the men who loaded the skips into the boats were Irish; that when the men at the Dublin Port refused to handle them, the men who loaded the skips into the boats at Belfast and Drogheda and took them across to England were Irish. If they are not Irish, then my statement was not correct, and I will at once withdraw it, but if they are Irish, then my statement, if unpleasant, is certainly true.

I am not a guing that there are no scabs in England. There are, and plenty of them. But the statement made on Monday night was "It is the Englishmen who scabbed" If this is so, where is the County Meath, Tipperary, &c., from which John Dillon Nugent recruited scales to take the place of the men who left the trams? Were they English? Are the men who protected these scabs English? Who was it that lilled our. comrades, Nolan and Byrne? Who was it that shot Alice Brady? Englishmen? No. comrade, they are Irish. I am not saying that Englishmen would not have done it. They would. But what I am trying to prove is that scabs are not confined to England and that whilst the English ports should have "downed tools" the same obligation was also upon the other Irish ports, who not only did not down tools but who worked overtime to meet with the traffic diverted from Dublin. All this, I claim, took place before the "Lady Jocelyn" arrived.

Yours faithfully, R. L. WIGZELL.

Lines to the Brotherhood of Cain.

Drive them back to their wretched dens With brutal baton and sword, And raise to a patient God your thanks That evil and power have scored.

Suffer them not to know of aught. But squalor and toilsome days; Live on their little one's sweated toil Whilst your own child thrives and plays.

Fetter their minds with ignorance -With purile fears and with lies; Preach glibly "The poor must always be," Lest they dare to think and rise

Divide their ranks with bigotry Whilst you rob the wealth they made; Then go to your vaulted church and pray Still shameless and unafraid.

Whilst you list to the organ's notes A fierce gale shricks and raves; Where far from your tranquil church Your ships are fighting the waves.

O'er freighted and ill equipped, Death traps for their doomed crew. With cargo high o'er the load line piled -But what is their plight to you?

If she rides the seas 'tis well-. Should she sink-'tis better still The widows and orphans curse Is powerless to work you ill

When the writhing and mangled forms Are snatched from your burning mine, Whilst you languidly dire and wine Yet spite of your fiendish wiles -

And chaling, blambemous firster— Right shall prevail, on your gilded walls The writing is surely there. MAEVE CAVANAGH.

The Lying Leprachaun, Lorcan.

A few facts about him.

The Home Rule Party are burning with a heartfelt desire to conciliate the Orangemen at Ulster (at least they say so) and the leader of the Irish race at home. abroad and elsewhere forbids opposition to William of the people in Cork and proclaims that "for the sake of Ireland I refuse to play the openly avowed game of our enemies at this moment of supreme and critical importance to the whole future of the country. So it appears that every two pence

halfpenny show labelling itself a political party in this country will be considered as entitled to recognition by the "leaders" and that the only party to be sat on, to be crushed and ground down are the working class—the class that for years and years has—like "the war battered dogs of Fontenoy" fought forevery class but their own—the class which rallied round Charles Stewart Parnell when the John Joseph Farrells, the William Martin Muryhys and the Abrahams endeavoured to throw him to the English wolves. If any doubts be entertained as to what the workers may expect when "we have our own Parliament in College Green" with the present political land sharks in power one has but to turn to the speech of Little Lorcan, the lying leprachaun when returning thanks to his faithful henchmen and the now placated "brudders" the Grippers' followers for "electing" him Lord Mayor for a third term. "I am determined," said the "bould" Lorcan in so many words "to sit on these fellows opposed to me anytime and everytime I can." And so the game is played those of our class who are as yet blind to their own interests being made the pawns in the game of political humbug.

Lorcan at Waterford in referring to the recent Municipal elections spoke of the voice of Dublin, Lorcan Sherlock though took very good care that as far as the Mountjoy Ward was concerned, the voice of the worker would be mute for an arrangement was made with the slumlandlords and their agents last year that in filling in the Requisition forms as many workers' names would be omitted as would give Lorcan a chance of a substantial majority, in the event of a labour man being run against him. And yet we hear talk of the voice of Dublin.

The Freemason's clerk has lately taken to himself the title of "Defender of the Faith." On the 5th of January, at the City Hall, Mr. Lorcan, when I was passing by spoke of "people who taint Catholic chapels." Whether the allusion was to me or not I am unable to say; but with regard to one's faith I would advise Lorcan, Lord Mayor and all as he is, and even though he receives congratulatory letters by the dozen, to, in the words of a certain politician, "keep a civil tongue in his

since certain individuals, who now pat the Lord Mayor on the back, spoke in no unmeasured terms of his action relative to a certain appointment in the gift of the City Council. Then the question was asked - "What do you think of the Lord Mayor's action in voting against a Catholic?" Labour Party could be extolled then. Lorcan, perhaps, may have since explained that his action at the time was prompted by feelings of "brotherly love"—and by brotherly love we mean of the blood. We are tempted to here ask was it the people dubbed larkinites and Anti-clerics or those admirers, friends, and followers of the Trinity Doctor of Laws who were responsible for driving off the Resident Executive of the Gaelic League at the last Convention in Galway the only clergyman who had a seat thereon?

Lorcan Sherlock, in the columns of that

lying rag edited by that apostle of temperance and truth Paddy Meade, told us of Jim Larkin being a coward. The liar! Whatever his enemies may allege against Jim Larkin neither friend nor foe can say that he at any time or in any place acted the part of a coward. And fancy the 'maneen' who cries coward. There is a proverb in Irish to the effect that the rabbit is a brave soldier in his burrow. Lorcan Sherlock's bravery is like unto that of the rabbit. During the Sherlock-Malinn election in Mountjoy Ward orcan one night discovered tear-ing down some of Mallin's bills ran like a redshan from two small boys who were curious to now what he was about, At another time Sherloc outpaced Dorando in his flight down Thomas street when his bullies failed him at an election meeting. A shout from a few Sinn Feiners in Great Brunswick street during an election contest made Lorcan take to his heels in true cross-country fashion. An ill-mannered Sinn Feiner at another time attended a meeting of a United Irish League branch at which Lorcan was principal speaker. Sherlock's elo-quence was brought to a sudden stop when the Sinn Feiner stood up to protest against his statements, nor did he resume his spouting until he was assured of his bullies being in the majority. We wonder what has he done with the revolver he carried in the Sinn Fein days; and when Paddy Carroll told him in the Oak Room of the Mansion House that he'd put up with no more of his impudence, I'll never forget the woe-begone countenance of the "mitey" leprachaun. I happened to be in the gallery that day. Lorcan's "bad all the colours of the rainbow chasing each other across it. And yet this leprachaus prates of cowandice. Why, the Dake of Paze Toro was a Napoleon Nelson-Wellington Alexander hero com-

pared to him. If Local was so sure of the voice of Dublin, why was his wife, the present Lady Mayoress, distributing St. Vincent de Paul tickets during canvass for his

lordship amongst the workers in Lower Buckingham street and Lower Rutland street? Charity, I suppose. Oh, ye little fishes! How charitable certain people become during the first fortnight

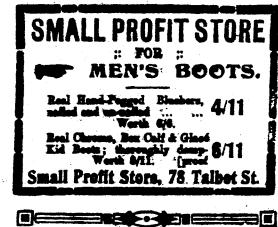
in January. And the toys, too. Lorcan tells us that he attended the meeting in Waterford to pay a tribute of respect to the Irish Leader etc. Three years ago Lorcan engaged in canvassing for the Lord Mayorality for the first time, met a friend of mine in O'Connell street and told him he expected the Sinn Fein members and the then newly-elected Labour members' votes. "Look here," said "Sherlock to my friend, "I've been only making enemies for myself doing the Parliamentary Party's DIRTY work.' Did ever a Labour Leader use such strong language? What! this prop of the United Irish League doing dirty work!

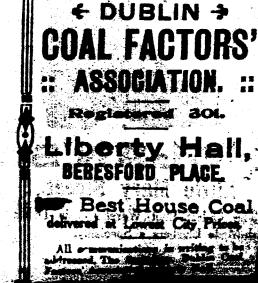
Lorcan Sherlock now declares if he were offered a title he would not accept it. At the time of the death of King Edward of England Lorean Sherlock happened to be in London in connection with an insurance society, and was present at a meeting where a resolution of sympathy with the deceased monarch and of loyalty to his successor was proposed, seconded, and carried those present agreeing, with one or two exceptions. Lorcan was the first man to jump to his feet on that occasion. My informant of this is Mr. William J. Ryan. Sub-Editor of the "Irish Independent." He told me this story in a certain shop, the proprietor of which is at the present time a great admirer of the Lord Mayor. Ryan's estimation of Sherlock on that occasion was expressed as follows: "A man who would not keep his oath if it paid him to break his word."

MICHAEL MULLEN. A Burgess of the Mountjoy Ward.

The Farm Labourers.

Five months fighting and fighting still. Think of it! And yet they are but neophytes in the trades union movement, Twelve months ago they knew naught of the labour ranks and they were unknown in them. To day they are of its very salt. Attempts have been made to get them to renage their principles; they have failed. Attempts of the same kind are being made; they shall fail too. Such methods as Early adopted in Swords—too palpable for the older trades unionists have been tried in vain. Early's brother who is a solicitor in Dublin drew up a memorial to his brother Early, the farmer of Swords at the latter's request, asking the farmer Early to act as President of what the "Evening Pin een" calls a trades union. And still they say we retain our sense of humour. The boss is to decide when we are to get an increase of pay, when we are to get a decrease in wor ing hours. The boss, farmer Early, as the self-requested, selfelected President of the labourers "trades union" is to decide when he shall as: himself for a rise in his labourers pay! It is not such a very long time ago And the date shall be Tibbs' Eveneither before nor after Xmas. What a hollow farce it all is. In Meath the same. The labourers, accompanied by the man who provided the scabs to the Dublin employers Monsieur David Sheehi, M.P., waited on the farmers. The farmers were full of sympathy for the workers and something else for themselves. Sympathy is not very satisfying of itself when a man has a wife and a family to maintain. But Sheehy returned his thanks—on behalf of the labourers—to the labourers' bosses: nay but his grateful thanks. For is not the Sheehi gratitude a sense of favours to come? And who knows? They might give David ANOTHER testimonial! Aye, even those farmer bosses! But the hollow farce of it all-Sheehi, with his £400 per annum and his "pickings" out of the U.I.I., thanking the men who pay their wage-slaves 11s. per week for their expressed sympathy in the name of the wage-slaves! And the "Evening G-man" says Amen. How different in Dublin. Here they do not thank the bosses for sympathy. No; they demand their rights and present him with his sympathy. At the moment the crucial period in the fight has arisen. Now is the time to come closer together, we of the working class. A week, or mayhap two, and the labourers go back triumphant: go back to the fulfilment of their destiny—the pioneers of a great day for the agricultural labourers of





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Labour, Nationality and the Political Question—Continued.

fools who think Irish shall serve as a barrier against Socialism their fine barrier is already broken. Nor can all the fools in Ireland stay the victory

Another striking feature of Irish life next claims our notice-the revolutionary tradition and the really high spiritual ideal of what is known as "advanced" Nationalism at its best. The stupid bloodthirsty howls characteristic of universal Jingoism are foreign to its essential character. The remarkable sanity and humanity of vision is astonishing. The clear distinction its great apostles draw between English government and the English people, literature, civilisation is more so.

Lucky the lrishman or lrishwoman who ponders over the misdeeds of English government in Ireland and escapes the taint of a diseased hatred of everything English. Aye, a diseased hatred that includes the English work ing class, so often brutally coerced by English Government armed forces, law, and Press, when it seeks to improve the hellish social conditions that make England an industrial hell to-day. The Nationalist who maintains at present that England consists, just as much as Ireland, of many rogues, many fools, and a number of worthy, intelligent men and women, is regarded with horror in certain quarters. Yet Tone and Davis paid homage to the great and lasting achievements of Englishmen in . letters, science, government, and war. Mitchel reverenced and learned from Carlyle and saluted the Chartists as fellow-knight errants in the fray with English wrong, oppression, and stupidity.

Lucky, too, one might here add, the workers in revolt against capitalism, who see with similar tolerance the poison with which capitalism infects even patriotism and religion, is accidental to our time, and never shall we know what is true and false in both till they have gone through the test of new epochs and new civilisa-

It is also possible, if you look in your own homes, you will find more of each than theorists suspect,

Now, perhaps, we are in a position to consider that political question we started with. We may say that every people knows its business best—that the people that exalts Imperialism has betrayed the true creed of Nationality. If force is the judge of patriotism patriotism is damned.

What the sword gives the sword may take away. Race hatreds pass, but national character remains. Imperialism will never bring the union of nations. Violence begets violence, passion begets passion and scornful ignorance ignorance more scornful. No man can say to-day the gifts nationality has showered upon the unheeding earth. No man can tell how the nations shall live when they shall merge. But this we know, and for this reason we respect the most reactionary Nationalist as a Nationalist: every nation has to express itself, as it marches on, in ways congenial to its circumstances and the way history has carved for it; that the national assembly, though but the reflex of the general economic life whose figurehead it is, however hampered by corruption and muddleheadedness, gives a certain coherence to the forces that struggle for mastery within the nation; that in emphasising the clear right of every nation to a sacred, inalienable political independence we avoid the extremes of blind anarchy or brutal reaction.

Therefore, we render, in matters political and in matters economic what is

owing to each. When political parties go amongst the clouds let us pull them down, and when economic parties sink into the gutter let us drag them to the level earth again.

• nly thus we find that a certain equilibrium and sense of proportion may be retained, which, in the presence of the capitalist and the empires, is the most difficult thing to accomplish in this half ludicrous and half tragic creation. GRANUAILE.

T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Hairda sser, 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN. An Up-to-date Establishment, Trade Union about only employed. Cleanliness, Cambrit, misopies used. Success to the Workson Cames,

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Pointed Paragraphs.

If coming events cast their shadows before, Now, Lorcan, I'm greatly afraid That in the Home Rule which your gang have

The workers are sadly betrayed.

in store

Nugent's gang and Lorcan's met in the backroom of a glorified publichouse in Abbey street. And the voice of the lawyer Redmond-which was hushed in guilty silence while the brains of Irish workingmen were being batoned out upon the pavements of the streets of Dublinnow bade these political thugs to hand Lorcan Saturnus Sherlock, the Mansion House swag for a third time.

Of course Lorcan had also aided in screening the lawyers in office who sent out the uniformed baton-butchers to smash down the men whom William Martin Murphy had conspired to crush. Did he not allow the Corporation officials to give evidence at that hollow shamcalled a Commission of Enquiry—and thus give it the appearance of a genuine court of investigation? And had he not also used his position in the City Council to crush the members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and why not give him the blood money?

In obedience to the voice of John E. Redmond. Alderman J. J. Farrell is said to have crawled to "royalty," when he so disgusted every honest man with the slavish performance. But the Lawyer Redmond was judiciously silent when Alderman Farrell was receiving unstinted abuse for his obedience to his Leader. and while even Lorcan Saturnus Sherlock, f.f.D., was repudiating the man, for whom he canvassed in the recent elections. These be your "Nationalists." Poor Erin!

The Lawyer Leader of the Irish people, who has made politics a profession and the Irish representation in Westminster a family party, with his brother and son holding paid seats, and drawing money out of the National Fund, has accepted a Home Rule measure which I will prove in these columns is a Bill to teach the English Government how to still more effectively tax the Irish farmer and to provide jobs for the Nugent and Sherlock gang.

On Friday, the 23rd, a meeting of the Dublin Corporation was called under false pretences. The work of the meeting was not to elect a Lord Mayor. as alleged, but to endorse the selection already made in the "pub." And the gangs that opposed us in our efforts to resist the union-smashing tactics of Murphy all these weeks now nominated an employer Shortall, who had locked out his employees, as High Sheriff. Why not the scab Richardson or John S., the twin supporters of the Right Hon. (?) the Lord Mayor?

"Man, proud man, dressed in brief authority; and, like an angry ape he plays such tricks before high heaven as to make the angels weep." Shakespeare's words came back to my mind as I sat and watched Lorcan's display in the chair after his endorsement by the "gangs." And I thought how much at home he would look in the "Monkey House." where the faces he makes might frighten the children and amuse the adults who came to witness his antics.

And Lorcan, after all, voted for Dr. Daniel, and he showed his vote to the reporter of the "Irish Times." I trust this secret of the ballot was conveyed to Dr. Daniel's friend, Lady Aberdeen, who knew that the Lord Mayor opposed Daniel's selection in the Public Health Committee; that publicly in the Council the Lord Mayor's conduct was favourable to Murray, and made it possible for Murray to be elected, while privately Lorcan voted the other way, and showed his vote to the reporter of the "Irish Times." Lorcan in league with the enemy

And then Lorcan repudiated the job pespetrated by his assistance (the taking over of the Charles street Dispensary because he had been deceived by the reports in connection with that institution. If that be correct, will the LL.D. explain how is it that he is now in favour of retaining a dispensary that was never legally taken over? And then Lorcan is not opposed to Labour. But to form a Labour Party at this stage would be an act of treachery.

With the government of the country in the hands of the Nugent gang and the Sherlock gang—the workers of Ireland who allow themselves to be once more gulled by Lorcan—will find it then too late to organise. The new machinery will be utilised to crush them. The batons once used by Nugent's friends at the Mansion House meeting may once more be utilised to smash Irish heads. And the boast attributed to Joe Devlin that the Transport Workers Union under Home Rule would be soon wiped out.—may even be attempted—as it is certainly contem-

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When speaking in England I warned the workers that if we were allowed to fail in our defence in Dublin, they in England would be made suffer for it. We were betrayed by certain English so-called Labour leaders, and now thousands of English workers are suffering as a result. The example set by the traitor Thomas, M.P., in Wales is being followed by the building bosses, and men are asked to fine themselves for daring to go on strike, etc.

The policy of the respectable (!) Labour leaders has been given full scope in Dublin and has failed and failed miserably. Larkin, whom they howled down, preached the only effective way of dealing with the soul-crushing employers. The men they would not consent to take out are now being thrown out by the employers, who were quick to take advantage of the leaders' cowardice, or treachery, or both. Thousands are idle in London. The fiery cross is the only emblem of industrial salvation, and Larkin stands to day justified, notwithstanding all the vile misrepresentation, abuse, and slander.

And the forces that fought the workers in Dublin will live to learn that a cause sustained by falsehood is bound to fail. the workers are not defeated although our opponents may claim victory for the moment. Time will tell who the victors truly are, and out of what may be now regarded by some as the ashes of a great movement will arise a still greater movement to battle irresistibly for right and justice. 1913 has attempted and accomplished great things, 1914 will profit by past experience and accomplish still greater things. Up Larkin! Up the workers. Up the Irish Nation.

> WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE. Councillor, New Kilmainham Ward.

Clondalkin Notes.

Sanatoria Lawlor, of Irishtown, farmer C.C. and J.P. (judge of potatoes), had a motion on the agenda at a late Council meeting for the better housing of the labourers. What hypocrisy! He has a scab named Hayes living in a lodge, that a pig would turn up his nose at. I wonder does his lady friend the "Girl from the Park," visit the houses on his land that his scabs live in? If she does she will have to raise funds to build a swine fever hospital instead of a sanatorium for phthisis. I notice Lawlor is coming to Mass in Clondalkin lately. He always does before the elections come off but we never see him for two years and nine months until the next elections.

These are old election tricks and he cannot blind us any longer. However he can tell us about Snowball Hanlon's land grabbing case that he was telling us three years ago when he was hissed off the platform in Clondalkin in his election campaign. Sanatoria, do you remember the burning of Peamount Sanatorium when you asked at Lucan Petty Sessions were there any Clondalkin men concer-Clondalkin men don't forget this, my friend, and they will talk to you about it in the near future.

Kitty Brien, farmer and publican, Balgaddy, Clondalkin, who would not employ Union men on her farm, but who supplies scabs and policemen with beer and food on the premises. The police are conveniently blind to your faults in this respect, as you have only a 6-day licence for beer off the premises, Of course, when you are antagonistic to the Union, the police won't mind you: but the D.I. Taylor of Lucan might hear this, so be very careful. My dear Kitty, you are a very kind and charitable woman to be feeding those wasters, who never worked before this lock-out. Of course, you are in your seventies, and you must do something to appease God's wrath for your -Lorcan's attempt to sit on the two early career. But don't you think your charity could be extended nearer home if you took your relatives out of South Dublin Union, and take them off the rates that these poor honest labourers have to foot the bill for. Kitty, do you remember the time your late husband was working for 10s. a week, and you were working for 6d. a day. Wouldn't Jem Larkin be a Godsend in those days to raise the wages? You forget these days, as you are fairly well off now. You might think sometimes of your early struggles, and compare your case with the poor labourers of the present day.

Christopher Hickey, Balgaddy. exemergency man, from Killiney, a onehorse farmer of seven acres, who tricked a poor farrier out of his forge. Of course, the farrier was no match for an emergencyman, and the farmers would give you no work for your base action. You had to shut the forge. This fellow, like the cur he is, turns around and helps the same farmers that boycotted him by scabbing it for them along with his son during the present lock-out. This reprobate hires his wife out as a domestic servant to

the "gentry." Vou might take her home, now that as you ought to have enough of money made by scabbing it for the farmers, who, of course, paid you well, although they could not afford to pay a legitimate farm

labourer eleven shillings a week.

Peter Coughlan, of Kishogue, who would not employ a Union man, and thinks he is an authority on farmers' agreements. Peter, you might have kept yours if you were an honourable man; but there are very few farmers that have any idea of honour or what the word stands tor. Is Early lodging with you yet? He will give you points of law, but no pay. Of course, he is one of the family; and if you took a wife unto your bosom you did not marry the family. Go slow. Peter, or you will be in the black gazette in the near future. Of course, you have law galore, and might scrape through somehow.

John Smyth, Nealestown, farmer. This gentleman is a Scotch adventurer from the Land of Cakes, who evicted two men from his houses because they would not sign any agreement or leave the Transport Union. No, John, they were too manly and preferred eviction to working under non-Union terms. This Caledonian has a motor car and a big foot for the brake. Hoppy-go-constant, I hear things are not too well with you. Scabs don't pay and you had to sell your motor car to Thos. T. Healy, ex-soldier, publican and scab coal man, who has an ex-convict fresh from Mountjoy where he was detained at His Majesty's pleasure for larceny, to act as chaffeur.

Kelly, of Yellow. Meadow, ex-soldier and farmer, who tills a bfg demesne of three-quarters of an acre. You might stop at home and put vaseline on your cabbage plants instead of scabbing for "Snowball" Hanlon, C.C. What is your son, Terry, doing three years for? It's not for honesty anyhow. Kelly, do you remember the Canadian wheat that grew along the canal bank? And when you tried to sell it to Shakleton he recognised it as his own that was brought from the quays in canal boats and past your own door. Of course. you grew it; I don't think. This is the sort of vermin we have to deal with in the South County.

Mike Murray, farmer, Balgaddy, commonly known as "Tin Whiskers," whose wife would sell out his dovecot before he would bow to Larkinism. The animal called "The Rasher" Farrell agreed to give him a hand to save his crops. Michael was in Kitty Brien's quaffing the ambrosial nectar of the gods, better known in common parlance as a sup of "the cratur," and The Rasher" drawing his stuff home to Lucan for his own use. My poor dear deluded Michael, when will you get sense into that thick cranium of yours? "The Rasher" saved your crops, it is true; but that was your share of them. You have another scab now, also from Lucan and I hear he is lightfingered. Of course, no honest man could work for you until you your way to reinstate your men.

Subscriptions Received by Transport Union.

We give this week a ninth list of the subscriptions to the Lock out Fund received in the Transport Workers' Office, and from week to week we will continue to give a list until all the sums received directly in Liberty Hall are acknowledged in the "Irish Worker."

Oct. 21st—Joe Gray, Goole, Yorkshire, 15s.; South Shields Branch N.S. & F. Union, per Charles Bellem, District Sec., £1 78. James Leech, Trafford Park, Manchester, 1s. Oct. 22nd—Ardrossan Branch Scottish Union of Dock Labourers, per Lewis and Hughey, £6 10s.; P. J. Lynch, Crowndale road, London, 10s.; Falkirk Robert Emmet Branch I.N.F., per M. Mullen, Sec., £3; Ex-Bailie Muirhead, Beith, Ayrshire, £7 2s.; Westport Branch N. II. P. P. P. O'Neill Ex-Baille Mulrhead, Bellin, Ayrsinie, £1 25., Westport Branch N.U.R., per P. O'Neill, £1; Blackburn Branch B.S.P., per Frank and Walter Shaw, £5 18s.; Mr. John Holland, C.B. Staff, G.P.O., Liverpool, 12s. 3d.; Plumstead Branch N.U.R., per R. Nelson, 15s. 1d.; Bradford Perin, Letchwood, Herts, 2s. 6d.; Robert Lowe, Ashton-in-Makerfield, result of collection at meeting addressed by Peter Larkin. £2 13s.; Penman Family, 85 Kirk road, Wishaw, Scotland, 8s. 6d.; Sunderland Branch N.S. and F. Union, per J. Murray, 4s.; First Day School, Norwich, per Ernest Wheeler, 8s. Miss E. Winger, Commercial road, London, 7s. 6d.; Haulbowline Workers,

Queenstown, per John Dowling, £2 10s. 9d. Oct. 23rd—Abertillery & District Trades and Labour Council, per C. E. Williams, £4; Clarion Club, Liverpool, per R. T. Manson, £9 4s.; Arthur Dickinson, Doncaster, 12s. 8s.; E. Rose, Castletown, for K.R., E.R. and G.R. to the Lock-out Fund, 5s.; Burnley Branch N.U.G.U. and G.L., per L. Burnows. 18s. 6d.; collected by per L. Burney, 18s. 6d.; collected by E. J. Howell, Codnor, Derbyshire, £1; Cleveland Typographical Union, Ohio, per F. H. Stefen, Sec. and Treas., £2 1s. 8d.; Thornbury Tram Depot, Bradford, per Ned Shaw, Winterburn, Morgan and Cross, £3; Scottish Union of Dock Labourers, Ayr Branch, per Alexandra MacDonald, Sec., £9 9s.; Oldham Road Branch N.U.R., 2nd contribution, per Joseph Smyth, Sec. £2. contribution, per Joseph Smyth, Sec., £3; Middlesboro' Branch Municipal Employees'

Middlesboro' Branch Municipal Employees' Association, per R. Armstrong, £1 10s.; Sligo Brunch I.T.W.U., per P. Keeley, Sec., £11; J. A. Sheppard, Hon. Treasurer Cray's Children Distress Fund, £5; John Kerr, Govan, Glasgow, 7s. 6d.; Risca Branch A.S.R.S., per B. Dellwood, 6s. 9d.; J. Binns, Bradford, Manchester, 5s.
Oct. 24th—Blackburn Branch B.S.P., per Frank Mack, £5; N.S. and F. Union, Liverpool, per P. Marmion, 13s.; B. J., Dublin, for the Distress Fund, £2; Luke Deignan, Hazlehatch, £1; Miss E. J. Rintoul, Hampstead, N.W., £5; John Walsh. Droylesden, Manchester, per "Freeman's Journal," Dublin, 8s.; Longton Branch A.S.C. and J., per H. Goulding, 2s. 6d.; Sleaford Branch N.U.R., per W. J. Thorn, 15s.; from a Dublin Friend, per J. A. Tynan, Old Hall, Ware, £1; London Branch Church Socialist League, per E. R. Wood, Church Socialist League, per E. R. Wood, £3; collection at Mumbles, Brotherhood, per J. W. Hughes, 108.

Oct. 27th—R. T. Brady, Salfor I, Manchester, result of collection, £1 188.; Cork No. 21 Branch I.T.W.U., per D. Curey. Secretary, £2; Stockport Branch, A.S. of J.M.F.H., per John Bennett, £2 78.; H. M. Conarcher, Edinburgh 108., J. F. Dublin. is.; Dublin Branch Royal Liver Agents Union, per John Hanlon, 108.

A Brave Heart.

She was evidently the wife of a docker. The infant in her arms had cried user to sleep, and the tear-stained face of the little rebel lay calmly nestled on the heaving breast of its mother. By her side was a sturdy lad of six. A wealth of brown hair crowned his pale young face, and two fearless eyes of blu: looked up at you as the youngster clutch I his mother's skirt. He was clad in the scantiest of garments, and his bare himps had turned blue in the piercing win i. All day long they had waited in the bitter blast, and as the mother's gaze encountered mine I noticed a cheerful look o'erspread her features.

"I beg pardon, sir. Do you think will there be any tickets to-day?"

I hesitated to reply. It required courage to answer that question. Day after day these people had come expecting to receive tickets for food so sadly needed; day after day they were turned away disappointed. "The miners had failed to honour their pledged word." The Engineers did not subscribe as promised." "The Parliamentary Committee had no funds," and with these excuses throbbing through my brain, I succeeded in stamminery out an opinion that there would be no food tickets available for some time. The brave creature took in the situation at a glance. a look of sympathy and courage snone in her bright Celtic eyes. God bless you sir she said, you're doing your best, and pressing the sleeping child more closely to her heart she turned end departed followed by the little lad—to seek a home where there was neither food or fire. Such hearts will never be conquered. neither will the race to whom the good God gives such mothers. W.P.P.

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