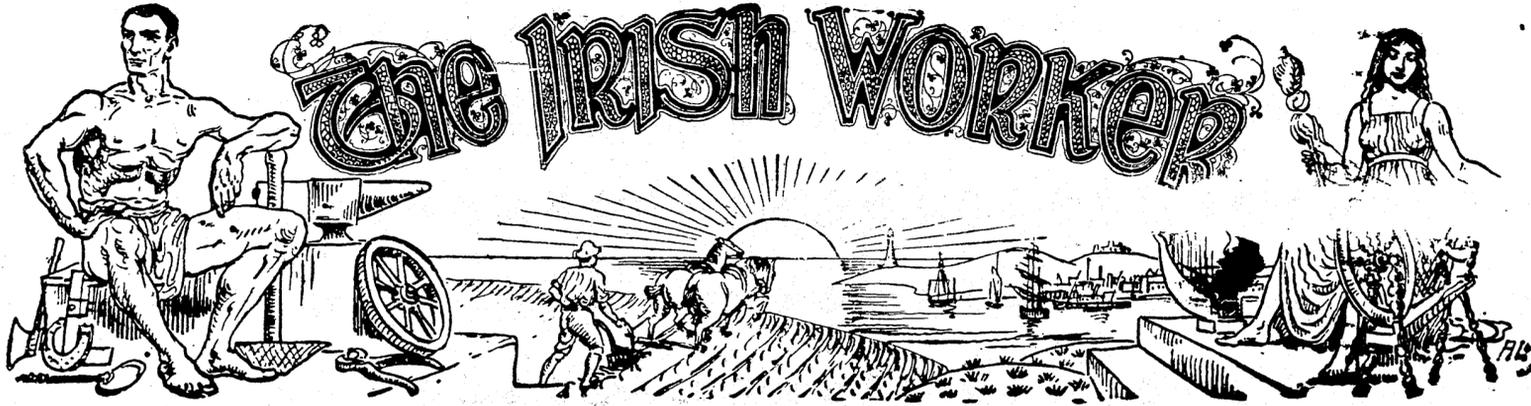


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers.

As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1914

ONE PENNY.]

Separation and the Irish Language.

Separation, or Extreme Nationalism, it might be contended, has little to do with the various activities which are usually grouped under the heading "Gaelic League Propaganda Work." Separation is and must of necessity be associated with the idea of militant revolutionary action, and must, if sincere, purpose the freeing of Ireland by military means and the removal of the last vestige of English power and influence. This at first sight may have little connection with such work as the voluntary teaching of Irish language classes, the organisation of feiseanna and (treachais, or the endeavour to have Irish taught in schools or colleges. The connection between the two departments of National effort seemed at one time so remote as to make many veteran Fenians look upon the Gaelic League as a danger to Nationalism as they understood it. This was plainly evident some years ago when Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, speaking at Newry, advanced the bold proposition that Ireland without a separate Irish language could never be a Nation in the proper sense of the word. Foremost amongst people who resented this proposition were the men of advanced National views. A very clear light is thrown upon this state of affairs by a recent play of Lennox Robinson, in which we are given an idea of how the Gaelic League would strike the gaze of a released political prisoner who had just completed a term of twenty-one years' imprisonment. Having gone to jail just a little while before the starting of the Gaelic League, he is impatient of everything except the pushing forward of military organisations. He looks upon language, music, literature, industries, &c., as being very good in their way, but liable, if too much attention be given them, to draw the people away from the main issue, which is the getting rid of English power. To all the glowing description of Feisiana, compulsory Irish, &c., he retorts—"But how many guns have you? Are you drilling the men?" Is the man with such an outlook to be out-lashed, when we come to speak of Irish Nationalism? Is separatism something entirely independent of, and by no means inseparably bound up with the Gaelic ideal? In other words, can a separate Irish Nationalism without a separate Irish language be possible? To answer this question a calm critical examination of Irish History is necessary, and the History of Ireland, as it is known to those who are ignorant of the Irish language, or in other words the History of the Pale and its surroundings, is a very trap to the unwary and a dangerous foundation on which to base one's arguments. Silken Thomas will appear to us to be an Irish patriot, if we look at Irish History from the Paleman's point of view, because our nation will then not consist of the Irish people, but of the English Pale. Swift and Lucas and Molyneux, because of the fierce energy of their denunciation of English interference, may seem to us to be the very pioneers of that Nationalism which we profess to-day. But can anyone seriously contend that these men were Nationalists when we learn that their hatred of the Roman Catholics was greater than their hatred of England's tyranny. They hated England just as a burglar would hate the corrupt police official who insists on more than his due share of the spoil, but they looked upon the old Gaelic race, as their legitimate prey, and this very element, the ascendancy element—were later on so much afraid of the logical working out of the democratic system which sprang out from the French Revolution, that they hurried to destroy the College Green Parliament rather than face the possibility of the Gael automatically coming into possession of that Parliament.

The principle which the French Revolution ushered into being, and which has been steadily capturing the world ever since, was a dangerous principle to find its way to Ireland. The right of human beings to make the laws under which they are to live—simply that and nothing more—and the vast majority of the people of Ireland deprived of that right at the time.

Thus we find that a body of men in Ireland, attracted by French Revolutionary principles, and convinced of the righteousness of those principles, saw in the condition of Ireland, Aristocracy ridden, and Castle official ridden, with not even an attempt at representative Government—a terrible incongruity. They saw this evil and attempted to end it, but they found that the English connection was the source of the evil and proceeded to conspire to break that connection. The Divine Right of Kings could not be pleaded on behalf of William III or his successors, and when the new doctrine of the right of the sovereign people reached the unpurchased intellect of the country it was received with open arms. Translation of French revolutionary pamphlets and of the "Rights of Man" ran into many editions in Dublin "The Ca Ira" and the "Marseillaise" took their place beside the traditional ballads of town and country, and over the country it became evident that the further withholding from the vast majority of the people of the right to participate in the affairs of the country was something to be combated and ended. The corrupt Irish Parliament took alarm, and having lent its aid to the work of forcing a premature and abortive rising which it also lent its aid to brutally suppress, this corrupt Paleman's Parliament bartered its own existence away, thus showing that its members looked upon themselves as safer under the protection of their real kingmen, the English, than their own people, the Irish. Now, if the English-speaking part of the population had been in any sense a nation it would have fought till the last against the destruction of the College Green Parliament; if the members of that Parliament felt that the Catholics and themselves were members of one human family, they would have resisted, even by force of arms, the Union with England's Parliament. But the Pale was never anything but a broken off from England; it was never a national entity; it may have looked after its own affairs with some interest, just as the people of Birmingham might be trusted to look after the affairs of Birmingham and take more interest in them than in the affairs of Liverpool. We know that the record of the Irish Parliament is not altogether creditable, that under its sway the country progressed to a degree that would not be probable under the rule of Westminster and its outposts. But those great achievements of canal cutting and the other stimuli which industry received were not so much the work of nation builders as of selfish merchants, who knew that every work which they undertook at the public expense was bound to eventually enrich themselves personally. So that we see that this much vaunted Parliament was not the Council of an Irish Nation, but was rather a kind of glorified prototype of the Dublin Distress Committee. The suicide Irish Parliament will be for all time a monument to the impossibility of an English-speaking Irish Nation.

The question, Can a non-speaker of Irish be a Separatist in Politics, is quite a different one from the question of an Irish Nation without an Irish Language. Wolfe Tone, Ireland's greatest Separatist, did not speak Irish. But in all times when we see a nation suffering from a complication of ills there will always be men amongst her sons who will concentrate their energies upon the task of removing some particular one of those ills, the most fatal and pressing of all her ills. "An Gad is geobra don spornaigh is coir i reidhteach ar dtus" is an Irish proverb which means that the more deadly evil should be combated before any of the minor ones should be touched. To Wolfe Tone the connection with England was the one evil to be attacked and destroyed first, if the Irish people were not to be allowed to be bled to death. Subsequent history proves him to have been right, seeing that in all the attempts we have since made to solve the problems that other nations are free to grapple with, we have always had the added difficulty of our connection with England to hamper and impede us. Mitchell, of whom we are all so proud, for his passionate hatred of English rule, was not a speaker of Irish, although a careful reader of his "Jail Journal" will know that he loved to listen to the accents of the Gael, even when spoken by a native of the Scottish Highlands. When we recollect, however, that those English speakers who loved Ireland and hated English rule were so few and far between as to shine out above their contemporaries as extraordinary men, at a time when every little village had its poets and singers who breathed forth the love of country and kindred in a continuous chant of passionate song, we will realise that the language movement is, after all, the only hope for a really Irish Nation. If Ireland is to be free, we will need not one Wolfe Tone or Mitchell in each generation but thousands of them. Is English speaking Ireland going to produce them? I think the evidence is against the supposition. English-speaking Ireland seems content with Mr. Redmond and Home Rule and the jobs which the Castle now and then bestows on the journalistic and legal tribe; but the first men to take steps towards fitting the Irish people for a stand-up fight with the enemy were the men who, a few years ago, were taunted with attaching themselves to an academic literary movement because they were not courageous enough to identify themselves with politics, politics meaning of course that programme of action which results in selling one section of the Irish people to the English Whigs and the other section to the English Tories, Separatism, because of the smallness of the number of its avowed adherents, not being recognised as politics at all.

Separatism is the politics of the future. It can have no justification—the political and spiritual separation which a language stands for must be the runner and the guiding spirit. Separatism that proves its faith by means of revolutionary action. When the last veteran Fenian has been laid to rest Separatism will die with him, unless the mind of Ireland can be de-Anglicised. Nothing short of a knowledge of the Irish language and a real knowledge of Irish history, which is bound to come as a result of the language being known to us, can ever awaken us to a sense of our shame and degradation in enduring the chain of slavery so long. Nothing else can prevent us wandering out on to the primrose path of Anglicised ideas of enjoyment and time-killing idiosyncrasy, while the work of men and of a nation remain undone. Thus far Separatism and the Irish Language. PETER P. MACKEN.

Progress on Wheels. A "Striking" Record of Prosperity. BY OSCAR. Last week the seven hundred and eighty-eighth annual general meeting of the Directors of the Dublin United, Unlighted, and Blighted Busways Company was held at the Company's offices, No. 9 Upper O'Sackville street, under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. William M. Spud, Viscount de West Clare. A large number of the shareholders were present, including Mr. Ramsay McDonald, M.P., Alderman Sir Joseph Downes, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Crown Prince of Siam. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. E. S. Tresillyman, began by reading, with the aid of the Chairman's pince nez, the notice convening the meeting. He also read a batch of telegrams from various absentee shareholders apologising for their inability to be present. These are a certain famous penny periodical, the property of Sir George Newnes, were "elevating—amusing—interesting." The following are a few of them:—"Excuse absence. Have an appointment with my barber."—William Field, M.P. "Am informed the Liverpool cattle boat not sailing to-day. Consequently am not crossing."—Sexton. "Dare not venture out of doors at present. Fear I might be taken for a Free Labourer."—James Brady, solicitor. "Motor broken down. Home gone lame. Beneath dignity to walk. You needn't expect me. Nothing left but tram."—Sherlock. "Not coming. Too busy watching for Mr. X."—Bill Richardson. The last message to arrive was one from Brother Kurley. It read—

FANAGAN'S COALS. 54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Established more than Half a Century. Coals, Heaters, Coaches, and every other article. Telephone No. 12.

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

Write or call for Order Form. J. J. KELLY (Kelly for Kelly) 9 LR. ARBY STREET.

Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers.

JUSTICE BY "DOD"

A nice sample of how things were done at the recent Commission for the Trial of Prisoners in Green Street was given on Wednesday last, when our Legal Advisers, acting entirely in accordance with our wishes and in the only way in which anybody who had interest of Justice at heart could act, withdrew their further defence of cases in which prisoners were impeached before this tribunal. Notice was given by our Solicitor in the early stages of the Commission that he would insist upon the Prisoners' right to have the full Jury panel called over on every occasion in which any of the Prisoners whom he was defending were to be tried, in doing this he was insisting on nothing more than the actual right of every prisoner who is charged before a Judge and Jury in any portion of the British Isles, it is a practice which is invariably followed in every Assize Court in Ireland and is accepted by every Judge as a matter of course, but such was the eagerness of both Judge and Juries at the recent Commission to convict, try (Morr-yah!) the Strikers who were arraigned before them, that Mr. Boyle's assertion at once provoked an outburst from Judge Dodd, who stated "that he would not rest until he found out before the end of this present Commission who was responsible for such a course." We do not know who the learned Judge was alluding to, and we care less. On Wednesday morning three Strikers remained to be tried; when the Jury list was called over, only 30 Jurors answered out of 120. A Jury was sworn for the Trial of Simon Kesh, and the Crown, freely exercising their right to stand by, Kesh's Jury being sworn left only 18 Jurors for the trial of the other two prisoners. Of Kesh's trial, or parody of a trial, the less said the better. Crown Counsel, in his opening statement, taking his cue from an observation made by Judge Dodd a couple of days before, stated that "whenever it was sought to make a striker amenable to justice some mysterious individual lurking in the background came forward, established an alibi which fitted the prisoner and his case, something like a suit of second-hand clothes, and that he gathered from the defence made in the Police Court that this would be the kind of defence which would be put forward in this case." It was clearly proved by six witnesses consisting of three of Kesh's fellow-workmen, his employer, the Stevedore, and a fellow-workman who was on a steamer close by, that Kesh was at the time that he was alleged to have committed an assault in Poolbeg Street, working two miles away at the Alexandra Basin at the extreme end of the North Wall on board the Gamby's. This evidence was completely unshaken in cross-examination, but was brushed lightly by and absolutely ignored. The Judge, in his charge to the Jury stated the only investigation necessary in order to construct this alibi was a practically unshakable fact that on the morning on which the assault took place the Friday previous or some other day, when as a matter of fact the prisoner was working on board the ship, and swear to what had occurred on the substituted date as if it had occurred on the date of the assault. We do not know what Kesh's employers and the other respectable witnesses who were examined on his behalf will think of this animadversion on their evidence by the learned Judge, who then proceeded, as is his invariable custom to regale the jury with anecdotes of cases tried by him in other parts of Ireland, where he stated that alibi defences had reached the level of a high art. He, of course, suggested and, indeed, almost directed the Jury to find that the alibi in this case was also a work of art—a direction which was at once accepted by the so-called impartial Jury of independent citizens of Dublin who were empanelled to try the cases, and who, within the space of five minutes, found the prisoner guilty, thereby convicting the six witnesses for the defence of wilful and corrupt and deliberate perjury. Before Kesh's case was tried there was some talk of getting another Jury for the other cases out of the 18 jurors who remained, and our solicitor offered to the Crown that if they did not insist on their right of "stand by" he would not challenge, this the Crown, who are continually prating of holding the scales of Justice even in Green Street, point blank refused to do, and when Kesh's case concluded, our Solicitor, Mr. Boyle, rightly concluding that it was useless to defend any further cases before a Jury composed of "Gentlemen" who had found Kesh guilty, and the remaining eighteen, who would, of course, be weeded out by the Crown's unlimited right of "Stand-by," refused to appear in any further cases and withdrew his retainer from the Counsel engaged. These tactics on his part were obviously unexpected, for it was wonderful to see the happy expression on the faces of the happy family of Judge, Jury, and Crown Counsel, suddenly faded, and were succeeded by expressions of astonishment and pretended indignation. We had Olympian observations from the Bench, and our Solicitor was declared to be in Contempt, but persevered in what he conceived to be his duty, and by doing so threw the responsibility of the entire business on the Judge, the Crown Counsel, and their packed Juries—a responsibility which was very obviously recognised, and as a result of which our fellow-strikers are now out on their own bail to come up for Judgment. There is not a Court of Criminal Appeal in this country, and therefore there is no restriction on a Judge presiding at a Criminal Trial in this country, the only restraint is the restraint of public opinion, which, alas, in this country no longer exists. If our Members of Parliament, instead of chasing what now appears to be a very Will-o-the-wisp measure of Home Rule for the

past twenty years, had devoted themselves to securing some measure of legislation which would insure the liberty and fair trial of the subject, we would now be in a similar position to those living in other parts of the British Isles. We would have a Court of Criminal Appeal which would exercise proper supervision over the conduct of both Judge and Juries in Criminal Trials, and there would be some means of restraining the performances which now make Criminal Trials a farce in this country.

The names of the Jurors who tried Kesh are:

William Camp, 5 Dufferin Avenue, South Circular Road.

David Campbell, 75 Lower Leeson Street.

John C. Taylor, 62 Bay Road, Glasnevin.

James O'Brien, 10 Thomas Street.

Edward McPhillips, 43 Rathdown Rd.

Michael Redmond, 24 Mary Street.

David Campbell, 31 Finglas Road.

Patrick McPhillips, 77 Hollybank Rd.

John Elliott, 4 Sydney Terrace, S. C. Road.

James O'Brien, 16 Charlemont Place.

John Lanigan, 19 Smithfield.

Edward Fanning, Rutland Hall, Rutland Avenue.

Mr. T. J. Campbell and Mr. James Brady, whom his Lordship extolled respectively as "A Leading Light of the North-West Bar," and a "Gentleman who would be heard of in the near future in the City of Dublin, if he had not been heard of in the past," were asked by his Lordship to throw themselves into the breach and appear for the two remaining prisoners. These Gentlemen, with manly independence, stated that they placed themselves unreservedly in his Lordship's hands, and that they were prepared to act without fee or reward. We wonder who they extend the phrase to favour. Notwithstanding the joint advocacy of these very much vaunted Free Labourers, the prisoners, of course, met with the fate which our Legal Adviser had foreseen, and were duly found guilty. We do not know whether the Treasury will respond to the drastic pressure of Mr. Justice Dodd; and pay these Gentlemen for their services; but even if they do not, it will be very gratifying to these Gentlemen to know that they helped to remove any obstacle in the way of Mr. Justice Dodd's administration of Justice.

"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., Feb. 14th 1914.

Our New Campaign.

Our new campaign opened auspiciously. We held an initial meeting in Liverpool. The delegates sent from Dublin under the guidance of our comrade, Bower, called a meeting of friends I arrived just as the meeting was opened, and was called upon to explain what the idea was. I briefly outlined what our work had been in the past and what steps we had taken, and now that we had found no reliance could be placed on the officials who control the activities of the British Trade Union Movement—we had proved their incapacity and dishonesty and their implacable hatred of the legal unionism—it was essential that we got back to first principles. We had as pioneers proved that defence must needs mean attacking. The foolishness of allowing the employing class to cast our people out on the streets and then try and keep them in semi-starvation by dole of food and coin means in the long run either defeat or a crippling of our activities. In fact, to allow men and women to loaf about idling when by fore-sight and business acumen we might utilise their capacity and energy in productive and distributive work, and so attack the capitalist class in their weakest position—so long as we of the organised working class allow any section to be attacked and overwhelmed by the united forces of capitalism—we in so much dishearten our own ranks and give strength to our enemies. We must compete with those who now control industry. We must use the accumulated funds of the Unions to finance industries, and so employ our members direct, and thus utilise our labour power to enrich ourselves and provide us with further strength and, instead of allowing as we do now the employer to look us out of the workshop, we must determine to stop in the workshop, whether it be the workshop owned by the employing class or what we suggest is the right thing to do, the workshop owned and controlled by ourselves. "Take a case in point, the Dublin Corporation had contracted with certain individuals to carry out a sewerage development in the North Lotts, the contractor undertaking to provide various workmen and plant. This firm of employers joined with other exploiters to deny the workers engaged the right to work, except under conditions which they the employers had arranged. Now, remember the plans for this sewerage extension had to be drawn up by the engineers of the Corporation—all that the contractor had to do was to work to

plan. They were to provide plant and manual labour, and supervision of said labour. The contractors could not make the plant nor use it without workmen. The workmen belonged to the Transport Workers' Union. Yet this firm of contractors were allowed to lock-out the workers who were citizens and ratepayers, and the elected representatives of these workmen and citizens allowed this crime to be consummated, and for twenty odd weeks the workmen and their families were deprived of the right to live by these legalised robbers, the contractors, in collusion with the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors of the City of Dublin. If our advice had been taken and our methods availed of instead of a contractor, we would have the workers arranging with the Corporation to undertake to carry out the work. Another case was: A number of the smaller builders were willing to employ their workmen and break the lock-out, but being without sufficient capital to buy plant and materials, they were refused credit and materials by the banks and builders' providers under a threat of boycott by the large builders, who have a "ring" in Dublin to control the building industry. As a matter of fact, the large builders only suffer the smaller exploiters to exist for their own ulterior motives, which I don't intend to enter into at this stage. Well, if these monopolists can abuse their power, the more reason for us, of the working class, to try and understand what is the secret of their power and use it against them for their undoing and our own betterment. Co-operative action in all its manifestations is the right line of advance. How are we to begin? By taking up those industries or occupations that are simple in their operations for a beginning, especially those things we can supply ourselves, and which are consumed and used by our own class. This means that the loyalty exemplified by the Dublin working class during the late prolonged strike must be utilised in a sane business-like way. We all eat bread, therefore we must develop the co-operative bread production and distribution. We all wear clothes. We must make and sell our own boots. We must import our own coals. This requires no sacrifice; it simply means business. We have the men, we have the women, and we must get the necessary fluid capital in the shape of money to start. Now, get ready. You will be called upon to show the faith within you before many days. The initial meeting in Liverpool proves that there is a real desire amongst our friends to give us an opportunity to put our plans into operation. A permanent committee has been formed, under the title of "Help for Dublin Committee." This is a committee which means to help those who are willing to help themselves. We intend to ask our friends in every town and city to form such committees. We undertake that whatever help is given us the same shall be returned. Given the help necessary, we will prove the soundness of method and policy. We feel that the exhibition of vindictiveness shown by the capitalist class will spur our friends to renewed activity, and we believe that our constructive ideas will meet with the support they deserve.

On Tuesday, February 17th, Miss Grace Neal will speak on "Domestic Workers and the Need for Organisation," at the Antient Concert Buildings, for the Irish Women's Franchise League. All interested in the betterment of conditions for women are invited. Miss Grace Neal has helped to organise the domestic workers in England and has succeeded in gaining amendments to the Insurance Act on their behalf. As her work is already well-known and appreciated by the Dublin, locked-out women and children, a good meeting is expected. Mrs. Connery will preside.

Items of Interest.

Councillor John Saturnus Kelly announced in the "Drunken Telegraph" of Tuesday last his intention of taking his "weekly walk through the ward" this time accompanied by the police. A large addition to the list of things missing in the district will not now surprise many who were the Councillor's old schoolmates. The rumour that the "Soiler" is to be added to the list of Catholic Truth publications has not the slightest shadow of foundation in fact notwithstanding the presence in its polluted pages of a large advertisement of books written by the Jesuit Fathers, and that we are creditably informed of many priests perusing its putrid columns.

"The end justifies the means" and although prejudiced persons who have a personal interest in seeking to accomplish Mr. Larkin's downfall and towards the end are prepared to employ an instrument as foul as that feathered by Mrs. Smylie's dross house-keeper, the super-annuated liar and loafer McIntyre. Yet there is not the slightest fear of the lying rag securing the support of intelligent free minded people.

The "Carey tale" reads like the child of a tortured brain, whose unhappy possessor had reached that stage described by the public-house professor as "the rats," and we are not in the least surprised to learn that the plates used in the production of the photographs employed in illustrating this lie were prepared in the office of the "Daily Independent."

William "Murder" Murphy has established beyond dispute his right to be regarded as the "father of lies" by his many disclaimers of responsibility whenever the result of the present dispute appeared doubtful, and his acceptance of all the credit when finally the papers agreed that Larkinism was wiped out.

But Bill will learn that our papers are not always accurate in their declarations, and that "Our Jim" takes a heap of wiping out, and is never so dangerous as when you think him dead. Larkinism is more alive in Dublin to-day than the "Evening Herald," which William Martin is seeking to bribe the public to read. Mr. X throwing half-crowns amongst the readers of Murphy's lying rag will never revive it. Instead of Mr. X. Bill, try double X. It stood to you in the recent dispute, and made the police the baton butchers they were.

The employers of Dublin were given an opportunity of honourably settling the present dispute and reinstating the former workpeople. But, like the savages that they are, they are more anxious to crush than to reinstate those who built up their wealth. With the turn of the tide they will pay in full and to the last farthing the price of all their viciousness.

Jim Larkin is in England seeking to save the people whom Murder Murphy and Company would starve to re-establish their unholy power in Dublin. The Irish Transport Workers' Union lives despite their efforts. It has breasted and weathered the full force of the storm: the old hands man the rigging; the old skipper paces the bridge; she is heading straight for the harbour, having lost nothing but the rats, who fled when the angry waves threatened to engulf the vessel in which they fed.

Close on fourteen hundred female workers, who sought no advance in wages or improvement in their conditions of employment, are amongst the victims of the employers' viciousness. The responsibility of providing for this huge number of women and young girls is entirely assumed by Miss D. Larkin, and intelligent people will neither underestimate her great responsibility nor miscalculate the result of the possible failure to fulfil the gigantic task.

It is the duty of all humane people to lend their assistance in a work beset with such tragic results. Miss Larkin proposes by means of a system of co-operative employment to provide profitable occupation for the many idle hands, and those who hesitate in subscribing to support persons engaged in a strike or affected by a lock-out ought to have not the slightest compunction in sending their subscriptions to provide employment for females who are not now either on strike or locked out, but who unfortunately have no employment.

Any official connected with the Irish Transport Workers Union will accept contributions for the assistance of the female workers whom Miss Larkin has taken under her care. And the only so subscribed will be duly acknowledged by Miss Larkin herself either by post or in the "Irish Worker" as preferred. This money is urgently needed and you are earnestly requested to send in your subscription at once.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

"Daily Herald" League.

20 Islington, Liverpool, Feb. 4th, 1914.

Last night Mr. James Sexton, the "great Labour Leader," gave to the world the first fruits of his fertile imagination as a dramatist in a piece entitled the "Riot Act" at the Repetory Theatre, Liverpool.

Of the acting little can be said beyond that it was up to the usual standard. The play itself is a caricature of the Liverpool Strike Committee of 1911 in glorification of James Sexton, Esq., J.P., etc., in the person of John Cunliffe, the cool-headed Labour hero, who gives so many nice speeches in favour of political action and hackneyed condemnations of solidarity. The other characters are stuffed dummies, absolutely ignorant and devoid of ideas, whose only object seems to be to howl and ramble idiotically about solidarity in order to make a background for the immaculate John Cunliffe, Labour J.P.

There is a Tom Maddocks among them, who is practically running the strike in the interest of solidarity against the wishes of John Cunliffe, J.P. Tom Maddocks has lived in Melbourne, and as he is an old acquaintance of the highly intellectual John Cunliffe, J.P., we here in Liverpool have little difficulty in connecting him with Tom Maan.

As one who was present at several Strike Committee meetings, and conversant with everyone on the Committee, I can safely say that there was not one who was not superior to Cunliffe Sexton. Their only inferiority was that they had not learnt to run with the hare and the hounds at the same time. They were not J.P.'s. Possibly those caricatured may have something to say in the matter.

There is only one female in the cast, a militant suffragette and a traitress. As an index to Mr. Sexton's mind the ladies will no doubt be interested in this character.

The introduction of the Lord Mayor is a further indication of the play as an apology for James Sexton.

The whole thing is typical of the author, and can be summed up in one word "fudge."—Yours truly,

E. TREWAN.

[The above was sent and refused publication. We wonder why, considering all the roborollum the Earwig got! J.L.]

NOTICE.

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.

All matter must reach office by Wednesday morning at latest.

EDITOR.

Northern Notes.

Merrymaking.

A light-hearted crowd of merrymakers gathered in the Mill street rooms on Saturday night and kept tripping it lightly till a late hour. Girls from the Falls and York street branches of the Textile Workers, I. L. P. Transport Workers, and friends and supporters of all kinds enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Irish dancing was the order of the night, and with songs, recitations, etc., time passed pleasantly, and we hope, not unprofitably. An Irish dancing class is now being arranged for, and Mill street is on the fair way to become a rallying ground for all that is hopeful and promising amongst the younger workers in Belfast.

Need Line.

Considerable difficulty is being experienced in the reinstatement of the Head Line men who came out on strike twelve weeks ago. The wholesale scabbing of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union and the Belfast Carters Society has helped to prolong the struggle here as in Dublin. However, if the men's pockets are light their hearts are light too, and they will come into their own by and by. Dublin's material and moral helps, and especially the Dublinmen's heroic self-sacrifice, is not likely to be forgotten as the I.T.W.U. holds the fund in Belfast and that is longer than some folk would like! The determination of the Dublin men in holding out until Belfast is settled has given new life to our men. On Tuesday night Mr. Connolly addressed one of the biggest branch meetings held for many months. He made no bones about telling the whole truth about the present situation. His frankness was justified by the unanimous and enthusiastic vote of the men of all sections in favour of coming out at the word of command, be the consequences what they might. Mr. Connolly prophesied life for the I.T.W.U. in despite of all its trials and troubles. We shall win out in the long run to the discomfiture of its enemies.

The Relief of Derry.

The Carters' strike in Derry has resulted in the granting of concessions amounting to partial victory. O'Connor Kessack was early on the job, and his generalship was displayed in the permission given to the Dockers to scab on the Carters, who are members of the same Union. This, we suppose, is to "save Trade Unionism." Early in the week Kessack was reported as stating that the terms rejected by the men were quite "reasonable." He denies that now, but admits that "what he said was reasonable was the clause which stated that one day's notice should be given before a strike was declared," and further "that they could carry on a dispute in a sensible and reasonable manner without entering into turmoil or riot."

How is that for "humour" or "form." And the Derry employers consider "Mr. Kessack a fair, reasonable, man!" He would delight the heart of William Martin Murphy. "Sense and reason" in Derry binds the men to give two months' notice before terminating their agreement!

I.L.P. of Ireland.

The greater portion of Mr. Connolly's address to the I.L.P. on Sunday night was devoted to a close and detailed analysis of the industrial situation, past and present, in Dublin. His description of the housing condition of the city and their root causes were so vivid and live as to convince the least thoughtful as to the need of a fighting Union like the I.T.W.U.

Industrial Unionism.

Still more clear and logical was his summing up on the general question of industrial war. Economic power, he held, must be won by the workers, and political power would follow in its train. He took care not to minimise the value of political action, but he was insistent on the necessity for industrial organisation. A strong case was made against craft unions and in favour of organisation by industries. The sympathetic strike and the doctrine of tainted goods were weapons to be used in the bringing about of that industrial unionism, which itself meant the continuance or disorganisation of all industry, just as the workers desired. All power was founded on force, but the economic power of the workers would prove stronger than any force—even military force of the employers.

Most of the speakers who took part in the discussion succeeded, admirably in confusing thought and clouding the issue. How they missed the point of the speaker's remarks and how they made a jumble of ideas and terminology from sources as far apart as the Guild Writers and Kropatkin are problems that, we fear, are beyond us. We suppose that things like these will happen even in the best regulated and most intelligent circles.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

"The Voice of Dublin," says Lorcan.

"I Don't" Think," says the Town Clerk. We find the following remarkable statement made by the Town Clerk of Dublin in the Northern Police Courts, in connection with personation charges arising out of the recent election for Councillor in the Rotunda Ward, published in the "Freeman's Journal," February 7th:—"Mr. Campbell, Town Clerk, Returning Officer, stated that he had no alternative but to prosecute in the case. He wished, he said, he could do it more effectively, for, he added, I am personally aware the thing is becoming a public scandal."

Lorcan Sherlock, Dublin's little Leprachaun, prated in Waterloo a couple of weeks ago about the "voice of Dublin," as expressed at the recent municipal elections. We have now, on the authority of no less a personage than the Town Clerk of Dublin, a faint idea of how that "voice" was manufactured. When the Town Clerk of Dublin found it necessary to make such a statement our readers may take it for granted that the "wardrobes" (so well known in previous elections in the Mountjoy Ward) were in full swing.

At the election in Trinity Ward a workingman, Dan Colgan by name, was deprived of his right to vote, though the number of his house, 20 City Quay, the room he occupied, front drawing-room, nature of qualification, inhabitant householder, appeared on register, because his name and register number were omitted, and this notwithstanding the fact that Dan Colgan attended the Revision Court, proved his claim, and was admitted to the franchise by the Revising Barrister.

I mentioned the matter to Mr. Stephen Hand when he visited the polling booth on the day of the election, but Mr. Hand said he could do nothing when his name did not appear. Nobody seems to know anything about the same register. It seems to be nobody's child, a waif in fact, there being none to accept responsibility for it. It cannot even claim Lorcan Sherlock as a wet nurse.

In Mountjoy Ward we find a Stanley Clarke down as inhabitant householder for Cumberland street, North, in the Rotunda Ward there are Stuffs, stuffs and nothing but stuffs. Who is responsible? Nobody seemingly. "The Voice of Dublin." Mention of the Rotunda Ward reminds one of the 100 sky rockets Paddy Shortall bought to announce his victory. Where, oh where are they now?

Perhaps now that the Town Clerk has realised the truth, we may expect a clearer Burgess roll next year and heaven knows 'tis nearly time.

M. CHARL. MULLEN.

Plasterers' Dispute, GLASGOW.

Before replying to advertisements, Plasterers are requested to communicate with ROBERT DICK, Secretary, 587 Cathcart Road, Glasgow.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union.

Trades Hall, Capel street, 12th Feb., 1914. Special General Meeting to-morrow, Sunday, 15th inst., at 2 p.m. sharp. Important National Health Insurance business to be transacted. All members of the Union must attend. JOHN COFFEY, Secretary.

WIDOW REILLY'S

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CORK NOTES.

SWORDS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The "Examiner" and the B.O.E.

The "Examiner" organ had a column of puff in its usual style during the week...

Catholic and National.

Catholics! Why some of those hypocrites are a disgrace to the city, not to mind protecting the interests of the Church...

Patrick's Day.

It is strongly rumoured in the city that the B.O.E. are going to march in the St. Patrick's Day demonstration...

Wanted a Real National Society.

Steps should be taken at once to secure a real virulent National Society in Cork. The old ideal of an Irish Republic seems to be forgotten...

The North Centre Ward Election.

The aldermanship of the North Centre Ward has been in pawn for some time with Queen Victoria's gomben man, Sir Daniel Hegarty...

Paddy Kettle, "Ja Pee," is reported in the Pink Edition of the "G-man's Journal" of Friday, February 6th, as having delivered himself of a "speech" at a meeting of the North Dublin "Executive" of the United Irish "Ligue"...

After the usual hogwash about Home Rule, Paddy told his "intelligent" listeners at the "Executive" meeting that "Larkinism was gone under"...

Another "janus," Campbell by name (and nature), stated at the same meeting that the strike was the best argument for Home Rule...

We missed from the report of the Executive meeting the name of another "Ja," "Pee," Mr. Mike Dunne, of the Leas Swords. This "gentleman" had 26 or 28 different yardmen in his employment within four years...

God help the workers if Home Rule means the putting into power of creatures of the "Mike Dunne" type. It is alleged that Paddy Kettle and this fellow, Dunne, sent in memorials to Dublin Castle when Frank Moss was in prison...

We don't hear much lately about Johnny Cuffe, the other illiterate "Ja" "Pee." This fellow once declared that he wouldn't pay more than 2s. per day to any man. Johnny, do you remember "Drimmore," and the 60 you put on him...

The foot and mouth disease has sent a few shivers down the backs of some of the buckeen graziers. There is a little story told about the outbreak some months ago in which the general public may be interested. Joe Mooney, the Cabra "Ja Pee" and Tram Director, had a young bullock in his farm near Glasnevin suspected of having the foot and mouth disease...

Charlie Kettle, Kilmore, Artane, is now looking for a job as rate collector in the Dublin Corporation. I suppose, Charley, you'll have the cheek to canvas the Labour Party. The Kettles have cheek for anything...

The Scab Union formed by Joe Earley is in sore straits for members. A fortnight ago the Scab organiser called a meeting with a great flourish of trumpets. Circulars were sent broadcast, but only seven turned up. Larkin, who went to scab in Nicholas Long's, occupies a seat on the committee...

Joe Earley, the would-be suicide and present-time scab organiser, is a brother of Tom, the Hibernian law chap. His organising days were very nearly brought to a full stop last summer. Going out to Hotel yard some time last summer, Mr. Joseph fixed up a gun to blow out his brains (if he has any)...

Another patron of the Scab Union is Mr. John Tyrrell, publican, Swords. One of John's relatives one night had a dream that John would be a clergyman, and right away John was sent to college. Why John was given his walking papers from the college is a story which will be related in due course...

"ROUND TOWER."

CLONDALKIN NOTES.

There was a caucus meeting of County Councillors and U.D.C.'s at the Carnegie Free Library, in Clondalkin, last week, for the purpose of building cottages for the labourers in the near future—before next May, if possible...

Fellow Labourers, don't be fooled any longer by this gang of so-called farm bosses, potato sellers, funerals supplied, and builders' providers. They are running over each other to do good acts as the elections are very near hand...

Thos. Foley Healy made a great maiden speech on the price of scab-coal

and other commodities, and complained that the labourers were not supporting him as well as heretofore, and said that only for a few mill men he would have to shut down and emigrate or retire to oblivion, where he never should have left. He was a rake here recently and complained that he did not care a job about the WORKER, only that "Babs" read it. There is a new arrival coming home in a short time. I wonder who is entitled to the Hibernian name? There will be a row about it, I know, and the contestants are Twopenny Hammer, Jim Foley, the Batts from the Commons and Thos. Foley Healy...

There was a great ball at Dowling's, of Gallarstown, last Sunday night. Sixty couples were invited to celebrate the unique event of three engagements of marriage in the one family. Firstly, the widow to the new Rate Collector; secondly, her daughter to Early, solicitor; last, not least, her son, Jim, to the Rushwoman Byrne's daughter. Of course, Long John and the boys will get Jim a job in the South Dublin Union. It was a very joyous occasion, and the starving farmers and all the little farmers and farmeresses eat and drank all they could, and they were sure of that and thanked God for the next. Poor Pat! God be good to you! She was not long forgetting you in your cold, silent, and uncare for grave. I suppose she will ask Bill Masterson to foot the bill for this, as he had to pay the rates for her some time ago, when a decree was given against her at Lucan. Although she shook hands with him amidst tears for the last time when he took back his men on honourable union terms...

Queenstown Notes.

At the last fortnightly meeting of the Queenstown Division of the A. O. H. (B.O.E.) a truly Christian spirit was manifested by the brothers towards each other. The meeting was opened with the usual prayers, wishing damnation, &c., to all and sundry that are unable to agree with the local high-priest and his satellites. The first business of this august body was to pass a resolution of thanks to "Phil, the Barrowman" for his great work in defence of Faith and Fatherland. Further, that "The Barrowman" be remunerated for all the time he is losing at Haulbowline through staying out of bed until the small hours of the morning doing copying work for Rajah Halloran (Two trades unionists: proposed and seconded this resolution). But the Brothers, while full of sympathy for "The Barrowman," and extremely thankful to him for his great services to Faith and Fatherland, would not hear of that part of the resolution touching their pockets...

Phil, take my advice and mind your work. You were long enough trying to get employment in Haulbowline. Remember your starving children and the wife who can't look across the half door of your wretched hovel through fear of your insane jealousy. Phil, what a paragon of Christian Charity you are!

Conny Lynch (bung) next took the floor, and with a voice of thunder asked if it was a fact that some of the members of that Christian and Catholic association had voted for Jack Dowling at the late Municipal elections. He said if any did, he should be expelled at once. Dowling was the man that brought Larkin and Connolly to Queenstown—men that told us in the Square that we had hungry children in the Town, that should be fed. "I can assure you, brothers," said Conny, "that no hungry children exist in Queenstown since we got the penny dinners."

Mick Fitzharris, U.D.C., ex-soldier, seconded Conny, and said when Phil, "the Barrowman" faced Larkin on the Square and told him we had no hungry children (although Phil's kids could eat a good meal that moment, in the town he got no support from any of the brothers on the square, not even the scabs that were primed with porter by High Priest Healy to smash the meeting. "Yes, the scab and you, Mike, could not face honest criticism."

The next resolution started the fun-in-a-truly Christian way. Jerry Connell, "porter swank," as one of the brothers in his Christian charity called him, proposed that Steve, bung, and U.D.C., be accepted as a member (by the way this was the seventh time that Steve was proposed) as Jerry can't talk he called on Rajah Halloran (Secretary of everything), to second the proposition, which he did in what brother Dickey Rourke called "an able speech," Paddy enumerated all Steve's sacrifices for trades unionism, &c. But all to no purpose, brother Joe Healy, President would not accept Steve, giving as his

reason that poor Steve was not fit to associate with that respectable body of young Irishmen (save the mark!) Iaddy got on his pins again and walked around the chair in a threatening attitude, telling Joe he was a scab to speak of a respectable man like that. He said, "you humbug; do you not know that Steve is now on the Council and can be of use to this Ancient organisation? Also that he gave us all a free house when the poll was declared?" Joe got in a word now, although the noise was deafening, and told the brothers that he would not accept the proposition, and that he would stay in the chair all night to defeat Steve. He challenged anyone of them to move he leave the chair. Everything was a scene of uproar and confusion, brother striking brother all over the hall. The ex-soldier, U.D.C., and a couple of ex-blue-jackets pummelled each other on the billiard table. Brother Bigrow's [another Irish family name] wife ran for the police, while Brother Jimmy Towers, of Irish lace fame, and Brother Bob Barry [carrier] made for the money box over the billiard table—it is unknown yet which of them got it. Paddy made a parting shot at Joe, he said, "Villiers Stewart's dog boy. I'll show you up, you humbug and Freemason toady. I'll bring de whole thing before de County President." But Joe was not to be done. He told the Rajah that so long as he [Joe] was President that he would not allow one man, or men, to make a bogus Trades Council of the Society, the same as they did the societies in the Town Hall, and that he [Joe] would lay the whole facts before the National President [Brother Joe Devlin]. So ended this Christian meeting, without the usual prayers. I will give a full account of this putrid society another time, with the hooligan's names.

STELLA MARIS.

Wexford Notes.

Our showing-up of the Staples-Kavanagh intrigue in last week's issue has set the Mollie gang a-thinking and wondering who was the guilty one from the inside circle who was so base as to give away their secrets. On Saturday evening last and all day on Sunday groups of them could be seen together at every street corner discussing with one another as to how we could have got the information, but we can tell that we know more about the inside working of their society than we are going to disclose yet awhile. For instance, we know that some of their members made suggestions to secure the help of Tommy Salmon in the fight against Labour at the last elections, but although the most of them were in favour of the move, they thought it wiser not to identify themselves with him in public, although we have no doubt that there was influence brought to bear on him in private to marshal his dupes to vote against the nominees of Labour, as they were of the opinion that if they left him outside their ranks, they would be able to capture some workmen members; but the workers of Wexford are not so green as Jem Stafford is cabbage-looking, and their little game was spotted. A few weeks ago rumour had it that the caretaker of Cross-town Cemetery was under notice to be sacked, and the numbers that were after the job were many. The members of the Corporation, of course, were canvassed for their votes, and most of them gave the usual promises to everybody that came along. One of the latest additions to that body told one of the candidates for the position that nobody would get it unless he were a member of "St. Joseph Devlin's" Board of Erin, and that he would vote for none only a Hibernian. What has Eddie O'Callen to say to this blackguardism? This is surely corruption in public life to say that a qualified man has no chance against an unqualified man, because he is not a member of a "secret" society. This is only one instance of the corruption carried on by this infamous organisation. They have destroyed public life in Dublin. It will be interesting to watch the moves of the Wexford gang at the forthcoming election of the Clerk of Works. We hope the people of Wexford took notice of the showing up that P. J. McIntyre got on the front page of the "Irish Worker" last week. It is reptiles such as he would malign decent men like Larkin who are fighting for a principle. We are sure that the Salmon gang relished it very much. Joe (Musterson's) chum, unfortunately for Masterson, must have been delighted with it. Poor Masterson is compelled by force of circumstances Salmonism amongst the rest) to auction his furniture a week from this. Joe ought to get married now and buy some of it, but he might have to pay for what he'd buy through an auctioneer and that would surely break his heart. Perhaps his friend Wickham would be able to advise him on the matter, or that other chum of his who got his on the "we trust you" system. We have heard that "Little" is on the beer. "The key must be found."

We hear that Thompson the man who says he is in favour of respectable trade unionism (whatever that may mean) has reduced his men's wages by a very clever manoeuvre. It appears that his labouring men are paid by the hour and the number of hours they worked up to recently brought their wages up to what was thought to be a fairly reasonable wage in Wexford. But about a month ago they were told they would have to go on three-quarter time. There is plenty of work in this place, and there is no reason in the world why this course should be adopted, unless it is to lower the men's wages. There is great indignation in the works over the

matter. Some of the men go so far as to suggest a strike; but if we know Thompson's men the suggestion will never materialise. Some of them earned last week the munificent sum of nine shillings.

The "wheelbarrow" clerks' dosshouse in Patrick's square met with a set back a few days ago, when a new clerk was directed there to get lodgings. When he went in he as if there were any others stopping there, and was informed that a couple of Fierce's men were. The man immediately knew they were scabs, and told the owner of the dosshouse that he didn't stop with scabs. Good old Dublin. More Larkinism.

The Board of Erin Wexford Branch allege that they are the workmen's friends. Phil Keating and Jackey Lambert are two of its most prominent members, and are making their pile over sweated labour. Both of them have men working for them for nine shillings per week, and doing two men's work each for that.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

Antient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick Street, Dublin.

Don't Miss this Intellectual Treat. A very attractive and special Lecture will be delivered on to-morrow, Sunday, at 8 p.m., by Professor D. Houston (Royal College of Science), Diagrams, Specimens, Experiments and Illustrations.

Questions and Discussion—Songs of Freedom. Admission Twopenny. Men and women out of work free. We are preparing for the Annual Celebration of the Paris Commune. Look out for further Announcement.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, Inchicore Branch, Emmet Hall, Inchicore.

A Special Meeting

Of Members employed in the G. S. & W. Railway Works, INCHICORE.

Will be held in the above Hall, on Sunday Next, Feb. 15th, AT 1 O'CLOCK.

BUSINESS:

To appoint Shop Stewards and deal with matters concerning members employed in the above works.

All members are reminded that the Ballot for Branch Officials and Committee is postponed pending the calling of a special meeting by Mr. Larkin in the E.C.

The Executive Committee will investigate only such complaints as are definitely stated in writing. William P. Partridge, T.C.

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