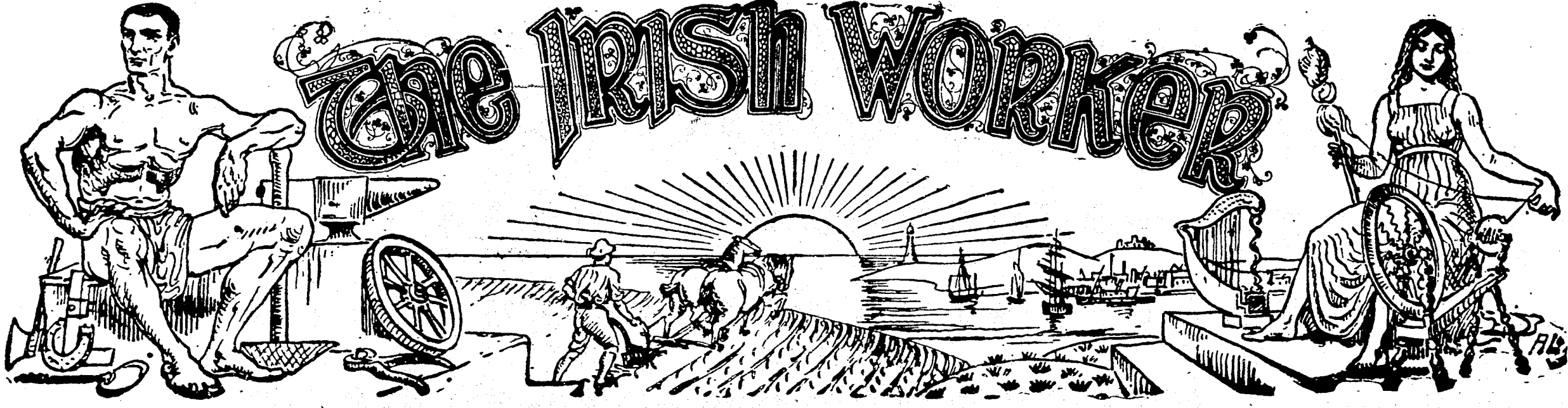


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



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

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

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MAY 9th, 1914.

ONE PENNY.]

AN ELUSIVE CAPITAL

By "Shellback."

Mr. William Wilkens lived in one of a row of houses that tried their very hardest to make believe that its tenants were in that station of life that is usually described as "easy circumstances." They were a sort of masher, down-at-heel, high-class houses, that bore a Brummagem "hall mark" on their unmistakably "shoddy" respectability, yet there was a prim neatness about them that certainly suggested regular incomes, if not a superfluity of wealth, though on a closer inspection of the brass plates that ornamented many of the front doors, one might easily be deceived into believing that, notwithstanding their shabby gentility, all the wealth of the world, not actually on the premises, was under the control of those who slept behind those windows, whose curtains was each a facsimile of the other in draping if not in pattern. Mr. Wilkens lived about the centre of the row, and the brass plate that his wife, as well as himself, was so proud of, made known to all the world that he was the District Agent for an Assurance Company whose capital exceeded £80,000,000. This was, it must be admitted, a far bigger sum than was mentioned on any other brass plate in the row, and of course, the centre was its proper place, where it figured as the leader of this row of houses that had so much likeness in their uniformity to a company of soldiers that one could be forgiven for imagining them to be a sort of "advance guard" for an army of money that was still so very evidently quite a considerable distance in the rear. Although it is quite reasonable to assume that there exists an uninterrupted line of communication between Mr. Wilkens and that £80,000,000 whatever direction the rear might be, from the position held by the row of houses is information that has as yet not leaked out. Mr. Wilkens himself does not appear to know exactly, because he has on many occasions to borrow from his friends to tide him over a week end, which ought in itself to be evidence enough that he doesn't know where to put his hand on that capital. He makes out, or tries to, that he knows just where it is, and explains that it is in a box locked with three patent locks, that is, in turn, fastened up in a safe, secured with three more patent locks that is built into the wall in the general manager's office—also locked with three patent locks, and with the additional security of a patent burglar alarm—in the head office of his company in London. But as I happen to know that head office, and can form some opinion of the size of that private office, and the still smaller safe, that is built in its walls, and can also imagine something of the capacity of that inner receptacle with the three locks that a general manager is expected to haul about, I can, with safety, classify that statement as "all my eye." Particularly so, as it is widely known that that same general manager has to go regularly to a bank to obtain sufficient money to meet, what he describes, as his "petty cash accounts." No, it is plainly evident that that £80,000,000 is not at the head office, though here, there is direct intimation that it is in the Company's possession. It is just conceivable that the general manager doesn't know any more than Mr. Wilkens, the exact spot where that capital is to be found. It is quite possible that he is under the impression that he has it in that little box with the three patent locks. But if so, why should he allow it to go forth in the printed balance-sheet of the company that so much of it is in railways, and so much sunk in docks and canals? If a part of it is in railways, then some one must have had something to do with handling it, whether in boxes or barrels, or open trucks, or furniture vans. But I have never heard of any such consignment being despatched from, or received at any station in the country. Neither have I ever come across any railwayman who had seen it, though again, according to the balance-sheet, it has been many years upon the road. While if it is true that some portion of it is sunk in docks and canals, for the length of time that the balance-sheet says, well, having regard to all the dredging that goes on, it must have been got up and carried away with the rest of the dredgings long

ago. However, the fact remains, mystery or no mystery, that it is generally accepted that there is a capital of £80,000,000 somewhere. Of this Mr. Wilkens is absolutely certain, and he cuts up most outrageously if any one in his hearing dares to question it. Two days out of each week he devotes to the work of impressing the doubtful ones of that truth, and also of offering them the opportunity of availing themselves of the very great advantages, a distant connection with such a large capital can afford. It is quite refreshing to hear him driving his faith home and convincing the most obtuse that for a simple payment of twopence per week there is absolutely no fear of the old man's funeral expenses being unpaid when there is a capital of £80,000,000 to draw upon. It is a distinctly safer capital in that respect than a beggarly 50 or 60 million could possibly be. His arguments are always most effective. "One never knows what's going to happen." "We must all die some time." And with such a capital, even though no one is quite sure where to find it, or despite the fact that the office may be burgled—well, for twopence a week what can one do?

Certainly you must die to obtain the benefit, but you might be lucky enough to live, when in such case you ought to be quite satisfied to keep up your distant relationship with that £80,000,000 by continuing the payment of the weekly twopence.

On the other days of the week Mr. Wilkens spends in collecting the twopences. To follow him on his wide rounds on one of these days would settle all your doubts about that £80,000,000. His business-like knock and cheery "good morning" as he smilingly accepts the weekly coppers proves the magnanimity of the company, for what profit does he or they require to make out of such a paltry contribution as twopence? Some there are who are too negligent to pay. These he points out are blind to their own interest. Others, still more negligent, have reached the statutory limit, when they become a source of real loss to the company, and they are politely struck of the book without any extra charge beyond the beggarly twopences they have already paid, which, no matter how long they had been contributing, could have never been of any value to a company possessing such an enormous capital. Sometimes he is waited upon at the door with the brass plate by a person who, generally in tears, presents him with a printed official form, a policy, and a premium book, and after satisfying himself that the claim is in order, he will borrow from a bank a sufficient sum to pay the amount promised in the policy. I expect this is with a view of leaving that £80,000,000 intact, though sometimes there is no need to even go to the trouble of borrowing, for instance, if the deceased has not been vaccinated in the manner the company in its policy desired, or if he didn't die as he ought to have done. In these latter cases I have never heard of any extra charges being made.

Well, now, where is this great pile of sovereigns? There is no such pile. Nowhere in all the world is there £80,000,000. That money represents the accumulated twopences of millions of workers, collected by an army of William Wilkens, and let out at high rates of interest to industrial concerns like railways, and docks and canals. The interest is a first charge on the profits of such industrial concerns, and consequently, must be deducted, for it can be obtained in no other way from the earnings of the workers. Out of the interest so obtained, comes the money that provides general managers with fat livings, with palatial residences, and luxurious head offices; gives directors motor cars and tickets for Monte Carlo, and bank balances to waste; provides legions of Mr. Wilkens with livings of a sort, and shabby, genteel houses in the centre of countless rows, each with a similar brass ornamentation on the front door and each shrieking out the same brazen lie. The workers own that £80,000,000. They have paid every cent of it. They also pay the interest, and, of course, pay the general managers, the

head offices, the Monte Carlo trips, the bank drafts and the Mr. Wilkens. What a sensible proceeding. What blithering idiots the workers have always been. With that twopence a week paid into the Transport Union how different would things have become? You would not have had to keep general managers or William Wilkens; you would not have had to build those immense buildings, or those shabby, genteel houses, you would require neither to borrow or to wear brass plates. The docks and the canals and the railways would be your very own, and you would with truth be able to say that your securities were sound and represented a value far in excess of £80,000,000.

Larkin's Damnable Teaching.

We have it on the word of a Catholic priest that a man cannot be a Larkinite and a Catholic—at least not a good Catholic. I want to defend the priest who said this. I want to show that he has not been blinded by prejudice, that his words are, unfortunately, too true.

For, look you, what is a good Catholic nowadays? Is it not one who, like Justice Moloney, loves his neighbour on Sunday, and will help to hang him on Monday? Is it not the dairymen of the type who love the poor one day in the week and adulterate the milk of the poor every day? Have we not hundreds, nay, thousands of "good Catholics" making religion a steppingstone to roguery. Who will attempt to deny the multitude of pious sweaters, slum-owners, liars rogues and reprobates that live and thrive in this small island? And it is all done in such a religious manner, that the clergy of all denominations keep on saying and seeing—nothing. I have no doubt each and every rogue in the country could produce a clergyman's reference and a Sodality card, if called upon to do so. Success justifies the means. This is the belief of a great many latter-day saints. Poverty, with them, is the unforgeable sin.

Now, what is a Larkinite? or, what is Larkinism? It seems to me to little mean helping the poor to fight for a little more of the wealth they produce; giving them an ideal and a weapon to fight with; in short putting decent bodies on the souls of the people and giving them decent food and shelter.

I know of no law, human or divine, that brands this ambition as unholy. Yet the crawling crew, who pray for happiness in the next world, while they make a hell of this for the poor, call themselves "good Christians," and dine with the clergy. They employ lawyers to defend them from the accusation of being Larkinites! They might save their money, no one but a lunatic would believe it. Their every act, their greedy ambition, their callous inhuman treatment of the poor, gives it the lie direct. We require no lawyer to demonstrate to us the absurdity of the thing.

The "good Catholics" or Christians, like the good Pharisee, are mostly hypocrites. A man cannot be a Larkinite and a hypocrite. But, can a man be a Larkinite and a true Catholic? Oh! Ah! Think it over.

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LOOK OUT FOR
Irish Women Workers Union.
GRAND EXCURSION.

Right About Turn. Wage Slaves in the Volunteers

"For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself in, and the covering narrower than that he can cover himself in it."—Isaiah 28:19.

"It shall be even as when a hungry man dreameth, and lo, he eateth; but he waketh and his soul is empty."—Ibid. 29:8.

The shroud of Ireland's freedom was always woven by the delicate hands of fear. It was fear that induced O'Connell to send galloping horsemen to stop the people assembling in Clontarf. Fear sent Gavan Duffy into Mitchell's cell to ask him to sign an appeal to prevent the men of the Confederate Clubs from attempting a rescue. Fear persuaded the Fenian Leaders to wait till it was too late to give the signal for the "Rising." They sowed the seed and allowed the harvest to rot. They implored the people to stretch forth their hands and take, and then smote down the outstretched hands of the people. Today we have the anti-types of Grattan, Smith O'Brien and Gavan Duffy leading and exhorting the Volunteers.

Is it conceivable that greater than those are here in the persons of Eoin MacNeill, The O'Rahilly, John Gore or L. J. Kettle? How far will these go? Are these your leaders, O Israel! Is not the weakness, the uncertainty, the timidity of the movement, led by the tip, manifest, the official organ of the National Volunteers? Will the workers still continue to meekly allow themselves to be used by a class who, while always shouting that the "Movement is out to serve no material interests," always contrive to solidly preserve their own?

It is recognised even by the "Volunteer" that "while patriotism is of no class or creed, the greatest services have been rendered to the Motherland by the working-class." To-day the workers are being halloed into the fighting line with the same oft-repeated cries of "Motherland" by a coterie who know little and care less about the needs, sufferings and persecutions of the workers in field, factory or workshop.

Surely the day has come for the workers to enter no organisation which by implication, statement, or by a discreet silence fails to forward their claim to a fair living in our own land.

Consider the impudent assertion in No. 9 of the "Volunteer"—
"There are no class distinctions in the Volunteers. No one section can monopolise the movement."
Now workmen, prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Take the Provisional Committee, about which so many nice things have been said in the "Volunteer." Let us enumerate the men whom the workers are asked to unquestionable follow:—
The O'Rahilly, gentleman; John MacNeill, Kettle, Univ. Prof's.; Sir R. Casement, gentleman; John Gore, solicitor; with the little leaven of a few Hibernians, that possibly leavens the whole lump. What have these ever done for the working class? What could they do, seeing they know nothing of poverty, wage-slavery, and the awful day-by-day struggle to maintain the vitality to perform additional prodigies of production for the rich and idle?

It has always been such men that ruined the National cause. We have behind us the tremendous examples of '82, '98, and '48. It was some of these very weaklings that stemmed the onward rush of the fighting element in the Sinn Fein and Gaelic League movements.

Are John MacNeill, John Gore, or Mr. Kettle to be chosen by us workers rather than such men as Jim Larkin or Jim Connolly whom we know, who are of our own class, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh?

What do the workers think of the "Ladies' Committee" which has been formed to assist and subscribe to the Volunteer Fund? Here, too, we have no representative of the working classes. They took care by holding their first meeting at an hour that prevented any woman of the working class to attend. What did these of the Ladies Committee ever do for you, workers? What of Mrs. Dudley Edwards, who offered to shelter some of the locked out workers' children but stipulated that she could not allow them to play with her little ones! Or Mrs. Wyse Power who ignored two appeals for bread to give to the wives and

children of the locked-out men? May we ask does Madame O'Rahilly ever look at the ghosts flitting about the slums, or feel the pulse of the remnants of humanity flung by Capitalism in a decayed heap in the different Sanatoria of Ireland? And the other ladies, prominent in Irish-Ireland, hold the faith fast that a fancy dress Gaelic League Ceilidh is the firmament of hope above a hungry nation.

Just think of all that these did for you, workers, "Ladies and Gentlemen, according, 'as Mitchel would say, to the "British State and Constitution," during your eight months' wrestle with commercial rapacity and capitalistic greed; jaunting in trams you were smashing; grinning at your blood-soaked heads, and eating and drinking and being merry, while you were carrying the bodies of Nolan and Byrne to their graves; dumb while commercial bullies were placing before you the alternatives of starvation or abandonment of the Trades Union of your choice!

And these sensitive-souled leaders will look at you drilling, wheeling to the right and to the left; standing to attention, and say, "what fine fellows they are." They will take your threepence every week, but they will not even peep into the conditions under which you slave and sweat for them and for their children!

It was stated recently in the "Saturday Post" and in the "Volunteer" that the Dublin membership now numbered 8,000 men.

What do they do with this money?
Do the workers ever ask?

Perhaps a question of that kind by a mere worker would be considered worthy of expulsion. Yet from their point of view would not the money be better spent on ways and means of working out their economic freedom?

A last word to the Republicans in the Volunteers: I marched with many of them to the grave in Bodenstown; did they ever read what he thought of the "Volunteers" of his day? Do these stand for anything more? Are we to fall back on silly "82" or act up to manly "48"? Is the paltry "Constitution" of the Volunteers worthy of the principles that were sealed by the blood of Wolfe Tone?

Who can say yes, "for the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself in; and the covering narrower than that he can cover himself in it."

SEAN O. CATHASAIGH.

Jim Larkin in Glasgow.

On Friday, May 1st, Jim Larkin addressed a crowded and enthusiastic meeting in the City Hall, Glasgow, which was held under auspices of the Daily Herald League, Industrial Workers of Great Britain, and the Socialist Labour Party.

On Saturday, May 2nd, he again held a most successful meeting in West Calder. At both these meetings Jim Larkin said that he would try to speak at Glasgow Green at the Annual May Day Demonstration, with the result that when Jim was seen walking in the procession thousands followed him cheering all the way. There were about five thousand people round the Daily Herald platform, amongst them and well to the fore, were a number of the men that had been victimised in Dublin, and who had come to Glasgow to find work. They all wore the Red Hand. On rising to speak Jim Larkin received a tremendous ovation.

In characteristic style Jim started hitting out right and left. Referring to the outcry against Chinese labour on British ships, Mr. Larkin asked what difference there was between the Chinese sailor and the British sailor. Why did they not raise an honest, truthful, sound cry—a cry based upon a sound, economic argument—that a Chinaman should get the same wages as the British seaman? (hear, hear). Continuing, the speaker referred to the Seamen's and Firemen's Union in Ireland and called for closer union and the abolition of scabbery by white men. Let them realise true internationalism (applause). They did not oppose Parliamentary action, but he was certainly opposed to the present Parliamentary action and the present Parliamentary parties. He believed they were only wasting their time bothering about political action in view of the political party they had. The great "I am's" of the Labour Party appeared to be too busy

CAUTION.

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to attend to them. The Labour Party had done injury to the stamina and the manhood of the workers. The Government of Ireland was essential to the progress and onward march, and any man or woman who said otherwise did not know the real position. They in Ireland were determined that there should be no exclusion of Ulster, for they believed in Ireland as a Nation—the sort of Ireland that Wolfe Tone, Mitchel, Parnell and Emmet fought and suffered for. They would show them deeds, and it would not be by firing mansions (laughter), but anyone who stepped in their way, man or woman, would be put out of the every nation ought to demand. The right to live as free-born men and women.

An appeal for help for the men and women who are victimised in Dublin met with ready response.

Afterwards, despite Jim's protest, he was carried shoulder high through the Green and some of the streets of Glasgow followed by a crowd of thousands.

A.L.S.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE
Will Speak at 8 p.m., in
Sackville Hall
(under the auspices of the Irish Women's Franchise League), on
THURSDAY, MAY 14th.

Tickets 1s. and 6d.
A few Free Seats.

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.

EDITOR.

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THE MAGISTRACY AND THE LAW.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C. So perfect is the administrative machinery of our law courts in Dublin that there no longer exists a necessity to bind the eyes of "Justice"—for it is no difficult operation for them nowadays to cheat her with "both eyes open," and weigh down her balance on the desired side.

On Tuesday last Mr. Mahony sat in the Northern Courts to hear the complaint of Superintendent Quinn against seven men identified with the Labour movement for daring to do what Mr. Asquith, Mr. John E. Redmond, the United Irish League, the Gaelic League, the Temperance Movement, and the English Labour Leaders had done without protest or complaint from the police—to wit, hold a public meeting in O'Connell Street.

The notorious Superintendent Quinn appears the embodiment of vulgar brutality—a man stated to have elevated himself on the downfall of others—for if what we hear of him be correct, he has shamelessly misused his position and his power to gain the good-will of the Temperance people—whose recommendations are believed to have materially assisted in his elevation to his present position. But whether Quinn utilised the police to drive out of the Trade such publicans as had earned the displeasure of his temperance friends or not—I personally look upon him as the individual mainly responsible for all the turmoil and the bloodshed during the Murphy-made dispute. And had Birrell acted—what he is not—the gentleman—and kept his promise to the workers of Bristol by granting us the sworn inquiry asked—such evidence might have been produced as would not only have altered the rank of Mr. Fergus Quinn in the force, but might also have changed his position in the court from the witness box to the dock. Mr. Quinn's practice would appear to be, not to prevent a breach of the law—but to encourage it—so as to provide an excuse for dragging his victims into the legal net. It was stated—and not denied on oath—that when Quinn approached the wagonette in which the speakers stood, he was followed by a column of policemen which extended right across the tram track, thereby preventing the progress of the cars, and creating the sole obstruction for which the prosecution was instituted—it was further contended—and not contradicted on oath—that the police remained in this position while the meeting lasted. And the police admitted that they made not the slightest effort to secure the passage of either vehicles or individuals. Evidently they had gone out for the purpose of creating the offence for which the seven labour men were charged. It was also stated that a second wagonette of equal dimensions with the first took part in the labour procession on that day, and took up a position some short distance away—thereby sharing in whatever restriction. But as neither of the occupants of the second wagonette appear to have earned the enmity of Quinn or the Castle clique, they did not figure in the prosecution—or was it that the police were too gallant to prosecute ladies? It was also pointed out that while the authorities visited and warned many whose names appeared in the handbills calling the meetings against the legality of holding such meeting; they also called and repeated this warning to people whose names did not appear upon those bills, and who had nothing whatever to do with the calling of the meeting—and who were not even invited to speak at that assembly, and whose only claim to the police attention seems to lie in the fact that they had denounced the brutality of the police during the Murphy-made dispute, and that evidently Quinn & Co. were anxious to have them in the net—TRULY WE ARE A POLICE-RIDDEN PEOPLE.

The position of Mr. Mahony was one with which I had much sympathy. The law was clear and definite on the matter of street obstruction, and while I believe he ought to have recognised the sole responsibility of the police for the offence—and dismissed the charge—still I acquit him of any blame in the matter of prosecution. Had Quinn sworn truly, and the police did their duty impartially—instead of vindictively, as on this occasion—and had the other parties who held meetings in O'Connell Street been brought into court, I believe Mr. Mahony would have acted consistently with all. But this preference in prosecution is a practice that must not be sustained. And as a protest against it the fine imposed upon me will never be paid. Mr. Mahony sought to regard the proceedings as an ordinary prosecution for obstruction, as he said similar to that of a woman selling oranges. Would Mr. Rearden be brought into court to prosecute a poor woman selling oranges? Would the renowned "Mick Maher" of the Dublin Tram Company, who came into court to give evidence against the men who successfully resisted the efforts of that Company to smash up the Irish Transport Workers' Union? Would Mickey appear to prosecute a poor woman selling oranges?—certainly not. The prosecution was nothing more or less than a vindictive effort of a cowardly Government to revenge itself on a few individuals who fearlessly fought the battle of their class when others criminally conspired to crush. The Dublin Dispute no longer looms large in the columns of our profit-producing Press, and the Castle clique took advantage of that silence to seek dark revenge. But the effort failed. The cowardly Government whose Prime Minister wired to Carson to assure him that no warrant is issued for his arrest at a time when the Government ammunition is said to be stolen from the Government magazines of this country to feed the guns to face the Government forces in resistance of a Government Act. The Government that stands by in guilty impotence while the gun-runners in the

north trample on the laws of the land and become responsible for at least one coast guard's life—that Government springs into action immediately because a few workmen—following the example of their alleged superiors—hold a meeting in a public thoroughfare in Dublin to protest against the betrayal of the national aspiration of the Irish people, and more especially the Irish working classes. If this be John E. Redmond's means of obtaining the unanimous approval of the Irish people to the partition of Ireland—after he had declared that no alteration would be tolerated in this measure of self-government, then I do not congratulate him on his statesmanship. But I do appeal to the workers throughout the three countries to protest against the vicious discrimination of the Government as manifested in this prosecution, and to claim for the workers equal rights and liberties with that of the parasites who feed and fatten on the profits of the workers' labour. Let resolutions of protest be poured in from all trade bodies to the responsible heads of the Government and let our enemies see that their dark deed will not be permitted to pass even if the Press be silent, but that the workers of the world are alive to the interest of their class—and are prepared to repel an attack on their comrades—no matter when or where delivered.

In the near future I hope to see published in the columns of the WORKER the evidence of police brutality available had the proper inquiry been granted. It will not be necessary to publish the names of the persons whose statements appear. But it will be necessary for all such statements to be signed in the presence of witnesses, so that if any be afterwards challenged we will be in a position to prove their accuracy. And I shall be pleased to receive personally statements for the above purpose from people who have not already made declarations on the matter. Inspector Fergus Quinn can examine his conscience—as he will have an opportunity of reading of his conduct.

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Speakers will include Labour Leaders and other Citizens.

"An injury to One is the concern of All." The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, Sat., May 9th, 1914.

BETRAYAL.

We are informed from a source that we must appreciate that the record of names, addresses, antecedents and movements of every boy and man who has been gullied into enrolling in the alleged "Irish National Volunteers" has been furnished to the Government; that an undertaking has been given by the creatures controlling the machinery of the organisation at headquarters that no ammunition will be issued at any time or place without the sanction of the Government; that on the part of certain of the leaders that they have given a sworn declaration to the Government that they will at all costs support the British Government; that they have no sympathy with any movement outside Ireland; that they are good, loyal men; that if any attempt is made by the Republican section to capture the organisation, they will immediately inform the Government and hand over all monies, equipments, arms, etc., to the Government agents. They have assured those, acting on behalf of the Government, that they have a two-thirds majority on the Council controlling the organisation. That men like Casement and one or two others are only allowed certain liberty; that they will be shown over if they dare to assert themselves; that all monies are in-

vested in the names of reliable men who are to be depended on; that in case any disturbances arise they will try and persuade the Volunteers to undertake police work and protect property; that as to communications from America, copies will be furnished the Government; any suspicious movement by any section, or any propaganda by the advanced section enrolled in the Volunteers, will be notified to the Government. We are engaged in watching the antics of some of the jellyfish who are masquerading as leaders. We notice one of the Moores—a colonel, by gad—has been giving the game away. This Moore, when in command of the Connaughts, under Victoria's blessed (I memory, moryah, gave many a private the cells for daring to sing God Save Ireland in the barracks. This is one of the new brand of patriots—the new leaders in Ireland—Castle-hacks, place hunters, college dons, who forgot Cathlin Na Houlihan for £500 a year; superannuated police officers and half-pay officers of the army of occupation the same army that refused to carry out the orders given to subdue the incitements to civil murder by their pals. Therefore, comrades of the Irish working class, we warn you that if you are going to work for Ireland trust to your own class. There are still Leonard McNallys alive yet; there are still Judge Keoghs; there are still Lord Charlesmonts. Ireland was always sold and betrayed by the middle and so-called upper class. If you would to yourselves be true it follows as the night the day you cannot be false to any man. Therefore be true to your class. Creatures like Moore who are pensioners of the British Government, are not to be trusted. We wonder what the Michael Dwyer Club and other boys like them up and down the country, who would not associate or patronise a meeting, Gaelic Athletic or such, where these shoneens and the garrison tools were allowed to frequent think of all this? Will the Irish working class ever have sense? "Once a knave always a knave." These triflers like Moore, etc., were Ireland's open and avowed enemies a few years ago. The leopard can't change its spots. If you want an army to defend your cause then it must be an army of the people, controlled by the people, taking orders only from the Irish people, an army that can rely on itself; an army that will demand that all buildings under the control of the elected representatives of the people, such as the City Hall, Corporation depots, &c., be thrown open as Drill Halls; that every facility be given to the youth and men who believe in Ireland and her destiny. The same as is done in Belfast where Carson's army have the use of the Town Hall from the Corporation. The same as is done in the Corporation can do, Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Wexford, Galway, Sligo and Newry Corporation can do. Free quarters for the Irish Citizen Army should be your demands. Give the National Volunteers the back of your hand. Join the only organisation in Ireland demanding the complete control of Ireland by the Irish people. Tho e o you who are in the Volunteers, transfer your company and battalions to the Irish Citizen Army who mean business; who are not to be used as a toy by men looking for their photos in the illustrated papers nor by disgruntled and disappointed politicians, nor place-hunters. Comrades of the Irish working class, we appeal to you not to associate with your known enemies in the industrial field. Join your own army—the army of the dispossessed—the army of houseless, homeless, countryless, Irish working class, join the Citizen Army.

Roaming in other Fields.

We have been far afield through England and Scotland. We have talked with all classes, all schools of politicians men and women, and the same story meets one everywhere; that Asquith means to sell Ireland. Speaking to members of the Liberal Party, they are dissatisfied say they cannot fathom Asquith's game. A fortnight ago when the gun-running game was carried on, if Asquith had done, as he ought to have done, arrested all connected with the game occupied. Ulster played a bold and determined game. He would have had all parties support. Carson was bluffing his bluff came off, and all the information of the governments plan, were in Carson's hands. Winston Churchill had been boasting what he was going to do amongst his social circle to deal with Carson. All he said and his plans were carried to Carson, who smiled, knowing he had his confederates in both camps. All military and naval orders were disclosed to the Ulster gang. The whole of imports and export shipping trade of Ireland is in the hands of Carson's friends. And the real history of the gun running which told would make a cat laugh. They have not got the ammunition suited for the guns. The negotiators for the consignment are actually contractors to the British Army and Navy, who are in collusion with Carson's squad. All this is common talk amongst those in the swim. But all schools of politicians in London are convinced Home Rule is dead, at least for years. We were asked our opinion for the quietness in Munster, Leitner and Connaught. We informed our querists that they were sitting on a volcano; that the people in Ireland were determined to have this question settled this time, and were waiting quietly the conclusion of the Parliamentary game. God help the politician or politicians that sells Ireland now.

Kitty O'Shea at a Dirty Game

Have you noticed that every time Ireland arrives at the cross roads, the English politicians manage to raise some scandal or cry to injure Ireland and her cause. The latest trick is that of Hulton, the Catholic Unionist of Manchester, who owns the "Sporting Chronicle," "Sunday Chronicle" and "Daily Sketch." This man's father who was a tipster and Mickey Swaine type of bookmaker in his early days, was always a Home Ruler and good friend to any Irishman, or any agitation in favour of Ireland. But his offspring, who wants to get into society, and who was educated at a Tory Catholic college is an inveterate enemy of Ireland and a Tory of E. F. Smith type, and an employer of the William Murder Murphy brand. This Hulton, taking advantage of Mrs. Parnell's (nee O'Shea's) infirmities, through his tools, has got this woman, O'Shea, to commit a foul, low crime, to publish the letters of a man whom she helped to his destruction. Samson and Deliah over again, if she had any respect for Parnell's memory, or if she had a spark of womanhood about her, how could she sell for money the secrets of a man who, with all his failings, was not to be measured by ordinary standards, but any dirty tricks will do the dirty politicians. The capitalist of the Hulton type would sell the Mother that bore him and pawn the Cross of Christ. We hope readers will drop the "Sketch." Much as we would like to read every line written by Charles Steward Parnell, there are things too sacred for the eyes of men, so we will forego Kathleen Woods alleged love letters from the chief.

'HE ESCAP'

We watched you building, stone by stone, The well washed cells and well-washed graves We shall inhabit but not own When Britons ever shall be slaves; The water's waiting in the trough, The tame oats sown are portioned free, There is Enough, and just Enough, And all is ready now but we, But you have not caught us yet, my lords, You have us still to get, A sorry army you'd have got, Its flags are rags that float and rot, Its drums are empty pan and pot, Its baggage is—an empty cot, But you have not caught us yet.

A little; and we might have slipped— When came your rumours and your sales And the foiled rich men, feeble-lipped, Said and unsaid their sorry tales; Great God! It needs a bolder brow To keep ten sheep inside a pen, And we are sheep no longer now; You are but Masters. We are Men. We give you all good thanks, my lords, We buy at easy price; Thanks for the thousands that you stole, The bribes by wire, the bets on coal, The knowledge of that naked whole That hath delivered our flesh and soul Out of your Paradise.

We had held safe your parts; but when Men taunted you with bribe and fee, We only saw the Lord of Men Grim like an Ape and climb a tree; And humbly had we stood without Your princely barns; did we not see In pointed faces peering out What Rats now own the granary. It is too late, too late, my lords, We give you back your grace: You cannot with all cajoling Make the wet ditch, or winds that sting Lost pride, or the pawned wedding rings, Or drink or death a blacker thing Than a smile upon your face. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Irish Women's Franchise League

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who is to speak in Dublin next week for the Irish Women's Franchise League, is not only a great Suffrage leader, but also a well-known worker in the cause of labour. Her practical interest in the Dublin lock-out induced her to take six children from the Dublin slums to her beautiful cottage in Surrey, where they were kept in health and happiness during the worst weeks of the Dublin industrial struggle. Dublin workers ought to turn up at the meeting in the Sackville Hall, next Thursday, to give Mrs. Pethick Lawrence a rousing welcome to Dublin, and show their appreciation of what she and her husband have done for the oppressed. Mr. Pethick Lawrence was one of the speakers at the great Albert Hall Rally on November 1st, to demand Jim Larkin's release. Mrs. Pethick Skeffington will preside.

Citizens Housing Demonstration

A Mass Meeting will be held in the Mansion House on Tuesday next, May 12th, at 8 p.m., under the auspices of the Citizens' Housing League, a body which has recently been formed by the Dublin Trades Council, the Dublin Civic League, and the Irish Women's Reform League, for the purpose of concentrating attention on the recently issued Report of the Departmental Committee and organising public opinion to demand that its recommendations shall be given effect to without delay.

The Dublin Trades Council have appointed Mr. Larkin and the President (Mr. O'Brien) to voice their views at the meeting, which will also be addressed by Mr. E. A. Aston, Mr. James Shanks, Miss Louie Bennett, Captain White, Countess Markievicz, and other well-known speakers. A magic lantern display of the homes of the workers as they are and "as they ought to be" will be shown between 8.30 and 10 o'clock. Workers! if you want to end the slums and have 14,000 self-contained cottages established at rents that you can afford to pay, now is your time to strike a blow for them. Turn up in your thousands and show that you are in earnest in demanding better housing conditions for yourselves and your families.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

Liberty Hall, Dublin. All sections of women workers are eligible to join the above union. Entrance fees, 6d. and 3d.; contributions, 2d. and 1d. per week. Irish Dancing, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 p.m. Social on every Sunday Night, commencing at 7.30. Admission 2d.

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NEW KILMAINHAM WARD.

Public Meetings

For the purpose of perfecting the organisation of workers of this district, will be held on FRIDAY EVENINGS in the following places alternatively:— Corporation Buildings, Tram Terminus, Island Bridge, The Ranch, Chapelizod. First Meeting to be held in the Corporation Buildings, Councillor W. P. Partridge will Preside.

Jim Larkin, Councillor T. Lawlor, Mr. P. T. Daly and other representatives from the Dublin Trades Council will attend and address these meetings.

Workingmen! Remember, organisation won for you increased wages, improved conditions of employment and shorter hours. Organisation secures you in your position and protects you from persecution. It helps you in afflictions and provides legal assistance to aid you when in difficulties. The employer reduces your wages and treats you unjustly only when he knows that you belong to no trade union or labour organisation. BE WISE IN TIME!

Attend these Meetings. Join your unions, so that you can command assistance when needed, and not be forced to beg for it. The probable change of Government of this country calls for greater unity amongst workers, who for so long have been but the tools of others.

"'Tis fate they say—a wayward fate, Our cord of discord wove; For our tyrants join in hate, We never joined in love."

Organise! Organise! Organise!

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

Wexford Notes.

We must compliment James Hore for the manly part he took this week in trying to get the finances of the Harbour Board kept in a proper manner.

With regard to the item paid to Lar Busher, we cannot for the life of us see why it is that he should get the sum of £15 for standing in the wheel-house of the tug boat, while the crew who had to do all the heavy slogging got no share.

As Mr. Hore said, this fifteen pounds should have been paid by cheque and not included in an ordinary wage week.

Alderman Sinnott is reported as having said the Pilots were drawing 92 per cent. of their earnings, and that the Harbour Board is a very charitable institution.

Now it may surprise some of our readers that we should take up the cudgels for Hore in this matter as he is no friend of the working man, but he is also straight enough to say so; others there are who pretend to represent the workers, but after they are elected they represent themselves and their friends.

The Triennial Elections are at hand and we are having fights for Guardians in St. Iberius and St. Selskar Wards; seven in each Ward being nominated for three seats.

For County Council honours Tommy O'Brien has been nominated in the Labour interest, as against Jem Stafford, Phil Keating, and John J. Kehoe, for the Capitalist Class; three gems you will say, but unfortunately one of them must go in but let his companion be Tom O'Brien.

Now, workers, let you get into the fighting-line in furtherance of O'Brien's candidature. He is of your own class and knows your wants.

Jem Sinnott, who drives Pierces' engine is sick at present, and we are told that six of the bosses are trying to do his work, and after practicing all day on Sunday they are just barely able to manage.

How long, O Lord, how long! WE HEAR That Prudergust is very sorry he did not combat St. Mary's Ward for a Guardian's seat—just soft fellow.

That he is at present scolding out gospers penny bills.

CLONDALKIN NOTES.

The Rural District and County Council elections are upon us, and the nomination papers for same were handed in to the different Councils. All over the north and South County labour candidates are opposing the retiring members.

In Clondalkin division there are four labour candidates in the field for the Rural District Councils, Austin Cairncross, John Finn, Christopher Nolan, and Joe Somers, independent labour candidate, opposing the retiring Councillors, George Farren, publican, Red Cow, and Christopher Hanlon, lime merchant and farmer.

Let us take, for instance, these men's actions in the County and Rural District Councils. Have these men ever done anything in favour of labour in the Council? We say no. Hanlon was not 9 months on the County Council when he opposed and voted against an increase of the road men's pay of 1/- a week, and when the arrears of rates on labourers' cottages caused by the lock-out promulgated by Hanlon, neither he nor Farren opened their mouths against the eviction orders issued by the Rural Council if rates were not paid inside 14 days.

Both Farren and Hanlon, aided by Pat Hart of the town, tried to cause a split in the Round Tower Gaelic football club, and they got only three members to secede. The idea was to form an election Committee of the seceders.

Hanlon and Farren and Dowd, the Dowlings and the Harts, held a meeting, and the hat went around amongst the farmers to supply money to fight the labour candidates, and we believe they are in wealth. Well, the labour candidates never beg from anyone, they are above begging, and if the clergy help the farmers against the people we will have something to say about it.

It seems to be very beneficial to throw the limelight on the antecedents of some people like Mahony, and if he does not keep himself in obscurity we will tell the people of Lucan his history, and it would be, to say the least, sensational.

Mick Costello told me to state that he would be at the Coffee Palace on Sunday morning at 11.30 as usual to take contributions, and that any man that is in arrears to come and see him, and to come to an arrangement about same.

They will supply you with drink and other things. Take all you get, and no one but God and yourself will know how you vote. Vote for men of your own class, and men who will work in your interests.

There are three candidates for the County Council—Charles Loughlin (labour), John

Finn (labour), C. J. Hanlon (farmer), John J. Lawlor is not fighting this time, he is relying on co-optation; but let me tell my friends it will be a labour Co Council this time, and there will be no farmers co-opted, and if there is nay co-optation it will be a labourer or no one. When we have finished with these elections these farmers will know they have been in a fight, and they will remember it all the days of their lives.

EYEOPENER.

Lucan Notes.

There is to be a contest in Lucan district for County Councillorship. Breen, independent labour candidate, that is not attached to any labour organisation, against Capt. Vesey, landlord, tram shareholder, and magistrate. The working people of Lucan should vote for Breen, and send the Captain about his business.

There is a mill in Lucan called Shackletons, and who pay their men from 11s. to 13s. a week. What magnificent wages! What philanthropy! This is another of the so-called Irish industries the directors of which get fat dividends, and the workers get absolutely nothing for the labour.

Each of these Shackletons has a motor car of his own to drive about from mill to mill in, to browbeat the workers employed by them. The first lock-out in the county and city of Dublin was promulgated by Shackletons and Co. They locked out their men—early in August, 1913, because they were members of the Transport Union, and the men of Jacob's, Ltd., Dublin, refused to handle Shackleton's scab flour.

McIntyre poses as a defender of the Catholic faith. We can honestly say McIntyre was never a Catholic, but was reared on superism supplied by Protestant ministers of whom the Rev. Mr. Hallows was one. He never worked since he came to Dublin, and lived on the money supplied by employers for doing the dirty work they had not the moral courage to do themselves.

Two further anti-partition leaflets have been distributed by, we believe, the Belfast Anti-Exclusion Committee. The second is a rather tame affair. The laying of the blame of betrayal at the Liberals' door is far wide of the mark. Still more unwise is the promise "that we will support them in any and every action that may be necessary to secure the passage of the Home Rule Bill without amendment or curtailment."

A large and enthusiastic meeting has been held at Clonard Street, presumably under the auspices of the Anti-Exclusion Committee. By the way, why have the Y. R. P. meetings fallen through?

Independent Labour Party of Ireland, Ancient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick Street, Dublin. General Meeting of Members on Sunday next, the 10th inst., at 8.30 prompt.—Tom Keane, Hon. Secretary.

Stone Cutters' Union of Ireland. Insurance Society, Approval No. 70. Adjourned Annual General Meeting will be held on Thursday next, May 14th, at Trades Hall, Capel street. Chair to be taken at 8 p.m. sharp. Business—Amendment of Rules; Annual Report.

LOOK-OUT. Stone Cutters' Union of Ireland. Insurance Society, Approval No. 70. Adjourned Annual General Meeting will be held on Thursday next, May 14th, at Trades Hall, Capel street. Chair to be taken at 8 p.m. sharp. Business—Amendment of Rules; Annual Report.

Northern Notes.

Owing to changes in the weather last Sunday's I.L.P. meeting was held indoors instead of at Library Street. Notwithstanding the rain a very large gathering had assembled, and most of those present betook themselves to the branch rooms in Rosemary Street.

Mr. Connolly delivered the third of his series of lectures on Ulster history, dealing in detail with the settlement or plantation of the northern province. He showed how, in the reign of James I. and with the defeat of O'Neill and O'Donnell, a new plan of conquest was adopted by the invaders. After the flight of the northern chiefs 60 Ulster counties—corresponding roughly to what we know as Northeast-Ulster—were confiscated. These confiscated lands were literally stolen, by a mixture of force and fraud, by settlers of the landlord class, the governing class of England. Similar confiscations, plunderings and robbery followed in the Cromwellian and Williamite settlements.

The aim of the Irish Socialists was to win back for the people, Protestant and Catholic, the working people of Ireland, the lands that were stolen. For that reason, if for no other, Home Rule was essential. Until the old shibboleths that divided the workers were got rid of they could not come into their own. Knowing that the workers would use an Irish Parliament to bring back to themselves the soil of Ireland the aristocrats were making their last desperate stand against Home Rule.

The whole series of lectures is proving most interesting and should do much to bring about a better understanding of the economic basis of the Irish struggle and the Ulster question. The series will be continued next Sunday night at Library Street.

Stirring the Sluggish. All the talk about exclusion has at length roused the "Irish News." In fact the Devlinite organ is quite cross with Churchill for his offer to Carson. Home Rulers are being assured that no further concessions will be made by the Irish Party. But we shall "wait and see."

Anti-Partition Meetings. Two further anti-partition leaflets have been distributed by, we believe, the Belfast Anti-Exclusion Committee. The second is a rather tame affair. The laying of the blame of betrayal at the Liberals' door is far wide of the mark.

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IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION, ATHLETIC CLUB, LIBERTY HALL. NOTICE. Any member of above Club wishing to join Physical Drill Class can do so by giving his name to D. Hayden, Instructor, at above.

Inchicore Items.

The Emmet Band is making highly satisfactory progress under the able tuition of Mr. Mallin, and its turn out on the 31st is now definitely assured. Young candidates are specially invited to join, as it is hoped to make the Inchicore band second to none in Dublin.

Councillor Partridge will personally be in attendance in the Emmet Hall each evening from 6 o'clock until 10.30, and those desiring to transact business with him are reminded of this. Should the police remove him to Mountjoy owing to his refusal to pay the fine recently imposed in connection with the O'Connell Street meeting—the operation will be duly announced in these columns.

The members of the old Committee that worked so well in the dark days of the past, are informed that a meeting will be called in the near future, and it is hoped that they will turn up and assist Partridge in repairing the damage done while he was engaged with Larkin and that gallant band that faced and fought the workers' foes.

Anyone that is afraid to come near the Emmet Hall—stay away. We want no red hand badge for men to wear. The slave never placed it above his cowardly heart. Our invitation and appeal is made to men and women who dare to claim their rights. Public meetings for the purpose of perfecting the work of organisation in the New Kilmainham Ward commences on Friday evening at 8 o'clock, and will be continued until further notice.

To Mr. James Flanagan, head master of the Model Schools, Inchicore, we send hearty congratulations on good work excellently performed. Into his well-merited retirement he carries with him our best wishes for all that tends to make life happy on this planet. His withdrawal from active service under the National Board after more than forty years' hard work is more than a mere loss—the nation gained by the efforts of Mr. Flanagan.

W.P.P.

CRUMLIN NOTES.

L. J. Flanagan, of Leinster House, Crumlin, otherwise known as lazy Larry, made a great stump speech in Moore's public house, Dolphin's Barn, on Larkins. Larry said he was the only farmer in the County Dublin that defied and beat Larkin. Larry is a great orator when he gets a few drinks. It's a wonder he had not the reformatory boy and Jacob's scab with him. Larry used invite the renegade Keogh to dinner, but now no one has any use for the reformatory boy as the lock-out in the county is over. This cur tried to sell the farm labourers, but they were too smart to be tricked by the cur who robbed his mother, and we will keep him in obscurity where he sprang from, and he will die like the cur he is, "unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

We hear that Gerald Begg is in a flourishing way since the fire at his farm in Crumlin. These fires seem to pay, and as we look back at the years gone by we never remember so many farms going afire as there did last winter. There are several ways of choking a dog besides choking him with butter "Thiggin-Thu." There is a fine club house opened recently in Crumlin by the Transport Workers, and all sorts of amusement therein, rings, bagatelle, etc., so that all the farm labourers from Tallaght and Greenhills district should make the club house their rallying point and amuse themselves after their hard days work; and any comfort or any form of amusement they want all they have to do is to ask for it. We are out to cater for the amusements and comforts of farm-labourers; to make them a solid body, so that they may be enabled to fight for their bodily and spiritual welfare in the near future.

LONG MILE.

The Unprecedented.

Construction rules the day, Pembroke oranges in dismay! Custom and tradition stand Outrag'd maidens hand in hand. See McSwenny's shifty eyes Falter 'mid his own glib lies. Powell, in virtue's robe of snow, Wonders if the patches show. Good, of scab employers, chief; Now for Labour holds the brief, While O'Neill's abusive lips Tremble into further slips. Tory and Home Ruler gase Panic-stricken in amaze. Bribed reporter, prejudiced priest, Each thanks heaven's be's well "policed." How came chaos in these halls, 'Twas these snug and whitewashed walls? Why this shocked excitement? Why Skells reproof in every eye? Shameless comes the answer back— (Times have changed, alas! alas!) Shameless without fear or ruth, "Larkin's" here!—he's told the truth!

By the Camp Fire.

LABOUR CHALLENGE TO THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS. The following challenge has been sent to the Provisional Executive of the Irish Volunteers, and copies of the challenge have been forwarded to the "Evening Mail," "Evening Telegraph," and the "Irish Times." It will be interesting, we feel sure, to the rank and file of the Volunteers to watch the action taken by the Volunteers' Executive with the workers simple and straight, appeal to the Volunteer Executive to explain definitely their insidious and silent attempt to crib, cabin and confine the efforts of Labour to secure a fuller and more abundant recognition.

Whereas the Provisional Executive of the Irish National Volunteers, has claimed from public platforms and in the Press the support of the Irish workers; and Whereas, the rank and file of the movement are almost wholly composed of members of the working class; and Whereas, the conviction is growing stronger in labour circles considering the ambiguous principles of the Volunteers' Constitution and the class basis of the Provisional Executive and the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, and the strong elements co-operating with the movement which have been consistently antagonistic to the lawful claims of labour;

We, the members of the Council of the Irish Citizen Army, representative of organised labour, now challenge the Executive of the Irish National Volunteers in public debate to justify this appeal for the sympathy and support of the Irish working class. Details of debate to be arranged by three members of the Volunteers' Executive and three members of the Council of the Irish Citizen Army.

(Signed) S. O. Cathasaigh, Hon. Sec. We publish again the Constitution of the Irish Citizen Army, which defines in a clear and unmistakable manner our attitude Nationally and towards organised Labour.

CONSTITUTION OF THE CITIZEN ARMY. 1. That the first and last principle of the Irish Citizen Army is the avowal that the ownership of Ireland, moral and material is vested of right in the people of Ireland.

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

The Aeridheacht Sub-committee are working strenuously. An important programme will be issued, in which it will be a profitable venture for Dublin traders to advertise. The following are some of the events which will provide an enjoyable day for all—

MONSTER OPEN-AIR TOURNA-MENT IN CROYDON PARK. Sunday, 24th May, commencing at 3 o'clock, p.m. Splendid Drill Display and Attack on Fortified Position and Cowboys' stockade by the Irish Citizen Army. Songs, Recitations and Dances by Dublin's best artists. Races for boys and girls. Humorous items. Obstacle race, sack race, tilting the bucket, Siamese race. Pipes and other bands. Refreshments at lowest city prices. Tickets—Adults 4d.; Children 2d., on sale everywhere.

S. O. C. Irish Citizen Army.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING will be held in Liberty Hall, on Monday, the 11th inst., at 8 o'clock. BUSINESS: Election of Chairman for Army Council. Roll call at 8.15. All members must attend.—By Order of Council.

Finest Creamery Butter, 1s. 2d. Finest Farmers' Butter, 1s. Fresh Irish Eggs, 9d., 10d. & 1/- doz. P. J. WHELAN, Queen St.

Read! Read! Read! "Labour in Irish History." JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book. Published at 2s. 6d. New Edition, 1s. post free, 1s. 3d. No Irish worker should be without reading this great story of the aspirations and struggles of the Irish working class in the past. No Irish Nationalist understands advanced Nationalism until it is studied. Wholesale and retail from "Irish Worker" Office, Liberty Hall, Dublin. A large quantity of the 1/- edition is now to hand, and can be obtained at Liberty Hall. The 1/- edition differs from the 2s. edition in the binding only.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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IT IS THE Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET. Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30. Manager—Ald. T. Kelly.

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Queenstown Notes.

B.O.E. JOBBERY.

In our Notes of April 25th we advised the workers of the town to be present at the Town Hall when the allocation of the new cottages erected under the provisions of the Clancy Act (1900) would take place. But we were not then aware that the meetings called for this purpose were to be held according to approved B.O.E. methods, in secret conclave—no applicant or ratepayer being allowed inside the sacred precincts of this hall, of "lying, fraud and chicanery."

A special meeting was called for Wednesday evening, 29th of April, to appoint a caretaker for the new houses, the creation of a sinecure; or, in plain English, to make a job for a friend and "Brudder," which works out at providing him with one of the best cottages in the Square gratis; the appointment of caretaker being unnecessary as no work for such a functionary can be conceived under that heading.

The allocation of the 30 finished cottages was to take place that night, but owing to the rowing and bad language caused over the appointment of caretaker the matter was postponed until the following day.

There were two applicants for the position of caretaker—"Brudder" O'Sullivan, Rate Collector, and Wm. Glavin, labourer, delegate to the one-time Trades Council from the Government Labourers' Union. "Brudder" O'Sullivan was proposed and seconded from the official Nationalist Party on the Council, and was supported by three of the "genuine labour thugs" elected last January to misrepresent and mislead labour on the Council. William Glavin was proposed by Councillor Fitzharris, but could not get a seconder; whether Fitzz knew beforehand that he could not get a seconder for Glavin is a B.O.E. secret.

"Brudder" O'Sullivan offered to do the caretakership for 7/- per week, spare time; Glavin, 5/- per week, spare time. The result being the "Brudder" got the job for 7/- what the labourer would have done for 5/- This means, as we have said before, that the "Brudder" has got one of the best houses; the Council giving him the right to select what cottage he pleased which this seven bob sinecure will have for nothing, besides 3d. for Lloyd George thrown in—although the Queenstown Urban Council must be aware that "Brudder" O'Sullivan is not entitled to an artisan's or labourer's cottage under the provisions of the Clancy Act, 1908. The L.G. Board would do well to look into this matter and remove this deadweight and weekly incubus which will have to be worked up by the other occupants of the houses.

This caretaker is the Rate Collector for the town at a salary of £75 per year; rent collector for the new cottages at £25 per year; and after last Wednesday's meeting, caretaker at £18 4s. per year, making a total annual wage for this B.O.E. latter-day impropriation of £118 4s. The actions and utterances of some of the labourites present at the meeting are worthy of note and comment, considering the labourer they voted and spoke against is a delegate to the Trades Council they are supposed to represent. G.L. Union, please note, as you are the body which supplies the Trades Council with the largest part of the sinews of war. "Steve," better known as "Pot," said "he could not conscientiously vote for a labourer with 22/- per week applying for a spare time job at 5/- a week."

rigger," and forger of the A.S.E. Queenstown branch president's name, when he wanted his B.O.E. hoodlum triphounds on the committee to bound from the Society, the man who had exposed his vicious trickery at every turn; this slimy reptile had the audacity to state before one of the leading officials of the C.E. Dept. "he Rajah was the unanimous selection of the engineering department, and if he thought he was not, he would put a halter around his neck and swing." Now as a most obvious matter of fact, he could not be the unanimous selection of the men considering there was another man with twice as many nominations, selected openly (not like the Rajah secretly per usual) and one whose trade union career will bear inspection. But Rajah by previous private audiences, had pledged the officer to recommend his candidature and so he scored. Hence his heroes were as empty as his head is, and instead of swinging—which act supposed to carry damnation, and consequently to the lower regions, a befitting place for such a scoundrel—betook himself to the "shady side of Bond St." to cross swords with and slay (we don't think) the mighty Dr. Mc, and secure "clogs for fitter." His dirty method of intimidating Irish lads into not supporting an Englishman, we will deal with some other time.

STELLA MARIS.

Serjeant MacSweeney.

H'S APOLOGY.

In '96 they called me to the Bar. And you know what an optimist I am. I doaned my wig and gown and there you are, They led me to the Temple like a lamb.

I was not quite enamoured of the Law. My prospects were not all as sublimely sweet. I thought that as I might be somewhat raw I'd best recruit my wits in Prince's street.

And so I started plodding with a will, With pen and ink what pictures I could paint! My treasured armour only was my quill, And Matty Bodkin was my patron saint.

I dished up all the hogwash of my time (Though vitriol is more effective far), I found the journalistic world a clime, More suited to a novice than the Bar.

They published all the things I used to say (And wiser men were silent while I'd speak), For which the public might—or might not pay Threepence on a Thursday every week.

At night I very often used to dream Of all the promises in store for me, But sometimes things are not quite what they seem, Particularly with the L.G.B.

But soon I found the world was moving fast— The steeplechase of life was so severe, And I had no desire to be left last, Wherefore I did begin my "brief" career.

So now you find me prating to the Beak From books voluminous of legal lore, The Benches jibe at every word I speak, To do my work they'd want five guineas more.

Osc R.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

6th May, 1914.

Sir—A letter appeared in the "Irish Times" of the 1st inst., from a Colonel Moore, purporting to explain the objects of the Irish Volunteers. One portion of his letter is a real gem—viz., "In the event of local disturbance the Irish Volunteers are expected to assist the police in maintaining peace." This paragraph will appeal, particularly to the Irish working class, when we remember the murderous ruffians who, during the recent labour dispute in Dublin, butchered two of our fellow-citizens and maimed hundreds of others, and spared neither women or children. And the Irish Volunteers are "to assist the police in maintaining peace." The gallant Colonel does not state if the Irish Volunteers are "to assist the police" when these bloated bullies break into workingmen's homes and smash their little household effects. Neither does the Colonel mention if the Irish Volunteers will be expected to scab in the event of another loc-out. But if the gallant Colonel hopes to make Irish Volunteers act as auxiliary "polismen" it would not astonish me if he also required them to scab, for the man who would "assist the police" in Ireland would be capable of any crime in the calendar. Now, as I believe there are a large number of workingmen in the Irish Volunteers, I respectfully suggest to them that they instantly repudiate Moore's statement in no uncertain way, otherwise the Irish Volunteers will be justly regarded with grave suspicion by all honest Nationalist workers.—Yours, &c. E.K.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

DEAR SIR.—The Cork Builders' Labourers have got part of their demands put forward by the men of the old union. I was a member one time under the chairmanship of Mr. Edward Walsh, and found him always fighting on sound ground, and was glad to hear him again on Sunday in the Trades Hall helping the workers, and his advice to them was adopted. He warned all non-union men in the building line to join some union and strengthen the ranks of their comrades.

I must thank the members of the Cork Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union for their promise given to support the Builders' Labors belonging to that union. Apologising for trespassing so much on your valuable space.—I remain, yours truly, O. D. BLOOD.

Housing and Death Rate.

Sir,—Reverting to Sir Chas Cameron's letter in the daily Press of the 26th ultimo, my Committee have not the least desire to enter into a newspaper controversy as to the details of the abnormal death-rate of Dublin, nor would any useful purpose be served by an attempt to distribute responsibility for its proximate causes at this moment. The outstanding fact remains that Dublin's death-rate is steadily the highest in the United Kingdom, whereas it should be one of the lowest. The most potent influence in our abnormal death-rate is admittedly the prevalence of the single room tenement. How deadly this influence is may be deduced from the result of a census recently taken of the tenements of Finsbury. That investigation disclosed the following results—

Table with 3 columns: Tenements, Death-rate from all causes, Death rate from Phtisis. Rows: one room, two rooms, three rooms, four rooms.

Does Sir Charles Cameron doubt that the present death-rate of our single-room tenements, greatly higher as it is than any of the foregoing figures, would be reduced somewhat in the proportions shown as our population is transferred from the single-room tenement to the three or four room cottage? If this admission be made it is evident that from two to three thousand preventable deaths occur every year in our city. If forty or fifty of our fellow-citizens perished weekly from fever or violence it is hard to say what effort or expense would be spared to prevent its continuance.

Are the victims of the slum life any the less done to death by public apathy because the immediate cause is less obvious? The announcement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that a substantial sum will be made available for the use of Local Authorities in Ireland marks the definite recognition by the State of the necessity for urgent and drastic improvement of the urban housing conditions.

A public demonstration arranged for next Tuesday night, in the Mansion House, will give the citizens of Dublin an opportunity to express their views. My Committee hope that the occasion may be availed of by every citizen who recognises the necessity for considered, drastic and early action in Dublin upon the general lines of the recent report of the Departmental Housing Committee.—Yours faithfully, E. A. ASTON, Hon. Sec. Citizen's Housing League, Mansion House, Dublin, 5th May, 1914.

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BOXING Tournament (Under the auspices of the I.T.U. Boxing Committee). A GREAT BOXING TOURNAMENT WILL BE COMMENCED AT CROYDON PARK, FAIRVIEW, On Saturday, May 23rd.

Amateur [open] Competitions Boxing and Wrestling at all weights Bantam, Light, Middle and Heavy weights FOR VALUABLE PRIZES. Professional Boxing Contests are being arranged. Novices Competitions in Boxing and Wrestling all weights [confined to Irish Transport Union.] ENTRY—ONE SHILLING EACH. Entry Forms can be had at Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, Dublin. P. J. FOX Manager.

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