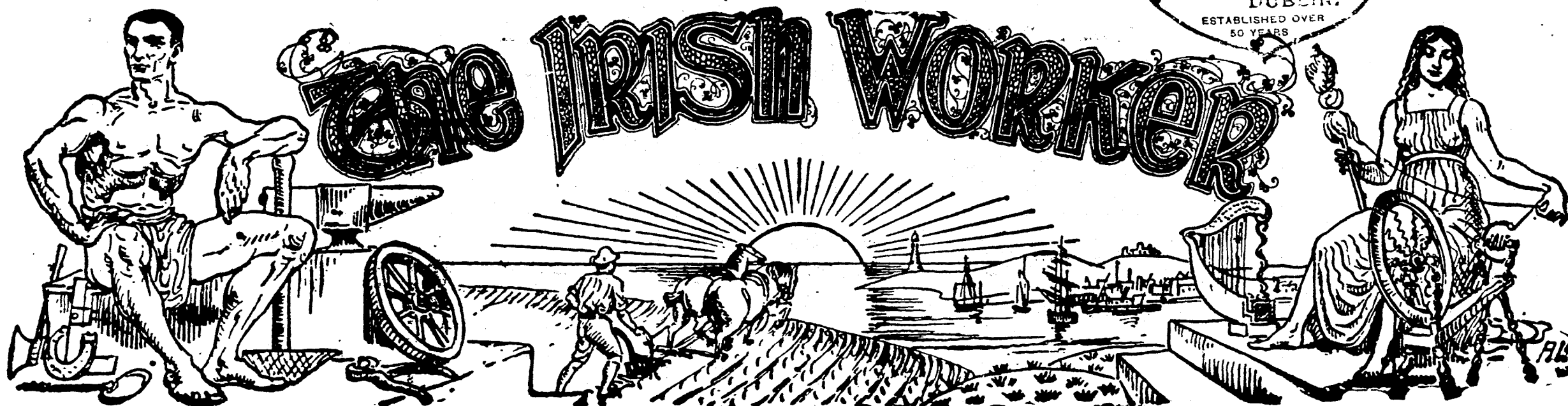


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Finlay Labor.



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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!

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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No. 2 VOL. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MAY 23rd, 1914

ONE PENNY.]

A LEGACY.

The Dying Socialist to His Son.

[BY JAMES CONNOLLY.]

We have been asked to reprint the following poem which was published in an American paper some years ago.

Come here my son, and for a time put up your childish play, Draw nearer to your father's bed, and lay your games away, No sick man's plaint, is this of mine, ill-tempered at your noise, Nor carping at your eagerness to romp with childish toys, Thou'rt but a boy, and I a man outworn with care and strife, Would not deprive you of one joy thou must extract from life; But of my soul come creeping on death's shadow, and my lips Must give to you a message ere life meets that eclipse. Slow runs my blood, my nether limbs I feel not, and my eyes Can scarce discern, here in this room, that childish form I prize.

Aye, death's grim hand is on my frame, and helpless it lies here, But to my mental vision comes the power of the seer, And time and space are now as nought as with majestic sweep, I feel my mind traverse the land and encompass the deep; Search backward over history's course, or with prophetic view, And sounding line of hope and fear gauge man's great destiny, too. The chasm deep 'twixt life and death I bridge at last to-night, And with a foot on either side absorb their truth and light. And thus, my son, though reft of strength, my limbs slow turn to clay, Fired by this light I call you here to hear my Legacy.

"My Legacy!" Ah, son of mine! wert thou a rich man's pride, He'd crown thee with his property, possessions far and wide, And golden store to purchase slaves, whose aching brain and limb Would toil to bring you luxury as such had toiled for him, But thy father is a poor man, and glancing round you here, Thou canst see all his property—our humble household gear, No will we need by lawyers drawn, no witnesses attest, To guard for you your legacy, your father's last bequest.

"Thy father is a poor man," mark well what that may mean, On the tablets of thy memory that truth write bright and clean. Thy father's lot it was to toil from earliest boyhood on, And know his latent energies for a master's profit drawn; Or else, ill starved, to wander round and huxter-like to vend His precious store of brain and brawn for all of whom fate may send. Across his path with gold enough to purchase Labour's power, To turn it into gold again, and fructify the hour With sweat and blood of toiling slaves. Like unto us my son: Aye, though our veins since earliest days, 'tis poor man's blood has run.

Yes, son of mine, since History's dawn two classes stand revealed, The Rich and Poor, in bitterest war, by deadliest hatred steeled. The one, incarnate greed and crime, disdainful honest toil, Had grasped man's common birthright and treasure house, the soil, And standing 'twixt their fellow men and all that earth could give, Had bade them render tribute if they would hope to live. And, building crime on top of crime, had pushed their conquests on, Till, arbiters of life and death, they stood with weapons drawn. And blades athirst to drink the blood, on land and over sea, Of him who dared for human rights to stem this tyranny. They held our lands, our bodies ruled, and strove to rule the mind, And Hell itself could not surpass their evil to mankind. And all who strove for human rights to break their cursed yoke— The noblest of our race, my child—went down beneath their stroke. And e'er aid earth's sweetest spots, in nature's loveliest haunt, Each build his fort or castle grim the poor of earth to daunt.

And issuing forth from walls of stone, high over cliff and pass, With sword in hand would gather in the tribute for his class. And grim emblems of their rule flaunting to human kind, The pit to drown our women the gibbet for our men. Stood, aye, beside their fortresses; and underneath the moat Tier under tier of noisome cells for those the tyrant smote. Thumbscrew and rack and branding rod, and each device of Hell Perverted genius could devise to torture men to sell (For brief respite from anguish dire to end their wretched lives) The secrets of their comradeship, the honour of their wives.

As fabled aspen tree of old, by ancient poets sung, Consumed with blight each living thing that neath its branches sprung. The rich man's power o'er all the earth had spread its baleful blight, Respecting neither age nor sex to save its lust and might. It stole the harvest from the field, the product from the loom, Struck down the old man in his age, the young man in his bloom. It robbed the carrier on the road, the sailor on the tide, And from the bridegroom of an hour it took the new-made bride. Such crimes it wrought not half itself and its satanic school Could fashion crimes to equal those wrought by the rich man's rule.

"The past?" Ay, boy, the method's past; the deed is still the same, And robbery is robbery yet though cloaked in gentler name. Our means of life are still usurped, the rich man still is lord, And prayer and cries for justice still meet one reply—the sword! Though hypocrites for rich men's gold may tell us we are free, And oft exclaim in speech and print our vaunted liberty, But Freedom has not in a name, and he who lacks for bread, Must have that bread tho' he should give his soul for it instead. And we who live by labour, know that while our hands we must Sell Freedom, Birth, and Life to win for us and ours a crust.

The robbers made our fathers slaves, then chained them to the soil, For a little longer chain—a wage—we must exchange our toil. But open force give way to fraud, but force again behind Prepares to strike if fraud should fail to keep man deaf and blind. Our mother's see their children's limbs they fondled as they grew, And doted on, caught up to make for rich men profits new. Whilst strong men die for lack of work, and cries of misery swell, And women's souls in cities' streets creep shuddering to hell. These things belong not to the past but to the present day, And they shall last till in our wrath we sweep them all away.

"We sweep them!" Ah, too well I know my work on earth is done, Even as I speak, my chilling blood tells me my race is run. But you, my last born child, take the legacy I give, And do as did your father whilst he yet was spared to live. Treasure ye in your inmost heart this legacy of hate, For those who on the poor man's back have climbed to high estate, The loads of land and capital—the slave lords of our age, Who of this smiling earth of ours have made for us a cage. Where golden bars fetter men's souls, and noble thoughts are flame To burn us with their vain desires, and virtue yields to shame. Each is your foe, foe of your class, of human rights the foe, Be it your thought by day and night to work their overthrow: And howsoever you earn your wage, and whereso'er you go, Be it beneath the tropic heat or mid the northern snow, Or closely pent in factory walls or burrowing in the mine, Or scorching in the furnace hell of steamers 'cross the brine, Or on the railroad's shining track you guide the flying wheel, Or clambering up on buildings high to weld their frames of steel, Or use the needle or the type, the hammer, or the pen, Have you one thought, one speech alone to all your fellow men. Then men and women of your class, tell them their wrongs and yours, Plant in their hearts that hatred deep that suffers and endures. And treasuring up each deed of wrong, each scornful word and look, Inscribe it in the memory, as others in a book. And wait and watch through galling years the ripening of time, Yet deem to strike before that hour were worse than folly—crime.

This be your task, oh, son of mine, the rich man's hate to brave, And consecrate your noblest part to rouse each fellow-slave, To speed the day the world awaits when Labour long oppress, Shall rise and strike for Freedom true, and from the tyrants wrest— The power they have abused so long. Oh, ever-glorious deed! The crowning point of history, yet child of bitterest need.

Ah, woe is me, thy father's eyes shall not behold that day, I faint and die: child, hold my hand— Keep—thou—my—Leg-a-cy.

LOW WAGES AND HIGH DEATH RATE.

THE WORKERS' CONDITION AFTER THE DUBLIN STRIKE.

By Very Rev. Prior McNabb, O.P.

Mr. John B. Hughes has been kind enough to occasion the present article by sending me his penny pamphlet, "Poverty in Dublin," with the Nihil Obstat of William Henry, S.J., and the Imprimatur of William, Archbishop of Dublin ("Irish Messenger Books.") The courteous compiler of this popular booklet will understand me if I say that the most significant feature of his work is the Nihil Obstat and the Imprimatur. Many of us knew the facts so soberly retailed by Mr. Hughes. But it was not easy to give them the publicity and sanction now happily ensured to them by this Nihil Obstat of the Jesuit and this Imprimatur of the Primate.

The Most Pressing Question.—It was high time the facts were officially sanctioned; as they are but another tragic confirmation of Pope Leo XIII's words that the question of the conditions under which the vast majority of work-folk live is "the pressing question of the hour."

Mr. Hughes gives us, not the scarlet exaggerations of the fanatic, but that infinitely more oppressive thing, the scientific statistics of the expert. He has no tricks of rhetoric. He trusts to the overwhelming rhetoric of the facts. Instructive Facts.—Amongst the facts of first magnitude are the following—

- 1. "Basing our estimate on the conclusion arrived at by the investigators of 1904 and making allowance for the rise in prices of the principal necessities of life, we are justified in fixing 23/- a week as the minimum income needed at present to provide a family of two adults and two children with the prime essentials of life."
2. "Thirty shillings a week now represents the minimum income required for the average family of two adults and four children. Families existing on incomes below these minima are 'below the poverty line.'"

(N.B.—I need not say that this 23/- and 30/- a week should be the average wage. Too often it is the full-week wage. The average wage is necessarily less whenever sickness of the worker or slackness of work shortens the work time.)

3. "Thirty thousand (30,000) adult men earn less than thirty shillings a week. Of these twenty-three thousand (23,000) earn less than 23/- a week.

4. According to figures supplied to the Housing Commission by the Corporation, 12,000 families (74,000 souls), i.e., almost one-fourth of the population, are below the poverty line. In other words, one-fourth of the people of Dublin have not the prime necessities of life.

5. The infant death rate ranges from 85 per 1,000 in well-to-do neighbourhoods to 210 in Summer Hill and Gardiner-street districts, and 220 in Church-street district. "It is in these parts that poverty in its most acute form prevails."

6. To quote Mr. Hughes: "In only a few of the English urban areas is there any approach to the Dublin rate, and the rates for the Irish urban areas except Belfast and Portadown—are far below it."

7. To quote Sir Charles Cameron, Medical Superintendent of Health in Dublin: "The chief causes of the high death-roll amongst the children of the poor are improper food, insufficient nourishment, deficient clothing, etc."

8. A learned brother priest in the South of England has sent me the following extract from the "Medical Officer," March 21st, 1914: "At the 21st meeting of the Royal Commission for Venereal Diseases, Dr. Brian O'Brien, Medical Inspector of the Local Government Board for Ireland, reported that venereal disease was specially prevalent in Dublin owing to poverty, bad housing, and the fact that Dublin is the refuge of people from the greater part of Ireland who are doing no good to themselves. In Belfast there is some prevalence, but much

less. Venereal disease is almost non-existent in rural districts of Ireland."

The Only prudent Course.—These are the lurid facts. To me it is most painful that the putrid state of things should at once threaten to become a matter of party politics, with the attendant hopelessness of "the law's delays." The facts are so appalling that the only prudent course is to mend or end them. It is as if an old house had become so vermin-ridden that the only way to cure it was to burn it.

For the facts are that one-fourth of the whole population is habitually without the bare necessities of life; or, to put it plainly, they are in such straits that stealing would not be a grievous sin, if we are to judge the matter after the large manner of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Again, of the children who die, some two in every three owe their death to their surroundings. In other words, several hundreds of the children of the Dublin poor are every year as remorselessly put to death as if they were deliberately shot down by the rifles of Royal Irish Constabulary.

Lastly, the most appalling and degrading human ailment is inflicted on hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the poor of Dublin mainly because they are poor.

The Righting of the Workpeople's Wrongs.—It must therefore be said that the circumstances of the Dublin poor are such that almost any form of strike, if feasible, would be allowable. The Protestants of the North are appealing to the sword on a far less justifiable reason. Indeed, I am one of those who, with Pope Leo XIII, would place the righting of these wrongs of the Dublin workpeople before every other political question.

Yet the account of the strike in almost all but the Labour Press was so presented as to make the action of the men appear a national crime. Indeed, if we had to believe the common Press account of the strike we should have looked on it as a wild outburst of well-paid, well-housed workfolk who had been inflamed by foreign Socialists to rise against their justice-loving and long-suffering masters. But we have here in this sober pamphlet of the Jesuit Messenger Press, under the Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Dublin, a plain-spoken diagnosis of the horrible state of things from which the strike arose. Its scholarly pages show us a state of things so inhuman that unless it comes to an end something more dramatic than strikes will be attempted and justified.

The Clergy and the Situation.—We priests of the Church are not anointed to preach content with such enormities. From our leader, Leo XIII, the divine Gospel of discontent has been preached in the noble words:—

"The condition of the working people is the pressing question of the hour. All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and so unjustly on the vast majority of the working classes."

Thank God, these are not words of passive acquiescence in the divine will, to which the Pope nowhere attributes the state of injustice; but of active discontent with that human wilfulness which reduces some 70,000 people on the banks of the Liffey to a state of poverty; kills more children by process of law than Herod killed by the sword, and degrades men and women as effectively as they were degraded in the "lupanaria" of pagan Rome or Naples.

The strike with all its wilfulness and ignorance has turned the light on these crimes crying to heaven for vengeance, and to earth for remedy. May our tongues and hands wither if we do not repeat the cry and seek to end the crime. "Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion."

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LUCAN NOTES.

Wonder of wonders! John Wigham Shackleton has got married to a Scotchwoman named Beattie of the "Wilderness," Milltimber, Aberdeen. "Johnno" had to go to the "Wilderness" to get a wife—an Irish woman wouldn't do "Johnno." And we know that no respectable Irishwoman would marry him as his name is a by-word amongst the classes in Ireland.

Shackleton is a skinflint, and he married a Scotchwoman in order that he might be enabled to live in the cheapest possible way. We dare say every Scotchwoman reads Lady Aberdeen's tracts on "how to live and rear a family of six on sixpence a day." Lucan looks lovely while Johnno is away and the people of Lucan are spared the indignity of looking on the fair face of this "fair employer."

Skinner Malone, farmer, of Lucan—the name is significant—would not place his little dole on the plate at the Chapel door because it was held by a man who was victimised by Shackleton; yet this farmer was going to the Altar that morning. We think it would be better for the like of him to stop away. What curious ideas of religion men like this must have, and where they learned these ideas is a mystery to us, for the basis of the religion this man is supposed to hold is built on forgiveness and humility. What petty spite and tyranny! And if God judges this man the way he judges a victimised worker, then we think his chances of reaching the Golden Gate must be very slender.

Workers of Lucan, vote for Breen, the independent labour candidate, who is opposing Capt. Vesey, and whose family history furnishes very interesting reading. The Captain is one of the biggest shareholders of the Dublin Tramway Company, whose action in sacking 200 men in the parcels department before the lock-out, for no other reason than for being members of the Transport Union, and thus starting what was wrongly designated as the tramway "strike" which plunged the city and County of Dublin in the throes of misery and privation. Vote solid for Breen and get some of your own back for the way you men of Lucan were persecuted by the employers in your own village. Take revenge for the police batonings, the evictions, the selling of your horses and cars and the wrecking of your homes. Captain Vesey is a Justice of Peace, and he could have stopped the police from smashing your heads and breaking your hand instruments on the nights when the police charged you in Lucan for no cause whatever, but simply because you were "locked-out workers." Breen is also opposing Captain Vesey for the Rural seat in Celbridge Union.

Vote for Breen and try and secure labourers' cottages for yourselves and not be depending on men like Shackleton and Vesey, who will throw you out of their houses whenever the whim takes them to do so.

The position is yours if you have sense enough to vote for Labour Candidates on June 8th, and try to make your lot a more happier one than it has heretofore been. VERITAS.

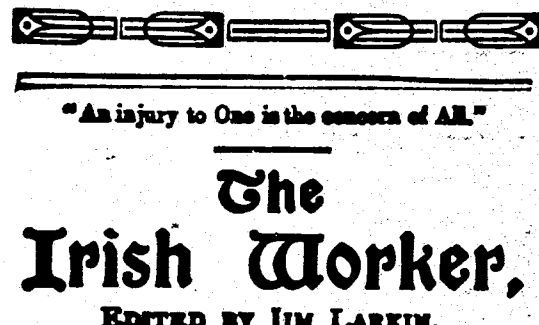
All contributors, without exception, are requested to note that all literary matter intended for the "Irish Worker" must be sent direct to the Editor, Liberty Hall, and not to the printer.

Lady Gregory and an Injury to the Workers.

To Editor "Irish Worker." 2 Cantire Place, London, 18th May, 1914. A Chara. As you kindly gave a show to a letter from me in Saturday's issue about your Workers' Dramatic Society, and the action Lady Gregory took regarding the performance of her play, "The Workhouse Ward," I want to tell you that Lady Gregory has written, saying that she did not know anything about these English performances—her permission not being asked—that the usual course was followed by her agents, and the performance stopped. She says that when she read in the newspapers that the London performance had been widely advertised—and not wishing to cause disappointment she asked her agents to obtain a promise that it would not be repeated without her leave, under which condition she was willing to let it be given but no reply has been received to this letter of hers. Lady Gregory says she is in sympathy with the objects of the Irish Workers' Dramatic Society, but an attempt made through a friend in Dublin to negotiate with you at Liberty Hall for her amicably resuming control of the play has come to nothing. Now I thought it only just to yourself and to her that you should know Lady Gregory's reply to my protest, and so I have written, and ask you to make a statement that will, I hope, make matters somewhat clearer. It will not be necessary, maybe, to publish this letter, but it's only fair that we should know your position in this matter, and in fact all about it. With best wishes, Do chara, E. SULLIVAN, jr.

JUST THINK OF IT!

The Citizen Army Display and Attack on Cowboys' Stockade tomorrow, Sunday, Croydon Park, Fairview. Bands; races; songs; dances. 5 Miles Marathon (confined). Admission 4d.; children 1d. Commence at 3 o'clock; gate opens at 2.30.



The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

DUBLIN, Sat., May 23rd., 1914.

TOPICAL NEWS.

HAS it ever occurred to you what miserable, unmoral, backboneless creatures the tin gods of public life were in the past? And the present-day tin gods and public idols are even a meaner lot than those who preceded them. Take the political idols—Asquith, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, of the Liberal clique; Bonar Law (good lor?); Stuttering Chamberlain, Walter Long, and the braying ass Earl Winterton, of the Tory cabal; Redmond; Devlin; the doleful one, Dillon; Tim, the hyena, dressed in a tiger's skin; and the hyponochondriac, O'Brien, of the alleged Nationalist Parties; and then the sucking doves in Parliament and braying asses in public, our own 'incapables, the labour fakirs. What a political "olla podrida," all bubble and odour; no sustenance in the mess. Gilbert, in his wildest flights of phantasy, could not have written anything so diverting as the antics of these buffons for the last seven years. But the tragedy of it all! Behind all the playacting and clowning of these political jesters who strut their miserable hour on life's stage, real men and women suffer and perish. These mountebanks mouth of principles when they mean privileges, of honesty in public life, when their very names speak dishonour; their voices but as like unto the noise of sounding brass. Each day we live we have witnessed the spectacle of these masqueraders swallowing their own spittle, eating their words of yesterday. What they enunciate to-day is followed by a contradiction to-morrow. Asquith will unblushingly make his statement to-day explaining his Party's position, from which there will be no retreat; point out the line of advance, from which there will be no deviation. Carson and Co. will swear on their oath and honour 'Moryah! to resist the advance of Asquith and his army even unto death. John and Joe bellow and bluster and call on the gods to destroy them if they don't insist on Asquith carrying out the plan agreed to, John and Joe will undertake the scouting. Ramsay of that ilk and his valiant swashbucklers repeat ad nauseam their undying attachment to the cause of human liberty. Then the cry rings out—Who goes home? They troop out, get into their motor taxis, go hence, dine, sleep, and the following day Asquith whinges and wails, Carson and Bonar Law rave rant and act the blackguard, put their fingers to their noses, and spit and jeer, at Asquith and his pals and Earl Winterton is put up to wag his ears and bray. Asquith in reply, weeps; pleads with Law and Carson not to irritate him or he will be forced to take stern measures; that he does not intend to shed the blood of a single Ulster bully, but is going to take steps with the law breakers. (Like the fond mother with her refractory bairns, he will cry hush; hush, hush, here comes the bogie man!) But he (Asquith), after studying the position, feels that Carson and Law have misunderstood him. He did not intend to trespass on their preserves; he never intended to take their tin trumpets from them or in any way limit them in their foul game of moral and physical assassination. They could have their guns and bayonets and be trusted to their respect for Lor anorder not to kill too many saquinary Papias when the fever comes on them, and would they be satisfied with him if he gave them a kingdom of their own wherein every man, woman and child upon rising to greet the morn should be compelled to shout—God Save King Carson! Hosanna to Belfast, and to h— with the Pope. That all Catholics, Home Rulers, and Protestants who, believing in liberty, and all accused Socialists, would be allowed to exist under certain conditions, and if his good Christian friends, Law and Carson, not forgetting Lord Leitrim, would agree to the foregoing arrangement your petitioner (Asquith) would ever pray, etc., and after six years, if they (Carson, Law and Co.) were good boys, and had not killed too many of their enemies they would be allowed to vote as to whether they would permit the inhabitants of the country adjoining Ireland—i.e., Ireland

—to become washpots and doormats for the Valourous Caronites. Law and Carson, in reply, taketh oath and say while not agreeing to play with you and restating our undying determination to do as we like, we want to know what are the conditions you refer to. We require to further humiliate and degrade you, if that is possible. Then John and Joe chip in, and in a querulous whine enter their protest, but in the interest of peace they will acquiesce in Asquith playing the poutroon and dishonouring the nation they belong to. Such is the picture of the game going on in London—a nation getting knocked down to auction. Such are the auctioneers and buyers. Is it not time that the common people of this land were heard tell Redmond and Devlin and the other bunco steers and confidence men to tell Asquith to go to L. Come home and get to work here at home, and take our land unto ourselves. The time for fooling is past. The time to act has arrived. At the game of negotiation and compromise the Irish people were always out-manoeuvred and tricked by the Britisher. The only place we ever beat them was on the field Ulster bigots, with all their faults, have proved John Bull still has got a white streak in him, as at Yorktown, Bull's Run and Boston. If the four fields of Cathlin ni Houlihan are not worth fighting for they are not worth living on. Compromise and expediency means the death of a stinon. God ave Ireland from her pulsamionous sons. Our Comrade, "Granuaile," takes himself too seriously; What do men or names matter? We are fighting for a Nation. Our statement with reference to Col. Moore is borne out by reports from Derry. Has "Granuaile" failed to read history ariht? It was creatures in the guise of men who sold our people in the past. The breed still exists. "Granuaile" is young and enthusiastic; He believes he can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. We don't. Who would have dared a few years ago to say Eoin McNeil would have taken £500 a year from the enemy? He who sups porridge with the devil will get his palate burnt. Is there one reliable man at the head of the National Volunteer Movement apart from Casement, who, we believe, is in earnest and honest? Now, "Granuaile," give voice. We admit the bulk of the rank and file are men of principle—men who are out for liberty for all men—but why allow the foulest growths that ever cursed this land [the Hibernians, Board of Erin] to control an organisation that might, if properly handled, accomplish great things?

We are compelled to hold over special report of joint meeting of Co-operators and Trade Unionists, held in Trades Hall, on Wednesday night last. Don't forget Jim Larkin takes over command of Citizen Army on Sunday. No. 1 Company will parade in uniform. Notice—All roads leads to Croydon Park, Saturday, at 4 o'clock. Boxing Championships. Wrestling Contests. Jim, Young who is training Kid Lucas, wires Lucas in great form; will give Billy Deane the fight of his life. Frank Dillon has his work cut out. As good a man he is to beat Lloyd of Liverpool.

Death of Jack Keeley. Our young Comrade, Jack Keeley, of Sligo, is dead. After two years of suffering he has paid the toll. To his father, Councillor Peter Keeley, his mother, sisters and brothers we extend our sincere sympathy. His father was always amongst the most strenuous of the advance-guard in Sligo, and he was ably assisted by poor Jack whilst he was able to do so. Everybody who knew the deceased loved him, for frail as he was in body he had the spirit and courage of a hero. Peace to his ashes, and may God have mercy on his soul!

It is with feelings of the most poignant sorrow, that we have to record the death, at an early age, of our dear friend and comrade Charlie Evans, of Irvine Crescent, Church road, who passed away on Friday, 15th May, at the Sanatorium, Pigeon House road. Though ailing for a long time, the end came with a shock to all who knew him. The remains were interred in the same ground that holds all the remains of his old comrade, Poor Golden of Russia. Anyone who knew Charlie, knew the dauntless spirit which animated him. he was a born rebel, a democrat of democrats. He left the world better than he found it, but the labour movement is all the poorer for his loss. To his stricken family our hearts go, and deepest sympathy. Good bye comrade.

BOXING. On this day (Saturday) the event of the season opens at Croydon Park. Amateur wrestlers in all styles, and amateur boxers of all weights compete for valuable prizes. Billy Deane, Bantam-weight Champion of Ireland, meets Kid Lucas, of Cashel, over the twenty-rounds, distance for a purse of £25. Frankie Dillon meets Jim Lloyd, of Liverpool, in a bout of ten rounds, and Pat O'Shea will fight Pete Mullen six rounds. O'Shea secured the decision over Mullen in the Amateur Championships, but Mullen feels that he is the better man and so the fight. Every contest and every competition is genuine—the referee (Mr. J. F. Bradley, of "The Mirror of Life"), has received instruction: "No fight, no contest; and no contest, no money!" The admission money is nominal—one shilling to the grounds; 2/6 and 5/- to the reserved seats. Pat Fox, the well-known sportsman, is managing the show.

Wages Paid by Pendleton Co-operative Society, Manchester.

Something Different to What the Dub'in Provision Shops Pay.

Adult Female Workers, Productive and Distributive.—In view of the fact that the Union scale up to twenty years of age was put in operation by the Society only six months ago, it is agreed that the Union's application for a minimum of 20s. at twenty-one years shall lie over for a further six months from the date of this agreement, when the society's board of management and the Union officials shall reconsider the position with a view to putting in operation the 20s. minimum. Provided, however, that in the meantime the female distributive workers be paid 18s. at twenty-one years of age, and 20s. at twenty-five years. Male Shop Assistant:—Age twenty-one, wage 26s.; twenty-two, 27s.; twenty-three, 28s.; twenty-four, 29s.; twenty-five, 30s.; twenty-six, 30s.; twenty-seven, 31s.; twenty-eight, 31s.; twenty-nine, 32s. Grocery First Countermen. Minimum to be 33s., and to be reconsidered in twelve months' time from the date of this agreement, with a view to making provision for the minimum to be raised to 34s. after one year's service in the position. Provided, however, that first countermen at present receiving 33s. shall be advanced by 1s. per week on second day day in April, 1914. Shop and Warehouse Porters.—Age twenty-one, wage 26s.; twenty-two, 27s.; twenty-three, 28s. Branch Managers (without age limit)—Butchering, 32s. minimum. Foot and shoe, outfitting, and tailoring sales, 34s. minimum. Grocery, 36s. minimum. Managers in Branch Shops (not buyers).—23s. minimum. Clerks.—Age twenty-one, wage 27s.; twenty-two, 28s.; twenty-three, 29s.; twenty-four, 30s.; twenty-five, 31s.; twenty-six, 32s.; twenty-seven, 33s.; twenty-eight, 34s. Coalmen, Lorrymen, Vanmen, and Dairymen.—Coal carriers off, 26s. minimum; chain-horsemen, 27s. minimum; coal roundsmen, 29s. minimum; coal heavers, 26s. minimum; two-horse grocery lorrymen, 3 s. minimum; bread and order vanmen, present rates of 34s. for one horseman, and 36s. for two horsemen to continue in force; milkmen 27s. minimum at twenty-one years, and present rates thereafter up to 31s. to continue in force; dairy two horsemen, 30s. minimum.

"BONES."

"Captain" George Gates, the well-known rebel in the first revolt in Mexico, tells the following story:—"Once upon a time a man and his dog were lost in a far deep desert. They were without food. The dog was a good and useful animal and had always been a good pal. Consequently, though the man was consumed with a gnawing hunger, he did not want to kill the dog. Finally, he hit upon the scheme of cutting off the dog's tail—a large juicy one—and using it for food. Curtailed duly followed this economic discovery, and the tail was cooked and eaten. It was in this manner the man's life was saved. When he had picked the bones quite clean of their rich nutriment, he fed them to the dog, and thus saved its life, and—

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

BOXING Tournament

A GREAT BOXING TOURNAMENT

WILL BE COMMENCED AT CROYDON PARK, FAIRVIEW, On TO-DAY (Saturday). See the Great 20-Round Contest, at 7 o'clock sharp— Billy Deane v. Kid Lucas. Irish Bantam Who wants the Champion. 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 [combined to Irish Transport Union.] ENTRY—ONE SHILLING EACH. P. J. FOX, Manager. Mr. J. FRANK BRADLEY, "Mirror of Life," Referee.

CLONDALKIN NOTES.

Snowball Hanlon says it is a great shame for the Labour Party to oppose him, as he never done anything. Sure that's the reason why the Labour Party is opposing him. We wonder what was the figure he received for running the water pipes through his land at Redcar, and we want to know why the people of the district were not consulted about these water mains before Hanlon and Farren hung a legacy of 9d. in the £ around the necks of the ratepayers of the district. But we know they consulted the farmers and some of the publicans because this water would be very convenient in the houses of the farmers and publicans, as they would not have to send men, horses and punchons to the pumps to draw home water to their farms, thus saving men's time and wear and tear of yokes, and no doubt it is a great saving to the farmers in the course of the year. But where do the labourers come in, who have to pay this extra 9d. in the year? They seem to be ignored by their representatives for whom they smashed each other's heads three years ago. By running these water mains they reduced the amount of labour that would naturally accrue by the drawing of water to the farms from the pumps. And if these pipes had not been laid there would be more work for the labouring classes of the district. We wonder could anyone tell us if they started with a four-inch gauge pipe and finished with a six-inch one in the village of Clondalkin, would this be conducive to bring proper pressure on the pumps in Clondalkin? And if this is true, we ask who is responsible for it? No doubt these questions will annoy some people, and they might want to shake hands with some fool or other. Do the labourers of the district think these men are their friends after their lock-out, eviction notices, and their actions in the Council in favour of their farmer friends? Have they ever done a single act in the Council that would alleviate the sufferings and wrongs of the labourers? Have they ever reduced your rent or taxes, or ask you whether you had the wherewithal to pay them or not? No, but if you were any way prominent during the late Labour crisis they formed rings to victimise and persecute you. Farren's and Hanlon's action Committee have secured the doubtful services of Mick Keogh, renegade and scab in Jacob's. The cur who went around to the farmers booking orders for Christmas Cards, and at the same time telling the farmers to lock their men, and that he knew the nancial strength of the Transport Union, and that the Union could not hold out for a month against the employers, and he resigned, because he thought his dirty work would leak out, and sure enough it did in the case of Eason's paper at Drimnagh Mills, and you labourers can see for yourselves the dirty clique you are up against, and if you vote solid for the Labour candidates you will be doing the best day's work for to emancipate yourselves and your families than you ever did in the whole course of your lives. Workers of Clondalkin, be wise in time, and place your cross on the ballot paper after the name of Charles Loughlin, who is contesting the County Council seat against C. J. Hanlon, the man who started the lock-out in the South County in the interest of his builder friends in Dublin. In the Rural District there are two vacancies, and Farren and Hanlon are opposed by "Rat" Nolan and Joe Somers, and in voting place your cross after the name of Nolan and Somers, who are standing in the interest of Labour; and the three Labour Candidates—Loughlin, Nolan and Somers—are pledged by the Labour Party to vote and act in the Councils in the interest of Labour, and to wipe out the employers' ring in the Council, and to outvote them in anything that is not in the interest of the labourers. Larry Mooney and Sanatoria Lawlor, of funeral and potato fame, are the nominees of the farmers in Palmerstown District, and are opposed by Charles Loughlin and John Loughlin, senior, in the interest of the labourers. Larry Mooney, one of the biggest tyrants in the shape of an employer that ever lived, a coarse-mouthed, ignorant boothoon, who could not look a nower straight in the face because the abourers know that he tried by every low, cunning trick in his power to humiliate the labourers during the lock-out, and went around the country canvassing the employers to lock-out and evict the labourers living in their houses. This man's attendance at the Rural Board was disgraceful during his three years' office, only attending now and then to prevent himself from disqualification. Has Larry ever done one single act for the labourers during his term of office? Let the workmen of Palmerstown answer this question on the 8th of June, the day of the election. Larry's principal agent is an emergency man from Balgaddy, the name of Hickey, who hires his wife out to the 'gentry' as a domestic servant, and who is so fond of money that he could not keep her at home. This animal and his son scabbled on the farm labourers during the late lock-out, and we think he is only fit for such company as Larry's. Sanatoria Lawlor, J.P. (Judge of Potatoes) the "Girl from the Park" boy, locked out his men after signing an agreement to give them 17/ a week and a half holiday, and who is supposed to be interested in labourers' cottages. Look at the cottages on his land, that his workmen lived in—filthy dens, not fit for human habitation, and which houses he lodged his scabs during the lock-out. Why didn't the Women's Health Association visit these cottages and report them to their Committee? Why? Because Lawlor's wife (the bow) is a member of that Committee, and they would not like to hurt the feelings of so esteemed a member. Labourers, when you are voting in Palmerstown mark your ballot paper with a cross after the name of Charles Loughlin for the County Council, one of your own class, who will fight for your interests in the Council. And for the Rural District mark your ballot paper with a cross after the name of Charles Loughlin and John Loughlin, senior, who are opposing Lawlor and Mooney in the interests of Labour, and you will do a good day's work in your own interest, and try and sweep away the injustices which you have suffered in the past and which you are still suffering from, and get houses that you won't be ashamed to invite friends into.

"HYROPENNER"

POOR LAW ELECTIONS.

Dublin Labour Party's Candidates, Mountjoy Ward.

A Public Meeting in support of the Candidature of ARTHUR MURPHY, P.L.G., and JAMES J. CAMPBELL, will be held on Tuesday, May 26th, at Annesley place, at 9 o'clock. Band will leave Liberty Hall at 8 o'clock for Parade of Ward. Jim Larkin, P. T. Daly, W. P. Partridge, T. C. Thomas Lawlor, T.C., and the Candidates will speak.

Wood Quay Ward.

Public Meetings in support of the Candidature of COUNCILLOR THOMAS LAWLOR, P.L.G., will be held on Monday, May 25th, at the following places:—Ross road, at 8 o'clock; New street, at 9.15. The Candidate and other prominent labour men will speak.

Labour Day Demonstration.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union—No 3 Branch, 17 & 18 High St.

Members of the above Branch are reminded that they are expected to be in attendance at 17 High street at 2.30 p.m., on Sunday, 31st inst., so as to take the place allocated to them in the procession. They will leave the Union Hall at the hour fixed, and headed by their band will march to the appointed place to fall in with the other trade union bodies. John Bohan, T.C., Sec.

Merchants Quay Ward.

POOR LAW ELECTIONS.

A meeting of the supporters of JOHN BOHAN, T.C., will be held at his Committee Rooms, 74 Thomas street, on Sunday, 24th inst., at 7 p.m. These rooms will be open each evening afterwards until the date of the election, and all information will be supplied to voters in the Ward. John Bohan, T.C., Sec. No 3 Branch Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Scully's Tout Shoots Himself.

"Persons discharging firearms in the public streets must not be allowed to go unpunished." So says, Magistrate McInerney, but much depends on whether the person is a scab, or better still in the good graces of a scab J.P., scab employer, or police for services rendered as the following will prove:— On Monday night last, at 11.30, a boy named Fogarty shot himself in the leg with a revolver which he has had since the Municipal Elections in January last. At the time of the occurrence, he was in company with several others in Dolphian's Barn street, which makes the case all the more serious; for had the bullet struck one of them in a vital spot, the result must surely have been fatal. Now, this lad's only occupation is spying for Scully and the police, as he is always in company with the police, who invariably are in company with Scully, more particularly after hours. I am sure Rowdy Sergeant Walsh, SA will certify this. Fogarty's two sisters, of course, are well-known scabs, and by the way, were responsible for changing the name of Reilly's avenue to "Scab alley." The police are no doubt aware of the occurrence as also are the Press, because he was so badly injured he had to be taken to the Meath Hospital in the ambulance, but naturally his connection with Scully is sufficient to cloak the occurrence in spite of its seriousness. His mother is on the "Standing Order" book, for charity Coal, etc., from the S.D. Union. BARNLEY.

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Banquet to C. Lehane.

When J. T. Bain, the deported secretary of the South African General Federation of Trades, presided at the banquet given yesterday to C. Lehane by his London friends, at Pinell's Restaurant, he was struck with the unusual quality of the gathering, as it represented so many shades of Irish and English politics.

James Larkin travelled all the way from Dublin to be present, and proposed the toast of "The men of '98, '04, and '07," giving fitting expression to the historical connection which has existed in Ireland between the economic needs of the common people and the revolutionary traditions of that country.

Robert Williams, Secretary of the National Transport Workers' Federation, proposed the toast of "The Co-operative Commonwealth," and said that in the achievement of that great object he had no ambition to leave the ranks of the working class from which he sprang.

Mr. John Turner, General Secretary of the Shop Assistants' Union, proposed the toast of "All Pioneers," with which he associated the name of Ben Tillett, now lying ill at Stockholm.

Francois Sator, addressing the meeting in French, proposed the toast of "The Chairman," which was seconded by Mr. F. L. Kehrhahn, who spoke in German.

Mr. Lehane, in supporting the motion, said he was glad to see at the banquet James Connell, whose song would go down to future generations as the battle hymn of the British working class.

the working class in dealing with the armed forces brought out against them by the capitalists.

Captain J. Lynch Coalkey, during the dinner, read out many letters and telegrams from a host of friends of C. Lehane who were unavoidably absent.

William O'Brien, of the Dublin Trades Council, wired: "Joining in the tribute to his old and valued comrade in the Irish Socialist movement, whose pioneer work has borne good fruit."

Amongst those present at the banquet were: D. Ford, E. J. Ford, C. Segruie, D. Lehane, E. Tuohy, Chris. E. Cullon, Jerome Chester, Wm. D'Arcy, Frank H. Conlon, Jerome J. Murphy, J. Bradley, Wm. O'Carroll, P. McInerney, Paddy C. Bullen, P. J. Fagan, C. Duval, S. Howard, E. J. Baldry, Leslie Boyne, Eugene Owens, Dennis Morgan, Bernard Moynihan, Tom Moynihan, J. Wilson, C. J. Lowman, J. L. Marshall, Daniel Melleher, P. O'Shea, F. G. Hollingworth, Lt.-Col. Dan P. Driscoll, D.S.O.; A. P. Brennan, Patrick Kenny, P. J. Rooney.

An evening interesting alike for the character of the assembly, as well as for the nature of the programme, was brought to a successful conclusion by a musical entertainment consisting of Irish and Socialist songs. The Irish war pipes were a special feature, and Messrs. Noble and Foley, who attended in their saffron kilts and played Brian Boru's march, provided a fitting conclusion to a function organised in honour of C. Lehane, whose work is well known on both sides of the Irish Sea.

A Word for the Volunteer Movement.

For the past few weeks the IRISH WORKER has advised the working-class of Ireland in varying tones of benignity, ferocity and playfulness to drop the Volunteer Movement in the Liffey.

Two considerations arise. The first—whether the workers have to choose between an organisation of their own and between one controlled in part, at least, by men they have good reason to distrust—has attracted most attention in the present controversy.

The former the workers alone have a right to decide; only their experience and intelligence can decide it for them.

No really sound reason, however, has been brought forward to prove that the Volunteer Movement in itself should be necessarily opposed to the workers. The ineptitude and cowardice of the English Liberal Government in allowing Sir Edward Carson to stir up the martial spirit of the Northern Unionists created an extraordinary situation. Home Rule was endangered. The partition of Ireland has been threatened. To have refused to have given a prompt answer to so brazen a challenge would have left every Irish Nationalist open to a serious charge of cowardliness, apathy and inefficiency.

Since the Gaelic League and Sinn Fein movements, we have seen nothing that has spread so fast and gripped the imagination of the country so strongly. Such a development will give English politicians, who care even less for Ireland than they do for England, pause.

A sense of decency and an awakening of conscience will follow at Westminster. Of course, the custom prevails among certain terrible revolutionaries—Labour and Nationalist—of sneering at the Home Rule Bill as a worthless measure whose passage into law or whose rejection does not at all matter.

We know too well that to have a huge political question, intensified by centuries of bitter memories, and deep, passionate sentiment, dominating the minds of the people is a many-sided evil. The result hitherto has been to keep the Irish Nationalist in cloudland waiting for the revolution which is rather late.

Given even a partial Irish legislature, more light would stream in, pent-up forces would be released, the already formidable mass of discontent, incoherent largely as yet, but promising, growing and spreading, would become very definite indeed; your Murphys, your Kettles and less notorious though as dangerous persons would be driven to endeavour to improve the lot of the workers in the crash of the older parties.

But in place of the stagnation of Irish life, its fearful moral cowardice, and its damnable blindness, we should have an atmosphere for discussion and action. We should have undoubtedly to fight hard, as everywhere one has to fight hard for justice, but we should be able to fight better, because we would certainly know better whom to hit.

The criticism of the Volunteers in the WORKER has been almost exclusively confined to persons. Persons can be won from wrong-doing more often by the soft answer and the straight fact than by bitterness, however eloquent.

Principles behind persons should never be forgotten. The present writer has not had the acquaintance necessary to determine whether the severe treatment meted out to McNeill, Casement, O'Rahilly, Kettle, Gore and others is justified, but he is strongly inclined to think that a strong statement of the right side of the Labour case would have a far deeper effect upon them than denouncing them as professors, knights, lawyers and gentlemen.

Would it not be wiser to ignore leaders and win general attention and respect by deeds of organisation and propaganda?

Nor is it judicious to neglect the following element in the case when such appalling ignorance and misunderstanding is common as to the workers' aims and aspirations and grievances. Murphy and such as he can still misrepresent and lie and twist. He and his kind will beat the drum of "Faith and Fatherland" (of which they have less in the real sense than you have) to drown your cries do you give him half a chance.

Remember, the rank and file of the Volunteers are workers. Bitter words must only increase confusion. Inside their ranks one may spread good ideas. They are not strangers to bad housing, lack of food, drink, clothing, opportunity. They are, above everything else, a voluntarily defensive military force. Colonel Moore, if he really means what he said, will have a hard task to persuade these men to betray their class to coerce their own countrymen during strike or lock-out.

Two ways are open before the worker. One is to swell the ranks of the Volunteers and the other is to wait until the political situation may not again trick us by delaying what they should have done years ago had Ireland been more wide-awake. The second is to strengthen the Citizen Army and make it an efficient fighting force.

Perhaps it matters little which of the two is adopted as long as the right spirit is there. But let no worker gripped and fired with the great passion of justice for his class, compare the efforts of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen to gain a national freedom, to protect the Irish nation in which he shall have yet his fitting place, to save the things in Ireland whose death would darken all the world.

Don't Forget Croydon Park, to-day (Saturday).

QUEENSTOWN NOTES.

County Council and Charlie. Before us, as we write, is a copy of "Crosbie's Mounthorgan" of Monday last, wherein is reported at considerable length the speech-making in furtherance of Mr. Charles O'Callaghan's candidature for the coming Co. Council election (Queenstown Division). For our part, we would understand why a Co. Council election, should be fought upon a political party ticket, as the proper work of a Co. Council should be the carrying out of legislation already passed, instead of turning its deliberations into a bear garden over the political pot-roasting of those who neither care about, or understand, the path of real Irish nationality, which is gradually asserting itself, and questioning the landlord rights and title deeds of those who mouth national shibboleths, but deny the economic, fundamental and primary principle of real nationhood—the common collective ownership of the soil of Ireland by the people of Ireland.

Vainly and laboriously have we perused the lengthy oratory, the ranting rot, and blatant vociferations which floated upon the breeze from Queenstown Hall on last Sunday evening, disturbing the Sabbath serenity and profaning the undying principles of the intrepid Wolfe Tone and revolutionising Finton Lalor; and in all our searching of the wild mouthing of these men we failed to elucideate one bright spark of the national faith suffered and died for by these noble and salient characters in Irish history. How the revolutionary faith of such men is desecrated and damped by the lackey-like kind of creature which bawled on Sunday to a small portion of Queenstown populace, few can imagine; but nevertheless, under the influence of a modern democratic industrial fan, it is being re-kindled in the hearts of the workers and will one day sweep forward a prairie fire of revolt, perhaps soured with the chagrin of long delusion, and will demand not alone the political, but the economic independence of the country, and establish the right of all to a full, free and independent life.

Modern Irish nationalism as professed by the B.O.E. is indeed a sorry spectacle when viewed in the light and understanding of the key of Irish history supplied to us by James Connolly in his "Labour in Irish History," and taking our stand upon his reading and rendering of Ireland's past, we feel optimistic for the future, and see around us every day an awakening to his conception and exposition of the history of the country and an absolute disgust for the mealy-mouthed ranters, B.O.E. bombasts and time-serving hacks who on Sunday made the welkin ring with their mercenary verbiage.

Mr. O'Callaghan has for some time past installed himself in the good graces of the people by his breezy, briny bluff manner; but beneath the salty spray of jocularly there is, as those who have watched events have observed, a serving of the interests of the shopkeeping snobocracy, and a play and pandering to the "elite." We will remember when a deputation went before the Urban Council during Charlie's chairmanship in 1912, to secure for the Builders' Labourers' Union the right for their members to be alone employed by the Council, the bitterest opponent they had on that night was Mr. O'Callaghan, who refused to allow the right of the Town Surveyor to employ whom he pleased, to be taken from him, which undoubtedly is useful to councillors.

On Sunday Mr. O'Callaghan was spoken of as an eminent Nationalist; in fact, his return, according to one speaker, could alone ensure the writing of Emmet's epitaph, and surely at such a pronouncement the hero of 1802 must have turned in his grave when his name is to be inscribed by a pensioner of the power he died in resisting; and which his compatriots of a few years previous denounced as execrable. But what care these fuggle-men of so-called Irish nationalism? What cares the B.O.E.? Can it not play upon the susceptibilities and ambitions of the old "sea dog," and use him as a tool to oust the man he called his friend and make him serve the despicable political aims and objects of "Lodge 733." "Charlie is popular," he will suit; he can knock out his opponent, that is the main thing.

Such are the inward machinations of the "Budders." Charlie is in the same position as the cat was with the monkey and the hot nuts, and might truly be known in the future as Charlie Catspaw. And last, but not least, comes "Rajah" Halloran; for what would any political "Punch and Judy" show do without this actor, who is described by Crosbie as the honorary secretary of the Trades Council. But, ah! workers, how uninformed those newspapers are; not a word about the "Rajah" pocketing all the available finances of the Trades Council for the year ending 1912 as his salary, and Heaven only knows what he has managed since, as no balance sheet appears; such things are not in accordance with B.O.E. etiquette. The G.L.U.'s annual £4 comes as a handy Xmas box.

But we are digressing. Let us quote the "Rajah" a little. It will be within the remembrance of all that the outcome of the laundry strike fiasco caused by the "Rajah's" spite, and lost through his stupidity, Mr. O'Callaghan took the name of the employer and in no unmeasured terms belaboured the "Rajah," describing him "as a demagogue in Queenstown, while he was as meek as a church mouse in Haulbowline." To which the "Rajah" replied by stating at the Trades Council "that the humblest member of that Council was better fitted to look after the affairs of the town than was Mr. O'Callaghan," and stigmatised him as "Sir Charles Beresford Wash Deck O'Callaghan." This was eight months ago. Now listen to what he says to-day, when he wants to cajole and crawl to the man who the other day he so vilely abused: "Any time the workers went before the Urban Council, he (the "Rajah") could assure them (the workers) they had no

Wexford Notes.

We notice by the report of the Harbour Board meeting held on Tuesday last that James Hore is still trying to keep ("sure") Hore in the scratch. He (Hore) had John E. Barry, the High Sheriff (Heaven protect us!) at his back on this occasion along with his other friends, but Hore, if he minds him, might be his best friend in the end. It would have been well for the late secretary if he had been saved from himself in time.

NORTHERN NOTES.

The Vacant Pitch. There was no meeting at Library Street on Sunday night, as none of the I.L.P. speakers were available. Mr. Connolly was absent in Dublin, and consequently the fifth lecture of his historical series was not delivered. The lectures will be resumed next Sunday. It does occasionally happen that unavoidably meetings fall through, but there doesn't seem much reason why good opportunities such as these strenuous times afford should be missed. Besides, a vacant pitch, when people look forward to a meeting, isn't good for propaganda.

Young Republicans Confer. On Sunday the Y.R.P. held an important meeting in the Freedom Club rooms, Berry Street. The whole position of the Party was reviewed in detail, and tentative proposals for new organisation and suggestions for summer and winter propaganda were put forward. Amongst the speakers were R. Bulaic, D. de Buith, E. de Blaghd, A. Heron, Nora ni Chonghaile, etc. Comment on various local matters and national affairs was frank and spirited. The policy of the Y.R.P. as urged vigorously during its brief career has been amply justified lately.

Developments. The meeting was unanimous and enthusiastic in agreeing that the Young Republicans should be organised as a party upon a revolutionary basis that would aim for both political and economic freedom. At present the Party is rather loosely constituted, though its objects are clear enough. For some time it was thought work could be carried on without a definite constitution and without an attempt to build up a separate organisation. In fact, up to the present the Y.R.P. has been simply a group, confined solely to speakers, few in numbers, but of promising material, and the original idea of the majority was to continue on those lines.

The New Path. That idea is now giving way to a conception of a regularly organised society or party with constitution, committee, officers, and membership open to all those, whether embryo orators or not, who fall in with the revolutionary aims of the Party. All this is to the good, and if the future of the Y.R.P. justifies itself in the same measure as its policy has been maintained in the past few months, we may look to the Young Republicans as a leavening and vigorous force of considerable influence. It should certainly make a stir. On Saturday, 30th inst., a general meeting of those interested in the working and building up of the Party will be held in Berry Street. A special committee is organising the meeting. The intention is to discuss proposals for putting the Y.R.P. definitely on a footing as an organised party, and to decide upon policy and propaganda. Interesting and earnest discussion may be expected, and a good rally of young and spirited rebels is hoped for.

The Prosecutions. In most quarters in Belfast disapproval of the arrest of the chairman of the Dublin Trades Council and the issue of warrants against the other speakers at the Labour demonstration against partition has been general. Of course, none of the papers except the Ulster Guardian had the decency to express this feeling. But then you don't expect the papers to reflect public opinion. Belfast people can thoroughly appreciate the irony of the situation. General interest was taken in Sunday's protest meeting.

Anti-Partition. Two further successful anti-partition meetings were held at Albert Street and Cromac Square last week, and the concluding meetings will be held during this week. No great surprise was occasioned by the introduction of the Amending Bill. This second Home Rule Bill is reconciling nobody here to the idea of exclusion. From one motive or another, volunteering is becoming more popular than an emasculated Home Rule Bill.

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.

Finest Creamery Butter, 1s. 2d. Finest Farmers' Butter, 1s. Fresh Irish Eggs, 9d., 10d. & 1/- doz. P. J. WHELAN, Queen St. Call to W. FURNISS For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON. None but the Best at Lowest Prices. Talbot St. Meat Co., 55b Talbot St.

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They had a discussion on the finance of the Board, when it would appear from the reading of the report that some of them took the Fethard disaster as a splendid affair and wished for something else like it for next year—£300 for the services of the tug for saving human life, out of which Lar Busher got £15. Very Christian-like, indeed!

The poor unfortunate pilots came in for all the cutting. John E. Barry suggested that the pilotage department is the only one that they could economise in.

Messrs. French, Hutchinson and Prendergast told the Board that they were in for great years of profit from this date, as the D. S. L. Railway Company have decided to get 5,000 tons of coal per year, via Waterford, and that it was all due to the exertions of P. J. Farrell, the station-master, but they did not tell the Board that to do this Farrell had to cut down the wages of the port, and started to act as scab stevedore. Prendergast, when going down to the meeting, told the late stevedore that he was to kick up a row about the methods Farrell was using to starve out the Wexford dockers, but he, in his wisdom, conveniently forgot it, like every enemy of the working class. We understand that Farrell has bought all the gear necessary for the unloading of coal vessels, and has offered to supply same to all the merchants on the quay, along with a gang to do the work cheaply. But what does the Harbour Board care about this so long as they make sufficient money to keep their officials in luxury.

There was not a word said in the meeting about the state of Gul Bar where a steambot has been lying nearly a week on the ground where, if the harbour were properly dredged, she could be got into Port, her cargo out and away again. This is the sort of thing that is ruining the Port, as it is almost certain that this boat will never trouble Wexford again. But then, of course, it is quite easy to put all this down to Larkin and his colleagues, and the Harbour Board people are free from all blame.

We would advise Turner of the "Free Press" to hold his tongue in publichouses or we might have to remind him of a few things he would sooner have forgotten. His words in Mosey Harper's on Saturday evening last were that it was all the same who bought "St. Patrick's Workingmen's Club," that it was nearly done; that nearly all the members are left it. Might we remind this arrangement that the membership of the club is going up and that all the members are paying their contributions, which could not be said for him in connection with his trade union, although he always managed to derive benefits from it. Perhaps he might tell us in the next pub he is in what Jimmy Boyle has against him and when he is going to pay the man.

Kehoe and Keating have started to canvas, and have received anything but a cordial reception, which we are very pleased about; let it be thus through all parts of the town whenever they show their surly faces. Imagine what you'd get from themselves if you went and asked them to oblige you? As we reminded you recently, John J. refuses tickets for treatment at the Infirmary to townspeople with the plea that they pay no rates. Let his cry be the next time that they pay no votes to him at any rate.

O'Brien and Banville are also in the field, and are almost sure of success. It lies with the workers on the 4th June as to whether they are to be represented by people who understand their needs, or by people who will ignore them after the election day and fight for their own interests.

We understand that poor Tommie Salmon is in a very bad way these times, as Johnnie Pierce is continually asking how it is that the returns in machinery are far in excess of the financial returns.

WE HEAR—That Kehoe and Keating have just been booted out of Ram street, and reminded that if they go up to John street the dogs will be set at them.

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The Cods of Shropshire.

"Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Shannon-Cods have returned to Merriion Square from the Riviera. The health of Mr. Theophilus Shannon-Codd has, we regret to say, been very delicate, though he is now much stronger, and he will shortly resume his studies at Sandhurst.

"The Shannon-Cods, it is interesting to note, are closely related to the historic Cods of Shropshire."—Irish Independent, Monday, May 12th, 1914.

Never, perhaps, did we realise fully the almost unbelievable ignorance of the bulk of humanity, until a paragraph in the "Independent," extracts from which are given above, caught our enquiring eyes.

It is true that our knowledge of historical personages is, at least, average. We have, too, the full titles and peculiarities of our noble families at our fingers' ends; we can tell you that His Majesty the King is a "crack" shot; that Her Majesty the Queen is an ideal housewife; that Her Royal Highness Princess Mary has just put up her "back hair," and looks "charmingly girlish, and infinitely self-possessed"; we are further aware that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales excels in something like a round score of noble games (see "Daily Sketch"), which is greatly to his credit; but it seems almost inconceivable that we have reached our present age without being even cognisant of the existence of the Shannon-Cods, and the historic Cods of Shropshire!

Much do we, collectively, owe the Independent, but, surely, that illuminating paragraph adds the very last straw to our immense burden of gratitude.

Most of us know what Napoleon said and did at Austerlitz; what Nelson uttered at fateful Trafalgar; Wellington's "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" every patriotic schoolboy mouths; but hardly anyone, until the "Independent" announced the fact, was aware that, in our very midst, living the quiet, orderly lives of respectable citizens, dwelt the Shannon-Cods—close relatives, remember, of the historic Shropshire Cods.

The mind positively reels at such an exhibition of shameful ignorance, and when that ignorance is added to the indifference which the mass of us feel toward the great Cods about us, it makes one despair utterly and entirely of humanity.

The "Independent," ever mindful of its serious duty to the public, has at last raised the curtain, revealing to our eyes, in all the Majesty of perspective, the long line of Cods, culminating, and attaining the fine flower, with that historic Shropshire branch.

There seems to be nothing left for us (poor mortals that we are!) but to run and hide our nakedness with the fig-leaves of knowledge. To drop metaphor, let us forthwith delve into the records, going back, if needful, to the mists of remote antiquity, and endeavour to throw some little light on the almost impenetrable darkness which obviously, at present, surrounds us. Let mankind, "From China to Peru," fully awaken to their responsibilities and their amazing shortcomings, and we venture to predict that, in the near future, such a blaze of radiance—such a concentration of the world's searchlights—shall illumine the not ancient and historic Cods, that there is not one of us but will boast (and with considerable reason, too) of our relationship to that immortal branch of the great human family.

It brings the salt tears to our eyes when we reflect that, were it not for the "Independent," we might never have known of the Cods' existence, but—thank heaven!—one paper, at least, retains a keen and beautiful sense of its obligations to long-suffering humanity.

Our tears flow with a redoubled vigour when we learn that Mr. Theophilus Shannon-Codd has lately been in delicate health. We figure the historic family, on its heir's account, swelling the fashionable crowd on the Riviera, mixing on equal terms with the unconscious throng, garbed in all that unconscious simplicity characteristic of families boasting historic and ancient lineage.

Yet, incredible as it may appear, not one journal (not even the "Daily Sketch"!) devoted as much as a line of its social column to commemorate the descent of the Shannon-Cods upon the Côte d'Or. This is stupendous, yet true!

But if, on the one hand, we have cause for bitter tears in the paragraph which the "Independent" has sprung upon an awed and grateful world, on the other hand, we find food also for congratulation. We gather, with an uncontrollable sigh of relief, that we need no longer despair of our Army. No more will the carping armchair critic be justified in raising to heaven his time-honoured howl of "Inefficiency." No longer need Field Marshal Lord Roberts distract our well-earned leisure with pessimistic prophecies concerning possible invasion. Moreover,

whilst we are on the subject, it may be judicious to warn Germany, in high seriousness, against the idea of landing her mailed millions on our shores. Nothing but dreadful and complete disaster for the Mailed Fist would ensue. These remarks are born of the fact, just assimilated, (thanks to the "Independent") that Mr. Theophilus Shannon-Codd will shortly—owing to the revivifying effects of the Riviera air—resume his studies at Sandhurst. This, in itself, is sufficient to make the mighty German Empire, cradle of European philosophy, pause on the brink and tremble.

Mr. Theophilus Shannon-Codd is learning, at Sandhurst, how to defend his country in her hour of dire need!

Has anything more terribly significant appeared in any paper since the record of successful gun-running in Ulster? Let us emphasise the fact, once more, that the Shannon-Cods are closely related to the historic Cods of Shropshire.

We admit again, with a burning blush, that we had never heard of the Shropshire Cods till the "Independent" enlightened us, and for this reason alone, the "Independent" deserves the thanks of a happier posterity. But though we had never heard of the Cods before, we may safely assert that we have since heard, and thought, of no one else. The bare fact that this great and distinguished family is still in existence, sends us with contented minds, and undisturbed digestions, to our downy pillows each night.

We are, admittedly, as a Nation, passing through a period of intense stress; we are daily threatened not alone with invasions from without, but with protracted strikes and labour troubles from within; we are only just recovering from the infliction of an unspeakably Democratic Budget; we have Civil War looming over us, and the guns may be heard in the near future; our ears are still assailed with blood-curdling echoes of the Marconi scandal; Militant Suffragettes, in lieu of making some attempt to earn the King's bounty, are destroying the immortal works of art which adorn and beautify our galleries; yet, despite all these deplorable issues, we are justified in clinging to our happy optimism with all the tenacity of a Mark Tapley. No matter how black the cloud, remember, there is always a silver lining.

As long as we have among us the Shannon-Cods, and their close relations of Shropshire, we may cry triumphantly with the inspired Poet—"All's well with this best of all possible worlds!"

Moreover, in conclusion, it is a matter for further self-congratulation that Mr. Theophilus Shannon-Codd, completely restored to health by the salubrious Riviera, will do his duty nobly to his anxious fellow-creatures, and beget, in due time, a host of bouncing young Cods, fully qualified, in every way, to carry on the glorious traditions of the historic Cods of SHROPSHIRE.

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Correspondence.
DUBLIN UNITED TRADES & LABOUR COUNCIL.
CO-OPERATION AND LABOUR.
Trades Hall, Capel St.,
2nd May, 1914.

DEAR SIR,
For some time past the Trades Council has been considering the many advantages which would accrue to the Trade Unionists of the city if they became active members and supporters of the Co-operative Movement. In other industrial centres the Co-operative Movement has been a huge success, and we see no reason why it should not be equally prosperous here in Dublin. If workers elsewhere can, by their own efforts, establish and maintain shops that retail practically every commodity required by a working-class family, and produce very many of these in their own factories and workshops under the best conditions of labour, why cannot it be done here? We are firmly convinced that it only needs the active assistance of the organised workers of Dublin to rival the most successful Co-operative Societies elsewhere.

We all know by bitter experience of the manner in which, as consumers, we are fleeced by unscrupulous trusts and combines, which form corners in food and other prime necessities of life, and amass immense fortunes by bleeding the workers who are compelled to purchase their goods. Wherever the Co-operative movement has been established, all that has been changed, and to-day we see in almost all the cities and towns in Great Britain (and in many parts of Ireland, too, we are glad to say) a network of co-operative shops supplying their members with practically all the necessities of life, and thereby transferring to the pockets of its working-class members the profits which hitherto went to swell the fortunes of the capitalist traders.

Trade Unionism enable us to secure the best pay and conditions that can be obtained under the present system. Co-operation offers the best market in which to spend our wages, provides us with an opportunity of strengthening working-class organisation and supplying ourselves with the necessities of existence.

We are, fraternally yours,
WILLIAM O'BRIEN, President.
THOMAS FARREN, Vice-President.
JOHN FARREN, Treasurer.
JOHN SIMMONS, Secretary.

The above circular has been sent to the Secretaries of all Unions affiliated to the Trades Council. Tickets for admission to this meeting can be obtained free by applying to any Trade Union Secretary, or to the officers of the Trades Council.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—Now that the third anniversary of your journal has come, I desire to congratulate you and staff on the good Democratic work you have been doing. On the occasion of your first anniversary you published a leading article in the "Worker" asking your readers "had you justified your existence." At that time you had done a lot of good work on behalf of the workers. But, as most of your readers are aware, the opposition you had to attack was formidably dishonest, corrupt, and unscrupulous, and it will be pleasant reading in your next issue to see that we are about to receive a grant from the Government to erect proper houses for the working class, and I have no hesitation in stating were it not for the advocacy of your paper the present housing scheme would not be receiving Government attention. In season and out of season, since your paper started, you persistently kept hitting at the high death-rate of Dublin and the dishonesty of the slum owners, and if you did nothing else but focus public opinion on the ill conditions under which the workers are forced to exist, you have justified your existence in a manner never attempted by any other paper in Dublin. The most of the Dublin Press write in the interest of the class-minority; your paper has always taken the side of the mass majority (the workers). That is why your journal will soon get the credit due to it. I hope every working man in Dublin will read the WORKER. It deserves support. Because it is the only paper that is spreading the Light for the formation of a happy and well-to-do democracy. Without improved conditions for the majority, nationhood would be only a sham. Your speech and the speech of Jim Connolly in the Mansion House were really admirable, and I never yet heard a more able exposition of the workers' misfortunes. In congratulating you on the occasion of your anniversary I should like to direct the attention of your readers to the invaluable articles which have recently appeared in the IRISH WORKER on the desirability of co-operation. Now that your paper will be the champion of the housing scheme the workers cannot do better than take to reading it, and educating themselves for a great agitation which is the most practical way for obtaining the rights of the workers.

Dear sir, in conclusion, I hope by the

time the next anniversary of the IRISH WORKER arrives the realisation of the ideals you have so ably advocated will be fully recognised.

Wishing you a long and useful career.
I remain,
Yours truly,
DUBLIN DEMOCRAT.
P.S.—Dear Sir,—If the building trades now take up the co-operative system in a business manner they would have a very good time if in a position to take up the circulation of the Government Grants for the Housing Schemes. The matter, in my opinion, only requires organisation, because Labour is the real security for all financial grants.—D. D.

FEDERATION OF ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING TRADES.
MERCY DISTRICT COMMITTEE.
4 Mann Island,
Liverpool,
Wednesday, March 18th, 1914.
SHORT HOURS MOVEMENT.

FELLOW-MEMBERS,
Having received instructions from my Committee to report progress of above movement, and realising as I do the necessity of posting not merely the delegates of the Federation, or even the local committees of the various societies interested, but that each and every individual member has a perfect right to know what has taken place up to date, together with the immediate prospects of succeeding in our endeavours, I adopt this means of doing so, and I intend to issue sufficient circulars to make it possible for each member to at least have an opportunity of reading the news for himself, thereby removing the doubts engendered and the rumours attendant upon news that has to be handed on by intermediaries, such means lending itself to distortion.

As you are well aware, a ban was placed on overtime on and after March 2nd, as a result of the Employers refusing to meet your deputation, said ban to remain operative until we had obtained satisfaction from the Employers. The successful operation of the ban may be gleaned from the fact that within four days of its operation the Employers decided that they had changed their mind and were now ready to meet us; as a result of this, we met a fully representative body of the Ship Owners and Ship Repairers yesterday, and after an hour and a half's deliberation we came away fully convinced that we had left a very favourable impression behind as to the justice of your demands, and that we had relieved their minds of at least a few of the difficulties with which they were evidently obsessed. The chief objection declared by them was that they disliked the idea of an innovation being accepted by them which might prove distasteful to the Employers of other districts, and as pioneers they would probably receive the odium of their action. We, realising the underlying strength of this argument, have now demanded of the Executive Committee of the above Federation that they at once take the necessary steps to proclaim nationally a ban upon overtime, thereby bringing the same pressure to bear upon all Employers in other districts, that has proved so eminently successful in our own. In the meantime we urge upon every member the absolute necessity of rigorously applying the ban to all firms who remain obdurate, and at the same time losing no opportunity of intimating to each and every firm the possibility of their having the ban at once removed, upon them giving an undertaking in writing (same to be sent on to the Secretary of the Federation) that they agree to the 44 hours week and will at once put it in operation.

I have great pleasure in declaring that the ban has already been removed from six firms, they have agreed to the shorter week, viz.: Siemens & Wenzell, British Arc Welding Co., Liverpool Electric Welding Co., Hugh Douglas, Wm. Davidson, and Alfred Holt & Co., the latter firm having introduced the shorter week some years ago. Messrs. Henry Wilson & Co., Cornhill, having verbally agreed to introduce the short week, the ban will be removed immediately upon receipt of confirmation. In conclusion, permit me to point out that in the inauguration of a movement of the magnitude of the present one, it was only to be expected that some slight difference of opinion might be met with from some of the units that go to make up the mighty total of 25,000, the number of members interested in the present movement. The present case has proved no exception to the rule, the unit in our case being the fitters, who have declared against the ban on overtime, although expressing themselves in favour of taking a ballot in favour of a strike; the natural inference to be drawn from their action being that they were in favour of the movement, but were merely opposed to the means employed to gain the end. Under these circumstances you would naturally expect them to fall into line with the other trades. This they have not done, but on the contrary have apparently worked counter to the movement. Now, although regretting the necessity, we feel compelled to regard them as enemies to the movement, and as a mere 2,000 cannot be allowed to stand in our way, we must proceed without them. We have been somewhat harassed by the action of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, in filling the places of National Amalgamated Union of Labour members who had ceased work in compliance with the mandate. The Federation are prepared to regard such action in future as that of blockades and scabs, and although we are led to believe that the Lord helps those that help themselves, it will be a case of Lord help those who are caught helping themselves to the jobs of those who are manfully striving to better their position by bringing about the much-needed and long overdue reform, and every member stands pledged to loyally support any member who may be victimised in this movement. By loyal adherence to the mandate, and determination to succeed, we are bound to win through.

THOMAS GAFFNEY.

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