

"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 Finian Laker.



ALL LABOUR PAMPHLETS TO BE HAD AT KEARNEYS -59- UPR. STEPHENS S. DUBLIN. ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS.

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 round we are at our labour to

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 5 VOL. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 13th, 1914

ONE PENNY.

Things Worth Talking About.

By "Shellback."

There was two important gatherings in Dublin last week—the Co-operative Societies' Conference and the Irish Trades Congress. The proceedings of these two bodies are of the utmost importance, as throwing some light upon the relative value to be derived from either of these forces through adherence by the workers to their respective organisations of co-operation or trades unionism solely. When we have the knowledge that the present Co-operative movement in England is composed of a majority who are in direct conflict with trade union ideals, we are not surprised at the slowness that typifies their representatives at their Conferences in admitting the right of organised labour to a full participation in the whole-hearted support of that movement both in times of peace and during the progress of industrial strife. On the contrary, we must expect to find that among many of the societies that there is a sneaking desire to condemn aggressive action on the part of labour, from exactly the same standpoint, that causes all dividend earning concerns to disagree with anything that interferes or interrupts the profitable flow of trade by either raising the cost of labour or reducing the cost of living. All over the British Isles the chief attraction that the Co-operative Societies present is the large amount they have returned to their members in dividends. Not one society that I know of has based its claim for the recognition of the workers upon the fact that they have been instrumental in reducing the cost of living or of raising the standard of life. They claim to produce and distribute under fairer conditions than merely capitalist concerns but always at the market price, and the great benefit of membership is unblushingly admitted to be a share in the profits that on a purely co-operative basis has no right whatever to be made. At the same time, we find that the claims of its employees are as bitterly fought as they are by any of the big capitalist combinations it is supposed to, be out to fight.

Co-operation in England to day is organised opposition to the shopkeeper, who under better circumstances could easily prove a better public servant. It does nothing but to pander to the greed of the worst section of the "careful" classes the thrifty, and the selfish. It is controlled by Villadom, and the aristocracy of Labour, and possesses all the characteristics of the Tin Bethel, and all the canting humbug of a Liberal Reformer. It looks upon the Labour movement as a political institution opposed merely to Tory or Liberal Government, and it feels that it would not be quite good business to say a word that might be construed into showing a leaning to any particular party save that which is in Political ascendancy. Some societies in Lancashire, pay as much as three shillings and eightpence in the pound, I am told, in dividends. On the face of it this can only be done by keeping up prices, and what earthly sense there is in charging a big price, if the profit has to be returned to the members, I cannot understand, if it is not done for the set purpose of keeping the poor and necessitous outside of its alleged benefits.

The Committee of one Society that I am acquainted with consists of landlords, works managers, employers of labour, and Tory committeemen, and these men can hardly be considered good labour men though they may be first-class Co-operators. They are certainly not the type of men who followed the Rochdale pioneers. I have frequently heard labour men saying that it is quite possible for labour to capture the movement by encouraging the workers to join, and acquiring seats on its Committees, &c., but that sort of talk is nonsense. They might as well try to eliminate all opposition to labour by advising the workers to join Tory or Liberal clubs, and secure for their nominees, positions on the different executives by "packed jury" methods. But nobody would seriously suggest that. The job would be too long, and too dangerous.

When workmen are in a position to pay cash for everything they require, and high prices at that, and when they are able to lie out of money in order to acquire profit-earning "shares" in the Co-operative movement, the chances

are that they develop a sort of selfishness peculiar to commercialism and lose the spirit of that Socialist virtue which insists upon the right of every man and woman to equal opportunities. Labour must not kowtow to a movement that allows such men to control it or even to become members. Co-operation is good, but labour must control the distribution of that which it alone produces. The poorest worker must be able to obtain all that he requires for his daily life at the bare cost of production, and for the purpose of making this possible I think the plan proposed by "A E" is important—that labour should at once through its own organisations start Agricultural Co-operation on true lines in order to supply all that portion of the needs of its own members by the direct labour of its own members; working under the control of its own members. Along these lines the Irish Labour Party will advance, and by the consolidation of all the wealth producers of the country will aim to control and distribute the result of their labours without permitting the exploitation of dividend-hunting shareholders or fearing the vagaries of the Non-Conformist conscience. There will be no shares to own and no profits to divide, and no necessity for the publication of a report similar to that of the Gillingham Co-operative Society, who made a profit for the half year of £9,795 4s. 3d. They distributed to their shareholders £8,524 11s. 2d., at the rate of two shillings per share, after which they opened their co-operative hearts and sent the big sum of £2 11s. 2d. to the suffering victims of the London Building Trades lock-out.

I don't think that Jim Larkin or those with him will encourage the exponents of English Labour Politics no more than they will their contemporaries of English Co-operative commercialism, for, in the first place, whatever political advantages can be gained for Irish workers must from now on come through the Irish Parliament, in the formation of which the Irish workers intend to take an independent hand, and secondly, because in my opinion, they have wisely decided not to allow the Irish workers to become subject to the moribund English Labour Party or supporters of its official organ. In this connection I am not surprised that one of that body has in the columns of a Liverpool capitalist newspaper, allowed himself to run loose, while expressing his disapproval of that decision. This would-be statesman is sore at what in effect he claims to be the dismemberment of the United Kingdom Labour Party. His arguments remind me very much of those of the opponents of Home Rule, and are just about as valuable. The Irish organised workers are firm believers in National and International labour solidarity, as represented by the rapidly developing rank and file "unofficial" movement in England the "I.W.W." of America, and other militant organisations of the world, that are out to fight and defeat common foe of capitalism in the open and not by the Parish Council methods, and the "jumping-jack" antics of "leaders" who are eternally imitating and glorifying, when they are not hobnobbing or junketing with them, the very men they are paid to fight.

Let us have Co-operation by all means. Let us extend the brotherly hand of help and fraternity to the workers, not only in England, but all over the world. But from the English "Official" sample of both, good Lord deliver us!

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. Tablet St. Meat Co., 26b Tablet St.

False Stewardship.

By "SEAGHAN."

Toilers—stricken by the might your sweat has made, Trusters—ever worse, cozened and betrayed, Serfs—who build the palaces whence ever issues doom— Perished at the pitmouth, naked at the loom, Who raise all light and warmth, why shiver in the gloom? Earth has borne harvests, noonday yieldeth heat; Along the stony causeway, there's grass for tired feet; Beside the sparkling river there is rest for aching limb; God is in His Heaven—look fearlessly to Him!— And in the noonday radiance behold unchangingly The secretly-kept promises His coming gave to ye— The downcast to be lifted, in soul, in heart, in mind; Strength unto the weary, light unto the blind; Health unto the sickened, succour to the oppressed, And all the wrongs of earth to be in His High Court redressed; That ye who in His Image have been moulded by His Hand Shall consecrate your toil to Him, and in His noonday stand, His servants—living by His Grace, upon the fruits He gave, To nourish God-like images men—not propagate the slave. Servants at His Table! then let your service be As free and pure as was the soul your Master gave to ye! Unbending in high reverence to any mortal sway, For only godlike pride of soul can tend the Lord alway! Toilers in His Garden! tend ye well the harvest? He stinteth not His Gifts? Whose is that child who starvest? Whither is his portion? Why stricken is his mother? Why droopeth yonder lily-girl—tear-stained like her brother? You ploughed and sowed last seedtime and Heaven your labours blest, Reapers! many hungereth—why are they wait—oppress? Answer, guardian reapers, from whose hands God's food has parted, Were ye worthy Stewards, or were ye coward-hearted? Yielding—not the golden grain, but living drops of blood— (For such the craven barterers who barter human food!) Cowards, supine souls, your kindreds' pangs arraign Ye, at the Judgment Seat on high, and every cry of pain That pierces, hunger-quicken'd, thro' the glorious dome to God Draws down upon your servile souls a Father's chastening rod. Health He gave, and food He gave, and earth He gave, and yet Ye, in the temple of your souls, the golden calf have set, And to ignoble idols of human dress and fear Have bent your knee and bowed your head with moan and sob and tear! Toilers, He ordained ye, but human bondsmen—never; Faith He gave—to trust in Him, whose Will prevailleth ever; Strength He gave to make your toil one joyous hymn of praise Tuned with eternal choristers, thro' all earth's transient days; But arts, that serpent wiles more baneful far, prevail, And locust maws consume His gifts, the while His children wail, And ye—His Stewards!—their sires!—before His questioning quail!

The Sin of Capitalism

AN OPEN LETTER TO CARDINAL LOGUE.

As a Catholic worker I have read with much interest the address you delivered to the Social Study Club of Clongowes College on Sunday week. You will remember that you said "apart from religion, social science is the science of the future." I might most heartily congratulate you on recognising that were it not that later on your discourse you declare "social reform is what we want." You are not so blind as to fail to see the distinction between social science and social reform. Need I point out that social reform, or reform of any kind, is independent and need not require any knowledge of the nearest elements of social science. Catholic Emancipation was a political reform, but not even the mere tyro in history or politics would dare hold or assert that the adoption of Emancipation is to be attributed to any principles of political reform. Quite other were the reasons as you well know. Home Rule is a political reform, but one need go no further than the speeches of Mr Winston Churchill or Sir Edward Gray to discover that political science has no connection with Home Rule. So, too, with the Land Acts and a score of other reforms which will readily occur to you. You best describe social reform when you say—"We are all dabbling in social science, some having one theory and some having another, and the theories are very ununiformed theories sometimes." "Dabbling in social reform" that exactly is what those who, like yourself, want social reform are doing. You are dabbling in sociology, nothing more. If your Eminence were to fall ill, would you care to have someone who dabbles in medical science to experiment upon you, and attempt to cure you? He might, indeed, want medical reform and no doubt he would have some theory, and his experiment would be very

interesting to himself if fatal to you. But you would do without his services or the Church would mourn a Cardinal. The medical faculty would disown him and the law would prosecute him as a quack this dabbler in medical science. Yet you would have social reform and dabbling in social science, unimproved theorising, and quackery in dealing with the dread disease that holds the social organism in its life killing grip. The dread disease, your Eminence, is the existing inhuman system, Capitalism, with its incubus of poverty, misery, wagers, slavery and profiteering. Social reform will not cure it. Social science may not cure it either, but it will help to kill it, and may succeed in preventing it. Prevention, not cure, is the aim of social science: dabbling, tinkering, patching, is the object of social reform. I have never been a member of a social study club, and I am afraid Clongowes would not agree with me or I with Clongowes, but to me the distinction is both obvious and important.

You go on to declare: "There is antagonism, as you all know, between capital and labour. If the employers and the employees could be brought together and be got to understand each other, and to take a deep interest in each other's real welfare, that would be an ideal state of things." Again I must qualify my admiration of your frankness in recognising the class struggle. Truly is there "antagonism between capital and labour." There is more. There is struggle and enmity, difference and conflict of interest, and identity only in the aim which to both is the control of life and all that ministers to and supports life, in short the conquest and control of economic power. But just because employers and employees understand this, or are beginning to understand it, just because they understand each other, they cannot and will not be brought together. And since preservation is the first law of life they will not take a deep interest in each other's real welfare, for under the present capitalist

system the real welfare and interest of employers and employees are antagonistic incompatible, irreconcilable and mutually destructive. One or other must go under, and we of the working class are determined that it shall not be ourselves. We have made up our minds upon that.

Don't you recognise that there can be no bringing together, no conciliation no identity of interest, no ceasing of battle between Light and Darkness, between Truth and Error, between Good and Evil, between Right and Wrong? We workers claim on our side the Light, the Truth, the Good, and the Right. We do not much mind if the employers claim the same. We are willing to battle for them to the death. Confident in our powers, we are convinced we can make good our claim; believing we have the Might, we are polishing up our weapons for the struggle. I do not say that all of us reject all heresy with horror. Some of us do; some of us do not. But if intelligence and thought, strength of purpose and of mind, a clear and noble aim, training, and that instinctive feeling of being in the right can serve armies for battle, we shall fight confidently and valiantly for the cause of the worker. Proud words these, maybe, but all the more to be believed because they are made in no spirit of boast.

I refer you again to another passage in which you seem to have a glimpse of the light that is breaking in upon us: "One thing that always struck me as likely to bring about a better state of things would be that the workmen should get an interest in the work they are doing. Of course the employers must supply the capital, but by degrees. If the workmen were let in and got a small share in the concern it would give them an interest in their work, and there would be far less danger of strikes." I note that reference to the "far less danger of strikes" called forth "hear, hear" from the young "gentlemen" of Clongowes and their friends; but, "that the workmen should get an interest in the work they are doing" won you no applause. Isn't that significant of much? You apply that, to-day the workers do not get an interest in their work. In other words you confess that the workers are simply part of the machinery and their labour a commodity pure and simple. The employees do the work for a mere pittance that oftentimes is insufficient to keep body and soul together; the employers take all the rest of the spoils, sufficiency for rent, interest, profits and wages of management. Isn't that an appalling state of affairs? Isn't it an acknowledgment that workers are not human beings with souls as well as bodies, desires as well as needs? Isn't it a confession that their status now is merely that of the horse in the plough, the machine in the workshop? True, the worker must have food and clothing else how shall he or she work for an employer? Serfs and chattel slaves had as much dumb animals in industry have more; and delicate machinery is better housed and better tended. This, your Eminence is "a social science theory," is in fact what economists call the "labour commodity" theory, what we workers call the wage-system or wagersy. I would add that it is not far removed from the worst phases of slavery; that upon it, with its concomitants of rent, profits and interest—though many centuries ago the Catholic teaching on interest and usury was far different—is built and founded the whole present system of society we call capitalist and that without it Capitalism would totter to its fall—nay, with it is already doomed and tottering. Aye, your Eminence, if this degrading, inhuman, un-Christian and most distinctly un-Catholic theory and system were tempered with a little of the charity of the Gospel it would be a great thing. But think you employers will allow the ethics and morality of the Gospel to interfere with their dividends? Be not deceived. They are too worldly-wise. Light and Darkness cannot be reconciled, nor can a man serve God and Mammon, and the employers choose to serve Mammon only. To your Eminence, to the clergy, to the workers they leave the serving of God; these, at as best they may, in the assurance that suffering in this world, shall win them a crown of glory in the next. But let you dare to interfere with Capital—or, if you prefer it, the em-

CAUTION.

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

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairing A SPECIALITY.

ployer—and its prey and its dividends, you shall be wa-ned off. You musn't bring your religion into business. 'Tis not the first preacher, no more than the first worker, was broken on the ungodly cruel wheel of capitalism.

Do you think the employer will surrender an interest in the work to the worker without compulsion and under no necessity? We who have learned in the hard school of experience know otherwise. The employers will let the workman in only to keep him out. They will let him in only as the Ford Motor Co. has done—at the expense of his liberty, his life, and his right to privacy of life; they will let him in to buttress up the rotten fabric of capitalism and to stave off the social revolution they scent from afar. But in vain are the wiles, the nets and the traps of semi-benevolent capitalism, co-partnerships and profit-sharing and their kindred remedies, quackeries and reforms, the workers are recognising as mere makeshifts designed to buy them off by an appeal to the cupidity of the individual. Is it the giving of gold and presents that is the real charity, or is it not rather the intention behind the gift? There is another kind of co-partnership—as now in London—where the employers or the State on the one hand enter into partnerships with the workers as a body through their trade unions on the other. And it is the thin end of the wedge that will cleave capitalism.

For the workers will go further and further, as in Dublin, they will organise their own co-operative unions through the whole of industry until at last they control all industry, displacing employers, shattering wagersy, profiteering, capitalism and taking to themselves the wealth they produce. The workers have a world to gain. And all the tinkering reform and dabbling in social science that the imagination of man can conjure up may delay, but will not prevent the march of the workers to the conquest of economic power. Your Eminence it means not reform but revolution.

This letter is already over long and I must pass over the many interesting and important questions the rest of your address provokes. Ere I close let me add—we do not neglect "The old principle of *Mam and Tom*": but the *Mam* is going to be the workers, and I am inclined to prophesy that it will be the *Noster*. Should your Eminence be minded to present some books to the Clongowes Social Study Club include amongst them, I pray you, Hilaire Belloc's "The Servile State" and James Connolly's Labour in Irish History." Include, too, a file of the "Catholic Times," and for the benefit of the budding young economists who may blossom forth there, make sure you mark and they read each article contributed by Prior M Nabb.

Your Eminence, society and capitalism have sinned against the working classes. The working classes have sat in judgment upon the sinner, and in their own good time and with their own chosen weapons shall the working classes exact the meet punishment. For the wages of sin is death.

9th June, 1914. SE-VUS INSURGENS.

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.

Co-operation Progressing.

The 34th quarterly balance sheet of the Dublin Industrial Co-operative Society (headquarters, 17 Turlough terrace) shows that the society has had a most successful quarter's trading. A net profit of £638 2s. 11d. on a membership of 800, shows what a huge success Co-operation could be made in Dublin if the workers, as a whole, would become purchasing members. A dividend of 1s. 3d. in the £ on purchases is to be paid, and substantial sums are transferred to reserve and educational funds, dividend reserve, depreciation, bonus to employees, etc. The exhibition last week in the Rotunda Rink gave an idea of what is being done by workers elsewhere, and there is no earthly reason why it should not be equally prosperous here in Dublin and Ireland generally.

The Belfast Co-operative Society has a membership of 14,000, an annual trade of over £400,000, and an annual net profit of £25,000. Anyone desiring to join the Dublin society can do so by obtaining a form at any of the shops: 17 Turlough terrace, 165 Church road, 32 Drumcondra road, or 132 Thomas street, and paying one shilling entrance fee.

The quarterly meeting is to be held on Monday next, June 15th, at 8 o'clock, p.m., in the Rotunda Buildings (entrance by Cavendish row). The president and three committee-men retire. Of these only Mr. A. J. Connor, a very able and energetic member, seeks re-election. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, President Dublin Trades Council, and Mr. Wm. Giltrap, Bakers' Society, are contesting seats on the Committee. All members are urged to attend this meeting.

Centenary week, Charles Reade, author of "Cloister and the Hearth," "Never Too Late to Mend."

"Honesty is the best policy," we are told, but we notice that William Murder Murphy, Good, Hewat, and members of the Employers' Federation in Dublin are doing very well.

And the Girl from the Park looks to have a bit in her stocking.

Sanatorium Treatment!

SIR—It would be well if some of the workers who are at present waiting for Sanatorium treatment should know something of the treatment that awaits them. My own experience is that the poor patients, because they are poor are treated with the grossest neglect. Twenty-three patients are herded together in one ward without practically any Sanitary accommodation, and some of the patients have not even the change of a shirt and only an excuse for boots, and simply because we got up a memorial to have an inquiry we were threatened and bullied by the doctor. Now, you need not be a medical expert to know that such a state of things only goes to spread the disease than cure it. At all events, there is a case for investigation at the Crookings Sanatorium,—yours, &c.,

EX-STUDENT.

Dublin, 1914. P.S.—We would call the attention of the County Borough of Dublin Insurance Committee to the above to know if there is anything getting done in this matter.

Suffragette Commits Suicide.

We are met on all sides with a poster—Suffragette Commits Suicide—and then we are told in leaded type of the life this poor girl led; did it never occur to you that anti-Suffragettes commit suicide and murder, that others besides suffragettes lead immoral lives. If every criminal, prostitute, and immoral person who professed Liberal, Tory, or Nationalist opinions and who committed suicide was recorded what a record we would have, and if their conduct was an argument against their political opinions where would we be.

We wonder what political party did Lady Beamish of Cork City follow or Mr. Shackleton who robbed everybody, one of the Shackletons of County Dublin who's respectable relatives own Mills at Luccan and is a Freemason—Quaker and Caricature. We wonder have the people any sense of proportion, as one Reverend Clergyman said that loss of the Titanic was God's way of showing his antagonism to Home Rule. We wonder what the application was in reference to the Salvation Army Officers drowned while on their way to the Congress in London. We ought to remember that the "Ways of Men are narrow but the gates of Heaven are wide" and even the poor misguided girl Guthrie was born for a purpose.

DUBLIN LABOUR PARTY.

WOOD QUAY WARD.

A MONSTER Demonstration

will be held on Sunday, 14th inst., for the purpose of giving Councillor Thomas Lawlor, P.L.G., an opportunity of thanking his numerous supporters for their loyal and consistent support in the recent Poor Law Elections.

A PARADE

will leave 74 Thomas street, at 7.30 prompt, and short meetings will be held at Lombard street, New Bride street and Ross Road.

The Irish Transport and General Workers' Union

Tontine and Burial Society.

Notice.—New members can join above society for half year on Sunday, July the 5th. (Good divides at Xmas. All death claims paid immediately on production of certificate.

For particulars, apply to secretary any Sunday between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.—D. HAYDEN, Secretary.

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.

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

The Irish Worker.

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, Sat., June 13th, 1914.

John Redmond Tries to Deliver the Goods.

It were well to realise facts when we wrote some weeks ago in the columns of this paper warning the rank and file of the National (Redmond) Volunteers, that is, that section who joined it with an honest purpose in view and with honest intentions, and because of their undying belief in the cause of Ireland's Freedom. When we dared criticise men and their methods; when we suggested that the leopard cannot change his spots; when we informed our mistaken comrades of the happenings which had been whispered to our ears of the undertakings given by those who controlled and who intended to control its activities. When we shouted loud that a bargain had been struck; that the British Government had been arranged with; that all the inner history of the Movement would be an open book to them; that the names and addresses, occupations, and opinions of every member joining would be given to the Liberal Government; that nothing would be done without their knowledge; that an assurance had been given that in case of the soldiers and police having to be removed North that the National Volunteers would act as strike breakers and baton and bayonet any strikers* we were laughed at. Impossible! On May 1st, Demonstration Sunday, when organised Labour was to show its fealty to the cause of Labour, which in the country means the country's cause, what happened? The A.O.H. Board of Erin section arranged for an All-Ireland display of the alleged National (Redmond) Volunteers for the purpose of trying to minimise the Labour Demonstration. Remember, the Labour Demonstration was to start at three o'clock, and the boys who were running the game arranged for their march out and parade from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. When we quoted Colonel Moore's (late Connaught Rangers) declaration that the Volunteers were organised to assist the police, that this Moore was a bitter anti-Nationalist when in the Queen's Service, that these converts of an hour were not to be trusted; when we pointed out that the middle class had always sold Ireland and the Irish working class, we were told, nonsense! When we said active men in Ireland's cause men we knew were to be relied upon come weal or woe—were being made tools of, who smiled the smile of innocence and insisted no one could undermine their position or sidetrack them: they knew what they were out for and how to get it. We warned them that they touched pitch and would be defiled. We warned them that men who would consent to listen to the question of the partition of Ulster from the other provinces were not to be trusted; that the politicians were backboneless creatures where they were not corrupt; that politics was a dirty game; that politicians had always in the past sold the pass and played havoc with our nation's destiny; that we in Ireland are not clever enough schemers to play at the game of "beggar-my-neighbour" with British politicians. That it behoved every man in Ireland who was sensible of his country's needs and dignity not to ally himself with them, nor allow himself or herself to be made a pawn of, and that the Irish working-class specially had to take care that they were not again betrayed as in

the past. In all our warnings we spoke of what we knew. It gave one pain to see the young-headed men of the working class being fooled: to see them misled by open enemies like Kettle, the evictor, Moore, the Queen's-place man, etc., etc. Well our words are getting made manifest. Much as we regret the disillusionment, we believe it is all for the good of the cause. Better the light now when preventative measures can be taken, than a weary struggle later. Take the meeting to organise a corps at Rathfarnham. Mr. Pearse spoke straight and true—no equivocation; no compromise—put his own feelings and hopes into words; and then we had the voice of Esau, but the words were the words of Birrell and Redmond; from Clancy, M.P. What a contrast! The man of ideals and action, Pearse, and the equivocating politician, Clancy. Anyway, the men in the Volunteer Movement have heard the voice of the siren. You will feel its grip and talons on your throat if you are cajoled. Now is the appointed time—now is the hour of our salvation as a nation if you tell the politician "Get ye gone; we have none of ye." Keep your Movement clean. Don't allow those who would bargain their souls for office or preferment to take control. Better one thousand clean, honest, earnest men banded together imbued with the strength of their own honesty of purpose and earnest convictions than a mob of political hirelings not understanding what principles mean, but simply tools in the hand of a corrupt, political oligarchy. Let us be reminded of the men of Ronee tree of whom kept the bridge and saved the State. We are told that in that day none were for a Party, all were for the State. Let us hope that the fervent spirits, the earnest men in the Volunteer movement will show the world now in the hour of trial that the cause of Caitilin Ni Houlihan is something greater and nobler than the interests of a political clique. Hands off political thugs. Be men, you Volunteers! Remember what happened to your predecessors—the men of '82. They were weak enough to submit to the advice and control of middle-class politicians, and Erin has lain under the conqueror's foot because of their want of foresight, their trustfulness, their belief in political leaders for over a century. Because of their (the Volunteers, 1782) want of determination Tone died, Emmet was sacrificed and Ireland mourned. Golgothas of Heroes. Be warned. Be true to yourselves. Be true to your cause. Be true to those who died, who were steadfast even to the grave. No compromise. Ireland free, or else! Damn their politics. Frustrate their knavish tricks. Be true to the cause, and Ireland will be free. But if ye waver, we must endure another purgatory. On behalf of the Citizen Army, we bid our comrades to stand to the guns and let the politicians go hang themselves if necessary.

MORE SCAB UNIONS.

Greene, the drunken wastrel and renegade, having been sacked by the scabs who were associated with him—Richardson having done his dirty work and received his thirty pieces of silver—has gone hence to await the spinning of the rope wherewith to hang himself. Something needs must be done. And so we find the A.O.H. Chaplain Father Flavin, at Kingstown, having nothing else to do, is out to understandy McLaIntyre, Richardson & Co. During the week he and other men—undertakers, publicans, slum-property owners and lawyers—met in St. Mary's Hall, Kingstown, to form a Yellow Scab Union. All the initial expenses of the meeting were paid by Father Flavin and other priests, members of the A.O.H. (B.O.E.). Though Father Flavin takes the credit of paying the expenses, might we ask matter? Would it be true that he interviewed Messrs. Wallace Bros. and Mr. William McCormick or not? And will Father Flavin and the other priests associated with him in the laudable work of making scabs officially tell us how many creatures, wasters, in Kingstown and district he advised to go into Dublin and take other men's jobs during the lock-out? We are glad personally that this reverend gentleman has shown his hand. For the past two years by innuendo, and when he thought it safe openly he has been trying to blacken the character of men, to say the least, he knows nothing of. This is Father Flavin's true Christian charity. We wonder if the Archbishop of the diocese is aware? If not, why not? We will see the opportunity is taken advantage of on Tuesday night, at the Dublin Trades Council. We wonder what our comrades in the British Labour Movement and Trades Union Movement will think of the latest manifestation of Hibernalism, as exemplified by the A.O.H. Board of Erin. Perhaps, Father Flavin is doing more useful work than he thinks of. Better an open, an avowed enemy than a mean despicable campaign of calumny which has been carried on in the immediate past. What we said at the Irish Trades Union Congress is true, some people believe in poking a smoking mass, and then generally succeed in causing active ignition. Perhaps Father Flavin would have been wise to hold his hand. He not played his cards too soon. If he had nothing to do in his own parish; if there is no sin, misery, drunkenness, vice and crime to con-

cate in Kingstown; no sorrows to assuage; no priestly function to carry out, might we suggest he might come over and assist his brother in a parish which is sadly neglected! We repeat, that the function of a priest is not organising a scab union or assisting the employers. But where the heart is there will be the head. Father Flavin's intimate political friends being publicans and scab employers, he must help them to keep the workers divided. We wonder what did Father Flavin do to help or advise or assist the Kingstown workers to get improved wages and conditions in the past? We who done that meritorious work can await with confidence the reward. We thank Father Flavin, we repeat, for exposing the game. The sequel will be seen.

Sir Charles Cameron's Pamphlet

Of all the most audacious documents ever issued surely this ill-considered, apologetic, denunciatory mass of verbiage is the limit. Here is a public official who, like a barnacle, has impeded all progress in this great city for a generation; whose public record is worthy of an official of the Russian autocracy; who got his job by Freeman influence, and who holds on to his position, though unfit, simply by the privilege conferred on him and his like by the Local Government Board, the most incompetent of the many corrupt and incompetent administrative bodies in Ireland. If Sir Charles Cameron was not utterly lost to all sense of public decency he would have retired to obscurity years ago; not to speak of the exposure he and the alleged Health Committee have been treated to during the past year. This man, Cameron, with practically a free hand, has the satisfaction of knowing that the condition of the health of this community is worse than any city in Western Europe, and can only be equalled by two half-civilised autocratically governed cities in the Russian Empire; and this man's excuse is expediency, and the laws were not enforced as a matter of expediency. Think of a public official armed with mandatory powers apologising for his many trespasses against our confidence and his abuse of his official position on the ground of expediency. It will be of some satisfaction to the denizens of the slums, to the inhabitants—74,000 in number—of the 21,000 single roomed tenements, to the relations of those who are taken away before their time owing to the non-carrying out of the laws governing Public Health that it was a question of expediency. If shame will not compel this overpaid gentleman to relinquish the office he is unworthy of it is full time he was told to get out. The condition of Dublin has got beyond a local or personal question; it has become a national disgrace. The whole world stands aghast at the cowardly apathy of the local administrators on the question, and the savilling mendacity of Birrell and the Liberal Government a few months ago. The world looked on in horror as the picture was unfolded. Birrell and the other snivelling, saucy, monious Christians who compose the Government promised immediate attention to the problems. Money was to be voted, laws enforced, and the question dealt with in no mean spirit. The result of all the promises—Cameron still responsible Officer of Health Lizzie from the Park and her man Archibald have got their Civic Exhibition going, bringing over their pals to have a good time at the public expense—a number of bloodsuckers! sweaters from areas where the conditions are akin to Dublin, are invited to lecture us and have the presumption to insult us by telling us how we ought to do our own work. If some of the Selfridges and other sweaters, friends of the girl with £500 a week, would take the mote out of their own civic eyes they might then attempt to remove the beam from the eye of Dublin City. Of course, all the scyophants, job-seekers, hangers-on and lickspittles will dance attendance on Lizzie and Archibald. William Martin Murphy will be there in the interest of the trams, but each and all leeches who are associated for the purpose of side-tracking the question, housing the people, are out on the make. Whilst all this floundery, job-seeking, and notoriety-seeking goes on the real people perish—the foul slum still exists; 74,000 of God's creatures are penned up like beasts; hundreds of innocent children are, in the words of one of Lizzie's proteges, murdered. And Sir Charles Cameron is a Baronet—a member of the Corinthians, Knight of St. Patrick, Freemason—and the disgrace of it!—Public Health Officer for Dublin!

"Empress of Ireland."

Forty-five (45) per cent. of the first class, sixteen (16) per cent. of the second class, and thirteen (13) per cent. of the third-class passengers were saved.

The above is instructive, when will the Class War finish?

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BISHOP ATTACKS CAPITALISM

A sensation was caused by Bishop Franklin Spencer Spalding, of Utah, at the recent convention of Episcopal clergymen and laymen in New York City. The following is part of an address delivered by Bishop Spalding at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which startled many of the fashionable audience and the New York press:

This convention now on is a capitalistic convention. The men who attend it made their money from profit, interest, and rent. They care not how they get it as long as they do. Not a particle of feeling have they for the workmen beneath them.

The wealth in this country is created by the labouring classes. Alone the workers are responsible for every great development that is made. Yet they are suffering untold tortures from poverty. They do not get the wealth. Where does it go?

I'll tell you where it goes. It goes to the owners of the machinery. In this country 74 per cent of the population own about 4 per cent of the wealth. That tells you where it goes.

In this country there are 2,000,000 children working at various industries. These little ones are slaving because of the poor wages of their parents. What do you think of that?

The poor ought to be thrifty. How often have I heard that! And yet every lay delegate to this convention receives ten times the wages of one workman. How does that sound to you?

I am not pleading for a little more than a tenth for the worker. The labouring classes don't want charity. They want justice!

Capital own the tools, and the profits are the first considerations. The workers come a poor second. They are a mere side issue.

If the church is supported by profits the worker knows that it is supported by that which is taken from him. He is forming his own religion away from the capitalistic religion, even as he is forming his own political party away from the capitalistic parties.

We ought to accept the truth which the industrial democracy is trying to teach the world. We've got to put out of existence the competitive system. The worker must be rewarded on the basis of what he renders. Every child must have a chance of life.

I hate this system, my friends. I hate this system which gives to the greedy and takes from the meek. It is un-Christian and ungodlike.

I hate this system and it must be ended. The church must awake, and the church must ally herself with the movement for industrial democracy.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN ON SWEATED LABOUR.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., before the evening meeting of the League, addressed a large gathering of Catholic mothers at St. Chad's Cathedral. He said he did not think there was a much worse crime crying to heaven for vengeance than that of forcing a boy or girl to supplement a starvation wage behind a counter by having recourse to some form of degrading vice. Let them imagine the type of man who could be happy when he knew that girls in his employment were receiving from him a weekly wage which would not cover his evening meal. It was appalling to think that so-called Christians, in a Christian land, were driving girls on the streets, or else were running them into gaol, because they gave them a wage on which even a dog could not exist. Those were the employers of labour who were converting employees into Syndicalists. Could they blame men and women for going on strike or doing any rash thing in the land when the "beasts that perish" would turn upon their masters for less harsh treatment than they experienced? There was only one remedy for the crying sin of man's inhumanity to man, and that was a public conscience alive and alert, which would drive utterly out of England's cities all such cruel treatment of wage-earning men and women.

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What the Labour Party of Australia intend doing

Federal Labour Member Laird Smith has given notice of his intention to move the following motion in the House of Representatives:—"That in the opinion of this House, Section 51 of the Constitution should be amended to give the Parliament of the Commonwealth power to grant pensions to widows with young children dependent on them, and that the necessary Referendum of the electors of the Commonwealth be taken at the next general election."

A Brave Young Socialist.

A Young Socialist.—A week ago a little boy fell into the canal at Maryhill. He was in danger of drowning had not Frank Munro, aged 13, jumped in with clothing, boots, and cap on, and saved him. Young Frank is a Socialist, the son of a Socialist, and was taught the Socialist use to which swimming could be put through the Maryhill Socialist Sunday School by Mr. John Lamont, junr., also a Socialist.

What the Irish M.P.'s Are.

Callings of Irish Nationalist M.P.'s.— Barristers and Solicitors, 22; Employers, 12; Landowners, 1; Journalists, 1; Ex-workers (other trades), 12; Miscellaneous, 22.

No dockers, Labourers, or other useful men. No wonder we are in a muddle!

Special Meeting OF

John Wallis' Employees will be held in Liberty Hall, on Sunday, June 14th, at 12 o'clock, re Victimisation and other important questions.—By order, J. LARKIN.

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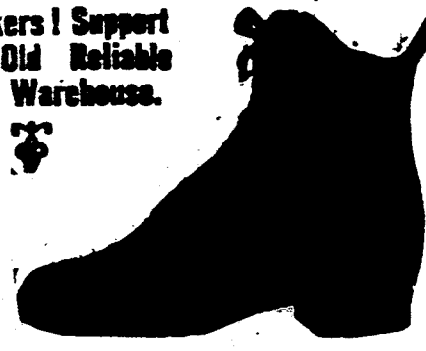
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Correspondence.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."
June 6th 1914.

DEAR SIR—I was much interested to read the address and discussion following, at the recent Trades Union Congress, held during this past week. There was much to be learned from it. It is pleasant to hear the co-operation and co-partnership so much on people's lips these times, as they mean when rightly understood, so much good for the workers in general. The broader view we take of these principles the better. In the old individualistic competitive system, each man thought of himself and his own mere advancement which was the essence of selfishness, and is well summed up in the phrase: "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." As a worker in California said to me one day, the people were like a lot of swine running to a trough for food, ruthlessly trampling each other out of the way. As people, however, get more civilized, they will more and more see that the happiness of each depends on the happiness of the community at large. The feeling of "all for each, and each for all" will spread, and like the members of the human body, there will be such a bond of sympathy prevailing, that if one suffer, they will all suffer with it, and if one rejoice, they will all rejoice with it. The more savage and barbarous people are, the more selfish they are; just as we look back in history, and wonder how animalistic and cruel people were hundreds of years ago, so people in the ages to come will look back on us, and wonder how selfish we were to allow so much oppression to exist, which might easily be remedied. Ethical development advances from consideration of the mere individual himself for his own interest to that for his family, kindred, tribe, nation, fellow-craftsman to finally embrace the happiness and welfare of all humanity, and all creation. Less sectionalism the better.

I agree with Jim that the Proportional Representation Scheme is of more than doubtful value to the workers. The old-fashioned cumulative vote is better. The more thought I have given to this so-called Proportional Representation Scheme, the less I like it. I believe it to be more or less a dodge to defeat democracy. Urban districts and labourers shall have more representation in both Houses of Parliament in Dublin under the Home Rule Act. Manhood suffrage for all citizens (including women) is the main thing to press for. I agree also with Jim's manly utterance that the workers will no longer allow their lives to be controlled by clergy. The fault I have with most of the Churches, both Protestant and Catholic, is not because they are Christian, but because they are not Christian enough. They lack the simplicity, humility, charity, broad-mindedness, and all round wisdom and sanity of the Founder and His early Apostles and Disciples. See what the Master said on one occasion when His disciples were disputing among themselves which should be the greater. He said the princes and powers of this world love to be exercising authority and dominion over one another, but it shall not be so amongst you, for the greatest of you shall be servant of all. The time has come then for the working class to stand on their own feet and to kneel and crawl no longer at the feet of either landlord, parson, or priest. We must stop making clay idols or tin gods of anyone. Remember, we are all made in the image of God.

P.S.—I enclose an excellent clipping from an American weekly, "The Literary Digest," which may interest. Referring to the Churches he says "Not until her sympathies are so awakened that what concerns every man, every woman, every child, concerns the Church. Life is one, be it in time or in eternity. If the Church is not interested in solving the problem of poverty, the problem of the unemployable, the problem of lack of opportunities, the problem of industrial accidents, the problem of the child, the problem of woman in industry, she can not excuse herself on the ground that hers is the problem of eternal life. For life in time is a part of eternal life, and the environment of the life of probation is that which tends largely to pull upwards or to pull downwards in eternal life. Until our religion molds our life, so that we are exponents of Jesus Christ in society, in the body politic as well as in individual lives, it will not amount to much in eternal valuations."

In triangular contests, &c., I believe the 2nd ballot idea the best. It is more democratic than alternative or single transferable vote.

Dealing with the Labour movement, the more it is run on broad, sane, reasonable and moderate lines, the more assured and lasting will be the final victory. Extreme measure sometimes bring temporary success, but our aim must be

a permanent victory. In all great movements growth and development are necessary. Patience, perseverance, and long suffering amongst other qualities such as courage and honesty are needed. Let us not be too ready to indulge on a campaign of vituperation on those who differ from us. We must be forgiving—we must endeavour to win people more by love and forbearance than by abuse and violence. No one is perfect. The time is coming when each worker in order to gain respect for the Labour movement must arm himself with a rifle. The army and navy must be demoralised. Force is the last remedy not the first, but to gain respect these times one must be armed. No longer must the workers allow themselves to be exploited by the snobocracy who despise them while fattening on their toil and sweat.

PHILOS.

Hotel Knickerbocker,
42nd St. at Broadway,
New York.

Sir—Con Lebane collected 25 on board the R.M.S. "Carmania," which arrived at New York on Sunday, May 31st, in aid of a third class passenger, Harold Anderson, a Liverpool lad of 16. Anderson lost three fingers through one of the ship's skylights falling on his right hand. Lebane is also dealing with the legal aspects of the matter in the lad's interest.

Limerick, 8th May, 1914.

Sir—The following message was sent to Mr. Redmond when the Home Rule Bill was read a third time. "In the name of the people of Limerick we heartily congratulate you and the Irish Party on the magnificent victory over all opposition. *Finis coronat opus.*—Philip O'Donovan, Mayor; Stephen O'Mara, High Sheriff, and W. M. Nolan, Town Clerk."

Considering that the Thomond Feis was in full swing when this message left Limerick, I think the people there ought to show more zeal and love for the National Language by adding at least one Irish word. I suggest the end of the message should have been—*Finis coronat opus merrill.*—Yours,
A LIMERICK MAN.

The Citizen Army and National Volunteers.

Some time ago the Citizen Army Council suggested to the National Volunteers by a public challenge that they should give reasons to justify their persistent appeals to the workers to support the movement. The challenge sent to the Secretaries of the Volunteers elicited the appended reply from Professor John MacNeill, and subsequently from the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Gogan. The replies are eloquent testimonies to the workers that the National Volunteers' attachment to Democracy are built upon foundations of hay and straw and stubble:—

19 Herbert Park, Dublin.

Dear Sir—I received your letter last night at the Volunteers Headquarters and I gather from its contents that you think that there is a distinction being made by the Volunteer Executive between the noble and obscure, the rich and the poor, and that you wish to discuss the matter in public debate.

I am ignorant of the existence of such a distinction. I never heard much or little of such till I read your letter. It is impossible for me to enter into a discussion upon a matter about which I know nothing.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Eoin MacNeill,
To Sean O' Cathasaigh.

The Irish Volunteers,
206 Gt. Brunswick St.,
May, 1914.

Dear Sir—With reference to your challenge to public debate, the Provisional Committee regret to say that they cannot see their way to participate.—Yours fraternally,
The Honorary Secretaries,
Per L. G. Gogan,
Assistant Secretary.

The Secretary,
Irish Citizen Army.

We venture to draw your readers' attention to the fact that the challenge was first answered by Professor MacNeill himself without consulting his Executive—a singular action; and also that the subsequent letter from the Assistant Sec. includes the rejection of the suggestion of a conference between three members from each Council to discuss the whole question. Is it any wonder that Labour looks dubiously upon a movement which is afraid or unwilling to give an answer for the hope that is in it.—Sincerely yours,
Hon. Sec., Irish Citizen Army

QUEENSTOWN NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF "RAJAH."

The election of County Councillor for Queenstown has passed, and Mr. O'Callaghan, nominee of the B.O.E., defeated his opponent, Mr. Healy, National President, A.O.H. (I.A.A.)

We noticed that during the election Joe Healy, "Jay Pee," Local President Hooligan Lodge, 733, came out in the open and made several tub-thumping orations on behalf of Charlie. (By the way, will Charlie be accepted into Division 733? Perhaps Joe has special rules made for pensioners. What say you, Joe?)

In one of these orations Joe went on to speak of the sacrifices our forefathers made, and referred to all our fathers did for the past thirty years to keep a pledge-bound Party in the British House of Commons. Quite correct, Joe; but if my information is correct, and I have no reason to doubt his veracity, your father did not give much assistance to keep either Parnell or his Party in power; rather your father and all your clan were to be found on the other side when the prison cell and the peeler's bludgeon were the recompense and wages of Irish Nationality. Joe, what about Villiers Stewart and the Waterford elections? Like unto the "Rajah," we advise you to keep your Nationalism and pedigree for the mugs and ichthy-shoudered contemptible curs you call members of your lodge. On another night you had the audacity to tell us by the election of Mr. O'Callaghan the Council would be purified and Protestant and Catholic would be catered for alike, and that by having a majority of "Hibs" on the County Council, the poor man's son, irrespective of religion, would have as good a chance as the rich man's son if he was qualified.

Joe, you are a scoundrel, and a greater one than we ever took you to be. In the case for the caretakerhip of the cottages when you were principally responsible for giving a spare time job to an already well paid "Brudder" Hooligan, although the man opposing him, a labourer and a Catholic, to whom the 7s. meant more than the man who received it. So much then, Joe, for your lying statements during the contest. Your attitude towards Councillor Fitzharris is another example of your glowing toleration.

Another despicable scoundrel, "Rajah" Sullivan, stuck his cod-liver oil face through the window to try and lip out something to the workers of Queenstown about giving their support to the official Party candidate, and had the lying impertinence to call himself a trade unionist—a title he has no moral right to, as we will now prove.

The election of Jim Larkin to the Presidency of the Irish Trades Union Congress brings forcibly to our minds an incident which occurred at the Queenstown Trade and Labour Council when it was proposed to send a sum of money to aid the locked-out workers. The "Rajah's" assistant at that occasion might well be noted by trade unionists and A.S.E. men in Dublin when he said "It would be a good day for Irish trade unionists when Jim Larkin was strung up." Such a statement coming from him at that time killed any likelihood of any money being sent officially from Queenstown; and were it not for the unofficial efforts of some of the rank and file, Queenstown would have lost its name and place in the Trade Union Movement in Ireland. It was nothing to this oily, unctuous Hibernian Hooligan that the men and women in Dublin were putting up a fight—the most heroic in the annals of industrial warfare, in which, if they were properly supported, the result would have redounded to the advantage of organised Labour throughout the British Isles. It was nothing to him that leaders were almost murdered in gaol by starvation for exercising the elementary rights of citizenship; young girls subjected to a foul prison system for using a right granted by law; and then we have this "Rajah" Halloran, in his snug employment in his Majesty's dockyard, denouncing such men and women, whose shoe latchet he is unworthy to stoop down and unloose. This creature (Halloran) stands condemned before the eyes of organised Trade Unionism throughout the country. He is a danger to its progress, and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers is responsible for his further continuance, in which he should not be allowed.

STELLA MARIS

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INCHICORE ITEMS.

Mr. Mallin as conductor, and the individual members of the Emmet Band are to be congratulated upon its splendid turn out and excellent performance on Sunday last.

The New Kilmainham Ward returned unopposed the labour candidate, Mr. J. Poyle, and the residents of the district were saved a lot of dribble about Home Rule, &c.

The voters who voted for the Scully gang under the belief that they were assisting Home Rule, certainly displayed a very low order of intelligence.

The Home Rule Bill has passed, if the "Freeman" and Irish Party speak truthfully, the Labour men are all Home Rulers, but they are not satisfied with the measure accepted by the Irish Party, and time will prove who is right.

The workers who refrained from voting in the Poor Law Elections, on Monday last, ought to examine their conscience, to decline to render assistance to the poor is a crime that will not pass without punishment. The mills of God grind slowly, but &c.

The people of the district are invited to watch out for the Aeridheacht in the Emmet Hall grounds. Artists willing to assist are requested to communicate with the Secretary, and everyone is invited to join in making it a success.

The workers of the district are advised to carefully consider their position and are reminded that in the event of any trouble the rules of the Union will be rigidly adhered to, and people in arrears will be deprived of benefit. Members who have joined other unions in hopes of escaping their liabilities will find out their mistake.

We have lost too much time with the past. Dress up the ranks and prepare for to march forward. New developments are opening up and we must be ready to take advantage of them—or at least to be in a position to prevent others taking advantage of us.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

The Lure of the Luce.

On his retirement after a period of twenty seven years service, an employee of the Dublin United Tramways Co. has been notified by the Directors that they have decided to make him an award of one penny three farthings per week in consideration of his "loyalty."—*Vide* the Newspapers.

Right down thro' the ages the seers and the sages

Have dwelt on the problems of life. And mentally weary they offer the theory That GOLD is the maker of strife. We mould our own destinies—that's what they say—

And MONEY is all that we seek, But, then, how can you guess what a man might possess With a penny three farthings a week.

The motto is healthy, be quick and get wealthy. There's no reason why one should fail, Be light-hearted, breezy—it's terrible easy, But see that you keep out of jail.

For just like the doing of many a job, It is merely a matter of check. Whilst you keep well in view all the things you can do On a penny three farthings a week.

Those chaps who have millions and fabulous billions Of whom you've been hearing so much, Were nearly all *you* less, and hungry, shoeless, And started as newboys and such: At least that's the usual tale that they tell When they're fat and contented and sleek, But now you or I could be as great and as good On a penny three farthings a week.

The pulpiteer preaches—theology teaches The evil of hoarding up wealth, 'Tis said to be wilful and sinfully skilful— Amassing a fortune by stealth, But still there are those who have done it themselves Who are fully entitled to speak Who can value the gain that a man might obtain From a penny three farthings a week.

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